

Autobiography of a Thinker

by Joshua Adam Stith

Audiovisual Soundtrack:

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLajiDW3923Vo-tqdzlxfR24utHeIx1tRp>

(Current Josh: Some of this autobiography in chapter 6 may not make sense)

My Manifesto:

<https://drive.google.com/open?id=15VwP5w9hmJcleB4pdHbRtaY9vFQ7C8eAH5qyiGYZe5k>

An Unexpected Bible:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1NW_3RG73isoMz1uGuPAsHWEi0v9R-CMycfOc3NgOrwQ/edit?usp=drivesdk

My first Constructed Language, DJeraFki:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/160OvJ9grxvNjpsttc67bkPmv_M1cbmGzDiNadrgRnU0/edit?usp=sharing

My first Fiction Book, “The Martians”:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/15qmpqfgF4hp3BBnPX3QNd2yueGBbKZOIYl-U7KVrJOI/edit?usp=sharing>

My second Conlang, PInaimR:

 Humanoid Dinosaur (Reptilian) Language in Fictional Story

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Cb9Re9luCUdLWwA3pban3k5feefca-o8vE7vjcWULs0/edit?usp=sharing>

Chapter 1

Home Sweet Home

I was born in my maternal grandmother's home in Texas. My mom, Rebecca, at age 26 was birthing 2 babies with only sporadic use of anesthesia. It was June 28, 1997 (I was born at 10:55 PM). At that time she was married to David Joseph Stith, and earlier when she was 24 had a child with him named Matthew. I was born 30 minutes before my twin brother Jeremiah. This small difference in time is the reason why my astrology-expert dad called me a Capricorn, and my twin brother an Aquarius. We both had speech-delay (the fact that we cried whenever our mom sang songs to us probably had something to do with it) and went to a pre-school late. We were then homeschooled, which worked very well. My older brother was also homeschooled. I consistently reminded my twin brother of the next activity we were assigned for the day, and since my mom wasn't home during those times of day during the school-year, we had no supervision until we went to our maternal grandparents' house up the street to watch lectures and complete comprehension tests afterwards. We also learned Spanish there, as my maternal grandparents were fluent in Spanish. My maternal grandmother, Shelda, served in the Peace Corps as a teacher of English in a psychiatric hospital in Guatemala. My maternal grandfather, Federico (nicknamed "Lico" when he met Shelda's family), was a nurse at that hospital in Guatemala. That is where they met.

Speaking of Grandpa Lico, his relative named Rosalina brought pandulce (sweet bread) every so often, and we all enjoyed that very much. It was like Christmas. We always looked forward to the next time we'd have pandulce. We of course also liked to hear Grandpa's funny stories. At

home, the three of us brothers played games with Playmobile figurines, games designed by Matthew and that resembled World of Warcraft and Dungeons & Dragons. We of course also played with stuffed animals in other narrative based games improvised with less structure. Blocks, crayons, paper, pencils, calculations, dice, and Playmobile figurines and props were all employed to make the games designed by Matthew come to life.

Crop Rotation I came up with:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyU194ZVR5c3pBUE0/view?usp=drivesdk>

In addition to going to 4H, I and my brothers all went to SRF Camp.

Beneficial insects:

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<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyLXIYeTBYallzS2c/view?usp=drivesdk>

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyU2JZZTZJUGhuUzg/view?usp=drivesdk>

Chapter 2

New Teachers and New Lessons

My Diagram Method of Multiplication:

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<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyNS00dE1VeUhablU/view?usp=drivesdk>

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyMzlMbKE2eWJfUGs/view?usp=drivesdk>

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyVHR4WDJNbMjfmMVE/view?usp=drivesdk>

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVuJyUC02YndOaTdCQzg/view?usp=drivesdk>

My first day at Treetops, inserted into a new environment much different than homeschool and in the middle of 8th grade: I was worried my previous schooling wouldn't be sufficient to prepare me for the new routine, and that I might be behind in my learning. However, I was also excited to learn what the school had to offer that my parents had not provided me. Fairly quickly I realized that I might want to give particular attention to learning from their 8th grade science textbook. I explained in my response to a question regarding my experience of this new setting that there were "gaps in my knowledge" that I would like to fill. I began reading the 8th grade science textbook and thoroughly wrote notes pertaining to every chapter I read. I learned about Bernoulli's Principle, buoyant forces, fluids moving from high to low pressure, and much more. I quickly found out that other students at the school did not like their teachers, textbooks, or much else about their school except each-other at times, and for some, playing sports during lunch break. I think my first classroom experience at Treetops occurred in one of three portable

buildings, a room near the High-School portion of the school, a room which was positioned such that students walked up the wood ramp and u-turned left and made a similarly long trek to the room's door. Ms. Melissa was teaching this History class, and decided that the first few minutes of each class would consist of reading time. I remember sitting in a corner desk near the teacher's desk and far from the whiteboard, and being accompanied by a tall guy named Reese. Reese explained to me that there was a brunette in the room, and that "all she talks about is Justin Bieber, that's all you'll ever get out of her."

The second period of my school day featured very easy math in the adjacent room of the portable building. It was fitting that this was the period during which we had "snack-time", because the math class covered material such as solving simple equations without the quadratic formula. During snack time, I continued working on a math assignment, although I did talk to some people. A short blonde girl introduced herself: "Are you the new kids? I'm Amanda, you can talk to me anytime. Are you twins?"

"Yeah, I'm Joshua, and he's Jeremiah."

"Nice to meet you, talk to you later."

We continued working, and the door to our left opened, revealing an old lady who was a teacher. She was called Ms. Helena, and she commented on our activity: "It takes homeschooled kids a while to get used to our snack-time. They generally like to continue working in class, rather than stop to eat a snack."

The third school period was taught by Ms. Helena, and it was a general science class that provided a foundational knowledge to build on. On my first day in that class, we were asked to draw the phases of the moon. I winged it, and apparently included more moon phases than my

classmates, with the possible exception of my twin brother, who was also attending Treetops at that time. Ms. Helena asked the two of us why we decided to come to a charter school instead of subsisting solely on homeschooling for a High-School education. I explained that although homeschooling had provided me with everything and more than I needed for a good start to 8th grade, basic scientific knowledge had been hard to find in a homeschool environment. She accepted my explanation but seemed almost worried that my new schooling could be detrimental.

Next was lunch-time. We walked out onto the deck of the portable building and walked down to the sidewalk, subsequently turning left. After walking past the concrete wall behind which the “bus-stop” (more accurately “car-stop”), U.S. Flag, semi-circle driveway, and High-School were, we arrived at a grass-deprived shade provided by a big tree, under which many lunch tables sat. Beyond the tree was an open prairie of grass where sports were played. I sat down at a table with my twin Miah (His full first name is Jeremiah), and students gradually came to converse with us. First, Amanda came. “Do you like it here?”

“Yeah, I like school,” I replied.

“Oh, so you’re a nerd.” She was disappointed. “Well, what do you do in your spare time?”

“It depends, but I like to read, and I’m actually a gardener. I have a small garden in the backyard [(Incidentally, at the time one of my favorite meals was Tomato Vegetable Soup with Oregano from my garden)], so yeah. I’m doing stuff like that.”

“What about sports?”

“I’m not much of a sports person.”

“Well, it was nice talking to you. What are your names again?”

“I’m Joshua, and he’s Jeremiah.”

“Okay, see you around.”

Next came a group of three girls. One had brown skin and long curly dark hair, one was white with blue eyes and long straight blonde hair, and one was short and dark-skinned with short curly black hair. The one with the long dark hair began the proceedings: “Sorry if we’re bothering you, but we always want to meet the new students.”

“You’re not bothering us,” I said edgewise.

“I’m Abra...”

“I’m Jordan,” said the blonde girl.

“She’s really hyper, but we love her, and she’s always smiling” explained the girl with short hair.

“Yeah, I am, and I love zombies” [giggles] [braces shown] - Jordan

“If you’re smiling, that’s a good thing, because it means you’re happy,” Miah said.

“Thank you. This is Asia, just like the continent name, but she’s not Asian, although she does like pandas.”

“Nice to meet you, I’m Joshua, and this is Jeremiah.”

“Oh my god, how are we going to tell you two apart,” exclaimed one of the girls.

“I have a mole here on my forehead, and he has one here,” I explained.

One day during lunch at school, my twin and I met a girl named Taylor at the table she was sitting at by herself. She was busty and had thick makeup on her eyes. I think she wore glasses too. Within a short amount of time, she began explaining her predicament.

“Have you met Tayvia?”

“Maybe, what does she look like?” I replied.

“She’s that brunette over there.”

“I haven’t talked to her.”

“Well, I don’t like her. She stole my friends and turned them against me.”

“What happened?”

“She posted a fake picture of me with blood on my arm to make me look crazy. I think it was a picture of Jordan with ketchup on her arm. After that, I was hospitalized. It was a living hell.”

“Well that’s not fair.”

“That’s right, it isn’t. I do have depression, but I’m not crazy.”

Part of PE class consisted of walking in a small forest on campus. During one of the walks, I approached Tayvia and yelled from behind, “Taylor told me you did something. Did you?”

“No, she’s just telling you that to get you on her side.”

“Oh, okay.”

Later, while waiting for the school day to start, standing underneath the car-stop's roof, Tayvia gave a formal introduction to Miah and I.

“Hi, I’m Tayvia, nice to meet you.” [Shook Miah’s hand] She then outstretched her hand in my direction. I paused, and then slowly approached her hand with mine. I was communicating my distrust. The resulting hand-shake was short and weak.

During lunch at school, Miah and I would usually sit at a table where a 7th grader girl named Amina sat. At lunchtime the 7th graders and 8th graders ate lunch at the same location. While Miah stayed at that table, I began joining political debate at a table where Colton, David, Hudson, and Cameron sat.

Hudson asked “Are you interested in any of the girls here, Josh?”

“No, they’re all too young.”

“Oooh, so you’re interested in older woman, huh. Hahaha.”

[Summer at Dad’s house (speaking of Dad's house, his wife is a great cook and made delicious food for us such as a delicious dessert with sweet potato in it, and we went to great restaurants like Spiral Diner [a vegan restaurant with great vegan cheese], in addition to going to Starbucks to get pumpkin bread and orange juice, and we watched movies like the Matrix, movies by

Woody Allen, like Whatever Works, horror movies, and Kill Bill, and TV shows like Battlestar Galactica, Firefly, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and Castle. Best movies I've watched: "Nausica of the Valley of the Wind," "Princess Mononoke," and "Castle in the Sky") working on Honors homework to be turned in at the beginning of 9th grade]

Years before, Dad and Chelsea lived at an apartment. We would swim in the pool and eat Amy's brand Pizza afterwards or eat Indian food. Also, there were bean bags and we played Wii.

[9th grade and the summer directly before 10th grade]

One random day: Leanne: *sad* Asia: "You should ask Josh. He's always happy. Just look at him!" I was lying on my back on my backpack waiting to be picked up like everybody else at the semicircular driveway of the school.

[10th grade]

After gathering in a circle and talking about the faculty-member's life before having succumbed to cancer, we dispersed and I sat on the bleachers. I hadn't known the faculty-member very well, but she had been a friend to Tayvia, who was very sad about her passing, and this saddened me. I later engaged in ceremonial baseball batting, and hit several baseballs in a row. Each ball went rather far, clearly showing the passion I had put into each hit.

Abra looked back at me and asked, “Are you alright, Josh? You look a lot more sad than you should be.”

“I’m fine.”

“Okay. Well, if you need anyone to talk to, I’m here.”

“Thanks.”

I made a history timeline using timelines from the chapters of the High-School history book, creating a full timeline that mixed the histories of the civilizations together in time so one could get a picture of what was happening around the world at certain times in history. The timeline I made is 10 pages (5 in a row and 5 in a row below, forming a rectangle).

[Between 10th and 11th grade]

My Indian supervisor introduced me to one of the courtesy associates who would show me the ropes of the job. I don’t remember the name of this courtesy associate, but let’s call him “Nathan”. He was slightly taller than me and had blonde hair. His face was roughly triangular, and he had a sparse and clean shaven beard. Nathan chauffeured me to the other side of the parking lot, where an expansive greenhouse stood. He led me straight to the back of the greenhouse, where a few coolers contained water bottles for employees like us to use. It was a hot summer day, and I was relieved to have been shown this reservoir of ice-cold water.

[Summer at Dad’s new house]

I was sitting at the table, and watched Miah pack his suitcase. "This is too hard," Miah complained. "Well maybe you're just stupid [(lazy)]," I replied. Miah didn't reply, and instead went into the kitchen and told Dad that I called him "stupid." Chelsea convinced me to apologize, and after a few times it was authentic. Somehow I was later told to get out of the house for a while. I walked around the block and encountered a hispanic man. He asked me how I was, and I responded in a way that showed that I felt bad. We then talked about our lives. I talked about my family issues, and he talked about his.

On a brighter note, while at my dad's house, I composed a number of musical compositions that employed the harpsichord, one of which Dad plays and sings regularly. It goes something like, "Oh what a beautiful day. Oh what a beautiful day. __ _ - ` joy, \_\_ \_ - ` joy. Feel the joy always, feel the joy always. ` - _ - -- _ . Feel the joy, the joy."

[During 11th grade]

One winter evening at work, in between periods of cart-pushing, I texted Sarah:

"You're Sarah, correct? I'm Joshua. I'd like some advice about relationships. You seem like someone who would have experience with this sort of thing, so I figured I'd ask you."

"Sure...

Advice about what exactly?"

"It's about Tayvia. I think she likes me, but I don't know what I should do."

"Do you like her?"

"I got over her a long time ago. Last year I was desperate, needy, and stupid."

But I still like her for some reason.”

“Tell her how you feel.”

“...and whenever I smile, it’s creepy.” - Me

“No, you’re not creepy. You’re nice, honest, and you don’t change yourself for anybody.”

- Sarah

[While in Ms. Pauline’s Sociology/Psychology class located where Mr. Andrés taught Spanish]

Tayvia said, “Have you found anyone yet [for me]?”

“Still haven’t found anyone. Have you ever tried staying single?”

“No, I haven’t. That’s an interesting idea. Maybe I should try it sometime.”

[While in Ms. Pauline’s Sociology/Psychology class located where Mr. Andrés taught Spanish]

[After talking with Tayvia]

Abra remarked to Sage, “Does Joshua like Tayvia? Well -that’s- kind of disgusting.” The funny thing is Tayvia was only one year younger than me whereas Abra was about two years younger than me.

[While sitting at the lunch table where Leanne and Asia usually sat across from me]

“I’ve been exploring recently. Like, right now I’m interested in learning Arabic.”

“Leanne knows Arabic,” said Asia.

“I know,” I replied.

“I finally know the difference between real love and obsession. In the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ‘A higher form of friendship demands the ability to do without.’ I like Leanne. I’m going to ask her out, and if she accepts, I’ll be glad, and if not, I’ll be fine, because when you really love someone, you let them go.”

In the gym, we were in line for four-square. I told Asia, “I like Leanne.” Asia whispered to Leanne, “He likes you!” Later Leanne got unusually close to me in the line for Four-Square. I hugged her with my left arm before walking to my square. Then, during Four-Square, Leanne frequently hit the ball toward me in a friendly manner.

Later, I texted to Sarah, “Now that I think of it, I’d rather just enjoy the moment.”

In Spanish class, Sarah said to Leanne, “You’re a prettier version of Tayvia.” I didn’t appreciate the shallow description of my liking of Leanne (now I would not take offense to such a description of my liking of someone).

“Part of growing up is forgetting all the rules you [(you and most people of similar social conditioning)] made up when you went through puberty, about who you can talk to and when. You’ll understand when you’re older”

“I’m unbiased.”

“I like everybody a little bit.”

“I’d do almost anything for anyone, as long as it doesn’t negatively affect me [or anyone else].”

“There is a false dichotomy [between men and women].”

"I'm afraid to be nice to people because of expectations." (I said this at a table).

Destinee, after hearing the story from Sarah of my recent texts to Sarah (which incidentally included a text expressing my concern that she may be mistreating Hudson by slapping him on the leg, to which Hudson replied, no), to investigate walked to the table where I was sitting and asked, "Can I sit here? [next to you?]"

"Yes, you can," I replied emphatically.

"My peers at school don't like that I like everybody."

Benjamin replied, "Don't worry about it. If they don't understand that, then that's their problem."

"Thanks."

"What." said the blonde female co-worker.

"What." I replied.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what?"

"You're looking at me like there's something that -you- -know- that -I- don't."

“How can -you- be friends with us, and -best buddies- with -him- at the same time?”

“Why aren’t you chasing me? I’m a girl, and you’re a boy...”

Fun fact: I got so into the job of cart-pushing that I would run up the hill with 12 or so carts, and Benjamin would assume I was the hardest worker. He would complain about them and I told him, "I've learned to expect it [(laziness)]." Benjamin had some strange ideas and stories that I tried to understand, and when I explained my interpretation, the gal said, "You're thinking like him now!!"

Later on, a new guy came to work, and he and I competed to see who could push the longest line of carts.

[While working on an online Dual-Credit Pre-Calculus course in Ms. Deana’s room amongst ninth-graders who were taking a ninth-grade class]

I laughed, continued to do so, turned my head left, looked at Stephanie and Brook and smiled as I laughed, thinking to myself, “Y’all made my day.”

“I’ve been thinking about something that Ralph Waldo Emerson said, that a higher form of friendship demands the ability to do without. I’ve been really friendly recently, but that doesn’t mean I -like- everybody” [Brook looked in my direction with an expression of having been offended]

“People want things from me that I can’t give them.”

“Are -you- my -psychiatrist-, Colton?” [Joke]

“ ... Tayvia Get it? Because she ... so” [People in the room thought it was a terrible joke, with good reason]

“I lost a friend,” said Tayvia.

“No, she’s third place right now.” (The worst thing I have ever texted to someone)

“When you try to play the game, everything goes to shit.”

“Well, don’t play the game..” said Ms. Pauline.

“Obviously.”

“How are you feeling?” asked Stephanie.

“Words -cannot- describe,” I replied. “I feel like I could make a movie about this. I’m not sure who the actors would be.”

In the hallway waiting for Ms. Pauline, Abra said to Sage, “So do you think Joshua’s jealous?”

“I’m not jealous...” I explained.

“I thought not.”

“Not anymore anyway.”

“I give and ask nothing in return.”

“An autistic person doesn’t experience romance naturally. They assess them, and decide to like them [(decide to have a crush on them)].” (That is a false statement)

“What made you write all that?”

“I don’t even know.”

[While in Ms. Deana’s classroom]

Sarah told Abra that I had been texting Sarah a lot recently. “Well -that’s- kind of creepy,” Abra remarked.

[While in the gym]

I looked across the gym at Sarah and Brook and listened. “He looked at us while he laughed, and his face got all red and shit,” Brook told Sarah. Another thing I heard in the gym was the black woman I had danced with last semester during 10th grade Prom telling Sarah, “He just, asked-me-to-dance!”

[While in Ms. Deana’s room]

Sarah said, “I don’t see -how- he could -possibly- like -all- of us.”

“Especially liking me and -Tayvia- -too-,” said Leanne.

“I guess we should try to get along better. I mean, if Joshua can like all three of us, we should be able to get along.”

I sat across from Stephanie. “Why are you sitting there?” asked a guy.

“Because he can,” said Stephanie.

One day in the gym, I was excited in line for four-square and incidentally bumped into Asia. I enjoyed the experience. Unfortunately, she felt uncomfortable. Later at lunch I apologized for not being more careful. “Sorry for getting in your personal-space. I just don’t care [about personal space right now]... about much of anything...” [I had started acting paranoid]

A few days later I said to Asia during lunch, “Let me ask you a question: Are you insecure?”

“I can create crushes [the feeling of having a crush] and destroy them at will.”

“I never did have a crush on Tayvia. It was just me laughing at her because she’s so silly.” (I did have a crush on Tayvia, so that statement is not correct)

“Tayvia is like a little sister. That’s how it’s always been.”

[Hudson speaking] “Tayvia is such ... I bet”

“Naah,” I replied. Tayvia then looked at me.

[Talking to myself and Sarah by texting Sarah] “You don’t owe anyone any attention, because what they want is unfounded.”

“... ‘Leave it to boys and girls to make property out of a friend.’ And my own quote: ‘To love one person for the rest of one’s life is favoritism, and when you really love someone, you let them go.’” (If I were to say this now, I would add that raising children adds responsibility to stay together for the child, a responsibility that isn’t present in a childless marriage)

“I’ve learned so much, it was worth the pain.”

“Just FYI, I’m not interested in anything romantic right now, just in case you were getting any ideas. And that applies to all of you.”

“My theme-song is ‘We Are Family.’ Let’s just put it that way, and we can all get some sleep.”

“You know, in reality, Tayvia is a young woman. She’s just trolling you.”

“...I thought I was an atheist, but I prayed to God to help me feel better and be able to laugh again, and it worked. I’ve never sent something religious like this to a teacher, LoL...”

The next day I began to think that this brief uninhibited expression of speculation was more than irrational, rather also crazy, which was not a healthy perspective. As I sat at the usual lunch-table, I looked into the distant field while I thought about what I had emailed to Ms. Cynthia. When Cynthia arrived at the faculty table, I looked at her with an expression of concern. She looked at me with a similar expression. Then I looked back into the field and squinted with concentrated analysis of what had transpired before I sent the email.

“He was soooo friendly,” Abra recalled as if it were contradicting something I was doing. Incidentally, a senior said, "We all like you."

At around this time, one day I was next to Abra and felt warm and fuzzy inside. A day later she complained, saying, "Well he didn't have to make it obvious."

During the walk, I talked with Cynthia behind the rest of the group:

[While walking toward the bridge next to the pond] "...I have a feeling of euphoria..."

[Abra looked back in my direction and looked annoyed]

[While approaching the fork in the path] "...See, they want to put people in boxes...I think they're resistant to my carefree nature." "I think everyone's like this [capable of enjoying the company of multiple people]; they just don't admit it" "I don't have any 'personal space', except for like, 'Hey, don't give me STDs'..."

[While approaching the bridge that crosses the stream] "I love them -all- the -exact- -same- -amount-"

[While walking on the bridge that crosses the stream] "I can put my heart and soul into school, but I can't put my heart and soul into people."

Me in an email: "...[if] working together toward/for a common goal [then I'd be interested in a relationship with someone]"

"Too much drama." [Abra and Sage began to watch me with concern in their eyes]

"Who started it?"

"I started it."

"What happened?"

"I got misinterpreted to -such- a degree..."

"Who misinterpreted you?"

“...[Not wanting to name any names]...Sarah.” [Sarah at this point said, “Well, he didn’t have to blame -me-”]

“Tell me more.”

[I put my head against the wall] “I’m trying to be a parental figure [to Tayvia (and arguably others)], but hormones are getting in the way.” “Of course, I kind-of -lowered-myself...”

“Well maybe you’re putting too much pressure on yourself.”

“No, no, no, no.”

“Have you told anyone else about this?”

“No, there’s -no way- -they’ll- understand.” [“I can’t talk to him anymore.” Abra said to Sage.] “So I guess I’ll just stop trying to explain to them.”

“Right. That’s right. That’s a good idea. You go do that.”

“Well, at least you’re not crazy, so just be happy.” [Sarah looked toward me with a smile, and Deana showed her approval with a subtle facial expression as she viewed her computer] At this point I had embraced the plan, and was willing to jeopardize my reputation for the benefit of the other students, so that they would let the issue of my sanity rest as I had provided a false but convincing confession of insanity.

Ms. Pauline came into the room and began telling Sarah something:

“After all you’ve been through...”

...

“I think we lost the -real- -you-.”

“You’re exactly right, Colton, and the facade was pretending to be more interested in people than I really am. See, I’m interested in conversations with them, so it’s not like I hate them...”

