

THE ATLAS



OF LIFE

## Chapter 1 – What...

The world was dark and its sharp cold penetrates down to the spine, producing a strong shiver throughout the body. A chilling breeze passed his face whispering of tomorrow. He wasn't quite floating, but he wasn't quite standing. Thuds echoed from one ear to the other, continuous and never ending. The silence was deafening.

“Yo, dumbass open your eyes,” he thought to himself.

Surrounding him was a heavy wooded area and a small creek running by. The moon shined through the empty, lifeless branches that hung out of reach overhead. Three other guys stood there with him and began walking away, so he followed quickly behind.

“Deep breathes, one foot in front of the other. Watch the sticks idiot...” As he tripped over a protruding log, prompting a few chuckles from the rest of the gang. He regained his footing and carried on. His heart had not stopped its relentless banging in his own ears. He paused for a second to gain his composure. He looked at his own hands, first palm down analyzing the scar on his right hand from the boating docks as a child. He could remember every detail of how he got it, he could remember the boat ramp under the bridge, the smell of the ocean, the way the boat drug him down the dock, cutting the knuckle of his pointer finger of his right hand, yet leaving the rest of his body without a scratch. It had not hurt bad, just the cleaning after had hurt like a bitch. He thought of the four scars on his leg. He reminisced, blinking a few times still analyzing his hands for an eternity... He looked back up and his friends had taken no more than three steps, yet he had remembered... everything...

He took a few quick steps to catch up to his friends. He could tell they were talking, but he could not hear any words... He was floating away, as if watching himself walk in the pale moonlight going nowhere...

The sun glared down, with heat that could pierce souls like a needle. It had to have been hotter than hell. While boiling the pavement of the parking lot nearby, the sun also illuminated the park. Surrounded by trees, the park contained a playset constructed of wood with swing sets on either side. There could have been hundreds of other families or none, only two could have told. On one of the structures, two boys played, one with blue eyes, one with brown. Were they best friends or brothers (maybe even twins)? Their mothers watched nearby with eyes filled with love.

With a blink of the eye, they were no longer two-years-old, but five. They were having a joint celebration for their birthdays, one being September first, the other the fifth. Their families gathered around as they watched their boys grow before their eyes. If one guessed, you could safely assume these boys spent almost every day with one another, as their moms had also become close friends too. And what do young growing boys do? Well of course they played sports outside (and probably inside, and against their mother's wishes), they wacked each other on the heads with their Star Wars Lightsabers, they built Legos (often with help from their dads), battled each other on their Nintendo DSs (and eventually Wiis), and only Lord knows what else (often getting in some form of trouble eventually). Not to list too many things, but they loved watching Star Wars, Shrek, and Austin Powers (once they were a little older).

Now where were we, oh yeah, heat like hell... Nah, that's just a standard day in Frisco, Texas, and trust me, you get used to it. Let's set the scene a little more... The boy with blue eyes lived on Meadow Hill Drive, where somehow the people planning the street forgot how to properly space houses (or something like that), which resulted in each house having almost an acre of land in the middle of a pretty large suburb area. The house had two stories, with a large

upstairs play area and scrapbooking room for the mom. Just in the large front door was an open room that had a ceiling almost twenty-five feet tall (a great place to fly remote control helicopters by the way). There was a dining area in the door to the left, but if you continue to the right it opened to a large living room that contained a large boxy TV set and a few couches.

When sitting on the couch, to the right was a hallway that led to Blue's room, which consisted mainly of his Tigger addiction, which had begun because of his aunt who had given him a plush toy from Disney World when he was younger. It was also where Blue loved to cry a lot, and Lord bless his mother, because he did it a lot (thankfully growing out of it eventually). Maybe he cried a lot because of a recurring dream of a cloaked figure entering at night through the semi-circle window above the regular window, but I digress.

Now to the left of the couch was a sunroom, whose ceiling had been painted by the father to match the clouds of a beautiful sunny day. To the right of there was his parents' room and down the left hallway was Jordan's room, his sister. Behind the couch was the kitchen, which had the dining table and stairs to go up to the second floor.

Brown lived on a street a few over from Blue's, but it had a tiny backyard. When you walked in the front door, you were met with a catwalk over head, a computer room directly to the left, and the parents' room to the right. About fifteen feet forward, on the right, the open staircase led up to the second story and the dining table was to the left. From that point, one can see the open-air living room with a large TV set as well and a kitchen forward and to the left.

When you take the stairs, at the top you are met with a choice, left or right. To the right, and across the catwalk, was Brown's room, consisting of golf memorabilia and Barney plush toys (yeah, the purple dinosaur). To the left was a hall that led to the theater room (which was where Star Wars and Shrek were played at full volume). Directly across from the theater was the

other mom's scrapbook room (and where the moms would quickly come from when the boys got too disruptive). Further down the hallway was his sister's room. Coincidentally, Brown's sister was also named Jordan.

Although the boy's birthdays were only four days apart, the school system would have placed Brown in the year above Blue. Of course the moms could not have that, holding Brown back one year. Additionally, and I'm not exactly sure how this was pulled off, the mom's managed to get the boys into the same Kindergarten class (at least I think they played some role in that). So, for a whole year, not only did the lads get to play after school, but they could cause chaos for seven hours straight a day. Now, let's not construe anything: they were good boys. They listened, they learned (Blue was really smart somehow), but they also knew how to have fun.

Like another blink of an eye, it was already the first grade. Unfortunately, the boys were separated. Blue was in Mrs. Smith's class, while Brown had been placed in Mrs. Robinson's class. Obviously, the two could not be together during all things they ever do, and it was time for them to grow. Mrs. Smith's was where the true magic happened and the posse quickly grew. It now incorporating a loveable (and not too bright) buck named Matthew and a strong bull named Garrett. While Blue was able to spend more time with them in class, at any recess or time outside of school the four young devils continued to cause their pandemonium...

On an average steaming day of one-hundred-and-one-degrees Fahrenheit, Blue walked home from school. When he got home, something was wrong.

His mom sat him down and said "Honey, we are going to be moving soon."

Now if we could look at what is Behind Blue Eyes, I'm sure we would see visible confusion behind those diamonds. But if we could see into the mother's, I'm sure we would see something else...

She continued, "It will actually be really smooth, sweetie, we are moving to the same street as *Brown*."

