

The following writing was a part of a book that you will see mentioned in this writing. This is not the final draft.

THE JOURNEY

I was born on a very stormy night on January 14, 1979 in a hospital in Berkeley, California, the only boy, and youngest, of four children. My mom prayed for a boy, and she got a boy. Though physically born in Berkeley, my family and I lived in East Oakland, California. Most of my memories of my life are after my mom and dad's separation. My sister and I did the back and forth thing between my parents – one week here, another week there. Being so young, I thought that this was regular life. At my father's apartment, there weren't as many luxuries as at my mom's house. And even though her house only had two bedrooms and one bathroom, life at her house was better, especially because of the fact that all of my friends lived on her street. My mom had a good job so she could provide a little more than my father. This also made life over there better. We were lower class, sometimes just making ends meet, but I was still raised properly by my mom. She disciplined me and always made sure I went to church and school. She lived a righteous, God-fearing life. She was what you would call a "goody two shoes" or "goody-goody," or more correctly, a righteous woman.

My father was pretty strict, but not overly strict. I remember he used to make me do multiplication problems everyday. I can recall one occasion when there wasn't any food in the apartment (my sister and I didn't know this at that time), so my father made peanut butter sandwiches and put them in the oven (I don't know why). He ended up burning them, so my sister and I didn't want to eat them, but we still had to sit at the table until we did. My sister and I sat at the table for hours crying, and finally my father got angry and threw the sandwiches away. (Years later, I remembered that situation and realized the reason it happened was because there was no food in the apartment, so now whenever I think about that situation I feel bad and ungrateful. That situation, plus my mom's teaching; to this day I never waste food.) That's just one example of my father's strictness. My mom was not as strict, so I guess it balanced out. Although they were a little different, I received spankings from both parents, which made me into an obedient child.

In November of 1985 when I was six years old, my father died. This was my first funeral, and the last I ever planned to attend. I can remember that I didn't even cry while sitting down during the service (I can't remember why; I think it was because I was angry). I didn't cry until I walked by, and even then it wasn't a lot. I can also remember that at the grave-site I was given an American flag that my father had gotten from the military. A couple of huge things transpired from his death: I never wanted to die, and I developed a big temper. Whenever someone said anything about my father, I would snap, and beat them up. Soon after, I started snapping every time someone made me

angry enough. (I never snapped on my mom though.) After his death, my sister and I permanently moved in with my mom and other two sisters. Our lives continued.

At my mom's house, the four of us children stayed in one bedroom, sleeping on two bunk beds. Though our house was small, our backyard was pretty big to us. We had a plum tree, as did many houses on the block, and blackberry bushes. Our garage and the neighbor's garage were right next to each other, and in such a way that it left a covered space between them. This was a sort of hideout for me. At the end of our driveway, turning to the left (facing 73rd), we were on the left side of the street. Facing the same direction, there was a church on the corner that was on our side of the street (the left side). Right next to the church (to the left) was a liquor store. Facing the same direction (facing 73rd), on the corner that was on the right side of my street was another liquor store. At that time I didn't see this as odd, and it was kind of cool to have two choices. If you didn't like one store's price, you could go to the other one. Less than five minutes away is where many in Oakland said was the birthplace of crack cocaine.

I guess I had a normal ghetto child's life. I played outside a lot, and everyday, all day, I saw illegal business while outside. At a very young age I played with drug dealers and killers, but to me they were regular neighborhood people, and the only males in my life. Outside, I also saw crack, crackheads, big money rolls, violence, and fancy cars nearly every single day. I saw people shoot, but not get shot. I saw people get arrested, jumped, robbed, ran over with a cars (every child in Oakland has been hit by a car at least once), run from the police, and overdose. This was regular life for me, it was all that I knew, and I thought it was normal. Seeing what I saw, I promised myself that I would never sell crack in my life though. Out of this atmosphere I learned the game of survival and other unwritten rules, like no snitching and loyalty, from a city where life was all about respect and money. I also learned to fear no man.

Coming from a single parent household where the mom was the only parent, I had to search for and learn many things on my own. Normally when a male child has a problem or question, they go to their father. Whatever their father tells them, whether right or wrong, is what they'll believe and do; thus, a parent could send their child down the same road as them. Not having a father, I didn't have anyone to get answers from, so I had to get them myself. I analyzed everything, went through trial and error, and learned from mine and others mistakes. This is how I lived my whole life. Because I did this, and didn't just go off someone's words, I was right on many things others were wrong on because they followed what was common. What I also remember about myself at this age is that I used to love fixing things, and taking things apart and putting them back together. I also remember that I used to like getting Christmas presents that had instructions with them.

I played outside every day that I could, but couldn't do so nor watch TV until I did all of my homework. Mom's rules. This wasn't a problem for me because I obeyed my mother and loved school as a child. School was fun to me (I only missed one day of school until after an attendance assembly in junior high where I wasn't even recognized amongst those who had won and missed anywhere from 2-10 days. Attendance wasn't so important after that). There were fifteen to twenty of us kids on my mother's street who played together, not including the girls. Whatever major sports season it was, that's the sport we played at that time. My favorite sport was football, and I had planned to be the next Jerry Rice. The boys who I played with were like my brothers. It was like the

whole street was a family. We were all like family so much that after a while, a gang was created – 73rd street clique. As kids, we all did a lot of things that we shouldn't have done, but I couldn't really get into any serious trouble because my sister was always around ready to tell my mom. Even with that, I still did a lot of things that a child living somewhere else wouldn't have. You get started off early in Oakland, even with sex.

As a child, I knew that there was a God but like most kids I only believed because that's what I was told. I can remember one day I decided to put an all metal fingernail file into a wall socket. My mother always told us to never touch the socket, but I didn't know why. The first time I did it, it made a sound, so that caught my interest. The second time, or maybe the third time, I was in the bathroom, and in the bathroom we had a plug-in heater. I pulled the plug out a little, to where the tongs were showing yet still plugged in, then I touched the file to the tongs and heard the "electricity sound". The next thing I knew, the heater blew out. And because I killed the heater, I didn't play with the file for a while. About a week or two later I was at it again. This time I saw a plugged up extension cord, so I got the file and put it in one of the slots. Next, I heard the sound of electricity once again, but this time the file started to vibrate a little, and then suddenly my arm yanked back (I didn't get electrocuted or even shocked). Moments later all of the power in the house went out. My mom yelled out, "What was that?!" I just said that I didn't know, and I never did it again. All of those times I did that, I never got hurt. A couple of years later, as I grew and learned more about life, I remembered those situations and realized that I should have been dead or at least hurt. I knew for a fact that there was a God, and no one could ever tell me different.

I can remember that sometimes drug dealers on my street would ask me to hold packages or money when they went somewhere in a car, but I always refused because I knew that there was a possibility that something could go wrong and I could be killed for it. Each time I was asked, was the closer I got to doing it. One day, I delivered some money to someone around the corner. It wasn't a lot, but it is how most dealers get their start. Even with my mother's teachings and discipline, I still got closer and closer to the ways of the street because there was no way of escaping it. I remember not being able to wait to get branded with 73rd on my arm like my other friends were doing. I remember my friends and I fought, threw rocks at and harassed other people, including girls, because they were from other streets. Looking back, I can see that this was the start of taking the gang seriously. As soon as I was about to begin junior high, where the real trouble would have started, my mother wanted to move into a bigger house and away from the streets. (Two of my other sisters had already moved out so there was only my mom, my sister, and I.) My sister and I didn't like the idea, but we had to go along with it. There were other people on my street who had recently moved, but I never thought that I was going to move.

We were able to move into a four-bedroom, two-bathroom house in North Highlands (Sacramento County) California. It was the suburbs, but not the rich suburbs. To use, it was somewhat rich. We had never had air conditioning, fans on the ceiling, dual kitchen sinks, roll-up garage door, and I had never had my own room. Our first night in North Highlands, one of the neighbors came over with some pizza and welcomed us to the neighborhood. This blew my mind. I never experienced anything like it except for what I saw on TV. It was so weird to me. I can remember plugging in the TV and seeing a local car commercial for some country guy named Cal Worthington. I think this

was the first time I got scared about the move.

After a while, we settled into our new life, but every single day that went by, I thought about Oakland and my friends. (I never ended up going back until many years later. I didn't get a car until six years later. And after a couple of years had passed after moving, I thought that some of my friends were dead because of all of the violence in Oakland, and that the others were probably mad at me for leaving. I couldn't deal with finding out who had died because of my first funeral, so I decided to stay away even if it made my friends angry. Also, I was barely using the phone at that age, and didn't even have a friend's number to call. Years later when I could deal with knowing, so many years had passed that I definitely thought they were going to be mad, and I didn't know who had moved, so I didn't know how to go about seeing them. I wasn't going to go up to someone's house. I ended up going to the liquor store a few times over the years, hoping to see someone, but I didn't.).

While signing up for school, the principal saw my test scores and wanted to put me in all Gate (advanced) classes. I didn't want to be in Gate classes, but my mother okayed it. As a consequence, I was the only Black person in nearly all of my classes. This made the move even worse. Over time, I got over this. North Highlands wasn't my environment, so I stayed quiet, sat back watching, listening, analyzing, and comparing. I noticed a lot of differences in school. The teachers used phrases that I had never learned or heard of, and situations I had never been in. The kids used slang we stopped saying in Oakland years back. Some of them envied my accent, new slang, limp in my walk, and the fact that I was from Oakland. When someone would ask where I was from, they would get all roused up like "wow" when I told them that I was from Oakland. I hated that. I wouldn't "jock" someone just because of who they were or where they were from, and hated people who did it. It also gave me a feeling that I didn't like. I didn't want people treating me different because of where I was from. That would mean that the fact that I was from Oakland had the fear, respect, like, love, and so on, not me. I didn't want to use that title to my advantage because I hated when other people did it, so I would tell people only when they asked (or later when I would get into a fight I would let them know where the butt whooping came from – "Oakland style!").

One day, a student who knew that I was new to the school asked me if I knew how to fight. I immediately got mad and looked at him funny because I thought he wanted to fight me. He explained to me that he was trying to inform me that they had a lot of fights at that school, about one every other month. I laughed and said, "okay". The school I was going to go to in Oakland had a fight every single day. What he asked me was so weird, I had never been asked if I could fight. It was weird to me because where I was from there was no such thing as someone who didn't know how to fight. One thing about moving to this new environment, it put a pause in every bad thing I was doing and becoming (Going to high school made the pause longer. Most kids going from junior high to high school take time to get situated to high school, but I wasn't even situated with North Highlands or the kids there before I had to go to high school. So, it took me about four years to even start to get situated. This kept me from a lot of bad things.).

As time went on, the differences between the suburbs and the ghetto kept showing up. While at home, I noticed that there wasn't anyone outside at night, no kids playing outside during the day, and when an ambulance passed everyone would look as though it was an odd occurrence (it was). Seeing or hearing an ambulance was an everyday

occurrence in Oakland. To me everything was very different, especially the silence. Another thing I noticed was that in the suburbs, the neighbors didn't know each other and they rarely ever spoke. In the ghetto, nearly everyone on the street knew each other. I had even been in nearly everyone's backyard (not always with permission), front yard, and on their porch. And if I'd walk outside, I'd see people I knew. In the suburbs, or this suburb, it wasn't like that. Overall, it was weird to see how life could be. And the difference between the ghetto and suburbs impacted me a lot.

Months before moving, I had gotten into an altercation with my best friend, and I hit him. Because of my anger, I snapped. I tried to stop my fist, but I couldn't. I thought about this one day in North Highlands and I regretted it. I couldn't believe that I hit my best friend just because of something he said. I felt very ashamed. I started hating my temper then, and I made sure that something like that would never happen again. The only problem is that I did it by giving people many chances and still getting angry while, only holding the anger inside. In school, everyone kept saying that I was too serious, I never laughed or smiled, and I never spoke. After a while, I thought that maybe I needed to loosen up a little. I did so, but many people mistook kindness for weakness. (Over the next few years the combination of holding things in and trying to be more friendly made me fake without me even knowing it. I laughed at people's jokes, trying to be nice, and let too many people slide when I should have beat them up. Looking back, I see that this also kept me out of a lot of trouble).

At school, I played basketball with my friends at lunch time. I mostly hung out with the kids that were in my class because I knew them. These kids were all kinds of different races, none of them Black (I don't think some of the Black kids liked that too much). I guess I was good at basketball because they called me "baby Jordan". I didn't like winning and being the best all the time because I wanted others to be happy and I also knew it would breed jealousy, so I started to always play around in basketball, and other things, and never gave my best on purpose. (This went into a habit and continued.) I remember always wearing my jacket, even playing basketball, because I was self-conscious about being skinny (I didn't even realize that till now). I finally got over it after taking it off time after time and seeing that there was nothing to fear. I went on to accept being skinny with no problems, especially in high school after I started lifting weights (People called me skinny but didn't know the muscles I had under my shirt. I didn't even show them either, I just let them continue to think what they wanted to think.)

In high school, after years passed, I still couldn't relate to, nor conform to, everyone else's ways. The image others had of me didn't match who I was on the inside, and image was all that they knew. Since it was the suburbs, they believed that you had to dress and act a certain way, what they believed to be ghetto, to be from the ghetto. To them, I wasn't "ghetto" at all. I never bragged about being from the ghetto or knowing street game, so many people didn't know my background. With that, I was laid back, not rowdy. I barely cursed and didn't talk with a lot of slang. And to top it off, most of my friends were other races. Knowing what others thought of me, I just let them think what they wanted to think, and I stayed me. I felt that as long as I knew who I was, what I was, and where I was from there was no need to give off an image. I even used to try to tell some of them that if they were to go to the ghetto, the one who is dressed and looking like what you would call weak, a punk, or scary would be the one who is the killer, you're stupid if you judge a book by its cover. They couldn't understand that because

that's not what TV, movies, and music had taught them. A few people used to jokingly call San Francisco names like "gaytown" or the "gay bay" because of what they learned from TV, but I told them that if they were to actually go there they wouldn't be saying that, they wouldn't even make it back.

In junior high I rode my bike to school most of the time, but in high school I walked. For the most part, I didn't walk with anyone, I walked by myself. I can remember that on the way to and from school there was a dirt field that I had to cross or go around. In the winter the dirt field would turn to mud because of the rain, and when it did I would still walk through it, taking each step carefully, and planting my feet in the right spots. It was like a fun challenge to me. Even if I got mud on the bottom of my shoes I knew that I could just softly tap them in a puddle to rinse them off. (Out of four years of high school I probably only went around less than ten times. Half of those times was because I walked with someone who wanted to go around.) It was weird, and I don't really know why I did it. I guess I loved challenges and didn't realize it, or the obstacle wasn't hard enough for me to yield to it and avoid it.

My mom was someone who would die before she bothered someone with her problems. She was also somewhat of a perfectionist. I turned out the same way. I know some people used to think that I was stuck-up because I always turned down food when they offered. I would do this even if I was hungry. I did it because I never wanted to be even a little bit of a burden to anyone. Anything offered that registered as being even a little bit of burden to the person offering it, and I automatically said no. It got to the point when I turned down everything offered. Over time, I never needed or wanted from anyone enough to receive from them, and for me to need or want enough I probably had to be dying. Another thing I remember is that when people would ask me a question, I would give them a straight to the point answer and that was it – nothing more; nothing less. It was sometimes funny to see them waiting for more, but I wouldn't give them more. I would only give them what they asked for. I used to do this because I noticed how after I asked people things, they would give a lot more information than the answer, and I would think to myself, "I didn't ask you all of that." I didn't want people to do it to me, so I didn't do it to them. This added to the belief that many people already had about me being secretive about myself.

When I went to church I could see that some of the preachers didn't practice what they preached. Soon after, I began to despise these wolves in sheep's clothing. Me, being able to see through these people, just as many other people who have been previously deceived could, contributed to me easing away from church. (The main aid was that it seemed useless. I couldn't relate to anything they were talking about. I wasn't receiving the Word, yet I wasn't receiving the false, man's traditional interpretation of the Word either.) I was there long enough to get baptized (June 4, 1994), so that was good. When I decided to get baptized I made sure that I wasn't influenced into doing so by my mom or the people of the church who add extreme pressure on you and make you do it for the wrong reasons. I felt that if I was going to do it, then I was going to understand why and then do it because I wanted to. I remember riding home after being baptized I felt this light, airy feeling within me.

During my sophomore year is when I first started experimenting with alcohol and marijuana. (The following year I started selling weed whenever I was in a bind.) This was also my first time ever receiving an F in a class. It was my first time receiving an F,

and I got three at one time. This happened because I began to cut some classes and had lost interest in others. I can remember cutting right in front of the class at times. I also remember a time that I almost got caught when the bottles of liquor in my backpack made a noise when I put my backpack down in class. My friends and I had cut class earlier and were drinking in the back of the school. Also during my sophomore year I played football (if you want to call it that). The coaches we had only went with who they knew from the previous year, which I didn't play. This left me out. I knew what I could do, but I never got a chance to show it. I remember winning a team race, but I still didn't get acknowledged. The assistant coaches could see potential, and some of the players would speak up for me, but the head coach was stubborn and went with what he knew.

When it came to football, there was always something holding me back from showing how good I was. In my junior year, the school didn't even have enough equipment, so I didn't have a helmet and couldn't fully participate in practice. (I never got to show my skills.) Even if I did get in a game it didn't matter because the coach ran the same running play almost every single time (he called two pass plays the whole season). Being a tight end (didn't even play as receivers), I was shut out. The coach would even yell out the play to our team from the sideline. The defense would then adjust, and we'd gain nothing. It was unbelievable. What was happening wouldn't even happen in a movie. I know for a fact that we had the best players, but nothing could come out of it because of the coach. During the end of the season, my friends and I had gotten into a minor car accident and would use physical therapy as an excuse to cut practice. As bad as that season was, we didn't care. Those two years, and the fact that it seemed as though society thought that entertainment was the only route for a Black man (I didn't want to be one of their statistics), I was through with football.

When I was a junior, because of my analytical ways, I discovered a lot of things about life. One of the first things I realized was that it didn't matter what a person thought of someone else in school because after graduation, they will probably never see them again – high school is not forever. And on top of that, they don't have a thing to do with their future. I also realized that a person should never be embarrassed about anything, they are not the only person in their group or in the world to do what they did or say what they did. Over time, I continued to watch, listen, and analyze everything, learning along the way. I can remember a day in my junior year that a teacher gave out bags of chips to the students. My friends and I (three of us) grabbed nearly all of them, and at lunch-time we decided to sell them. We made up a good price, a couple of cents lower than the school, and we began to sell them. Some of the students knew that we got the chips for free (the word got out) and didn't want to buy them, but I still worked on their minds and persuaded them to buy the chips. This is when I fell in love with business, and realized that it was easy for me to make people do what I wanted them to do without lying, but by getting past their defense and going for the hole all the way to the touchdown.

Like almost every other male in America at that age, at least 75% of my life was about getting girls, which my friends and I were very good at doing. I wasn't into the boyfriend and girlfriend thing because I would always find something that I didn't like about a girl. And I didn't go after any girls in my school, I was only a big flirt. Most of the girls had already been with people I knew, and because I knew what it would breed if I messed with them, it was very difficult for me to do so. (After years of finding girls

who were unworthy, I finally found one that I liked, a virgin – or at least I thought she was at the time – in a different city and school.) So, while a lot of other people were having sex, I was only flirting.

My sister, who had gone to the same school as myself, had graduated the year before. Throughout my life she had always been there watching me, ready to “tell momma.” (This kept me from getting into many, many situations, which I now recognize. If it wasn’t for her, who knows what would have happened.) Now that she was gone, I was free to get into trouble. At school, my friends and I got away with so much (thinking back, I can’t believe the things that I did – just plain stupid). I can remember being drunk a few times in some classes. We even took sips in class before. At one time, we cut our forth period class for more than four weeks straight. Sometimes I used to go in, sit down, and just walk out. It wasn’t the faculty’s fault, we just knew how to work each and every one. We were too slick to get caught when we cut school. We had fast legs and fast mouths.

Senior year came and we really owned the school. We already knew how to get around everything, but having the excuse of being a senior made it even easier. The year was pretty much like others, but it was much more laid back. Towards the end of my senior year my grades began to slip in my classes because I knew that I could do just enough to get by. One of the teachers, whose class my grades were slipping in, turned me around. He was the joking type of teacher, and whenever I was around him in the vicinity of other people he started to say, “He’s failing my class. My class is the easiest class to pass, and he’s failing. All you have to do in my class is show up, and he’s failing.” He was telling everybody. At first it was funny, but he kept doing it, and after a while it started to get to me. It made me embarrassed and ashamed. Then in my other classes I started to get the indication that people thought I wasn’t stupid. The next thing I know I started studying, taking notes for tests, watching less TV, going to bed earlier, and attending nearly every class. It was easy. I graduated with a 3.5 (or something like that), which I know could have been higher, but I let my grades slip in one class because I knew that I could just get by. The teacher gave us points for assignments, so I calculated them. She said that I was going to fail, but I told her that I wasn’t. I guess I wanted to test my limits. I didn’t fail.

Soon after graduation, I was seeing that a relationship wasn’t the thing for me and that I was very good at being a lady’s man (at this point I had only had one real girlfriend). The only things I learned from the relationship were the power of love, a female’s ways, and how to recognize each time someone was lying and trying to get over on me. This led to me finding out that a friend of mine wasn’t true, so our friendship began to cease. After a while, we got a new member to our three-man crew. We hung out all the time and drank alcohol almost nightly. By us watching, listening, analyzing, and comparing notes we became very good at getting girls and getting what we wanted from them. Age eighteen or forty, it didn’t matter. (In 1997, when everyone thought the lesbian thing was disgusting, we embraced it.) There was never a doubt as to being able to get any female. And we were never amazed by the things rappers and stars were doing with women because we were doing the same things and more; without ever lying, saying “I love you,” giving up money, or being their boyfriends – well, at least I didn’t. We had gone from wanting sex, to wanting money, then wanting mind-control. We knew that the mind was everything. Our main goal was to use our knowledge and understanding to

break into the world of big business and take over.

During this time, I used to hang out with whomever I wanted to hang out with, and even though I knew other people would think in their minds (because they wouldn't say it to my face), "Why is he hanging out with that person?" I still wouldn't disassociate with someone just because of what other people thought. To me, there were two wrongs in that, caring about what others thought about me doing something that was okay – being controlled by their beliefs (being a follower) – and not associating with someone just because of the way they looked or the status they held with others. If they were unpopular, it didn't matter, just as long as they're character was cool. If they were of another race, it didn't matter. One day, I'm kicking it with Bloods, and the next day kicking it with Crips. Whoever wanted to kick it, I wouldn't discriminate. I liked to show people a good time, and my friends and I always did that. I know that we turned a lot of people into alcohol drinkers.

After a couple of months of partying every single night with no breaks, I finally started to feel the real world. The time came when borrowing my mom's car wasn't working and I needed my own car, so I had to get a job. I got a warehouse job as a temporary employee (it took me several months to find a job). I saved up all of my money and in March 1998, I got my first car. Because I gave 200% when I worked, they saw this, and took advantage of me for a year and a half. They would give me tasks, and I would do them. They would give me more, and I would do it. And this kept going and going, but I wasn't being compensated for it. While this was occurring, I was learning even more about real life: job, car maintenance, car payments, insurance, relationship problems (on and off again), and other responsibilities. The people at the job were cool, but the way they took advantage of me let me know that I had to own my own business. Being used, plus having my back in pain and not being able to heal (was involved in a minor car accident the prior year), I finally quit my job. All of that wasn't worth it. Quitting was a very, very hard thing to do because I never quit anything no matter what. After quitting, I just hung out with my friends while my back healed.

I saw how my on and off again girlfriend (same girl) and other females did some of the same things. One thing they did was that they tried to get males angry on purpose by saying or doing certain things. I also saw how they used the same games through sex – using it to have control in a situation. I wasn't going to be a pawn like every other male, so I played along with the games. In situations, I acted as though I didn't care. I cared a little, but didn't show it. I saw that I was winning, so I kept on with it. I kept molding my mind, and soon after, I didn't care at all. Every girl I met, there was no care. In every way and in every situation, I reversed the normal way they were used to. I noticed every single little game they tried to play, but it never worked because not caring shut them off on everything. If a girl wouldn't give me her number, I wouldn't care at all. I would just continue on as if nothing happened, still being friendly towards her when I saw her again. This messed their minds up. If I was in a club or some social event and a girl tried to play hard to get, I would make her regret it. I would continue like it was nothing, go "do my thing" on the dance floor, and by the end of the night have her wanting me. I knew just what mind game to run on what female in what situation. I ran so many different types that I always came out on top. After a while it was like a quick game of chess that I played automatically – it was me.

At parties, rapping was the popular thing to do because everyone wanted to do

and be the popular thing, which rap was. It wasn't anything special to me because I had been around rappers and rap music my whole life, being from Oakland. Everyone wanted to be rappers, and with everyone wanting to do it, I wasn't going to follow. While others would be rapping, I would be off talking to the girls. Sometimes the girls would ask me if I rapped, why I wasn't rapping, or if I was going to be a rapper. I would say, "Hell no, I'll be the one owning the company the rappers are rapping for." I didn't say it to impress them (I never even knew how they would take it and didn't care), I just said how I truly felt. Being after money, I knew that the money was in owning the company, and could also see who the pimp and h# was in the record company and rapper relationship. No matter what others wanted to do or how many people followed, I knew what they didn't know, and went with what I knew. It turned out that being different and proud of it, the girls loved it.

During these days, no matter where I went, everyone smoked weed. Me, I didn't want to smoke weed, because everyone did it. I just stuck to alcohol. Time after time people would offer it to me, but almost every single time I would turn it down. The times that I did smoke it would be special occasions. (I remember staying away from weed for about two years straight once. That's a feat compared to what was around me.) All I kept hearing was "You don't smoke weed?!" and I would proudly state, "Nope." (It was a process for me to learn how not to care what other people thought and to know how to stand strong in my decision that was opposite there's.) It was like me and anything common or traditional didn't mix. Others would say that you have to do this and do that, or do it this way or that way, and I would think to myself, "Says who?" I liked going against what was common on purpose, not only so that I wouldn't be a follower, but so that other people would know that they didn't have to go with the crowd either. It was weird. It was as if I was trying to be an example for them; as if I was trying to show them that there was nothing to fear. It was probably because I hated how everyone would follow out of fear.

My life was filled with clubs, girls, and alcohol. I remember noticing how I would be bolder when I was drunk, so I used to test myself to make sure that it was me, and not the alcohol. I found out that part of it was the alcohol, so I made it me, and did things without being drunk. I recognized any and every flaw in my "game" (There's different uses of the word "game," but for this use: knowledge and understanding, and knowing how to use it correctly in order to get what you want. Knowing how to sell. Manipulation tools.) and I corrected it, fine tuning it. I continued to do this, so all I did was continue to grow. It got to the point where the only flaws that I recognized were in other people's "game". My friends and I went to clubs a lot, and when we were out on the town, we were wild. At every single club we went to we would be the center of attention. We knew what to do to get the girls wanting us. After a while it got to the point where we would be walking through a club and would just know that we could have sex with this girl or that girl from their body language and other signs. The hunt was no longer challenging, so the whole ordeal became boring. We even stayed away from many girls on purpose. We could tell if they were the types that would get too attached after dealing with us.

Months and months went by and we were still up to the same old things. While other people were calm, cool, and "lovey dovey" with females, we were just cutthroat and raw (but never verbally disrespecting because that would be "anti-game," and never

with anger because that would mean that we let her get us mad – she would have power). We would get numbers and never call. We would talk to a girl and find one little thing wrong with her and “cancel her” right there. If a female got an attitude, she was canceled. And so much more. We didn’t make females our girlfriends because that way there was no liability on our part. We were dogs and proud of it. All that my friends and I knew, our whole life, was manipulation. We were manipulating every girl we were in contact with and had them either making us money or giving us money. Because of our business sense and knowledge, we wanted to use the pimp game (This use of “game” is like business, system, world, or reality.) in a different way. Instead of the regular on the corner thing other people did, we wanted to be different and do an escort service (before people got the idea from movies), so we worked on the idea whenever we could. With that idea on the back burner, I researched information on opening up a club, since it was something my friends and I had planned to do after graduation.

After doing months worth of research on opening up a club, I drew up a business plan for the club. In September of 1999 my friend and I (one member of our three man crew went to the military) tried to get a business loan, but were unsuccessful. Later on we went to the SBA and tried to get a loan, and once again we were unsuccessful. What made this one worst was a lady who said, “Oh, this is a good business plan, whoever did this for you did a good job.” And as she was going through the plan, three different times she said that we should have included a certain thing, and three different times we showed her where it was located in the plan. She then tried to tell us about some seminars, which of course costs money. We left out of there angry, but we didn’t show it. We didn’t want to be rude. When we got out of the building we talked about her bad (of course). The experience only fueled the fire for me, but nearly put it out for my friend. We called all around town to find places to rent out in order to throw one-day events so that we could start off slow, but none of them wanted to cater to the type of music that we were going to be playing. It was very frustrating because I knew that it was a good idea and we wanted to jump on it before others realized the same.

A few months later, I got yet another job. Shortly after, the transmission in my car went out, and I started to go into debt. At first, I didn’t know what was going on, so I took the car to a car shop. They told me that it could be the transmission and that they could inspect it for a price, but I didn’t have the money to do it. A little later I found out for a fact that it was the transmission. I called around pricing transmissions and they all were too much. I didn’t have money to spend on a used transmission, let alone a new one, and to save enough money so that the shop could do it would take months, so I decided that I would take it out myself (it was a front-wheel-drive transmission). I always fixed my own car after first getting it and taking it to shop for simple things like tune-ups or oil changes and having it come out with something else wrong. After spending money on that, I got the book for my car and did things myself.

I had to get a ride to and from work by my friend, which forced me to depend on someone, other than my mother, for the first time in my life. He would show up late every day (he was only on time about three days of the whole ordeal). Some days, minutes late; a few days, an hour to hours late. It was hell. I asked him to do it right or not to do it at all, but he kept saying that he could do it. I paid him gas money even though I needed every last penny for my car; the more I saved, the quicker it would be done. He didn’t ask for gas money and would sometimes try to say no, but I always paid.

Everyday after work, I would get home, change clothes, and go straight to the garage. I would be there until late at night taking out the transmission. I took parts off and labeled them so that I would know for a fact what they were and where they went when it was time to put in the new transmission.

Each day, it was the same thing: go to work; sit there after work waiting for my ride, stressing, wondering when he'll show up, and then go home to work on the transmission. I didn't have tool sets, and no power tools, I just had tools. I had to borrow some sockets and other tools from my step-dad (my mom had gotten married in 1994), and made tools out of other tools. I didn't even have a transmission jack (something I didn't find out about until the end), I had to use a couple of car jacks and some wood. It was freezing cold in the garage and on the garage floor (concrete). I remember blood, sweat, and almost tears. I had cut up, bruised and busted knuckles with grease and dirt in the bloody wounds. The whole process was no joke. Of course, working on the car everyday, those wounds never got a chance to heal. I hated when I would hit my knuckles right in the same open, oily cuts. It was so much pain that my hands would be shaking, but I kept going each day. I was at work with cut up knuckles and dirty fingernails. I was flat broke, and had to put every dime on bills, gas for my ride to and from work, and toward saving for my transmission, but at work they were talking about potlucks and birthday gifts – taking pennies I didn't have to give.

When I was almost finished with the transmission, the last bolt wasn't even shown by the book. It took hours to figure it out, get to it, and to get it out. My step-dad helped me with that part. He helped me hold things in place a couple of minutes on a few days, and helped me get the transmission in my trunk when it was out, but 99% of it I did by myself. I was thinking that finally it would all be over, and no more getting rides. I went searching all around for rebuilt transmissions, because I couldn't afford a new one, but I could only search on weekends because I worked the whole week. Every weekend when I thought the problem was going to be solved, it wasn't. Each time, they had rebuilt transmissions priced only a little lower than new ones, so I would have to wait a whole other week. Finally, I decided to search for a used one. I was scheduled to pick up a used transmission at an auto dismantler but there was no guarantee that the used one wouldn't go out in a couple of months. It had a warranty, but there was no way that I was about to put it in and take it back out if something was wrong. I ended up not going to pick it up. Nothing was accomplished, once again. I was more than angry.