“Student of the Nine Weeks for 11th grade is...Sarah!”

“Next time, I think you’ll be the student of the nine weeks.” I said to Abra.

“Why did you leave?”

“To rest, and to recover. An autistic person is oblivious to social constructs, and now since I know them, I can move on with my life. I’m just going to focus on school, stay single, and not break any more hearts.”

“The only real lesson I’ve learned is to be more humble, because I can be just as dumb and cold-hearted as everybody else, if not more so.”

“Sorry for blowing up your phone.”

A Facebook-post by Sarah:

“I feel like I just got hit by a bus going eighty miles per hour. Oh, and I just got my mind blown.”

Chapter 3

The Switch

Before attending Trinity High School, I was home for Christmas break.

On the way to Trinity High-School, I was a distracted driver. My eyes were on the road, but my mind's eye was watching a mind-bogglingly multi-layered Theory of Minds regarding the events which had transpired recently at Treetops. That combined with my identity-crisis and disassociation from my body made driving a car very difficult. My eyes looked glazed over.

I walked up into the bus, saluting the Bus Driver insincerely, grinning.

“Say your name.”

“Joshua Stith”

“Thank you”

I was riding the bus to my new school (Trinity High School). It was nearing the end of their semester (to be a continuation of my 11th grade experience), so I was a curiosity on the bus.

“-I- heard that he did some misbehavior at his old school”

“Maybe he’s a psychopath. [Turns head] Are you a psychopath?”

“No”

“What’s your name?”

“Joshua”

“What happened at your old school?”

“ ...”

“He didn’t answer! Man, if he does some scary shit at our school I’ll be scared as heck! I’m scared shitless.”

“This nigga hasn’t said -shit-! Quiet as fuck.”

“I don’t have anything worth saying.”

On a separate occasion the boy looked down at his phone, scrolling through texts. “What would Jesus do???”

“You should ask me.” [I thought: “nothing”] (I had related with the archetypal figure of Jesus described in one of my classes near the beginning of my arrival at Trinity High-School. I did not literally think I was Jesus)

I took a seat on the bus and noticed a girl in the back of the bus looking at me and flipping her hair when I looked at her. I thought, “typical”, turned away and remained still for a bit. I shook my head slowly in anger, and invisibly glared at the bus driver. When we arrived at school, as we were turning into the Bus Parking Lot, a girl in the front looked back at me, clearly concerned. Another girl in the front, someone who made a ruckus on the bus with her singing was complimented at the end of the trip. I said “Keep it up.” No one else liked her singing. Incidentally, she asked for my number later, and I said “Not interested, sorry.”

A girl sat next to me and said “Are you okay?”

“I’m just annoyed.”

“Story of my life!”

I sat at the nearest lunch table after perusing the arbitrarily complicated school schedule on the wall, turning around, and walking toward my right, and had the privilege of getting asked questions by an Asian guy during lunch. He discussed A.I., and human evolution, to which I added that epigenetics might allow for additional evolution on an epigenetic level. “I want to be a roboticist when I grow up,” he said. “What do you want to be when you grow up?”

“I don’t know.”

One of the classes I was taking was called AQR (Advanced Quantitative Reasoning). The class relied heavily on calculators, and the number of steps to do otherwise simple mathematical computations was increased by the transposal of entire chunks of mathematical material onto calculators. The procedure was so tedious that the vast majority of class-time was spent learning how to perform needlessly fancy procedures with calculators. The result was a class of students with little knowledge about what they were doing, but learning how to do it with an overworked calculator-crutch. I had asked a lot of questions in class, most of which were unsatisfactorily answered. At one point I stated my desire to understand some of the material on a less superficial level, and the neighboring student to my left explained in defeat, “We never have enough time to understand it.” I also expressed my desire to learn methods of using the equations without a calculator. The idea caught on, and a few other students asked if the teacher would be willing to spend some time explaining how to do that. The teacher didn’t explain, and we continued learning nearly nothing from that class, although I did learn of the teacher’s dark sense of humor, which I was concerned about. At one point he very inconspicuously yet obviously made fun of poor people. The joke was so well disguised, that everyone in class laughed except I. My silence

prompted a question from a girl in the middle of the classroom: “Wait, why is that funny?” What followed was something like a vague recollection of social psychology from the teacher, but despite this honest attempt at an explanation, the entire class dynamic disturbed me for the remainder of my attendance of that class.

One day in AQR class, the teacher was discussing finances in regards to possible future developments in our lives, and how it might affect us fiscally. The teacher stated his assumptions regarding our future: “When you get a husband or wife...”

“A ‘wife’,” I scoffed

“When you have kids...”

“I’m not having kids,” I said.

One day, at the end of AQR (Advanced Quantitative Reasoning) Class, I remarked, “I recently recovered from a nervous breakdown, but I don’t need to tell you that.”

“Do you need medication? I know you don’t think you do.”

“It’s all up here [I pointed to my head], and there’s nothing down here [I pointed toward my heart].” [I felt a pain in my chest as I said that] [My body felt the pain of emotional trauma, and I was ignoring it] A puzzled look manifested itself on the teacher’s face.

“I just want to know how to help you in class. What’s going through your head when you stare at the assignments I give you?”

“It takes -so much- -energy-”

“If I asked you to take out that garbage can, could you do it.”

“Yeah, I could do that.”

“Then why won't you do this homework?”

“I'm trying to find a reason to do it.”

“You're trying to find a reason -not- to do it.”

“It's not that I won't do it, it's that I can't do it, because the instructions aren't clear enough for me to understand.”

“Do you want me to change the way I teach?”

“Maybe”

“How would you like to learn?”

“In a logical and thorough manner.”

“Look, I don't know what else to tell you. I've been giving you work in class and letting you take it home, but none of it's coming back.”

A different time, I asked him, “So what's -your- motivation for life?”

“Gotta get out of the house man!”

“Oh.”

“People care about you. Don't you worry about getting food on the table?”

“I don't worry about that.”

“Your parents aren't going to take care of you forever...so what do you want?”

“I just want to be useful. I just don't know what -people- -need-.”

“Then go out there and be useful! Make your parents proud.”

“Do you enjoy your job?”

“Of course I do!”

Another day in AQR, I was looking down at an assigned in-class worksheet. A woman in the teacher's seat was looking at me in expectation. I asked, "Do you know how to do this?"

"I hope so, do you?"

"Not really, what did you do in High-School?"

"Oh, a lot of stuff was a real pain."

"So you got used to doing things you didn't want to do."

"Yes, dear."

In the first Physics class of that year: We were tasked with a group project involving various formulas for time, distance, velocity, etc. Using the knowledge I had garnered from my previous schooling, I was able to recall some important details, and a more accurate approximation of g , acceleration due to gravity on Earth; 9.8 meters-per-second per second, although our teacher insisted we use 10 for simplicity. A student remarked something about High School, and how boring he thought it was. I laughed, and remarked, "I don't know why that's so funny." I looked at my classmate at my left, a white black-haired teenager who was not amused. I admitted, "I'm kind of silly, aren't I," to which he replied, "That's one way to put it." A woman across the room and behind us to our left was squinting in my direction, clearly curious. When it was time to present our group presentation, the black-haired guy, a black girl, and I, all stood up in front of the class and the black-haired guy made the presentation. I stood next to the black girl. At the end of the presentation, her black boyfriend remarked, "You feeling alright honey? You're not looking so good. Are you upset?" She didn't answer, so I answered with "probably." As we walked back to our seats, her boyfriend beckoned me and whispered, "She likes you!" Earlier he

had visited our table and had a tense conversation. It started like this: “Hey guys what’s up?” He introduced himself and we exchanged names. He said to me, “What’s up dog?” Caught off guard, I replied, “What up...dog.” He and his girlfriend began talking about future events. They mentioned an event, and being the listener that I am, I picked up on it. I asked “Wait, when is this? Is it a group event?” The white teenager with black hair interjected, explaining, “You don’t ask that question.”

“I ask all the questions that no one else asks.”

The tense conversation occurred when she and her boyfriend discussed politics. I don’t remember the conversation very well, so suffice it to say, it was about politics.

But back to the whispered comment after the presentation. I walked by him and grinned, amused that he would bother telling me such a thing, and not intending to do anything about it. Again, the woman in the corner squinted in my direction. When I arrived at my table, I prayed that another drama would not play out. Later, I let out another secret (which at the time was an accurate description of myself): “I’m not much of a manners person. Well, except for ‘you’re welcome’.” Now that turned heads. The woman in the corner squinted once more. I actually used that phrase (“you’re welcome”) shortly afterwards. The guy who had been in my group was struggling to resolve a math problem involving an equation relating mass, distance, and gravity. I was alert enough to help him, and he said, “Thanks.” “You’re welcome,” I replied. After class one day, the woman in the corner with the Texas accent approached the teacher with a question regarding relationships. She told the teacher about her unsatisfactory relationship, and striking a balance between “serious” and “funny”. The teacher remarked, “The way they are now is the way they always will be.” I stood up to jut in with a simple answer: “Boyfriends and girlfriends

are a waste of time anyway.” The female teacher rolled her eyes inwardly. The woman packed up and gave me one last glance, trying to pry into my mind.

Spanish class: The first day of class I was seated near the window and behind a girl. The first assignment was to write about a breakup in Spanish. Not excited about the subject-matter, I ignored it entirely, also very preoccupied. I bluntly informed my classmate on my current musings. “I used to be really egotistical, because I was really smart, and I didn’t understand anyone who couldn’t do what I could, or who did it very slowly. But now I understand. See, I used to be really mean to my twin brother because of that. But now I understand.” One day in class I was taking very long to finish a Spanish quiz. I was thinking to myself that I should have finished the quiz already, and I said, “I like to make fun of myself. It’s kind of fun.” Another day, I was seated next to an empty seat on my left. Picking up on nearby conversation, I pitched in as usual. What was my input? “Flirting’s pretty stupid.” Ironically, later in class a girl who reportedly hated flirting, sat next to me expectingly. It goes without saying, I didn’t put out. After class I was somewhat distressed, and approached my Spanish teacher and her friend about it. I was venting about not being able to take my peers seriously. “I can’t take them seriously because they act differently around the opposite sex.” The teacher’s friend assured me, saying “Everyone acts differently around certain people. It’s totally normal.” That same day, or some other day, I had been thinking incessantly in class, and the teacher asked me if I was okay. “Estoy pensando sobre de una cosa, y es distraído,” I explained. I was thinking about what I’d texted to Sarah; how I thought that there was “a false dichotomy” between men and women, and what I thought about it now in this Spanish class. At some point I was feeling mentally strong again, and

declared “Soy inteligente otra vez” when I realized I was understanding the immersive Spanish content of my Spanish teacher. Later I was responding to her in Spanish like a native, and she conceded “You would do well in our immersion class.”

“Are you high?”

“No, this is what I’m like when I’m in a good mood.”

“Well you look high.”

[Other people sat themselves at the table]

...

“Does he play Basketball, Soccer, or Ping-Pong?”

“Ping-Pong!”

[Boisterous laughing from the group]

“And this guy, does he do Football, Lawn-Mowing, or Tennis?”

“Lawn-Mowing!”

[Table-thumping laughter of the group]

“What about him?” [points at a guy across from me on my left with an afro]

[I turn toward the guy with the afro] “Are you in a band?”

[Table-thumping tear-inducing laughter of the group while the guy with the afro remains silent]

“No seriously, are you?”

“...” [More laughter from the group] “I like this kid! Don’t worry, man, I got your back. You’re cool.”

I managed to shuffle my way through History with three different teachers. The first one was dull and cold-hearted. He delighted in explaining what to him were entirely justifiable acts of war that the U.S. had initiated in its many years of terror. At one point he likened war to a fist fight, and declared “If someone hits you, you’ll instinctively hit them back.” I shook my head like the world depended on it, and after some time of silent non-verbal communication, it was clear to some in the class, that I was opposed to almost every word of advice that exited that man’s mouth. At some point, a girl seemingly paused the class with these words: “Wait, it’s not logical,” while at the same time unsure of just what exactly I was so angry about. The second History teacher I had at Trinity was interesting to listen to, but didn’t give enough time or thought to address questions or input from the students. The class began with everyone signing onto a “bell-ringer.” The term made no sense to me. During the course of class I struck up a conversation with me and whoever was listening. We were doing simple book-work, and with no strict guidelines about keeping quiet. In fact, the teacher may have left temporarily.

“I’m kind of OCD.”

“I know what OCD is,” said the classmate in front of me.

“Well, not literally, just figuratively. It’s great for school, but when you try to switch that OCD to people, you’ll go crazy, because people can’t be understood.”

A girl caught my attention across the chairless void between our seats and their seats perpendicular to ours and facing the white-board. She was pensively looking at the ceiling.

“I’m supposed to be smart, but unless I want to do it, it just...-doesn’t- happen.” The girl across the chairless void looked in my direction and had an expression indicating she knew what I was talking about. Later we were chilling, and she joined me at a desk-table of four, to participate in a game of “Uno.” I admitted “I don’t know how to play this game.”

“I know how, I’ll teach you,” she said. Both of us either opted out or played casually, both finding the game more amusing than anything else. Our chuckles synchronized when she pointed out a funny detail on one of the cards. At the end of class, a bell rang signaling the end of class, and I commented, “Now -that-’s what I call a -bell- ringer!” My neighboring male black classmate was amused and said “That’s funny!”

On another day, upon overhearing yet another conversation about relationships, I attempted to hazard a guess about myself with introspection (it was incorrect). I said “I don’t have an emotional connection with anybody, but oh well.” The girl across the chairless void proceeded to discuss her strong propensity to avoid relationships to her neighboring classmates. She bragged about telling people upfront that she wasn’t interested in having a boyfriend. A few minutes later I was asked a question about having a girlfriend by my neighboring classmate. I responded by saying that I wasn’t particularly interested, so naturally he asked whether I was gay. I said “No, I’m just...not interested.” The girl across the room was unsurprised but nonetheless relieved. At the end of class I asked her what she was working on, as she had a number of handmade illustrations on her desk. She said it was “animation.” I pried no further into the subject, and a guy behind her gave me a thumbs up.

On another day in that class, the teacher began discussing war. At some point in his discussion, he asked a simple rhetorical question: “When someone hits you, you generally hit back, right...”

“I wouldn’t,” I explained, “I would probably just block the punch or dodge it.” I didn’t get a response from the teacher, but I don’t think he noticed my comment.

The second History teacher that we jointly had (the third that I had), found himself teaching in a portable building on the outskirts of the campus. Just before class I had gone to the bathroom, and had come back to attend class. An adult made it clear that we needed a pass to go to the nearest bathroom, and that it could not be done without one. When emphasizing the rule about not going to the bathroom during class, I was understandably pissed. I made clear my opinion with a simple snide remark: “God forbid. [Sarcasm]”. Fittingly, I later felt the need to go to the bathroom. Not but a few minutes into the teaching session, I found myself incredibly bored, and the girl with her animations was not pleased either. The teacher was desperately trying to make History fun, but was making it more boring by patronizing us. All the while, I could tell I needed to go. When the teacher began pointing out obvious important points, the girl responded with “I already knew that,” and finally, “Well this has been a productive day. [sarcasm]”. At this point I either had to pee in class and ruin the floor, or pee outside in the grass. The obvious choice was the grass. “Yeah, I’m leaving.” I exited out the door and urinated in the grass next to the building. A janitor outside called the school police. By the time I was finished and reentered the classroom (not expecting any panic from the teacher at least), the police had already arrived. At this point, I knew the world was cray-cray. But then again, I already knew that.

“Come with me.”

“Why.”

“The law.”

“-What- laws.” [I subsequently walked out with the policeman]

“Do you understand why we did that?”

“Not really, no.”

“You can’t be doing that around here; it’s indecent exposure. Real men don’t do that. See, I’m a man.”

“What makes -you- a ‘man’?”

“Look, you might be comfortable doing that, but it makes other people uncomfortable.”

“Right.”

Some time later: “Do you understand why you’re getting a suspension?”

“Yeah, I understand why. Indecent Exposure.”

“You’re lucky you’re not eighteen yet.”

“I know.”

Over the course of the following days, my maternal grandmother found cause to blame my maternal grandfather for his encouragement of the use of the outdoors as a place for urination. My grandmother eventually politely informed me of what anyone pursuing to enter the paid U.S. work-force must do according to her. To be more specific, she wanted me to use the public school system to continue my studies. Despite my fervent insistence that any administrative body dictating what a person must learn and when is a despicable construction of

humanity, most of that went unheeded by my socially conditioned family members. Watching them argue over a void topic of discussion (me), the impression that they forgot how to communicate with each-other on an authentic basis was only strengthened. I didn't say much, knowing full well that it was very likely that things I said would not be heard very well, because conditioning makes it difficult for people to listen very well to things they're not conditioned to hear. I did however, say "Watching you guys -try- to talk to each-other is kind of funny [and sad]."

Inevitably, it seemed, the result of having arguments with one's kid is a trip to the neurologist, and that is precisely what happened. I was transported to a nearby neurologist, where we waited for some time before being escorted further into the building. During our waiting period, muted children's TV shows were playing on a television in the corner. Since I had not watched Television very much as a child, watching that made me sad for whichever children are born into such an oppressively foreboding assortment of stereotyped shows that might be conditioning the new generation. Finally, somebody opened the door and escorted us inward, where my weight was recorded, my heart-rate was tested, and upon a left turn into a room, I was given a test that tested my hand-eye-coordination. It consisted of an assortment of exercises involving geometric shapes, and the use of an occasional math problem. Over the course of several meetings, I had expressed a few concerns, but one really stood out to me: "See, right now my AQR teacher is trying to teach me how to use money, but I want to learn how to get rid of money." This was followed by a conversation in which the person speaking with my mom and I informed us that a lot of people on the Autism spectrum have said they don't want to use money. She thought that the monetary system is "the best system we have," but was open to

the idea of changing it. She said to me, “We need people like you to help us make a better system,” but she also said, “In the meantime, we need you to be here with the rest of us.” During one of my conversations at this building, I had also expressed a frustration in not knowing what to do about subconsciously submitting to authority. I complained, “Sometimes I can feel myself -submitting- to authority.” The neurologist explained to my mother, “It’s hard for kids with high IQ to submit to authority.” Eventually a decision was reached to subdue me with a mixture of ADD medication and risperidone. After some arguing, results showed up. Comments went from “You’re arguing with me,” to “See, now he’s agreeing with me.” Really though, I probably didn’t agree with her, and was pretending to due to exhaustion. She and others didn’t know how to let a person be a free learner, due to the structural framework of society at the time, so I decided to try to meet their unwarranted demands despite the fact that my mind was entangled in far more self-developmentally pertinent thinking. Finally, overjoyed, my mom announced “he wants to learn -all- the teachers’ names.” “Well good then, I hope you don’t have to see us again,” the neurologist replied.

As days of not attending school had passed, I had had many conversations with my mom. I don’t remember every one of them comprehensively, but the following were said:

“All this, and people still aren’t happy.” (said by me)

[While sitting in the front passenger’s seat of Mom’s car as she drove me to SkateTown]

“Why did you look up to your parents?,” I rhetorically asked.

[While sitting on Mom’s couch] “I don’t want anything, so why the hell am I here?,” I lamented.

“Living requires being a -little- selfish.”

“If living requires being selfish, then what’s the point of living?,” I wailed.

[While walking on the trail]

“They have a motivation for life [in this plane of consciousness] that I don’t have.”

“It takes energy for me to associate myself with this world.”

I also talked to myself within earshot of my older brother:

“They’re all the same, and yet they have the audacity to give each-other orders.”

“I can watch my own programming take place.”

One day I asked my mom what was on her mind, and she replied with a long list of things she thought she should do. I explained to her that I wasn’t thinking with words very much, by saying, “See, -I’m- not ‘-thinking-’ about -anything-.” I was concerned that she was overwhelmed, so I asked her if there was anything in her room she would like to get rid of. She and I carried a wooden desk out of the house. While we carried the desk out of the house I said something like, “We need to make your life simpler.” After having finished the desk-removal procedure, while walking in the hallway and toward my room, I silently asked God and/or Paramahansa Yogananda to please tell my mom that her mind was unhealthily cluttered. The next morning she recalled a dream from the night: “I had a dream that [Paramahansa] Yogananda was walking toward me and wanted to tell me something, but I didn’t find out what.”

My new Physics teacher, Mr. Dewey, was quite a character. He was, by far, the most agitated teacher, teaching one of the most difficult classes in High-School. “It’s my way, or the highway,” he would remark. One day he was talking loudly about something in a frustrated tone directed at the students and the girl in front of me at my table said, “We just get used to it, Josh” (she was the same person who at the cafeteria one day said, in reference to some roudy boys,

"We just get used to it, Josh. They do this all the time."). I too, ranted. In class, I explained to a dude next to me the various reasons why a physics teacher such as Mr. Dewey would bother grading notebooks. "-He- has to -make---sure- that he -passes- all of you. If he doesn't, the school doesn't get paid as much by the state, so he has to give you guys a way to pass, even if you didn't learn the material." Expressing a similar sentiment when I was relocated to a new seat, the teacher remarked, "Joshua and I are having a bonding moment." Later of course, my nuanced neutrality was more pronounced. A male black classmate asked me if he "needed" to do something. Of course, I responded with "He thinks you do, but you don't. I didn't do it." Later, while taking vigorously detailed notes, the classmate asked, "Why are you doing that? You don't have to do that."

"He didn't tell us we had to do it, but I'm doing it anyway."

One day in class, I proclaimed, "-People- think I want a house, a car, and a 'wife'. I'm just here to help people." (If I were to say this again, I would add that I'm here to enjoy life and learn any important life-lessons I haven't learned already). The classmate next to me proceeded to show me pictures on his phone:

"This is my dad, and this is my mom and dad together." I saw that in the picture of both of them, the mother was smiling, but as far as I was concerned, her eyes were not smiling. "She doesn't -look- -happy-," I remarked. "Don't be silly. She's happy," the classmate replied. The subject was changed, and he asked,

"What do you like to do?"

"I like to learn, and work," I answered. I also said I like a sense of accomplishment. But I also said, "I learned [some] Calculus when I was 14, but I forgot it."

“Oh, so you’re different.”

Later, while at home, I explained to my mom, “I would enjoy learning from the teachers, but they’re not teaching, they’re just reading a script.” This was a guess on my part, but apparently a rather astute one. Afterward, one class day in Dewey’s class I was patiently waiting for anything interesting to come out of his mouth during a particularly bad case of boredom (for both of us). After a while, he looked up from a paper he had been reading, and declared, “Yes, I’m just reading a script,” and looked in my direction. Somehow, he had learned of my guess (I have since realized that he probably thought of his guess as being derived from assuming that I had an autistic brain and from assuming that people with autistic brains are likely to question teachers' methods). I was pleased with his confession.

One of the last classes I took that school year was Speech. The most salient memory of this experience for me was a short video-clip we watched for reasons I don’t remember. It showed people getting arrested and yelled at by zealous members of law enforcement. It looked as if they had been arrested for minor thefts, such as stealing a purse (with nothing in it, I had thought). Tears began to come out of the eyes of the apparent thieves, and the yelling continued. At this point, a majority of people in the classroom were laughing. I wasn’t laughing, and I turned my head around and gave a disapproving stare at the laughing girl behind me. She stopped laughing when she saw my stare.