To a seven-year-old, how could life be better, he was moving closer to his friends, no more pool though, but that really didn't matter to him. Things carried on: playdates, school, and sports. Even after the move, despite his dad spending a lot of time away, Blue was essentially oblivious until the night... Blue woke up with a startle, and cracked open his door. He could see across the catwalk and into the playroom, where the small TV had been setup with MarioKart Wii earlier that week. He heard a muffled noise from downstairs. He crept down the stairs and inched his way toward his parent's room, still clutching his stuffed Tigger in his hand. The sound was unmistakable, even to a child's ears: it was a woman sobbing. He gently opened the door, and was met with the greatest horror a young boy could face... His mother crying alone in her room. She quickly put the phone down and shuffled Blue back upstairs, ensuring him everything was fine. Even though he was still a young man, Blue knew this was not the case.

Swiftly after, the news was official: His parents were splitting. His dad had a job in North Carolina, while we would stay back in Texas. As a seven-year-old, Blue somewhat understood what was happening before his eyes. Over the next few months, he had grown accustomed to what his life would become, accepting he would barely see his dad anymore. He and Jordan had counseling at school, they cried and sobbed as they tried to comprehend a divorce, something truly unfathomable for kids of such a young age...

Oh, the joys of youth, unable to be curtailed by anything. Continuing over the summer and into the third grade, the four, as one could say “aspiring juvenile delinquents” grew even closer together. Whether it was the classes they didn’t listen too or lines they would skirt, nothing held them back. Their secret base was in the lightly wooded area surrounding the play area. Even into the fourth grade, they still dominated kickball, tag, you name it...

Like the snap of a finger, he was back... Still walking through the dark moonlight forest...

## Chapter 2 – In the Flesh?

Nothing had changed, he was still himself walking through the woods, but it was as if he had unlimited time to access his memories. It was impossible to keep track how far he had actually walked, but he knew he was still there. His body was guiding itself while he freed his mind and soul...

He knew his friends around him were still talking, but he still couldn't hear a single word, but he was not worried. He knew exactly who it was too: Jack, Sam, and Declan. The sound of his heart beating pounded on. He had gotten lost in Time, but knew where he went. Obviously, time was simple, he had only figured that out about a week or so before and he was not worried about where he was going.

He faded away from reality again, but was not going to think about what things could have been too much.... His heart sank a little further as he remembered his last day in Texas before he moved to North Carolina...

As if he opened his eyes and were there, Chase could picture the most minute details of Matthew's home. His wild dog, Jack Jack, ran amuck as usual, as if the only happy soul there. Instead of divorcing, despite being weeks from finalization, Chase's parents had had a change of heart, tearing Chase's in half.... No longer would he be going into the second grade with his three best friends, instead he would be moving across the United States to start his life from the beginning...

The summer heat could not be explained, only felt... He could describe every moment of that day... or at least what he could remember, but that would only waste time thinking about what could only be felt...



Sixteen hours later, he arrived in Concord, North Carolina, to an empty house with a bedroom that had nothing but a mattress. Let's not forget what he had to look forward to: a summer of almost no friends and going into second grade alone. And let me tell you, Chase went through Hell...

Day after day, going to school to do what? He wasn't good at making friends. Day after day, he would cry to his mom how much he hated everything: Hated it here, hated school, hated the people there.... For a whole year, he lived Hell... at least what an eight-year-old would think Hell was...

Thank God the next year was better.... Moving into the third grade, Chase still had no friends and nothing to look forward to....

He had been placed into Ms. H's class for the year. Chase took a second to think and knew one thing for sure: She was one of the sweetest and loving women he had ever met, just what one would expect from elementary school teacher. Thankfully she had a sense of humor too, considering what Brown, John, and he would get into. From day one, the three were immediate friends. Children have an amazing way of just not giving a shit who you are or where you come from, at least for a while...

It is really hard to say what shenanigans they got into, I'm sure Ms. H would have plenty of stories, but one stuck out in Chase's memory. It was quite an odd one, and not fun as one would expect, and for a child it wouldn't make much sense for why it was a problem, but I don't have to tell you why it is.

At the end of the school year, each student was randomly assigned to give another student an award for the year. Obviously, Brown and John were not Chase's only friends, as they had cracked his shell and he loved school once again. Chase had been assigned Justin, also one of his good buddies, but not too much outside of school. Justin had the wild energy that would liven up the room, make everyone smile, and he was very agile on the playground. A young Chase, thought "What would be the perfect way to describe him?" and he knew immediately. He would give him the award for "Monkey-ing Around" because that was the energy he brought. He was lively, everyone loved him, it was perfect...

Ms. H always kept up with everyone's ideas and wanted to ensure everyone had a good one for their assigned classmate. Chase proposed his idea with a full heart, as he had already drawn the perfect picture to go along with the award. Now Chase couldn't remember Ms. H's face then, and couldn't remember it now... She could see he did not have any ill intention, so had to breach the topic perfectly, as she did, for one in that situation.

"Chase, this was a really good idea, but I have an idea..."

She did not explain why, but simply proposed he switch his idea and picture to the Tasmanian Devil. She explained how it was also an animal, but also had the same wild and loveable traits, like the cartoon itself....

I do not have to explain why that would stick out to a young mind who just wanted to be friends with anyone he could.

Young Chase thought nothing of it, although he found it a little strange he couldn't tell his friend he was a certain lovable animal, but then he thought Ms. H is never wrong, so carried on...

Over the next summer, Chase's life kept taking turns for the better. Ms. H was moving up to the fourth grade, as obviously that class was the best class she had ever had. Chase got another year with Brown, John, Justin, Matthew, and the rest of the class. Nothing truly stuck out in his mind, but he knew he was living his best life now. Continuing into the fifth grade, he made many new friends and his circle only grew larger.

Middle school was rather uneventful, braces on, a few new crushes (no girlfriends though), braces off, didn't make the baseball team (and let me tell you it was ridiculous he didn't), club soccer, trip to DC where everyone got sick, trip to Universal (Cole, just know I won't ever forget) just to name a few...

It was time to enter the big leagues: High school, the most soulless time of one's childhood. The summer between middle school and high school was great, he hung out with his friends, Dave, Hunter, Lucas, CJ, Brown, John, and yes that probably included Cole.... Chase also attended soccer workouts over the summer, and as the Fall approached, Chase, John, CJ, Dave, and Hunter all made the soccer team. The Junior Varsity coach was the YoungLife leader and a good guy. He taught the young men about being responsible, caring for each other, and how to play hard soccer.