Later on I talked to my brother-in-law who told me about getting the transmission rebuilt. I knew that it would mean more waiting because I had to save the money, but finally I agreed. Every place that I would call charged labor to take it apart and inspect it to see if it could be rebuilt, but I finally got a hold of a place that said that they would take it apart for free and tell me if it could be rebuilt, and then give me a price. I questioned if I could just get it inspected to see if it could be rebuilt and that's it. They said that it was free, but they charged to put it back to together again. I decided to do it. I took it in to get it checked and they said that it could be rebuilt. They gave me their price, but I didn't really care to hear it, I just took by transmission back in pieces (I know that they didn't expect that). Now that I knew that it could be rebuilt, I had to search for the cheapest price. I found a suitable price and told them about me only bringing in the transmission and putting it back in myself when it was done. They didn't recommend it, but I had already taken it out, so they told me that I would have to bring the car in when it

was done so that they could check over the work. Everything was a go. So, in December of 1999, I put my transmission in the shop.

When the transmission was finished being rebuilt I couldn't even get it out because I didn't have enough money yet (even though my friend in the military had given me \$500). After weeks of stressing, I finally got it out. I went home and went straight to work. Putting it back in was faster than taking it out, but of course, there were problems here and there like always. When I finally got towards the end, and it was ready to go back in place, I went to rent an engine hoist to put it in place (I didn't rent it in the beginning because I didn't have the money to rent for all of the days I needed it). When I was finished with the hoist, I returned it and saw a transmission jack there – something I could have really used (it would have saved me much trouble and time). When I got home, I received a call from the rental place. They said that they were missing a part to the engine hoist. I looked in the garage and found it, so I had to go back to the store to return it. It was non-stop with things happening, and prolonging the situation. When I was all done with the transmission I started the car and everything seemed fine. The next thing I knew, the transmission was leaking fluid. It was like, “here we go.” I called the shop and they told me that I should get it towed to the shop so that they could look at it. I was angry, that would be more money, gone. I thought about changing it and just driving it to the shop, which was only about a mile away, but the fluid was coming out too fast. I decided to get it towed as they said.

When I got the car to the shop they raised it up, dropped one side of the transmission in seconds (something that took me forever with my tools and understanding), and found the source of the leak. It was only a little screw-in plug that was missing. They asked me if I knew anything about that being taken out, and I said, “No.” (Later I realized that after the transmission had been taken apart and inspected at the first shop, I unscrewed the plug at home and didn't put it back in.) They then put another plug in and put the transmission back in place. After that they told me that the work was fine, and that was it. I kept saying to myself, “Never again.” I never wanted to see another transmission in my life. The whole process was like a rollercoaster ride of frustration, stress, worry, fear, and anger. And I realized that it wouldn't have been like that if I didn't let myself be made to want to rush, I should have had more patience. It was then that I realized how valuable patience was, and how it worked. It was as if I just found a priceless jewel, and I kept it hidden away as something special. This was early to mid 2000.

I was working but I couldn't get caught up on my bills. I tried to pay off some of the bills that had grown, but I couldn't because I kept getting tickets over my expired registration and insurance that I couldn't update because I didn't have enough money. I also had a credit card bill to pay, which added to the debt from traffic fines. I went from spending a couple of hundred dollars to owing over a thousand. I knew that I should have never gotten it. I never wanted to get a credit card like everyone else. I didn't like the whole idea of them. I thought that if I wanted something, I would save my money to get it. If I didn't have enough money to get something right then and there, then I couldn't get it – no big deal. I had finally broken down and ended up getting one because everyone was in my ear telling me that I needed one for credit, and how I had to have credit. I shouldn't have listened. My plan was to buy a few things and then pay it off (basing the future on now – “knowing” that I was going to be able to pay it off), but life

didn't happen that way, my transmission going out ruined my plans.

After about six total months on my job (December 2000 - June 2000) I got a pinched nerve and had to quit. After a while, I needed money, so I sold weed for a while and pimped a girl who came and went every other month. I wasn't her pimp because I had bigger plans than street pimping and didn't want to get caught up in that. I always told her this so that there wouldn't be any confusion with her, or anyone else, thinking that what I was doing with her was my pimping. But I still made money off her. During this time, I thought for a fact that I was cursed because of all of the things that would happen to me (there was always something going wrong), especially the things that would happen all at once. For instance, when my friends and I would order food at any fast food restaurant, my order would take the longest or something would go wrong, every time (this had been happening for years). While this was going on, I was back to not having a job but having many bills owed. The first year of going through so many things was the worst. This second year wasn't as bad as the first (even though my dog died) because I was so strong after surviving the previous year. (Everything that tested me or was a problem only made me stronger and strive harder. Of course, I see that now, but I surely didn't at that time.) My fear of these types of situations (being in a bind) was dropping. I was starting to realize that they always worked out every single time.

I was tired, to the point of tears, of going through things. I wanted a rest in life. I was the only one going through things like this. I was either getting tickets, fixing something on my car, or dealing with some other problem. Mad at the world (I hated the world), I got into a lot of confrontations. In nearly every confrontation people would back out. They would see how my friends and I looked on the outside, and would talk loud, but then when they saw what was on the inside – Jekyll and Hyde – all of a sudden they were just playing. Because of this, my anger never got released. It just kept building and building. This only added to the rage inside of me. When I was in the house, all of the frustration, stress, and anger kept building and building until it got to the point where I knew that I was crazy (the same for my friends) and would snap on anyone who tested me (I had some serious anger problems). My close friends and I would get into fights nearly everywhere we went. All three of us loved to fight, and I liked to be outnumbered, but we never started fights though.

With all of that anger in my heart I started to have nightmares where there was always violence involved. I got shot a couple of times in one dream and could actually feel the pain and very, very hot burning of the bullets, but I didn't die. I also had two other dreams where I got shot in the head but didn't die. The last straw came when I had a dream that someone I knew was outside of the car arguing with someone else while I was in the passenger seat of a car. The person I knew then got into the driver's seat. Next, there were shots and then my head started slumping over. I saw that I was slowly slumping over, so I tried to raise myself back up, but nothing happened; my thinking and emotions were active, but my body wasn't responding. I heard people outside the car screaming and running, and then everything started fading out while I was still in the process of slumping over. I then realized that I must have gotten shot, so I got scared and started panicking, but my body wasn't reacting, it was still in the process of slumping over. This made me more scared. Lastly, my body was slumping over and then everything completely faded out. It all happened in about six seconds. It was one of the most realistic dreams I had ever had. I actually felt and experienced what it was like to

die. It was one of the worst experiences of my life (at that time).

After the dream, I prayed for God to take my temper away. I also started skimming through the Bible and getting closer to God. I had always prayed in the past, but I had stopped for a couple of months, probably because I went to bed drunk most of the time. I thought about an occurrence with Tupac's anger problem and what happened to him. I thought to myself that maybe things happen so that you would react, get angry, and do something; then after you do something, that's when you're caught. I was thinking whether or not that was how temptation and the devil worked. I was beginning to see that it was, so I really wanted my anger to be gone. While in the house, I finally confronted my father's death and did some crying. Usually whenever someone would talk about my father I wouldn't want to talk about it. It was like I kept pushing it to the side and never dealt with it. After confronting it, I was fine (I realized and thought deeply into things, like the fact that my life wouldn't be how it was, and I wouldn't be who I was, if he wouldn't have died). Also during this time, my grandfather and a couple of my friends had died. I always wanted to live forever, and then I truly did. I thought about living forever and seeing everyone that I knew die, and I just thought to myself that I would just take the pain and keep living. I knew the pain would come and go. Death was still my only fear.

A couple of more months passed and I got another job, so I eased off selling weed and small-time pimping (end of 2000 to beginning of 2001). I also enrolled in community college to gain more understanding on what I was going to be doing. I took "Business Law," "Introduction to Business," and "Real Estate" (I knew where the money was to be made). I wanted what I needed, and that was it. I didn't want a degree (I wasn't down with a package deal). I wasn't going to pay for what I didn't need just because everyone else in the world did. At that time, I was working full-time and going to school, while picking up and dropping off my friend who worked and went to school with me (It was very hard on me and I never got enough sleep). And nearly a year after going through transmission problems, my engine started having problems. I didn't know enough about engines, and was scared to deal with it, so I was forced to take it to the shop to be looked at. I ended up spending close to five hundred dollars. Days later, it was worse. I took it back and found out that I needed to get a new engine; what I had spent money on wasn't the problem. Once again, I had to suffer and get rides to work. Because I used most of my money on the engine, I went into debt even further.

One night while my friend and I were going home from a club, I was pulled over by the police. The officer came to the window and asked the questions they'd always asked me: if the car was mine and if I was on parole. He said that he pulled me over because I made an unsafe lane change. Next, he asked me if I knew that I had expired registration. I then explained to him that I was going to renew my registration in exactly six hours (which I was). I even had all of the paperwork already in the car, ready to go. He then noticed a brown paper bag under my seat and asked me what it was and if he could search my car. I said that I didn't know what it was and no, he couldn't search my car. I then told him to just give me the ticket so that I could go. He then went to his car to run my license, and after about fifteen minutes, he returned. He told me to get out of the car, and he and his partner then surrounded me and kept trying to get me to agree to searching my car. I kept saying no and was trying to walk away, but they were in my way. After a while, I finally got back to my car and I sat inside. He then went to his car

to talk to his partner, they began to laugh, and he returned to my window. He said he was going to tow my car because of my expired registration (towing a car gives them the right to search it). They finally got what they wanted – they searched my car and only found an empty bottle of liquor.

After a while of waiting for the tow-truck, it finally arrived and they towed my car away. They left my friend and I in the cold and fog, about twenty-five miles from home at 2:30 am. Luckily my friend decided to borrow his mom's cell phone that night (I think it was the only time he had ever done that). We used the phone and called our other friend, and he came and picked us up. For the next few days I went through fear and worry because this was the first time my car was ever impounded, and I didn't know what was going to happen or if I was going to be able to get my car back. My only choice was to use the money from my tax returns that had just arrived, but I was stressed out for days because I knew that the check would take too long to come. It was only after this stress that I learned about getting my taxes done and getting a loan on the refund in order to get the money faster. I went through with it and was able to get my car out before they started adding on fees. I was so relieved. If this incident would have happened at another time, I would have been stuck. I was also angry because there was always something happening to me. (When the court date from the incident arrived, I pleaded not guilty so that I could go to trial. On the day of the trial, I was fully prepared and couldn't wait to expose their unlawful tactics. Of course, the cop didn't show, so I won the case. But in reality, he still won.)

The job that I was at was pretty easy, and I didn't have any problems at all with the work, but I had a big problem with fair treatment. After giving 200% and getting used once again (I do all of the work while the person who the boss knows, likes, and is used to does nothing), in March of 2001, I quit my job. At each job I held, I would find more efficient ways of doing things, and at each job they would have me doing the work of two or more people without giving me a thing in return. Each time, it was the same thing. I was tired of being used. I also hated the feeling of someone telling me what to do as if they were my mother, and the feeling of not being able to do the job more efficiently just because the way they did it was the way they were used to doing it. In spite of quitting the job, I still finished off the semester at school. (And in one class, my friend and I didn't have enough money to get the book, but we made it through the whole semester without one.) I ended the semester with an A, A-, and B+, and I planned to take more classes later on.

Soon after this, I put my hate for working for someone else to the side and got another job. (It was torture for me to be working for someone else.) After a few months there, once again, I quit my job (June 2001), but this time it was in order to open the escort service with my friend. I always wondered why people always said never mix friends, family, and business, then I found out one reason. My friend didn't want to do the business as much as I did (although it seemed that way from the outside), which resulted in him not giving his all, and coming short on the money that he said he could put in. I had quit my job for nothing. After that, I then decided to do the business on my own, and do anything else that followed on my own. Once again I was in the house, and once again I was getting a little bit closer to God. Due to my lack of knowledge about faith, I wanted to end my lack of money situation myself. I plotted to rob a few liquor stores and a fast-food restaurant, but every single time there was some reason why it

wasn't safe, and I rarely took unsafe chances. I recognized those problems as signs from God saying that I better not do it, so I dropped the whole idea.

While in the house, I analyzed stealing and came to realization that not only was it a violation of the Ten Commandments, it was exactly like rape. I knew that I would never rape a woman because I would have to be a "trick" (someone so tempted by sex that they would spend money or pay for it) with no "game" to do something like that. "Game" was something that I knew I had and based my whole life around, so for me to rob someone was like saying that I didn't have enough brains to get it myself – I was weak. I never ever thought about stealing anything after realizing that. I ended up pawning some of my possessions so that I could get some money to buy some weed to sell. Another one of my friends and I put our money together, I then put my business sense into the plan, and we started making money.

One day, after a few weeks had passed, my friend couldn't invest back into the business (selling drugs), so I continued on my own (for the next five months). All the while my loyalty and knowledge of the real pimp game continued to blossom. Soon after, I found myself collecting money from a girl while setting up drug deals on my cell-phone. The money I made always went to my bills and fines because they were the reasons that I was doing the things that I did (I also didn't go too big for this reason). No one in town knew what I really was or what I was really doing when it came to pimping because I never told people my business (only some people knew that I was pimping). And I didn't wear flashy clothes or conduct business from the street. But a lot of people knew that I was selling drugs because I treated it like it was a real business and wanted them to buy from me. I was available from 11:00 am to 3:00 am every single day with no breaks. I didn't even smoke weed, and would never use any other drug except weed or alcohol, so I was making all profit (I took it very seriously). The money motivated me to be very good at being bad. I even sold a little bit of crank and ecstasy off and on during this time. At one time, I had it all for sell at once – girls, weed, crank, and ecstasy.

I began to admire people who were hustlers, like Don King, Hugh Hefner, Donald Trump, Too Short, Master P, and Bill Gates. No one knew about it, but I had a fool-proof, road- to-riches plan already mapped out, with back-up plans for each step (Underneath, one of the main reasons I wanted to be very wealthy was to help others, especially the homeless and those in the ghetto. I was going to milk the rich and give to the poor.). I even gave up the idea of moving out, accepting the possible ridicule of others – "a man in his twenties still living with his mother" – just to ensure its success. All I needed was the first step, and then it was all uphill from there. I also had to rush to pay off my bills and fines because my mom wanted to move somewhere else, which meant that I was going to have to find a place to live. I wasn't going to let anything stop me from making it big. Other people's doubts surely didn't get to me. All throughout my life I loved when people doubted me, and I never let it move me or cause me to do anything. I knew that whatever it was would be proven in due time. I wasn't a talker at all, I was a doer.

I never bragged about anything in my life and I never told my business (something my close friends and I did like law since high school), so no one knew me although they thought they did. Everyone had all kinds of different beliefs about me. It used to make me laugh when someone would try to give me advice on how to talk to a girl when I knew in my mind that I had twenty times more knowledge on the subject than

them, and wasn't even tempted by any girl. They used to get all excited at a girl's show of interest and say, "man, you better get that," but it was nothing to me – it was regular for me, but not them. People just didn't know or understand that I had mastered that whole game years back. From the outside looking in, it seemed as though I was shy or scared, when in reality only money and getting into a girl's mind did it for me. I proceeded to let people think whatever they wanted to think about me, while I continued to make money. It wasn't long before I was a full-blown money hungry person. I needed money like I needed air. I didn't follow any sports teams or watch any sports on TV like the rest of my friends. One reason was that I didn't have the time. The main reason was because in my heart, I truly lived by the phrase, "if it don't make dollars, then it don't make sense." Anything and everything that I did had to be about money.

The way I was, I wouldn't give a girl a penny. I had many experiences, even before this time period, where a girl would ask for money for something, and it would be something real small (one time, a piece of candy; other times, food), and I would have hundreds in my pocket, but not give her a cent. Many times I got called all kinds of names for doing this, and they would be very angry, but I knew one name they couldn't call me was a "trick." Even if no one was around to know about it but me, I still couldn't do it; I didn't want to break, and wouldn't. I knew that if I did break, I would still know about it, and know that I wasn't a pimp right then, and wouldn't be until I couldn't break. I knew that just because no one else knew about it, it wouldn't change the fact that it was done, making me a lawbreaker. I couldn't say that I was one thing while I did another. Even though I knew that everyone else followed the unwritten rules of pimping only in certain circumstances but still called themselves "pimp," I couldn't (everyone was scared to be called a "trick," not knowing that 99% of men are actually "tricks"). While other people pretended or thought they were a pimp, I was "pimp" to the fullest (I even went through a point earlier where I said that I was a pimp, until I started growing in pimping, then I knew that what I was in the past wasn't 100% "pimp"). And this was 2001, long before pimping was made popular by music and movies.

During this time in my life, and even before it, I didn't try to get girls numbers because I already knew that the same thing would come out of the whole process – sex (I remember I would wish for some girls to be the type to not give it up, but they all did –every race and type of girl you could imagine). Whenever I would meet a girl I would be me (be real) – no lies, no lines, just the straight truth. They were attracted to the way I said no (I didn't care and didn't want anything from them), unlike the males they were used to always saying yes because the girl looked good or they wanted sex from them. I still got a kick out of making them want me and being able to get their minds. It was like it was my sex – after I got their mind, I was satisfied. Because it didn't take anything to get over, it became even more easier and got more boring than it was the years before. Just as I had maxed out being able to get sex in the past, I had maxed out being able to get the mind. It was like I knew how to conquer every type of female mind, so nothing was left. I put myself in a weird position, I wanted more, but there was nothing more.

I remember every once in a blue moon my friends would want to go to a strip club. I never wanted to go; it wasn't me. I couldn't get excited just over seeing a female, and especially females who were trying to get my money. It's like, why would I pay for something that first of all, I don't want, and secondly, I could go home and watch TV to see. On top of that, why would I pay to see when I could have the real thing for free.

And not even that, I could get the real thing for free and get paid myself. It was funny to me. It was especially funny because of the things they did, like rubbing on my leg, sitting on my lap, or talking sweet to me as if that was going to get me. I didn't like them being around me because I knew what they were up to – doing those things to try to get money out of me. In my mind: you want money, and I want money; you're money hungry, but I'm even more money hungry than you so you would give up money before I did; you a manipulator, but I'm a hundred times more of a manipulator than you so there's no way I would fall for those weak attempts ("game" recognize "game"). Even when I first stepped foot in a strip club at age eighteen I was laughing at the females. Me and any gold digging females were like oil and water, and I used to love to make them angry by not yielding to them like other men. I was always that exception.

Since I stayed true to pimping and didn't want to be ashamed of it, any female that asked if I was a pimp I would answer yes no matter how good they looked, what I was risking, or if they would hate my guts (this was when anything "pimp" was hated by females – before "pimp" was made popular). I was so good at manipulating minds that I made females not care about what I was or had done. If they didn't want anything to do with me, I never cared because I loved money, not sex and women. I had so much "game" that it seemed as though I didn't have any (extreme deception). I called it "stealth game." A few females even said that I didn't have "game," but didn't even realize that I never called them, they called me; I got whatever I wanted, they got nothing; I never said that I liked or loved them ... , and so on. They couldn't see it at work in their lives. I wasn't going off any Hollywood image, I was just 100% real. I had never even seen the movie "The Mack," so I wasn't following a script. I was going off real life, and real life was far more than you could put in a movie. Not going off of any script (movie, music, or someone else's example), I learned how to move and manipulate in so many different ways. My bag of tricks was unlimited.

I gave my soul to the "pimp game" and would have died proudly for it (like a dummy). I can even remember a time before this period in my life when I was alone in my room thinking about the "pimp game." It was like I was going over a contract, and on each part, I thought about it and then accepted it. The idea popped into my head that I would never get married because I didn't, and would never, trust anyone, especially a woman, and I accepted it. The idea popped into my head that since I would never get married I would never have any children (knowing that I would not have children without marriage), and I accepted it. The idea popped into my head that people would hate my guts (I didn't care what anyone thought of me anyway), and I accepted. The idea popped into my head that I would be lonely for the rest of my life (knowing that this was something that a lot of females used to tell me, and I used to say "so what, as long as I have my money"), and I accepted it. The idea popped into my head that I could never ever give a female a penny no matter who she was or what she looked like (this was easy because I had always lived by that), and I accepted. The idea popped into my head that I would never love because I would never trust, and I accepted it. Then the idea popped into my head that I would have to continue this for life, and accepted it.

I didn't have a heart or sympathy for females and was never tempted, not even a little bit, by sex. I had too much self control. Sex couldn't compare to the feeling I got when a girl had sex with someone for money and came to me to give me all of the money. I didn't see anything wrong with what I was doing because I didn't care about man-made

laws, but I was beginning to care about God's laws. I never heard anything about pimping or selling drugs in the Bible, although I never checked for myself, so I didn't see how it was wrong by God. One thing that I made sure of was to never ever let anyone, male or female, get over on me. No matter what, I couldn't and didn't let it happen. I had to know that I had them in my hands, and that was all that mattered. Even if they thought they had me, I would let them think so because I knew that I truly had them.

I don't remember exactly when it was, but I think it was sometime around this year that I had another realistic dream. This time I was at my grandmother's old house in the Bay Area, and she said something like, "You should be ashamed of yourself, the way that you treat those girls." Then she called me all sorts of names in a disgusted, angry manner. I had never ever heard my grandmother say anything like that, and especially not to me. I was in so much shock, and so hurt, that I started crying. And crying was something that I didn't do. I then woke up and I was crying. I sat in the chair in my room and I continued to cry for about ten more minutes. I then snapped out of it and asked myself, "What in the hell am I doing?" I don't know if I was still asleep while I was in the chair crying or if I was awake. It was too weird. This situation affected me a lot.

I can remember one instance from these days where I was talking to a girl on the phone and she was asking me questions about myself (the same old routine) and I asked her, "You want to know why I'm not asking you any questions, huh?" She said, "Yeah." and something else after that. I told her one of my "secrets". I told her that I get everything I need to know and want to know from listening. And I could (most of the time I didn't even want to know things because I didn't care). All I had to do was listen to someone and I would know all about them (I made sure I had enough clues though, I never assumed). The knowledge and understanding that I had of people and life caused me to think differently about everything. I compared my thinking to the movie "The Matrix," everyone else was seeing false or illusive things, while I saw things for what they really were – small print, motives, and all. Everything that went in and out of my brain was put on trial by my own court system in my head. Everyone and everything was guilty until proven innocent (because I didn't trust anybody), and then innocent until proven guilty, but never charged until proven guilty. This caused me to think 24/7, which got very annoying (throughout my life, all I ever did was think, but now it was worst). Sometimes it would get to the point where it was like torture.

Whenever someone lied to me or tried to deceive me, I would know about it (I knew the whole art of deception – no one could "run game" on me). If I didn't know at that moment, I would just sit back and not worry about it because I knew that the proof would come out later as it always had. (Years after this point in my life, I read a copy of a letter that I had written to my girlfriend in the past and I had stated the same thing to her, but I said that God would tell me the truth. This was weird because I thought I was just starting to really get into God.) When people would do or say something that "caught them up in their lie," they would think that I didn't see it or hear it because I didn't respond to it immediately, but I always saw it and heard it. I always let people think that I didn't know their plans and lies, but if they tried to deceive me too much, I would "bust them out" and expose every lie, as if saying, "Yeah, you thought I didn't know?"

I was still wild on the inside and this would show on certain occasions. I was

basically either off or on – calm or somewhat crazy. There was really no in between. If someone I knew did something small like make an insulting comment, I really didn't do anything. I didn't want to be "on" for something small – I couldn't give them too much for something little. If it was someone I didn't know, depending on what was said or done and how it was said or done, I would react. In the clubs is where people would really get disrespectful. My friends and I had been thrown out of almost every single club in town, and me in other cities. After happening so much, I saw how getting angry over disrespect only led to bad things, and how being angry ate up a whole lot of energy. This was especially true after an incident in Reno (I had a warrant and was still in the middle of the streets trying to fight someone). In Reno, I almost went overboard. I saw that I didn't have self control, so I was finished with fighting over stupid things. From then on I would let more things slide and not get into anything that I absolutely didn't have to (I now know that I absolutely don't have to get into anything).

Still in business, I wasn't getting sleep, and every morning I awoke to a phone call. Each time I would try to eat breakfast, there goes the phone. Each time I would try to get in the shower or was in the shower, there goes the phone. It was like I had to sneak to do everything. It was getting to be annoying, and I had to yell at a few customers. After a while I had to put myself in check. I convinced myself that I had to keep it cool and just do it, it was for money. Everyday, all day and night, I was out of the house. I was only in the house to sleep. At night I would pick up my friends and take them out with me. At the end of every night we would end up at a club or the pool hall. I never ever charged them gas money and would pay for the pool table, food, and sometimes their way into clubs. I had the money, so I would give to my friends. (If I had a choice of having fun with a girl or just hanging out with my friends, I always chose my friends – even if what the girl had planned was ten times better, and even with my own girlfriend in the past – but I never got the same measure of loyalty from my friends.)

I continued my illegal business, while drinking and driving at the same time, so something was bound to happen. After five years of drinking and driving, in October 2001 I finally got a D.U.I. Because of this, I decided to stop drinking. This lasted for a couple of days, then I tried to drink again (while driving, and driving on a suspended license), but it wasn't the same. Drinking was worn out, so I decided to quit until New Years (This wasn't the first time that I decided to quit. I had quit drinking several times before, and had quit drinking, smoking weed, and having sex for months out the year earlier, but I can't remember why.). While in D.U.I. class I would hear about death. Then I would go home and see nothing but death on TV. Along with that going on, I would hear about someone getting killed near my dealing spot almost every other week. Every night I was taking a huge risk by being out there selling drugs right in the middle of a turf war. I knew that I could have been killed any day, but I still continued – I didn't think that God would let me die. Each time that I had time to stop, think, and visualize I would wonder what if it just happened right then at that moment, and the way it could happen. I kept thinking about death and couldn't stop.

I had death on my mind all day, but I didn't believe that I was going to die until Aaliyah (music artist) died. This was a huge blow to me for two reasons: I looked back on my life and realized all of the things I had done without even realizing it. I finally questioned the things I was doing and I thought, "How could someone so sweet die so young, and someone like me, doing the things I was doing, still be alive?" The second

blow was that I wanted her as a girlfriend, but two days before her death instead of maintaining that goal, I had fully in my mind changed my sincere want for her into another reason why I should be rich (fuel for my drive), since the only way to meet her was to get rich. Whatever goals I made in life, I knew for a fact that there was no one or anything that could stop me from accomplishing it because of the knowledge and drive that I had ("can't" didn't exist to me). I couldn't believe that one of my huge goals could just be completely taken away from me without me even starting on it. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't comprehend it. It was the biggest wake-up call I had ever received. It told me that I wasn't in control no matter how much I knew or how much drive I had. I got the feeling that her death was the beginning of something, but I didn't know what.

I continued with what I was doing, but I was full of doubt about everything. There was so much going on in my life and the world that I even finally broke down and tried ecstasy for the first time. I was the kind of person where if everyone in the world went left, and right was just as good as left, then I would go right on purpose. I never wanted to do that drug even though everyone was doing it. The fact that the guy selling it didn't pressure me (usually a red flag for me) was a big part of the reason that I finally said yes. My life was the stereotypical sex, money, and drugs. This was all that was around me everyday. And almost all of the girls I knew were prostitutes or potential prostitutes. (I tried to warn other females about me, I knew that I was dangerous and no good – "bad for their health" – but they didn't listen. Even in public when a female would show interest I would think to myself, "you better back your little self up, you're playing with fire" and go along with my business.)

When New Year's Eve arrived, my friends and I went out as we normally did. I got invited over to a friend's house, someone I knew from school but didn't normally hang out with. The whole night I was anticipating 12:00 a.m. so that I could drink again. Right before midnight my friend, whose house I was over, pulled me to the side to talk to me outside. While everyone else was inside drinking, I was bringing in my new year, at exactly 12:00 (I heard people celebrating and I looked at the time), being told that someone wanted to "jack" me (rob me). My friend, the one whose house we were over, offered to help me get the person first, but I turned down the offer and said that I would handle it. (When I told my best friend the news a couple of days later, he immediately wanted to get the person before the person got me, but the last thing I wanted to hear about was death. I was literally sick to my stomach of death.) That night, we went to other places around town and I drank a lot and smoked some weed, but since I hadn't done any drugs in so many months, I was vomiting a couple of hours later. The last part of the night I can hardly remember because I was too messed up. I remember the pool hall, and then I remember being in the car vomiting in a cup while my friends were in my house with some girls (I let them go in). I blacked out after that and woke up to them ready to take the girls home.

When I got back home my friends helped me to the door, the first time that had ever happened, and I went inside. My mom was getting some water in the kitchen and saw me drunk for the first time (though I had drank for years). I felt ashamed and felt that I let her down, which added to the bad night. That morning, while going to the bathroom to do some more vomiting, my mom revealed to me that she knew that I was selling drugs. She then said that I was going to bring trouble to our home. And that made me feel even lower. I couldn't believe it, everything was falling apart. I then went

to my room to continue vomiting, and after years of drinking and getting signs from God to stop abusing alcohol, I finally vomited blood. That was the last straw, I had proof that I was damaging my body. I thought that I might die, and through the hours of vomiting, I prayed (like everyone does) and promised that I would never drink again as long as I lived if only He wouldn't let me die (promising to stop hurting myself if He let me live). Usually when I said that I wasn't going to drink again, I did, because I never promised. This time I promised, and there was no way I would break a promise with God because I figured my life was on the line. Of course, after this, I had to fight the temptation, and of course it came frequently (free alcohol was everywhere), but it didn't get to me at all; my life was on the line if I failed.

After what I'd been through, I decided to cleanse myself. I started eating right, thinking right, exercising, and drinking a lot of water. But I still continued to sell drugs and work on starting the escort service. I consulted my brother-in-law on the New Years situation because he was into God and had given me tips before that would help me think about the right course of action. He went on talking about bringing Christ into my life. He asked me if I was saved. I didn't really know what it meant. I told him yeah I'd been baptized. He went on talking, and I started thinking that it was going to be a long talk. I asked a few questions because I wanted to know just what I was getting into. He asked me if I wanted to do it or not. I thought about everything going on in my life and I said yes. So, I repeated some words after him, and that was it. I later decided to have faith and leave the guy who wanted to jack me in God's hands to take of (He did it for me on a previous incident where a gun was pulled on my friends and I. Some time later, I was going to kill the person who did it because that's what I was taught in Oakland, but I used all of my sanity and strength and calmed myself down. I then promised God I wouldn't do anything and I left it in His hands. It was either the next day, or two days later, I found out the guy got killed. I didn't really look at it as a coincidence.).

I was still doing what I was doing before, but doubtful of what I was doing. After some days had gone by, I noticed that all of a sudden almost every spot I went to drop off drugs had police there. This went on for over a week, and I started to feel like I was about to get caught – it was too much heat. After doing a sale on one of those days, I saw an officer parked about twenty yards away. I got upset because I couldn't believe that I got so careless. I thought that I was caught and at the same time I was upset from being careless, so my brain was cloudy. Without thinking, I sped away from the curb, but I didn't even look first. The next thing I knew, a car sped right by the side of mine. It happened so fast and was so close that my jaw just dropped. It seemed like it was about an inch away from hitting my car. It could have been all over right there. This was too much for me, my life was non-stop drama.

While at home I read the laws in the Old Testament and analyzed everything that I was doing. I realized that being told that information at exactly 12:00 a.m. on New Years, and all of the police at my spots, weren't coincidences, but signs from God telling me to stop doing what I was doing because I was headed for danger. I then realized that the D.U.I. and vomiting blood were signs to stop drinking. I wasn't stupid, I could see the occurrences in my life escalating in severity. If there was such a thing as a life without God, that wouldn't happen like that. I was scared of what might happen next, but the fact that my mother knew what I was doing weighed on me the most. So, despite having to get out of debt, pay off bills and fines, and the fact that selling drugs was my

main source of income, I decided that I was going to quit; and promised to never do it again. I planned to quit on my birthday, but I thought about it and knew that if I did, I would get caught right before then (it was a trap) so I quit sooner.

