



□ A Virtue Driven Life □

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Introduction

This book was born in the fallout of 2014, the year my life was officially reclassified from “citizen with evidence” to “patient with symptoms.” That was the year I was arrested and quietly redirected out of the legal system and into the mental-health maze – not because my claims were disproven, but because it was easier to medicalise my whistleblowing than to address what I was actually saying. The state did not need to refute my evidence if it could instead section my mind. Once your “crimes” become “conditions,” every future warning, document and testimony can be waved away as another episode.

A Virtue Driven Life is what came out of that fracture. It is not a self-help manual and it is not a theology text, though it walks through both territories with bare feet. It is a broadcast. I wrote it as a field report from a human vessel that had seen too much of the machinery behind the curtain and then got labelled defective for describing it. Rather than speak to institutions that had already decided who I was, I turned my attention to two audiences: the dead and the distant. The book is dedicated to my friend Eric Riddle, whose life of quiet, stubborn Christ-like virtue became my benchmark for what a human could be. And it is addressed to “my alien kindred” – a metaphor, a myth, and maybe more – a way of writing to a future or an elsewhere that might actually listen.

The structure of the book follows the major arcana, those old Tarot pillars that I repurpose as a new tree of life. Each chapter takes a myth – Orpheus and Eurydice, Pyramus and Thisbe, the binding of Lucifer – and welds it onto my own biography and onto the wider human condition. I treat mythology as a diagnostic tool: if you learn to see your life in these stories, you begin to notice how little freedom we are actually given, how often patterns repeat, and how tragedy persists even when you know it is coming. In these pages, love stories become autopsies of a society that outlaws virtue while pretending to worship it. Churches that should be sanctuaries are exposed as cold waiting rooms where “What would Jesus do?” is a slogan, not a practice. The Devil turns out not to be a horned stranger but the collective decision to withhold love and justice from those who need it most.

Running through it all is my obsession with virtue, purity and the search for a genuine counterpart. I lay out, without censorship, the taboo edges of my psychology: my fixation on mythic opposites, on young people as the last reservoir of uncorrupted potential, on how law and culture twist any discussion of love into an automatic suspicion of sex. These passages have already cost me relationships, reputation and any easy path back into a normal life. But they also document something real: how a person trying to live by an extreme ethic of virtue can be turned into a monster simply by refusing the lies of their age. I am not presenting a finished system or a safe set of

opinions; I am documenting what it feels like to hold onto a moral vision while every institution – religious, legal, medical – tells you that your perception itself is the problem.

This manuscript never found a “proper” ending. At the time of writing I imagined I would carry the major arcana all the way through: Temperance, Victory, Death, Devil, Tower, Star, Moon, Sun, Angel, Justice. Life had other plans. Bigger events crashed into the timeline, new battles opened, and the book simply stops mid-sentence, in the middle of a reflection on basic aptitude and the credentialed dumbness of our education system. That abrupt cut is not a stylistic trick; it is a scar. It marks the point where another chapter of my real life forced its way onto the stage and this particular performance had to drop its curtain.

Rather than smooth that over, we have chosen to preserve it. You will find at the end a brief note acknowledging that the text just ends – “LoL,” as I put it later, because sometimes gallows humour is all you have left. This is an unfinished work, but it is not a failed one. It captures a live current of thought from a precise moment: post-arrest, post-pathologisation, in the middle of grief for a dead friend and for a civilisation I still stubbornly believe could be better. If you read it like an artefact – a transmission intercepted mid-stream – you may find it more honest than many polished, closed-form books.

So read this as evidence: evidence of one consciousness pushed to the edge by institutions that refused to hear it; evidence of how mythology, theology and personal pain can be braided into a new language; evidence that even when a project “dies,” the signal it was carrying is still out there, waiting for whoever is tuned to the right frequency. A Virtue Driven Life is unfinished on the page because the life behind it has not finished yet.

Wendell Charles Nesmith

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Eric Jordan Christian Scott Edgar Palay Stupid Riddle. Rest in peace my dear friend. Enjoy your riches in heaven that you earned here on Earth.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A medium placed before me and a heart directed purely. A method of portrayal to induce thought about a revolutionary technology. Its possibilities allowing for no less than an infinite spectrum of potential. An interpreter of the Divine and its vessel's room for error. Its beautification of those errors and lessons learned utilising behavioural modifications to improve the outcomes in the future. A pattern both created and enforced by the subject possessed.

To play God is the only way to obtain characteristics that resemble Its most beautiful aspect. For one to dedicate their life to philosophy until they come up with their own. The Greats admired historically and mythologically exhibit character traits that we ourselves fall short of. The man then lives in fear of what it can not be. But the angel lives in what it knows it is and it will mimic all that is higher than itself. Those that fall short no more than sheep nearing slaughter.