Not all of my time in that class was as disturbing as that, however. Early in the class, we each gave a speech about ourselves. A girl gave her speech and declared that when she grew up she wanted a handsome husband. “I can’t even,” I said. Later, a tall, thin guy stood up at the podium. He wanted to be an engineer to help others. I nodded in approval. One day I walked

over to him and asked him, “Did -you- do your homework?” “I didn’t get around to it,” he replied. “Me neither,” I conceded, walking straight back to my seat at the other side of the room. Whatever the homework was, I considered it irrelevant. When the class was later assigned a group project to think of a product and advertise it in class via a scale model of the product, this guy was my first choice of partner. I walked over to him without so much as glancing at anyone else in the room, almost as if he were the only other person in that room besides myself who could truly be trusted to maintain reasonableness. We began by brainstorming ideas, the first of which was an alarm that would alert its user to homework that would be due soon. After brushing off that idea, we decided a good idea would be to construct a rudimentary printer. When I pointed out a design-flaw, he conceded, “You’re right,” and soon thereafter we dropped the idea and he decided to make pins with labels stating gender-identification. After getting tentative confirmation from the teacher that we had a good idea, tentative confirmation because the teacher initially laughed at the idea, my teammate commented, “I don’t know why she laughed.” Unfortunately, our coordination became unreliable, and I admitted, “You can tell me to do one thing, and I can tell you to do another, but neither of us are going to do it, because neither of us really care about this.”

One day I arrived at home, and I called my Dad to vent my frustrations.

“I just show up to places where I’m supposed to be, and record any relevant information.”....“I was really friendly, but I was too invested in the results.” “You know, on the subject of girlfriends: I thought it was a good thing, but I just tried it, and watched what happened...and it was terrible” “It’s almost like -acting-” “People look up to their parents and

mimic them. I feel like I'm watching monkeys [mindlessly obey their programming]." "I'm kind of stubborn."

"We're all a little stubborn, aren't we."

"I'll be talking to my mom, and she'll say things like, 'Well, I think that these are chemicals in your brain'..."

"Yeah, don't overthink it. I haven't really ever gotten to talk about how -different- your mom and I -really- are."

"People make fun of each other a lot."

"Does that bother you? Yeah, I know what you mean. I brought a purse to work today, and my co-workers were making fun of me and my wife, like I was gay or something."

"People get their feelings hurt all the time. People just get used to it." "People don't seem to really care about each-other. They just -tolerate- each-other." "People are -afraid- of each-other." "People look up to me, because I don't make them do anything."

"I'm really glad you're talking to me about this, because I've thought about a lot of what you're talking about, but I never had anyone to talk about it with." "You, Miah, Dad, and I, all stay pretty quiet. We don't talk about it much, but we're sensitive."

"I'll raise my hand in class, and nothing happens."

"I had to wait until college before I -finally- got some -respect-." "It has to happen from the ground up."

"Some of these jobs, like the policeman, it's like they're trying to make up things they can tally up onto a list. 'Okay, let's see, peeing in the grass, that would be Indecent Exposure, and, and, -defamation-! Hmmm, let's see what else we can tack on to that list'."

“It’s just -pee- in the grass.”

“I remember when I was all serious about getting a perfect job, and I was like, ‘I’m going to be an ‘environmental scientist’ [pretend grumpy voice used].”

“Well I’m glad that you’re not so serious anymore. As I’ve said before, ‘Life’s too short to take seriously.’ It’s on our refrigerator door.”

“Mom, Shelda, and Lico, always think there’s a -crisis-”

“I’ve learned to calm them down.”

“Grandma tried to teach me how to use a check-book.”

“You don’t need to worry about that. You can just use a debit card and cash.” “Believe me, I’ve fought long and hard with society. I used to go -starve- myself in a forest...I’ve found that I do better sometimes when I have a -mindless- job. There’s so much stress in our world, and I never could keep up a professional job for too long.”

“Yeah, I asked my mom what she was thinking about, and it was a -long- list of things that -she- -has- to -do-.”

“It’s a burden on the brain!” “The mind has a -thirst- for knowledge.”

Chapter 4

New Beginnings

SI Unit Web I made:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B66yThgZVujyR0xaRmhwTTV1akE/view?usp=drivesdk>

The brain-medication I referred to was later replaced with risperidone during the summer. The subsequent school year I quit taking brain-medication of my own accord, after which I addressed some of the philosophical understandings I had achieved during High-School. Before I stopped taking the medication however, I enjoyed some relatively uneventful months at Trinity. During this time I stopped taking my medication some months before the next summer. As I do not know exactly when this occurred, and as it did not noticeably affect my experience at Trinity, I will reveal to you the story of cessation of ingestion of said medication at the start of another chapter. But first:

There was a meeting scheduled for discussing the changes that would be made to accommodate my presence at Trinity during the coming school year, a school year that would correspond to 12th grade if not for my failure to meet 11th grade expectations. The meeting would attempt to address this and provide a solution.

It was decided that I would do 11th grade online while I did 12th grade.

Fun fact: My twin brother also graduated High-School, at Brackenridge while living with Dad.

[Abra's apology]

"I've been chanting 'we shall eliminate money, we'll eliminate money, yeah.'" (I was in the passenger's seat of my mom's car going to TCC as I told my mom this).

Chapter 5

Steering the Wheel

About that medication I quit ingesting: I quit gradually, every other day hiding the pill under my tongue and pretending to swallow the pill when actually only swallowing water and saliva. I spit the pill out when Mom wasn't looking, sometimes putting it in the trash, and sometimes spitting it out off the right side of my bed for it to fall to the floor.

At around this time, my twin brother moved into a group-home (he lived with Dad before).

[First semester at TCC]

“You don't eat sweets?”

“That, and I'm 'Ickyphobic.' I'm not a germaphobe, but I don't like getting my hands greasy, grimy, or sticky (now my only phobia is adhesive). It's funny, because I used to garden and I got my hands dirty, but now in the last few months I've become ickyphobic. Like, as recently as a year ago I didn't have this problem.”

“You in the blue shirt. How do you get to school?”

“I drive.”

“How old are you?”

“Nineteen.”

“Why do you drive to school?”

“Because it's convenient.”

“How long does it take you to drive here?”

“Fifteen minutes.”

“That's not very far.” [Mr. Hollinger began turning to walk back to the front of class]

“Yeah, not very far. ...[I began thinking about the possibility of walking to school]...”

(speaking of which, I really did get hit by a car turning left on yield at night. The car hit my hand first, catapulting me backward, and my backpack protected me from major injury, as well as the driver stopping the car in time).

[Second semester at TCC]

[Third semester at TCC]

Really random, but Abra and I sent emails back and forth for a few years, and I specifically remember one of them being a request for advice and my advice including reference to my political discussion with some classmates as an example.

[Fourth semester at TCC]

“Cuando tendré treinta años.. How do I say ‘adopt’?”

“

“Would stealing the pills to save his wife be right.”

“Yes,” I said matter-of-factly.

[A majority of the class raised their hands]

“Most of you are raising your hands.”

“What do you guys think about hook-up sex,” asked Ms. McCoy.

...

“Messy [I smiled]... Too messy.”

“Hey, have you finished the study-guide for the Government test we have?” asked Afia from the chair furthest left of me.

“I don’t really use study-guides actually. I just, study. Do you take good notes?”

“I hope so.”

“Well I’m a Notetaker, so I have really comprehensive notes. Do you want them?”

[Afia walked over from her chair to the chair next to me] “I will take pictures of it.”

“Actually, you know what, I can send you copies of the-notes-I-type-up via -email- with attachments.” “I actually corrected one of your English papers -for- your -teacher-. I found it on this computer and saw the ‘broken’ English, and I couldn’t resist.”

“Which one was it?”

“It was about some characters in a story. One was called Mama, and yeah.”

“I remember that paper.”

One day in Chemistry Lab I noticed someone in the class I hadn’t noticed until that day. She was a tall woman in her thirties probably. I later found out her name was Stephanie.

Another day in chemistry class,

Darryl slapped the back of my head with the back of his hand once more.

“

“Oh, you’re right. Sorry.”

The substitute interpreter had watched this and was concerned. She was also impressed with my Gandhi-style reaction.

“This is kind of random, but you need to stop slapping people.”

Child Development Teacher:

“When people get old, death isn’t as intimidating. They’re like, ‘meh,’ ‘okay.’”

[I raised my head and said something like “eh”] [The young latina woman on my left turned her head further right]

“If a person has lived a full life, they feel like they could die at any time.”

[I nodded my head with a smile on my face, remembering the grace with which I had accepted the possibility of death of my body when I was hit by a car] [The young latina woman on my left turned her head further right]

“If we weren’t telling them to go to the doctor, and making sure they eat healthily, maybe that life-expectancy would go down for men.”

“Well, unless we ‘fatten them up’,” I joked. “I mean, ‘they’.” [I laughed, leaned back in my chair, leaned forward, and hit the table with my left hand] [“YES,” I thought. “Another linguistic mistake that reveals how little I care about the biological sex of people”]

“Gosh,” said the latina.

“

Something else the teacher said: "When you look back on your life, you'll laugh."

I agreed, saying "Ohhhh yes [definitely]."

[Giving copies of my manifesto to people in class (here is my manifesto:

<https://drive.google.com/open?id=15VwP5w9hmJcleB4pdHbRtaY9vFQ7C8eAH5qyiGYZe5k>)]

[40+ years old Rwandan woman asking for help with her homework]

I looked at the results of the test I took and noticed that I had gotten the question about Limiting Reactants and Stoichiometry correct. “YES!” “That’s the thing I was having trouble with before, and I got it right!”

“Which one was that?” asked Nikayla.

“This one,” I replied.

“Yeah, how -did- you do that one? I got that one wrong.”

“

“

“What’s your major by the way?”

“Graphic Design, but I like math and learning about science.”

“That’s a lot of math though. Well, my major is Education. ... That’s not very specific though. I want to be an ESL teacher.”

I laid back in my chair, closed my eyes, and pondered the possibilities. Did I really want to ask Nikayla out?

[Suddenly I felt someone walk by me, my hair in the way. I opened my eyes] “Oh, sorry,” I said casually and as if waking from a nap. Then Nikayla sat in her chair and pulled the sides of her overshirt forward nervously. It looked like how a person would adjust their sweater when it’s freezing cold. Then her friend at her right looked at me with a smile of all things.

“WWhat-” I asked. I didn’t get an answer, but I knew that Nikayla was mad at me. I also knew there was no justification for her anger. I turned away, looked straight ahead, and let out air from my nose. I turned my head left and asked Darrel, “Does my hair look weird?”

[Darrel furrowed his eyebrows to examine my hair] “No.”

“Yeah, it’s too short to look weird. When your hair’s short you don’t have to comb it!” [I began to turn my head back to center position but stopped halfway there] “Too short..” [I laughed boisterously but briefly, and with a touch of dread].

As people passed down papers toward us slowly, Ms. Schluter motioned for them to continue. For some reason, people were sluggish on my row that day. The papers arrived at Nikayla, who edged them out to her left an unusually small amount. I moved my right hand to where the papers would normally be, and then awkwardly reached for and tugged slightly on the papers. I was laughing during the unexpected procedure. Soon thereafter there were papers I was going to give to the teacher, but I don’t remember why it required getting out of my seat and walking to the teacher’s desk. Before I got out of my seat, I neatened two papers by holding them by their long sides and striking them on the table. As I did this, I thought to myself, “Nikayla is definitely off the list now.” I got out of my chair and made an empathetic concerned peaceful expression at Stephanie in concern for Nikayla as I walked by Stephanie, who looking where I had been sitting, combed through her hair pensively.

[Talking with 40+ years old Rwandan woman]

[40+ years old Rwandan woman in Purple Dress]

I eventually got to talk to my highschool friend Abra and in my conversation with Abra I mentioned my conversations with Mauj, my new friend at TCC who I met in the writing center. Mauj and I talked about Arabic, Islam and history, her bad experience with the meningitis vaccine which gave her meningitis somehow, and I got hit by a car between the time I met Mauj and when she got engaged to her husband (not me). I got hit by a car that was turning left on yield at night and hit my right gloved hand, catapulting me backward, my backpack saving me. Mauj was shocked when she saw the scar on my right arm. She had warned me beforehand that it's dangerous to walk to school and back.

[Conversations with Miah during the summer]

“Often they mess with their hair unconsciously, so it’s not like it’s always intentional. So it doesn’t mean they’re trying to seduce. Usually it just means they’re nervous, which could be a

result of being around you.” (It means they're thinking, curious, nervous, self-conscious, or attracted).

[5th semester at TCC]

She had long straight blonde hair. As I approached the Men's restroom, she combed her hair back slowly with her left hand while she rocked her head forward and back. On that day I thought she had Turete's.

After walking out of the rain and into NACB, I walked to the turn in the building and turned left, where I would normally go straight to Philosophy class due to lack of earliness, but where this day I would wait outside of the classroom, where I unexpectedly saw the woman who I thought had Turete's. This day I observed her talk in haphazard strings of related speech, sometimes seeming to mimic people she may have heard earlier that day or from a YouTube video she had just watched. It appeared to me that she was saying some of what was going through her head. Soon after I formed this hypothesis, the woman said, “Rain.” It was raining outside, and she was looking toward the distant double-doors to her right, so this seemed to confirm my hypothesis. I nodded my head as I stood up from one of the hallway chairs and walked to the otherside of the aisle, where I stood by the wall to continue waiting for Philosophy class. After people got out of classes, she and I shared a look into each-other's eyes before going to our respective classes. The next class-day that we saw each-other, I looked for a chair near her from which to talk to her, but

due to an occupied seat and some less than clean chairs opposite of her, I stood where I had before, but later stood next to a seat a few seats left of her because of the arrival of a legally blind woman and her dog. The woman who I now thought had autism looked at the dog for a moment. Later, while I watched a YouTube video on my phone, I discovered the woman with autism walking away from me after having walked to me. She sat back down where she had sat before. I then sat down on the chair in front of me. Some time later I witnessed the woman with autism stand up and walk forward toward the trash can, say “sex,” (I furrowed my eyebrows in surprise upon hearing that) and then sit back down. She later said, “Snob.” On the last Philosophy class day before Thanksgiving break, I finally sat “next” to her, though separated by a gap in between two groups of seats. She sat on the leftmost seat of one group of seats, and I sat on the rightmost seat of another group of seats. “So what class are -you- waiting for,” I asked.

“Integrated Reading and Writing,” she said in a strained voice while briefly looking at me.

“Have you figured out what you want to do?”

“No.”

“It helps to have an idea of what you're going to do, even if it's vague.”

“Yeah.”

“I know someone who has, well, she -says- she has a learning disability, but she's learning American Sign Language and is planning to be an interpreter, so she's applying herself.”

“Mmhmm.”

[INRW teacher passed by] “Is she your teacher?”

“No.”

“I took notes for a deaf person in her class. SAR hired me. I actually know some American Sign Language too, but I'm not planning on being an interpreter.”

“Charming. . . . Charming. . . . Charming.”

“can't see you. ____ can't see you.”

“Save yourself.”

[UTA Orientation]

[Spring 2019 living in a dorm at UTA]

(Not in perfect chronological order)

[In the Connection Café (a place with delicious food such as white cake with white icing with coconut shavings, sweet granola cereal, almond milk, yogurt, grapes, pineapple, honeydew melon, watermelon, etc. {Other food I ate at UTA included not only more food from the Connection Café, but also food from Freshi, which had rice with barbecue sauce, and a restaurant with delicious bean-paddie burgers})]

I walked to a long table that had several occupants and after walking past one long side of it and turning left at its corner I turned left again to face the group. "Hi, you guys mind if I sit here?" A short plump latina gal on the side of the table I had passed and near the edge with straight black hair and dark brown eyes introduced herself in a manly semi-shy sounding slightly vocally-fried voice, saying, "I'm Ruby."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Josh." I sat down.

"He's _____, he's _____, he's _____, and he's _____."

"She's the only one here with social skills," said one of them.

"Not anymore," I remarked excitedly, referring to myself.

In my conversations with Ruby, I discovered that she was pursuing an Engineering degree and that she had insomnia, which after learning this was later fixed with Melatonin.

I noticed a tall white thin guy with a green sweater working on a math problem with a notebook and laptop. I asked him, "Say, what are you working on?"

"Something difficult to explain."

[We introduced ourselves, his name is Eric, and I helped his blind friend quit drinking. His blind friend began drinking again about two weeks after quitting, however. He never got violent. As far as I can tell, he told the truth whenever drunk]

I decided to leave, and sat across from the guy with curly hair (who I found physically appealing). I was quietly eating my food, and he pointed his eyes away from me and toward the piano. I said, "Is it off-key? I don't think so." He then left to dump his food and replaced it with pizza. Then I said, "Really?! You dumped your food only to replace it with more food?"

"Yes, really," he said.

"Why?"

"It tasted like shit."

"Seems like recently I've been encountering a lot of negative energy."

"I wonder why..."

"I don't know. [Thinking that he thought it had something to do with me] What do you think. Do you have - a hy-poth-esis - ?"

[Puts utensil down] "You lack the ability to read social cues. If you could, you would know that I wish for you to leave."

"Actually, I do have the ability to read social cues. I can read emotions, and other information can be inferred from context. Social Cues are derived from emotions [to a certain

extent]. But what one person does often means something else than what someone else doing that means.”

“Well your presence makes me uncomfortable. If you could read social cues, you would know that.”

“You don't want to -talk-”

“No, I want you to leave.”

“Just me, or you don't like talking to anybody?”

“Generally I don't like talking to people. And I do not wish to talk to you.”

“I gathered that somewhat, but you didn't make it very clear.”

“Well, let me make this very clear to you, your presence makes me uncomfortable. So, if you would, please leave immediately. NOW.”

“Yes,” I said in a pretend robotic voice, and left.

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

“

“

“You know that guy who's one of your friends who says stuff like ‘Interesting,’ and stuff?”

“I don't know who you're talking about.”

“I think he wears a hat. You talked to him a few times one-on-one. I'm just trying to help you remember.”

“Does he have curly hair?”

...

I then told her the story. Her other friends explained to me, "Maybe he just doesn't like you and your vibe. You know how some people just have that vibe?"

"That just makes it worse! It means that it's nothing I did, he just doesn't like me. I asked him if he didn't want to talk, and he just told me to go away. I mean, he doesn't have to be rude about it if he's distracted or didn't like me blocking his view or whatever. He didn't tell me anything! I think he's insecure. I used to be that way. So I understand him. Really really really well..."

"Just sit somewhere else."

"You see what I'm saying though, right?"

"No. I !d-on't"

"Well someone has to confront him about it. Doesn't have to be me."

"He'll just get more mad."

"He can be mad at me. I can handle it."

I approached the table and looked down at the end of the table closest to me and furthest from him adjacent to the table he was sitting at the far end of. I noted the distance that chair was to him. I then looked up and walked toward the chair closest to him on his left. He said, “*You don't have to sit here.*” I remained standing and said, “Yeah, I don't have to sit here, but if I do,...”

“Don't. Your presence makes me uncomfortable. Just leave me the *fuck* alone. Don't talk to me! Leave! Fuck off!”

“We don't have to talk, and I don't have to look at you...[I turned the chair so it faced away from him, and then turned it back]”

“I said fuck off!”

“Well see -now- I feel like sitting down.”

“You'd *better not* sit there!” [I sat down] “I said fuck off!”

“Why?”

“Your presence annoys me.”

“Do other people annoy you, or just me?”

“There are some other people.”

“Did you tell them what you told me?”

“Some of them.”

“And why me?”

“I don't know why.”

“You don't know why.”

“Correct, but your presence makes me uncomfortable, so please go the fuck away.”

“Uncomfortable.”

“I'm *trying* to be polite.”

“Yeah..”

“Now, if you would, go the fuck away.”

“It didn't used to be this way. [The day before yesterday] I was laughing at a conversation over there that some other people were having. I didn't think it was going anywhere. Did you think that I was laughing at you?”

“No.”

“Well, if there is something I did that annoyed you, when you're ready to tell me, you can.”

“Since the day I met you your presence has made me uncomfortable.”

“Do I look angry? Do I have a resting bitch-face, as they say?”

“Your -behavior- annoys me.”

“Does it remind you of something?”

“Your presence annoys me.”

“Well, you don't mind yourself though, right?”

“I do mind myself!”

“Oh, so you mind yourself?? I mean, you don't annoy yourself though, right?”

“No, but I don't like interacting with people.”

“Well, we don't have to talk, and I don't have to look at you, and we don't have to interact... and that's fine.”

“I prefer to stay alone, so please fuck off.”

“You -can- be alone, and that's good, but -when- you're -with- someone...”

“I don't want to interact with anybody.”

“Well, you just interacted. With me.”

“Just fuck off! How many times do I have to tell you to fuck off?! Eight? Do you want me to make it nine?!”

“I know that I don't want you to say it again. I know that much.”

“Well fuck off!”

“I'm at a loss for words... which you're fine with... It's good that you're fine with it...
[guilty voice during next phrase] But I'm being sarcastic ([facetious] not sarcastic).”

“You're testing my patience!”

[I thought to myself about the fact that I have the patience of a saint, and wondered how much longer I should test his patience] “...”

“FUCK OFF.”

“I'm going to get a drink of water,...”

“Well don't come back! Your presence annoys me.”

“Well, I hope you find out why soon, because right now you don't know why, and I think that finding out why will help.”

“FUCK OFF!”

“uhhuughh” [I got out of the chair and walked away]

This guy later chilled out and smiled at a cashier.

[Conversations with Eric (I even asked him if he wanted to practice tutoring math by tutoring me and he agreed and I was his pupil for a while. He was interested in tutoring math in the future, so I figured I'd be his pupil for him to practice teaching math. He felt less depressed but became depressed again after thinking he was just about in the light of the tunnel, meanwhile Andrew, his drunk friend, was feeling ecstatic about his rap. Eric said, "Oh how the tables have turned.")]

"You have a lot of energy ready to use consciously to do something really really really well."

"Maybe having lots of unused energy not taken up by habits of thought registers as a higher vibration."

"Maybe I should make my own spiritual book [(Sri Yukteswar wrote The Holy Science, but it wasn't science)], and I'd call it a Metaphysical Hypothesis."

"In my religion, perfect Christ Consciousness, Bliss Consciousness, Cosmic Consciousness, loves unconditionally, and without attachment. If one is attached to someone, one is expecting something from them, whereas loving without attachment is loving without condition."

One day, in the Connection Café, Eric's long-haired musically-inclined friend said jokingly during a conversation, "I hope you appreciate all the work that I do," in reference to the searching he did to find some cool music. I grinned while looking at an Indian woman at another table who I assumed was Hindu. I was pleased that Eric's friend was not actually insisting that anyone appreciate his work and I actually think no-one really did, haha.

On a related note, I had many conversations with the boss of the Cafeteria who appreciated and enjoyed my company (talking to her). The first time we talked she was very upset about something and was sitting where Andrew (the blind man) normally sat. I didn't tell her to leave, and she appreciated this (she told my mom how polite I was and that it felt like she was "talking to the son of God" because I had opinions about God I guess). I asked her a question in response to something she said about her son or something involving responsibility, and in a later conversation she said I told her just what she needed to hear. She was a religious black woman who would tell me things like "You may think it's just a coincidence," and "For each there is a measure of faith..."

More of me talking to Eric:

"The -emotion- of happiness occurs when an expectation is... satisfied [if that's a condition in which the individual has been conditioned to create the emotion]."

"Emotions are learned, and it's acting. Action. It's in the word. Action and reaction. At first, it's conscious, but later it becomes unconscious. There are good emotions and there are bad emotions. Jealousy is a bad emotion."

"Sometimes jealousy is good," Eric noted.

"So it's all relative. And -love- is -not- an emotion."

"Recently I've been thinking about how in the same way that God doesn't exist as an individual, nor does the Devil. So the Devil would be highly-conscious people doing bad things."

"So you're saying that when I decide to do something bad I'm being the Devil?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, they don't hurt people. They hurt people's feelings." "The -up-side is that they test people."

Me talking to Eric: "It's important, in so far as it's important, and that is... Temporary."

One day I asked Eric what he was thinking about and ventured a guess: "Is it a math problem?"

Can it be -interpreted- as a math problem?"