Because I dropped my main source of income, I knew that I needed a new one, so I decided to put 100% into pimping and starting my legal escort service. I was trying to do too much because pimping by itself requires 100% of you, and I was trying to do that and start a legal business at the same time. (I was always in the process of climbing, so I was never settled at either point. To others it looked as though I was going nowhere, but I had a plan that was past street pimping. I never got a chance to give pimping 100%, but I made sure that I had it down 100%. The situation worked out for the better since I know that I would still be doing it to this day if I didn't get locked up or killed.) While I was looking for girls to "turn out," I was also looking for girls to do my legal business. The legal business was ready to go in a couple of months, but it got delayed because I had to wait on my business licenses. I was ready to never work for anyone again, the only problem was that I didn't have any money. When it came to getting girls to pimp, not having any money, I knew that I was going to have to rely on pure "game". I was up for the challenge, and loved the idea of it, but I forgot about some other factors (which held me back a lot) – I still had expired registration – which I could only get renewed having insurance, something I didn't have – and a suspended license. With these problems, trying to get something started was very hard because I didn't want to risk getting pulled over.

I didn't have a job at the time and was back in the house, so I had time to skim through the Bible again (looking at headings and reading what caught my eye). Doing so, I realized that every time I was unemployed and in the house, I got closer to God. I also realized that every time though things looked bad, they always got better. I even watched Creflo Dollar (a pastor) on TV. I never thought that he was "real" because I judged him based on his last name. Because of what I'd been through the last couple of years, knowing man and knowing "game," I began to relate to a lot of the things he was saying, so I continued to watch each day (he was talking a lot about faith). Every other thing I watched on television had to teach me something. Sitcoms didn't cut it because I would think ahead and know everything that was going to happen. They quickly became boring.

The things I learned from seeing some of the laws in the Bible made me question my other choices in life. One day, while over a friend's house, someone on TV said something about sexual partners and I started to think deeply into all of the one's I had had. I couldn't believe the number. I couldn't understand how there were so many and how I never realized it (you get so into doing wrong that you don't even realize how much wrong you've done). I started saying in my mind, "that's nasty." It was either that same night, or the next night, I was watching TV, and again, someone brought up sexual partners. People were asking each other how many one-night-stands they had had. I was watching and everything was fine until they answered "one," "three," and "two." My jaw dropped because 90% of the girls I had sex with were one night stands. I felt low and even nastier.

I remember a Thursday when I had a girl that I was "turning out," two more I was going to "turn out," and between seven and ten "tricks" all set up to call that Friday and Saturday. I was flat broke and this was the money I needed to get into pimping full-time.

I also had two other girls who wanted to work the legal business calling that weekend. Thursday night came, and my cell phone got cut off because they said the bill was paid with a stolen check, which it was (someone I knew ran a little cell phone bill hustle). I lost every single thing all at once. I couldn't believe it. Everything was gone. All that hard work and effort for nothing; everything I needed to get started, gone. I soon recognized this pattern as being from God and knew that the "problems" happening all at once were no coincidence. As a result, I questioned whether pimping was right. I knew that I could have started all over, but that sign was saying something too big and I couldn't ignore it. I was also scared of what might happen. It was like every time I tried to touch something bad I would get a big "No!" I kept coming to dead ends like this.

After scanning the Bible laws for clues and analyzing the issue in my head, I reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that pimping was wrong because it was manipulation, deception, directly contributing to adultery and lust, and greed on my part. I thought, "what if I just did it long enough to get enough money to start my escort service." I grabbed some paper and started calculating (I always did this). Looking at the money I was going to be making, I loved it. I looked over the calendar and numbers I had written up and thought about when I was going to quit. I found a good time period and thought about how I was going to quit – what I was going to say. I couldn't see myself doing it. I thought about the money I was going to be making and I thought, "if I'm going to be making this much money, why would I switch to the escort service, and why would I quit?" Then I got a feeling like, "Bingo." I finally realized what was going on – I wasn't going to quit, it was a trap and I would end up dead or in jail. I finally knew for a fact how temptation worked – getting you to come along, and "bam" you're caught. I knew deception well, so I could recognize the workings of it. I also knew when someone was trying to get over on me. So I was furious. I kept thinking, "the devil tried to set me up, and on top of that, set me up to kill me." That was a definite hell no – I was the pimp, not the h#. I was pissed off. I was also very, very thankful to God.

I started thinking about the whole situation and it was like inside of me, God said, "You're a pimp, you always have the control and nobody can get over on you, huh? Well take a look at that money. That money is pimping you." I started thinking about temptation and greed and I started to understand. I tried to come back with something, but I had nothing – I was speechless. It was the truth and I couldn't deny it. It was like my whole life – everything I had done, everything I had, everything I was – just crumbled, and from a few words. I tried as hard as I could to justify pimping, but I couldn't. Because it was a trap and I could finally see that for a fact, I wanted out, but I couldn't change who I was (it was me) and I had long ago passed the point of no return. It was one of the hardest decisions of my life, but decided not to ever pimp again, even if it was me. Plus, pimping couldn't come close to the game of life that I was being shown.

A couple of weeks later I decided to put everything into the escort service. I questioned whether or not the escort service was the right thing to do, but I didn't think that there was anything wrong with it, since there wasn't going to be any sex involved (I had thought of things that would make it as profitable). While in the process of working on the escort service I called a friend who said that she would give me money in order to help me out of my situation. I had bills and fines that I could have gone to jail over, a car I was trying to sell to get money, items in the pawn shop, old clothes, a business to start, a cracked molar to fix, and other problems, so I couldn't wait until I got the money. Due to

the situation that I was in, I became too anxious and fully relied on my friend to help me. All of my faith went towards this person to come through, and of course she didn't come through with a dime. I wasn't angry because I realized that I should have kept 100% faith in God, not that person – lesson learned. I could tell that I was going through training of some sort, so I just went with the flow. I experienced many more faith and temptation tests throughout the month (which only now are obvious to me). I also lived day to day knowing that I could end my financial situation in one night by going back to my old ways, but I was in no way tempted to do so.

One day, I received a call from a friend who I hadn't heard from in months. We talked for a while and she began telling me how she was glad that I had stopped the things I was doing, and how I shouldn't have been doing those things anyway because they were immoral. I ignored her because she didn't really believe in God. After I got off of the phone, I decided to look up "immoral" in the dictionary. I then looked up "righteousness," since it was something that I was learning about, along with faith, from the TV programs. The definitions were basically the same. I read it several times and couldn't believe that all of this time she was right, even though her reason wasn't. She wanted to be correct by following society's and the government's laws; I wanted to be correct by following God's laws. I quickly retrieved my Bible and began to read through the laws. I realized that nearly all of the man-made laws were a variation of Biblical laws. I kept reading the Bible and saw that things that I had discovered about life through experience were in there. All that time it was right there. I had wasted years of my life. I felt like I climbed to the top of a steep mountain without a parachute or rope when all the time I should have taken heed to the sign at the bottom that read "Lift, this way," but I didn't because it didn't look like a lift could be over there. I then realized that there was some real truth to the Bible.

During this time, I started smoking weed with my friends an average of five days a week, since weed was something I hardly ever used and never abused as I did with alcohol. While doing so, it seemed as if each day we'd smoke, I'd remember or relive a moment from the past. My best friend, who was also getting closer to God at the time, was experiencing the same memories. These memories I had went all the way back to when I lived in Oakland, then reversed up to the present. I even remembered things, moments, feeling, and people that I'd forgotten about (I still don't fully understand what that was about; it was probably the weed). I also noticed how big of a negative influence I was on the people around me, so I decided to be a positive influence. I warned them of bad things they did and kept my female manipulating tips and comments to myself. Some of my friends who I had just started hanging with during my transition saw this as a weakness, but I let them think what they wanted to because they were no where near my level. Just because you don't show it doesn't mean that you don't know it, but this is something that they could not comprehend. They thought that just because I was no longer trying to get females, I couldn't. I just continued to smile because inside I was laughing.

I was two weeks from opening my escort service when one of those "high days" I analyzed the idea and decided that it was not righteous. I tried as hard as I could to justify the idea because I had put a lot of money into it, but I couldn't. The escort service was going to be my way out of debt, and my first step to my road to riches plan, but I dropped the whole idea forever and decided to do what was right. I had to stop trying to

prove myself to myself by getting rich, and begin proving myself to God by having faith. I knew that God would take care of me and that I was a strong individual who always bounced back. My two previous times of severe struggle were proof of this. I then started to thrive off losing because it was like a test or challenge to me, and I loved climbing out of the losing ditch. It also made the win at the end even better.

I knew for a fact that I was going to be alright, so I didn't worry at all. Even though I wasn't the least bit worried, I couldn't say the same for the people I hung around. They started commenting on how I should sell drugs again, pimp again, or get off my a-- and get a job because I needed money. I was even somewhat put down by my family. In the past, comments like these would have gotten several painful comebacks (actually no one would have even said that), but I paid them no mind because a part in the Bible that I had just read told me that this exact thing would happen. I also knew that I would be on top at the end. No one could understand how I was happy and care-free through the whole ordeal. During this time, I also remember having to turn down girls who wanted me to be their pimp and others who I had pimped. On one occasion, during this time, I was on the phone with a girl and she was talking about going to Las Vegas to make some money. I was almost shaking trying to hold back. I just kept saying, "I gotta go. I gotta go." and I got off the phone.

I wasn't concerned with money, didn't need money or want money, and I didn't even have money to put gas in my car. On the inside, I was laughing at money. I knew that what I had was more valuable. And I knew that what I was going through was far more important than other things, so I stayed in the house. It was like watching a special report on TV while someone was trying to tell you something stupid – what you're paying attention to is a thousand times more important than what they are saying, so they don't even get a reply or any reaction. They don't exist. I put my friend's reactions to my situation on trial and realized that the reason they were so upset about my situation was because I could no longer drive around town all night, go to clubs, play pool, or smoke weed without someone else putting in on it (things we did on a daily basis when I had money from selling drugs). Previously, when I was making a lot of money, I never charged gas money, and I treated my friends to everything, but now, because I had no money, they had to put in. Now that I was the one who needed money, giving to others without wanting in return was a problem.

I distanced myself from everyone and even let my pager stay disconnected so that no one from my sinning past could contact me and cause me to be tempted (I had the same pager number for over five years. If someone hadn't seen me or spoken to me in years, they knew what to call). The only socializing I did was when I went out to smoke weed with my friends. While doing this, I continued to remember things of the past along with the issues, problems, and answers to things which I'd analyzed over the years. These answers had been swimming around in my brain for years, popping up whenever the topic arose in life, but the marijuana brought them all to the forefront. Strong marijuana will cause you to think very hard on any subject, and for someone like me who thought about things 24/7, this was like pouring gallons of gasoline on a campfire.

Each night we smoked, I would return to the house and "zone out". And each time I would realize something about life and be shocked. Later on in the night I would watch Creflo Dollar, and the exact same thing I realized would be the topic of the sermon. Sometimes, my exact words would come out of his mouth. It was crazy. Even

later on in the night I would watch other shows and they would carry the exact same topic, but at a different point, as if I was being talked to and taught through them. Every single night, each realization about life I had would be reinforced with the proof. And through all of this, I was still put through major faith training. It finally got to the point where I would talk to God and pray all day. I even remember a time where there was real communication back and forth but I couldn't hear it, I was just locking in and responding. My brain remained clouded with the things I'd realized. I walked around in a daze thinking all day with no interest in anything because nothing else compared. And because my brain was overflowing with topics and I couldn't take the torture anymore, I slowed down with smoking.

One day I went to watch Creflo Dollar and the whole channel was gone. If they would have taken it off at night, then I would have gotten up and watched it in the morning, but the whole channel was gone (months later I plugged up a portable TV in my room that was given to me by my sister and found the show on there). That was over with, but it wasn't over. Each time I watched TV, I would notice how I was able to put myself into other people's shoes and feel very close to what they were feeling (maybe because I took the time to do so). It was as if over the years, my understanding of life and people had grown, and now I was seeing just how much. I knew the answers to so many things. The same way my anger used to build up until I snapped, my knowledge and understanding was doing the same; to the point where it was hurting and I was suffering. And knowing what I knew was like having the answer to a town crisis, not being called on to help, and then watching the town be destroyed. It was torture.

One day my best friend and I were smoking while listening to Tupac. I yelled out, "Oh yeah!" I had remembered a point in my life about two years back when I thought about doing something about the answers in my head like I knew Tupac had done (I'd forgotten about this because it was a quick five-second thought). I knew that I had to get the information I possessed out to the public. I then realized that this was something God wanted me to do, so I accepted the mission with pride. I got a feeling of a sense of relief, like I finally got the answer right, and the feeling you have when someone is holding their breath waiting on you to get it right. Everything in my life changed from that point on. I had a mission that I knew I couldn't fail no matter what, so I kept the lines of communication open and decided not to smoke until I was done, if I even smoked again at all (but I ended up doing it). I thought to myself that this decision not to smoke was also good because then people wouldn't think that the weed was the reason, they would know that it was God. I also knew that I was going to have to endure hardship, but I was prepared because I'd already been through hell. When you know your major purpose in life, you start to wonder: What will happen after I finish? Is this my only major purpose or just my first?

While at home, I thought about delivering the message through rap, but quickly figured that this wasn't the best route because rappers had been delivering messages through their raps for years, but people still didn't recognize the messages and/or only heard the bad words, beats, and not the messages. The rappers were then persecuted for trying to deliver messages. With that idea gone, I decided on doing a short film of me explaining the topics. Then I decided that I should have someone else explaining the topics, so that my identity wouldn't be known. I knew how the government was – they'll kill someone and make it seem like a slip and fall. I then realized that there was a very

huge possibility of death, so huge that it was almost a fact (I also knew that the devil would be working overtime to see that I never finished). I would be giving my life for society. I thought about it – my life, for this. My eyes got teared up a little because I knew that I was going to die, but I just thought about what I had done in life, and everyone else benefiting, and I said, so be it (not in those exact words). I knew that somebody had to do it – somebody had to take a stand. I thought about it further and remembered that I was righteous, so I would go to heaven anyway, and this comforted me in the decision. I then continued with thinking.

A little while later, the question of “Are you I truly ready to die?” popped into my head. I started thinking about it even deeper. I started thinking about Tupac because he was the last person who had died speaking the truth. I then started thinking about how all of those little individual experiences and feelings he had, I had just had, and the topics on his mind were the same topics in mine. (I had stopped listening to Tupac for a few years before hearing that song in my friend’s truck. After that, I listened to his music again and noticed.) It was as if we both went through the same training. It was also as if we were going down the same path, me, behind him, but I was going to get further. I also started to think about Martin Luther King and Malcolm X and how they all knew that they were going to die. I realized that it was like some kind of relay race, and I was next. I then started thinking about how Tupac always focused on dying and maybe he died because he believed in the fact that he was going to die and accepted it, or in other words, had faith that he was going to die. I thought to myself, “Why should I accept it? Even though it seems like a fact, there’s still a possibility. Or better yet, what if I had faith that I wasn’t going to die?” I just didn’t know what to think, so I dropped the thought and started thinking about the work. I then decided to take it as it came. If it happened, it happened.

I went back to thinking about how I was going to get what I knew out to the public. I knew that it had to be straight to the point, easy to understand, and through a medium that could reach the most people, so I finally decided on a book. I wanted to give out the information for free, but I figured that in order to reach so many people I would have to deal with a publishing company. The only thing about doing this was that my goal was to reach, teach, and give; their goal would be money. I then decided that any profits I made were going to go back into distributing the book or starting on a road to helping plan. (Because my main concern was reaching the most people and giving understanding I also chose not to learn a larger vocabulary.) I began to lay down topics and ideas to get some sort of a foundation for the book, but the devil was still hard at work.

During this time, I got a pain in my abdomen which led me to believe that I had internal bleeding. My years of alcohol abuse, vomiting blood months before, and the fear that I was being punished for my sins only made me believe it even more. I looked through a medical book and saw that there were several possible causes, all of them fatal if not treated. I didn’t have medical insurance, money, and the people around me didn’t have money either. I was scared and I thought that I was going to die. I don’t know when it happened (no clue at all) but weeks after that, my whole body was somewhat numb (skin, muscles, and all), I had about 50% of my hearing and sight; a lack of concentration, spelling ability, memory, emotions; no appetite; a weak heartbeat; and my lungs were barely taking in air. I had used ecstasy for the tenth and last time about a week before, which probably caused or contributed to my condition. I think that instead

of recovering from the after-effects, it went downhill. The fact that it was very hard to find some when I did it, made me question if I should do it, but I didn't listen. Once again, I went to the medical book, but there were so many possibilities from low blood pressure to liver disease that I didn't know what to think. I was scared to death. I felt like a zombie and didn't know what was going on.

One night, I didn't even feel sleepy so I had to make myself go to bed. What I was feeling had me scared to death, and prayed to live. When I awoke, I got up like I was in a coma or dead. I gasped for air and had no sense of how much time had passed (I didn't even come close to having a dream – it was blank). That night, I had my friend take me to the hospital. I didn't ask my mom to take me because I didn't want her to worry over something I caused. I told my friend that I felt like I was dying. He didn't believe me, probably because he didn't want to believe, and from the outside it didn't look as though anything was wrong (I think about it now, and I probably wouldn't have believed either). At the hospital, I told the doctor my symptoms, and he ran a few tests. I couldn't even come close to passing the eye exam because I couldn't concentrate my eyes on one point. My eyes kept gazing away like my brain was malfunctioning. I would bring them back, but they would gaze away again. After all the tests, the doctor told me to go home and drink some water (I didn't have medical insurance). Not being in my right mind, I agreed (I also wanted it to be nothing). After we left, I realized that I was in front of a doctor, hardly seeing or hearing, and he told me to drink some water. I wanted to turn around and go right back to the hospital, but my friend couldn't take me back because it was too late in the night and he had work in the morning.

At home, before I went to bed, I took breaths into a bag to see if that would help, but it didn't. As I was getting into bed for another night of not knowing if I would wake up, I was terrified because to me I just slid by making it the first night, so going for two was too much. I was in tears and for the first time in my life I actually considered suicide. I threw that idea out after convincing myself that even though I was basically dying I wasn't dead yet – if I was going to die, just let it happen. I thought further and I felt as though I deserved it for all of the sinning I had done. I still didn't tell my mother what was going on because I felt that it was my fault for doing what I'd done, why include her. This was it. I prayed to God and said, "My life is in your hands, do what you see best," then I gave myself over to God and got in the bed and went to sleep. That morning, I awakened the same way I had awakened the previous day. Not knowing what was wrong with me, that afternoon I drank sugary Kool-Aid to see if that would get my heart pumping. I exercised, and took breaths into a bag. Again, I asked my friend to take me to the hospital, but he couldn't, so I had to put my life in God's hands again and go to sleep another night not knowing if I was going to wake up.

I awakened the same way as before, and had my friend take me to the hospital that night. But this time I went in with a list of my symptoms. I told my friend that I knew that I was dying, and I meant it (it was like a light on the inside of me was dimming out). At the hospital, I can remember being in the waiting room, and I looked around at everyone and I prayed for them all. I then started thinking, "I prayed for all of these people before I even thought about praying for myself." At a time like that, knowing that I was dying, this was deep to me. It made me see my true self. Being seen by the doctor, I could tell that he had a good idea of what it was, but he said nothing. He handed me some Valium, a list of free care clinics, and said there was nothing that they could do for

me (because I didn't have insurance). (He could've at least told me what it might have been so I wouldn't have worried.) I went home and took a Valium. Instantly, my appetite came back, I started to have feeling in my body, and sinus pressure never felt so good. The Valium helped my body a little, but my brain was still the same.

The next day, I went to one of the clinics listed on the paper and was seen by a doctor who cared, or at least had to care. He asked me all sorts of questions and gave me a stool test to take home to see if I had internal bleeding. Next, he took a blood sample in order to run a couple of tests. I said no to the HIV test. I think it was then that he diagnosed my condition as either anxiety disorder or post dramatic stress disorder (I don't remember) and prescribed some Zoloft. I couldn't have been happier. That day I went to go pick up the medicine at a pharmacy, but I couldn't get it because the prescription had to be filled at the clinic's pharmacy. I wasn't surprised, if it wasn't one thing, it was another. I didn't even get angry though, I was so happy to be alive. I didn't worry about the medicine at all, I just went to get it the following day. It was a good thing that the Valium had started me on the road to recovery because the doctor had told me that it would take a month before I would see a real change from the Zoloft (I had to take the 25 mg pill for a while; then up the dose to the 50 mg; then to the 100 mg pill, so that my body could adjust). At home, I continued to write and pray, functioning at about 70%.

After a couple of days, I took my stool samples to the lab (little smears on a tab, not the whole thing) and went back home to write. This is when I realized that people will be tested through every medium connected to their life – family, friends, relationship, job, etc. I really didn't want a girlfriend after realizing that, it would have been just another means to be tested through in my life, and that was something I definitely didn't want, or have the time for, no matter what the benefits of having one were. I knew that I had to build up my faith and sustain it so that I would be ready for the results, and I did. When the day came to receive the results, I was a little nervous, but knew that everything was going to be okay. The doctor said that there wasn't any blood in my stool, but he wanted me to take some more samples just to be on the safe side. He then said my cholesterol screen and other tests were fine, except for one, my white blood cells were low. I almost fainted. That put me back at about 60%. He said it was probably nothing, but he wanted to do the test over, and run an HIV test as well. I refused the HIV test, so he only did the white blood cell test again. I went home, and my whole life crumbled. I just knew that I had HIV and started to think about the instances where the condom broke, or being drunk, I didn't use one. I then realized the results of sex without marriage.

After a couple of days of extreme grief, knowing that I was dead once again, I accepted the idea and continued to write. No matter what, I had to get the information out. I later realized that after all of the evidence showed that I had internal bleeding, I didn't have it. I had asked for forgiveness and I was forgiven, so the same should be for sex. I knew that this was going to be the biggest faith test ever, especially with the "proof" that I already had it. During the days that I waited for the results, I wrote, skimmed through the Bible, and built up my faith in a major way. Either I had faith and received life, or not enough faith and received death. My health was at nearly 80% when the doctor called and said that the test confirmed a low white blood cell count. That news put me down to 65%. He then told me to know whether or not I wanted an HIV test when I went in to get the second stool sample results. I thought on it long and hard, but I

couldn't figure out if I should have faith and take the test or refuse the test and have faith that I was negative throughout the rest of my life.

The big day came, and on my way to see the doctor I was going to refuse the test, but the moment the doctor asked me, I chose to go through with it. Like always, afterwards I went home to write. I still figured that if I was going to die, I had to get the information out on paper first in order to help others. I was writing and thinking about my situation, and then I told God to kill me at that moment because I refused to come out to the public and be looked upon as one of those people who decided to help only after they were affected. I refused. I stopped myself and thought about what I was saying because I knew that He would do it. I was sure, so I said it again. I then prayed and promised God that I would never have sex again until I was married or in love (which for me meant never because of the brain change which results from being a pimp). I started skimming through the Bible to find some kind of answer or help and I turned to two different places that said to "eat the scroll". I went to get water, and brought it back to my room. After that, I tore off a piece of the Bible. I knew that I would have to have faith without a speck of doubt, so I got ready. I then prayed to God, prayed over the water, and swallowed the piece of the Bible with the water. Anything to not die.

By the time my doctor's appointment arrived I had full faith that God had forgiven me and that I was clean; even the doctor's words weren't going to convince me. If the doctor was to say that I was HIV positive, I was going to have faith in forgiveness the rest of my life and live a normal life as if the situation never occurred – medicine at all. I was so confident that I even thought about not going in to get the results. This was also another battle because if I went, is that having faith, or is not going having faith? The day came to get the results and I went in with no fear. For the first ten minutes the doctor talked about my condition and how my stool tests were okay. This almost threw me off because I was expecting the HIV results immediately. I could actually feel it tugging at me to doubt, but I brought it back. Then he finally said, "Oh yeah, did I tell you, the HIV test came out negative." I had no reaction and just said, "Okay." My faith was so built up that it was exactly like he was telling me something I already knew. He then told me that African Americans tend to have a lower than normal white blood cell count. (He sent me to a hematologist who said the same thing.)

At home, I continued to write, and it was then that I thought that the devil used my fear, lack of understanding, and lack of faith to influence me into thinking that something was wrong with me, which led to my condition. This in turn led me to the doctor (I never went to the doctor unless there were broken bones or a large amount of blood) where I found out about the low white blood cells, so that I would believe I had HIV, which equals death (faith in death equals death). I saw it all as a setup. I soon realized that the sinning I had done was also a setup of the devil in order to kill me –receiving money, sex, drugs, or power (whatever you desire) from sin was only more bait so that I would continue to follow until I was totally dependent and wrapped up in sin; then my punishment would be death. I read in the Bible that wisdom was better than gold, and I was beginning to see that even more. And once again, God saved my life, so I was very, very thankful. Because I was an extremely fair person my whole life, I felt that I owed Him my life and more. I was His for life and was ready to do anything for Him. I had in my heart the desire to conquer the world and hand it over to Him.

I don't remember exactly when it was, it could have been weeks or months before

this time period, but one of those mornings I awakened totally changed. I felt like a whole new person. I wasn't feeling the same toward songs about pimping as I used to (there was no "it" and "me" connection), and things of the past were gone. My mind, body, and spirit felt clean, as if I started life over – it was childlike (nearly a year later I remembered that I had the same kind of feeling riding home in the car after I had gotten baptized). Around this time I would think back to all that I had been through and could never hold back the tears. I would say to myself that no one in the world, not one human being, should have to go through what I had been through. I didn't think that not even my enemies should have to go through what I had been through, and I would never ever want them to no matter what they did to me. What I had been through was too much (reading it is one thing, to live it is another). Whenever I would begin to think about it I would have to stop because the memory was too much (now I can barely remember, probably due to memory damage, but I'm glad).

I still had financial problems, so I finally accepted the fact that I would have to work for someone again and got a job in June of 2002. I got a job as a model scout, which was the first job that I actually liked (at first). But I didn't know if the job was a blessing or a curse, so I stayed on alert. I was working on commission and had doubts about my job's credibility every other day. I was still going through hell, but I didn't care because there was nothing better than being alive. I also knew that I had something in what I was writing. I figured that Satan would still try to get me, but I didn't fear because it's hard to fall for temptation when you recognize it as such. And I was recognizing them all. (I had a sense that I was through the worst, and that his chances to kill me were all over. I was "home-free." I knew that there was nothing that he could do to beat me.) Being out in public was crazy though. If there was a camera with me you could plainly see the war going on – the Satan's and God's works were no longer hidden, they were bold-faced and out in the open as if everything was on the line. Things kept happening by me and almost to me, nonstop, but nothing touched me. I know others didn't know why things were happening, but I did. It made me want to go home and stay away from outside.

During this time, I noticed how each time I was around a female and I was speaking to them, I would automatically go into playing mind games. I was getting fed up with myself. I didn't want to be around females because I couldn't fully control myself yet. Other than my job, there was no reason to be around them. So, when I was around them I usually stayed quiet so that I wouldn't go into playing games and so that they wouldn't want me. The times that I did speak, it was only a few words. When people would laugh about me telling them that I changed, it would make me see just how bad I really used to be. I could tell that my friends didn't like it because when we hung out with females I surely didn't want sex and always made sure that I was quiet, so it was always boring. With me being boring and not trying to get the females to do anything, nothing happened because I used to be the main one that made things "go down" in the past. I couldn't do things my friends did, and I just told them "no" or "because of God" when they asked why. I didn't tell them one of the main reasons, which was that I couldn't because I would get in trouble. I knew that they wouldn't understand.

A couple of months into the job, while out working, I got into several unsolicited confrontations. Things just kept happening. A couple of weeks passed and I slacked on writing and just worked. One day, on my way home from a meeting, I ran out of gas

getting off of the freeway (I never had a lot of gas in my car because I didn't have money. I had to borrow gas money from my mom and sister many times.). I had to walk to a friend's house in order to call my other friend who came and picked me up. A week later, I had another confrontation. The next day, my wheel fell off of my car when I was going home from a meeting. And I had just gotten off the freeway ten minutes earlier. (The wheel rolled away and I had to chase it down the street.) That night, I fixed my wheel and the side of my car that was bent when the car dropped onto the wheel. I had to fix the wheel all over again the next day because something was rubbing. I even accidentally cracked my windshield with a socket that same day. Through each of these things I still didn't get angry. Anger didn't exist to me anymore.

While working one day in August of 2002 I had another huge confrontation. This time it was in the mall with a female. Two days later, I got into another confrontation, and that night while going home, more drama. I passed through an intersection that had a cop in the turning lane (facing my passenger's side), and I still didn't have insurance or up-to-date registration (I wasn't making money at that scamming job). He looked at me as I passed so I knew he was going to be on his way. I was almost at the next intersection when the light that he was at turned green and he turned and got into my lane. I saw his move, so I moved to the right lane and then I made a right turn (Knowing that he would get behind if I did, I had to or else I would have been caught at the light.). Of course, he followed me. He was behind me and the light was about to turn red, so I switched lanes just before stopping at a red light. Instead of moving up to the line on the side of me, he was trying to stay back to look at my plate. I then stayed back enough to where he couldn't see my plate (neither one of us was at the line). After the light turned green he immediately got behind me and I knew that my run was over (I had been evading police while driving for some reason or another for nearly three years straight).

He pulled me over about four blocks down the street by a gas station, so I knew that he had ran my plate. As soon as he got to my window I asked him why he followed me. He told me to give him my license, registration, and insurance. I said, "No! Why were you following me?" He yelled, "I wanted to run your plate that's why." I then gave him my ID, expired registration, and expired insurance. Next, he asked me if the car was mine and if I was on probation. I just sat back and laughed (They used to pull me over just to run my license and see if I was on probation and then let me go. I never liked the police and used to always cuss them out or get smart with them.). He came back and asked me if I knew that I had expired tags and a suspended license. I said that I didn't know my license was suspended, and that I thought that it was restricted. The officer ran my license again, came back, and then said that he was going to tow my car (mandatory thirty-day impound for driving on a suspended license from a D.U.I.). It could have been worse, I could have went to jail.

I got out of the car and it was like I got a feeling that said, stand there in one place with your head high until the tow truck gets there. I just stood there in one place looking at the gas station with my back turned to my car. I was thinking, "they probably think that I'm crazy," but I didn't care. I couldn't, and didn't, want to drop my head, get angry, or show any reaction for some reason. I wasn't going to let it affect me. When they asked me something, I would give them one word answers and go back to staring and thinking. I thought to myself, "I knew that I should have stayed in the house and finished writing." I couldn't understand why, but I was happy. Of course, while I waited, two

more cop cars pulled up, but I still stood there. The tow truck came, and I still stood there. They towed my car, I got some papers, and went into the gas station to get a cup of coffee (it was cold and it was a long walk home). I then started my walk home (which took exactly an hour).

Nearly fifteen minutes into the walk, I saw that the same cops had pulled someone else over on the other side of the street (the street was two lanes both ways). One cop said something to the other cop, he then looked at me and they began to laugh. I smiled to myself and did a little laugh. I didn't even get angry because I was used to that kind of treatment from the police; it only made me stronger and added fuel to the fire. (I had never been helped by the police, but I had been harassed, ticketed, pulled over for no reason; laughed at, thrown face first against the car, thrown into the back seat; handcuffed, yelled at; had guns drawn on me, been lied on in court, and had my arm nearly stretched out of its socket while face down on the ground by the police.)