Classes were easy, as they always had been for Chase and things were as good as they could be, and then he met her...

### **Chapter 3 – Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds**

The entry way of Chase's high school looked like a train station, like King's Crossing, one could say (probably not but it's a good image). The cafeteria, auditorium, and gym were on the left, while almost all classes were to the right, with both an upstairs and downstairs areas. Like the stud he was, Chase mastered any Biology, Chemistry, or English class (even though he despised it), and to complete the set of skills, of course band (only one semester). One interesting thing implemented in his school was TEAL Time (who knows what it stood for...), but essentially it gave every student over an hour to basically do whatever they wanted. They could eat, hang out, or do work (like c'mon really?).

To go to certain locations during TEAL time, for example the library, gym, auditorium, etcetera, you had to get to school early to get tickets. Well one-day, Chase figured he'd actually go to the library to get something done for once. The library was in the center of the right side underneath the stairwells that led upstairs. After presenting his ticket to get in, he had to find somewhere to sit. As one could guess, none of his friends from the sports teams (or in general) were using their Time to be productive and get something done. He did recognize a girl he was friends with, and the blessing (or curse, we can debate that later) she was, she asked if he'd want to sit with them. And there she was, Lucy...

At first glance, something felt different. Chase had had a few goals coming into high school: Soccer, Baseball, and meeting some fine ladies. Being the reserved man he was, the three of them had casual chit chat. This went on for a while, nothing too special, but Chase finally found a reason to go to school. Like how on earth was he excited to wake up early (as they started at 7:15) just so he could get a ticket? Somedays Chase would sit with some of his other friends, who he wasn't as close with, but still vibed with, just to make Lucy jealous he

wasn't sitting with her. It definitely worked too, she'd come over and try to get him to come sit with her and her friend. Now like the stud he was, he'd smile and say "Nah, not today." Maybe he was smooth enough to wink too...

After all this, Freshman year still didn't end quite how he wanted. He'd text her occasionally, but nothing more despite the undeniable chemistry (from a certain point of view). Also, Chase didn't make the baseball team, but don't worry he proved himself next year no doubt. Now that summer, after getting all A's of course (cocky little bastard), Chase and his band of delinquents starting getting into some questionable activities, as your average high schoolers do. Now, they were always smart, camping out in basements or other homes. His first sip may have been a questionable drink, but it was lemonade flavored. Now I know a lot of people like beer, but like how?

Anyway, Sophomore year was starting to take off. Let's just say soccer went well, Chase only managed to score 24 goals (setting a record, nothing big). Also, and would you imagine, in his English class, with a different Ms. H, he was sat next to Lucy. Was it meant to be? Hey, Chase wasn't complaining. Let's say there was non-stop banter for the entire semester. While it seemed to be a blur he wished he could remember, only a few moments from that class stick out, and I believe this was actually on the first day: Ms. H had the class right down their favorite lyric from a song, and as Chase was a huge Eagles fan, he wrote down a classic quote from (in his opinion), one of, if not the greatest classic rock songs – Hotel California:

"You can check-out anytime you like, but you can never leave!"

Now what Lucy wrote, he could not remember, but what Chase wrote just fit. He wrote that because it describes school, at least it did then, you really can check out anytime you like but you can never leave (well you can always just walk out [of anything really], but I would not recommend that, as I started to do that Senior year). It's not like he'd never not felt alive, but he always felt a little more around her. To keep this short and sweet (so it doesn't bite me in the ass later), one day Chase felt like it was just the moment to do it, he was playing Rocket League with John and thought, "Fuck it, I'm gonna ask her out right now!"

Oh, and was he smooth... as sandpaper... like why would you text her? And let's say it didn't go to well. I'll reminisce about that moment another day he thought, as the Neon Moon still shone overhead, still analyzing his own hands right in front of him.

Well, let's skip a little bit, she was a Dove, just not his.

Baseball went really well, he hit 0.400+ and played outfield, at the end of the year he made a fool of himself, shed a few tears, and actually had his first drink that summer [I was mistaken, but I don't feel like going back and rewriting that section of the chapter, it was a Mike's Hard lmao, washing it down with Bud Light after].

Going into Junior year things were still relatively well, like what did he have to worry about? He's great at soccer! Well, he broke his leg (there's actually a video of it, and Lord can you hear the crack!). No use trying to put that feeling in words if you couldn't read my face as I told the story. [I will provide context for when I 'came back' from when I blacked out: John, who was the goalie, was standing over me, even though I was a striker, I was holding my

coaches hand with my right, and I was screaming bloody Mary, yet feeling nothing in my entire body]. He was down bad, and let's say the Painkillers did him no favors. For weeks, life was a blur, he felt nothing, and what was the point? Even when he could 'walk' again, he had anatomy with Lucy, making each day drag by, making each day even longer and harder to get through. Once again life was hell just as it had been in second grade. Why did I go to school? How did I keep moving forward?

Obviously, they weren't going to cut a man who fractured his right leg from the baseball team after his stellar performance the year before. It truly was a shame he mentally quit baseball for good that year, as it had been one of his dreams as a child to play in the MLB. Eventually, he thought "Ight bro, you gotta get back in the game." However, after talking to a couple girls, nothing felt the same. Going into Senior year, he had no one but his friends, who somehow seemed to rule the school, Lowke. They were all he had left, saving me from what life could have become.

Let's not say he didn't enjoy life anymore, but he was Fooling Yourself, if he told himself he truly felt alive anymore. He loved dicking around at baseball, which is basically 75% of the sport. He'd show up in golf clothes, not do his running, fake his leg was hurting to not do things, just baseball stuff.

Hey, he still had Senior season of soccer to recover and get ready to kick some ass. Well, a stress fracture in his right Fibula said otherwise. First day of class Senior year, and as a fool does, broke his right leg again. It was his comeback season; it was the hardest he had ever played in his life (considering he'd already missed 8 weeks of the season due to the stress fracture). He broke past two defenders, and then it happened, instant pain and nothingness...

Then he was kneeling, his right knee down, left at a ninety-degree angle, head down, eyes closed. He knew what happened, he didn't scream, he didn't do anything, he just sat there and thought...