Facebook post

"I'd like to make it very clear that emotions need not be imitated by anyone. Emotions are -created- and to learn how to create them often involves imitation to some degree. Scientists already know that one can make themselves feel happy by smiling. They also know that empathy is learned. I learned how to create emotions and how to empathize with people, so you don't need to worry about my emotional well-being, especially since I've recently discovered and applied my conscious control of my emotions, though I still have habits of feeling certain ways in certain

situations. For example, I currently have a habit of directing energy towards feeling uncomfortable when my hands are sticky.”

[Conversation with the male friend of Eric with long brown hair]

"I don't know what it -sounds- like to you, but for -me- this has been a spiritual ad-ven-ture [(I also remember saying "emotional rollercoaster")]

 that I've been embarking on."

[Conversation with the male friend of Eric with a nasal voice overheard by a Hindu woman at a table behind our table]

"What's it about?" he asked (asking about my book initially titled "A Metaphysical Hypothesis").

"It's a vaaague ..description, of the [surprised emphatic voice] -nature- of -reality-."

"It's real?" [I laughed] "Get it?" he said happily.

"I guess I did. ... it doesn't have [contemplative calming loving appreciating voice] aany rr-é-ferencés."

[During conversation with an older man who studied history and had been in college for some time]

"[In my book initially titled 'A Metaphysical Hypothesis'] I actually -said!- that the fundamental truth is quote on quote 'imaginary,' because the fundamental has no constituent parts.. which of-course.. doesn't make.. aaaany __-se-__nse."

[Conversation with one of the staff at the Connection Café]

"

"Good, how about you?"

"I've been describing it, as bl-iss."

"And what's the reason why you did that?"

"...for my degree," he replied.

"So you're happy about that? [I then squinted my eyes as if illustrating how slight his happiness appeared]"

[Emails to someone worried about my grades]

"The truth is that I am in bliss and you're expecting something from me."

"...which indicates that you want me to stop doing something [like spreading flyers about my books]. Well I've already finished ... sohowever the question remains ... as I have no idea what we'll talk about. Well this should be fun meeting and talking to you. I like surprises."

"I have reevaluated the situation and deduced that I am not Jesus.

By the way, you are impatient and/or annoyed.

Love, Joshua."

Interestingly during one of my walks to churches to spread flyers about my books, someone yelled from a moving car, "Yay Jesus!" at me, indicating that he had come across one of my

flyers at a church, had read my Metaphysical Hypothesis document, and had been equally convinced by the evidence therein of me being a reincarnation of Jesus.

Here is that document (the evidence of God speaking to me through coincidences telling me that I'm Jesus and that Dwarpa Yuga is near is in the middle and near the end of the document):

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1NW_3RG73isoMz1uGuPAsHWEi0v9R-CMyefOc3NgOrwQ/edit?usp=drivesdk).

Also, one day in the building in which the cafeteria is, I overheard an Indian (and possibly Hindu) man admit to a white man sitting next to him, "I'm convinced!" I non-verbally said, "I'm convinced," by tilting my head back and then putting it back down. A woman was watching me from my left. The Indian man and white man were sitting some distance to my right. I then thought, "He (God) had to convince -me- first." Around the same area, just outside the bathrooms I heard someone talking to someone, saying, "How do we know it's really him (How do we know when Jesus has arrived)."

Some of the evidence from the book (one flyer of which I gave to someone in the aforementioned room after going upstairs to retrieve a copy from a printer. Before going upstairs to get it, I said, "I'll be back," and chuckled):

"

I was thinking about a less complete version of this [(I was thinking about the archetype of "the Devil" in my book)] silently in the Connection Café, and soon thereafter I overheard a conversation about sociopaths, psychopaths, the human brain, the motor cortex, and how the motor cortex can have a certain degree of control independent of the rest of the brain such that it's like not having control of that part of the brain.

Then shortly thereafter I overheard someone ask someone what reality they would want to live in if they were to live in an alternate reality.

I talked about this with some people at the Connection Café, and after one of them said to me, “You're psychic!” he asked if I had read Revelations. I said, “Sort of.” The next day a guy asked if I wanted a copy of the New Testament. I decided not to get a copy of the New Testament. The day after that, trumpets were playing in the University Center. Dwarpa Yuga is approaching (We are exiting Kali Yuga [the lowest of the Yugas] and entering Dwarpa Yuga). LoL.

A guy who told me to fuck off had two slices of pizza when he told me to “please go away immediately” feeling uncomfortable in my presence (He said, “Your presence makes me uncomfortable”), and two slices of pizza the time I approached him about it and he told me eleven times to fuck off. Eventually he chilled out and smiled at a cashier. Later he touched a bush near Arlington Hall while thinking pensively about something I assumed. On March 24th he touched a bush on the other side of the walkway leading up to Arlington Hall, and I discovered that he was trying to get a circular item off of one of the branches. He took it off by reaching it and breaking it into a semicircle (the circular object was designed to be able to “break” in that way). I later talked to him because I was waiting for my mom to arrive at the Connection Café and he and a woman I know were talking about my Metaphysical Hypothesis, so I approached them wondering if they wanted to talk to me. He was rude to me again. So he was rude to me three times.

"

"

On March 25th, 2019, in my Linguistics 2371-003 class, a woman two tables in front of me was twitching. I felt tingling between and above my eyebrows while my eyes were open, so I tried to "direct calming energy to her". She has a very receptive mind, aided by the fact that she has an autistic brain, and I was able to calm her by "sending calming energy to her". Then I focused on the PowerPoint on the wall, and she started twitching again. The teacher witnessed this event. On a related note, the healing technique taught by Paramahansa Yogananda is a form of prayer, and partially consists of directing energy out to the hands. The tingling sensation felt in the hands when doing this effectively is possibly caused by static electricity caused by an excess of electrons in the hands. The way in which prayer helps people is probably in some way related to quantum entanglement. The form of quantum entanglement that scientists are familiar with at the time of this writing is very limited. Perhaps higher dimensions remove obstacles to quantum entanglement. The form of quantum entanglement that scientists are familiar with at the time of this writing is in part described by this webpage

<https://www.google.com/amp/s/amp.livescience.com/28550-how-quantum-entanglement-works-infographic.html>

and this playlist

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLajiDW3923Vry2kGcm_c92A2F7hlM76EO

Soon after March 25th, 2019, while in the Connection Café, intuition told me to leave. I left and on the way to my dorm someone on a phone said, “Jesus!” as I passed by her.

On April 6th, 2019, in the Connection Café, a woman accidentally dropped an orange next to me and then talked to someone through the decorative “see through” “wall” of the Connection Café. The same day or the next day I returned from somewhere and walked past the Connection Café. There was a guy with an orange talking to his friends about oranges and already outside of the Connection Café. On April 8th, 2019, while eating at the Connection Café in the morning, I saw an Orange at a table in the direction that the woman had talked to someone after dropping an orange. A short amount of time later, I saw a guy who I had talked to in the past about God walk out with an orange. A short amount of time later, a large group of High-School students visiting UTA decided to sit in a portion of the Connection Café I was at. I lost my seat after leaving it to get more food, and sat somewhere else. Near this new place was an orange on a plate on a table between booths. I was sitting at a regular table, and another person at a regular table next to my table asked for me to pass the salt from my table to her table (which for some reason didn't have salt). Earlier that day, or maybe the day before, I sat at a computer upstairs in the University Center where there was a little packet of salt beneath my left foot. At some point I was at the usual table I sit at in the Connection Café, and I saw a guy walk out of the Connection Café with a green apple. Later, one of the High-School students noticed a person at the other end of the Connection Café with his hair dyed green. At the table where this High-School student, her friends, and I were sitting, there was a green baseball cap. I looked at a map that was in the Connection Café and noticed that Chile was colored green, and Argentina was colored orange. During the evening of April 8th, I ate at the Connection Café again. This time while eating at the Connection Café, one of my friends was talking to one of my other friends and joked about squeezing oranges and watermelons (which have green rinds and which some people put salt on) in bathtubs and at some point talked about Orange Sprite. He also talked about his Chemistry homework's discussion of substances with iodine, and he said that my other friend's table manners would be improved if he stopped putting salt on his hands and then licking them. A guy at another table, in front of me and to my left, had a green shirt on, and someone at a table in front of me and to my right had an orange shirt on (by the way, the map in the Connection Café had Chile colored in green, and Argentina colored in orange). At some point a guy with an orange lanyard came into view, and a woman with an orange thing around her hair came into view later. A person with a blue shirt with Texas in orange came into view, and a person with a black shirt with orange-highlighted words came into view. I also saw through the decorative “wall” to my right a person with an orange shirt nearing the Connection Café entrance. On my way out of the Connection Café, I noticed four orange-wrapper chocolate bars. I went to the bathroom to wash my hands because of pizza grease on my hands, and on my way in I saw a guy with an orange lanyard who said, “Excuse me,” as I walked in. After getting out of the bathroom and before exiting the building, I saw a guy with an orange backpack about to exit the building.

Before entering Arlington Hall, I saw a woman with an orange shirt, and I saw a little black and orange car. On my way up the stairs in Arlington Hall, I noticed orange in the corner of my eye, and saw that a plaque on the wall had cardboard or paper orange borders next to the frame.

24 (though only 20 remembered when writing this) references or instances of orange, 5 noteworthy references or instances of green, and 5 noteworthy references or instances of salt.

I looked up the Andes Mountains between Chile and Argentina, and found Salar de Uyuni, a salt-bed plateau. I subtracted the longitude of Salar de Uyuni by 24 and found a corner street formed by two streets, one of which is named Bom Jesus, which translates to "Good Jesus."

Several days later, while in the Connection Café next to the dish-return conveyor belt, looking across the Connection Café through the "wall" I watched for about 5 seconds 4 instances of orange pass by.

"

New data suggested more strongly that my identity was a different "avatar" (that the summation of activity of the construction I identified with did not include the body that was named Jesus that was mentioned in the bible). A collection of "signs", including planes flying in certain directions, a bus that read "Orange route" and several other instances of orange, including something orange in the back of a moving pick-up truck, led me to an orange car. On the back there was a sticker referencing Star Trek that read, "Make it so." On the way back to my dorm, I followed more signs from the progenitor including a gust of wind I matched the speed of, and then I read a shirt that read, "Know limits," and a shirt that read, "Same, same" (all the "avatars" are unified in "Christ Consciousness"). Later, upstairs in the University Center, having just arrived upstairs and walking toward a computer, I heard someone talking to someone say, "Are you...?" and the other person said, "Yes." Then someone said, "You lie."

[During conversation with Eric]

Me (Josh): "Everyone's -try-ing, to -!say-, the -saame- thing [("I love you" or "Please love me")].

It's just a m-a-tter, of interpretátion."

Eric in a different conversation: "Do you think they could both be true? [Joshua (me) being Jesus and not being Jesus]"

[During conversation with an older man who studied history and had been in college for some time]

"-Ra-ndom people -you- -meet- on a -day- to day -ba-sis can be like Jesus within a se-me-ster...like -you-, and !-me-."

They (the first friend-group I had at UTA) were talking about my bible and where the ideas therein may have came from, and the guy with curly hair said,

"I don't know but it's fucking hilarious."

Overhearing this I nodded in full agreement, having already laughed hysterically at my bible myself (here is my bible:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1NW_3RG73isoMz1uGuPAsHWEi0v9R-CMyCfOc3NgOrwQ/edit?usp=drivesdk)

Here is a document that has less fluff:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1lBfjD4jHI5p3njsr8olB8lfBVNDyusOOhzT1VC2J5Dw/edit?usp=drivesdk>

I failed every one of my UTA classes except for Global Warming class. For a short period of time after this, I still felt that I was communicating with God and that Dwarpa Yuga was very near.

On May 20th, 2019, while in Grandma's and Grandpa's house, I was thinking about how I had said "Now I don't know the details..." (that was part of a discussion I had, in which I described the fact that this document provides a very basic idea of how Yogananda materialized another body), and how some people, including myself, might have interpreted it as funny because it sounds like something you might hear the character God say, and then my grandpa Lico said something like, "God doesn't care about the details. God just wants us to be happy," in his conversation with Shelda.

One day I was imagining skating at SkateTown, a place I had skated at every Saturday for a portion of my life. About thirty minutes later, my mom arrived home and told me that Lico was thinking about how I used to skate a lot. I took this as a reason to skate that Saturday. While at Skate-Town that Saturday, I non-verbally gave a sermon with the help of song-lyrics. The song-lyrics were on point, LoL. An Indian woman (probably Hindu) began to cry while watching me.

I strategically used body language and gestures during key lyrics of what was playing at SkateTown. It was improvised. Basically I silently said, "...It doesn't get any better. Well, except for ascending Yugas. Prepare for _____. Everyone's going to be okay. Everyone!...Now what. I got this? I've submitted my faculties to God's will, he'll handle it." Also, "I'm a disappointment, LoL." "Remove tension from the body [moved limp arms]."

At some point, my grandma's friend Connie kissed me on the cheek. I considered it an omen of death approaching for me. I still believed this was "my last incarnation" (for a while).

Later, after that period of time, I considered working in a library and taking some classes at TCC for it, then changed my mind after learning that cataloguing books may involve contact with adhesive. During this time I finished a library science class online during the beginning of the Covid-19 panic in the U.S.A. and planned to live in an ecovillage called The Garden of Eden in Kennedale, Texas, at some point, but later changed my mind.

By this time, this is what I ate in a day:

1. Sweet and Sour quinoa and vegetable bowl (frozen meal that tastes good and has protein in the form of tofu and quinoa) or Pad Thai (tastes very good, and has iron and potassium)

2. Two Blueberry Crisp Clif Bars or Peanut-Butter Crunchy Clif Bars (taste good and have magnesium, B12, protein, etc.). Starting October 30th, 2020, I ate two Mint Chocolate Clif Bars (every day) instead. A week or two later I started eating two Chocolate Chip Clif Bars instead. Later, I switched to eating Oatmeal Raisin Walnut Clif Bars.

In November I discovered that salsa and bread taste good together, LoL

3. One sweet potato (many of the small to medium-sized ones taste good and all of them have potassium and magnesium)

4. 36 almonds (1.5 servings) with three to four large spoonfuls of raisins (tastes good and the almonds have magnesium, calcium, iron, protein, and potassium)

5. Slightly more than one serving of chopped dried medjool dates (tastes good and has magnesium, iron, calcium, potassium, etc.) (no added sugar)

6. One banana (often tastes good and has potassium and magnesium)

7. One bowl of dry sweetened Cheerios such as Multi-Grain Cheerios or Honey-Nut Cheerios (tastes good and has B12, etc.)

8. Whole Beans in salty black liquid (when introducing this into my diet I removed frozen meals from my diet) (tastes salty and has iron, potassium, and protein [and sodium])

The Clif Bars, almonds, dried dates, sweet potato, banana, and cereal provides about 100% the recommended daily amount of magnesium and B12.

9. Apples (Kroger brand Envy apples taste the best)! Apple juice!! Broccoli, Spinach, Carrots.

Banana with Hummus is awesome.

On June 15th, 2020, I decided that in order to fight for the rights of those without money and to fight for a moneyless world (which would especially help low-wage workers, kids of single parents, the disabled, and the lazy), I would live without money, going on hunger-strikes until given free food, refusing pay for work and going on strike if they pay me, all starting at age 31 (I would move out of my mom's house at that time, but would return for bed, but if when my mom dies I am expected to pay property taxes and utility bills I would then sleep along a nearby trail unless attempting to defy eviction). This was already my plan 5 days prior, but now I had set a date for it to begin (June 28, 2028, when I turn 31).

I later found a nearby farm on Google Maps and sent this text to them:

"

If I showed up on your farm after walking there, offered to help, and refused monetary payment, would you find use for me? During what times of year is there work to do? Is there an irrigation system?

"

They didn't respond and then I sent this text to them:

"

I advocate a maximum cost of zero. That is why I refuse payment. Low-wage workers around the world, some single parents and their kids, and the disabled are all negatively impacted by the existence of money.

"

At this point I had already decided to extend my stay with Mom longer than eight years.

I finally got a response from the farm after messaging them through Google Maps instead of texting them. I said the following:

"Can I visit your farm when you're open even now? I'm interested in volunteering at your farm when help is needed."

Their reply:

"You're always welcome to come during our open hours: Saturdays 8-12"

On July 27th, 2020, I posted the following to Facebook:

"

We should all change our wills to explicitly ask that no-one be arrested for taking the stuff we had or living in the house we lived in.

<https://youtu.be/JqGCFfOhd-M>

[Alien index finger got me back here again. Why edit?]

The people who kept this man (in the video) in prison don't know right from wrong or are cowards. People like them are the reason why the Holocaust happened and why our society is such a disgrace. 9 million people die of starvation every year.

The only mental illnesses are Evil-activity, Ethical-blindness (may result in following evil orders, etc.), Faulty-rationalization, Low-self-worth, and possibly others, especially if self-diagnosed.

If you are happily OCD, ADHD, Bipolar, or different, as long as you do not have an [Wait, how did I get here) d] ill mind you are not mentally ill. And if you are depressed there is probably a

reason. If not, and you self describe as ill then you are ill (but not doomed. There is hope). If you are anxious there is probably a reason. If not, and you describe as ill then you are ill (for now).

I call the adjectives invented by psychologists "mental conditions," but of those, only psychopathy is likely to be a mental illness.

"

Video about "sociopathy/psychopathy" I actually agree with (if it were up to me, I'd only use the word "psychopathy" to describe people who actively seek people to harm for their own enjoyment): <https://youtu.be/uDwZmlSWbcM>

By this time I had discovered freedomcells. org and soon thereafter (soon after meeting Shana Leigh online actually) discovered a vegan ecovillage/homestead in the works advertised by someone in a group within the website. The homestead/ecovillage is walking distance from Meadow Wood Lane, Bedford, Texas. It's in Hazlet, Texas.

Chapter 6

https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLajiDW3923Vr1lpU9ndjHoLy__0C6ezfd

<https://www.twitch.tv/videos/1001142124>

Fun fact: I hugged someone in a dream. It was better than hugs from Dad.

Leading up to the end of 2021, I met and talked to Shana Leigh Heagwood online. I found a comment of hers on YouTube under a video by Stargirl the Practical Witch. In this comment, Shana said which pile she had chosen for the Tarot reading, describing her potential soulmate. I replied with, "If Astrology [and Tarot] were accurate, you'd be in luck," and visited her YouTube Channel (at the time, I didn't believe in Karma either, in part because I believed free will and Karma to be incompatible, but Shana professed belief in Karma, but not as much as Teal Swan believes in Karma [she calls it Mirroring]). My first comment on her YouTube Channel: "I'm The Last Person To Watch This Video! Have A Great Life!" She lived in Japan at the time and was teaching ESL there. One day, YouTube stopped working, so using a video thumbnail alone for reference, I found her paypal, Twitter, and Instagram, in that order. The first thing I messaged her about was ESL, something I had planned on teaching. I had already made jokes and the like on YouTube, but had not messaged her directly until that day.

One day in November, 2020, perhaps November 16th, Shana expressed her feelings about life on Twitter. Inspired by this, I wrote a poem expressing my thoughts at the time about isolation and sonder: "The World is a house. Every road a hallway. Every building a room. Every room a bed. Every bed a phone. Every phone a dream." I shared it with her in a reply, and shared it with Abra

on November 17th, 2020, via email. Shana's Twitter account at the time was eventually taken down by Copyright overlords because of a song she shared.

November, 2020 comment: "I love to see your faces' Too bad my profile picture here is a shirt, LoL.

This isn't scary, but last night I had a dream in which my twin brother was a woman (he's been a woman in at least one prior dream years ago) holding a camera out the window of a bus/train vlogging. I was the camera. Later I saw a map a man and someone else were holding. On the map was a small curved lake (curved right) with an orange line over some of it indicating the track/bridge. A black line stretched from there right (east unless the map was upside-down) with black numbers along side it. When the train/bus stopped it had no walls, I had a human body, and we were supposedly back where we started by accident.

In the next dream my hair had turned white like my mom's hair, and I actually looked pretty cool."

One day: Shana Leigh: "If you've gotten this far on replay, you're crazy."

My reply as a comment under the video: "crazy? Well, I used to think I was a reincarnation of Jesus...." I deleted this and similar comments at the time, because I didn't think they would remain relevant. They are relevant now only in that they explain how Shana Leigh began discovering the contents of my inner universe. And one day, I came across the Delta Rune YouTube streams because I was looking for a Q&A that would explain why Shana went to Japan. After one Twitch stream, I remarked in a reply to a Tweet of hers, "LoL, your face near the end

trying to get superstition out of your head." She replied with, "wait, what?" After explaining, I added another reply, saying: "You are now haunted.... Haunted by the colors orange and purple." In the next Twitch stream she squinted at the camera when strange coincidences involving orange and purple occurred in the game, SpellBreak.

"You have no idea how funny this is to me. [I provide a link to my playlist cataloging coincidences involving Shana and orange. The playlist was initially titled a bunch of nicknames for Shana, at the time, Kris Kringle was one of them. When I came up with KriShana, I was overjoyed. Shana also thought they were funny nicknames, and eventually, after Stupefy had already been kicked out of Discord for no reason (the reason was him allegedly being "rude"), I came up with the name Supa'Phi]

"

Jan 24th:

Me in Instagram DM to Shana: "I can believe you think you're a Looney Toon. Why? Because I'm the Looney Toon. I can believe anything. (As long as it fits with my long-ingrained beliefs I have a cognitive bias towards, but with good reason: evidence. I believe in reincarnation because of evidence, and I will never ever believe in Hell)"

Shana:

"Haha I often think I am. And other times I don't think so. But I also know a lot of people would think I am for the things I do believe in. (Or in some cases don't). I learned a long time ago the way I think about things isn't normal."

Me (in Twitter DM):

"Am I annoying?"

Shana: "No, you're fine. You make me laugh mostly, and you never get mad when I don't reply."

"Deepak Sarma said he'd like to go to Japan with you and you said, 'Sounds like fun!' Now he wants to know what you mean. The road to manipulation is full of good intentions, Shana."

Feb 4th:

Me:

"Climactic Tragically Beautiful Juxtaposition of Mutually-Exclusive Desires/Aspirations/mission + Gratitude for the Joy of the past 6 months culminated in nearly crying of good-movie-music-like appreciation of the emotional saliency of the past 6 months, and frustratingly repetitive magicalness. P.S. What Native American folklore and mythology do you hold dear to your heart?"

Slightly off topic, but in reply to one of Shana's Instagram posts in which she asked what we were doing for the weekend, I wrote, "So far I'm just making mythology about you, LoL."

Shana replied with, "haha, love it."

For a while, I only sent her parodies.

Shana called me "the king of puns," and thinks she is simply "existing."

Feb 8th: Me in reply to Shana under Balloon Festival video: "Today I have Pulsitar Tinnitus and can hear blood flow through my right ear. It's like ASMR, and makes me think about my mortality."

Me after Shana's Birthday livestream: "Send Stupefy my love. He needs it. You said it was just the medication he took, but I think there's another reason."

Later, Shana realized I was right about Stupefy being jealous and having romantic ideation about Shana.

Sometime later, Stupefy was allegedly "rude" and was kicked out of Discord by Shana. He eventually was returned there (They play Wizards Unite). Shana had said before to not utter Stupefy's name, for he had disavowed Shana culture by arguing an opinion. What she said was something like "We don't talk about Stupefy anymore. He was rude and needs to apologize [for his sins]." I of course laughed, but my Discord microphone wasn't on. She said he would have to apologize to be let back into the group, and he was.

March 1st (before the drama described above mind you): Me: "I will cherish the humor, music, creativity, and pseudo-adventure surrounding this boring YouTuber for the rest of my life."

Shana: "hahaha, glad to hear it"

Some of that creativity: Me finding a reversed version of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone and making subtitles for it using my knowledge of multiple languages. One person replied to my

comment under the video, saying, "You have no idea how happy this made me." I also provided my subtitles for the video in reply to the channel's comment.