That night, I skimmed through the Bible on the Internet and it stated that while doing God's work you're not supposed to be wrapped up in your normal life. This was the answer to why I kept getting put back in the house. My car was the last of my possessions, but I was still happy and faithful. No one could take away what was in my head, and I had a mission to finish. Everything that happened to me only pumped me up and made me want to finish faster. I then started writing everyday and couldn't believe how much information I had stored in my brain all of those years. I still tried to work by getting rides from a friend to the destinations I wanted to go. I should have stayed in the house and finished because after one week, this friend (it wasn't my close friend) started flaking on me and lying to me, even though I was paying him for the rides (he was one of those "misery loves company" people). The last straw came when he left me stranded at a friend's house and I had to take a taxi home. If this would have happened a year earlier, I would have called him all kinds of cuss words, and felt like beating him up, but I decided that not associating with him would be a better punishment.

There was no one to help me out – it was just me, God, and the mission. I knew what Tupac meant when he said "it's just me against the world" because it really was just me against the world. During this time I got a ride from my best friend to an event so that I could find some girls suitable for modeling, and I got stranded once again. My friend had to take his child to the hospital, which was a legitimate excuse. As the days went by, my bills continued to grow even larger, as did my bad credit (working on commission, I didn't have money, but I sort of worked just for the challenge of working on commission). I received notices from the pawn shops that had my possessions stating that my redemption date was ten days away. Those dates passed, and so did the thirty-day hold on my car that I didn't have the money to get out. I didn't even have a desire to even get it out. I actually let it go. All of my possessions were truly gone. To add to that, I received a letter stating that I had a warrant for my arrest (I missed court because I couldn't get a ride), and on top of that I was on the verge of being fired from a job for the first time.

After some time had passed, I ran out of Zoloft. I didn't have a car to go pick up, so I knew that I was going to have to get a ride. I could have called a friend, but I didn't, I had no desire to. I didn't worry, I just ignored everything and had faith that everything would be all right. I welcomed faith tests. I had been through death, hell and back – it was nothing. Knowing what I knew about greed and life, I didn't really trust man-made

things anymore anyway. I didn't care that I wasn't taking the medicine anymore, since the makers said that they didn't even know how it worked. I could suffer from some crazy side-effects down the line. This helped me to not worry about it. (Over a year later I saw an ad for the medicine in a magazine, and one whole page in small print was filled with side-effects. They were even categorized. I couldn't believe what I was reading. The doctor only told me about three things. Three, out of a whole magazine page of small print.) (After I quit, I did end up experiencing very strange side-effects.)

I didn't have a way to do my job, and trying to find ways only took more time. There was no way to work and write at the same time. If I wrote, work would slack; if I worked, writing would slack. I finally accepted the fact that I would have to tend to God's work only, and have faith that everything was going to be alright, then I quit my job. I realized how serious it was to stay on the mission until completion. I didn't have any money. I was still bothered by my previous pinched nerve. My vision was worse than it used to be. I had two fairly good pairs of pants and a couple of shirts; all were years old. My old bed felt like I was sleeping directly on the springs. I had a whole lot of "problems" (even more than what's listed), but I didn't have any responsibilities except the mission. It was my job and my life. I never even went outside because I wanted to finish the book. And in the house, it was like I was trapped in jail, but over time I knew that it was for my own good. All I did every day was think, research, and write. For a portion of some days I would search the Internet for publishing companies and information on publishing.

Back to being stuck in the house again, a time came that I started hearing these phrases, or short statements, in my head. At first I tried to run and pretend like I didn't hear it because it felt like things I wasn't supposed to hear or know. Then I realized I couldn't run from myself. I had to hear them. Over time I started to research them, and they would be true. When I would write down some of them and start building from them, I would write things that I would just realize at that same moment. I used to call the phrases/statements realizations. It was like all I needed was the phrase and I would know what to do with it. Some of them weren't just any old phrases, they were special. They were like the perfect words, missing links to understanding, and had more strength to them than any old phrase. For some of them, I didn't have enough proof, so I would write them down and wait for the proof, and it always showed up. Others connected directly to the writing and would fill in the blanks, adding more proof, and/or make it more hard-hitting. (Even things that were written months apart still matched up exactly as if already written.) It was like putting together a puzzle. I never read the whole Bible (and was nowhere close to reading the whole thing) or studied any man's philosophy, but I knew life.

I can remember some days I would listen to CD's, old tapes, or watch TV for a little while and would hear words or phrases that would either stand out or "set off a light bulb" in my head. They would be new ideas or something that was proof of or had connections to something I had already written. Over time, I finally understood what was going on, I was now being shown everything else to add to the book and all that I had to do was recognize it and work some of it out. After realizing this, and making sure that it was true, I would say to God, "Okay, I got that one." Usually, people will get something, but not know if it's God so they start doubting and go away from the thought of it being from God. I thought "no," I'm not going to care what other people believe, I'm going to

say that it is and I'm going to acknowledge it. After doing that and meaning it, it came nonstop. It became normal and would go on all day, every single day. Everything around me was talking to me. Even when I wasn't writing, I was working – thinking and receiving information all day. I had to keep a pen a paper with me at all times. It was like being on call every day, all day. My whole life, and I mean whole life, was dedicated to writing the book.

A few months later, every once in a while, I would smoke weed with my friend, and when I did I would go home to write. The weed seemed to make what was already going on, go faster (after a few months of once a week, I quit). Sometimes it was like getting on a train of information and riding it. I would try to stay connected to it to gain as much information as possible, but if I did it for too long then I would lose the first part. Sometimes, if I didn't copy it down fast enough, then I would lose it, and the last part would be lost and I wouldn't be able to understand the whole. I would then have to put it to the side. It was like copying out of a book while someone turned the pages, or writing down what someone was saying, and had the feeling of going through someone's diary – things you shouldn't know. Over time I realized that smoking would also put me behind the curtains of life, and I could see the behind the scenes operation. I discovered that if I did "this," "that" would happen. I could call it every single time. After learning too much about this and being able to call things like that, it wasn't long before it became torturous and was about to drive me crazy. I stopped smoking because I couldn't take living behind the scenes like that, not even for an hour.

During these days (without being high), when I watched TV I would know the reason and answer for almost every problem and question; some because of the knowledge I already had, others because of what would come out without me having prior knowledge of it. It was like "that," plus me, equaled the truth about "that". For some of the things that I didn't know previously, I would get in a commenting mode – "that's because ..." – and after I would think or say what I knew, things I didn't know before would follow, and I would write them down. But for most of the time it was like God was saying, "speak on this," "speak on this," "now speak on this" – telling me things to write about. I just sat back and watched the world, thinking, "if only they knew" or "when they find out" There were things that I didn't know, but it seemed like there was nothing that I couldn't know if I wanted to know it. I knew this for a fact and it was just mind blowing. And I remember, even before this time period, getting the feeling that I had won something, but I didn't know how. And it was like people were cheering when I did, but I didn't know why. I just felt it, and even had a reaction to it – a frown. It was like walking outside your house and seeing a crowd of people smiling and cheering for you.

While writing, I would write down business and help ideas that came to mind. The list of ideas got big and I had a lot that I wanted to do. During this time, I also came up with inventions. I remember thinking of one in seconds. I started to draw it out, and after a little erasing here, and additions there, I molded it into something better than I expected. I just sat back looking at it amazed, thinking "Damn, that's good." I then said, "Let me think of another one," and seconds later, I had another one. It was like I had superpowers. And I could tell that wisdom was a thing. And I didn't receive it to the mind, it was inside of me, and from there flowed to the mind (as if the spirit was the power source for the mind). I thought I knew what wisdom was before, but this was

different – something I didn't get by learning. This was a whole other level, and I was hooked. I was beyond hooked. I remember feeling so much power at times that I had to create things just to relieve some of the pressure.

I was learning lesson after lesson and had the feeling of being taken under God's wing – like teacher and student. I remember I would get to points or levels of understanding where it would seem like I was being asked, "Do you want to keep going?" and I would say, "Yes." and it would keep going. This continued to happen. I would get shock, after shock, after shock until finally nothing shocked me anymore. And I kept going through test after test after test. It was like I would get thrown into one fire; had to take it, beat it, and write what I learned; and then into another to do the same. And on and on. I used to think to myself "I feel like the guinea pig for the world." Over time, the more sins I defeated, the more I was seeing what lied underneath in me. And when I messed up, it seemed like I would get punishments others wouldn't. But I loved the discipline because I knew for a fact that it was for my own good. I understood the entire process of sin and sinning so ended up making a step or more before the act of sin something bad for me. It was my sin. I would chastise myself just for thinking or feeling.

I loved God. Actually, it was more like in love. Sometimes I would think about marriage and couldn't see myself giving my attention to someone other than God, not even part of it. I was sprung. I used to think how it was like that scene in the movie "Coming to America" where the prince was in the room asking his wife-to-be about herself and what she liked, and her every answer was "Whatever you like." And what she was told to do, she did without question. This is how I was 100%. I was God's servant. And at the same time, our relationship became like Father and son. I referred to Him as my father, and interacted with Him as though He was my actual father. I pretty much disowned my natural father and pushed him into non-existence. God was my Father. God was someone who finally knew me, and His thinking and ways were very similar to mine. This only increased as I became more like Him (we became more one). Understanding God more and more, I couldn't bear the fact that He was getting such a bad rap. It was like someone talking bad about someone you know is absolutely innocent and always does for others – you would feel compelled to stand up for them, and stand in front of them to protect them and fight their battles. And this is how I felt with God.

As time went by I started to notice that life was in the book, just like the Bible. I also noticed that nothing in life was in the dark anymore. I remember I would sometimes check the online Bible throughout writing to go over the book of Revelation to see at what point life was at. I was battling with a huge test the previous months and I had a few questions: "Just exactly what have I become over this journey?" "What mission did I sign up for?" and "What has God done to me?" I would hear preachers on TV speak of the coming of Christ or the Son of Man and I would know exactly where they went wrong in their interpretations. I could see at which point they, and the world, took the wrong things literally. In the Bible, I looked over every clue and a lot of them pointed at me. Everything that the Bible said that he would do was either what I was doing or had already planned to do. I definitely planned to make war with the nations and every single person who stood in my way of declaring this God's earth. It made sense as to why "kill" and "save" were the only things in my heart (not killing physically – it was something different). But still, I wasn't sure how this could be true.

I wasn't scared at all of the possibility of the Bible speaking of me because over the journey, I was trained to deal with anything. But it was very hard to accept. I had the guts to do the job, but not the guts to claim the name. I wasn't 100% sure if the Bible was talking about me, and I didn't do worrying, so I put it on the back burner. I knew that it would be easier to just go with the flow, have faith, and let whatever happened happen. I also didn't want to be going off the Bible like I was following a script, I wanted to keep following God exactly – doing exactly what He wanted me to do, being who He wanted me to be, and I would be who I am. As weeks went by I noticed that every single day, I was thinking about life and people from the US to Australia.

Sometimes I would be in my room listening to music and I would picture the future and people asking me if I was scared of the government and what they would try to do to me. Each time I would laugh out loud. I was so pumped up it felt like I was ready to explode.

I remember some days I would sit in the chair in my room thinking, and I would feel peace times one hundred. When I used to hear people talk about being able to feel peace, like in the Bible, I really didn't pay it any attention, but at this time I knew for a fact what they were talking about. There was nothing in the world like it. No drug could produce a feeling so pure, and I could tell that it wasn't from my brain or chemicals in my body. It was centered around my chest and I could feel it in my body. But I could also feel it around my body. I could tell that having a spirit was true because I could feel, but not with my body. And it was sort of like the "baptized feeling," but stronger. It was as if I was very hot, and heat was radiating from my whole body and I could feel it around me. But instead of heat, it was peace. One time, it might have been the first time, it was more around me, like sitting under a waterfall of it. I felt like I could stay there forever. I didn't want to move for anything. If I had a choice between food or staying there, I would have stayed there. I didn't feel like I could even get hungry, or angry or sad. I remember laughing at something and I could barely laugh because it was overpowering my laughter, and because I didn't want to break the feeling. I felt this several times throughout the months, but not as strong as that one time. I would try to figure out what it was that I was doing, or not doing, that made it come and go.

It might have been a couple of times or only once, but I can remember feeling with what had to be my spirit, a feeling of something going back and forth. It was like a mouth to a mouth, sharing the same breath. It was as if someone's mouth was over someone else's mouth and they breathed the same breath back and forth, one into the other's lungs, and that person back into the other person's lungs, but my body was the lung. It wasn't a strong feeling, I could just barely sense it. There was this and many other weird things that went on. [I don't remember the exact details because this was added nearly a year after it happened. I didn't even plan on adding it at that time, and with all of the other things going on, it got a little foggy.]

Since I knew more about life, I could see through people's lies even better than before. When I would hear a lie on TV, or someone would lie to me, it was like it did something to me, as if I was about to turn into the Incredible Hulk. It was like I had to restrain from attacking the lie. I felt like a lie killer. And at this time, I would tell people, "Whatever you do, don't lie to me" because I knew that I would find out that it was a lie (when they lied to me it was just like telling me the truth anyway, so they'd get nowhere and would only be thought of as a liar to me). And for some reason it made me feel funny, as though I wanted to kill them, but not in a violent way (I couldn't be violent

anymore if I tried). It was weird. All I knew was the truth, and the truth about almost everything. That's all that kept coming from me. Everything about me was the truth; so much that I realized and said, "I am the truth". I didn't know how that could be possible, that is, how someone could be the truth, but I knew that I was. After I said it again, I was expecting to feel funny about saying it, or even feel doubt, but I didn't – there was nothing. I didn't know everything that was going on, but one thing I knew for sure, I was the truth.

The book started off with me trying to basically teach people what I knew at that time, but as time went by, it turned into teaching new things I had learned, and these new things went on and on (I wanted everyone to reach the level I had reached). Each time I thought that I was finished with the book, more would come out, and I would have to keep going. I realized that there was no telling when I would be finished, so I had to pause and make sure that I was ready to go on for years if I had to before I continued it. I thought about it and all that it meant, and I accepted it. I knew the point where I was 100% sure, and the scale of my true sureness in my mind, from learning how to dive deep and question myself the previous months of being put to the test on what I thought was being sure (thinking of all of the consequences and knowing that they could come true, and then thinking about dealing with them). Making sure only pumped me up more because of all of the things I had to think about and confirm as turning out okay in the end. The whole time I was penniless, but when the time came that I needed something like deodorant, I would get the money out of the blue. I was taken care of.

When Christmas time came around I wasn't full of any holiday spirit because I knew the truth of what was going on during that holiday. For Christmas my family planned to go over my sister's house in the Bay Area, but I was reluctant to leave the project, it was my life. (I worked on the book from about 3 p.m. to 5 a.m. everyday.) No one in my family knew the things I knew because I didn't have the urge to let anyone know what was in the book. I could feel that I wasn't really supposed to tell anyone because I didn't feel the desire to at all, and couldn't even begin to find the desire to. I remembered this same weird, total lack of desire from something else similar in the past. I couldn't remember exactly what it was, but I knew the lesson. At that time, I knew some reasons why I shouldn't tell people. One reason was that I couldn't just leave them with some of the truth, they would have to know it all. And even without all of this, I couldn't tell people because the information was too much and I didn't know where to begin. The trip to my sister's house turned out to be very relaxing though, and it felt good to see my family.

A few weeks later, one of the publishers who I'd submitted my work to said that they wanted to publish the book. I didn't get happy or excited because I knew that this might not be the one, and I didn't have to take the first one no matter what circumstances I was facing in my personal life. Everything had to be right. When New Year's came around I wasn't moved at all by the occasion (just another day to me). I remembered what I went through the previous New Years, and where I was at that time in my life, and it was crazy. All of that, in one year. Keeping in tune with getting big news on New Years, I got more information on the first, but at least it wasn't exactly at 12:00 a.m. I found out that one of my close friends was getting married. I was all shocked out to be shocked, so I didn't really worry about it. For the next couple of weeks I went over the sample contracts for a while and sent questions to the company while continuing to write.

Throughout the past months I had been passing down some of the information of the book to my friend. I didn't give him a whole lot of information, just things that could help him (overall total of about fifteen pages of different things). I didn't feel like I was supposed to, but I wanted to help him. I also knew that him, having that information, might make him even more of a target for the devil and he would end up worse (and he did). I even told him that, but he didn't take it seriously. One day, he and I went to the mall. I hadn't been out in public in so long, it was weird to me. It was like I had been in jail. Leaving the mall I asked him, "How does it feel to know that you know more than everyone in that mall?" He said, "Crazy." And it was. It was too crazy to know that this was the truth.

At home, I would continue to write and think about the future. I had never been so pumped up, and I was ready to take on the world. I felt like a caged up, starving animal ready to attack (I later had to stop thinking about the future to calm myself down). Things started coming to me at a slower rate every week, so I knew that it was winding down (I thought it was). I smoked some weed with my friend to see if there was anything left to write down and to compare the rate at which it was coming to me to earlier times. From seeing how God worked and how everything was right on time, I knew that everything would come together at a perfect time. (Some of things that I got while high, I later had to take out because they weren't true. So, actually it wasn't coming at a faster rate, or at least the truth wasn't.) During this time, I had a constant ringing in my ear. I didn't know if it was from the Zoloft, the lack thereof, or from God for a reason. I also had wisdom teeth that were coming in more. A couple of times one of the upper wisdom teeth cut into the gums of my lower jaw next to the hole in the molar (no longer cracked). Like everything else, I took it in stride and kept going.

Around this time, I had gotten my hair put into a style that required twenty to thirty rubber bands. One day, my friends and I were going to go out, so I had to replace the broken rubber bands in my hair with new ones. I was almost ready to go, and had done everything else, so I started on my hair. There were about six rubber bands that I had to replace, and I went to them. I replaced about three of them, and then another one broke. I replaced another one, and two more broke. I thought to myself that I should be more careful, so I did. I replaced more, and more broke. I couldn't get caught up. Every time I would get down to the last one or two, one or two others would break. I thought to myself, "I'm going to end up replacing every single one." I then thought about it and I knew what was going on, and what this was about – mirroring the process of the book – so I laughed and told God "Okay I get it," but it kept on going. I would get frustrated, but then I would laugh, thinking "Okay, this is going to stop, I know it is." I wanted to stop, but that wasn't my nature – I couldn't just quit – so I had to keep going. Angry and frustrated, I kept going, and the next thing I knew, after a long time, I had done my whole head. And I was happy because I was even better off than before. It was funny to know that God knew me like that. He knew that no matter if I was angry, hurt, frustrated, or even dying, I would take the next step He put in front of me – I would never stop.

While at home one day, I remembered a situation that had occurred when I was much younger. I was in church and I had decided to read the Bible. I ended up reading the book of Revelation. I remembered reading it and not really being in church anymore, and seeing everything that I was reading. I remembered seeing red sky and the outline of black structures like buildings against the red sky, and there was no light anywhere.

After I finished reading it, it was like I had come back to church or had awakened. I looked around, looked at my mom, and then I looked at the time and an hour or more had gone by. I remember trying to read it again on other days, but it wasn't the same, so I always thought I was in the wrong book or something. I realized that this was the same experience I kept having when I'd smoked weed months ago and was in the house (the "Creflo days"). I remembered missing whole movies because of it. I then realized that I saw the same red sky and black structures when I was in the mall working one day, months before. I had been sitting down and I started thinking about how the people didn't really know about the things around them. I got up to walk and I saw it for a couple of seconds, and then I snapped out of it. I looked around and was hoping that no one saw me. Realizing those similarities was weird. I didn't really understand what it all meant, so I just put it to the side.

During this time, one of the hardest things to deal with was patience, especially being so pumped up. I was the type that had to get out of the house, yet I had to see the same rooms all day, every single day for God's purpose. I worked for God's purpose every single day except Sundays where I would rest, and even those days I was alert to receive incoming information. I had to endure the torture of seeing my mom still cook, work, and take care of bills, knowing that I held the key to ending it all. Knowing that people all over the world were waiting, I had to wait. Knowing that I was ready (thought that I was ready), I had to wait. Knowing that I would not even see any money from the book for at least a year so something was going to have to happen or I was just going to have to endure more and wait, I had to take it. I had to continue with full trust in God. I checked myself and didn't worry about these things because I knew that it would be okay.

A while later, I got the contracts and thought that the journey was winding down because bill collectors started to call again, friends started to call again, and things were coming to me at about a paragraph a week. I also could tell that every truth of life needed was already in the book, or at least enough to lead to every other truth. I became weary of one of my close friends because he liked to try to justify things by giving false excuses, and I knew that false excuses were lies. Lying was seen as a weakness to me and I didn't know if I should allow myself to be entangled with weakness because too much was at stake. If he failed, it could affect me. I was ready to end the friendship because of that and because I knew that he would suffer from being around me and not being fully strong. I could tell that he didn't really understand the danger and risk of being my friend, and in part, because I couldn't tell him every single thing that was going on with me.

While at home, I went over the contracts several times and had to email the publishing company a few questions. Everything checked out fine, so I signed them and sent them off. I then went to work on the final draft of the book. I had to know that I was finished for a fact, or at least to a point that anything else could be put on a website later. After a couple of months of working on the details, I sent off the final draft, believing that I was finished. The moment after I clicked on the send button (sent as an email attachment) it was like I was left all alone. I didn't have any idea on what to do next. I then calmed myself down and prayed for the next step. I ended up trying to start a website where I was going to display parts of the book. My mom had some website software that she never used and it basically did all of the work for you, so I used it, but I didn't really like it. I ended up downloading some software for free (I didn't have any

money), but with that software I had to put in the codes myself. I searched the Internet for information on how to do a website and I wrote down notes, studying them everyday. I then practiced with the software everyday. I kept working on it everyday until I got used to it, while at the same time laying out how everything was going to look.

In a couple of months I was ready. I needed to get the money from my friend to start the site because I didn't have any. I told him that I needed to use his credit card, but he said that he wasn't going to do that because he had been scammed on the Internet before. He said that he would give me a check, but from what I could see, they only took credit cards. I later decided that I was going to have to email the company and find out if I could pay with a check. But I wasn't really feeling it (no desire). About a week later, my mother said that she was going to cancel the Internet service because she was closing the account it was on. I don't remember what else happened, but I didn't do the website, I just got signed up to ten free hours a month with another company before the account closed. I was stuck, not knowing what to do next, so I prayed for direction and ended up deciding to read the Bible (I had gotten my own Bible from my sister the past Christmas). This was my first time setting out to read the whole thing.

I was in the house not doing anything but thinking and reading the Bible. I didn't know whether to wait for something to happen or take a step into making something happen, and I was going crazy being confined to the house, so one day I got a lottery ticket. I wasn't too sure if I should do it because it was gambling, but I was tired of being in the house waiting (I already knew that I couldn't get a job). I built up my faith and knew that I would win. For the past couple of months before this, I had noticed that every single night I had a dream and would be in school in the dream. I didn't fully understand what it was about until the day for the lottery number came. I got a hold of the numbers and checked them, but I didn't win. I didn't really know how to react to this. I thought, am I to keep believing that I still won and something was going to happen and then I'd win? I even got the tickets out of the trashcan thinking they'd be changed. Nope. I started saying in my mind, "Man, what did I do wrong? Can I get out of here?! It's like I'm in training or something, like I'm in school!" And "ding" the dreams came to mind and I understood that I was going through schooling and needed to stay in faith, be patient, and gain more understanding. After that, I just continued to read the Bible everyday.

Reading the Bible was easy going because I had already been shown life from life. I would read, and be like "yeah that's right," "that's wrong," "he shouldn't have done that," and so on because I already knew life. I was seeing a lot of similarities between the Bible and what I had written. It was like what I had written was like an explanation of many things in the Bible. Some statements in the Bible couldn't be understood, but in what I had written, they could be – you could see what it was referring to. I also saw some of the same personal beliefs that I had, and thought were only mine, in the Bible; and even the same writing style and usage of certain words. I already knew for a fact that what I had was from God, and I then knew for a fact that the Bible was too because the truths matched exactly (things didn't contradict). And already knowing God and His ways personally, I saw that same God and ways in the Bible. After some time of reading everyday, I finally read the whole thing. It was only the second book that I had read without being assigned by school (the first book was "Indoor Marijuana Horticulture"). I didn't know what to do next so I decided to read it again. My step-dad

was a preacher and he had a shelf full of different Bible translations, concordances, commentaries, dictionaries, and more and I would use them to help study the Bible.

As time passed, I had a few more things that I had written and had to add to the book, along with some corrections. During this time, I was still fighting temptation and ridding my life of sin (each time I would understand that I was doing something wrong I would strive to correct it). I continued to read the Bible, and I don't know if anything triggered it, but I started to receive more information. It started going back to how it used to be. What I got now was even deeper things about life. I used to sit for hours trying to understand and piece together these new things about life – like figuring out the combination to one lock, another, and another (basically unlocking the truth). For hours a day I tried hard to figure this one little part out, but I couldn't do it. I had to pray to be shown the answer, and just like that, I got it. Each day was filled with deeper understanding. And still believing that I was all shocked out, I pieced together another one of those big ones where I had to rest for the remainder of the day because it was so mind blowing. It seemed like God wasn't sparing a thing – it was like overkill. I fully understood life – step by step and piece by piece. I thought that I understood life before, but now I understood life – the whole thing. This was too much. And the state of knowing exactly, was too weird. I then thought for a fact that life was at the end.

One day, out of the blue, my mom told me that people were going to be looking at our house because she was selling it. Later, she asked me what I was going to do because I couldn't go with her. I thought about it coming to this point at the start of the journey. I thought about all the things that could happen and how I would have to continue writing, and now it was happening. It didn't get to me though. I just shook it off, paid it no attention like everything else, and went back to thinking, writing, and reading the Bible (I didn't pay attention to the outside world, all I knew was what I was doing). Some time later, my mom asked me again what I was going to do. I told her that there was nothing that I could do, I didn't have anywhere to go and I had to continue writing. She said once again that I wasn't going with her. I already understood that she didn't understand why I was writing the book or how serious it was, so I didn't believe that she deserved punishment for it, and I prayed to God and asked Him not to do anything (just to make sure). I told my friend about the situation and he said that his couch was free, so I just continued writing as usual.

Toward the end of September, 2005, a few days before the moving day, I finally took time from what I was doing to think about where I was going to live. I thought about the people I could call, stay with and still write at the same time. I was more concerned with writing than a place to live. My choices were my ex-girlfriend, who was then living in Las Vegas and had a house to herself, or my close friend, with his baby's mother, young child, and newborn child in their apartment. I weighed the many pros and cons of each choice and ended up calling my ex to ask her. She said that she would get right back to me with an answer. She later got back to me and said yes, but I would have to get a job. I told her that I was going to get back to her. I already knew from past trials and errors that I couldn't get a job (I had to write), so I asked my friend and he said yes. The main problem with this was that he was really never at home so I would be there with his baby's mother and kids alone. I didn't like that. It felt really intrusive. I told him that I would call him back. I had a choice between a messed up situation where I could write, or a much better situation where I had to get a job and put writing in second

place to the job. I called my ex and told her thank you but forget it, I was going to be moving in with my friend.

The moving day came and I had a few friends come over to help me. After a long day, when the time came to take the truck back in, we still weren't done, so my step dad and I had to continue the next day. That night, instead of spending the night at my mom's new house, I stayed in the old one all alone. In the morning, we moved the rest of the things and took things we didn't want to the dump. When we finished later that night, my mom gave me two hundred dollars for the road. I called my friend to pick me up, and that was it. I was moved out, but not the way I ever wanted or expected. My friend and I moved the few boxes I had into his apartment and I spent my first night out of my mom's house. In the morning, everyone had to be up early to go to work and school so when they got up, it woke me up. I didn't like getting up because I was sleepy, hurt from being kicked out, and sore and worn out from moving. I was ready to go already, saying to myself, "this is not going to work," but then I just kept telling myself that I had to take it. After they all left, I went to sleep for a few more hours.

When I got up to start the morning (afternoon) I was glad that no one was there. I hurried to take a shower and make breakfast because I couldn't do it with someone there, it didn't feel right. After I was done, I got my papers out and went over some last little things that I was trying to figure out, and other things that I was writing. Inside, I was still feeling hurt and disbelief over the whole "kicked out" situation, but I had to keep fighting it and getting back to work. Later that afternoon my friend's baby's mother came home with the kids. The environment definitely was not the thinking and writing environment I was used to. I fought it and continued to think and write. My concentration kept getting broken, but I kept fighting it. I checked over everything in my papers and realized that I was finished (with what I could do away from the computer). I called my friend like I was his wife or something, asking, "When are you going to be home?" I told him how I was finished and asked him about openings at his job. When he got home he signed me on to the Internet and I looked for work.

The next morning was the same as the first. Later that day, I got the idea to call my sister to see if I could stay with her (She had moved into an apartment by herself a month before my mom moved.). I couldn't see how I didn't think of that before. I called her up and asked her about it, and she said yes. We talked about the whole ordeal and she told me that I should ask our mom if I could stay with her and pay rent. She then said that she was going over our mother's house that night and asked me if I wanted to go so that I could talk to her. I agreed. That night, my sister came to pick me up. I was leaving the apartment and noticed that the apartment door could only be locked from the inside by hand and the outside by key, and no one was home. Because of this, I couldn't leave. I went out to my sister's car and told her to wait a minute while I called my friend. I called my friend, but he didn't answer his cell phone, so then I started to crack. I got angry and frustrated, things I hadn't let happen in a while. I then decided that I could just go out the patio door and leave a note stating that I had done so, and that it was unlocked. I thought about what might happen if I did, and then I didn't know what to do.

After some thinking, I ended up writing the note. I then went to the patio door and opened it. There were people right across the way on their patio, and they would see me, someone they didn't know, going out the patio door, hopping over the balcony, getting into a car, and leaving. I thought, "Okay, I'll time it." I went back to my sister's

car to tell her the situation and to wait a little while longer while I timed it. I went back in and waited a few seconds, but leaving the door unlocked started to weigh on me. I decided, of course not happily, that I couldn't just leave the patio door unlocked. I went to tell my sister to forget it, but reluctantly because I didn't like the fact that she had driven all the way over there for nothing, and that was weighing on me also. I told her and she told me that I should just wait until tomorrow. Feeling angry, I agreed. I didn't want to call my mother, I wanted to talk to her face to face, so I had to endure another night.

The next morning, the same thing. Later that day, I called my sister to get the moving time straight. We talked about the situation and she questioned why I didn't just call my mother. I agreed. When the time came that I knew that she was home, I called her. I asked her if I could stay with her and pay rent, and she said no. I pleaded my case. She said that I wasn't doing anything (no job). I said, "How could I not be doing anything when all day, every day I'm writing?" We kept going back and forth, and then she finally got down to the root of the problem. She said that my step-dad said that I wasn't doing anything and that they were supporting me. She also said that he didn't even know that I was writing a book (he stayed in his room all day and obviously she didn't tell him). I had a few things to say about that. She then told me that my step dad's name was on the lease also so it wasn't up to her, I would have to talk to him. She asked if I wanted to talk to him and I said yes. I talked to him and told him that all of that time I had been writing a book, and asked him if I could stay with them until I was finished. He said, "Yes, come on over." I hung up the phone, and just like that, it was all over.

After I had hung up the phone I was happy, but couldn't believe that all of that was over a lack of understanding, and manipulation. I thought about my days of female manipulation and said that that's exactly what I deserve for all of those years I had been in women's ears manipulating them to make decisions (that's not why the incident happened, I was forgiven for my past, I just thought on those things). I then called my friend and told him the news. Later that night after my friend had come home, he asked me if I wanted to go home that night or wait until the next day. I wanted to go that night, but I sensed that he didn't really want to do it that night, so I said, "I'll spend another night." I spent another night, and the next morning, the same thing. I was getting out of there so it really didn't bother me. That afternoon, I gathered up my things (again). When my friend got home I called my mom's house to make sure someone was at home, and my step-dad was home so my friend and I loaded up all my things into his truck and headed for my mom's house. After arriving, I unloaded all of my things and said thank you to my friend. We later ended up going to get something to eat (I offered). When we went to go get the food it felt good to not be in the house because I didn't want to be around my mom or step-dad.