He walked off the field, knowing damn well what happened. The doors of his white Jeep were off, and he knew exactly what song to play next: "Bringing on the Heartbreak" by Def Leppard. He walked in agony denying the truth. Chase woke up the next day sick to his stomach, barely able to walk to the bathroom. He had another surgery, suffered for the next year, had a 3<sup>rd</sup> surgery (to remove all the metal because his leg just wouldn't stop aching [and if I had to guess never will]).

Absolutely gave ZERO (0) fucks at baseball anymore, and school, he was just good at it. It was still fun to be a baseball douche though, as Chase fit in relatively well there. He did have some good news, he got accepted to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill...

Now, the moon wasn't truly neon, but Chase looked at his hands... confused as hell, trying to figure out where he was going, and what he was doing...



## Chapter 4 - Lean on Me

“Holy fuck!” Chase thought.

The hell was happening to him, still walking with the three other guys, he knew exactly where he was and what he was doing. He was literally just walking in the woods, trying to get back to his dorm room at Crusty-Craige.

“Alright, calm down, you are literally still in woods, just like how you came in here, you literally figured out Time two weeks ago, you watched Star Wars and it felt like you were using the Force, just chill man...”

They were still talking all around him, the light at the end of the path was becoming brighter. The lights of the baseball field and the parking lot behind it were guiding his way, but he still continued to fade away...

It was all coming back too fast now.

“Alright, you got a 4.0 last semester, well it actually was a 3.97, cause fuck POLI 101 (and politics). Lucy also goes here, you’ve talked to her, even saw each other on New-Years, even drove those girls to that other party because you were sober, you got super sick at Disney, you had that dope Halloween costume and went to Franklin Street, you watched Interstellar, you sat there and got lost, but like it all made sense, that was when you figured out Time.”

“Even last week you had that psychology experiment because you are in PSYC 101, that rude man in the suit was a dick when you asked how to get to the right wing of the hospital for the experiment, they hooked up with electrodes and shit and you listened to that classical music,

they said you had one of the calmest brains they'd ever seen... shit that was Valentine's Day, and it was a horrible night... The hell is the date today... doesn't matter bro..."

He was fading away a final time, yet the light at the end of the path was so close...

## Chapter 5 – Hotel California

He opened his door slowly, looking to his left. Standing there was a transparent version of himself gazing back at him. Chase slowly opened his door, aligning it with the one on the other side next to the other version of himself. He took a long look at himself, fixed his hair and proceeded to wander the halls. A woman in all white somberly strolled past with emptiness in her eyes. Chase could no longer see the other version of himself, but knew he was walking with her too... He continued down the hall to the metal gate. Chase stopped by the silver structure. He knew he could figure out what was hidden out of sight if he had time to think... He stood motionless with his eyes closed and concluded: "It must be me..."

Chase woke with a jolt from a dreamless slumber. The night man peered through the window in his room's door, shining a light down onto him. There were food containers on the ground, which he had been organizing very neatly, as he had been fasting. Chase could logically trace back any of the thoughts he had, but still couldn't answer "Why?", but there was no Time for that now. He closed his eyes and rested...

When the sun light lit up his room, he knew it was time to get up. Prior to going out for the day he retraced his steps...

"President → The First Quiz"

"Shake his hand → He shook hands with Declan that day, and that night"

"Lost Souls → Everyone around here seemed like dead people walking, not me though"

Even with that, he knew he was still alive, and truly had no reason to feel too down, he had a good life, his family was comfortable, he had only had some unfortunate events... but nothing really came mind of why he was here with the lost. He blamed no one for why he was here, all of the truly deep wounds had been self-inflicted when he sat and thought about it.

It was such a weird place, a place where everything makes sense, but nothing does at all... an old woman walking by uncontrollably moving her head. Just the day prior, she was sitting at the table with only the number 9 written on a piece of paper, which Chase quickly drew a line under because it was actually a 6. Chase knew he was the 'smartest' there, so he may as well figure it out for everyone else too. 6 was his lucky number, so he just went with it. She only said one sentence to him the entire time he was there.... He also met a woman that had a son named Chase too...

In the lobby, Chase just sat and observed, as he knew he could figure out what was happening in this dream, and maybe help others get out while he got himself get out as well.... He sat. He tracked eye movement. He tried to anticipate what would come next... It was as if we were just passing around a mic, having normal chit chat as if nothing was wrong.

Still in his room, he reflected more:

“Doctor → Thick Accent → Felt like I was being quizzed”

#### Quiz 2:

- Simple questions:
  - Where do you go to school? “UNC”

- What is your GPA? “Basically a 4.0”
- ....
- Chase wasn’t naïve, he was not being asked those questions... the doctor was reading me too.... It was a duel, and he wouldn’t break because he wanted to know why everyone was in here, because he already knew why he was...
  - While being Quizzed I had 3 voices in his head, all happening at the same time. They sounded like him, like how I normally think, but thoughts I clearly would not have:
    - Voice 1: The words leaving my mouth to answer the doctor.
    - Voice 2: Me SCREAMING to myself: “You HATE politics. You HATE politics. You HATE politics...” Over and over... A thought that was actually my own, but odd timing for uncontrollably thinking it.
    - Voice 3: I sounded like I was screaming: “You are a God. You are a God. You are a God...”
      - Chase could easily dismiss as a delusion because it was clearly not the first wild thought that was not his own, of which he had had many in the last few days and, clearly, I am not one.
        - “But why would I think that then?” Chase later reflected.
    - Voice 4: ...

Whether he ‘beat’ that doctor, I never saw him again. There also was a man, named Ryan, who I actually trusted, which was saying a lot. But when my mom called later, seemed to have never been there...

Chase had left the meeting with the doctor, knowing he had gotten no-where closer to being freed, but closer to the truth. And when I say odd experiences, a man who (although I may be mistaken) was gay and called himself a transformer, asked me “Are you a God?” His timing was impeccable as he asked Chase this after that meeting with the doctor... as if he knew...

This man, shall we call him Coffee, loved to asked odd questions at odd times, like “Who’s the Conductor?” letting everyone look around until someone answered. Chase remembered the ship and thought: “I’m the Navigator, not the Conductor, you were close though.” As Chase could comprehend what was happening in front of him, but not the large-scale applications. As I usually do, I just sat and learned.