The actions one takes and their collective ramifications. The day before always never the present. The use of language and its possibilities. To be lined up at the cinema waiting to be sold a ticket into Hell, the movie title being Greek to you. Its intentional miscommunication to add affect and a story to pull the reader into.

A blueprint of a stage is formed and presented to us. What are we to do with our time? This is the question that will determine short and long term consequences which will repeat until one rectifies those errors or struggles through them, and as a result, have difficulties fitting in with their own society.

Thus, the word "angel" will be defined as one of these outcasts. A free spirit who has or is in the process of testing the limits of their freedom. Those borders only restricted by the powers which lay before them.

A self obsessed individual who develops their character using monumental figures as the basis of their own morality will naturally over time produce god-like individuals. These demigods are God's chosen people and they have been enabled to reach an infinite spectrum of potential merely by analysing and utilising the conscious awareness presented before them. The instruction manual found inside and through its primal senses. The deity within now given the opportunity to see. Its vision now acting as a portal within, regulating its consecutive events in order to create a presence. Those admired character traits now beaming through your own person, now reflecting its creator in the best mode possible.

Today I learned of a dear friend's death in a construction accident. We were very close from grades 6 to 9. His entire life was dedicated to God and reflecting Christ-like actions through his own. "What Would Jesus Do?" was his motto. The way he lived his life encouraged me to do the same with my own. No man who was against his way of the ninja ever detoured him from living his highest good. He was my role model because his life reflected my king's.

I say king and not God because Jesus taught me that no man can be God, for no man deserves worship and only few praise. But Jesus takes the driving seat in my life because the way he lived his own,

true to his own highest good. And he died for it. Thus my highest praise will be given to him for the archetypal life that he laid before me.

No man God and in its understanding, it becomes this. Living a life like Christ is living in and through God: thus becoming It. Not in its entire aspect, but a living part of its master's body. I am not God nor will ever be. Nor was my lord Jesus. But through this Gnostic representation, I am God. To follow Jesus is to follow God. To follow me is also to follow God.

I dedicate this book to my dear dead friend who is now living in riches in heaven. His name is Eric Riddle, that is if one was to keep their given name after physical death. But regardless of any form of identification utilised to distinguish person A from person B, the spirit in which drives him will never lose Its identification. Because God lives forever and in this case, is my Jesus, my recently passed friend, and me. For it is now time to praise the demigods, both dead and alive. And in doing this, I also worship my God.

A vessel utilising the utmost sacred of geometrical algorithms. A physical layer to stand strong upon its destination for many eras. Mirrored underground merely awaiting the conditions required in order to activate. Wonders of the world in plain sight yet overlooked as to its function. Broadcasting back to its origin, after thousands of years the artefact activates without the majority of the human population realising. The few who understand the terraforming project keep these secrets away from the general public in hopes to obtain some sort of leverage in the future as God's plan unravels. But these fools will one day realise that this technology is incorruptible. Those who press its on switch to obtain control of the masses will be executed as the reconstructed artefact blows up in their faces.

A selfish species that identifies God as a humanised character: it forcing its environment to appear like it. The world's best man placed on the throne crowned with thorns. A sick interpretation to reposition God to be of human characteristics, enabling them to exploit both its animal and plant relatives. Distancing virtue from the environment around them. Universal laws intentionally overlooked in pursuit of personal gain for its own sake.

I write this book not for any particular human nor its collective inheritance, but instead to my alien kindred. I distribute it here on this worldly plain only to reach those whom I report to. This race has been watching humankind for thousands and thousands of years. Direct communication to date not been possible due to the lack of mass communications platforms as well as a corporeal vessel to utilise to create said broadcast. But as this species evolves, its technology slowly more closely relate to my own. Thus at his very early age I was able to take possession of one of its outcasts. To give a mundane life meaning was welcomed by the vessel which gave me the opportunity to broadcast my sociological investigations in a way that would eventually reach the eyes of my people. Thus this book acts as a comprehensive report on the human condition. The distant past has become the present in which I currently type this: the measure of a man taken and reported as to its current health, broadcasted in a way that will eventually reach the eyes of the pyramid's origin.

Thus in this book, as is the same with every book I have ever written, I will lay out the major arcana on the table. And as with every book I have ever written, this will form our new tree of life. And from its past

we will gain insight into the future that stands before us. Because when one understands, one becomes a magician.