That night he dropped me off at home and I said thank you once again. In the house, I was dead silent and felt ill will, that I knew I had to fight, towards my mother and step-dad. When my mom would ask me something, I would give one word answers. In my room, I didn't have a bed because we had thrown it in the dump when we moved, so I made a pallet on the floor and went to sleep (the circumstances didn't affect me). I finally got good sleep, and finally no rude awakening in the morning. That day I moved boxes and other things around and in and out of rooms, trying to get everything situated. Of course, my main target, even before I fixed my room, was to get everything

straightened in the spare room so that I could set up the computer (the book was on the computer). I finished setting up the spare room and the computer and was about to get right to work, but I decided to wait until the next day so that I could be fresh (like it was a date).

The next morning I worked on corrections in the book and seeing where to add the new material so that I would be ready when the page proofs arrived from the publishing company. It felt so good to be back to the book. I loved it. When I was done for the day, I went straight to my room. I tried to remain as unseen as possible. When it was dinner time, I didn't know if I should eat or not (I bought fast food for myself while with my friend the previous night). After my mom and step-dad finished eating, I waited for a while and finally went into the kitchen. I asked my mother if I could eat and she said, "Yes, you have to eat something." I thought of things in my mind, but didn't say anything. I went and quietly fixed my plate, then I went to my room and stayed there. Later that night I didn't even go into the living room to watch TV after my mom was done and had gone to bed, I just stayed in my room. For the next couple of weeks I did the same staying hidden and quiet routine.

One weekend my mom got me an inflatable mattress so that I wouldn't have to sleep on the floor. I really didn't want to take it, I didn't want to be "supported by them." Plus, I didn't care where I was sleeping, just as long as I was working on the book. When I went to sleep that night, it felt good to finally be sleeping on a comfortable mattress after so many years. I could see that I had passed a test. I was back doing God's work like I wanted, and like nothing ever happened; I was in a house with my own room again; I didn't have to sleep on the old mattress anymore; and I had \$200 dollars. (I wanted to ask my mom if she wanted the money back, and was going to do it, but never took the opportunities I had to do so.) After a while, I decided that I couldn't continue feeling what I was feeling towards my mother and had to fight it harder (I was already trying to fight it, but not hard enough). A few weeks after she bought the inflatable mattress, she bought me a whole new bed. Once again, I didn't want to receive anything from her, but I took it. Now I was sleeping even more comfortably. I continued making corrections and additions in the book daily.

Saturday, November 8, I received a letter from my publisher. It stated that they wanted to be released from the contract. I laughed. I couldn't believe it, but I could believe it. I wasn't worried at all about the book being published because I knew that this wouldn't stop me, I was more concentrated on the principles of the situation. Looking at the papers, there was no reason given, it was just like "here, sign this," almost like they were trying to sneak it by – like they were just some other papers that needed to be signed. I had a dilemma: Either I sign it and let them out of the contract, get the book back to myself and be free to really fix it up, but have to find another publisher; or sue to make them perform; or sue, get some money, and self publish. I really wanted to just sign it, and I kept laughing. I knew why they wanted out, and I started thinking about the whole situation. I decided to not let them out of the contract and to call to find out what they would say was the reason why, and if they really wanted out. There was a number at the bottom of the last page to call if I had any questions. I either called them and found out that I had to call on Monday, or just decided to wait to call on Monday, but that's what I did.

The next day, I went through the phone book and wrote down lawyers

("attorneys") that dealt with contracts. I was going to call on Monday to get information and then decide what I was going to do. On Monday, November 10, I called the publishing company at the number that was given at the bottom of one of the pages and I told the person who answered what I wanted to talk about and she said, "Is this about your contract?" I said, "Yes." She said, "We don't communicate over the phone about contracts, you have to email the questions." I said, "Okay" and hung up the phone. I started thinking and said to myself that I should have gotten the woman's name who told me that. So I called the number back to get her name, but no one answered, the answering service came on, and only about thirty seconds had passed since I had hung up. I immediately called back, and the same thing – it rang, and then the answering service came on. I hung up the phone thinking, "Oh, okay." I started thinking more, and realized that the letter said to call that number if I had any questions, but when I called they said that I had to email. I knew that they were devious then.

I had to ask the publishing company questions, and tell them that I wasn't going to let them out of the contract, and I also had to make sure that they refused to publish first, so I didn't call any lawyers. That day, I emailed the questions. I asked if the packet was terminating the agreement, and if so, stated that I wasn't going to sign. I also asked if they were going to breach the contract. Later that day I was thinking about how I didn't have any money and what a lawyer would say about that. I thought about losing even though I had overwhelming evidence. I also thought about how crooked lawyers were, and me having to deal with them. November 11, the company emailed me back and stated, "No, we are not 'breaching' your contract. We are terminating your contract, and we are sorry if that was not made clear to you." They said that the book "no longer meets their needs." And then went on to say, "don't feel that you've wasted our time," which was the funniest part to me. They said that "the final version wasn't in a form that would make for a book that would reflect well on either of us." And, "if you do not sign these papers we will send you a different set of papers terminating your contract that do not require your signature." The whole thing was funny.

I had taken business law and real estate in school, so I already knew a little something about contracts. That night I got my copy of the contracts and my books and started going over things, making sure that I had a case. I then started writing out what happened, and why I thought it happened, and also the pros and cons of the choice to sue or not sue. I had them. And they must have thought that I was stupid, but during our whole relationship, I saved every single email that I had sent to them and received from them; and in those emails was even more proof, especially how they said that they didn't see anything that needed to be changed in the book after I questioned them. Looking over the contracts, it stated that any disputes had to go through an arbitrator selected by the AAA (not car related), so I later went to their website to find out more information. I found out that it cost a little over a hundred dollars. The total cost was all the money I had, plus borrowing a few dollars. I didn't care about money, I didn't need it, I only thought about the right course of action, which was now harder being that I could have the exact amount of money.

I thought deep into the situation and it didn't feel right – something wasn't right. It kind of felt like revenge. I had also just written more things about the justice system, so why would I go through it. I could also see the money saying, "do this, so you could have me" and I wasn't going for it, so I left it alone. I left it to God for justice, and took

on another faith test. Later on I thought about why it happened and realized that I didn't lose anything; plus, believing that the book was going to be published helped me get through another year of understanding and writing, and also ensured me a place to stay (others believing that it was being published). On top of that, I wasn't even finished like I thought I was. I gained big time. In early January I signed the papers and sent them in. It had been two months and those other papers they said they were going to send if I didn't sign still hadn't shown up. Late January, I sent them an email and asked if they had received the signed papers yet. They responded and said that they had, so that was that.

Later, I saw that I was trying to rush the book. I was trying to hurry up and get it to the people. I also started to tell people that the book was coming out around a certain time, knowing that I should've kept saying "should be," or said, "if God says the same". Each time I did this, I would think about it later and say to myself that I shouldn't have said that, I'm slipping. I remembered and said to myself, "This is not mine. This is not my plan. He knows when He wants it." So, I just calmed down and got back into the laid back, patient mode that I was in a year ago. I now felt free, so I knew that I had messed up and tried to rush. I was still happy because I loved learning lessons. After that, I was even more fine tuned in this area. I could also see that I was even more fine tuned in other areas. Before, I didn't know why God was doing something or where He was going, I just went, but now I knew why and the final destination but had to stay back and let Him go first (living never knowing how something was going to happen). If I hadn't been molded to this through the years, I probably would have taken more steps that I thought were going to the way to the final destination.

A few times while writing I had crossed things out not believing them to be true. Months later they would pop back up and then I would understand them because of what I had learned during those months. It was the same with not seeing where sentences or paragraphs would fit but knowing that they had to be included – in what I wrote later on would be the place where they were to fit. Day after day I kept adding more information, and each section of the book would grow; some paragraphs had to be relocated, and other sections changed completely. Many times, what I thought was going to be in the book was only a stepping stone to higher truth and got thrown out later. Slowly but surely I was seeing it form and come together into something never expected. The whole thing was like being a gardener. I received the seeds and I would grow them. Out of the seeds came flowers and trees. The flowers and trees produced more seeds. I would then have to position the flowers and trees in the garden. As they grew, I would have to prune them and clip off the bad parts. Later I would have to grow more seeds and add more flowers and trees to sections of the garden, while still doing maintenance work on the whole garden – cleaning, pruning, and positioning.

One day, I came across a copy of an old letter that I had written my girlfriend, and pictures and letters that had responses to what I had written to people in school. I saw that me, writing the way I did and giving advice, wasn't something new. I had also written things in the past that I didn't even know I knew at that moment of reading it. A few of the things even had the same truths that I thought I was currently receiving as new. I then started remembering the people I had talked to recently, and in the past, and how they all said that my words "helped them". I didn't even know that I was like that. I guess it was all hiding underneath and all the pieces of the puzzle were there from the

beginning. This seems even more likely when I consider how I used to write stories for my 4th grade class in elementary school. My classmates used to love them, and so did the teacher. My teacher even had me go to other classes and read them.

I had a strong desire to not put out anything that was false or that would lead someone in the wrong direction. I couldn't let it happen at all. I had to have every single word true. I used to sometimes think about putting out a sentence that was false, and just said that I'd do anything and everything to make sure that afterwards people got the correction (the truth). At times, and more during the finishing stages, I would not only gain information to add, I would gain information on places in the book where I needed to correct something. It would be like the rest, either directly or through things "saying something to me" (out of the blue – me not having any previous knowledge of it). Sometimes I would write what I thought to be additions (new information), and when I went to add it, I would see that it was already there; and while looking there I would see the correction that I needed to make. So, basically I was either told the correction or led to it. With a system like that, I knew that everything would be right when the book was printed. Continuing in that faith, I didn't even begin to let the thoughts of something being false in the book make me worry.

I started to really shy away from all of my friends because each one of them kept lying to me, except for one. And I had known him from school, but had just started hanging out with him two years earlier. Both of my close friends kept lying too. It didn't matter how much of the other friendship qualities they had, without trust, there was no real friendship to me. To them, there wasn't a problem between us, but to me, there was. I knew why they were lying and could explain it to them, but when I did, they didn't want to hear it or couldn't understand it because it took other understanding first (they would have to take the time to understand). Time after time, one would talk about how the other lied and flaked, and the other would talk about how the other lied and flaked. Neither one of them would look at themselves and see that they were doing the exact same things, and mostly to me. But I still hung in there. I started to go out once a month, but this only lasted about three months because myself and the outside world didn't match – it was more off than before. I was back at the conclusion I had reached over a year earlier, there's nothing out there for me. I went on each day correcting and adding more to the book, not knowing when it would stop.

I had stopped writing about things that happened in my life, and now I've taken so many blows to my memory that I can't remember most of it, so what follows is a short description of some of the things that occurred after this point.

This house that I lived in with my home and step-dad in 2005, I call "the torture house". During the summer, it was extremely hot and they didn't turn on the air conditioning so my room was unbearable. I tried all sorts of things to cool off. When I finally got a fan, I

had to set up just right so that it wouldn't be blowing directly on because for most of my life direct wind affected my sinuses. I ended up setting up blankets and clothes in certain places around the room in order to direct the air flow. I remember I even wet my shirt then put it on before I went to bed. I tried all sorts of things.

In the winter, it was the opposite. I couldn't sleep with my head under the covers, but I couldn't have it out either because it was so cold.

I remember developing sleeping issues at this time. I couldn't even go to sleep until after 3:30 am. It became so torturous that I was very close to banging my head against the wall. I had to research and research to try to find out what was going on. It was crazy.

I remember being hungry many times, to the point where it felt like I was starving, but I didn't want to ask my mom for more food. It was here, at this house, that I learned to really appreciate food. After this point in time, food was food to me. I didn't have preferences, I would be grateful to eat.

I remember I had a problem with porn and masturbation that I couldn't kick. I had stopped myself from doing all kinds of sins for years just by my own willpower and self control, but here I couldn't stop it. I even tried writing down the negative consequences and using knowledge against it, but that didn't work. And if that wasn't enough, each time I did it, my mind would get foggy afterwards. With that, my memory was being affected, and my current state and abilities. I would think about how all Satan had to do was get me to sin in this way, and he would be harming me. And it kept happening. There was nothing but anger, regret, frustration, and many tears and prayers to God. I couldn't understand what was going on.

Late 2005 – early 2006, I started searching for information on my condition. This is when I found out more about Zoloft, serotonin, and other neurotransmitters. After much searching, I finally discovered what I had been suffering from for years after that ecstasy incident – derealization and depersonalization. I found a forum with other people who were going through the same thing.

Here's part of a post from one of those forums that describes what I was going through for years, on top of the other things that were going through:

“My previous post came out too long, so here's a brief summary:

I was 14 to 15 y.o. when I smoked that fateful joint. I smoked the same amount and the same stuff as what my friends did, and nothing happened to them.

The symptoms prevailed for almost two years.

The symptoms that I had included:

- severe depersonalization (derealization)
- I felt like the world around me was two dimensional, completely flat

- I thought that I already died but my spirit somehow didn't notice that and just kept walking around
- I felt like I was a mere observer of what my body did and said, like I was watching a movie about myself rather than being a participant
- Whenever someone would talk to me, it felt like their voices came from a long distance away, and didn't synchronize with their lip movement
- Whenever I looked at objects or people, my eyes would focus on some small unimportant details, like a little crack on a wall, or a tiny spot on someone's face, preventing me from focusing on the bigger picture
- I felt constant shortness of breath, except for a few hours in the morning after I just woke up
- I constantly pondered about the meaning of life, and whether or not I was already dead
- I didn't experience any emotions, e.g. joy, love, frustration, excitement, comradeship; nothing would touch me.
- I was afraid that I had all kinds of incurable diseases, particularly a heart disease"

The only difference between what I was going through and what he went through was the "except for a few hours in the morning" part and not experiencing any emotions. I experienced some, others were dull. Over the years, many things got worse. I had slipped back and forth between the 2-D and 3-D a few times. It ended up staying in 2-D.

This portion of an old Wikipedia article from that time gives further insight into what I was experiencing:

Depersonalization

In [psychology](#) (and also [psychiatry](#)), **depersonalization** (or **derealization**) is the experience of feelings of loss of a sense of [reality](#). A sufferer feels that he or she has changed and the [world](#) has become less real -- it is vague, dreamlike, or lacking in significance. The [DSM-IV](#) categorizes [depersonalization disorder](#) as a form of [dissociative disorder](#), though **depersonalization** proper is more often characteristic of the [traumatic](#) origin of other conditions.

Sufferers of depersonalization feel divorced from both the world and from their own identity and physicality. Often times the person who has experienced depersonalization claims that life "feels like a [movie](#), things seem unreal, or hazy." ^{[[citation needed](#)]} Also a recognition of self breaks down (hence the name). When a person suffers from the disorder (or the [symptoms](#) associated with it) he or she finds that when they look in the [mirror](#), his or her [face](#) is not familiar, though logically he or she is completely aware of their identity.

The feeling is said to be like being a ghost. No matter how hard the person tries, he/she cannot feel like they are genuinely interacting with the world and can't seem to perceive themselves as being normal. They feel like they are trapped between the real world and death. While you're struggling so hard to feel everything as normal again, there is a part

of yourself that begs to just give up and stop the struggling. Simply put, it is an alteration in the perception or experience of oneself, so that the self is felt to be unreal; the person feels detached from the reality or their own body or mental processes.

Even with all of this going on, I had a message and a mission, so I had to keep going. I can remember when I worked for the model scout company I was asked to read something out loud. I agreed, and didn't have a problem with it at all. When I started reading, my reading was "choppy," word by word, like someone who barely knew how to read. I just continued reading until I finished. Because of my past training and knowledge, I didn't feel embarrassed, but I knew that "I should have been". I also knew that everyone was thinking that I was a person who barely knew how to read. On another occasion, they asked me to stand up in front of everyone and show how I engaged a potential talent. This was a disaster as well. These instances of looking dumb, slow, or unintelligent would be two of many that would occur over the years. Many times I've looked like a fool because of my condition, and while on the inside being totally filled with wisdom and knowledge.

Through my research and experiments during this time, I found that 5-HTP (sparingly) along with SAME-e was bringing me back to 3-D. I took it until one day I ran out of money and couldn't get anymore, so 2-D came right back.

One of friends, not close friends, called me to help with a delivery for a furniture company. After that one delivery, I started working on-call with the company, getting paid under the table. I did this until about September of 2006.

One day, just as before, my mom came to me telling me that they were moving and that I couldn't go with them. My step-dad had convinced her to move from California to Louisiana. No one in my family could believe that she would make a decision like that, and we all hated it. So, once again, and because of my step-dad again, I was forced out. I ended up going to live with my sister in her apartment. I can't remember the exact details, but I remember I had a decision of faith that I felt like I failed. Worried about being a burden to my sister, and worried about what she thought, I chose to work, which meant putting the book to the side. My friend had gotten hired at a bigger furniture company working full time and told them about me. I then pursued the opportunity and got hired on. One day, he and I got into it, and on this day, and others, he did many wrong things, so he ended up getting fired. I continued working there. When I finally saved up enough money, I moved out of my sister's apartment. I ended up moving into my own apartment across the parking lot, in the same apartment complex as my sister.

The whole time I wondered if I had chosen wrong. It also felt like I was being pushed out into the world, and I couldn't understand why. The only thing I wanted to do was to

get back to God and have things how they used to be. I prayed about it and cried tears over it, but I still didn't get an answer or get things back the way they used to be. I didn't feel that closeness with Him that I once had, and I hated it. I didn't know if it was because I wasn't reading the Bible or not. I had stopped a while before this time after seeing problems with the translations. This was hard on me.

After months of saving money, I was able to get a car. I was concerned about driving because I had driven only once since I had my car, and my reality had gone to 2-D since then. It was very weird at first, but I got a hang of it. It was like my mind was functioning from the subconscious.

As time went on, I began to be like a regular person in areas of my life (just being reintroduced back into society). But the further I went into being like a regular person, the more sinful I got without even noticing it.

At this apartment, I was smoking weed. I got into downloading, burning and selling CDs and programs. This later went to movies. (The internet was my "domain" so it was perfect fit.) I began to want money again. I ended up selling weed again. "Syrup," was a popular thing to do at the time, and since I couldn't get a hold of any, I researched into how to make it. I ended up getting everything I needed to produce it, and even got pills shipped from New Zealand. I had my kitchen looking like a small lab. And after all of that work, the quality was good, but the look wasn't. People were skeptical of the look, so after all that work, I ended up breaking even on the venture. During this time, due to my condition, I had forgotten most of the things I had been through in my life. I still loved God, and remembered the mission, but I was lost and didn't know it.

May 4, 2007 – A girl who I had met online came over, but she didn't look anything like her pictures. I think this had happened before more than once so I got fed up. We had a small argument and I ended up kicking her out. A while after she left, I decided to leave. While thinking about the girl and the small argument we had, the excitement set my heart racing. I had smoked weed, had a 5-hr energy shot (or 2) earlier, and had a Pepsi for boosting the effects of the 5-hr energy from earlier. I didn't know what was going on, and my heart wouldn't stop pounding. I made it out of the apartments and out to the street. I think I was on my way to my friend's house, but things got worse so I had to get into the turning lane to try to make a u-turn. Everything I looked at was weird. The music in my car was weird. It was like a psychedelic trip but with my heart pumping hard and extremely fast at the same time. While in the turning lane I called a friend for help, but he was on a date and couldn't help. I called another friend for help, but he was playing cards with his family and pretty much dismissed me like I wasn't going through anything. I asked him to come help, but he said that he couldn't because he was playing

cards. I got off the phone with him and I was left alone to die. I was panicking, and I didn't even know if I would be able to drive the car when the light turned green. After it turned green I was able to turn around but ended up going down the wrong street and I got lost. The further I went, the more lost I got. And they were dark quiet streets. So now I was about to die with absolutely no chance of help. I saw familiar signs but couldn't find my way. I cried out to God for help. Seconds later, without seeing anything, the feeling I got was as if I saw a huge sign saying "God," as big as a building, slowly appearing. Then I was in a weird state. Then I started smiling and laughing and thanking and praising God, pretty much cheering. And I don't remember if it was right before this or right after this, but my heart started slowing down and the mental and vision effects started decreasing. And either I could think logically again, which is doubtful, or God told me to turn around on the street that I was on and go back the way I came in order to find a familiar way. So I turned around and went back the other way. After a few turns I noticed that I was turning down the streets like I knew where I was going, but I didn't know at all. It was like my body was going by itself. I was amazed at how I was doing this in such a messed up mind state (it wasn't like "the attack" but it was very messed up). I finally got back to a familiar street, and I don't remember what happened next, but I think I went back home. At home I remember being exhausted. I don't remember going to bed but I remember the next day. I woke up to my heart racing and me being drenched in sweat. It was either that day or the next, I began to feel how sore my heart was. I could feel that it was sore as it would beat. It was so strange to be able to feel my heart while it was in my chest. I then started to think about how the heart is a muscle. For days after this, my heart would race in the middle of the night or the morning, and I would wake up sweating. The next work day, I drank some a 5-hr energy drink, and the experience came back a little bit. I thought that it was going to go full blast, but it didn't. Later on, even when I would think about the song that was playing during "the attack," it would start to bring it back. This incident was a huge blow to my memory and my already messed up condition.

Christmas of 2007 came and I thought hard and long about not going over my family's house. I figured that it was time to fully cut ties with Christmas instead of just knowing the falsehood and despising it on the inside. I ended up going. Towards the end of the night my sister called me to her room. She told me that our grandmother who had been in the hospital died that day. I didn't cry, I held in my cries until I left to go home. That night, I broke my promise about never drinking again. With my condition, the little bit that I did drink didn't have the effects that it had in the past. It even made me sleepy. I tried it again the next day, and the same thing. So I stopped drinking it and put it in the refrigerator for whoever came over and wanted it.

June 2007, for the first time, I got fired from my job. It wasn't because of anything I did wrong, it was because the boss retaliated against all the things I was saying and doing regarding the unsafe working conditions (Unemployment Insurance later agreed). They even called me their best employee not too long before this. I don't know why I was saying what I was saying or doing what I was doing, but it was some off-the-wall stuff. It was like their injustice stirred up the warrior, savior, "stand up for the little guy" spirit within me. It was like my secret life would break through. I later got another job working from 7am to 7pm. This job led to a use of energy drinks every day, but I could only drink certain ones.

I don't know exactly when it was, or how it happened, but I got involved in trying to pimp and run an escort service again. This was so weird because the whole time I knew it wasn't me at all and that I was fooling myself by doing it because it has to be you (in you). It was like I was being led, and I was watching myself go, doing what I didn't want to do or agree with. I remember one occasion during this time I was on the street trying to "recruit" some prostitutes. I ended up getting this girl who was high on drugs to come back to my apartment. She ended up being too high to even talk to (she wasn't high on marijuana) so I took her back to the streets and dropped her off. After I got back home, what I had just done started to weigh on me. I started to think about God, and I started to think about ways to make the situation right. I ended up going back out to the streets to find her so that I could help her. I didn't find her. I felt so bad after this. It was crazy. This was more proof to me that pimping wasn't me. After this I still tried to do it, especially from the computer, but it all came to nothing.

It was sometime during this time period that my friends and I went to a club on Halloween. I was minding my own business when a guy in a doctor costume walked up to me, stuck out his hand and said, "You're going to need this." I took it, and he just kept walking. I looked and it was a condom. I thought this was somewhat strange, but I just ignored it. A month or more later, my friends and I went to hang out with some women we had met on a chat line. We all smoked, received oral sex, and I later ended up in the room about to have sex with one of the women. Just when I was ready to have sex, I thought about how I didn't have a condom so couldn't. Then the condom the doctor gave me came to mind. I searched for it and found it. I sat there stunned for a moment and questioned whether I should do it or not, especially being such a weird situation. I ended up having sex for the first time in many, many years. I also broke my promise to God, but I don't know if I realized at that time. Before this, I had either turned down sex or something would happen so that I couldn't have sex. And this was each and every time. It was to the point where I knew that I was being stopped. That all changed with this one weird incident.

One day, I was contacted on the computer by a girl on Myspace. We started talking and became friends. She seemed to be a lot like me in many ways, and our personalities seemed to mesh well. Over time, we took the conversation to the phone. The more we talked, the closer we got. One night, I went to a club with one of my friends. Moments after walking in, on my way to the bathroom, I looked across the room and spotted her, and this was while the song we had conversations about (almost “our song”) was playing. I continued into the bathroom in disbelief. We hadn’t met in person yet and I was high so I put drops in my eyes and sprayed on cologne. I was kind of nervous, but after some time, I knew I had to leave the bathroom and go face her, so I gathered up the courage and did it. We greeted one another, hugged, and talked. Everything went very good on our first meeting. After the club was over I thought about how perfect, and strange, the situation was.

This girl and I ended up getting closer, and one day while I was over her house, we had sex. I was very surprised that this happened. I was expecting something to happen to stop me, but it didn’t. It made me think that maybe she was special. From all the other things I had learned about her, it sure seemed that way. One thing was strange though, she was originally from the exact same city I had sex in prior to having sex with her.

I continued to live in my apartment during this time, talking to her and bringing my attempts at computer pimping to a close. I don’t remember exactly when it was but I remember looking at how everything was going real good between us and I said to God, thinking that He was trying to put me with her, “I’ll get rid of her right now.” I had a small list of qualifications that a woman had to conform to in order to be my wife and I took those, eliminated a couple, and confronted her with them. We talked, and she passed. I couldn’t believe it. Some time after this, on May 5, 2008, we began a relationship. And I never, ever did the relationship thing, especially with someone who had children (I had only recently, months before meeting her, let my defenses go and talked to women who had children). She had two girls, by two different guys. The father of the youngest, about five at the time, was nowhere to be found; the father of the eldest, about ten at the time, lived a little over an hour away but wasn’t really in her life. My girlfriend also did daycare and foster care, so there were always additional children around. I didn’t mind it though because I loved kids and had always been a child at heart. I didn’t find everything to be perfect with her though, there were many things I overlooked, things I would have never overlooked in the past.

When I would go visit her, her kids seemed to like me, and I liked them. We all usually watched movies I had burned or played video games. Over the months we became closer

and closer. One day, while at work, my boss gave me a letter. The letter stated that my wages were going to be garnished to pay off a past debt, and the amount being taken was going to cause me to lose my apartment because I wouldn't be able to pay for it. And I think this was exactly a week after getting food poisoning. I didn't know what to do about this news. I didn't even pay my rent because I needed to save my money in case I had to move. I ended up receiving a notice on the door and it was then that I decided what I should do. Though it was against my own personal beliefs, in July of 2008, I decided to move in with my girlfriend. With our living situation as it was, over time, having sex without marriage began to weigh on me. I finally had to tell her that we couldn't have sex without being married. She didn't seem to like the idea too much, but over time, she agreed.

Late 2008 I went back to the doctor for more Zoloft. I don't remember exactly what was going on, but I remember I was tired of going through what I was going through (I took them until September of 2009 when I stopped again). It may have been around this time that my eyesight began to get worse when it came to distance. When it started, it kept getting worse and I wondered if it would stop. I later got glasses from Walmart, which I knew I shouldn't have done, and they made my eyesight even worse. So, not only was I seeing in a daydream-like 2-D state, my regular vision was extremely bad.

It wasn't even a year after this time that she started talking about marriage. After a while of talking about it, she said we were going to have to stop sharing the same bed unless we were married. I didn't like the idea of marriage at all. I still had a message and a mission, and I couldn't see how marriage would fit into that. In fact, it looked as though it would destroy it. As time went on, she pressed more and more. I also started seeing signs to do it more and more. And even though our relationship was great, and we saw each other as soul mates, I still refused. Though I said no, I kept seeing signs that said yes. I prayed and prayed, and asked God if He wanted me to marry her. I kept getting confirmations, but I kept refusing. I didn't want to marry her and I couldn't see why He wanted me to. I couldn't believe this was going on. I even had a personal rule on marriage, don't marry before three and a half years, and that would be broken if I married her. Over time, with more pressure, prayer and signs, I finally agreed. I held marriage in very high esteem, and didn't believe in divorce, so to do this was huge. I remember thinking of the prophet in the Bible who God told to marry a certain woman, but that helped little. I also remember feeling like I might have been doing it out of pressure too, along with doing it because God wanted me to.

I don't know if we were talking about marriage and I was about to yes, or if we were engaged, but during this time I got scared to death of committing adultery. All the lessons and punishments of the past had been clouded over in my mind, and I could faintly remember them. I could barely remember that sex equated to nothing to me. I couldn't stop thinking that I would mess up, and saw adultery as a death sentence, so I came up with an idea. I decided to go out and remind myself that sex equated to nothing by going out and having sex. And then I wanted to pursue the types of women I never had before so that they couldn't be used as temptation in the future. I figured all of this wasn't a good idea, but I knew it would work. I only had to keep it secret, then I'd be ready for marriage. I ended up meeting women online. I communicated with them through the internet and text messages and met up with them. Before I knew it, I was doing it for lust, not the initial purpose. This didn't go on for too long, but I had a number of different women. And I do mean "different". It ended up being the exact variety that I said that I wanted – a combination that no one could have ever figured out. This was crazy to me.

On April 17, 2010 we got married. We didn't have a lot of money so we just had a service at a church, and reserved an area of a buffet for afterwards. The eldest daughter, then a teen, didn't seem to be too happy about the marriage. With her age, and her father still in her life, I figured that would happen so I paid it no mind. And because we didn't have a lot of money, when we finally did go on our honeymoon, we only went to a hotel. This night was hell for me. I had a molar that was killing me. Each time I laid on the bed, I had to get up, run to the bathroom and rinse my tooth with water. I suffered that night. Maybe I should have taken that as a sign.

I don't remember exactly when it was, but throughout the months I kept getting the feeling that the marriage was, or was going to be, temporary, and that I was only passing through. I didn't understand how this could be possible if I was married, but feeling this gave me a tiny bit of relief. It ended up not mattering though, because I forgot about it later and fully became a husband and father (or at least tried to be). I also remember thinking the question "Would you leave her and the kids for God, even after getting attached to them?" This happened several times. I didn't like the idea of it, and knew it would be extremely hard, but I would always answer "Heck yeah." "Yes." or "I'd do it." as if it was a matter of loyalty to God.

Though we were married, I still didn't tell her any significant details about my secret life or what I had been through in life. I did however tell her about my condition and how I

saw the world in daydream like state, and how I had to take Zoloft. I also told her that I was writing a book, but I didn't tell her the exact details of what was in it. This was earlier in the relationship and we were asking questions to one another and discovering how much we had in common. After I told her about me having to take Zoloft, she said, "Yeah I" and she stopped. I caught it, but didn't want to pressure her into telling me so I ignored it. I then looked at it as just something else we had in common, being soul mates. Later on in the marriage I mentioned to her several times that I worked for God. I knew she didn't believe me though.

I don't remember the exact details (of course), but two and a half months into the marriage, she verbally attacked. She went crazy on me over a less than minor situation. I had never seen this side of her, and would have never imagined that it existed. The entire time, since the first day I met her, she was the very definition of "sweet". I even called her "too sweet". Her character, or what seemed to be her character, was kind, calm, sweet, and laid back. And her character was the main reason I liked her. After the yelling was all over, I was scared to death because I knew at that moment I had been tricked and trapped. I couldn't believe it. I wasn't the type of person to ever put my business on Facebook (never), and I ran to Facebook and said something about women waiting until marriage and then showing their true colors. I also related her thinking to math somehow, I just know it ended with a comment about imaginary numbers because what she had just done was based on pure imagination.

After this, there were good times, but then there were those moments when she would go off. Every other month I was getting accused of something. Over time, I discovered she was a man-hater. I discovered she was known for arguing. I discovered she had trust issues. I discovered she was self conscious about her weight. I discovered she had major issues with making assumptions, and many more issues. One thing she kept saying in the beginning was "Your making me feel like" Over the years of research, revelations, and learning prior to meeting her I knew the human body well, and was pretty much a psychologist. But she didn't know this. It wasn't something I did on purpose, but my mind would diagnose everyone I came in contact with and would know what they were suffering from, and possible causes. This was with everyone during that time, myself included (I had always diagnosed myself). And there was particular emphasis on diagnosing sin.