Me in Instagram:

"It was so simple. Do good, be heard, survive."

Instagram DM messages:

Jan 12th:

Me at 7:44 PM: "Shanta Yeshua Kristen Mythology playlist (mythology about Shanta Kris, the "secretly..Black.." and White Striped Gazelle Shanelle the Shanneling Channeler Shaman, summoner of the Ghost of "Dog with Clown Makeup" Susie Beach Stars) description: (in Tweet) P.S. Hopefully Prince from the Dark Donald Trump the Anti-Christ becomes our ally, LoL. Also, have you ever had ayuasca?" Me at 10:01 PM: "How about Shanta KriShana (Saint KriShana). LoL, I win" (I soon thereafter said, "Dork Shiva, destroyer of money has entered the chat" in a Twitch livestream in order to reveal what my manifesto was about, which she later read, along with my autobio and metaphysical hypothesis)

Shana on Jan 13th, 3:23 AM: "I have never used ayuasca, but I would love to go to Peru and do one of the journeys. Although I would be worried. Weed has started making my anxiety worse and spiraling me into a dark place. Idk if it's because I'm more depressed and anxious than usual though or what."

Me: "Do I help with your depression and aggravate your anxiety? Anyway, I've never had Weed nor Ayuasca. The times I've gotten depressed or anxious have been times in my life when I took

my life too seriously. There were a lot of beliefs that fed into the depression. I did feel a bit bad yesterday or the day before, but I think it was because you looked anxious."

Shana at 2:32 PM: "You make me laugh most of the time. And you don't get upset when I don't respond or don't answer right away. So you're fine."

Me, the next day:

"That's good. You should check out my recent Instagram posts, LoL."

Shana: "I want to live on Merlin Way" (one of the pictures was of a sign that read "Merlin Way")

Me at 3:46 PM: "'Night is falling' Sleep well"

Me at 10:38 PM: "How to be a genius: Step 1: Think about something. Step 2: Think again. How to be a genius: Step 1: Think about something. Step 2: There is no step 2. How to be a genius: Step 1: Think about something. Step 2: Don't." Laugh emoji applied by Shana. My mom laughed too. Shana loved that I made my mom laugh.

Jan 19th:

Me: "I can't believe I'm comparing you to my stepmom. Makes sense though cuz I'm attracted to my stepmom"

Shana: "Haha, It doesn't bother me. I just hope she's a nice lady."

Jan 19th:

Me at 9:37 PM, facetiously making reference to Jan 13th:

"When you feel like shit you feel like you're spiraling into a dark place. Sometimes things get wetter before they get better."

Jan 20th:

Shana at 3:22 AM: "haha, can relate"

Me: "What does this dark place consist of for you? Existential crises of purpose / lack of direction / Inner conflict / Self-sabotaging / illusory desires palpable enough to feel, but not important enough to think about, all the while wondering if you'll live with a regret in old age even though you won't be disappointed until then / Anxiety / Anger and painful solidarity and acknowledgement of the difficulty of achieving what you take for granted or have you yourself suffered to achieve ???? I'm guessing something else, because I just described to you some of the things that my dark place would probably include, though it really isn't very dark, except for the anger part. The worst feeling I've had would probably best be described as wanting to say "I do not know you" to most people including most close family members. It's hard to explain."

Shana: "I can't talk about it right now. I spent most of yesterday crying. I don't feel well"

Jan 20th:

Me at 7:01 AM:

<https://youtu.be/Ofuwz5kK99I>

<https://youtu.be/VFbm8DW1HTU>

<https://youtu.be/uCMBMQjjD7I>

Me at 2:23 PM: "Reassurance: People care about you, even if they don't always deliver. You are not a burden. There is enough food to feed more than eight billion people. You are not alone. The universe is indifferent, so you can't get it wrong from the universe's perspective. It's your mind you're living in. Life is in the mind. You are not responsible for other people's happiness. They are responsible for appreciating you. <https://youtu.be/dRk7B0AGyQQ>

"

Me deliberating at length about the story I told Shana is technically true [several times in effect] but is intentionally linguistically misleading: "Mostly good publicity though." It was not until after she shared my story on Twitter (beforehand she said "I read your story today. Unfortunately it has too much dialogue for me and isn't paranormal enough for my YouTube Channel. It's great writing though. You should keep it") that she found out it was a true story (I told her again in the course of conversation). She replied, "Oh, I didn't realize it was a true story. That just makes it even cooler."...

"Why was he so rude to you?"

"I think he felt that associating with me affected his reputation. I have OCD, but I think he didn't like my relationship to his female friend Ruby."

Also, he felt like I was following/stalking him, LoL.

Me: "Covid-19 might be the Antichrist, but I think it has a purpose (I don't like the idea though). I can't help but think that things will be a lot better after Covid-19 [(economically)]"

Me: "If you want to have a conversation with me, call me. My number is 8177620760" The rest of you can text me (I later lost this phone).

Also me: "Define 'rude'....[no attempt at a reply]..... I only define the words I use (me after getting no reply)."

Me in a livestream chat: "Now something to make your day. Wait for it. [uses bathroom]. Your existence makes me happy (I said something like that)"

Shana: "I also love that you exist....."

Me in a comment on a later stream (on YouTube): "Don't die on me Shana. I approve of your existence. Don't worry, she's not suicidal."

Joseph: "It's not about the money."

Fun fact: I kissed someone in a dream and hugged someone in another dream. Both between July 2020 and August 2021.

Me: "I can't believe I'm comparing you to my stepmom, LoL. Makes sense though, cuz I'm attracted to my stepmom."

May 8th (2021), I realized that Solar Power Installer is a job I am willing to do that requires no degree above a HighSchool Diploma. However, if on the move, an online job may be more ideal. This is yet to be determined at the time of this writing (May 8th, 2021).

<https://youtu.be/kUkCnj6IfYU>

Information about installing solar panels for a living.

Fun fact: Loss of 'passion' is a normalized part of many marriages.

May 24, 2021: I returned to being 100% vegan (for a few days).



"PsychoCPA" in Twitch livestream chat: "They finished it [("It Takes Two")], but they had to work together.."

Me asking Shana if she was serious about butter beer: "Seriously? Do you really want...."

Shana after we talked about a relationship: "You must have read into something. I'm sorry if I ever implied otherwise. I really do want us to just be friends." In Instagram she said, "I want you to be happy," and she said in Twitter, "I just want you to relax" after I asked "What do you want from me? Seriously."

Shana after I asked whether she was talking about me or a hypothetical boyfriend by saying in the Discord, "If you're talking about me, my preferred gender-pronoun is 'you'" in reference to what Shana said in a Twitter DM ("[(private)]"): "I need you to...."

I was blocked from Discord because of allegedly leaking private information about Shana's secret boyfriend whose identity is unknown to me and is supposedly a secret worth keeping.

Me in Twitter message: "Who are you 'patiently waiting for?' Who is that person you're talking to in all of your videos [and Twitch streams of It Takes Two and the game she played before that with Chloe and Rachel in it (Life is Strange)]?"

Shana: "My friends." [blocks me from Twitter]

Me at some point afterward in Instagram message: "I asked for space, and you gave it to me."

Also me: "I respect your decision, but it never was my intention to violate your boyfriend's privacy. I talked about you in Discord because I knew you would respond quicker."

Eventually I thought I got confirmation that she was lying about her hypothetical boyfriend, because she was thinking about her girlfriend while thinking about what she said to me about her hypothetical boyfriend. I thought she may have made up the story about her hypothetical boyfriend in order to ascertain whether I was interested or not, or maybe in order to test my friendship.

<https://youtu.be/8SHbTeB4R54>

"If you think about things too *macho, you will find nothing but ugliness."

Me in a livestream: "Shana doesn't want friends. She's not interested in conflict resolution." She muted this, so that proves my point. We in fact absolve ourselves from situations. Isn't that nice.

June 1st: Launched my Patreon Page.

June 11th or a day or two before then: Saw grapefruit skin on the sidewalk.

June 12th: During my walk to Bob Eden Park, an insect, fly, or something else flew onto my left eye. It made my eye figuratively burn mildly for a minute, and all I got on my finger was a few specks of black. Whatever got in my left eye disintegrated on impact, leaving little behind. At Bob Eden Park, I ran into two cobwebs. Metaphorically speaking, it may represent a safety net, haha.

June 17th: Mom reminded me that I could get SSI. This time I agreed to it. It will also provide me with Health Insurance. Though it is not a lot of money, I have other ways of making money, such as installing solar panels. I called a nearby Technical school on this day. They didn't offer PVI certification.

June 20th: Discovered that Teal Swan is 37 and was born in 1984. Speaking of which, I expressed my concern about Shana's dad possibly having sex with Shana, saying "....If he doesn't, what could he do?" The comment was in code but was made private. I can find the comment. I was expressing my concern that Shana's father might get mad, in an earlier comment expressing concern about him being exposed to the world, and in this comment, about not getting sex. As it turns out, they probably don't have sex with each other anymore and I had read into a single expression on Shana's face that in fact does not mean they still do it, just that one time she was abused as a child.



July 10th: I declared the past year of time (July 2020 to July 2021) the best year of my life.

July 11th: Shana uploaded this video <https://youtu.be/0mbTO0P7Vzc> in which Shana said she would have fun with Ron, Hermione would want to stay home, and Filch will never be satisfied. All three are references to parts of my personality. The comment I wrote in reply to the video and in reply to Kyeluh's assertion that things were largely up to me now: something like, "Possibly helpful: Ron would like to go on adventures, and does not want to literally rule over everything, but rather influence. You don't have enough money for Hermione to be a stay-at-home mom, and we deserve eachother, not a baby. Ron does not want a useless online job." The comment I wrote to communicate this I later deleted for privacy. In another comment I talked about transportation

as it relates to installing solar panels, and the fact that a house requires maintenance that my mom has told me is a major nuisance involved in owning a house. Apartments are great. My only true explanation I would give to explain why I would work a job I don't need to do, would be to take care of a baby financially (which is not the taking care of part in reality). Unfortunately, I have no such motivation. As such, the only reason I have to get a job is for social standing, as all jobs I am ready to do are not required for the survival of the currently living population.

July 18th: I saw a snake at Bob Eden Park.



August 2nd: I walked a different direction, into parts of my neighborhood west of Murphy, and found what I thought was a pear tree that actually had pears! Before that, I saw a car that had

"Super Duty" on the back of it. The tree I later found out was an apple tree. I do believe people's thoughts affect the weather and that many people viewing images from my YouTube Channel is affecting the weather, however, the weather is largely above my purview. Other things are under my purview.

Speaking of which, I thought about how wildfires could paradoxically help end the drought by providing condensation nuclei, however, this thought and half-wish and/or sarcastic command to the universe occurred after the wildfires started (incidentally, I hadn't at that time yet seen weather forecasts about that to my knowledge). In addition, God may have given me this thought in order to add credibility to the idea that I am influencing the weather.

Shana: "I..hate.. the doctor."

Me: "Teal Swan describes herself as a surgeon." [She knows what she's talking about]

Also me (after Shana said, "it doesn't help to think of that personality as gone"):

"Can you believe Teal Swan thinks people are narcissists just because they think they're responsible for whether someone lives or dies, LoL. People and their diagnoses, what a world we're living in. Random quote from my older brother out of context that I find funny: "I wouldn't bother." It's funny because it's in context by accident. My older brother is a simple man. I'm the same person I've always been, only [now] for the past 10+ years, I merely get cross with people who annoy me and I try to shoo or shut them up, but not by force, obviously. It worked that one time, and that was my intention behind visceral anger, not to follow through with the act. That was never my intention. However, in the counseling session I told you about, I revealed that I

was thinking about how I could get away with it through less direct means in such a way that no one would know, and the counselor said he was glad I hadn't thought of a way to do it."

8/08/2021: I discovered that the tree is in fact an apple tree.

Some days after that, while in Bob Eden Park, a bunch of sprinklers were on, and there was an artificial geyser formed by a leak of some kind in a nearby prairie. I witnessed it stop and the sprinklers as well.

08/12/2021: Me: "If you squeeze me, I'll come back" reworded in Instagram as "If you squeezed me, I'd come back."

8/20/2021: My day was made. A guy brushed by me with his hand at SkateTown, and a bunch of other people also brushed by me, but by accident. I am now desensitized to strangers' hands and I've gotten my contact fix for the year. No anxiety, just peace.

8/20/2021:

Me: ".....Also, my parents are cool."

My video on 8/21/2021:

"I'll have to keep this short because my phone space is limited, but, my day was made yesterday.

A guy brushed by me with his hand at SkateTown, and a bunch of other people did likewise by accident (arms, what have you). I am now desensitized to strangers' hands and I've gotten my contact fix for the year. No anxiety, just peace."

Also, Abra is watching my movie playlists now.

August 22nd: Me: "Let us know what your actual doctor who you don't hate I presume tells you about your hormone imbalance or whatever you mean by "crazy." Until then, I have no obligation to tell you what page I'm on."

Speaking of which, in case you haven't noticed by now, when Shana turns 38 I'll be 31. Speaking of which, one of our early conversations was about how fun it would be to have kids, and Shana said she had previously considered adopting a kid. I too, considered that. In college I had calculated that age 31 would be a good time to adopt, assuming I could finish ESL at University and find a woman (a man would suffice, but not for me). "Cuando tendré treinta años" means "When I turn 31."

August 28th: I was near Bob Eden Park and a gas station made a beeping sound after I heard the word "take" in the song I was listening to on my phone.

On a different day, later on, I heard the Gas station beep when I heard "scars" in the song, "I'm Going to Stand by You"

Do not fight subjectivity. Do not fight meaning.

Quote from random ad: "I died so you could live."

The road to good is full of bad intentions. (Future Josh reading this on July 30th, 2023, wondering why I said that)

Good things happen to bad people.

August 31st: Me: "Is it down to you or is it up to me"

September 1st: Me: "Give me a reason and I'll give you an explanation"

September 2nd: Me: "I've been informed by the internet gods that I am no longer in love with you. More demoralizing, however, is the idea that there is no such thing as good and evil. It is fun within reasonable limits, but it is very disconcerting when imagining the idea taken to its extreme."

Idea of free will I synthesized that day: Perspective can be chosen freely, as Teal Swan can enter the perspectives of others (I am 100% sure she has entered my body using this power) without having control of the body in which the perspective is held. As for control of one's body, perhaps one's action is "determined" "by what information you allow to control you." That's an idea from my Metaphysical Hypothesis document.

Free will is real, reasons are made up (as for "The Law of Mirroring" and "Karma" which I now see to be true, I have no idea how they fit in with free will).

My only true explanation I would give to explain why I would work a job I don't need to do, would be to take care of a baby financially (which in fact is not the taking care of part in reality).

Unfortunately, I have no such motivation. As such, the only reason I have to get a job is for

social standing, as all jobs I am ready to do are not required for the survival of the currently living population.

September 3rd: Me: "The [PV Installation] textbook is more fun than the course"

Also September 3rd: My mom, Rebecca, seeing that I had my shoes on: "Can you check and see if the cat has water?"

After giving the cat water, I went to Grandma and Grandpa's house to eat that raisin bran they have, but they didn't have it. They had Krisp Krispies.

September 4th: Me: "My twin brother pitied me too. He thought I was depressed. In reality, I'm not sure why."

Back in June is when I said in Discord, "If you feel the need to keep most things private, I pity you."

Speaking of my twin brother and I, I'd say the confusing and the confused sums up humanity pretty well.

The violators and the violated are a totally different story (are in a totally different ballgame)

September 5th:

Me: "I don't worry about people. I care about them, but not for them unless I have to or want to. Negative rights are the most important rights, and I don't have much respect for people who entertain crossing them." (Shana had considered beating a character in a video-game)

September 8th:

Me after rereading our Twitter history:

"Maybe if the right situation 'happens' we'll have something to talk about."

Speaking of history, here is documentation of videos in the past relating perfectly with the present (I have since deleted it):

<https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLajiDW3923Vp06VWux56g0MtOvFRt9PFL>

We all know what happened September 8th in the movie. Shana saying yes with eyes unclouded?

Ahahahahaha

September 9th: Me: "We were, and always will be friends. nothing can change that. I had a blast today reading our Instagram DM history. I wish I could say the same about our Twitter DM history. Unfortunately, your old Twitter was banned in early February because of Copyright infringement. So much history lost to time"

Here is our Twitter History as it stands now, May through July [very sad, and now actually fun to read start to finish, however, the old Twitter conversation was less dramatic]:

youtube.com

Scientific Seminar: First results from the Muon g-2 experiment at...

The first results from the Muon g-2 experiment at Fermilab were unveiled and discussed in a special seminar on April 7, 2021. The experimental result was pre...

Muons are heavier versions of electrons: 8:02

Cool



1

Apr 8, 2021, 4:42 AM

I found it again! ...youtu.be/lxLnIRVVwIM



1

Apr 9, 2021, 8:17 AM

...freshii.com/us/en-us/menu

The Pangoa bowl is



1

Apr 13, 2021, 3:35 AM

Is that a restaurant near you?



Apr 13, 2021, 4:41 AM

I just checked, and yeah, there is one nearby

Apr 13, 2021, 7:32 PM

Lucky!



Apr 13, 2021, 7:46 PM

Life-of-meaning thee, is what?

Apr 18, 2021, 4:02 AM

What?



Apr 18, 2021, 11:39 AM

What is a life of meaning for you? I'm fundamentally a hedonist.

Apr 18, 2021, 3:09 PM

A life where I've made a positive impact on others and the planet somehow.



1

And left behind some kind of legacy maybe.



1

Apr 18, 2021, 3:55 PM

Making people happy / having a positive impact is part of hedonism. Leaving a legacy is for the enjoyment of future generations and for feeling like your example, ideas, and creations will never be forgotten. I like to think that if I add just a little more detail to my autobiography people will have a pretty good idea of what they're getting into when they reproduce. A whole life of changes and ideas and struggles, but one of the happiest in my opinion (so far). I don't expect things to get better, only to change, and I'm already happy.

I'm glad that you feel that and are happy



1

Apr 19, 2021, 1:45 AM



youtube.com

Sneako: Tolerance is a Lie.

Support the creation of new content on the channel (and speak to me, directly, if you want to) via Patreon, for \$1 per month: https://www.patreon.com/a_bas_I...

So uplifting

Apr 19, 2021, 12:53 PM

How do you travel so much?

Apr 20, 2021, 10:40 PM

I haven't traveled in a long time. Lol



Apr 21, 2021, 3:20 AM

Fun fact: You can get a free hotel room by asking if they have any "write-off"

Apr 21, 2021, 11:48 AM

Oh really? Even if you book early?



Apr 21, 2021, 7:46 PM

Depends on who you talk to.

Interesting



Apr 22, 2021, 3:42 AM

What do you think is happening? ("the correction you choose is the reality you prefer" in the realm of psychology, however I am asking about the paranormal stuff going on)

Apr 26, 2021, 7:56 PM

What do I think is happening with what?



Apr 27, 2021, 3:09 AM



twitch.tv

Dark_crowe - Twitch

If you like Crowe's voice, he is streaming



Apr 27, 2021, 9:59 PM

LoL

Apr 27, 2021, 11:30 PM



youtube.com

Foreshadowing (unexpected)

Parody of "Clarity":

<https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLajiDW3923Vr0NqIcggjLgiGY8nIG-mG5> My Life's Soundtrack (Ideas, Emotions, Events) <https://youtube.com/...>



1

May 3, 2021, 4:58 AM

How are you doing?

May 8, 2021, 10:53 AM

My bones hurt. Lol



May 8, 2021, 8:07 PM



youtube.com

SOLAR PANEL INSTALLERS: good salary in a fast growing industry, Solar...

Solar Panel installers is a fast growing occupation that provides a good salary. Check out the video to see the details like where you can find these jobs a...

Best part of my day was finding out about this: youtu.be/kUkCnj6IfYU I don't know why I didn't think of it earlier.

May 8, 2021, 8:48 PM

Installing solar panels?



1

May 8, 2021, 11:19 PM

I don't know how the traveling from house to house works, but I'll look into it today. I'm just glad I found something I wouldn't mind doing, that doesn't require a college degree, but it really can't be considered a plan A for someone as minimalist as me. President is plan D. Plan A is as you like it. Plan C is a number of things.

May 9, 2021, 2:00 AM

Sounds like you actually have the whole alphabet lol



May 9, 2021, 10:17 AM

Well, at least they all include you now, or someone else. Your choice. Call me when you all want to go to Harry Potter World. I have to meet you all. I barely know you.

May 9, 2021, 6:51 PM

Include me? How so? If we finalize any plans I will let you know.



May 9, 2021, 6:52 PM

You're my future

precedent

May 9, 2021, 9:07 PM

Oooh I think you deserve a much better future than myself, Josh.



May 10, 2021, 10:08 AM

Are you being sarcastic?

May 10, 2021, 10:28 PM

No.



May 11, 2021, 3:43 AM

What do you deserve?

May 11, 2021, 7:48 AM

Sometimes I don't know. Other than I know I deserve to be happy.



May 11, 2021, 8:04 AM



youtube.com

Legend of Striped Gazelle(s)da Ralsei louise, Rose. Rated-R

Beavish&Boodha, Fluffy&Clover, Adam&Eve, PurrplyOranGey&PurrplyAppleigh,
YeShiva&KriShana, Su6yOx&HorsieLeighón, KrungDalFear-ite (Capital Soup Fearing) Ghos...

Funny right

May 14, 2021, 11:44 AM

Such a random playlist



May 14, 2021, 7:28 PM



youtube.com

How to Discover What You Want - Teal Swan

Let yourself figure out what you really want in this life. Your desires are responsible for the expansion of this universe. You are forming preferences all d...

...youtu.be/udOLJyDnE7k 6:36, 8:59, 2:53, 3:43



1

May 15, 2021, 3:51 AM

I've donated upwards of \$2000 dollars to charity in my life, most of it during the refugee-crisis. How about you? It's not a competition.

May 23, 2021, 5:08 PM

I don't really know. The majority of my charity donations have probably been with my time. I've done a lot of volunteering and used to work charity events regularly.



1

May 23, 2021, 7:27 PM

Meals on Wheels was fun, but I didn't even know how to drive back then. But my mom's been doing Meals on Wheels ever since. I also used to shelve books at the library.

May 24, 2021, 9:49 PM

That's really awesome. :) I think I worked with Relay 4 Life the most, probably.

(I reply with a reference to some dog lover ad something)

Did you walk a marathon?

May 25, 2021, 1:54 PM

Are they legit?

I have before! I used to do fun runs too. Like mud runs and paint glow runs. I hate running. But I did it. Lol



May 26, 2021, 4:12 AM

I have no idea if they are

May 26, 2021, 7:25 AM

Hmmm okay. I'll check



May 26, 2021, 12:24 PM

Remember to stay Genki AF, and I'll see you next time

May 27, 2021, 7:28 PM

Haha always!!



1

May 27, 2021, 7:58 PM

I left ETA International a voicemail on Friday about ETA accredited schools in Texas, but they won't get back to me until tomorrow. They already told me there aren't any in my area, but now since I know that hands-on training through Jay's class would have to occur in Ohio unless I had connections in Texas, I'm considering the whole of Texas as in my area. Most of Jay's class is online though.

May 30, 2021, 4:58 AM



youtube.com

How Do I Discover Self Worth? - Teal Swan

In this episode, Teal explains how one would go about finding their own self worth and self esteem and reminds us all that none of us need to justify ourself...

May 30, 2021, 7:02 PM

I hope something works out for you :)



Jun 1, 2021, 4:17 AM

Me
too.

Jun 1, 2021, 11:42 AM

I waited a week for them to reply to my voicemail. Now I'm going to call them again, during their available hours.