Any time something like this happened, Coffee would try to distract me and my train of thought and I’d literally just rolled my eyes and hold up my fingers, crossing my middle and index, as a sign of “I got you too, just leave me the hell alone...” Chase did his best to listen and help others work through their demons too.

Another gay man walked down the hall, a man who had told me his family hates him for it... He was the Lost of the Lost, as if he was betrayed by everyone he knew. However, he was not completely lost, even complementing me on my biggest weakness... It was odd how many gay men were there, a few men there had even asked if Chase if he was, but he knew for sure he wasn’t (even after the night in college where my new friend had come out, and as a considerate friend went looking for him on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of Craige where he was crying on the phone with his mom, and [me with no experience with how to handle the situation] offered him a hug, then the friend got a little too drunk later in the evening and gave me a quick peck on his right cheek {safe to say, time froze and was one of the funniest moments of his life and is gonna be a great

wedding story lol}). It was just odd how many gay men there were there, but Chase had already decided to fight through his reality for anyone.

And speak of the Devil, he walked from the in front of my door from the left of the hallway to the right.... He was an odd character; it wasn't hard to see his hatred in his eyes.... He carried himself like Trump (who's not actually the Devil, maybe close, I don't know him), his stature and everything... He always broke out in laughter at odd spots... I'd track eye movement, someone would say something normal and he'd just chuckle... He loved playing the card game War and saying he "always knew what was going happen next"... Loved to play "Apples to Apples" and just laugh when people would read lines. Anytime Chase freed his mind he'd think stuff such as: "I wonder if the President can do acid..." and the Devil would just chuckle. "You are a Seer too..." he'd say to Chase. Chase even thought he could save the Devil, even shaking left hands with him, since it seemed to be what he wanted from Chase anyway...

Chase sat and thought, "What would his Grandma do? She'd help this soul if she could," and that's what I did. The Devil loved to preach about chemistry and how to make bonds and bombs.... the 10 Commandments... the Amendments... Speed Limit Laws... Chase listened to his reality, while navigating his own. While in the common area, Chase would continue to free my mind from the Hell around him and the Devil would just look at me and grin...

There was also an elderly homeless black man who told me a story of how he found a dead body in the streets... I didn't know what to do besides look in his eyes and nod my head, or

casual tell him about my life after his stories. I always responded with “Yes, sir.” I couldn’t help him, but hopefully my eyes said “I’m sorry...”

There was a pregnant mixed woman, who had to borrow my glasses to watch whatever movie was on.... An adopted boy my age, full of life and energy (always able to do something silly or say something funny [Lord knows the trouble he’d gotten into])....

Like even the workers there seemed odd, like I’d ask them something then they wouldn’t respond unless asked again... or the night men... telling me something like this happened to them, even though I was still figuring out what the hell had happened to me...

Chase always got up to conquer the day, whatever it may hold...

Like the opening of his eyes, he was back home, waking up in his own bed. He had been checked out by his dad, driven home by his mom. They had watched Ferris Beuller’s Day Off the night before...

His dad also said something very odd, but completely fitting: “Battle of the Minds, ain’t it.” I just responded with a puzzled look, my dad probably thinking he shouldn’t have said that, but me knowing he was right.

“Thank God for everything he had taught me, as I would be on the other side of Hell by now no doubt...” Chase later thought to himself, alone in his bedroom.



It was Time for Chase to go back to normal life, back to his cart boy job at a local country club, back to living I guess... Shook to the core of his mind, body, and soul...

## Chapter 6 – Stairway to Heaven

Chase continued working at the country club, just as he had the summer before. It was a good job for him, considering how he had just come-back home from Hell. His reality was shook... He traced down what he knew for sure: Something about everything he experienced smelled fishy. He trucked on trying to conquer the day...

While ‘washing’ carts (as the average hard worker), he tried to have no thoughts and let his soul take the wheel. He pondered Heaven and actual Hell, he wondered how society had pushed so many souls to be lost as him. How could a homeless man find another homeless man dead? How does a pregnant woman need to borrow my glasses to see? Why had everything happened the way it did? Was he dreaming?

As I have previously stated, I was the Master of Time now, as only from his eyes can he see reality.

He had narrowed one thing down about his reality: there’s more than meets the eye. He continued to tract eye movements and tried to anticipate the future, channeling his inner “seeing” abilities. Maybe he always knew where to look or it was just luck, but it seemed the other realities people live in were not too hard to navigate, slipping in and out of their realities and consciences with ease. His coworker, P, was a good man, it was not hard to tell. Just a Simple Man trying find his way. He had just gotten a unique tattoo on his left forearm that said “Seek Discomfort” in a cool font, and was inspired by the YouTube Channel “Yes Theory.” It was intriguing, he didn’t live in loops (Chase’s word to describe his current reconstruction of his own reality, which connects the beginning of time to the end during every moment of the present), or at least one of mine. He always spoke from his soul, as he was a quiet man and chose his words

precisely. At this point, I'd ramble on about this and that, casually testing the water with a somewhat 'delusional' topic. Such as:

"Yah know, I think women have a special ability: they can literally feel when men are looking at them" or some random shit like that.... Did Chase know this for sure? No, but with what he'd lived (and about to, it didn't seem too far off).

At this point, he was under a multitude of 'delusions', for one, he thought he was completing everyone he meets 'loops', just he often didn't know what to say at the end of them when he knew something should have been said, like once he verbally called himself the "Time Bandit" to one of his childhood buddies as he had 'stolen time from the President' (Crazy... right?)

Out of no-where, two kitchen workers arrived at the Cart Barn in need of assistance. It was odd, despite all the mistrust Chase now had in society, he innately trusted fellow workers (of his age [and in extension everyone his age now, 20]). He would track their eyes and just listen, as Chase was a quiet guy, contributing to conversation when it made sense and was logical.

They exchanged chit-chat, then at the end Chase said, "Hey, my names Chase, don't forget it." It seemed very odd, but like it was the right thing to say. He then proceeded to mess up one of the kitchen workers names, as he had heard "R\_\_\_" as "L\_\_\_", which obviously didn't add up, as it was a dude he was talking to.

The other was C, he worked the bar at the restaurant. Often Chase would go up, follow loops of workers, analyze how the patrons, usually old white men, interacted with them, never

truly “trusting” the patrons after what he had experienced in the hospital. After a couple of loops, I must have earned his trust as he looked me dead in the eyes and C said:

“Yeah, it’s called Jediism” then paused as I looked toward his female coworker, followed a quick loop and making eye contact with C again, “Yeah, there’s a lot of weirdos out there.”