During the beginning of our marriage, my wife revealed to me that she knew I had cheated on her when we were boyfriend and girlfriend. She said that an online username

that I was using on dating sites “kept coming to her”. With my marriage now in jeopardy, I had to come clean with everything. She wanted to see the websites and emails, so I showed her. Going through that stuff I was surprised at what I had done, especially sending naked pictures of myself. That wasn’t even my character. She was in tears and seemed to be extremely hurt. I felt extremely hurt with her because I would have known she would find out and be that hurt, I wouldn’t have done it. I never believed she would find out. Seeing how hurt she was, and how much pain I had caused her, I began to cry. When I began to cry, she began to grin. I caught it, thought it was very strange, but I ignored it. She explained to me that usually she would leave someone who cheated on her, but this time she wouldn’t. Years later, when this situation was brought up, she said she also saw me on the dating sites and knew what was going on at that time. If this was true, why did she still marry me?

I remember when I was caught staying in the home by someone working for the childcare agency, and instead of being fined, my wife just quit. I couldn’t understand why she did that. After this, we went into a time of serious financial difficulty. For many years before meeting her I had lived by pure faith. There was no stability in my life when it came to shelter. If I were to become homeless, I would be ok. I knew God would take care of me. I had lived many years without money, and didn’t have a desire for it. I knew I would be provided for. This is how I lived, and how I was, but this wasn’t at all true for her. I remember financial and other situations would arise and I wouldn’t care at all, but out of faith. After some nagging, and being accused of not caring, I started to act like I cared. A little while after I did that, I started to care. Then came worry, fear, anger, frustration, just like she had. And this continued on.

For a time during 2010, I started spending more and more time on the computer learning about banks, bankers, the economy, and all things “conspiracy”. I was engaged in it like I was engaged in researching when I was working on the book, and that meant many hours of research nonstop (which was met with opposition from the wife). The many things I had already known, combined with this new information, meant I understood much more than the average “conspiracy theorist”. Learning this very important information, I wanted to inform others. I started writing and posting online, but I knew that what I put out would give government intelligence and others the information they needed to find out all about me (didn’t want to blow my cover) so I never went too deep or released anything too amazing. Thinking that I was going to make a difference, I researched starting a blog. On August 26, 2010, I had my first blog post.

For years up until this point, I had been separated from society, and my mind had been as a person on the outside looking in at everyone else. When I wrote, especially in the book, it was always “you” and “they,” never “us”. In order to be perfectly fair, and not practice any type of favoritism at all, I had separated myself from Black people. I was Black, and didn’t have a problem at all stating it, but I didn’t stand with Black people, I only stood with righteous people, whomever or whatever they were. For some reason, for this particular time, I put it to the side and set out to find a Black website to bring Black people into the understanding of this true stuff called conspiracy theories. Maybe the fact that Black people didn’t know, and were a group that was without, while White people did know, convinced me to do it because I never did anything by race or favoritism. And at that time I thought I was the only Black person who knew that type of information. In September of 2010, I joined an online forum. This was my first time reaching out and talking to other people. Over time, I noticed just how different I was from other people. As time went on, I noticed that their questions and attacks would bring the truth out of me. Things I didn’t even know beforehand. The things that were being revealed made me write on that site more than my own blog.

During this time, we continued to do foster care. I also worked on and off for a moving company. We ended up adopting a teenage boy we were doing foster care for. He was too good to let go.

If marriage wasn’t unbelievable enough, in May of 2011, I found out that my wife was pregnant. I had always taken precautions to ensure that I wouldn’t get her pregnant. If marriage was going to stop my mission, I knew a baby definitely would. A baby was something I wanted to consult God on first. I didn’t make hardly any decision without seeing if it was ok (being with her, this way of living faded away over the years). Yielding to her wishes, I did what I shouldn’t have done. And on December 27, 2011 she gave birth to a girl. We had been going through problems before this, and I was ready to leave, but the pregnancy brought us back together.

During 2011 and 2012 I thought for sure that I would be able to start a business and our financial problems would be over, but that wasn’t the case. I can remember spending months learning Photoshop and creating designs for T-shirts. At first, I didn’t do this venture for money, but being in a financial problem with a worried, nagging wife, I turned the intention to money. That venture failed. I spent months researching and trying to start a bounce-house business. That ended up failing and not even beginning. I spent months learning a program to create different types of websites. Though the ideas were

great, I didn't have money to get them off the ground. I searched for funding, but found none. So this too failed. I would work hard to research and develop business ideas, and right near the end or right when I was done, something would happen and it would all crumble. I even searched and searched on how to get some of my inventions off the ground, this also ended in failure. August – October of 2012, I spent months and months researching and developing a business to sell a plant that I knew would be profitable. I just knew that this would explode into success. Like the rest, it didn't even get started. It too failed. Everything I tried, failed. Everything I built, crumbled. To the family, I was just on the computer, or being selfish. But to me, I had the sure answers to my family's problems, would pursue them, and they would end in wasted time. Over and over again. In August of 2012, we were so far behind on rent that we were forced to move.

The house we moved to went down as the most hated house by our family. A lot of drama went down in this house. When you mix opposites, you can expect that. They were "in the Matrix," I was out. I centered everything on God, they did not. My wife was a new age parent with new age kids, I was an "old school parent". I didn't watch TV at all, they loved to watch TV. I didn't need or want money, they loved money. I hated possessions/things, they loved them. I was obsessed with reading, researching, knowledge, and learning, they were obsessed with entertainment. I was all about order, they were all about disorder. I was all about truth, they were all about lies. There was this, and more. And to top it off, I was the step-dad. The things I learned through constant research only widened the gap between my understanding and theirs, making our differences even greater. All of this, coupled with leading a secret, undercover life; being accused and verbally and emotionally abused by my wife, and the lies, manipulation, and hate from the eldest girl had my sanity hanging by a thread. It was at this house that I had to learn to put "love your enemy" into practice, but it was in regards to the eldest girl (the source of most of the problems). The same is true for "hating the sin, not the sinner". And it worked.

Constant research meant constant discoveries, especially for me. With many of these discoveries came pain, anger, and days of depression. With much of the research I had to dig through harmful filth to find the truth. So, when you add all of this up, the truth came with a heavy price. With many of the discoveries, I couldn't tell anyone or explain it to them, they would have to read, watch, and listen to the information, and that was something most people weren't willing to do. As a result, I was stuck knowing things, not being able to tell people. Then there were things I could reveal to others – some without much reading, watching, or listening – but I chose not to because I knew the extreme fear, pain, shock, and/or depression they would experience. It seemed better to let them live a lie in this area of their life than to subject them to that. And the more I discovered about what was being done to people by "the elite," the more I had to live with and just watch it be done. This was extremely painful. And all of this went on for years. During this time, because of the things that I was revealing online, I believed that I would be arrested and tortured (I wasn't reading the Bible and God's promises that I once

knew of were gone in my clouded memory). But I had already lived a tortured life, so I was ready for it.

With the economy crumbling, and fearing something worse, I knew I had to get my family out of the city. My wife and I discussed moving to, or near, the area she was from. This was the best choice for getting out of the city, especially with much of her family living out that way. After much talking about it, she agreed. We didn't have the money to move, and although she was against it for almost the entire time, I sold my car ("our car") so that we could move. And in March of 2013, we moved. Where we moved to was more of a country setting. I loved this because over the past months my heart had turned toward the country and country living. We both had job opportunities there, but the job she could get paid more so we decided that she would work and I would stay at home with the kids.

After posting some of my revelations on that Black forum, and keeping other revelations to myself, in April of 2013, I stopped posting there after an incident with some of the members. It happened while I was posting information on a thread about Blacks and the Bible. I was going to start posting some of the other things I knew because I knew more truth would unfold right there as it had done before, but I was agitated and belittled by some of the members. I got angry at first, but then it felt like I was being stopped by God for a reason. I then realized that I was being stopped by God.

I remember that for one reason or another, I couldn't explain things by using my mouth. It first started years before this time with me trying to reveal something and I started stuttering. I had never stuttered in my life. This happened several times after this. Then later, other different reasons came together and prevented me from explaining things by using my mouth. The only way I could effectively communicate was by writing or using the computer (although by this time my writing ability had dramatically decreased). This then led to me using other people's words and creations on the internet to speak. I also realized that I was looking at people's mouths when they spoke, like I was deaf. I used to look at their eyes most of the time. Not being aware of self, I wasn't aware that I was doing this. I could hear, but sometimes I would zone out during their talking. Sometimes I would hear people and respond but then not know what they said or why I responded. It's like I heard it but didn't hear it.

I was taking care of our baby and home schooling the second oldest girl. At night, I would work on information pieces that I would call “projects”. But living this double life was killing me. I wanted to be able to work late some nights and recover the sleep others, but issues with my wife and baby destroyed this plan. There was a time in 2013 where I had to survive on coffee during the day and weed at night to keep me going. I went for many months straight getting an average of about six hours of sleep each night, and some months an average of four hours. This increased the brain fog, and I was never ever to recover the lost sleep because of different situations in the home.

The elite’s plots and plans against people in the US and humanity continued to be revealed to me, so I had to keep warning of them. When I saw their plans and actions were getting too serious, or what I believed to be too serious, I started trying to give myself up. I started taking shots at them. I started saying certain things that showed how much I knew so they would put their attention on me instead of the people. I also said things I knew they would understand while everyone else wouldn’t. Because of things I was saying online, and experiencing online, and with my computer and phone, I had lived for years believing I was under constant surveillance. I also knew that spirits were reporting information. I already knew that the “other side” knew of me, or that spirits associated with them did, because for years before this time I had caught things in movies and elsewhere about me, my particular situation, and things I had written. A lot of times they would mock me. So, when I tried to have them focus on me I thought it would work, but it didn’t. And because I was now operating with less restraint when working, more truth began to be revealed in my projects. By late 2013 my articles showed clearly that I was more than just a regular person.

Late 2013 or early 2014, I ended up going to a particular verse in Revelation (Revelation 2:1-5) that I would go to every once in a while because I felt like it had some significance. I would use it to check myself, and I hadn’t done it in a while (a handful of times over many years). What it said caused me to think about the book, and *The Journey*. I didn’t like going into the book because for me it represented a lot of pain and struggle, especially *The Journey*. And even though over the years I knew reading it would refresh my memory, I still didn’t want to read it. This time, I finally decided to do it. I started skimming through parts of the book and I saw things that were outdated because they were about previously current issues long ago. This disturbed me for a while, until I got to the sections that were about life. This was timeless. I then finally went to the section that had been the reason I went to the book, *The Journey*. Reading it, I was in shock. I had forgotten about so much. I read up to the parts in my life where I just realized my mission and was just laying out the book, and then I stopped. I realized that my original intent was to help and save, particularly people in the ghetto (I had

wanted to be rich to save them), not hunt down and punish the wicked. I then remembered [a scene from the movie Ghost Rider 2](#) (I had watched it years before at my friends house). I don't remember how long after this it was, but I got the DVD out and watched that scene again. I then tried to do what the character did in the movie and pull the old "savior spirit" from deep down in me. And it worked. The feeling was familiar, and it was so long since I had felt it. After this, I focused my mind on helping. I remember at this time feeling as though I had turned around, walked back to God and sat down at His side. I was amazed, and ashamed. I had gone hunting for the wolves, but left the sheep all alone. And I couldn't believe I had been gone for so long. The familiarity showed me that I had strayed. I started thinking about how years before there were times when I thought about leaving from under God's command and going to fight the battle by myself. I had this thought more than a few times, but said that I wouldn't do it (or at least most of the time). I couldn't believe it, I had actually done it. And I was gone for a long time without even knowing it. Then I started thinking about the parable of the prodigal son in the Bible. After this point in time, I was back to fully being a servant, consulting Him about everything first.

Seeing what Black people in the US were going through at that time made me think of something. I had a chapter in the book specifically addressed to Black people. It focused on the issues they were going through at that time, and hinted towards them being the Israelites of the Bible. At that time I wrote it in the book, I had received this knowledge by revelation and didn't have enough proof to prove it, so I put Bible verses which "hinted" at it. I think it was earlier in 2013 that I decided to combine that with a few videos I had seen on the topic over the years to see what the Spirit would add (since it came from the book, I asked God first on this). It became one of the many projects I had lined up. So, after seeing how I forgot about the ghetto, and Black people, I went to God and begged Him if I could work on that project. I pointed out the things Black people were suffering at that time and explained how they were at the point that they knew they couldn't save themselves (because I knew He was waiting for that). I begged and begged, and with tears also. I asked Him to stop me if He was against it or assist me if He was for it. Not too long after this, I began work on *Wake Up Jacob*. It started with a few videos and some information I had already written. What I had written in the book wasn't even used. Over time, I saw that the Spirit was with me so I kept going. As I kept going, the project kept growing. Different parts were created, added to, taken from, and reorganized again and again at different times until it became what was supposed to be. I didn't know exactly what each section, or the whole, would be, and didn't plan or do things with intent (all the titles of the chapters came last). Most of it, I didn't know before working on them; I learned as I went with the flow. I later realized that this was exactly how it was when I was writing the book. Everything was beginning to be like old times.

Everything was fine, then the next thing I know, here come the complaints about me staying up at night on the computer. I finally had enough, she was always in opposition

to God. I decided that I was going to tell her how important it was and if she opposed it, I would see what spirit was working in her and I would be done with her. I went to her and told her that it was God's work and that it was very, very important, even beyond important. She didn't want to hear it. I tried to explain another time, and she didn't want to hear it. So I just walked away and ignored her from then on. In my heart, I was divorced from that point on. And from that point on I started feeling more alive. The constant Bible research I had to do only increased this feeling. I started to transform and become a person of peace and joy again, something I had lost over the years. All the Bible reading only confirmed what I knew over the years but ignored because I had "beef" with the translations of the Bible, and that's that I needed it to fuel my spirit. I had stayed away from it because of my "beef," but afterwards I stayed away from it without even remembering my "beef". And because of the many blows to my memory, I had to rediscover a lot of things in it. I remember having to read through Paul's letters, and how it left me with my brain in knots, hurting. This feeling made me remember how I felt many years ago after first reading his letters.

I saw how important the project was so I would work on it as much as I could. The main time I would work on it, like every other project, was at night. And this was from about 11pm to 4am. Before I would start, I would smoke weed. I smoked because it would bring me back out of the dead state I was in on a normal basis, and put me into a state that was closer to how I was many years before. I would also think of God much more often. It was like the person underneath would come out. It also helped me work. (I didn't do it for the high feeling.) The only consequence that I could see that it had was that the next day, my memory would be even more clouded over. And even with this, it was like I couldn't stop smoking each night. Even seeing other signs, I couldn't stop. If I stopped, in about a day my decision would be so clouded over that it barely registered, so I would do it again. But this would only cause more fog. And it went on and on like this.

I remember when the blood moon of April 15, 2014 came. I did everything as usual. After I put my daughter to sleep, I went outside to smoke. I had planned on working on the project as usual and going outside now and again to look at the moon. By the time the effects of the moon were visible, my heart was pounding hard and fast. I didn't know what was going on, and it wouldn't stop. I tried to calm myself down, and that didn't work. I tried all sorts of things, but nothing worked. It was similar to that day in the car, but without the visual and audio effects. I was going in and out of the back door, panicking, not knowing what to do. I was praying to God, almost in tears. When I was outside I was thinking about how I was going to die looking at a blood moon. I couldn't believe it was happening. I broke down to God even more. After some time, it went away. I wasn't even able to get back to work, I was so messed up. I even had to throw up a few times. Extremely exhausted, I ended up laying on the couch. Laying there, in

the midst of all those negative feelings, I felt alive, fresh, and renewed at the same time. I felt very good, but dizzy, foggy, and exhausted. It was either that night, or one of the several times in the future when this happened again (but not as bad), that I was right back in the situation I was in many years before, going to sleep not knowing if I would wake up. Thinking about my daughter waking up to a dead father only made it worse. I finally ended up going to sleep, and I awakened like normal. After this, I stopped smoking weed. But as the days went on, and my memory of the event became clouded over, I slowly began doing it again. My mind and memory went through weird transformations because of all of this. The fog got thicker and blacker, and crept up right behind me. Whereas the blackest of the fog was in my memory at the point of a few days in the past and longer, it eventually became seconds, and then one night it became the present. When it became the present, no memory, it was extremely weird, but I stayed calm. It was like I would read and things would go into a black hole. But this was just another ailment I had to take on. Nothing new. [I later found something that seemed to match the condition – [anterograde amnesia](#).]

I remember during the time when I started making real advancements in Paul's letters, discovering the fraudulence in the translating, one of my aunties was sent to the hospital. The doctors said her small intestine had died and was leaking, and without surgery she would have a day or two to live, but the surgery was risky. After I received this news I was in a state of severe grief. My heart was extremely heavy. And even with this, I still didn't let it stop me. I continued to work my normal schedule with a heavy heart. I had worked in many different conditions and states, but this was the worst of them all. The time this happened was July 17, 2014. Then came the time for the surgery, where it wasn't known if she would make it. On July 20, 2014, I went to visit her, and seeing her like that only made me feel worse. On July 27th or 28th of 2014, my brother-in-law's sister died. This brother-in-law was married to my oldest sister. My oldest sister had two girls from a previous marriage. On July 30, 2014, her previous husband died. He was the closest thing I had ever had to a brother, and I had known him since I was a little boy living in Oakland. I was devastated, and felt worse when I would think about my nieces. But even during all of this, I continued to work (feeling crushed). During this time I was also going through other bodily issues such as migraines from cavities, a broken or dislocated collarbone, problems from my old pinched nerve injury, and more. And there were the marital issues.

During some texting on July 29, 2014, I made it very clear to my wife that I knew about her deceit and manipulation of people and conversations.

I think it may have been around this time that I finally realized that I had been in an emotionally abusive relationship all that time. I confronted my wife with this and her reaction was as if she knew it. Later, I started thinking on it, and I realized that I was slowly, over time, taken to a submissive state. Once I woke up to this, I refused to go back to sleep. I started thinking about her family and realized that anger, rage, and verbal abuse was something my wife and her girls were used to, even before me. From this point on I started to really see the hell I had been through. From about the time of marriage, even past this point, they had disrespected me and belittled me nonstop without consequence. I could take my entire life before them, times it by ten, and it still wouldn't come close to the amount of disrespect I had received from them. And then there's the years of getting mocked by children. Needless to say, the whole ordeal was more than humbling.

August 18, 2014 – I received a text from my wife telling me that the \$300 we had put away was going to have to go into the bank for bills. Because I saw how she had just recently done a whole performance over a bill after she found out I saw it, I questioned if it was over that bill. I got the same deceit and avoidance of the question. Not too long after this, I went to go get the money, \$100 of the money was gone. My wife said she didn't know anything about it, and that she didn't even know where I kept the money. I knew that last part wasn't true, so she became the main suspect. The kids were questioned but they didn't know anything about it. We were having an open house during that time, so the sales agent became a suspect too. This incident disturbed because it was highly possible that my wife went in my things, and stole from me.

On different occasions throughout the years my wife had told me she had an eating disorder when she was little. Over the years, I had seen much proof that it was still ongoing. In September of 2014 it came to me to look into psychological effects of having an eating disorder. What I found seemed to be the cause of the issues I was seeing in her over the years. I spent weeks trying to find out the truth from her. I asked her questions, and changed my approach each time. And no matter what, I was met with the same response – anger and verbal attacks. Days or weeks after finding the information on eating disorders, I stumbled upon information on Narcissistic Personality Disorder. This seemed to fit her also, and especially the oldest daughter. A couple of months after finding this information, I found more information and was shocked. It was exactly what I had been going through with her! It was so correct that I wondered if me finding it was some type of trap of Satan. I later realized that things were similar to how they were many years prior when no one could lie to me. The truth was only being revealed now because I had just truly gotten right with God after many years, and was feeding my spirit. Day after day truth after truth about our “marriage” got revealed to me. It was as

if I had watched recorded video from a hidden camera and was seeing things I didn't even see before. It was exactly like a Saw movie where at the end of the movie all the clues you didn't catch during the movie are brought to your attention. By the time it was over I knew everything – why it happened (me breaking my promise God), how she tricked me ... everything. I was blown away and I wanted out of the “marriage.” It was all an illusion, and she was the greatest counterfeit of all time. I decided that I wasn't going to do a thing around the house; I was only going to finish my project then leave.

Sometime around this time, after months of seeing me reading the Bible and watching Bible lessons each day, my wife began searching for a church to attend. She ended up settling for one. She started attending each Sunday and going to Bible study. She also started reading her Bible, and saying “God” in nearly everything she talked about (she had always mentioned God, probably as a front, but never this much). She was only two weeks into all of this when she first tried to use what she had learned against me, accusing me of violating the Sabbath. After not texting each other for a while, out of the blue, this was the first text I got from her. And she didn't even know what she was talking about. I knew this was the beginning of more drama. And what made it worse was now she had a new identity, God-fearing, Christian woman, and a church to back her up. Though she was a master of deceit, and this was probably just another tactic, there was still the possibility that it was true, so I didn't oppose it. I had even previously prayed that she would become a child of God.

Here's an email I sent my wife on September 21, 2014:

Did you know that every time I go to bed “early” I lay in bed for hours, unable to go to sleep until you leave at 4 (sometimes 3:30)? Last year I had to live off coffee just to function, and even then I was feeling dead each day. I went through straight hell. Why? Picture a grown man trying to sleep on a third of a bed! No matter what I say, you don't change, you just give excuse after excuse (lie after lie). And yet you can't see how your issues are affecting me and everyone else. I've been suffering for more than a year because you can't put _____ in her bed. You don't do it because you “can't,” whatever you're suffering from “won't let you.”

There's no honesty about this problem, nor your others. You are severely scared on the inside in several ways, but hiding it. There's a lot that you're hiding, beyond an eating disorder. I need to know, and deserve to know, what's going on.

After this she responded with an email saying that I kept putting the eating disorder in face when she said she didn't currently have one. She also made other comments.

I responded asking about the rest of the stuff I brought up.

She responded by saying, “Exactly ‘the rest of what YOU brought up’. You just don't get it.”

So, the issues I had were deviously ignored as usual. By this time I was sick to my stomach of the lies and deceit.

Monday, September 29th, I was in the kitchen, and my wife was in the room. My sister called and we talked. I started whispering to her and I warned her of my wife's deceit. I told her to be careful. This wasn't something I did out of hate or dislike, I had realized how dangerous she was.

On September 30th, when my son (the boy we adopted) got home with my wife – because she would take him with her in the mornings and drop him off at her sister's apartment to hang out with her son – he wouldn't talk to me, and wouldn't make eye contact with me.

On October 2nd, my wife sent me an email telling me that she had heard some of what I said on September 29th, but didn't know who I was talking to. She also said other nonsense.

October 3, 2014 – I texted my son this:

I see that ur ignoring me. Let me guess, she said something to u or to someone else where u could hear it, as if by accident. Yesterday she told me that Monday she heard me warn someone on the phone that she was a liar n they needed to be careful with what she said. Come Tuesday, the next day, ur ignoring me, so I know she's been hating. She only proved my point. Ive been finding out some crazy things about her n _____, so shes doing damage control.

His response: O I thought u was mad at me for some reason

My response: Heck naw

This wasn't the first time this had happened, and there were many occasions throughout the marriage where she would try to get me to be angry at him (many), but my son never knew this.

October 12, 2014 – I went to pick up free weed from a friend. He was growing so I was able to get a lot. I was happy because the strain had the effects I desired, and I could finally stop recycling water bottles to get money to buy some. What I thought was a blessing ended up being God giving me so much I got sick of it. And later on, after another “heart incident,” I was able to quit for good. I didn't come anywhere close to smoking all that I had received. I was happy I was done, it put me another step closer to being how I was when I was writing the book.

October 20, 2014 – I finally responded to an email my wife had sent me, after sending me several. The emails she had sent were the same victim role, deceitful trash I was so sick of hearing, so I didn't respond until this time. After answering some of her questions, I asked some:

Here's some questions I have:

1. You're a witch, right?
2. Can you read minds or hear people's thoughts?
3. Have you or your mother ever practiced voodoo?
4. What was the real reason you contacted me on Myspace?
5. Did you stop believing in God after your mom died?
6. Were you diagnosed with an emotional or psychological disorder?

The first three questions may seem weird but they were a part of another problem that was going on. It wasn't new, but I had just been realizing how true it was at this time. Even in her email which this email of mine was a response to, she revealed that I had to either be talking to my niece or my sister on the phone on September 29th. There was no way she could have known that. No way. Over the weeks and months, her abilities became even more apparent. For years I had figured that she was either the devil or an intelligence agent. I knew there was definitely something in her. Our son even had a dream about it. I even remember a time I placed the outside of my arm on the outside of her arm and my arm started to burn; so much so that I had to yank it off. I did it again and again, and the same thing – each time it became unbearable and I would have to yank it off. But by itself, my arm wasn't hot, and her arm wasn't hot. There was no heat involved at all. This was something else.

I don't remember how I knew, but I remember knowing that she was going around talking about me. On Nov 24th 2014, I sent her sister this email (names are removed):

You probably won't believe what I'm about to say, but it's true. Your sister has severe emotional and psychological issues (and spiritual too). I don't know what happened in her life but she is scarred. She has huge issues with guilt, fear, and self esteem. She lies, deceives, manipulates, gossips, instigates, exaggerates, back stabs, and is two-faced.

Two months after we got married is when she first went off on me. I couldn't believe it, and it scared the heck out of me because it was totally opposite of how she seemed to be. She went crazy over nothing, seeing something that wasn't even true. This continued the whole marriage, almost every other month, and has just about stopped for the past year. About 60% of our arguments have been her fault, accusing me, and seeing things the wrong way (crazy stuff), or over _____. About 30% have been misunderstandings, none of our faults. And about 10% have been me. This is no lie. I even have the text messages and letters to prove it. She would go off on me in front of the kids, and after hours of me explaining by text or behind closed doors, then she would see that she was wrong. This was almost every other month. And because it always happened this way, the kids always thought I did something, and were left believing I did something wrong. So, over and over again the kids thought I was doing things. I even brought this up to ____; she just said, "They don't think that." And when I would finally snap and throw something or knock something over in these situations [very rare, and only happened a couple of times], I was the mean and evil man, the problem (it only confirmed what the kids thought).

I didn't even believe in divorce, but when we lived in _____ I wanted to leave several times because it was like torture. I thought about going to jail to escape, and even looked into joining a monastery. That's how horrible it was. And since we've lived here in _____ I wanted to leave three times, after constantly being blamed and disrespected. I didn't have a car or a place to go so all I could do was ask God to get me out if it was His will, but it wasn't.

And of course, with they're mother doing it, _____ and _____ constantly disrespected me too. Over and over again. And they would only get yelled at for it (if she was there to hear it). But if I tried to do something ... drama. So here I was, this grown man being talked smart to and getting disrespected by a woman and her children. But this goes into another issue she has. She has issues when it comes to her kids. For whatever reason(s) she has an unhealthy attachment to her kids. When I first moved in, _____ and _____ were sleeping in the bed with her. Whenever she went to the bathroom, they followed (running) and stayed in there while she used it. Wherever she went, they went. If I sat next to her, they would come and sit between us. Whenever they would cry or wine, she would give in. _____ and _____ were hardly ever at fault for anything. _____ did wrong in school, it was always the teachers who were at fault. _____ did wrong, an excuse was made. It took years of working on these issues just to get a partial change (and I went through hell doing it). And the partial change only pertained to _____. When it came to _____, things got worse.

Nothing was, or is, what it appears to be in this household. Nothing. It took me a while to realize that _____ was the one running the house – she was the husband. _____ could manipulate _____ at will, and it was sad. She knew just how to play on _____'s guilt, and could get her to believe just about anything. Whenever I would try to expose her, she would get _____ alone and the next thing I knew I would be the enemy. Whenever I told on her, the same thing. And not only that, everyone else in the house would react to me differently, as if someone was saying something to them (it's really noticeable when a young child has been coached). This was nearly ever single time, and it was scary. If _____ and I set a punishment for _____, she would get _____ alone, and the next thing I know _____ would come to me saying how _____ shouldn't be punished, or should have the punishment reduced. And _____ would say one thing to me, and tell _____ another. She played both sides. Other times she made excuse after excuse on why _____ wasn't being punished. I even caught _____ lying to protect _____'s bad deeds several times. I would try to get the

girl straight, trying to be a father, and she would fight me for _____. And all of this and more was a constant.

_____ hasn't been telling you the full truth about _____, and I know it. There is so much more you don't know about that girl because it would reflect on _____, and she can't have that. For one, _____ was living her life by manipulating each person in the house to her liking (like the TV show Big Brother). It wasn't an on and off thing, it was her everyday life. She was/is a master manipulator, master liar, and master deceiver. She lied several times every single day. And I'm not exaggerating. It was several times every single day. But no matter what I said, _____ wouldn't punish her for lying. Seeing _____ operate was so sickening to me. It got to the point that I couldn't even eat in the same room with the girl, and hated hearing her voice. I had never in my life seen a more devilish, sick-minded child. I'm not trying to disrespect your niece, but that's the truth. It was like seeing Satan in the flesh. That's how good she was at lying, deceiving, and manipulating (that's why I posted that info on Facebook about that crazy girl in the movie). For about a year, right before she left, _____ had _____, _____, and _____ gone in the head, and even succeeded in turning _____ against me. At first I thought it was just _____ that was like this, but later I realized she got it from _____.

I remember you said something to me on the phone about not having a young girl in the house walking around showing flesh, but that's exactly what we had. I'm the one who had to keep saying something about _____'s clothes over and over again. _____ would say things to her only after I had brought it up (like everything else related to correction). But then when _____ went to the store, _____ would let her get more. This was an ongoing problem. And there were many more.

People might have known _____ as Madea, but I bet no one knew that she didn't even spank her kids. They did outrageous stuff, and would only get told not to do it again. That's it. Over and over again, "Don't do it again." They both only got spanked about two times the whole time I've known her, but they've deserved it many, many times. And I could barely discipline them. Nearly each time I tried, there would be drama. I'll give you one example. _____ did something bad one day so I gave her sentences to write. _____ came home and _____ told her she had sentences but didn't know why. While I was sleep, _____ busted in the room and said "Why does _____ have sentences?!" And this was in front of the kids. That's just one small example of what kept happening when I tried to scold them or correct them, especially _____. I couldn't even be a father. And this stuff happened in front of the kids, so think of what message that sent to them. And then after having this take place for years, and me having no choice but to back down in order to avoid arguing and fighting, _____ would get mad at me and ask why I wasn't helping with the children. It was crazy.

I remember when _____ first started lying. I told _____ that she had to stop it or else it would get worse, become a habit, and she would become a liar. I told her over and over again to punish her. She didn't do it. The result was that I had to watch this innocent girl turn into liar (because I couldn't do anything about it, I would get drama). That was horrible, and hard, but it wasn't the only thing I had to watch happen because she refused to correct them. There are so many things that I, not _____, had to struggle and fight to change in this family, looking like the bad guy the whole way because she was with the kids, protecting them.

A little while ago you and _____ were in the kitchen and she told you that _____'s dad was always being a friend to _____ instead of a father and that's why _____ is how she is. She even told _____ and _____ the same thing. That was a lie. Think about it, how could his being a friend to her be the cause (how could he be at fault) when he just recently got her, and before that would only speak to her a couple of times a year (he wasn't even in her life)? It wasn't him, it was _____. This was something I've been struggling with her about since we got married. I've been through pure hell over this, so it made me mad to hear that. I'm the one that had to keep trying to get her to stop being _____'s friend, and I have the letters and text messages to prove it. I even heard _____ tell _____ on a couple of different occasions that she was going to stop being her friend and just be her parent. Their friendship was a constant issue in our relationship. So, she's lying on that man, and I'm sure it's not the first time.