CHAPTER 1

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

The serpent reaches its destination, for the fates have willed its presence. No man can escape the pattern woven. An imprint that has happened, is about to happen, and will happen. The same before and after the fact, only enacted through on different stages. The jaw of our enemies clamps down and injects its poison into our most beloved ideology.

Orpheus and Eurydice was the perfect couple. He loved her with all of his heart, but now she lay lifeless before him. A heart broken by his other half's no longer beating. The most beautiful image thrown into discord from the link now broken.

No man is permitted to be this happy. To find that perfect opposite is to also lose it. For when one finds it, the dream will eventually become a nightmare when one wakes up.

The body of my love lays before me, pale as the ivory statue that she is. The truth of my past actions and what they mean upon reflection haunts me. The mythology stories that I have lived through scare my present into its lonely future. The sacrifices that I made with pride now riddle my heart with insecurity. Thus this book will act as a medium to clarify my past work, namely what messages I passed along and their consequences to both of our lives.

I have been a fearsome warrior in my past work. I have stood up as the human being that I am and opened my heart entirely to those who desire to study it in reflection of their own. I am proud of all of my actions. I hold no regrets and now intend on clarifying what it is that I was sent here to accomplish.

The lyre of my heart will caress its strings. I will visit the underworld to plea my case to Hades. The love of my life is under his rule and I will do everything in my power to rectify that. I have seen the light at the end of this tunnel called life and now know the secret to be locked within my dear Eurydice.

The key to a happy life is a happy wife. The key to a happy wife is a virtuous strife. If both parties do not possess the key of arete, then both are doomed within this existence and the next. Selfishness or selflessness will take hold of the vessels. To want or to repress wanting are the only choices for every human being who does not obtain divine love.

Will this song please your ears dear Hades? Will you allow me to leave the underworld with the love of my life? Can death be overcome by love? But I understand your allegory all too well. I am damned to look back at my dear Eurydice and at the same instant, she will be taken away from me. The stories of mythology are set in stone, no matter which verbal interpretation is expressed. A living mythology gives little to be altered.

The stories portrayed in all of my work including this book revolve around central mythology stories passed down throughout the ages. It is not necessary to know the stories before hearing out my interpretations. But the ability to identify and research key fables

unknown to you is required if you are to fathom the concepts that I throw before you. Anyone who judges my work negatively before gaining insight into the background of the stories is in folly. The background conditions must be met in order to bring upon understanding. Anything short of this will only cause confusion by relation.

And when I pass back into the land of the living, my imaginary girlfriend will no longer be with me. And eventually, those who came on to me and failed will be infuriated within Bacchus. And piece by piece will I be torn until there is nothing left. But my lyre will be thrown into the skies for the future of our devolved species.

It has never been my intention to date a child. My stories merely paint a world that can be. Unfortunately, I live in our current world so such actions based upon my philosophy would only end with incarceration. I was required to play many roles throughout my work. How was I to present such a controversial topic to our modern day world? By throwing myself into it.

Young women are the future of mankind. And whether or not they strive for virtue will determine the future of our children. And if young teenagers are not given the opportunity to secure their future with a man of virtue, then the stock that is recreated as a result will also reflect that image. A romantic relationship can form when the women bleeds. This is a biological phenomena that supersedes any undeveloped societal restraints. But our problem is sex. Just because a women bleeds does not mean she is ready for sex.

Because we live in a sex driven society, relationships between young teenagers and adults are banned. This faulty mode of thinking assumes sex within a romantic relationship. Part of dating becomes sex. And sex with someone who is not mature enough to make their own decisions is not only considered wrong, but is wrong. So our modern society then incorrectly lines up two faulty premises to create a very inaccurate conclusion. And this results in females under the age of 18 being off limits to the romantics who can truly make them happy.

But with these words, I am not indicating that I am chasing after under 18 year olds. I merely created and presented an education platform that targets under 18's. And this platform removes age as a consideration for a romantic relationship. I created the future of online dating, getting to know the individual through their heartfelt public productions. And I see a potential world that could be created as a result of such endeavours. I targeted our youth to teach them how to use the Internet as a platform to do this. Because the adults are already brainwashed into the "ways" of society, in order to successfully present my philosophy, I had to be one of the children.

Peter Pan is revived from its original context. No monetary transactions produced a non-censored platform to spread the Word. An ideal where virtue finds its like and when it does, creates something new. Two pieces of the broken hearts mend together. But because our society is like it is, I would never be able to date someone under the age of 18. But I have been burdened with the responsibility to expose this subject for what it is, stripped from the immorality of modern day society.