Odd conversation, yes? Was Chase surprised? At this point, no, despite just being called a Jedi in a casual conversation at work.

Before bed, Chase often laid and thought. Obviously, he was not dreaming these events. He just followed eye contact, someone said something that made sense (even the Jedi statement), and he moved on, even reflecting back on the ‘Hotel’ and experiences there.

Chase wasn’t afraid to incorporate patrons in his loops too, as I was smarter than them, at least in this realm of deciphering reality. He was testing them now. Once a man was scratching his beard with his left thumb looking right at me, as I completed a loop for someone else. Once a man literally said “Hey, I’m not in the loop.”

Chase thought (not said), directed at him, “This loop is for her, not you.” I then pointed, to his other coworker, of whom he trusted, not saying a single word to that patron, not trusting him. Now did Chase have a reason to not trust this man with vocalization of his thoughts? Well yes, he did, but we aren’t quite there yet.

Even one of his bosses shook his hand, like a limp fish, saying that is how a black basketball player he met shook his hand. “No shit he shook it like that, you are a pussy,” Chase thought, directed at his boss. Chase had already shook hands with the Devil, so knew not to trust this man, as it was such an odd time to tell me a story like that.

Chase sat and thought, trying to analyze everything in his life, reflecting on mowing the grass. Chris, my neighbor and one of the two friends my dad had in the neighborhood, had a large cookout, his whole family and more seemed to be present, and Chase waved to them all as he did the yardwork (also a place he could free his mind).

Later that day, after leaving poker night with his boys, on the ride home he had an odd sensation: Chase had the distinct and unmistakable smell of BBQ, despite being in the middle of nowhere late at night and nowhere for it to come from. He thought, “Well if my soul was passing around and with people at the golf course, of course it was present at the cookout.” Chase even hoped to attend one of the cookouts soon...

## Chapter 7 – Time

Let's bring everyone back. What are you thinking? Am I Crazy? Am I a Jedi? Let's get there shall we. The group of four emerged from the woods, Chase took a deep breath, he was back. He could hear the conversation, as Jack was now saying goodbye to the gang and going off on his own. Declan and Sam both looked at Chase:

“Man... was Jack just tweaking, did you hear all the shit he was saying?”

“Yeah, totally.” Chase lied, rather convincingly, while concealing how internally shook he was, as he could not answer: What had just happened in the last 5 minutes of my life? He could imagine everything about the walk through the woods from their smoke spot, but not truly recall those events happening, as if just jumping straight back to reality after being lost in his own thought. He knew his soul could only have been in the past, present, or possibly the future. When he had been mind-blown by Interstellar, instead of focusing on the movie he spent the rest of it focusing on Time and only Time. He had still felt the emotion of the movie as he was watching, but had been solving the mystery of Time, paying attention to nothing else. It was as if he missed the last 5 minutes of his life, but as if he hadn't, he couldn't explain.

Post-Interstellar, Avatar (the blue people), Dexter, and Star Wars, he felt he had a good grip channeling the 'Force' and deciphering reality. He had learned lessons from each movie or show, and felt as if he was just guiding himself through time, but something was off... It was impossible to vocalize what had just happened, even in his current state (high as fuck), as he was 'Playing it cool'.

For the next hour plus, Chase was fine, he interacted normally as he did when high, but something was itching at the back of his mind. Just that afternoon, he had had plenty of free time to do whatever since it was a Friday, so he went to the dining hall and channeled his thoughts. He outlined what he wanted to write, just earlier that day. It's not too hard to describe what he thought then and wrote, as he was planning to write a book: The Atlas of Life, which was inspired by a dream he had had a few days prior.

He had even planned it all out and how it would go:

### **The Atlas of Life**

#### **Outline**

- 1) Section 1: Speak to Me & Breathe (In the Air)
  - Intro through sleeping the first night (Cloudy/Dark)
    - Gasping for breath
    - "What time is it?" (Just past 10)
    - Same room as Present (Signs on the wall)
- 2) Section 2: On the Run
  - Childhood until the Move
    - Explanation of the wall and what I did (Clearing Skies)
    - First Interactions with Sailor
      - Because of how close you two were, he must have convinced you to go, he was having a hard time since him and Rose broke things off.
      - John never came back, ever since he went in the first time, he would go and comeback the same day just like you did, but this time he didn't this time.
        - Learn Rose is really beat up about what happened to them
    - Trip through Cox Mill with Lucy (tease about how we met and what's in store)
      - Outside of bedroom door: "Home is where you want to be"
  - The Move through Surgery 1 and Surgery 2
    - \*Don't learn why parents almost separated
- 3) Section 3: Time
  - Present
    - Dark and cloudy
    - The Solo
    - The Journal
- 4) Section 4: The Great Gig in the Sky
  - Confusion after experiencing reality
  - What's outside the wall? (Screams)
- 5) Section 5: Money
  - Marriage
    - Me and Her
    - Ashley
  - The Journal
- 6) Section 6: Us and Them
  - Parents → Death of Father
  - The Journal
  - Talk with Parents
    - Mom: "We didn't talk like we used too, we were closed off and did not tell each other how we felt"
    - Dad: "Don't worry son, love will keep you alive, no matter what"
- 7) Section 7: Any Colour You Like
  - It a sunny day

- Walk there with her in silence
  -
- 8) Section 8: Brain Damage & Eclipse
  - Outside the Wall
    - Feel like death is coming, think of running back toward the wall
      - Hear Lucy: "You will find Her"
    - Heartbeat dies, expecting to wake up at the warmth of Lucy
- 9) Section 9: Hotel California (The Hotel)
  - Heaven or Hell: Girl leading me (I believe it is Her)
  - John with his Her
    - "Some dance to remember, some dance to forget"
  - I continue to follow her, "Approach the masters chamber's" and I get a shot of cold" and She touches my hand like Lucy, but the warmth is not the same.
    - Being led by "Her" & Hear Lucy sing: "Love will keep you alive"
      - Come out of a daze and the cold takes over
    - Realize what is happening and turn away, I find John:
      - "Rose is waiting for you"
  - Running for the door, see the door that is the same as one at "Home" with Lucy, and as I touch the handle everything goes black
    - "Relax," said the night man, "We are programmed to receive. You can checkout anytime you like, but never leave!"
  - Experience every happy memory, ending with Lucy smiling as the wall closes
    - Know exactly where I'm going to be when I open my eyes
    - Opens eyes to the Present, I see the skies clearing and the cities unseen before, as the solo fades away
    - The Clock: 11:06
      - See my Journal: I can flip through the pages
        - A date from 2 weeks ago was titled: "The Wall" and I let out a sly grin and cross it out
        - I flip to the next page and title it "Just after 10 until 11:06"
      - My phone flashes from the night stand and I see the notification, all I can do is let out a smile.
    - I open the journal next to my bed and write "Home is where you want to be"