Another issue is that it's believed that ____ does everything. This idea came about for a couple of reasons. Her job is much closer to the store than our house, so she would go to the store instead of me having to go right back out to the same area she was just in. And she wouldn't write down the things we needed, although I told her to over and over again, so the result was that she would forget things and need to go back, or need to go back because something was out days later. This increased her visits to the store (and then she would get mad at me).

The other thing was that she was constantly doing the kid's chores for them. When I first moved in she did everything, and the kids did nothing. They didn't even clean up their own messes. Me, trying to be a father and making them into responsible children is why I created chores for them to do. ____ hated this and fought it the entire time. ____ didn't really enforce it, and continued to interfere, helping them with their chores the entire time.

____ would constantly try to get out of doing chores. She would do them partially. She would pretend like she forgot. She would even try to sleep over people's houses just to get out of doing it (no lie). She later convinced ____ to do the same (during their relationship phase they had). And as they kept doing it, because there was no punishment, I kept complaining about it, making them dislike me even more. ____, on the other hand, kept jumping in and doing their chores for them every now and then, making excuses for why she was doing it. For me, I wasn't going to ever help them with their chores because they kept scheming and lying to get out of doing them, or wouldn't do them correctly on purpose. All the extra work ____ was doing in the house and around the yard was stuff they were supposed to do, or should have been doing, and I constantly said this. If she didn't do that, she would have just cooked. And then when ____ would kiss-up to ____ she would say, "Mom, you do everything." This only made it worse.

If a person is overworked, and they're complaining about doing so many things, why would they voluntarily do more work? Why would she do their chores? And it's been this way for years. ____'s parents (the girl next door) have her doing dishes, taking out the trash, and other chores. All the neighbors we've ever had did the same. ____ and ____ did the same, even cutting their grass. Their parents didn't do their children's chores for them. Another thing is that when she did them, she almost always did them with words and actions that said "look at me." The whole time this was going on, always going to the store and doing the kids chores, she would talk to ____ on the phone nearly every single day and tell him everything she did or was doing that day. This was nearly every single day. So then people outside the house believed the same.

A few months ago I kept telling ____ to have ____ do the dishes since ____ was gone (____ was even begging to do them, and had been for years). After getting 3 different excuses on three different occasions I realized she was lying again and I just said forget it. I kicked back and let them pile up. I was tired of the bull. After it became too much she had to do them with ____ till she finally gave in and got ____ to do them with him.

Another belief is that I don't do anything. That's false, and I even wrote ____ a letter to break it down to her last year. For me, this year is more kicked back than last year. Last year was off the hook because I had ____, who was more dependant than she is now, and I did each class with ____, even printing out all of her work (until the last part of the year). I was going back and forth from the living to the kitchen. And I did much more. But last year I was called, and thought of to be, lazy (because of what ____ was saying and doing). I made ____'s food throughout the day, I didn't throw her snacks like she did. When it was time to change her diaper, I went in the room to get the stuff myself, I didn't tell someone to get it for me like she did. Changing her clothes ... the same thing. I had to put ____ to sleep 3 times a day (for a nap, when she woke up from the nap too early, and at night). I cleaned up the living room like 3 times a day. And that's with ____'s homeschooling. All this and more I did every single day. And I did this with 6 hours of sleep every single night because ____ couldn't put ____ in her own bed for whatever reason (she's said so many excuses), so I had to "sleep" on a third of a bed (a grown man with long arms and legs trying to sleep on a third of a bed). I couldn't even go to sleep till she left at 4 am; then I could stretch out. No matter what time I went to bed, it was the same thing. Each day I felt dead as heck and had to drink coffee just to help a little bit. And I had to do all that stuff each day while feeling like crap.

These past few months have been very different though because I've realized my horrible situation and have been in a "screw you mode" towards her. Also, I have been on this computer non-stop trying to finish this important project (God's work). So for the past 3 or 4 months she has been doing a lot by herself.

A while ago, ____ told me that she "had" an eating disorder. A few months ago it came to me to look into eating disorders, so I did a little research and found out that people who suffered from this have problems with guilt. I figured that this guilt, plus guilt from your mother's death (since she was taking care of her when she passed), is where it all came from. But when I asked her about this, she said no and flashed on me. I tried to ask a different way later on, and the same thing happened.

Here's some info:

<http://www.your-bulimia-recovery.com/effects-of-bulimia.html>

<http://www.timberlineknolls.com/eating-disorder/bulimia/signs-effects>

http://www.helpguide.org/mental/bulimia_signs_symptoms_causes_treatment.htm

I later came upon the following information which shows exactly what I have been going through with her, and what she is suffering from. ____ is definitely this. Not all people will have every symptom though. With ____, her obsession with self image is not in a way where she thinks she looks amazing, her obsession seems to have come from a hate for self.

Narcissism? People Who Place Blame

<http://youtu.be/c86fRZno0IQ>

How Narcissists Catch Their Victims!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d1AyRkHd8Yg>

Watch beginning – 33:29

The Narcissist: Psychology of Demons

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g-HLNJUWRw8>

5 Ways Narcissists Mess With Your Head, and How to Deal With Them

<https://www.tytnetwork.com/2014/11/17/5-ways-narcissists-mess-with-your-head-and-how-to-deal-with-them/>

The Female Narcissist

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rJP0FUk6oWY>

Date from Hell: Dating Narcissists and Psychopaths

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BQc8kSYQqAY>

How to Spot a Narcissist

<http://psychcentral.com/blog/archives/2008/08/04/how-to-spot-a-narcissist/>

What Causes of Narcissism. How & Why Someone Becomes a Narcissist Narcissistic. NPD Expert

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EDZ6XLPexJA>

Narcissistic Mothers: "the golden child and the black sheep"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fy43EFysS2Y>

Something I never forgot was a 4th of July when _____'s dad was on speakerphone with _____ and she made fun of him, and then he said, "Did you get that head checked out yet?" I didn't know what he meant then, and found it odd, but now I know. I can't imagine what he must have went through, especially when she was much worse than she is now.

I know _____ knows some things. I've heard some of her statements and have seen her reaction to particular statements and things that have occurred.

And I'm sure you probably know some things too.

She needs some help, but she won't even admit that she has any sort of problem. I asked her if she had ever been diagnosed with a mental disorder and she said no. And she knows she has a problem because there was a time before we got married where she almost said it.

But this is not all, there's the spiritual issues. Whether she's a witch or not, whatever powers she has, she's been using them against me, and used them to get me. So that's witchcraft.

She's committing sin after sin after sin, and with her not being able to admit guilt, how is she confessing and repenting?

All this stuff has been coming to light the past 3 or 4 months. Something else I also realized is that we are not soul mates, she is nothing like me and is not my type. We are not compatible at all. She deceived me the entire time. She was pretending to be someone she was not.

Before we got married, everything I told her I hated, I found out after marriage that she was it. Each of these main things I stated to her and asked her about, were the main things she was/is.

And I definitely hate the fact that she doesn't even know God like she said she did. She's not even a "baby Christian."

She rushed me into marriage (I let myself be rushed), and rushed me into having a child (I let myself be rushed). And it was all a trap. But for her to bring children into her twisted scheme is scandalous.

I'm not even angry at her though, and I don't hold a grudge against her, because I know she is severely scarred and has issues. I also know that God handed me over to her and this situation because of the backsliding I was doing concerning women right before I met her.

I'm sorry this was so long but I had to get my side of the story out.

This was my first time reaching out to anyone for help. Since it was my first time, much of it was venting. Her sister ended up showing her the email. My wife later accidentally

told me that she told her family what was true and false in the email. But every single word was true.

She responded on the 24th with a short paragraph:

Im glad you opened up to me. I love you both and everyone has their own story. I think you both need to go see a pastor to help yall through this dark moment in your lives. You both need to pray together get passes blaming the other and learn how to live each other again. God is not happy with divorce. He didn't make a covenant for divorce to make it be broken. Thank you for not mentioning divorce. Please both of you find a pastor and go get help for this family.

She responded again on November 28th. She had just recently become a pastor, and was previously married to a pastor.

Hi Frank,

I have been pondering on the email that you sent me. And I have been seeking God for wisdom and direction on how to answer you back in length and in Godly wisdom. Please do not take what I am about to say the wrong way. I do care a great deal about you and my sister. I do honor and believe in marriage. Despite my own personal situation with regards to marriage, I still uphold it and believe that God wants every marriage to work. If He didn't, then He wouldn't have instituted it.

I will start off by talking a little about why my marriage failed, and how I didn't want the divorce and how I fought to keep it until the end.

In every marriage there will be conflict and disagreements. And if those problems are not addressed right away, they will turn into something horrible and could potentially hurt the marriage.

I saw a lot of things going wrong in my marriage, beginning with the church. There were forces that ____ allowed into the church and he didn't fight to get them out. Before you knew it, they were getting in between the both of us. I am talking about women. These women were so disrespectful towards me and he didn't do anything about it. He allowed them to yell at me right in front of him, they would come out of his office wearing really short attire, and they professed to be a minister. There was one young lady who wrote sexual text messages to him time and time again. There was rumors in the church that the babies she was carrying were his. I could go on and on about this.

I was crying out to God to change ____, to change his heart, to change his mindset. And God was showing me my own faults as I why asking God to change ____, God was changing me. But I had to be willing to look at the wrong I was doing and accept the change.

Often times we will point all or most of the blame on our spouse, and yes they do have fault to, but the bible states whosoever is without sin, let him cast the first stone. John 8:7 So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first [cast](#) a stone at her.

You see none of us is without sin, and we all need to go before the throne of God and ask Him to show us our own mistakes and shortcomings and help us to be a better spouse, parent, friend, child of God, etc. I had to stop looking at the wrong that ____ was causing me, and God began to move on my heart. He showed me how to be a better wife, mother, friend, minister, etc. Is God done with me, no. I have to go before God every day ask Him to forgive me for just thinking the wrong the thing, or not being kind enough, or not handling my kids the right way.

God takes our eyes off of other people and shows us our own mirror. We have to be willing to look at ourselves in the mirror and allow God to show us what we have to do become a better person. We can't help others if we don't first admit that we need help ourselves.

So what I am saying to you is, take your eyes off of ____ and her shortcomings and look at _____. Allow God to stripe you of yourself so He can build you to be a mighty man of God. So He can show you how to love your wife again, how to be a provider for your family. How to take the control back from her and be at the head of your house the way God designed for it to be.

Ephesians 5:23 For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.

Once you do this, you will see a change in yourself, your wife, and all of your kids.

Pray with your wife. Fight against all of the negative feelings the enemy is making you feel as good and as helping her, when in reality it's not from God. And it is causing more harm than good.

We have to live in the now and not in the past.

_____ didn't pray for our marriage with me. Which is what the enemy wanted. Prayer moves mountains. I had other Pastors, and ministers, and first ladies praying for us. Interceding for us.

The reason why our prayers were held up, is because _____ didn't want the marriage. He wanted out so he didn't want to change for the better. And now he is regretting it.

Don't be like _____. Go before God and cry out to Him. Ask Him to show you, you. You have a lot to offer my sister. You two make a beautiful couple. Don't let the enemy destroy it. Go to church with her. Get out of that house and away from that computer. Live together again. Praise God and shame the devil.

Turn that book you are writing into a book that will help another struggle married couple to save their marriage.

[Revelation 12:11 KJV](#)

[King James Version](#)

And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.

I am here for the both of you.

God bless you

_____.

She made reference to the book because her and her sister (my wife) had assumed that what I was working on each day was the book. During this time in my life, the same core message was continuously said to me: "ignore what you found out, be her husband again" and "get off the computer." This was the theme of everything. And it was being said in many different ways, and through different people (I could see what was trying to be done in the spiritual). The people were saying what they were saying for their own unrighteous reasons, but I could see what was trying to be accomplished through them (through their unrighteousness). This was a huge struggle, and withstanding the attempts to get me to yield was torturous to my mind. I just tried to ignore it all as much as I could while working on the project as much as I could.

My response to her, on Dec. 8 2014:

First off, I want to apologize for the anger the other day. I was trying to hold it in as much as I could. I just couldn't believe that after all I wrote, that's what you had to say to me.

“Often times we will point all or most of the blame on our spouse, and yes they do have fault to, but the bible states whosoever is without sin, let him cast the first stone.”

I haven't been blaming her. The whole time it's been her blaming me. If you would have watched those videos and paid attention to what I said in that email, you would have seen that. And if you did pay attention to what I said, and watched the videos, then you saying this to me shows me you are not concerned with a fair judgment. And if you didn't watch the videos, or just simply believe ____ (partiality), you are not capable of delivering a fair judgment. What kind of judge already believes one side, or only looks at part of the evidence? And that's not to say that you are the judge in this situation. Anyone who gives an opinion of a matter is being a judge.

“God takes our eyes off of other people and shows us our own mirror. We have to be willing to look at ourselves in the mirror and allow God to show us what we have to do become a better person. We can't help others if we don't first admit that we need help ourselves.

So what I am saying to you is, take your eyes off of ____ and her shortcomings and look at Frank.”

To say this to someone in a relationship with a narcissist (____) is crazy. Frank, is all I have been hearing about for years. My faults, real and imagined, is all I knew. And even with this I still asked God to show me where I was wrong at, time and time again. I've made some changes, and she's made some changes also. Her main issue was that I wouldn't change everything she wanted me to change. And giving her reasons why I couldn't (couldn't), meant nothing. She didn't care. Even when it had to do with God she didn't care. Like I said in the email, three or four months ago everything came out. It was revealed why nothing I did worked.

“Allow God to stripe you of yourself so He can build you to be a mighty man of God.”

In a different context, this is actually what happened. I was already a mighty man of God who was backsliding at the time I met _____. The relationship pretty much destroyed me in every single way (stripped me of myself). And the past few months that I have been away from her, I have been getting rebuilt to a mighty man of God. And you say, “How can that be, you don't go to church?” That's a false belief many Christians have.

“So He can show you how to love your wife again, how to be a provider for your family.”

How to be a provider? Me, staying in righteousness, faith, and doing His will is all I need to do, and He'll provide. This is how I've lived my lived for about 14 years now (it's what He has proven to me over and over again). All I can do, and will do, is what He wants me to do. If other people don't know what I'm doing, or don't believe what I'm doing is His will, oh well.

There's no way I can work full time and do His work, which is what I do at night every night (trying to lead two lives). That's actually the reason I stopped talking to ____ months ago. I came to her a couple of times and told her that the project I was working on was beyond important, and that it was God's work. She didn't want to hear it all. So I cut ties right there. Throughout the marriage she always had one lie of a reason after another why she wanted me to stop doing what I was doing (which was actually God's work). And that last time was a test to see once and for all what spirit(s) was working in her. And she failed.

With that, ____ and I both came to the conclusion (we both decided) that it was better for her to work because she could make more money. The environment, America, is anti-Black male if you didn't know. Black women can get jobs easier and make more money. So, how we had it, was working out fine. She

was unknowingly a help meet. The whole man be the provider thing is not so cut and dry as most people believe.

And before I stopped talking to her, I sent her videos on this topic, and we discussed me working again instead of her.

“How to take the control back from her and be at the head of your house the way God designed for it to be. Ephesians 5:23 For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.”

Take control back? I never had it. Take control? Who could move into Madea’s house and take control? Many people think all women are just like the women in their age group. They think you can just go in there and put your foot down like the movies. That’s funny. People don’t know about what happened to Black girls/women in the 1990’s and 2000’s. The whole independent Black women, super feminist movement got a section of the Black woman population believing they are above men. You can cuss, stomp, and yell and they will do it more. And they won’t give in. You’ll be arguing and fighting with[out] a stop until there’s physical violence. There’s not one little drop of respect for men, even if it’s their boyfriend or spouse. They are drunken with pride. Haven’t you heard that Black men are pretty much running from Black women? That’s why. I did a whole informational piece on this subject, I know it well. I know that it was intentionally caused in the population, with Black women being targeted specifically. I know who did it, how, and why. I know what the Bible says about it, and how a Hebrew marriage functioned in the time of the Bible. I know that what these women are doing is rebellion, just like Satan, and the rebellious son the law of Moses commanded to be stoned. I know all of this, but it means nothing to a rebellious wife.

There was information on this topic in the videos I sent her. She watched them, I think, and seemed to change a little bit, but a little bit is not enough.

“Once you do this, you will see a change in yourself, your wife, and all of your kids.”

I already know, but with some women

“Pray with your wife. Fight against all of the negative feelings the enemy is making you feel as good and as helping her, when in reality it’s not from God. And it is causing more harm than good. We have to live in the now and not in the past.”

Suppose a man marries a women, and after years of marriage he finds out that she married him for money; and was deceiving him, pretending to be a women she was not the entire marriage.

Pray with her? Pray for the marriage? Forget about it, that’s in the past?
Get counseling?

That scenario is pretty much what ____ did (not the marrying for money, I don’t think) – lies, deceit, manipulation, and acting from the start.

If I say I’ll marry you if you’re A, B, C, and D; and you say yes you are each one of those things, and I marry you, but then it’s shown, clearly, that not only are you not A, B, C, and D; you’re W, X, Y, Z; then I got scammed. I got played. I got deceived. The marriage is not real.

And then to bring a child into her web of deceit

Pray for the marriage?

I'm allergic to W, X, Y, Z, and she is that. That's the main reason it's not working out, and why it won't work out. That's why I asked her these things before we even started dating. She chose to lie and deceive me, and now two highly incompatible people are yoked together.

And the mental disorder – Narcissistic Personality Disorder – is not even in the W, X, Y, Z. That's a whole other thing I was deceived about from the start, and it led to me being abused emotionally and psychologically for years.

But who's going to hold her accountable? No one, she's a woman. What you and others will say is, "It's ok, you didn't need him anyway girl" or "Don't worry, it's not your fault." Total bull.

How about the truth? What the heck were you thinking? Why would you do something so evil? Why would you do something so stupid?

"____ didn't pray for our marriage with me.

Which is what the enemy wanted. Prayer moves mountains. I had other Pastors, and ministers, and first ladies praying for us. Interceding for us.

The reason why our prayers were held up, is because ____ didn't want the marriage. He wanted out so he didn't want to change for the better. And now he is regretting it."

Besides not wanting to pray to save the marriage, our situation is nothing like yours and _____. Nothing. Even the guilty party is not the male in our case.

"Go to church with her."

When ____ and I first met, the reasons I didn't go to church, and the reasons she didn't go to church, [were] very different reasons. I don't think she knows that. I was taught outside of the church so didn't pick up the same lies, false interpretations, and traditions. I had a higher understanding. Me and church didn't mix.

The past few months my understanding has went even higher (much higher), so there's no way I could go to church. And even if this wasn't the case, I still wouldn't go with her.

So, once again, what it seems to be, it's not.

"Get out of that house and away from that computer."

I'd rather work hard doing God's will. No thank you.

I see that your head is full of her words. It's okay, you can believe what you want to believe. Just remember, you're on the outside, being told bits and pieces – carefully selected bits and pieces – from one side. And like I said, she's a master liar, master deceiver, and master manipulator (happens with those who have NPD). What everyone says: "I know my sister." No you don't. You don't know how they've changed over the years. You don't know what they've been through over the years. You don't know what

it's like being in a relationship with them. When was the last time you lived with them every single day for years?

It's obvious from what you wrote that the only thing you're concerned about is your sister. If you're so concerned about her, get her some help; or get her to get herself some help.

Let every matter be established by the mouth of two or three witnesses. _____'s dad and myself have said it.

The anger I was speaking of in the beginning of the email was in reference to a time when she had come over and I was on the computer tapping my foot and fingers after seeing her, then when she was leaving and said "Bye." I barely said it in return.

I was expecting help from her sister, but instead she became Satan's little helper. I was at least expecting her to address her sister's issues or get her some kind of help, but there was nothing. I was stuck, being destroyed, with no one to help. It wasn't too long after this that I knew for certain, without any doubts, that my wife's sister knew about my wife's condition, and possibly had related issues herself.

I realized that my marriage was a lie, and that I was tricked but they wanted me to go back to sleep. After this time, they kept bringing up counseling, but I wasn't about to fall for that.

1. They know him
2. They've already prepped him
3. I'm the male, she's the female
4. He doesn't know a thing about narcissism
5. She would just use her great lying, deceiving, and manipulating skills

And once it was all done, they would have his judgment as ammo, saying "Even the pastor said that you" And I used to think to myself that even then, with that ammo, I wasn't going to yield.

Throughout the months anything and everything was being thrown at me, from not caring about the kids, to not being a provider.

December 10, 2014 – She had the kids wait in the car while she and I talked. As we discussed some things, I caught some deceit and manipulation attempts in what she said, but I ignored it. Then it happened again, and I brought it to her attention, showing her how she just attempted to deceive me. She just paused for a while, then went on talking about other things like nothing ever happened. This incident really showed me that it would never stop, she would never stop deceiving. And on this occasion, like several others, she cried, and then was ok the next minute like she had never cried. I didn't let it

affect me because I already knew she could, would, and had cried at will. Her daughter, the same.

Later in December I posted “Happy Birthday!!!” on her Facebook page (even though I wasn’t talking to her and didn’t even like birthdays). I was the first to say Happy Birthday to her. She later told me that she took it off because she didn’t want people thinking we were going through problems because I had usually put more than that on her page. When I thought about it later, it didn’t make sense at all. First of all, it wasn’t true, and secondly, the explanation marks would cause someone to think everything was fine. I figured that she probably did this because it didn’t match what she was saying about me to her friends and family.

On December 19th, we had an argument. In part of the argument, knowing the kids could hear, she said that I was writing about them, talking bad about them in the email I sent to her sister. I had to text my son and let him know that it was nothing like she was trying to make it out to be. During the argument, her main argument was about me not stating my own faults. Over and over again. I was the one who had problems with her, and was finished with her because of it, but she turned it into a dual thing, as if the marriage was failing because we both had problems and both were doing things (she convinced others of the same). I already knew how she operated, she was trying to put the focus on me. The only things I was doing was staying on the computer as much as I could (working on God’s work) and not doing a lot around the house (because I was sick of her lies, and not being a husband to her because I was on my way out). And even telling her this, she kept bringing it up in front of the kids over the following months (the same argument that had already been shot down). She even added that I was a so-called man of God, but I wasn’t being the head of the household. Her other argument she made sure the kids heard was that she was the one who had talked to someone about our problems and sought help. She knew the kids didn’t know one single thing that was in the email, and she took advantage of that. I was disgusted at how she intentionally made me look bad to the kids (though this wasn’t the first time she had done that). And then to top it off, because I hadn’t said it out in the open before, she said that I had the psychological issue she had! I was done after that, and a little bit scared. Her true colors were showing more and more, and I knew there was no way I could stay with her.

December 20, 2014 – Her sister sent me this text message:

Hello. Frank. First of all let me start off by saying ____ has not brainwashed her family. We see things for ourselves and what we see is not good. We have stayed out of y’all’s problems trust me my brothers are not

happy with their little sister taking care of a grown man and struggling to make sure the kids and the family have what they need while you sit on the computer all day long talking about a book and that you are doing God's will. God is not the author of confusion and this marriage is not pleasing God. And divorcing is not going to please God. In a relationship both parties have to own up to their own faults and work together to make the marriage work. That means stop blaming the other party for everything that is going wrong. Own up to your own faults and apologize and ask God to help you. Drop the pride and the ego and help your wife. She doesn't want the divorce and the kids don't either. Walking away is the easiest thing to do staying will take a man. I don't know what religion you believe in but Pastors are there to guide people in Gods direction. That's why its important to go to church so you can grow in the word of God and not in your own thoughts or what you perceive God to be. I know you are probably going to get mad but what I pray you will do is seek help because you need it to grow into [the] man [God] called you to be. A man after his own heart. A man who will die to himself and allow God to move through him and mold him and shape his mind into God like mind. It's not about arguing or trying to prove a point its about asking the question. What would God honestly do in a situation such as this. To truly understand Yahweh is [to] die to your way of thinking and to be reborn again into Gods way of thinking. Saving your marriage and working together with your wife is what God wants and that is Gods will and Gods word. Read your Bible about dying to yourself and loving and respecting your wife. Your life will change and be much better when you follow Gods plan.

This is the type of stuff I had to endure. Slapped, kicked, punched, and spit on for the project. The part where she used what she thought was God's name really got to me. Before this, her and her sister had been trying to find out what "religion" I was, and I know they saw the things I was posting on Facebook so had some idea. And she didn't use this name ever, so when she used this name to try to better convince me of her words, I was angered.

My response in a text sent the same day:

Let me address something. I never said she brainwashed yall to believe she was doing a whole lot, and I was on the cpu all the time now. Hello, I told u that in the email! I said it is true and has been true for months now. And I told u why. So...? And with what I told u, I also did it to try to finish my project asap so I could get [out] of here asap. Its been taking longer than expected so I will go back to doing more in the house. A lot more. But if yall thinkin its been that way the whole time, that's a bunch of bull. That's a straight up lie. Taking care of a grown man U can say that for the past 4 or 5 months maybe, but the rest of the time (before that) heck no. I did my part. Can u take care of a two year old while homeschooling another child, on 6 hrs of sleep each night, while doing the equivalent of an online class each night??? That's what I was doing, and more. And _____ wouldn't finish till about 6 or later, which means I wouldn't either. And during that time ____ would cook and I would have to watch _____, or else she wouldn't let her cook. (But somehow I should have been able to cook. And somehow I had time.) And when it was time to eat, I sat at the cpu to eat becuz I didn't want to eat with _____. Then I would stay on the cpu unless I needed to get _____. At 10:30 I would put her to sleep then go back on the cpu. Sometimes during the daytime _____ would let me get on it for an hr [or] so, and I would try when I had a project. This was the daily routine. I did my part.

Her response (the same day):

Ok. I do know it had not always been like it is now. I do know you did work outside of the home too. I also know you two had an arrangement that's different from most. If you don't mind answering this question, when you said you are [doing] it to finish your project to get off asap. Are you referring to getting off the computer? Frank we all want you and ____ to make it. We want you two to keep your

family together. I [really] pray to God that He will move everything out of the way so yall can find the good in each other again. Because its there. God bless you.

She sent another one after this stating how much the kids needed me and how I should shame the devil and keep my family together.

I later sent her first message and my response to her brothers. The next day, one of her brothers called me. He was polite and went over some things about marriage and how his marriage was. He said that my wife wasn't going over his house saying anything to them. He said this a few times during the conversation. Then toward the end of the conversation he said how we needed to get our stuff together because he was "... tired of her coming over here saying, 'He's trying to blame everything on me. He's saying it's all my fault. Blah, blah, blah.'" Then he caught himself and said, "Well, it was that one time." A little after this, we got off the phone with one another. This was a confirmation. It confirmed that she had been going over people's houses saying things about me and the situation while her and her family continuously said that she wasn't. And I could tell that he was thinking that the whole issue was some disagreement, she blaming me, and me blaming her; and that we were having regular marital issues. This was far from the truth, but all he and others knew was what she led them to believe.

On one weekend around this time, we watched the kids of a lady who we hadn't seen in a long time. She had moved to southern California and was just getting ready to move back near our area. While we were all in the kitchen, one of the little boys said, "... you and ____ aren't talking because God is working on Frank." This was further confirmation of what I knew, had been saying, and what she had been denying – that she was going around telling people I was the problem. After this, my wife started being very nice to me. But I knew this was only an adaptation, a change of tactic. Much later, when I brought up what the little boy said, she acted as though she didn't know what I was talking about, and for months denied having said anything at all to the lady. A while after, she admitted that she had said a few things, but only after the lady had asked.

In January of 2015, the mother of my other brother-in-law (husband of my second oldest sister) died. For a second, I thought that maybe it would spread, but I corrected those thoughts.

While working on the project, I watched lessons from many different Israelite teachers. Over time, I noticed that many of them thought similar to how I thought, knew similar

things I knew, and spoke on things I had spoken on in the book though I had never heard anything they taught and they never read anything I had written. I used to think I was going to be the one to destroy holidays, especially Christmas, birthdays, and traditions by the book, but they were doing it. They were even promoting all natural products and organic food. And many were promoting creating communities and agriculture. This is where my heart and mind was at also. It became clear to me that we were spiritually linked.

On January 30, 2015, I received this text message from her sister:

Frank, ____ is having a difficult time paying all of the bills. She has borrowed from 3 or 4 payday loans just to make sure everything is being paid. Would you consider finding a night job to help your family out.

My response:

FYI: I didn't know anything about that. Im not told anything about money or bills.

Months before this my wife had told me how she would be making enough money to save at least \$400 a month. This text was the first time I had heard about this, but it wasn't something odd. This was an every year thing that came around this time which I thought would finally be ended, but wasn't. She didn't know how to save money or plan for the future with money. Years prior to this the same thing caused us to have to borrow money from my sister. And even back when we were doing daycare together she was doubling and tripling up on payments on some of the bills without having the money to do so. She would then borrow from payday loan companies to pay the other bills. I didn't find this out until years later, and I couldn't believe it. We suffered badly financially because of that. But the whole time I heard the "I got it. I know what I'm doing." attitude.

A little later on January 30, my wife sent me this text message:

Plz ignore what my sister sent u. She just sent me the same mess she sent u.

I started thinking about forwarding this text to her sister to show how she's playing both sides, then I received another text from my wife:

I didn't mean to say mess I meant to [say] text

This was just one of the many instances that showed a form of mental telepathy. And during these months it was as if her powers increased. So, along with all the other things that were going on, I had to live knowing my mind was being read.

Sometime around Feb 15, 2015, I thought about posting some things about narcissism on Facebook to give a hint to her family and others about what had been going on because I was being ruined. The day I was going to do it, the internet was shut off. I found out that she had temporarily suspended it. I asked her about it and she said that it was because of the bill. As the days and weeks went on, it became apparent that this wasn't the reason. And I know she and Satan thought they were stopping me because I was depending on the internet heavily at that time, but I just worked on making corrections and getting the information in order. I still worked at the same rate as before (I had been through similar situations years before so I knew how to react, or not react, to it).

February 16, 2015 – After some texting back and forth, she finally realized that I wasn't going to stay with her.

On February 17th, she took all the kids with her in the morning. When they got home around 4 pm my daughter (the one I had with my wife) wouldn't talk to me or answer me. This had never happened. My other daughter (her daughter) also ignored me. I had no idea what type of garbage they were putting into their heads and all I could do was try to contain my anger.

February 18, 2015 – I texted my son and told him that I was being framed, and for whatever reason, probably because she knew the text was from me and demanded the phone, he showed her the text.

February 18th or 19th – I had letters I had sent my wife over the years, and copies of those letters. In these letters was the proof of my innocence. It showed how for years what the kids believed about me wasn't true. It showed the conversations my wife and I had

differed from what was said in the open. It showed her manipulation and deceit. There was even one to my son from years prior that I had never given to him, and it explained things that were being done behind closed doors and against him by my wife and the oldest daughter. After it kept coming to my mind to get the letters and copies of the letters, and me laughing thinking she wasn't going to get the letters, I finally decided to go get them. I checked and checked, and checked again, and they were gone. All that was left was a part of a couple of letters, and a page or two of a copy. I kept on checking, and even checked places I knew I didn't put them, but I didn't find them. I thought to myself, "This can't be happening". There's no way to describe how important those letters were, and they were gone. I ended up searching her things to find them, but I didn't find them. And it was very against my character to look in someone else's things (unless it was my child).

February 20, 2015 – I was in the room by myself on the bed reading the Bible, and my wife's backpack and purse were on the bed. I noticed that the backpack was a little open. I thought that the letters might be in there, so I checked for a few seconds, then stopped. And I was about to check again, but the next thing I knew she stopped cooking, went into the linen closet, got blankets and came to me saying that she needed to change the bed. I got up, but stayed close to the room as much as I could. After she was done, I went back inside the room and saw that the backpack was zipped up, and it, and the purse, were in my daughter's bed. I was on the bed again and I started thinking if I should lock the door and look, or take it to the garage and look, then less than a minute later she came into the room, grabbed her purse and went to sit on the couch. After a few minutes, I got up to go in the kitchen, and as soon as she came into view I saw her pulling a wad of folded paper from her purse. I could tell it was printer paper, so I figured that it was probably the copies of the letters. This incident convinced me more than anything before that she could hear my thoughts.