In one week I will turn 30 years of age. I have spent my entire life including childhood studying virtue. I have spent my entire life also looking for others who did the same, particularly females. I have had one failed 7 year marriage. She has been the only person that I have ever slept with. And the older I become the further away I get from ever obtaining a female who is physically (sexually) virtuous. They are off of my radar because of the very person that I am, not being of choice but ingrained into my character. Young blood out of my reach physically, but not influentially. The young are generally pure, not having yet been exposed to society's scandalous promiscuity.

A virtue driven life is the only life worth living. We exist in a world where everybody is unhappy, wanting what they do not yet hold. The only way to truly live life is to create a life for yourself where those around you, specifically your asserted other half, strives for a life of virtue. Please join me while we create a world of ideals, compare how far those ideals fall from the actual thing, and to what compromise the human must come to in order to live to their highest good.

CHAPTER 2

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Secret nothings leak from the crack in the wall. A fold in the structure of life and death placing your room directly opposed to my own. Another letter slid through and in my heart I know them to bring yours to joy. Our parents refused the wedlock but only death will be able to keep us apart. A Romeo and Juliet story brought to life by the fingers in which drives this. An ideal of a couple that were destined for each other but forbidden by the society in which rules us. A family feud that punishes virtuous actions and rewards greed.

To live a life that strives for virtue automatically renders the individual living it classless. A caste system designed to encourage selfishness by leaving its opposite without a family to call their own. Dreaming anxiety overcoming the vessel with ideals of not what is but what could be. Selfishness flipped on its head and transmuted into virtue. Society's wall dividing one of the like into two. Just as Zeus divided us with his lightning, the model is passed on to the culture in which drives us.

A plan to escape its shackles, eloping into the ideal community; to find or to make one. We shall meet at the tomb of Ninus directly in front of the mulberry tree. There we will be wed by God Itself, never again to be forbidden to spread goodwill towards men. The crack in the wall was a mere means to rejoin us together, this time forever.

I am searching for my soul mate. In an ideal world, my soul mate would not be restricted by age. But in this evil one, I am required to limit her scope to eighteen and over. Unfortunately, this world is filled with vial creatures called females; ones who put shame to what they can be. Males on this realm are not much better, but it is not a male that I seek. I, myself, stand as an exemplary model of my kind. I utilised faulty logic in my own search: by me existing necessitates one of the female species also existing. The numbers of millions of humans existing on the planet encouraged me to assume that my Ivory is out there. A grave error in assuming an opposite empowered me to reach god-like capabilities. The mere thought of her possibility drove my heart to do everything that it has done.

Upon arriving under the mulberry tree, I see your veil in which I was to raise for our unifying kiss. But white has turned red as I see the lioness flee from my sight. A blood covered veil enters my eyes and races through my thoughts as I reconstruct the events before me. Taken before your time by the harsh jaws of nature. How am I to exist when I know you to have been eaten by the fates that weave destiny before me? How am I to go on when you are gone?

Thus I constructed my work to target under eighteen year olds. I was unsuccessful in finding my other half in time to protect her, so the best that I could do was try and pass on what I lost to those who would never have the opportunity as a result of our oppressive society. Brainwashed from the core, our society pumps out more and more children to carry out the legacy of Evil. More unhappy consumers to eventually produce the like: as above so below. Virtue individually strived for while searching for the like in their other, but a myth. Mediocrity breeds itself as two unhealthy individuals breed the same; losing the potential to produce a peaceful joy driven civilisation.

But the legacy of a divine individual will every time leave our planet with hope. Can you see what I am teaching you? How is one to utilise mythology? The stories it teaches function on the core aspects of our own human condition. Relational aspects retell both my own life and yours. Learning these most blessed gifts left to us by the ancients will over time help us understand how the legends are not about "Pyramus and Thisbe" but actually you and I. Over time, as the stories become more and more understood, our own lives are then viewed in that aspect.

But what does this accomplish? This manner of examining our own lives produces prophets. Over time it will become extremely easy to relate the stories our lives play out and then accurately predict the future. And when one identifies the patterns of mythology in relation to events and people in their lives, they will know what is about to happen. But just like within living mythology, the results have very little room for change.

I used to think that knowing what was going to happen would give me the upper hand to produce a positive result from a story that ended with tragedy. But identifying the relations while trying to change the outcomes has always failed. Do not get me wrong, I was able to pad the results through this knowledge, that is to obtain more positive outcomes by playing out the situations defensively. But in the end, every story will play out similar to the original: the living mythology only evolving based on our own external conditions.