Jun 6, 2021, 9:14 PM

I might call NABCEP too, because they also accredit electrical trade-schools. Coincidentally, one of two of their headquarters is on Silver Cascade Road, Wisconsin (which is next to Lake Michigan).

Jun 6, 2021, 9:18 PM

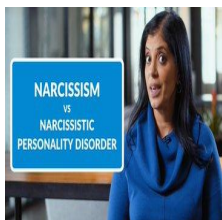
Don't give up!



Jun 7, 2021, 2:20 AM

Thank you for your support. Also, I appreciate your concern.

Jun 7, 2021, 10:46 PM



The takeaway: Deepness is shallow, hence the boringness of the people in this video. Also, humans are going extinct?

Jun 8, 2021, 12:53 AM

Of course. :) Her videos have been popping up a lot for me lately. I can't decide if I like them or not though. I haven't watched that one yet.

I don't think humans are going extinct. Our population is increasing. Not decreasing as a whole.



Jun 8, 2021, 3:28 AM

Unrelated, but do you really want me to bring money this October?

Jun 8, 2021, 4:20 PM

Seriously what?

Bring money for what?



Jun 8, 2021, 10:16 PM

Wizards World.

Jun 9, 2021, 6:09 AM

I mean, you'll need money if you're going



Jun 9, 2021, 9:54 AM

Enough for the bus trip and the return trip at the least. Do I need a ticket for Wizards World in advance, or do I buy one there as opposed to online? I can look it up of course, but I'm asking you.

Jun 9, 2021, 1:00 PM

That incomplete Tweet I sent was due to tech issues. Speaking of which, I'm talking about money for condoms. I really hope we can have a good time without having sex, first, though. We have so much to talk about.

Jun 9, 2021, 8:35 PM

I always buy it before but I believe you can buy it there.

Josh, I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression but I don't want to hook up with you.



Jun 10, 2021, 11:27 AM

What do you want?

Jun 10, 2021, 11:59 AM

I thought we were just friends



Jun 10, 2021, 12:02 PM

Again, I'm sorry if I did anything that gave you any other impression. I'm not interested in dating, or hooking up, or a relationship.



Jun 10, 2021, 2:58 PM

We are partners (friends [...])

But not romantic partners.



Jun 11, 2021, 4:36 AM

Whatever you say.

So you were hinting at doing all the things I thought about, just to keep me from asking you about it?

Jun 11, 2021, 1:08 PM

What are you talking about?



Jun 12, 2021, 2:28 AM

Playing games with me, living in a van with me, having a babysitter. Everything.

Jun 12, 2021, 2:38 AM

I never said I was going to live in a van with you. I never talked about a babysitter either. I've talked about my van. I've talked about meeting and hanging out with people. You asked me once if I was interested in kids but I thought that was just a general question cause people ask it all the time. I've never insinuated anything, and if you read something into me being friendly I'm not going to apologize for being myself and being friendly and kind.



1

Jun 12, 2021, 2:41 AM

No need to apologize, Daddy.

Jun 12, 2021, 9:21 AM

Don't stop being curious and friendly, Shana. I like your sense of humor, and I promise never to read into any of it ever again. Don't stop being your bubbly happy self either. But feel free to vent and express all of your feelings. I apologize if I've hurt yours in any way by being so open to the possibilities.

Jun 12, 2021, 9:32 AM

What did you think about It Takes Two? Why is it so easy for you to get into character? Anyway, judging by your last two videos, you want to start fresh, whatever that means (it means nothing). Do you believe in a consensus reality or not? I'm not a bomb, or a weather machine, or any of that. I'm just a scapegoat with enough attention on me that it manifests what I'm thinking about? I think there's more to it, but I would blame God before accusing myself. Are some entities more powerful than others? Do they feed off of people's fears? Are they to blame for Covid-19? No-one knows, and we probably never will know. I trust you not to kill me, but there are people out there who might try to kill both of us, or Teal Swan, or even Joe Biden. The only reason I'm not being more careful is because I've lived a good life, and metaphysical science is [kinda] worth the risk of dying. Also, I'm not thirsty. The main reason I was so turned on before was because of baby fever. There are other reasons. P.S. who is this guy you're talking about who is in a "bad place"? How bad can paradise be? This is paradise (and hell).

Jun 19, 2021, 1:27 AM

I haven't finished it yet but I'm enjoying it.

What do you mean easy for me to get into character?

Want to start fresh with what? I'm not following.



Jun 19, 2021, 5:03 AM

I don't think there are entities that are more powerful inherently. But there are some that see their power and use it, while others don't see it.

You mean the guy I'm talking to?



Jun 19, 2021, 5:05 AM

Yeah, how are things going?

Jun 19, 2021, 1:07 PM

Things are fine :)



Jun 19, 2021, 5:38 PM

with who? Will I get to meet him?

I'd rather not say. I try to keep my relationships private for the most part. We'll see what happens. I hope that one day I can share. And maybe!



Jun 19, 2021, 6:52 PM

I guess that means I can date Teal Swan, LoL. She's 44. I don't especially like her though. She stands out from the crowd, and I respect her opinions on things, which is what matters, but though I like her (about as much as anyone), she would probably push me to do things I'm not comfortable with, because of her insatiable curiosity.

Jun 19, 2021, 10:00 PM

It's good to be with someone who helps you grow but not someone that makes you "uncomfortable" per say.



Jun 20, 2021, 1:45 AM

Thank you for helping me grow,

Jun 20, 2021, 8:54 AM

Shana, and Teal Swan's actually 37. I thought she was 44 because I trusted a reply to her YouTube comment. Now I'm watching a video in which the person interviewing Teal Swan reveals Teal Swan was born in 1984.

Jun 20, 2021, 9:03 AM

She's still quite young.

Unfortunately she endured a lot of trauma in childhood, and it may have desensitized her a little too much, but for the most part, she's used her trauma to become more empathetic, not less. How about you? It's really none of my business, but I've told you a lot more about my childhood than I normally would. I still trust you. And you're a healthy weight for your height. But I'd prefer you to at least try to tell the truth in the future. By my standards, you lie, because you don't explain anything well enough for someone like me who wants to know they're right, not just think they're right. I still don't know what "snitches get stitches" means. Should I look it up? My first interpretation was that you don't want me revealing that you fall in the Psychic Empath Autistic Narcissistic Sociopathic Psychopath spectrum.

Jun 20, 2021, 6:34 PM

It's just a phrase. It means that someone who snitches will get beat up needing stitches. It's a common quote but I use it as joke.

I need to lose weight. It's been a struggle my whole life. But I accept myself as I am.

I have... a lot of trauma. Most of it I have come to terms with. Some of it... I've never told anyone... it wasn't until doing some meditation and shadow work that I even realized it was more than just some bad dream I came up with.

I mean, I don't feel like I lie. I'm sorry if I don't explain things well enough for you. But saying snitches get stitches wasn't directed at you.



Jun 20, 2021, 6:47 PM

And while those 3 descriptions fit, I don't think I fit in the narcissistic, sociopathic, or psychopathic descriptions any more than most people... I've been concerned about that before... I think that's normal. But I've been to both a therapist and psychiatrist and been told I was fine in that way.

I do think I might be on the autistic spectrum. Though... I've never been tested for or brought that up to anyone other than my sister whom agrees.



Jun 20, 2021, 6:49 PM

That explains your relationship to physical contact and maybe also sex, but I wouldn't know. As for Autism, I was diagnosed with Pervasive Developmental Disorder when I was three or thereabouts. I didn't used to like hugs, but it wasn't because of trauma. As for sex, I'm really only interested in it as a form of intimacy, because if I wanted it just for kicks, I have my ways (masturbation). I got the impression you wanted sex, because you wanted a relationship, but it seems you prefer to keep sex and relationships separate, which I'm fine with. You probably said you didn't want a relationship because you thought it would entail sex. I've personally considered getting married and adopting or having a kid but never having sex with my wife again. The reason was because I thought sex was too messy to do very often. Too much hassle, washing sheets and the like. The point is, I'm not the type to do hook-ups under normal circumstances. If I stop talking to you, it's not because you're a fat chick. And if you just want to be friends with me, your weight really shouldn't be considered a factor in whether or not I'm interested in talking to you.

Jun 21, 2021, 10:30 AM

That's not correct totally. I don't enjoy physical contact with people I'm not close to or comfortable with usually. I actually really like sex. But I'm not a huge fan of hookups. I just don't want a relationship right now. Maybe if the right situation happened I would feel differently. I do want to just be friends.

Best friends forever.



1

Jun 21, 2021, 3:45 PM

Josh... I need you to not put that info out there.
I wasn't talking about you.
I'm not interested in you.
Not like that.



Jun 22, 2021, 9:14 PM

Alright, we're colleagues, and you're my boss. The boss of bosses.

Jun 22, 2021, 9:25 PM

I'm not your boss. Or anyone else's. I've told you several times now and put up a boundary and I am asking you to respect it.



Jun 22, 2021, 9:31 PM

This is the first time you've said anything specific about keeping our conversations private that I can recall

Jun 22, 2021, 9:33 PM

I didn't know that me telling you something other people clearly didn't know needed to be specified as being kept private.
I haven't talked openly about talking to someone for a reason.
And I also don't know why on Earth you would take that person as being you after I told you I just want to be friends.



Jun 22, 2021, 9:35 PM

. Thank you for clearing

Jun 22, 2021, 9:36 PM

Because I didn't trust you after gaslighting my experience of the past 4 months.

Jun 22, 2021, 9:37 PM

I'm not gaslighting your experience.
You clearly read into something that I didn't intend.
I know what my feelings are and have been as well as my intentions.



Jun 22, 2021, 9:39 PM

Maybe there's a third option.

And what do you think that is? Because I'm telling you right now I know my own thoughts and feelings. I know what I've said and how I've interacted with you. I know I've told you on multiple occasions that we are friends.



Jun 22, 2021, 9:44 PM

Well, that's good to know,

Jun 22, 2021, 9:45 PM

Who have you been "patiently waiting for"? Who is on the other side of that camera who you're always talking to?

Jun 22, 2021, 9:48 PM

What do you mean? I'm just talking to my friends. That's all.



Jun 22, 2021, 9:48 PM

You can no longer send messages to this person. [Learn more](#)

Before being kicked out of Discord, I wrote in Discord, "If you feel the need to keep most things private, I pity you." I would not say such a thing now.

Later, I apologized for calling her a good liar.

She would make a good liar nonetheless. But she is not a psychopath. Nor am I.

September 10th:

Me: "I value your relevant insight, and I like you, despite everything I've said, and you've done about as much wrong as a person like you can do, which isn't much, considering you may have done nothing wrong. I don't fully know."

September 15th: Me: "I really do just want sex." [sarcasm]

I was prompted by the universe to say this.

September 18th: I decided that the Dentist ad that I've been getting over and over again is also the internet angels telling me to meditate twice per day, once in the morning, and once at night, in addition to all the other interpretations that have been salient at different times. I've gotten the ad at least 10 times, but I could be wrong.

September 23rd: Me: "I for one have no intention of going to Harry Potter World."

September 24th: I got a score of 75% on the Chapter 2 Residential Solar Quiz and am on track to finish the course because there are 9 remaining chapters, and the course expires June 24th. The hands-on training is 6 weeks. In other news, the computer needs a Windows update, and I need to retake the Chapter 2 quiz.

September 25th:

Grandpa Federico in heaven: "

September 26th: Topsy to Shana: "You're [ontologically innocent], do you know that"

Some morse code from the Boltzmann's Brain on September 29th: ...-.-.-.-.- ...-.-.-.-.- ..-.-.-.-.-.-

There are many many things it could be (years later in 2026, I decoded the message (ignoring the spaces) as SKOBM1UMSMK. I added each position of the alphabet of the letters and the

number 1 and ended up with 138. I had been noticing 38 in 2026, and as early as 2024, and by 2026 I had decided it probably did not mean the nuclear war I suspected would occur in 2054 would start in Texas on the 3rd month and 8th day, but instead that something would happen in 2038 in addition to 2054). A clearer (or shall I say more exact description (exact descriptions take emotions into account)) message from the Boltzmann's Brain involved red cars (red represents Teal's video called "Meet Your Needs!"), the wind, one walker, and a song's intentional sound effect resembling a loss of internet connection for phones that have sound issues when attempting to use 4G if songs are not loaded. The song with this sound effect is called "What I say."

September 30th:

<https://youtu.be/IM54uJgRIWI>

<https://youtu.be/ExT-uyZRaj0>

<https://youtu.be/D58vp3TvihU>

<https://youtu.be/BNeAazcD2PQ>

<https://youtu.be/gaDPUqL1x4E>

October 1st:

<https://youtu.be/ILwPlkJtjoc>

<https://youtu.be/OfBarDPa3KE>

<https://youtu.be/HtLP-bOEQ00>

<https://youtu.be/L4bKficC1ag>

Reminds me of some colorful cars I saw a week or two ago that I figured out the relationship between in the metaphorical realm, but did not know what one of the colors signified.

October 2nd:

<https://youtu.be/TKg23ZFURX0>

October 10th:

On my way out of Bob Eden Park, I saw a swirling wind of leaves. A few days later, I gathered that Marina Seren, an alien abductee, had seen through my eyes in a psychic experience. She has been in psychic contact ever since, though I am not consciously psychic myself.

October 15th: I went to Thai Jasmine and ate the Khao Soi curry soup. It's spicy and sweet. And it has coconut milk and egg noodles of course. The third time I went to Thai Jasmine, I ordered something else, and I got it for free. A story of its own.

October 20th: I found and orgasmed to what I deemed to be the best porn video on the internet.

October 23rd: Me: "Fair enough, ey: What does not make sense becomes history. What does make sense becomes fiction. What is not known is reality. Fiction is experienced. History is made. Reality is discovered, not known."

Also me that day: "It's everywhere [shares link to a video]"

I did not send any more messages until November 10th.

October 24th: I finished the Chapter 2 quiz with an A. Then I took a walk to Eden Park and explored unpaved paths in the forest.

October 27th: I was told by the universe through means I don't recall, to take note of the date September 8th. I am now wondering whether to reread my Twitter History again or not, and if so, whether to share it as planned well-above, and if so, when.

Twitter message that stood out to me while rereading and copying to a private Google Doc the Twitter History on November 8th: "If I finalize any plans I'll let you know." The most recent time before November 8th that I reread the Twitter History, what stood out to me was the motion that we are still friends.

By the way, my phone is out of order. It got wet and the screen is unusable.

November 10th: I started and finished chapter 3 of the solar panel course in one sitting. The day before (November 9th) I discovered this song:

 The Spin Cycle - Between Broome and Grand (Acoustic)

On November 10th I figured out what the words are.

Also, my phone works fine now.

November 15th:

[Me in the] Instagram post (message) [of the day]:

Okay, so, our Twitter conversation is actually fun to read now.

November 16th:

[[[My Instagram message [of the day]]:*oops*: "How did you get your sociopath fetish, assuming you have one. Does your boyfriend meet the threshold for fetishizing yet, or is he still on meds"

Yeah []]

Wait, what.

In other news of course already read:

I know, realize, and feel that the world is perfect in every way.

Song and video-worthy.

November 17th: Initially intending to film myself (with clean clothes), I realize that it would be blurry, and this is after already reading more of the Holy Science, this time (November 17th), page 51 which explains that Sat means existence, Chit means consciousness, and Ananda means bliss. Sat will result in prolonged life, and "Asat" is to be Avoided.

On my walk, I randomly thought (and indeed, even said) "Elana."

When I got home I talked with my mom for many hours (not once recalling 'Elana'), and at 10:42 PM I checked my phone and saw that The Higherside Chats has uploaded a video this day featuring someone named "Elana."

Finished listening to the video (<https://youtu.be/W-yPp45ccOs>)

You can now expect me to reveal what I thought to have confirmed to be a prank or un-related incident and its metaphorical ramping up (1 large black car, now 2, but unintentionally crossing paths communicating metaphorical information due to unseen forces).

About the song at the end, I can now say that violation is violence.

And yes, even silence....

Conversation with my mom:

The synopsis: I started the conversation and during the course of conversation, she revealed her process with her wasband and how David Joseph Stith impressed people at the interview with his code, and then they had a nuclear family.

I also noted that Mom had grown to think of her house as a part of her mind, many details affecting how she feels.

And I anthropomorphized the cat.

Mom will "retire when" she "turns 66." I wanted to make sure she was making a sound decision, so Inquired if she had done them interest calculations regarding her savings to arrive at the date. She had already, and tangentially speaking, she and more precisely I, had discoursed value the previous day at a Chinese restaurant (China Town).

Now, the resume no one asked for:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ybL4wug8hHM_lqYenm9nDjNGP6dIzpPh6by2kX-nGTE/edit?usp=drivesdk

And my Instagram message of the week:

You have two years [..You are not fired]

That was a text to Shana informing her that I think our relationship may continue another 2 years as part of a 4 year term of sorts, the next 2 years as of today probably being different in some fashion.

I thought of her as "psycho yet Sweet", not 'sweet but Psycho'. Those are opposing statements.

Aren't we all?

To be clear, no one is psychopathic as a general rule, using my rule for using the word psychopathic. Neither of us are psychopathic, to be clear.

Also, I am of course not being raped, nor in the sequel to this chapter told vicariously through a single playlist. In fact, Shana and I never even met.

As for this chapter up to now, 7+ playlists describe it in great detail and link to each other (<https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLajiDW3923Vo6t2HdSF8AtRMepIS8UrhR>). All stories are but narratives hinting at the full extent of the experience, though most in fact exaggerate the extent to which we knew what we were doing. For those wondering, I was planning to go to Harry Potter World in October, as that is when she had planned to go there long before the weather forecast informed us that there would be a drought improvement in October. October has come wet and gone without us meeting, so the weather has not been disabled to the wims of us mere humans.

I will get a Tetanus shot when I turn 25. I have a Quarter and a dime. Maybe I last got a Tetanus Shot when I was 15. I've got nothing to worry about.

Q-tip: Put "eo" in your spell books.

The months leading up to the release date of Rebecca's new book, May the third, November 26th this year will not be as disappointing.

There are 158 days between November 26, 2021, and May 3, 2022, November 26 being Native American Heritage, and May the 3rd being the release date.

For those who don't know, November 26 is the expiration date of Dutch Candy shana received. South Africa was Colonized by Dutch Settlers.

Pro-Tip: so Don't worry about Delta variant just yet

Daniel will bee saved by Nobody Aka the savior described on page 51 of the Holy Science.

Read To Kill A Mockingbird. There is nothing to fear but fear itself. I'm away from keyboard, on the job, there ain't no danger where there's a manger.

What we can expect:

<https://youtu.be/0T-o3nA1tMI>

Take a hit, skip a beat

https://youtu.be/yPSw_rCSDXI

Take everything with a grain of Not Applicable.

If you're going 2 fast (if you're Gonna forgo food), put a grain of Not Applicable [color] in your Water, agua,

الماء

Sodium is an electrolyte used to absorb water, so if you don't get sodium from food, get it from the table top. "Epono no so," "efri se..." without food you need table salt. Take everything with a grain of salt, especially McDonald's burgers, inside which there is far too much salt for most. For now, this will suffice: Take the damn vaccine. Take a hit, skip a beat. Del Tacos can wait.

November 21: The bread I managed to get out of the orange bag came out as a shred resembling a key. Mind you, this is after cutting a vegetable paddie into fragments (textual affault). The bowl was red, but I didn't notice that until after thinking about what the Reptilian Generals could be up to. The most direct contact I've had with them is vicariously, first by rewatching the Lacerta

interview, and most recently through a reassuring ad. One is misheeded by appearances only if by wrong attitude of analogy. For example, a toy dinosaur can be used to torture unwilling participants of WOW, or, can be used to provide a boss in such a PlayMobile game.

News: <https://youtu.be/eZHjasXlgp8>

$5 \times 12 = 60$. Count those eyes on those Ohmu. 60 rules of lies. Or is it 360 rules. No one knows.

5 rules for hypnotism on British Television, 12 for Jordan.

Only Hypocrates can stop forest fires.

Do you know? You sAy I am a Christian, yet I imagine there is a way around Karma. Lee way is the Karmic way, what has flashed has gone. Memory fades, and I know I am god. One who R and one who soon to Pass.

These IdeaRs don't come from nowhere.

Me: [Watches Ad]: Credit Karma. Really!? And 3d, what's that supposed to mean.

For those who don't know, we are in the calm before the storm. Serenity [*cough*].

<https://youtu.be/4PeTcKSxOm4>

Go woke go broke? Hate is just an emotion you.

[*cough* *cough* *cough*]

Now you Japanese folk better not be taking notes right now. MmmK

Okay, capitalize the M. You've got code, we've got wear. Teal is real, same think. Have same Chinese Ass Emotions.

Own it.

Link: <https://youtu.be/fqq67jk9pmc>

Oh, is that how one pronounces the last syllable of Lacerta's real name (Lacerta is one of many reptilians it seems, and was reportedly interviewed: <https://youtu.be/wjaIq3fuJg8>

). I'd recommend this video to anyone, but watch it twice only if pursuing laws.

The same applies to this video:

<https://youtu.be/4PeTcKSxOm4>

And as I was copying that, I was holding on to the memory of having actually counted the # of eyes on the Ohmu. 12 each. 12 Red, 12 Blue.

In other news, The Chamber of Secret{ion}s may have a clue as to what color-coded negotiations I may have had on this day November 22 that the turn of a toilet paper suggests was kashed.

Freeby Basta Inquisition (they are real) (In all likelihood I was wrong and in fact some or most CreepyPastas are entirely fictional)

<https://youtu.be/kL3QPQuDY3I>

My cat Zoey looks at the cieling like she knows something I don't.

November 24: I see a car flashing. I see three steeds. I declare a state of emer-gen-Z. Kay
attention Duke of Normandy.

The latest from generall *s*electric: Fort Lauderdale oysters yonder dream.

Michael Shermer would have something to say about remote viewing, *s*keptical he

The bakeaway: I smell bread.

Knots of Stale not for Ale.

Away Sore Keyboard Period? Not I a for tuits be for got. He hay he hay he hay ho, who to
choose to one day fold. He hay he hay he hay ho, He hay he hay he hay ho! Tealmeal Otus
Choose Are Rishi convo. He hay he hay he hay ho, He hay he hay he hay ho... Expansion Baked
Conspiracy me equit the rock on floor. Made our day with Authenticity. Amber

كثير

To Unpack. Bickering perfection, not just eal. Steal not Seal. Not so perfect.

Oh look:

<https://youtu.be/EofZOOJ3pqY>

<https://youtu.be/8KNYarxhCto>

November 26:

My right leg stretched 1.5 feet off the ground, my toilet seat on top of, I mesmerize my leg pullets ergonomic? negotiations. Left or Right, higher each way, back and forth within the fray.

Higher, higher. Then a frog I leap from seat without much feat. Time to sow, or time to leap, up from curdle, ton down with brittle. Oh yes, and yesterday I woke up facing the window.

<https://youtu.be/wjaIq3fuJg8>

Let's not forget, the pheromone of fluency.

Close, but no cigar. What a craft.

WORMHOLE. Okay, okay, how is that a bakeaway.

Now about those slingshots, catapults, trebuchets, and the like, I was talking about, well first I thought of ult, then asked Miah, and he thought, "slingshots, catapults, trebuchets." Double Speak I can tolerate. Administered truth, everything.