February 21, 2015 (the next day) – I noticed that she had written me a letter. In this letter she talked about various things, and also explained how we should stop communicating through letters and that this was the last letter she would ever write me again.

February 22, 2015 – She texted me said that she was going to file and pay for the divorce in the morning. We texted back and forth, and she asked me when I was leaving. She also said how she going to have to quit her job and take care of the kids. I gave suggestions, and didn't want that to happen, but she was set on it. I then knew that she was trying to make the situation worse so that I would be hated more by others.

February 23, 2015 – I sent this text message to both of her brothers:

Check this. What if u met a woman who rushed u into marriage, had a baby with u, your first child, then said “by the way, I have a psychological disorder that ur child will get.” How would u feel towards that woman from that point on? Would u stay with her? Well this is what ____ has done only she didn’t tell me I had to find out. Theres this and several other reasons why I cant be with her. Shes not telling yall the full truth, and hasn’t been the entire time, instead shes been framing me and making it seem like I’m some monster. She’s lying to yall, and wont stop lying to me. And as far as leaving, she gave me an ultimatum, be her husband or leave. I even texted her afterwards to try to make some sort of arrangements so she wouldn’t have to quit her job, n she didn’t want to hear it. Shes doing this, not me. And I have copies of some letters I wrote her over the years (whats left of them) proving I told the truth n the letter [email] I sent to ____ and have been telling the truth the whole time. Yall can come get them or I can drop them off.

What I said in the first part of the text, about my child getting a psychological disorder, is something I had realized a month or more before this time. I knew that her oldest daughter had it. I knew that her next oldest daughter wasn’t normal, and was even beginning to show signs of having it. And I knew her sister had issues. When I realized that my daughter, my first child, was probably going to get it, I had to fight and struggle to not hate that woman. And I don’t mean strongly dislike, I struggled not to hate her (And I ended up winning the struggle). (How could someone do that to a child? How could someone have a child with someone and not tell that person beforehand.) And this is after years of hell watching my daughter be destroyed because of her mother’s many issues and parenting techniques.

A little while after the text message, one of her brothers asked if I wanted to talk. When he got to our house he said how he knew it would come to this point, and he knew that it would be because of me. I just grinned and shook my head. After a little bit of talking we ended up going for a ride to go talk. He was cool, and the conversation was cool, but I got the feeling that he was trying to hustle me. I told him some of the things that had been going on in my marriage and family over the years. The whole talk I didn’t even bring up the psychological condition or the spiritual condition. He then started telling about how difficult marriage was and how much a man had to put up with. He gave me examples in his marriage and his friend’s marriages. And then he was telling me the lengths he would go to in order to get his family Christmas gifts. He didn’t know that I didn’t like Christmas and had stopped celebrating it, and was glad the times we didn’t have money to get the kids a lot of gifts. I wanted them to not have a Christmas at all. I could see that this difference was playing a part in how I was being seen. He talked about me working also. Much of what he said was centered on providing for a family. I explained some things to him, but not all. He told me that I was depressed and that was why I was on the computer so much. The things he said about his friends being with women who were alcoholics and drug addicts made me think that my situation wasn’t so bad (not realizing that it was the equivalent, and worse when you add the spiritual). I

decided that maybe I needed to check one last time. Maybe this is what we needed. After we were done talking we headed back to my house. As soon as we pulled up, right in front of us, only a couple of car lengths away, was a parked truck that had a Uhaul trailer attached to it, the exact size I needed. We both looked at it, then he looked at me, and I just continued to talk and got out of his truck. I told him that I would talk to her.

March 2, 2015 – I had a list of issues I had with my wife and I went to talk to her in the room. Before I went, I set the recorder on my phone so that the conversation would be recorded. She insisted that I went first. I didn't mind, so I began. I went down the list, bringing up the issues that I had. On each thing, she answered like she was at a job interview. She was giving the right answers instead of the truth. She had a good answer to everything, which was not odd with her, but when I got to the last issue, the issue of being psychic and hearing thoughts, that's when things changed. I explained to her how I knew that she could hear thoughts and that she had been using this power to her advantage for years. She said how she couldn't, and that I was bringing up the story she told me about predicting earthquakes and throwing it in her face. Then she started crying. I was very suspicious of her other answers, and doubted how true they were, but this last one, I knew she was lying. So, to me, that was it (it was an all or nothing thing). After I was done, and it was her turn, she said she had a list but wasn't going to go over it, all I needed to do was be a husband and father again. She also said how each time I texted my son about her, he would show me the text. Then she said it again and put emphasis on the "each time" part. I thought to myself that maybe she's doing it again, but then I got angry at our son. After I went out of the room I took the phone out of my pocket to stop the recorder, and I noticed that it had got turned off. I checked it and all that was on there was when I first walked into the room. I started thinking about what she said about our son, and I stopped being angry because I knew that it was a trick.

March 6, 2015 – The internet had just been cut back on, so I scrambled to get information on moving trucks, and further information on getting a divorce. I then hurried up and sent an email to my sister explaining to her the crazy things that had been going on. Hours later, my wife cut the internet off again, and left it off for good this time.

Here is the email I sent my sister:

Watch these videos, they're not that long.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sBK6PljfVe0>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7S0vto3BheA>

* All the videos I've shown you are things I've come across well after taking a mental note of all the things she does and in what situations she does them in.

This is what's been going on for months. It's beyond crazy. She was trying to destroy my life. And at the same time she was doing this she was texting me and telling me that she was sorry, I was right, and that she was being ungodly and thanks for making her see that. But at the same time, before and after these texts, she was going to people's houses and talking to people on the phone playing the victim role, turning EVERYBODY against me. And when we would talk or have an argument in front of the kids she would lie and try to paint me as the bad guy, and claiming I was doing what she was doing. And she has done this other times throughout the relationship. _____ was doing this in the household, and it was crazy. She turned the kids against me, and I never had a real relationship with any of the kids because of it. It was horrible. But when _____ took it outside of the house that was a whole other level. I could see why people were commenting on videos on Narcissism expressing hate for these people. They really try to ruin your life. And the whole time they play the victim role, and the helpful and friendly role to others. They purposely go out to gain allies. It's like that TV show Big Brother, but its real life and they don't stop until they get what they want.

She was even telling the kids "See, I'm trying to make it work" knowing that the kids didn't know what was really going on or why I wasn't trying to make it work. She even told me that _____ said "I see you're trying to make it work." Everything she's doing is so that I'd feel like I have no other choice but to stay. And me explaining it to you is nothing compared to how it really is. It's like dealing with a psychopath. It's really like dealing with Satan.

And she is psychic, and she's been using it since the day I met her. It's only looking back now that I really see it. I talked with her the other day to see if maybe things could be worked out, but she was feeding all mind games as usual. It was all lies. I asked her about being psychic and told her how she was using it to gain the upper-hand in situations and she denied it, cried, and said that I was turning around what she told me about feeling earthquakes before they happened and throwing it in her face. It was so fake. There are soooo many more stories of things she saw and felt over the years, even feeling/known things from touching stuff.

And then there's the ghost stories she's told us over the years. Its like they've had ghosts in nearly every house they lived in. And the stories are crazy. She's told _____ a couple of times not to bring up a certain relative because she would appear. I think that she's seen dead people her whole life, and that might be the reason she sleeps with the blanket over her head and has to have some sort of light in the room.

And then there's the stories she told me about her childhood, and how everyone used to think she was a witch. I came across this next video not too long ago and what she says is EXACTLY what _____ told me about her childhood. I even experienced it from her. One day she asked me something and I answered, then she starring at me with this deep stare. I felt kinda locked in place, then I shook my head and said "Eww, why you looking at me like that." She stopped then got this little grin on her face. I said "eww" not only because of the starring but because it felt like I was being violated.

Watch 6:02 – 6:56

<http://youtu.be/jBKtAL7xhZw?t=6m2s>

So, I married a narcissistic psychic or narcissistic witch. And that's how she was able to pretend to be my soul mate.

On this day I also texted my wife about how she kept taking my child and keeping her overnight without asking me as if she was only her child. This text meant absolutely nothing. She kept doing it. This was one of the last of many things I realized many men, particularly Black men, had been going through all this time. To my wife, her sister, and

my wife's daughters, I was just another Black man with no car, no job, and no money (a "broke a## nigga") so why respect me. "He ain't nobody."

March 10, 2015 – I called my mother to ask her what my wife had said to her because she had called her a while before this. I was also hoping something would be brought up about where I was going to live. My mother didn't bring anything about where I was going to live, but she did tell me what my wife had said. From what she told me, my wife told her some outrageous things, and outright lies, and my mother said she kept going on and on. She even told her that I had cheated on her. She said this, but didn't even explain that it was before marriage, so she had my mother thinking I committed adultery. And I know she knew what she was doing when she said this, and that my mother wasn't the only person she had said this to. I think the fact that she was lying to my mother was worse than the fact that she was lying on me. I was quite angry. I told my mom all about her.

March 12, 2015 – In one of the texts my wife sent me, she talked about how I had been "talking mess" about her.

March 13, 2015 – One of my friends called and told me how the girl he was dating woke up and accused him of hitting her. Then she called her family and told them about all the abuse he had done to her. When they arrived they were enraged at her because she didn't have a mark on her. My friend found out that she had psychological issues. I started talking about a few of the things I was going through, and then we started talking about women in general.

Later on that same day, my wife was over her sister's apartment. After a few text messages back and forth, she said that I had been talking about her. She later called it gossiping. She could have only been referring to the conversation I had with my friend, but I was outside in the backyard; she wasn't home, and none of the children were out there. In those texts, she also said that she was going to the courthouse on the 18th.

At one point during these texts, I texted her this:

I wish u wud consider spiritual deliverance because some demonic spirits have u under control.

"Her" response:

Frank I serve the true and living God who is Jesus Christ. I am under no demonic spell. The bible states you judge a tree by the fruit that it bears and you are spitting out evil fruits that is coming from the pits of hell. You need to get down on your knees and repent and turn from your gossipy cantankerous, divisive, evil ways. Satan has you bound and you cant even see it. God is not about hate and He is not about gossip nor is He happy with the way you are acting or treating me.

And then she texted this:

Also, ive done everything u asked except go to a shrink that I dnt need and u haven't done one thing for me. Stop judging me man, and stop talkn about me. I said in our rm lets start from now and put God first and make him the foundation nd the start of this family and u ignored what I said. [I'm] tired man, and u keep dogging me. U can laugh if u want but I'm not guna go back and forth with u. We both got things to work on not just me but u dnt want to see it but God sees all.

My response:

Did u write that first one?

No gossiping here.

Where is witchcraft from?

But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murders, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

Her reply:

I'm talking about your actions and the way you have been acting goes against what God preaches. U are gossiping, you talking this mess about me to everyone.

My reply (about an earlier text):

And theres more to the text u sent starting with "Also, ive done ..." Stop cherry picking, n manipulating.

"Her" reply:

Frank grow up

My reply:

Gossiping? Lol. And if I was gossiping, how wud u know?

Her reply:

Even the kids know. U keep on with this same mess. I will continue to pray, but ive texted enough.

My reply:

And by the way, I serve the true and living God, and He will vindicate me. So all the deceit, lies and manipulation of peoples beliefs wont mean a thing. U can fool everyone but not Him. He will show who is who.

“Her” reply:

Who is the true and living God to u?

My next text (I was typing before the previous text came in):

U must have some strange definition of gossip.

I texted again:

The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Father of the Israelite messiah most incorrectly call Jesus.

Her response:

I dnt really care! Do what u want. I dnt have time for this mess. Ive been leaning on God and God has been pulling me thru this hell. I have a lot of things to do and God is guna bring me thru all of this. Im done arguing with u, and listening to u dog me. Plz keep ur neg, hateful, mess to yourself, cause ive been doin awesome and feeling awesome letting God fill my heart and soul with nothing but goodness.

She texted again:

U can continue to share all this mess and keep it stirred up with everyone God knows me and that’s all that matters, so im askn u plz no more texts with all this neg.....mess.

My reply:

More and more untrue accusations.

Her reply:

Its not untrue.....u wont let this mess go and let God step in at all. U keep the fire burning to it, but I get it. To me this mess is dead! Im not caring it with me no longer, so if u text me back about this and u dnt have anything pos to say, I wont text back.

My reply:

I was just scrolling thru the texts and looking for the evil and hateful things that came from me, and I can't seem to find them.

Her reply:

Ok

And that was the last text on that day. The average person would fall for what she put out because it sounds so good, but if you stop and examine each statement to see if it's true, you'd see that most of them are not. The deceit and manipulation is on such a high level that the average can't see it.

March 19, 2015 – I texted my mother and asked her if my three year old daughter should still be having milk at night, a pacifier throughout the night, and waking up crying in the middle of the night several times a week.

My mother's response:

No. You can give her milk before bed. She should be sleeping thru the night unless something else is going on.

My response:

That's what ____ started doing and has been doing since she was a little baby. I would try to wean her off and she would [buy] another pacifier or go in the kitchen and get her more milk. And this last time she bought her a pacifier _____ started keeping it n her mouth the whole night.

My mother's response:

Wow. Not good for her teeth ...

My response:

I knew it. That's what I was saying. And I think it affects speech too because their tongue is always a certain way and flexing for hours.

A newly developing muscle shouldn't be put under all that constant strain.

The next day, my wife had this shamed look on her face, and was quiet. And when night time came, she made comments to our baby about no longer using the pacifier. She even prepared her bottles before bedtime and took them in the room with her to put her to sleep. And from that point on she did the same thing. This was another major sign that she knew what I was texting.

April 3, 2015 – I texted my mother and reluctantly asked her if I could move in with her. She said yes, but they would have to contact the property management.

April 10, 2015 – My wife texted and asked when I planned on moving out. She asked this several times, and said it was because she knew that I was trying to finish my project and leave. By this time, her texts were full of deceit. It had gone into overdrive. And it was even more apparent than before that she was texting with the knowledge that someone else would see the texts. She was texting blatant lies.

April 11, 2015 – I had previously put together a little information packet with the remainder of the letters, and I wrote a new one explaining what was actually going on and how, and why, our current state of strife first came about. The one I was going to give to our son had extra information. It even had parts of the letters I had written him years ago warning him about some of the things that were going on behind closed doors. So this was vindication for years of deceit against me. While she was over her sister's apartment I decided to go get the papers. I had put them with a clipboard containing other papers, and put that into my dresser drawer. When I got it out, the envelopes were there, but the papers were gone out of the envelopes. Now there was no denying that she had stolen them. I called her and angrily asked her if she had taken my letters. She paused for a while then said "Yes, I took them! But I didn't take those other one's out of your box." I told her to give them to me, but she refused and talked to me like I was nothing. Knowing that her sister and kids could only hear her, and not me, she started saying some of the most outrageous lies I had ever heard her say. She even said that she took them because our daughter said I was writing and "you're not going to be writing about me and my kids". Not only was that not true because I wrote all of it, and put all of it together, on a night when they weren't home, but I hadn't written anything on paper for weeks. The old letter to our son contained some information on the oldest girl, but that couldn't be considered "writing about them". There was no way she didn't read the letters, so she knew they were all about her, and that they showed proof I was innocent.

So, as I'm telling her to give me my letters again, she starts saying outrageous lies again. I'm on the phone going crazy, disproving what she's saying and asking why she's doing this, but she knew that they couldn't hear me, only her, and she kept going with one accusation after another. I finally had to hang up after she said, "Get your ass out of my house." I texted her and called her a scandalous devil. She called back, but I didn't answer.

Now I knew I was in extreme danger. And I knew if I called the police to get my letters back she would lie on me and have me put in jail. All I could do is accept the fact that she stole from me, told me she did it, and then told me I wasn't getting them back.

Then she texted and asked when I was leaving. She said she needed to know before she called the cops and had me escorted out.

A little after 12am, on the 12th, she went to another level. She texted:

Tomorrow my kids and I are staying home. Hopefully u will have found somewhere to stay, if not there's not going to be any arguing around these kids at all, and I'm not stayn away from home any longer because of your temper and not feeling comfortable in my own home cause theres no telling what your going to do next.

My reply:

What!!! U r lying! I haven't even had a temper at all!!! And staying [away] from hm because of my temper? What the heck? That's bull. That whole text was a straight deceiving frameup. What the heck are u doing?!

Her reply:

No its not! Ever since this mess has been goin its been a bunch of lies, and the crap that u made up on me and the mess that u believe heck naw I dnt feel safe around u anymore. Temper.....u had one today, yelling at me.....the stuff u believe is scary to me, and no one can gt thru to u about nothn.

My reply:

Wow. Stop it. Everything ur saying is what you've been doing to me! Ur switching it all around.

She texted a couple of more times after this, but I didn't respond.

Later on in the day she asking, "Are you leaving today?" I told her I didn't know. The next day, she asked the same question. I told her that I was probably leaving tomorrow.

And when she got home, the kids saw me and snickered, so there's no telling what else she said over there. But there was nothing I could do about it.

That night, I slept in the living room and started unplugging my computer and bringing all my important information with me everywhere I went from then on.

Living in a house with someone who knew what you were reading, listening to, watching, saying, and/or texting was beyond crazy. But I realized that the information she was receiving had to have been filtered, it was select information, because she didn't know about me or what I was doing. [Or maybe she did.]

April 12th, 2015 – I texted my mother this message:

I had some more letters written up to give to _____ and to document some of the stuff that's been going on, and she took them, just like the last ones. I called her while she was over her sister's house with the kids and I asked her about it and she said yes she took them but didn't take the other ones. Then we argued and since no one over there with her could hear what I was saying she started saying outrageous stuff, framing me again. Then later at night she texted me saying how she's tired of having to go to her sister's house for fear of my temper and what I might do. And the first time I even raised my voice in a long time was earlier that day over the letters, and she raised hers more, cussed at me and told me to get out. She's deceiving everybody. And she's been going over her sister on her own, trying to take _____ away from me. She's going to end up getting me put in jail, especially if I call the police on her to get my letters back.

Her response:

I sure hate to hear things have gone this way. You should never have let her know about the letters. I was hoping that she would not use _____ in any way. The baby is in the middle of this.

My response:

No, I never let her know about [the] letters. Not the recent ones or the other ones. No one knew but me. That's what I was trying to tell you last time, she knows about everything I do. She knows when I speak to people and what I say. She even knows what I think.

I sent another message:

I tested it for months, it's true.

Her response:

What's up with that? Does she have listening devices and spies

My response:

Psychic, and familiar spirits

Her response:

Please be careful – don't let her vex you. Pray, pray.

My response:

Ok. I do.

April 13, 2015 – My wife filed for divorce and had her nephew deliver papers to me. I texted my mother again. Here is the text:

Every time Im about to do something she knows. Every time I plan something she knows, and counters it. The next day after I moved from here I planned on going and filing for divorce. She took the day off today and filed, and filed for full custody with me having visitations.

Her response:

What is wrong with joint custody???

My response:

Exactly! I was going to file for joint custody.

Her response:

You would have to get a lawyer now if you want joint. Have you moved out?

My response:

Wow. No, I don't have anywhere to go.

Her response:

Are you still coming here? Your things will have to go in storage

My response:

If everything is ok, and its ok for me to go there, yes. Storage? I don't know if I'll have enough money to get one after moving, I have to check the price.

We went on to talk more about storages and moving in.

After months of saying how divorce was wrong and God didn't want us to divorce, she got the divorce. After months of saying that I was leaving my kids and the kids needed me, she took my child away from me.

On many different occasions during the entire ordeal I thought if divorce was the right thing to do or not. Is Satan trying to get me to get a divorce? If I get a divorce, will that be used against me later to discredit me, which then discredits the message (the project)? If I don't get a divorce will she be used by Satan to discredit me, and discredit me badly, leaving the message discredited and many of my people left behind? Was it going to be the Mike Tyson and Robin Givens interview all over again? I knew that there was faith and prayer, and just because it seemed that a certain thing would happen didn't mean that it would happen, but there was no way I could risk it, especially after what I had been witnessing. And I knew that God knew that what I had presented her with before we were ever boyfriend and girlfriend were the conditions of marriage, and she lied about them and violated them. I also knew about Matthew 19:11 and other things.

For much of the time, I knew that somehow I wasn't going to be the one to get the divorce. I even told my sister this.

The next day, April 14th, I asked my mother if it was ok if I moved in that day, and she said yes. I didn't even have to tell my wife, she already knew. She did everything as if I told her. She left with the kids and kept them away, and then dropped off my son. I had my son take me to get a moving truck. I even had to have him put it in his name because I didn't have a bank account, so didn't have a bank card. I paid with cash and gave him some money, and drove the truck home to load up my stuff. It didn't take long. All I took was about seven or eight big boxes I had previously packed, a few smaller boxes, a dresser, a small plastic dresser, a computer desk and chair, and a few small miscellaneous items. This, and a couple of hundred dollars is all I had. I took this and said goodbye to my son, and told him that I was sorry it had to be this way. I was devastated and cried a lot throughout the drive.

I left with pretty much nothing. I didn't have a car. I didn't have a bank account. My life was destroyed. My reputation was definitely destroyed. And I was destroyed.

It was night when I finally arrived at my mother's house. She gave me a hug and all I could do was try not to cry. I moved my things in, and as usual, set up the computer and the desk to prepare for work. That night I cried and cried. And I mean "full blown" crying. This happened for days to come. And after talking to my daughter on the phone, I cried hard. Later on, when my ex wife brought her to visit me, I cried after she left. I had never even cried so much, not even over someone's death.

April 14, 2015 – Finally having the internet back, I could continue to work on the things I left off at.

April 17, 2015 – My mother told me that my step-dad said he knows the reason my wife and I separated was because I wasn't working. I found this to be hilarious.

April 19, 2015 – My mother told me that my step had said something else about me, and had previously said that I only had a certain amount of time there. I didn't pay this any attention, I was so grateful that my prayers had been answered. I was in a place where I could work on His work twelve hours or more a day. And I had food, although I had prepared to be starving in the streets. I loved it. Between working on the project, I searched for jobs.

May 4, 2015 – I went in for an interview at a temp agency. After waiting and doing the test, I went in for my interview. After pretty much having the job, she brought up how I would have to work on Saturdays. I told her that I couldn't. She asked why. I told her because of religious reasons. She said, "On a Saturday?!" I just said, "Yes." She then explained that most of their jobs required work on Saturday. That was the end of that. The job required me to be there at 6 am and I didn't have a way to get there that early, so I still wouldn't have been able to do it. The issue of the start time is what I told my mother. After seeing that not letting me use her car was what caused me to not get the job, or so she thought, she said she would let me use it from then on.

May 12, 2015 – I went in for an interview at a furniture delivery company. I thought this was a blessing because I had wanted to work for this company many years before when I worked for the other furniture delivery company. During the interview the boss was asking me questions and asked me if I could work Saturdays. I answered without even hearing him at first. My mouth answered without me. I had to think and ask myself what he said. I didn't know what just happened. After going home thought about how I should just quit. That night I prayed and prayed with tears, and told Him how I didn't want to work on the Sabbath.

I started the job on May 18th. On this day and the next, I asked the employees about the hours and days off. I combined this information with other information and realized that I would be working an average of 9-16 hours a day, six days a week. And the 9 hours was only once or twice a week. All of this, plus seeing the small amount of time I had to work on the project when I got home, I quit. And of course I had to explain this to my mother. I told her about the hours, but she wasn't too moved by it. I didn't tell her about the project. I already knew she wouldn't understand or believe that it was doing God's work because I didn't go to church and the book I was working on in her house before didn't even come out. I also knew that if I told her and she denied me, she would be judged, and would experience extreme guilt when she found out, so I didn't say anything.

May 26, 2015 – I went in for an interview at a different temp agency. The guy had pretty much given me the job over the phone, and told me to come in to fill out my W-9. This seemed a bit suspicious. After much time, he told me that the job ended in July and that towards the end the boss would want me to work Saturdays. I agreed, and this time I said it I was fully aware. After the interview, I went across the parking lot and signed up for a bank account. At home, I cried to God saying that I didn't want to work on the Sabbath. I decided that once that time came, I was going to quit.

I worked the 27th – 29th. The job was extremely demanding, and not what I had agreed to. On the 29th I found out that the job would get easier, but would go to the end of July. It was then that I realized that staying there would mean that I would have to stay over my mom's for two more months and then I'd be out of a job again. This job was 8 hours a day, but it still didn't leave me with enough time to work on the project. On top of that, when I did, I was exhausted and not in a well enough state to work on it. I knew I had to quit, and I did. I then knew that I could only get a part-time, permanent position. And of course, I had to explain this to my mother. I told her about the part about me having to stay there for two more months and then being jobless again. She understood that, but I could tell she didn't look forward to telling my step-dad.

Also on this day, I went to go spend the night at my sister's house so that she could take me to pick up a van my other sister was going to let me use. All of my family was extremely helpful during this time, and I was glad to see that. My step-dad was the opposite.

June 1, 2015 – After realizing I was still home instead of at work, I guess my step-dad asked my mother what was going on. He started going off, saying all kinds of things about me. Part of what I heard: “He eat for free. He sleep for free. He shower for free.” “The van ain’t go make no difference. He got to keep the job first.”

I texted my sister to see if it was still ok if I came over there, but I didn’t get a response.

When I was in the kitchen, my step-dad came in, called me, and asked to talk to me. He said, “When do you think you can be out of here?”

I told him that I had texted my sister and I waiting on a response. I then told him that I would pay him for everything it was costing them. He responded with some nonsense. In these situations I was getting more hurt than angered. I was still hurt over losing my family and this was just throwing salt in the wounds.

June 5th – My sister got back to me. I think my other sister told her I was trying to get in contact with her. She said that right now wasn’t a good time because they were going on vacation and her husband’s daughters were coming to visit. I didn’t worry about it all though, I knew that I would be ok. As usual, I just went back working on the project.

June 9th – My mom asked, “So, what’s going on?” I knew what she meant by that. I paused for a while out of irritation, then I explained to her about what my sister had said.

June 10th – Mom came to me telling me that she would help me to get a place, but she couldn’t pay my rent. She said I needed to figure out where I wanted to go. I figured my step-dad had said some things.

June 12th – I awakened in the morning to loud talking, almost arguing, in the kitchen. It sounded the same as on the 1st when my step-dad was talking about me. I didn’t care, I just went back to sleep. After I got up, my mother came to the door and asked if I was

up. I said, “Yes.” She entered and asked me if I had heard what was being said in the kitchen. I said, “No.” She then told me that my step-dad, without her knowledge, had already gone downtown, spoken to a District Attorney, and filed papers on me to put me out of the house. She said that he said he told all his kids what was going on just in case there was a problem. My mom spoke to me about putting me in a motel or finding me a studio apartment.

You would think that I was loud, disrespectful, and violent toward him or my mother, but no, I never was (I would never be). I had never raised my voice at them, cursed at them, or even in their vicinity. I had never drank alcohol or did drugs in their sight, hit them, sat on my butt and did nothing, etc. Not at any house I had ever lived with them in. Though he is an old man, his age is not the reason he was acting like this, he had always been like this. And he’s a minister.

June 13th – My step-dad came into the room and handed me a paper, then left. The paper said that I had thirty days to leave or legal actions would be taken against me. That was fine with me, he just gave me thirty days. After this, I devoted all my time to the project. I didn’t spend even one second looking for a job or a place to live from this point on.

June 16, 2015 – I finished working on *The Journey*. This was the last thing I worked on in the project. Everything else had been ready to go for about a couple of weeks.

June 22, 2015 – After getting other things in order and making additional corrections here and there, I published the project.

I might add to this one day, but for the time being here’s a short synopsis of what occurred after 2015.

I ended up moving in with my sister for six months before moving to my own place which I’ve been at ever since.

Fighting false doctrine online, I only increased in Biblical knowledge dramatically, something that helped me to understand who I actually am (definitely not Jesus, “[the anti-Christ](#)” or false prophet). And without even realizing it, I was watching over and

protecting the sheep, God's 2 chosen people (Israelites/ADOS and Christians), nonstop. I became a serious problem for the powers-that-shouldn't-be. And what I was doing online definitely became war.

I took a major blow to my sleep in 2019 that affected my memory and ability to think clearly and converse naturally in person, giving my in-person, outward, appearance that of someone who was slow/dull/simple; while in reality I possessed an insane amount of knowledge (that I couldn't really access, but the Spirit could when I did a project), was revealing absolutely incredible truths online (nothing was hidden from me), and destroying every single person, even undercover trained propagandists, all across the internet. Right now I'm censored all over the internet (shadowbanned) because they see what is done through me, and even the best of them, in large numbers, can't win against me. Most of the enemies don't even know that I have been operating in an extremely handicapped state, meaning they've been getting slaughtered by someone who is severely handicapped. I can't imagine what I would be like if all of these suppressive ailments were lifted off me ... or when they're lifted off.

Trying to cure myself once again, I caused more damage to myself. This, with another situation, led to me barely making out of 2022 alive. I definitely didn't make it out unscathed. But what else is new. I remember reading the book of Psalms one day during this time and it wasn't even like I was reading the Bible in some parts. It was like I was reading a diary that I had written, or would have just written. And I mean 100%.

I did, though, through the blows I took since 2019 up to this point, gain the ability to work on projects 14 hours straight. It's like I'm even more of a machine, and the truths that are being unveiled are coming from even greater darkness. It's like the more of me that's taken out of the way, the more that can be done through me. And I actually remember telling God to do this to me.

As of 2023, I have begun a season of restoration. We'll see just how much is restored.

ACTS CHAPTER 9

15 But the Lord said to him, "Go, for he is a chosen vessel of Mine to bear My name before Gentiles, kings, and the children of Israel. 16 For I will show him how many things he must suffer for My name's sake."

2 CORINTHIANS

CHAPTER 12

7 And lest I should be exalted above measure by the abundance of the revelations, a thorn in the flesh was given to me, a messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I be exalted above measure. 8 Concerning this thing I pleaded with the Lord three times that it might depart from me. 9 And He said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Therefore most gladly I will rather boast in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. 10 Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in needs, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake. For when I am weak, then I am strong.

JOB

CHAPTER 1

9 So Satan answered the Lord and said, "Does Job fear God for nothing? 10 Have You not made a hedge around him, around his household, and around all that he has on every side? You have blessed the work of his hands, and his possessions have increased in the land. 11 But now, stretch out Your hand and touch all that he has, and he will surely curse You to Your face!" 12 And the Lord said to Satan, "Behold, all that he has is in your power; only do not lay a hand on his person."

CHAPTER 2

4 And Satan answered the LORD, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. 5 But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face. 6 And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life. So Satan went out from the presence of the Lord.

Agent Smith - Why do you persist?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bIfzyYT1Oho>

The following is in the book after *The Journey* (with minor adjustments for this document):

The things I've done in my life don't define me as a person. I was nowhere close to being an evil person, or the person you would commonly picture when you hear of someone doing the things I did. The situations, feelings, and thoughts depicted in this

writing were only some that I encountered, as were the temptations, which would take up a whole book by themselves. I only wrote what stood out in my mind, which in some instances was the bad stuff (because I can't talk good about myself), so don't be led to assume you know all of me. As I continued to grow, what was a current belief then, is not necessarily a current belief now. My first intention of *The Journey* was to add more pages to the book (it was much, much smaller than it is now), but I still didn't want to do it. On top of that, I hated talking about myself. My intentions then became your understanding. I wanted you, the reader, to learn from my mistakes, learn that out of struggle comes understanding, and that the hardships you endure are for a reason. I also wanted you to see how God operates.

I've learned so much from my time being "married" (in prison/disciplined), and I'm so grateful for it. Hopefully others can learn from it as well. [... learn not to break a promise with God, especially one involving sin you were forgiven for] The experience has helped mold me into a better man. I'm not bitter about anything, and I don't have any grudges against anyone. Anyone who has ever done me wrong is forgiven (and had already been forgiven). But there are some people I'd rather not associate with.

All glory to Yah and His Spirit for helping me reconstruct my life's story. But now it's out with the old and in with the new.

And I already know ... the journey is just beginning.