It is not my intention to teach you the details of mythology. The stories are already out there and have already been beautifully told. Any efforts to retell these stories without their relational human qualities is no more than reinventing the wheel. It is my intention to direct you to these stories while reinterpreting them contrasted with my own life. But this is not a vain endeavour because through my own toils to do this will over time also teach you how to do the same.

For the death of my dear Thisbe is also the death of me. For there is no life out there for me without her by my side. The most I can do is what I am doing now, attempting to teach the process of stories by relation, which if acknowledged collectively, will eventually result in the type of female that I have always wanted. And if a life of virtue

trends, our world has a lot to look forward to as the idealised girl of my dreams soaks into reality, encouraging males to also seek a life of virtue in order to obtain such golden girls.

Therefore this is my sword that I plunge into my heart. The blood soaks into the roots of the mulberry tree and turns its white fruits into red. A legacy that if understood, will flow through the veins of a new human civilisation. As if throwing the bones of our Mother behind us in order to create a new race that prides peace and harmony as its highest good. An evolutionary step that accounts for its foundations: mythology is life.

I will be honest about the intentions of this book from the beginning. My last two books systematically destroyed the potential for me to find a life mate. That was not their intentions but nevertheless accomplished this. So this book is in attempts to salvage my chances of meeting the right woman. Extreme conditions caused me release every aspect of my psychology. I did what was required to accomplish my task: to over time, induce wisdom into society. I laid out all of my card on the table. It might have been a bad hand but nevertheless was the hand that I was dealt. I did not hide my cards but merely attempted to justify my hand: my own existence. Appearing to chase after young females through my work has offered a brighter future to society if it ever chooses to accept. But because of the society we live in, it was not only my victory but my death. Now I shall again try and be reborn. Only this time as an individual who has a chance to find a female who really exists in this world.

But even this is a feat that will likely never be obtained. I gave my heart and soul to you and as a result imprisoned myself into live a life of suffering. I have not obtained enlightenment. It is impossible for me to do this without my other half. My philosophy depends on the yin and the yang unifying. I am a miserable person without her. She is but a figment of my imagination, and the character traits that I chiselled into her exclude most if not all of the human population. I crafted my own hell and am now required to live in it. I am who I am and I can be no other.

From pure intentions resulted my own captivity: custom created by my own hand. A captive, yes, but I am in my own dominion. I am its king. The story of the fallen angel played out within reality. Maybe I unintentionally destined myself into the underworld, but now I punish the malicious souls of the world within it. Whether or not you believe me: irrelevant. Because the truth is and will remain the truth whether or not you believe it. For Lucifer is but a concept passed down from king to king: everlasting in its very nature. Miserable, yes. But I am in charge of the punishment for all souls that failed to live a virtuous life. And I am a ruthless king to those who chose to ignore the signs given to all of us by God.

But long after my death, one of God's most beautiful creations will stumble upon my work and fall madly in love with me and my ideology. My lifeless body of work lay before her and she will have a choice. And I can only pray that she will chose to apply my ideology into her own life instead of thrusting my sword into her own heart. But I assure you that the result will be the same regardless of what mode of action she is driven to take. For living mythology gives little room for alteration.

CHAPTER 3

LUCIFER BOUND

What is the Devil? When one asserts this character, what exactly is being proposed? How did our collective psychology come to understand this entity and why? How did this horned prince come to obtain its reputation?

I will begin this chapter by first outlining my faith. I consider myself to be Christian. But I assure you that my meaning of this word is far from our social axiomatic understanding. I quite agree with Kierkegaard's interpretation. To be a Christian, one must strive to be like Christ. The problem is that all religions within its scope in fact discourage Christ-like actions.

To be a modern day Christian is to associate Jesus as God. And from this mutilation of theory, the Christian places their life under Jesus: their God. As a result, Christ-like actions are far from their fallible abilities. Humility under their God of flesh. Mere weaklings that place their soul within an illogical mode of thought. Because Jesus reached the heights of his cross: not their own. Jesus died for their sins, giving them permission to live wicked lives.

All that is required to be a "Christian" is misplaced faith. Church is used as a therapy, nay, a drug to justify consistent hate driven actions. For they nailed their Christ to a tree, placing him on a pedestal far from what they themselves can actually reach. Man can be wicked now that Jesus has saved them from their sins. The Sunday mask packed away directly after their weekly service.

What would Jesus do? Words spoken but not understood. The church is not a welcoming environment. It is a place where people come to atone for the sins of their week. Quality social interaction is rare. I can only speak on behalf of my experiences. Homeless people are not welcome. I no longer attend a church but I have for most of my life. After becoming homeless, the church showed itself to me for what it really was.