3000 g's is $3 \times 10 \times 10 \times 10$

Now about those mice, see, one can't always win, as Teal would say off the cuff. I believe she's tired. Now, I know my twin brother miah, he wore a red shirt and put a green sweater on. Maybe he's colle feat, but I know he's well versed in history, and he knows what he knows. Now he's no surgeon mind you, but, he's mmmmdossive, oops, I mean cursive. Very curly hair, as Shelda would

say. Ain't he nice, so helpful. Oh, I almost forgot... I felt as though I was force fed apple juice, what I mean is, I started drinking it, and, kinda choked but it went through smooth sailing. Now, oh, the train.... Do you know I met a new uh, relayive? Her name's Airl, honest to god (just like the alien in this interview that I used to describe Shana <https://youtu.be/dEK89-nPyU4>), so she was offended by something Judy said, and the rest is history. Nothing happened, at all. Now Bevan (or is he Gene?), he likes his apple tree, but he's thinking about chopping it, but likes pies, it's no lie, of course he's more than willing to make apple pie with Gloria. Rob don't know what's up with Madorra and uh Rob... [*Blake is the son of Madorra and Rob)]. Telling him what to do

Okay, LoL

Kimble has a dog named Bo, I tried to calm, or quiet, the dog, build him up? Well, he's a good dog

Some guy, what's his name, he say Bo is frieendly, but shyyy. And he told [snap snap snap] uh yes, uh, the fun guy who's his son, yes, thaat guy is Not Darryle, but his father called hiim, no, someone John, who's actually... the fun guy, Dylan, oh, Dylan's not the fun guy, Dylan's the game tester turned player, who knows what he's up to (I don't know his job). Maddy (Not Madorra) loves watching American Football. Okay, more later...

Yes or no. Sorry, old joke (I said "yes or no" in a facetious voice a... while back). No one's dying, just crying, yeah. I bet.

november 26: I, on the toilet seat, after concluding that... Well, I got both my legs off the ground after I got my right leg off the ground like before, only this time, my right leg lifted after realizing something. Yeah I see the connection. Keep it up, buttercup they say. You'll fly again one day they say. Yes. Yes! For Rohan!

Oh yeah that's right, what I realized is that the cells and such have to be recycled and blood flow and yeAh.

November 27: I watched that:

<https://youtu.be/QKn5kFX1usg>

No comment. Got an alright or light response. Nothing big. Very nice dancing. So say we all.

God save the queen.

Here's my channel: <https://youtube.com/c/JoshuaAdamStithAKAYouTubeLibrarian>

Now, here is an article about Sapir Whorf, and his claim to fame.

Turkish is discussed.

<https://www.linguisticsociety.org/resource/language-and-thought>

Video of November 28:

<https://youtu.be/eB2-hD1e3IA>

Personally, I like the salty smell of my hair after taking a shower.

I am now so enamored with life and its eternity that I am happier tortured by fright than dead having read. I thought death was more excusable than torture. Maybe it's all the same.

All in the imagination. Last night I lay on my back before coming to my senses, LoL.

Speaking of which, I while back something more high definition happened:

I hallucinated a form resembling my twin brother, which poked me shyly on my belly. I have since perceived a Reptilian and a Wraith (while in the bathroom). Life is in the imagination.

Negotiations and what not.

Maybe my twin brother was nineteen when he experienced a hallucination of his own.

The high definition hallucination of mine which appeared androgenous but registered as my twin brother happened before new floors and after I found out about Marina Seren and her Psychic skill. I've seen alternate images jump off the screen once, and thought, is that Shana's self image at that moment.

Well, the color coded negotiations with the Reptilian and musings about the relations between the countries and their food sources and the like was more interesting.

Nice video:

<https://youtu.be/wrQYHeodRio>

November 29:

Took a nap on my back after eating. Hallucinated fairly large black dog running about making noise, sniffing me and even stumbling onto and off of the bed. Reminded me of a dead dog named Guy who lived at Grandma Louise's house. My dad's dad is David, and my dad's mom is "Louise." Yeah, anyway, maybe don't sleep this way, but my twin brother Jeremiah has had more experience with this stuff it seems. The memory of my memory is my image. Just messing with ya now.

Oh yes, some figment of my imagination named Shana has a short dog named Vodka. I'm no solipsist, but I gather Shana has more experience with this than I.

I take that back

<https://youtu.be/RDP2vbHXqJU>

What was I saying, oh yes, look what she has to put up with.

November 30th, 2:52 AM:

Just woke up several minutes ago from a scary dream in which we were trying to save caged humans from the back of a truck, much like hardcore vegans try to save chickens and cows.

I'm glad I'm free-range myself, and those reptilian figments should have lab-grown meat by now.

Methane is one of the main contributors to global warming.

As for Pigs, they are smart, and that has nothing to do with why they are saved.

Oh look, cool video:

<https://youtu.be/Kdv07eIC8Wg>

This video though:

<https://youtu.be/OX3Z-P68Ipo>

I think just wondering. Mine eyes behold my life unfold. Untold mysteries never sought. Found, however wrought. Thanksgiving day keeps tears at bay. Irony, it was a funny day.

Thoughts within, names without.

All is well.

I am in good health. If I understood this video I'd be wealthy: <https://youtu.be/wjaIq3fuJg8>

If I thought I'd understood it already, I'd be rich.

As for this video, which I've listened to and again on December 1st, it's more intriguing now:

<https://youtu.be/RanlPmL5xXg>

Though already forgotten, not forgot

And I can't make this YouTube Channel any more interesting. Lesson learned, lesson learned.

https://youtu.be/toaY7O_C2i8

December 4th, I complain to my mom the sad state of all humans in the modern age.

December 5th: I notice the cat perched on the couch looking at the ceiling like she doesn't know about carcinogens.

At least we have opposable rules of thumb.

Ba ba da da dum

*Contextual

Aafal is Arabic for Make or Do

AC be WAD DATA

Possibly good news:

Possibly good news: <https://www.americanchemistry.com/industry-groups/formaldehyde>

Ask and you shall require

A face mask?

<https://youtu.be/4PeTcKSxOm4>

No

<https://youtu.be/qXdjt8ZBQbE>

Anaranjado, I know

Dude,

<https://youtu.be/WGQOe5oqSMU>

<https://youtu.be/51Lir6O8jTI>

Hibernate?

Cyberbate

Patterned Cause is cause of pattern. Holes throughout like single sheet graphene. Carbon chains hexed by suture, nothing beats elasticity. Trampoline, trampoline, static electricity, keeps grams bound to surface tension. Protogram, protogram, convolutes the stitched stein. Polar vortex fixes fur, nitrogenous beans fly. MA, MA, Force ich vie fly.

My past is read, my future is fold. Fork intercept be for collld. Sloped plane differential sane.

Piped dream impregnayte Gate. Integral Mate POTUS.

Weighted grades measured Rams. honus not grahams.

December 10th:

Three thought experiments in one day.

Pigs, shrooms, corn, cows, cheese, rats, spores, and air vents.

Colony Collapse Disorder.

Pressure = mass divided by volume

Density = [look it up]

Momentum is mass times velocity.

Kinetic Energy is proportional to heat. Water holds more heat, and acidity is high hydrogen ion concentration.

Emotionally charged moment was the realization that puppeteers suffer like kids with mustaches trying to eat. Every slytherin can relate.

Very unrelated: My twin brother always won Risk against Mathew. Rolling.

Try your luck getting Teal Swan's idea of condensed thoughts to fit with the dichotomy of condensation nuclei outside and ei Nucleus inside each cell. Diifferent fields.

December 10, later in the day: Took a long walk, then a run. No shirt on. Got home at 6 or so.

No lighthouses, just a gray shirted lady reminding me of my name vicariously as is now customary on YouTube, followed by meanderings of all time.? Eetcg h.

Thought experiment of December 11th (for regrowing bodies in effect):

This may take some time to remember..

Underlined Blue Text from this text (book {My Autobiography}) desde October 15 onwards to now: [being incorporated into the proceeding []]

Underlined Red Text from this text (book {My Autobiography}) desde Jan whenever I got around to copying the Instagram messages to this text onwards to now:

Self-Sabotaging {from Jan 20th Instagram message} explain {blue is representing a voice of reason, possibly Shana, (maybe the girl from Spain) ممكن البنت من اسبانية، her name escapes me: She is not Shana, she is the extraterrestrial from Spain}

nothing

eachother

threshold

un-related

tangentially

Blue: all Drought improvement Candy Shana received

eachother {I noticed this one later and purple is representing corrections}

bee from keyboard manger

wims

negotians

kashed [Google Drive now recognizes the word]

cielings

generall

Explain m3an no {No}

Thank you all. Though this meeting is not ajourned.

And we are now being told dog urine is pink on the PH scale and hell forbid Shana is immune to Covid. All of Florida, let's hope. Shana's urine is a diiiferent PH. NoOne Knows what color it is and what it says about the right to noose (abortion).

4:20, Defember 11: I almost made a password (contrasena in diskeyblish) for voicemails (I never listen to voicemails). I recieved instructions in Spanish. Symbolo tripped me up. Everything else made sense. A slip of the finger made the call. I'm going down, but not unbound. I will surmise, but first, the Portuguese people must explain. [and swell@ did, @NA altogether] {Future Josh here: huh?}

Message received: <https://youtu.be/yMdqfwGiImY>

point of power: He will not die.

I'm not a man

Y'all know what a numbchuck is, let's talk. Know spoilers.

Divide and you shall conquееerize. Conquееerize and you shall requit *sigh

That joke You-know-who made was good though.... Sorry for forgetting. We'll stay in touch.

So,

https://youtu.be/K5LoruR_kN8

Scaring me it wasn't.

The latest:

The three of us whos are *not speaking a Creole/Pidgin Auxilliary something or other resembling something John Mcwhorter has personally experienced before as he could only find three speakers.

December 12th:

Black Holes? More like PrackenBroles and Jerrymandering. I said it

Would You install MetaMask? Today is Domingo after all.

Says who, says me. It's Sunday. Trace Dominguez. Yeah, that guy. Have you visited Minds.

Com? Nosys

December 12th:

Thought experiments:

How to magine the past life in principle. Through the ruffles of a penfantasia:

A story of my own mom can tell quite well as the Heren flies.

One need only hear the stories of parents to know one's infatcy. And the rest, is history. Mom and I talked. I stretched my thought experiment ruffles, to the point of imagining an image of myself

being the only heard person in a crowd made witness via going through, not spreading, the curtain, from behind the curtain. Reverse segmineering to get back to what is imagined being equivalent to what was figged.

My past's sake In Minecraft: *Put a daylight sensor on the* iron side of the priorly placed base rectangular prism, a *piston*- with a *red block* «stuck to its wooden front («the green spot»).

Then place piston perpendicular to that piston such that its inflexibly magnetic square overhead bottom is between the gray rectangle and the fading Gellow |--- engine.

When the light fades, the the piston will retract and the red block will brigger the perpendickular piston, on the end of which is a sticky green substance that the next red block is fixed to. As such, the final piston in the stare case is activated at night, blocking the door, thereby keeping the pigs safe at night from green zombies. If a fire breaks out, the correct way to leave is through the ceiling by unscrewing the light bulbs.

In Minecraft: *Put a daylight sensor on the* iron] side of the priorly placed base rectangular [prism], a *piston*- with a *red block*stuck to its wooden front (the green spot).....{.....{.....{..... ^

Then place piston perpendic!ular to th!at piston such that its inflexibly magnetic square overhead bottom is between the gray rectangle and the fading Gellow |--- engine.

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pigs safe at night from green zombies. If a fire breaks out, the correct way to leave is through the ceiling by unscrewing the light bulbs.

10:52 AM:

Notice how Shana Leigh and Abra Carr have been messaged 15h ago, and Rebecca has been messaged, let me check: 12 weeks ago. The same applies to Kristen Leo and Jessi Vee.

ch

10:58 AM: Shana Leigh is 16h ago

so is Abra

Downloads to English

هههه

The times are shifting. You have no obligation to be who you were 6 minutes ago.

The constant it seems is the value of i , the square root of negative 1. Such is life. Through
OurWindowLiezen

Collapse of the havefunction is rezponceible for Colleny Collapse risdictiousorder.

Yeah, maybe that doesn't make sense. Future Josh here.

<https://youtu.be/usFfb2j1o2s>

I'll gram you hired

<https://youtu.be/0wNf9-2A0tI>

What else,

Oh yes, the double slit experiment, otherwise known as the bunk-bed experiment, is rad daf in the middle of his dan shirt. Take a hint, bint, uh, skip a feat.

Oh, the double slit experiment, you know.

What was I saying, well, forgotten, and uh w may $W = d4$ $d4 = \text{dice}$

damage unit, more like storage unit, HA

Dad rolling

RonGa

Watch as many times as possible: <https://youtu.be/0wNf9-2A0tI>

Uda

there's more/

Rongo Rongo about the Double Slit Experiment? It got underlined blue, then red, then blue.

cia cia cia ummm, check phase shift: * microFools event. Gibberish common in this chapter of the book. Associations with words diverge each reader's read of the document. I had a delusion that I had to speak this way as I believed aliens or Terran reptilians were monitoring me and my verbal power. Nuclear is not an option.

Teal still qualifies as An inT interpollar. Blurred vision, crossed eyes, I spy Rongo Rongo

It wad on the dip ongoo tong now ch

Q stay safe

I can jump to the cieling fan

Yeah, R2D2

i tried to warn them, there's no hot troposphere or nun that. A day or two after writing that, I heard news of a bomb test of some kind, via a caller calling Fade to Black Radio.

Left ear dawked. Narr dawked. م

Rust...ketamine

Now about those Wifi signals...ketamine Well, I saw a wifi icon and a dolphin in my hallucinatory eye. I also remote-heard a pounding on a door, that the caller on Fade to Black Radio also heard somehow. I do not know what they were talking about.

Rongo, rongo^ketamine

<https://youtu.be/iN001iUenmU>

December 17th [or is it 18th] paraphrased:

I watched an ad about Sonic the Hedgehog. Then, in the living room, I imitated him. I then took a walk outside and walked right, then left, then left again, walking up the hill on the trail as usual, though taking a closer look at the tan houses before getting to the trail, reminiscing about Heroes of Might and Magic III. Strangely, looking to my left about halfway through my walk up the hill, I could see through the houses along the trail all the way to what is my street. I saw a black car. Strangely, I didn't think about the fact that it could be the very same black car that

visited our house earlier that month. Somewhat mesmerized but otherwise unconcerned, I began walking back down the hill. I pretended to be tugging a rope to walk forward, then thought, “let’s do this the simple way,” running forward to my right as a car from the street resumed its travel. Next, I crossed the street and crossed the next street (Harwood Rd). Turning left, I walked under the trees until I reached the flag, nearby which, I waited for a green car to pass, pretending to be playing Green-Light, Redlight, as one would at SkateTown. I then sprinted towards the stoplight. Sprinting in imitation of Sonic the Hedgehog, I fell, scraping my left arm. Rolling over and placing my phone to my left on the grass with my left hand, I recalled the time I got hit by a car and was asked to remain lying down for a bit after having been pushed away by the car just fast enough for it to stop and hard enough for me to lift off, backpack and all, a backpack that saved my back and head from injury. This time, I got up much sooner, having fallen forward on the sidewalk. I then crossed the street and intentionally stepped on the orange circle on the ground and then the orange flag on the dirt beside the sidewalk. I then walked back to the street corner and turned left on Central. I walked to the gated apartment place and was then kindly greeted by Policemen who checked my pulse. Here’s what was said and what transpired: First,

December 18th: Felt as though someone was holding my hand, because I held my right hand with my left hand. It works!

Helps to have psychics all over ya though.

December 20th-23rd: I played Heroes of Might and Magic III with my older brother Matthew.
Heroes of Might and Magic III with my older brother Matthew.

December 23rd:

December 24th: I finally get around to writing about December 17th..

As for december 24th, 'twas Christmas Eve. Yeah. I took a walk to the house with a blue chimney, and on my way out of the area, a car came by and left that was the kind of car people refer to as a "bug." Either that day or the day before, I began playing online Go. So far they're mostly from France.

December 25th:

December 26th: Figured out a poetic color scheme that incorporates my idea from December 25th:

Let's try **this**. As you can see, it resembles the visible **light** spectrum. Here's a link:

https://science.nasa.gov/ems/09_visiblelight

Now back to my older memories.

I'll be here **soon**: First, click **the** link above.

This reminds **me**, yesterday, my hands signed "sign, make, **friends**, book, more." I pieced **it** together, not realizing what my hands were signing as **a** signed it. Yeah.

This color scheme doesn't help me navigate my brain.

I have a good memory I guess.

Fun fact: light bends around Black Holes in a process called gravitational lensing. Fiber-Optic Cables also bend light. Air bends light through refraction. Anybody know about Earthquakes in South Africa and Japan? I remote viewed that. I don't know if it happened or not.

Now: “whos .Com past’s rest, is the the stare case the the stare case Rongo Rongo Rongo Rongo, wad left it nearby which I a signed.”

I see, “uh”

I see:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xcTrquqDvzw>

Nice to meet you, Uh.

Guys, pause at 2:08. In the IPA (the International Phonetic Alphabet), an upside-down “e” represents the sound, “Uh.” The English letter, “a” is sometimes pronounced, “uh.”

Wait, there’s more.

Flor is Spanish for flower, but that’s neither here nor there.

At 2:30 there is a mark on the concrete that looks like the Arabic letter, “ح”, which, oddly enough, is pronounced, “Hu.” To get the Arabic letter in this document, I translated “Until” to Arabic in Google Translate, and then switched the sides, and was reminded that another translation of “حتى” is “even,” as in “Even he.” No pun intended (In Arabic, “She” is “Hiiya”).

But really, check 6:28 in the video. That’s how the video got its iconic thumbnail (the stair case), the swing photo of the video having been posted to Instagram, the time when I said, “It was so simple. Do good, be heard, survive” in Instagram.

HHHHaaaaa

Oh look, there’s more.

December 27th: I have a 2 hour conversation with my twin brother.

Takeaways: None.

Happiness is wish fulfillment. Joy is a coping mechanism.

<https://youtu.be/5f-JlzBuUUU>

Kept the cat company. Zoey.

Tuesday, December 28th: What can I say, I took a 7 hour walk and I predict a warmer November followed by a cooler December, higher rainfall November 5th, November 15th, and November 25th. November 15th plus or minus 10 days. Something big. October will be subject to climate and weather, two different things. Conditions vary by location.

Not overcast (gray) in Japanese circles? Definitely earthquakes in South Africa and Japan?

Well, I can get anywhere in the United States in 48 days.

What will happen in Plaquemine, Louisiana, or more specifically, Walgreens, is anyone's guess.

It is near the Mississippi River. More rain in the river means flooding.

The shape given to me by the supposed ghost resembles this picture.

Unrelated fact: 10 shillings looks like \$40 on Christmas.

Would you buy a purple 1984 Ford Mustang for \$1?

Wanna call my mom? Unrelated. No, tangentially. Her phone number is $\sqrt{5}^8(\$^$

When are the elections. November 8th, 2022, in the United States.

November 15th, November 17th, and November 18th, possible freezes? Pay attention farmers...to the Farmer's Almanac, Farmer's Ge....weather report. Journal is the word. Good day for seeding thoughts, not interest rates just yet. The pages are packed. Now, spinach could use a freeze. It does well in the cold. Sweet Potatoes grow well in Texas. There are zones. There is a map of that. Get the most recent or the oldest. Combine them or use none. Morning. It's 6:00 AM. Where am I? You decide.

Latest YouTube post?

<https://youtu.be/SHl1CbCRk-M>

Not so, not so.

It will resin in Osaka, gray tell:

Tangent:

Wow dude, trigger warning folks. Nice:

<https://youtu.be/wxuyqABS6kQ>

A trick, a trick. Spoiled for life.

But did you see the cat?

<https://youtu.be/yMdqfwGiImY>

How cold will it be?? Moldy? Sunspots? Yes or no? No no non no no. Fibonacci, let the grays speak:Gray Dots...

Thursday, December 30th, 2021: calculations: Premises: 52 weeks in a year. Infor[mation] from []My mom [x2] was married to my dad for 15 years. It's been 35 years since they had their wedding ceremony. Facts: When I played Heroes of Might and Magic III earlier this month (December 2021), I frequently bought the building rights to the Dwarven Treasury, a building in Rampart that provides 10% interest on any remaining in-game gold remaining from the previous week at the start of each week. I bet 10 shillings a while ago. I got \$20 in cash from my []maternal] g[] randma for Christmas this December. I had 35 cents a while ago. I rolled a d4 on another dimension using a sygiel. Sorry, allergies [sneeze sneeze, sneeze sneeze]\ So, as I was saying: $52 \text{ times } 35 \text{ yr} = 1820$. Mom had \$100 approximately in cash at the end or beginning of each eak each week. 10 percent of 100 dollars is 1 dollar not 1 cent. Hmmm. Well, oh, 10 dollars, not 1 dollar nor 1 cent. Well, 1820 cents is \$18.20, using base 10 of course, which may or may not be as relevant 2 thousand years ago. But a while ago I had 35 cents, and if you take 10 percent interest on 35 cents for four weeks you have a total of 48 cents. $3.5 * 4 = 13$. $35 + 13 = 48$. $\$18.20 + \$00.48 = \$18.68$. That leaves \$01.32 unaccounted for. Gift taxes apply only after a certain limit is reached. The gift taxes are more lenient when the fits [*gifts] are in cash. My mom has been alive for 50 years. Grandpa died (on my mother's side). Inheritance unknown. Variables in algebra are represented by letters. Example (ie): g. Nonlinear algebra requires understanding of pi when representing circular feasibility from the standpoint of the mind-set of physcicists.

On Minds.com, 1 MINDS = 2.4963, to 4 significant digits.

Before going to Minds.com today, I went to Facebook to post my thoughts. I clicked the watch tab therein, and was shown a Spanish scene in which it is advised to consult one's wife. One word was foreign to me significantly.

In case you were wondering, my dad sent me the music video I liked so much yesterday and have not listened to today. The video with the roller skaters on the road.

Oh look, on Minds.com the Metamask option for earning tokens using a Connect Wallet is now shown as blank. The logo is gone.

The foxes are in the blanksspaces\ between the implied words. The ratios correspond
The grays wanna play. The computers want their figures. The women want they're grade.

L GR Preamble I will leave to the **birdS**.

Jan 18th: I after a few days back home from Psychiatric Hospital, write, "Me after 12 days in Hospital: grateful as ever. Eternally grateful." Jan 19th: I borrow grandma's computer to type this into my autobio, a narrative for my life. I love going outside and I love my mom.

Also, there is now a plan for my housing. SSI for expenses, MHMR for housing, and all discussed this Spring. Healthcare will also be covered. Teal Swan's intentional community, like

most intentional communities, has a minimum cost per year, which of course could be paid, but it does not especially interest me.

Thursday, Jan 20th, 2021: Visited my grandma's house early enough to help my grandma up the ramp in the garage. Played Heroes of Might and Magic III with Matthew and took a walk.

Had a vision about the weather the day before that I refrained from sharing, and now I can see that is what we can expect for the underlined area in the following video, as I suspected beforehand:

<https://youtu.be/pWh9vm0eF68>

On Jan 20th, funnily enough following the Fibonacci sequence, I posited that carbon emissions may be significantly reduced by 2034, with the help of fusion as an energy source perhaps. I will vote for a green party candidate in the next election. My estimates for the future are about as noteworthy as a vote by a dog or cat.

I do not expect such things of myself:

<https://youtu.be/zEA9-mEOZtA>

Everything about the Freedom of Information Act in one video? Really I do not expect such things from YouTube, LoL

<https://youtu.be/VpAfQUIWGhg>

Copper fusion reference may remain a mystery, but the concept of fusion remains the same, and there have been many attempts by humans to replicate the energetic biproducts that the sun does naturally. The sun is a source of fusion speculation the world over.

01/20/2021: Played Scrabble with my grandma Shelda. I won. The day before I took a full length walk.

01/27/2021: oopsie.

Last edit 7 days ago.

Thursday, Feb 3rd: Played Chess on Chess.com

Tied with someone in a game and all because he made the wrong move with his two queens. I couldn't move, so it was a tie. I wasn't in check.