#### Characters

- Andrew:
  - Lucy:
  - Her:
- Ashley:
  -
- John:
  - Rose:
  - His Her:
- The Sailor:
- Ellen & Ray:

- Which is completely unaltered since Thursday February 27, 2020, the day I made the document, and the next day (when I wrote most of it) when I was sitting in Lenoir dining hall.
- After you analyzed that for 5 minutes it made sense, right? Sort of, Chase decided to manufacture a nightmare for himself, and even chose a specific time for it to end: 11:06.



- Now what does 11:06 mean: nothing. 11:00 seemed about 3 hours after he smoked most Saturdays, and 6 as it was his (and his dad's, and sister's) lucky number.
  - Interpret as you wish.

He had gotten out of the nightmare; he had emerged from the woods still himself. They went back to their rooms and proceeded to play beer pong, Brandon and Hampton were there, Declan's twin sister would be arriving later. Chase analyzed reality, as he felt as he had now conquered it, what does a man with infinite time have to fear?

After an irrelevant amount of time, being just over an hour, Chase found himself where he started: he was lost in his own thoughts and book he was planning to write. What was he doing with his life? Why were the people around him there? He trusted them, so decided to channel his thoughts to analyze what others around him would be thinking. It wasn't too hard. Brandon wasn't too hard to analyze, as he had known him since he was about ten. Not too close of friends yet, but were both on the soccer team and decided to room together. Hampton, being a gay man who had kissed him on the cheek while drunk (even though I hadn't had my first kiss yet [of which I have had at this point, and to disappoint all the people who think I might be gay, you would be incorrect, as if you don't think I haven't analyzed that train of thought by now lmao]), was not too hard to analyze, as they had watched Pink Floyd's The Wall (My second time watching it), and deciding to spend that time analyzing Hampton's mind, comparing himself to him and learning what he could. I'm sure I came to some bold and incorrect conclusions about him (of which are Dust in the Wind now), but Chase just knew he wasn't.

I had watched the movie *The Wall* (a true nightmare if I say so myself) by myself and it definitely made me realize the negative potentials of drugs, and did that stop me? Take a guess.

Now, Declan, that was a tough cookie to crack. He was miles higher than me and had been my partner in pong for the game currently happening. I looked at him, we locked eyes for a second, looked away, and then a thought popped into my head, or Declan had said, “What are you thinking about?” and let’s say, Chase, lost in his writing, reality, and everything in between, was not prepared to answer that fucking question.

I could describe that night as if I was one of them, but we were beyond that at this point. Chase had been absolutely cool and collected for over an hour, then snapped. Tweaking beyond comprehension. Chase spent the rest of the night “Solving Loops” (as Doctor Evil would say in air quotations). He was lost in Time, but he wasn’t. All he had to do was get back to ground zero, he shook Declan’s hand about a week or two prior (possible Valentine’s day, which would have been two weeks ago), which had given Chase a sense of reality. He had shaken with his right hand saying: “Don’t let me get this fucked up again.”

And as Declan’s not Chase’s mom, he had no reason to stop Chase’s stupidity, as it was only the tip of the iceberg.

I proceeded to do random shit, looking around, looking at people, jumping to ‘reasonable conclusions,’ yet vocalizing none of them, and eventually having no-where to go in his thoughts, went back to a man he could trust (despite the bad blood from Halloween, when Declan was

blackout and didn't recall anyway). While shaking his hand, I looked Declan in the eyes and said "30 Seconds, 42 Minutes, 3 Hours" as I was lost in space and time... hoping he wasn't too. I paced around, then shook his hand again and repeated: "30 Seconds, 42 Minutes, 3 Hours" ... and again... "30 Seconds, 42 Minutes, 3 Hours"... and again "30 Seconds, 42 Minutes, 3 Hours"...

- His justification for those times in his mind:
  - 30 seconds → As I was trying to figure out what the worst moment of my life could feel like (impossible, but was the plan for the book he outlined earlier that same day)
  - 42 Minutes → The length of Pink Floyd's The Dark Side of the Moon album minus the first song, as that was technically going to happen before the story he was going to tell began.
  - 3 Hours → Declan's twin was going to come, and he knew they had some type of connection he'd never understand, so would be a finite moment in reality he was working toward in the future.
- He had to have done that at least 10+ times, wandering around doing random shit then going back and shaking Declan's right hand each time and only repeating those lengths of time and saying no other words for over an hour.

It was as if the moments outside shaking his hand didn't exist, and God bless Declan. By the end of the night, I finally came back to reality as Hampton suggested, "Hey, Chase you should probably take a shower or something to relax..." which made perfect sense after computing reality on overdrive for who knows how long... then Chase looked at the clock on his

Apple iPhone he hadn't touched in forever: 11:03, just 3 minutes off of the time he had chosen earlier that day for the nightmare to end. Chase showered, moving his hands as if he was passing the power of reality from left hand to right and back, with not a worry in the world.

They had tried everything to bring me down, offering me food, listening to music (only getting through max 15+ seconds of Hotel California). While all seeming reasonable answers, he always thought "Nahh, it's just not time for that."

I went to bed and slept like a baby, as Chase had predicted, the nightmare ended at 11:06, what was there to worry about?