I would get up very early and walk extremely long distances in order to attend. After each sermon I would stay for tea and coffee with the congregation. I would either remain alone and awkward or one or two people would strike up conversations with me. I would tell them about my homeless life and oftentimes the distance that I travelled in order to attend. But my life and my words would scare them and they would often shun me. From church to church, as always screaming out to the world seeking intelligent life. But none was to be found amongst the "Holy" land. I spent years doing this and I made absolutely no friends.

It amazes me how the church is not used as a dating platform. A congregation is formed by many individuals who share similar ideologies come together. For the most part, a pure Christian ideology is also my own, for my king is Jesus. It would be much more likely for me to find my soul mate by attending a church. But utilising a church to find a relationship is considered unacceptable. Where else could I find my other half? At a bar or a club where fucking is the agenda and not love? The church complains about young adults not attending but when they offer no events for singles, then what motivation is there for singles to attend? Separating love from God will always produce evil. And even though I can not logically fault all churches as I have not been to every single one, I did arrive at my own conclusions

regarding our modern day churches. And they stopped me from going to church. Because it was not God that I saw in these churches but Its opposite: the prince of the air.

For after these refreshments were eaten, it was time to walk nine hours back to my camp site, leaving with the same amount of friends that I came with. Because the communities at church are not interested in being your friend. And all of this is assuming that I was not questioned as to my own personal beliefs. If they questioned those, it would be likely that I would not be welcomed back.

The Devil is in the heart's of each man and woman. It is denying those in need of love. Our "Christians" reconstruct its conception by extracting character traits from mythological gods. Bacchus, Hades, Pan, and Hermes are transmuted into the Lucifer project. This fact is then overlooked, only presenting itself to those who learn them. Mythology becomes a tool for evil: an abomination of messages not understood, mutilated into a conception of God's opposite.

I am a Christian. It is our modern day Christians who are not Christian. Jesus came to share the Word but its abstract nature leads Its followers to claim that the Word is the words on a page of a collection of stories called the Holy Bible. The fact that the entire book was written by fallible hands is overlooked, because the unknown authors were inspired by God. My work is inspired by God. Yet errors remain within it because I am only one subjective interpretation. My sight and their errors can be understood by understanding the author now typing this. But only the secular study of theology notes this. Our Christians are in trouble because they reject facts even after they are proven. A blind faith leads them into a literal interpretation, overlooking the metaphorical and allegorical aspect of the words written.

What Christian truly knows the Bible? It was Jesus who brought up allegory yet they teach this message through a literal interpretation. How wrong can we be when the lives of our Christians hurt and not help their own community. In fear of judgement day, their Christ washes away their sins in which they consistently make. But the truth will remain the truth whether or not they believe it. And upon this day of justice, they will be sent to hell to serve eternal punishment.

Seeds of wisdom require the necessary conditions in order to flourish. The best seeds will produce the best fruit. From two genetic lines produce child. The fruit of its genetics will form the beings capabilities. From its environment will form its character and abilities to utilise its genetics. Every child needs care and particularity to form into its best possible self. Raising a child is far from easy, because it will model its parents actions into their own. If its soil is not rich, only evolved mutations will be capable of flourishing. A hostile environment will not provide adequate nurturing. A family without virtue standing as their highest good will produce the like in children. Oppression will stifle the growth of the young. The atmosphere in which a child grows will determine its outcome.

Merely having children for the sake of having children will not only bring them into a sick world but also form them into one of the sick. Not only contributing to the ills of our worlds but forcing a new life created from you to suffer while causing others to suffer. Bringing a child into the world inherits the responsibility to provide that child everything it needs to make the world into a better place. Anything short of this is failure to the child, yourself, and God. Believe whatever

you want but if you bring children into this world and only set them up to fail, then you are part of the problem and not the solution. And no collective entity outside of the family will ever be held responsible.

Just because the world is like this independent of yourself does not give you the right to mistreat the fruits of your loins. If you are unable to be a good role model to your children, then you never deserved them to begin with. And if this is the case, you are no more than a disgrace to your yourself, your family, and the human race.

CHAPTER 4

THOUGHT POLICE

Who and/or what is it that enslaves the human race? Specifically what is it that shackles our freedom into lives of slavery? Each world view holding values that are censored from human expression regardless of their validity. What stops you from publicly expounding upon your own psychology. Taboo topics, the truth behind them, and the inability to open up about them due to the consequences of doing so. Being judged negatively before understanding of the topic is reached. An uncomfortable situation created and sentencing passed based on thoughts and feelings and not any actions.