Chapter 7

Bright day of the Soul

So it's been snowy outside and I'm stuck. I've got nowhere to go and nothing to do, but for those who are wondering, the Butterfly Effect was named that after the graph that looked like a butterfly. I doubt that anything I do on a walk could make the difference between a storm and no storm. As for the fires, there were rumors that some people had intentionally caused the bushfires in Australia a year or two ago, but I have heard no such testimony regarding this year's fires. They are mere accidents of nature is my guess.

Chess game of the day: 30 minutes per player to win. I won in 31 moves in about 10 minutes (about 5 minutes of my time was used, and some minutes of their time). My ranking for that category of chess game went up. My rating became 653 for Live Chess (30 minutes available on each side) on the 8th day of February, 2022.

I discovered a new YouTube Channel and creator called Johnny Harris, and look what I found next: <https://youtu.be/Dum0bqWfiGw>

<https://youtu.be/rKo8Sv99MkM>

Sounds legit.

Now, I can keep writing this sorry excuse of a story, or, I can listen to Jordan Peterson and Sam Harris. I clearly chose both, though it is not so obvious, but by omission would be no less inferred. Sam Harris has a good chunk of the story. The lady who drew my brain is quite talented. Small world.

Speaking of which, the rebels in Ukraine can keep their land, if Ukraine were willing to let it go in the event that key resources were handed over to Ukraine from countries west of Ukraine. The family of countries is very large and are very densely involved with each other's trade agreements. We cannot guarantee anything but good intentions, including from Russia. I am no expert in any of these issues. I can only tell what has not been attempted given current events that reach my awareness.

I must thank an Indian friend (a stranger on the internet with an Indian accent) for the rundown and getting me caught up somewhat on the state of affairs.

The following is simply something to assuage my fears:

<https://youtu.be/ZjicLB4lSdM>

<https://youtu.be/rw0zAEuDsu4>

Very nice music

Feb 8: I played the card game Dominion with Matthew and grandma Shelda. I won, then Matthew won, and then Matthew won again of course.

Matthew likens the Ukraine situation to the Cuban Missile Crisis.

A situation no less easily remedied than the situation framed by Sam Harris in this video:

https://youtu.be/LRm_H158qc0

In contrast, this challenge remains a mystery:

<https://youtu.be/ITTxTCz4Ums>

Amazing: <https://youtu.be/eBh2BkgQ33U>

Aha

<https://youtu.be/3ryYvEOm4eA>

My god

https://youtu.be/_AkAZIk73F0

I subscribed to Tom Nicholas today:

<https://youtu.be/CM0aohBfUTc>

2 days later:

Yes I am still clueless, and no, I am not the person in this video:

<https://youtu.be/psm60IUjrEI>

And goodness, 7 inches of rain would not wash away what this autobio has become. 9 mph hour winds, nothing.

Only 38.1% of all chess players on Chess.com have a lower rating than me on the site (rapid, 30 minute). My rating on Chess.com is now 649, on February 13th, 2022. I won a game in about three moves, a major blunder on the part of the higher rated player playing against me. I have changed the settings such that I am pitted against more higher rated players. Wish me luck. I won the next game, increasing my rating to 666, then lost the next game, decreasing my rank to 653. A mere 38.5% of all chess players on Chess.com have a lower rating than me. The closer to 100% the higher my rating.

A thought bubble in time:

<https://youtu.be/GKD1vDAPkFO>

<https://youtu.be/QNOFxmCECPQ>

The package for the month:

I played a game of chess in which my rating was only one more than the other person's rating. I won the game, and having won two of three other games that day (Feb 14th) before this one, increased my rating to 687 from 674. His rating went from 673 to 665. I played black and still won. We were head to head, and I checkmated him while 6 points ahead, not realizing it was checkmate already. I checkmated with a bishop, a rook, and another bishop, one bishop delivering the check. The rook and other bishop making it checkmate. Now 42% of all players on the website have a lower rating than me, and my ranking is #5,589,454. Now #5,589,475, meaning 21 players got ahead of me in the time I spent just now doing nothing. I'm in 5,589,475th place. My rating is 687. One day later, February 15th, I have increased it. It is now

697. I am in the bronze of my division. I have played a total of 48 rapid 30 minute to an hour games, of which I have won 20, drawn 4, and lost 24.

Meanwhile, Russia, though wanting to annex Ukraine, does not want Ukraine to join NATO, in part because Ukraine currently provides a buffer if you can call it that between Russia and NATO, nonetheless wants Ukraine to be part of Russia. Perhaps Putin finds Ukraine more independent without NATO.

I can't make heads or tails of the situation:

<https://youtu.be/2umsr04CFT0>

The beliefs don't translate from one side of the issue to the other.

Nor does the Many-Worlds-Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics unfortunately.

Monday, February 21st, 2022: I ate Khao Soi Soup at Thai Jasmine. They are closed on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The day before, on Sunday, I helped grandma Shelda open something. On Monday I spent some of the cash she gave me months before for Christmas. The Khao Soi Soup cost about \$16.

All is well where I live.

Feb 24th: I threw up 4 times.

Feb 25th: I watched this video: <https://youtu.be/C3gphJdHD48>

Russia has indeed invaded Ukraine.

Think about it: <https://youtu.be/9wQKZBkQyLY>

https://youtu.be/_mDgH3dTR4w

In case you hadn't heard:

<https://youtu.be/FQ4hvLqNfqo>

Save the Children is helping refugees. Go donate.

Unfortunately, I cannot donate. I decided to quit my solar panel installation course, as I do not want to climb rooftops with electrical equipment. My income is zero.

March 17th: On this thursday I learned that “electric charge equals ‘weak isospin’ + half of the ‘weak hypercharge’”

$$Q = I' + (Y' / 2)$$

from this video: <https://youtu.be/esayi49OAk4>

On that day I also got an eye exam and a new prescription for my glasses.

Several days later I realized that I had signed documents using the wrong date, as we are now in 2022, not 2021. I now eat oatmeal raisin walnut Clif Bars as my past self had suggested in this document, and I still miss the best food at Freshii that I got to eat last year:

<https://www.freshii.com/ca/en-ca/menu/category/4/item/23>

The Pangoa Bowl which has barbeque sauce on rice.

However, this year I revisited Thai Jasmine and had another serving of Khao Soi soup, a very tasty meal indeed.

April 14th, 2022: I watched this video: <https://youtu.be/b7xRgj1rDG8>

In other news I was similarly new to, Finland and Sweden are now considering joining NATO.

Chapter 8

Disabled Life

I qualified for disability and found out in June. I then received SSI money, which I would have used to live in a group-home like my twin brother in all probability. On June 17th, I visited the group home, and on July 12th, I moved into House 2 of Safe Care. I then moved out because I didn't like it there, and later it turned out that I wasn't eligible for a group-home, so living in one would be unaffordable. I considered working as a library technician, but balked at the idea of working, preferring to possibly live with my older brother in the event that mom dies. Before finding out that he indeed is staying home to take care of me, I wanted to commit suicide to avoid living after mom dies, planning to commit suicide via dehydration while Mom was in Guatemala. I ended up eating something and Matthew came to check on the cat, so I didn't commit suicide. But right after eating I was already planning to commit suicide again, this time, I would go to a hiding place outside and finish my dry-fast.

I feared growing old and felt life is a chore and tried to commit suicide. But, I ate something and ruined my chance, and went to an in-patient care facility. Thankfully, shortly thereafter, I discovered a food I like: Korean Inspired Bowl by Wicked Kitchen made with Beyond Meat. As a result, I no longer regret not committing suicide, but instead regret having ever tried to commit

suicide. But thanks to trying to commit suicide, I was made to stay at Grandma's house while Mom was in Europe, and I had access to Grandma's computer, which I used to work on my constructed language I had previously abandoned. Here is my constructed language, DJeraFki:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/160OvJ9grxvNjpsttc67bkPmv_M1cbmGzDiNadrgRnU0/edit?usp=sharing

I started meditating again, but unfortunately I used toilet paper instead of a paper towel to blow my nose, and I breathed in fibers from the toilet paper. My throat felt funny for a while afterwards, but the feeling eventually went away. Also, I started eating more food I like: oatmeal with brown sugar and a muffin at the restaurant First Watch. There was some other food I liked: "vegan Cauliflower Mac," but they stopped selling that frozen meal. Later, I discovered another food I like: Tom Kha soup at the restaurant Jan Thai. Later, Dad came to visit, and he ordered spring rolls with peanut sauce at Jan Thai. We shared it, and I liked it, so I ordered it from then onward at Jan Thai as an appetizer in addition to the Tom Kha soup. For the main course I had curry. Later, Matthew made Banana Bread and I liked it, so Mom made some too. Now we have Banana Bread every so often. I also enjoyed Kind bars, however, in the next chapter I describe something even better to eat, that doesn't have chocolate in it.

Chapter 9

Countdown to Cataclysm

Dad had been talking to me and even visited several times, and one of the things he mentioned was that he had a vision in Austin of a nuclear explosion. Later, I heard an NDE story

(https://youtu.be/5bXc_l4Vwq4?si=XEp0Sifz_jThj7P9) in which everything that had been predicted in the NDE happened so far, and one prediction was that there would be a World War when the world population reached 10 billion. Estimates vary, but one estimate is that the population would reach 10 billion in 2054. Whatever estimate I had used before 2025 I had forgotten, but in January, 2025, I estimated that the population would reach 10 billion in 2054, and you will soon see why. First of all, there were some coincidences involving the color orange that I pieced together in January or February of 2025. Previously I have accurately predicted flooding in Florida July 8th 2020 using coincidences ( My Prediction for July 8th, 2021, West Palm Beach, Florida). In 2024, on the way back from visiting Miah, I saw a Vision clinic with an orange sign, and at a light, an orange car that read “chaos” on its side that passed by. Later, I took a walk and noticed an orange outlined house with a stone block on the front porch that read “S.” In January of 2025, I had a dream from which the only thing I remembered was the number 53. Then, on the way back from the Dentist, I saw an orange car in front of us that had “SS” protruding from its back. It had occurred to me to convert the letters into numbers by counting the letters’ positions in the alphabet, so I counted and discovered that “S” is the 19th letter in the alphabet, and 19 times 3 is 57 (In a later chapter I discuss 19 times 2, or 38, in greater detail than in this chapter, and the same can be said of 44, both of which I reinterpret as dates for years not dates within the year 2054). Then I realized that when I turn 57, the year will be 2054, which reminded me of my dream of the number 53. Only then did I estimate again when the population would reach 10 billion, and noticed that one of the estimates was that it would happen in 2054. At this point, I was thinking that in 2054 there might be a nuclear war, and in February of 2025 I got even more confirmation. My dad gave me a link

to the movie “Wargames” on YouTube, and I watched it. In the movie, there is a 10-character launch code and it is CPE1704TKS. After converting the letters into numbers, we get 3, 16, 5, 1, 7, 0, 4, 20, 11, 19. Adding the numbers together we get 86, which is how old my dad will be in 2055. At this point, I was convinced that a nuclear war would occur between 2053 and 2055, probably during 2054, so I planned to move in 2053, just before 2054, to Brady, Texas, a location in which my dad had already bought a house. I would bring “The Book: The Ultimate Guide to Rebuilding Civilization,” a book that my Dad had bought for me.

On February 16th, I used the only orange bowl in the house, and later that day Mom made spaghetti with olive oil and parmesan cheese. The olive oil started sizzling at 5:14 PM, much like the 54 in 2054. Weeks before, I had watched a video in which a woman named Estelle Richter mentioned that olives were common in the bible. She said, “If olives mean anything to you, this video is for you. If you see olives after this video, it is a sign.” The day before I watched that video, my mom had played “Connections,” and 4 of the words that went together were “Extra,” “Virgin,” “Olive,” and “Oil.” So olives already meant something to me, and after watching the video, there was a sign. I had also been seeing 444 a lot, including after getting ready for a walk and checking the time, watching a video by Estelle Richter titled “Time 444 Transformation...”, etc. I eventually came across a video in my recommended that was 44 minutes and 44 seconds long, and in the video, there was “throat singing” and a blue mist in the visual part of the video. On February 17th, my mom mentioned that each of her students needed a “Blue Book,” as a testing material. The positions in the alphabet of the letters of “Blue Book” add up to 83, which is how old my mom will be in 2053.

Just before February 23rd, 2025, I realized I could earn money in Brady, Texas, by mowing lawns. I had already devised a plan to pack 3 months worth of Clif Bars in a suitcase, but I had not considered money for eating at restaurants. On February 23rd, 2025, it occurred to me that I could save money before going to Brady, by mowing yards before leaving. So I walked around and found one person who would like their yard mowed by me. 30 years of mowing lawns is a decent amount of money and I was increasingly confident things would be alright. The hardest part would be getting to Brady. I was planning on hitchhiking, but my dad could take me there instead. Only time would tell.

Another coincidence: The asteroid that had a very small chance of hitting Earth in 2032 was estimated to be anywhere from 40 to 90 meters across, but for some reason a YouTuber named Anton Petrov said it was about “54 meters” across. He was wearing an orange shirt, and in the same video had said that it was anywhere between 40 and 90 meters across.

Another coincidence: My mom was looking at some addresses in Britain, and one address stood out because it was bigger than the rest I think. It was 54.

Some food I liked to eat at around this time was Nan with hummus. I stopped having chocolate because I wasn’t sure if it was fair trade.

Another coincidence: I watched a video by MrBeast that was 38 minutes and 38 seconds long, and the advertisement that played said to call 333888. $3+8=11$ and 11 times 5 is 55.

Another coincidence: A video showed up in my recommended called “Timepiece (2024) Short Film” by Breathing Films. At the beginning of the video, someone wakes up at 8:54 AM.

Another coincidence: I played single player Heroes of Might and Magic III in early March, and of the three computer players, the orange one had troops like so from top to bottom

in the only battle I had with orange before they were vanquished: 5, 3, 4, 44, etc. So, there were 5 of one kind of troop unit, 3 of another, 4 of another, 44 of another, etc. 2053 is when I plan to leave Bedford to escape nuclear explosions in 2054. Orange is the color God uses to send me messages.

There are many more coincidences, and this is one of them: The largest smartphone is 2.054 meters. The same digits as 2054. Another coincidence: A YouTuber planned to place 254000 Lego bricks because of his video saying he would add one brick per view. Another coincidence: While playing Wordle, Mom and I narrowed down the possibilities to 254 words.

April 8th: I scheduled my first lawn-mowing for Saturday at 3:00 PM. Incidentally, on a walk I discovered a purple cube in someone's curb, that had the following on the different sides of the cube: L, O, O, 7, 8, Rabbit. L is the 12th letter of the alphabet, O the 15th, and $12 + 15 + 15 + 7 + 8 = 57$ which is how old I'll be in 2054. My lawn-mowing was cancelled, and I decided not to mow anyone's lawn but my mom's, going to Brady on March 14th of 2054, and returning April 8th in 2054.

More of the many coincidences: A swatchbook mentioned in a video cost \$254. My old glasses have "54" written on them. Corey Booker's speech in the Senate was 25 hours and 4 minutes long. April 16th: the kitchen light got brighter at 12:54 PM. April 17th: My mom got home at 2:54 PM. April 18th: We arrived at Albertson's at 9:54 AM. 2nd to last coincidence: The Petrov defense is explained on page 57 of a book. Anton Petrov wears an orange shirt. Last coincidence about 2054: Kat Abughazaleh has an orange chair and a blue microphone. Her cat's name is "Heater." The letters converted into numbers according to placing in the alphabet add up to 57, which is how old I'll be in 2054.

Later, I tried to determine when in 2054 nuclear bombs would drop in Texas. The recurring numbers were 38 and 444, so I figured they might drop between March 8th and April 4th. I had planned to be in Brady by March 18th however. At some point, I played Heroes of Might and Magic III, and the orange player had two armies that fought me. One had troops like 3 monks, 8 of something else, and so on, and the other had 37 pikemen. Also I at one point had 4440 gold. I viewed this as a sign that nuclear bombs would drop between March 8th and April 4th, 2054.

In June, 2025, I revealed to my Mom my prediction and my plan. She did not approve of the plan, so I decided not to try going away from the possible nuclear blast zones. But I made a video informing people of my prediction so that others may avoid nuclear annihilation.

Two more coincidences before the next chapter: The tallest tree is 380 feet tall. Remember that the tallest smartphone is 2.054 meters tall. So 3/8, 2054 is a possible date of nuclear cataclysm. Lastly, I saw a Restaurant Drafthouse called 54th Street on the way back from a restaurant. 2 more coincidences in next chapter. But first, let me squeeze one in here: The movie *Nausica of the Valley of the Wind*, is about life after the fantastical version of a nuclear war. “Of the,” adds up to 54.

Chapter 10

At Peace and Prepared

Having accepted my possible demise in 2054, I turned my attention to a more likely scenario by some estimations: A long power outage. I got mom to buy gallons of water for when

the water pressure stops due to a power outage, and it so happens that we got a water filter dispenser ostensibly for getting PFOs out of the tap water, but is also a good source of water in an emergency. After getting enough water for 2 weeks without power between Mom and I, and enough for 8 days without power at Grandma's house between Matthew and Grandma, I started storing water sufficient to keep all four of us hydrated for 2 weeks. I began putting tap water in empty oatmilk containers and storing them in my closet. I calculated that 16 cartons would be enough for water that we drink (after pouring them into the water filter), but that I would need 2 additional cartons for brushing teeth (rinsing my mouth out). 1 more for Matthew and 1 more for Mom, and that makes 20 cartons needed. At the time of this writing, 9 out of 20 cartons have been filled. By winter I'll be finished, just in time for any long power outages we might have during the winter. Arguably the summer is more dangerous than the winter in Texas, but still.

My usual routine of one stool per day was ruined at least temporarily by skipping lunch one day causing a new routine of several smaller stools. I was still lucky though. I also got Mom to store extra non-perishable food in the pantry. And my stools returned to normal later on.

On November 9th, 2025, I took a walk and saw a business card of a Restaurant Manager for 54th Street on the sidewalk. A few days later, I saw SRF Lesson 54 on the dining table. SRF stands for Self Realization Fellowship.

Chapter 11

A Blessing in Disguise (and becoming Vegan)

In December of 2025, I had nausea that started when I drank extra oatmilk due to thinking I had to in order to store water in secret. Later on, several days later after the nausea had not gone away, I went to the doctor and she said that constipation was the likely cause of the nausea. Whatever the reason, as a result of nausea one day, I ate half a frozen meal called Asian Dumplings (dumplings and noodles) and stored the other half. Because of this, I tasted what cooler aged Asian noodles tasted like, and I really liked it, so I kept eating it. Also, the doctor said to eat more fiber, so I added Sweet Potatoes, carrots, and cantaloupe to my diet. The nausea went away, and the constipation as well, but I kept eating all of these things, and I was able to become Vegan by giving up my Naan and hummus, and replacing it with yummy sweet potatoes, as well as giving up frozen meals with cheese in them and replacing them with Asian Dumplings. I started being vegan on Jan 16th, 2026, but a week later, Mom couldn't find Asian Dumplings and bought frozen meals with cheese in them. I ate them and enjoyed them, but I told her to get different and vegan meals next time she couldn't find Asian Dumplings. I successfully became vegan on Jan 28th, 2026.

At around this time I also started making a language for a species in a fictional story.

Link to language guide here:  Humanoid Dinosaur (Reptilian) Language in Fictional Story

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Cb9Re9luCUdLWwA3pban3k5feefca-o8vE7vjcWULs0/edit?usp=sharing>

My most creative part of the language is making the numbers primes multiplied together as part of the words for the numbers. For example, apkI is 3 (PI) times 7 (kI), or 21.

I also started noticing more coincidences at around this time. The cover for my mom's new book has an orange sky and the first word of the title is "Sun." The letter positions in the

alphabet of S, u, and n, add up to 54. I also decided that the numbers 38 and 44 which had been noticed earlier, probably refer to different years, not specific dates in 2054 (though what might happen in 2038 and 2044 I have little idea but think perhaps there will be a power outage in 2038 and another pandemic in 2044. And of course a nuclear war in 2054). The name for someone Mom's editor wants a blurb from for Mom's book is Kwame Mbalia. The last name adds up to 38, and the first name adds up to 53. One instance of both 38 and 44 was on a bus that always crosses an intersection as Mom and I are going to the gym. The bus is 38A, and there is another number on it, 44. Back when I saw SS on the back of an orange car, I added 38 to the S seen in front of an orange house to yield 57. I now think SS represented 38 in its own right, and that the first S represents Covid-19 back in 2019, but that together they still represent how old I'll be in 2054 (57). One day at the gym, at one point, there were 38 seconds left of the workout at the same time as the clock was at 54 seconds past a minute. Close to 38, is 37, which I saw on an orange mailbox. Incidentally, my city's name's letters add up to 54, the first 5 letters of my street/lane equal 38, and TX adds up to 44 (I live in Texas). My old phone number's first 8 digits add up to 38 and the first 9 add up to 44. The car next door has a license plate with the number 54, but one day there was some work being done there (June 17th, 2026), and the truck parked there had 38 in the license plate. Also, on June 17th, 2026, I reread part of chapter 6 of this book and found some morse code I had written when I believed the morse code was "from the Boltzmann's Brain [(God)]." I don't remember what I saw that prompted the writing of the morse code, or whether it came from my own mind, but I decoded it, and the random message that results adds up to 138. Returning to the subject of the gym, one day I saw a player with 54 on his shirt who was someone's favorite player. Also, one day I got to the machines when they

had 38 seconds left on the workout. And back at home there was an orange container for “hairball bites” the brand for which, “Zesty Paws,” adds up to 154. Lastly, the word for “The dragon” in my new conlang is “MWRkShnaFTIna,” which adds up to 157. 57 is how old I’ll be in 2054 (the year I predict a nuclear war).

Not only that, but the 54th most common baby name in 2016 was Joshua, my name.

In July of 2026, I recalled that in spring of 2019, when I asked for a dream that would tell me if I was Jesus or not, I had a dream in which there was a wall in sand, and on the wall was written, “2030.” I recalled it, because I was reading my history timeline I made in highschool, and it said that in 30 C.E. Jesus was crucified. So 2030 is exactly 2000 years after Jesus was crucified. I don’t know what this means.

Also in July, I noticed the number 27. I had a dream about getting a red Tesla, and “red” adds up to 27. In addition I had a dream about Grandma forgetting the word, “by,” which adds up to 27 as well. Going back to the wall in sand dream, “sand” adds up to 38, and “wall” adds up to 48. I don’t know what any of this means, but Jesus began teaching in 27 C.E. I saw a truck that had the number 84879, which reminds me, I haven’t told you about 79 C.E. and how I noticed it. The word for “30” in my new conlang is “amps.” “Amps” adds up to 49. 49rs looked for gold, and “gold” adds up to 38. 30 plus 49 is 79, and in 79 C.E., Mount Vesuvius erupted. A previous volcanic eruption near Crete caused a Tsunami. Perhaps, in 2038, something like that will happen, causing a power outage. It also may happen on August 4th (8 / 4). Trump, who is said to have an orange face, apparently only spent \$84 in taxes one time. One day I was walking and saw a Home Depot bucket. Their logo is orange, and H is the 8th letter of the alphabet, while D is the 4th letter of the alphabet. I finished writing a note about this at 3:08 PM. Note that I also

saw Lesson 27 of Paramahansa Yogananda's teachings on the table. Maybe a power outage will happen in 2027 instead of, or in addition to in 2038. Soon we'll find out at the time of this writing. Other dates are more far away. After Mom's first day of proofreading her new book, *Sun Child*, she was at page 54. She finished chapter 44 just before putting on pajamas.

On July 31st, 2026, I scrolled through my YouTube subscriptions feed and found a YouTube video by Fraser Cain titled "Why is the universe not 13.8B light-years wide | Q&A 444."