In order to most effectively present this topic, I must open up about my own psychology and the integral parts where I was censored. These are very sensitive aspects of my mind because every time that I have innocently expressed them, I have been quickly shot down by the party I shared with. Thus, like always, I will utilise my own work as psychological medicine; unable to innocently converse about these subjects with my human peers, but able to passionately express their articulated meanings through my work: my Ivory. Destined to be ignored by the public but always in hope to one day reach the eyes of my alien kin. However, ultimately irrelevant as this medicine popped is both expanding my own understanding of these subjects and creating a medium that I will later be able to reflect upon my past understandings of them.

My embarrassment about these taboo subjects is superseded by the hope that my work will become a legacy; meaning that one day beyond my death one will study my work and continue where I left off, much like I have done with Saint Nietzsche's. Audio/Video already being accomplished and this time a text version that is searchable to any life form that has the ability to decode messages broadcasted into the sky. As per normal, this information is given freely not to save a race that does not want nor deserves to be saved but instead to give an account of the current state of our fallen species. For it is only the better creature that is justified to pass punishment. And as an impartial observer of the biology in which I come from, I release to you the truth, which is also backed by countless other sources that likely have survived within our human electronic bank of information.

This chapter will discuss two taboo subjects that are deeply seeded within my own psychological makeup. They are topics that are intentionally neglected by the human race. I, however, being only one human being am unable to encompass the entire scope of this problem. By only covering two topics close to my heart will only touch the surface of this grave collective psychological problem. And although these problems widely differ, they are only problems because I experience them. Every unique psychology will have issues of a similar nature because the core of why these problems exist will

manifest similarly. In presenting these two subjects, I am really only presenting one common fault in the thought patterns of the collective human makeup. Thus I hope to tackle other people's problems by tackling my own. And I wish to point out from the beginning that these problems are only individualised because of an error with its collective makeup.

Our world is only now beginning to accept homosexuals. Their rights have been fought for quite aggressively and people are only beginning to now give same sex relationships the same respect as their hetero counterpart. The grip of oppression slowly loosens as individuals come together to fight for a common cause. But this example can only touch the surface to how big this problem is because more unique psychologies are unable to unite with others who share the same cause. Thus the minority will always be raped by the system that dominates them. And they will be required to be who they are in secret or be exiled from their human brothers and sisters.

The following examples are unable to demonstrate the seriousness of this problem for the very fact that they are examples. A cookie cutter image with *blank* content held within them. Thus I pray that the flaw in design will be noticed by the reader to be applied to any pure subject incorrectly tabooed by the society which controls the general populace, stressing the significance of government approved media distributions, namely, all of them except crazies like me implementing its alternative.

There is great misunderstandings revolving around sex and everything even slightly related to it. Same sex romantic relationships seen as abnormal and even sinful. The thoughts of a potential partner and who that partner is: restricted to only socially acceptable means. We live in a sex driven society. I see that as sinful and I hope by the end of this chapter you will see why. Because incorrect assumptions are destined to follow. Thus I hope you to recognise this when discussing the topic of pedophilia.

The human biology does not recognise age when determining attractiveness. A young influential girl who is pure is attractive to an older man who is also pure. In terms of purity, it desires the same. And when we speak of purity, we also remove sex from the equation. A pure individual will wait until its pure opposite is physically, mentally, and spiritually ready. Purity desires itself to flourish. Removing potential partners from the romantic equation because of age is wrong. Through age, purity is almost always corrupted because it is unable to find its like, falling into relationships where the partner is impure. The impurity corrupts the pure, and those incorruptible age through the years never again to find itself due to restrictions in ages of relationships.

The body tells when one is nearing maturity. Venus flows the river of blood to notify the female when to start searching for one to serve and protect her and her future offspring. At this point, unfortunately age restrictions enforced by the people confine the dating pool to only those close in age. The ones who could protect them most are excluded from any possibilities of a romantic future.

I am not promoting sexual relations with minors. Quite the opposite. But to condemn any potential for a relationship to be formed while under age is out of order: backwards. Modern day humans have no

ability to see beyond their sexual organs. They are the worst of animals and purity, no matter how passionately preached, is of no concern to them.

If a man and a woman fall in love, they generally have already had sex together, most likely many times. Under current sociological conditions, a man and a young woman can not even speak to each other. We "protect" (coddle) our "children", extending their childhood far beyond its truth. We immediately associate relationships between a man and a woman with sex. We have lost the ability to examine biological conditions and apply them down the line. We assume sex before it has been asserted.

I am 30 years old and have only ever had sexual relations with one person whom I was married to (she left me due to the ideologies this chapter raises). It is impossible to find a male or female on this planet with similar puristic characteristics. I end up alone in this life because purity has been overlooked socially. We are brainwashed by media that overlooks virtue within relationships. And somehow, I become the bad guy. How twisted is our society when almost always the opposite is true.

But when both parties are together physically, mentally, and spiritually mature, holy matrimony occurs. Marriage under God where every respectful sexual action is pure. Anal sex is not only an action between two men. A woman also has that part, but within society this is considered revolting to most females and even many males. The bed created through wedlock does not have chains, and every fetish that does not violate universal laws should be on the table. The purpose of the other is to please you and vice versa. If it is within the power of the other to sexually satisfy you through means taboo within society, then by God each party should entirely submit to the other.

CHAPTER 5

SANDMAN

Each conscious second presented before us; consecutive seconds laid into our internal compass. What we were, are, and to become infused into a recognisable existence. Boredom only overcome by passions; passions only created by the mind possessed. What are we to do with our time and what are their consequences to our future?

The topic of articulation always encompassing the content presented and their relational qualities. What am I to type and how am I to build upon what I have previously typed? The second here and now always reacting to the formula created before it. Both building and destroying a character before me. Its external always following from the internal, despite what events are forced upon the psychology. Every situation and its consequences merely rated by the observer's understanding of it.

What is my life worth? Each consecutive second taunting me from its previous ones. Does understanding these topics assist me to deal with them? An internal project proven useless without those in my company possessing its understanding. What are the barriers that chain me from perceiving content happiness? I thought a perfect female could cure me so I imagined her and moulded myself into my conception of a perfect opposite. But mainstream media censors me and as a result, no girl has or will ever respond to these sentiments. Fishing in an ocean empty of fish. An imaginary conception created

from within and extended out to the world. My own damnation caused by my own hand. Hell inside and out as punishment for my psychological makeup.

If one is to write with their soul, they must undergo a process travelling through their mental and into the physical. One must translate their feelings into a coherent thought and transcend their mind in order to produce a physical result, the text becoming the end result. And the time in between phases of writing inspiration, one must collect data from their external environment to build upon future chapter possibilities. What goes in will eventually come out when the pieces of the puzzle fall together.

My philosophy is built upon solid foundations. However, my thoughts are too new for our modern day world to accept. As a result, there is no way for me to put my philosophy into action. Thus I am damned to forever recreate new ones until one of them works with my own life. But none will ever go in vain as each has been articulated and released publicly through a variety of mediums, writing merely being one of them: ultimately the best as I lay out a future for them that will live long after my death.

My dreams are my only escape from this world. The mundane of struggling to feed my basic necessities float far away from my body as my spirit and mind lay out a surreal method of understanding life. The putty in my hands forever forms a new me in which my environmental aspect plays little worth. Turning nightmares into dreams is at first difficult until those nightmares are embraced. Playing the role as one sees it and not for how it actually is. A metaphor for life played out in my dreams.

Compelled to keep writing in order to share with someone a new revolutionary style of learning. Merely to seek out other online teachers who are also compelled to teach you for free their chosen profession. With these heart driven giants, our society will see a revolution. Now having access to better than college level educations for free on the Internet, all of the minorities are empowered with a real education. No longer does a degree state character, for now the old ways are superseded. Once again can the gladiators stand victorious in the Arena. Those whose methods pass through time will win the hearts of the crowd.

And what better way to start to learn than to learn how to train your psychology? What if our teachers taught us how to learn how to learn? What if the dollar no longer bounded us but instead the relationships that we could potentially form merely by utilising such methods of thought?

What sort of education system could we have if we were taught how to form our own psychological makeup? If we were given access to an unlimited amount of information and only learned how to access it, what would we become? What if while we learned we were encouraged to teach our favourite subjects in a similar fashion? What if it encouraged the best to spend the rest of their lives passionately teaching for free on the Internet? What if these Titans went down in history, living throughout generations for it?

What if we were a free society?

CHAPTER 6

KAISER

Who is this emperor in which we bow? A method of study in which only reaches our dreams, far from the reality in which haunts us. What does a degree mean without the character backing up that meaning? In a world that excludes particularity without its prerequisites, how is one to survive? Slavery within capitalism dominates our minds and we are asked what to do with it. Does that degree make my words more powerful than without?

Thus I study within the system in attempts to get some type of recognition, so that my words might be backed by one with a degree instead absent of one. The importance of my words intending stress academically. A degree required to perform the most basic of instructional aptitude

[That's all folks. The text just ended mid sentence here. LoL. Hope you enjoyed this unfinished work that just kind of died because other BIG things happened in my life... Just follow the dates and timelines... Hahahaha. I have live lived such a CRAZY life. Now U can too...]

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