## Chapter 8 – Speak to Me

Now at this point, some dots might be connecting (or not, and I'm not scared to talk about any of this). Despite what any parties may say, I'm writing this for three people. I am solely accountable for any thought I had, although I do place some blame on the current social construct, both in the United States, and around the globe. Children are born pure, we corrupt each other. At this point, I plan on changing every single name in this book besides my own. My name is Chase, I have a childhood nickname, I live in North Carolina. There are enough details in this book for people that know me to think "Hey, I know a Chase like this..." This is what I hope they would think of me:

- Smart
- Dedicated
- Passionate
- Loving

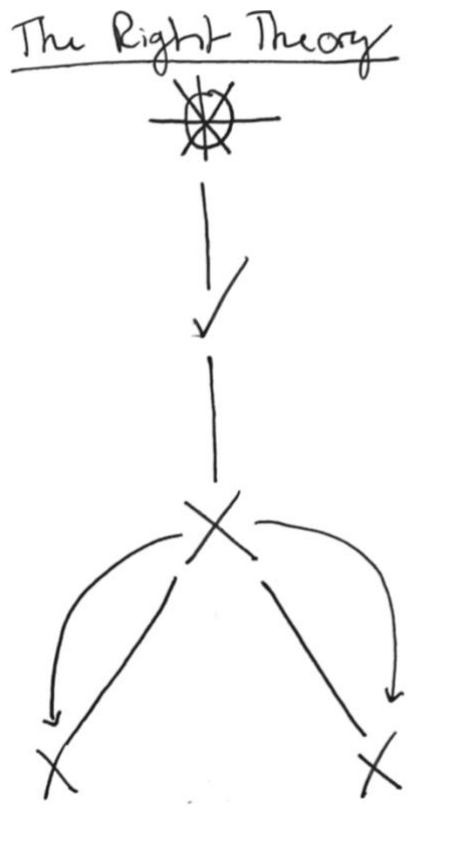
Now I do not speak for them, I firmly believe anyone in my life would defend my name, as I (hopefully) would theirs, I can say honestly, I have not met a single soul I truly hate on this Earth (and hope I never will), despite jokes I may make.

Now why would I state that now? This book isn't even over? Is it ever really?

- You would only ask the first question there if you are reading this for the first time, and just brace yourself.
- Obviously, I know there are people coming into this book with prejudice, as that is just how we are programmed as people. Anyone may leave reading this book holding any

opinion they want; I only pray that you see the only point I am trying to make, and if not would be willing to let me justify in person or online.

We are going to cut to the Chase, pun intended. Chase began his 'holy crusade' of figuring out Time, Space, Reality, Religion, Society, etc. before he even realized what was happening. He was getting closer to the core. He concluded, that his soul must co-exist at different moments at Time at once:



He settled it had to be at least four, and it is hard to explain why, but it was just how he deciphered his way through the world, as it was hard to explain that night at college.

Chase was "Lost" but thought he had found the Secret to the Universe: understanding you have infinite time at your own disposal. He even smoked again, this time with John, which they had never done. Chase, once again, tweaked, but this time it wasn't nearly as bad, he still did

odd things, like show everyone that he folded Pocket Kings (the second-best starting hand in poker preflop) in a poker tournament through an online app with his friends. I even got second place, only because I gave up on playing because “It wasn’t worth my time to keep playing at the moment.” This is where he first thought “Hey, maybe I’m a god,” but quickly dismissed that ridiculous thought, as it had occurred to him as he was walking up basement stairs to get a snack while his mom was sleeping in the room right by the stairs (frightening when high, but not conquering death as he had thought in the moment). He wandered the house, being jump scared by Patch, one of his family’s four cats.

He was still doing fine in online classes, nothing was truly amiss, his thinking was fine. I will say CHEM 241H was an experience with a very intriguing guy from Chapel Hill, who loved to emphasize how you could detect Cocaine (as it was analytical chemistry, yeah, awful) and always encouraged us to drink. Coincidentally, he loved classic rock, and Chase seemed to be the only true fan in the room (disappointing). I ended the semester with a solid 4.0, ready to go into the summer.

During this Time, Chase, rather foolishly, tried to decipher Lucy, but who truly knows a woman’s mind? Let’s leave it at that, and let her tell the rest if she chooses to one day about how dumb I may or may not be.

He also seemed to be stuck in time with his family now too, one day, at dinner, unable to take another bite.

- Chase ran around, solving “Puzzles,” keeping himself and his family with him in the moment. These “Puzzles” were rather just conversation that I was looking too deep into.

- His dad wisely saying, “Hey, maybe take a shower?”, with me responding with a thought along the lines of: “I like where your heads at, but no.”
  - o Chase even made his mom take a sip of his favorite drink, Simply Lemonade, for some reason.
- Eventually, concluding the loop with him telling his dad that he quit the tournament and took the \$72 because his Time was more important for other things than winning the money, as he wanted to talk and hang with his friends, rather than staring at his phone.

In the end concluding, he was only getting closer and closer to the core of reality, still searching for the worst 30 seconds of his life, as that was the smallest finite moment of time he was trying to compute. If he could figure out that moment, everything else would just fall into place. As any wise dumbass does, I decided to overindulge, despite my Soul, Conscious, and anything with reason probably screaming at me to slow my roll...



## Chapter 9 – Bad Company

Ah, what a beautiful sunset... No, I mean Sunset Beach, NC, where all Hell breaks loose. Our friend group, shall we call them The Outback Boys, had begun an annual ritual of going to one of the family's houses and let's say, having our fun. Chase, John, and Brown had drinks with Will the night before, and were going to stay the night at the Tank's house the next night. Everything went really well, he was chilling, having a good time with The Boys. He didn't have to do loops with them. Why would he? They trust me. I trust them. He did not smoke the first night when it was just the four of them. It was a good night.

Then it was Time to cause some chaos. Him and his boys fucked around, drank, some smoked that Friday (I do not recall the exact timeline, but it does not matter), but I did not. That night, Chase drank way too much, got sick, threw up everywhere, destroyed a bathroom, and spent some time on the bathroom floor. "Why?" he thought. I had a good time last night, but something felt off and pushed me to keep drinking to feel the same. He didn't bother solving loops for his boys, as he knew:

- I trust them, they trust me.
- Some lads had been way deeper (in substance use) than me anyway.

The next day he was somewhat hungover, not really though. I don't love alcohol, but that doesn't stop me now. Chase thought, "Why the hell do I not just smoke?" No hangover, feels better to him. He trusted these boys. But he actually tried to drink one more night before crossing that line again.

And "This is where the fun begins..." as one could say, "from a certain point of view."

Chase felt fine, as he was the Master of Time (or Time Bandit after “Stealing Time from the President” lmao, but that comes later). He tracked his friend’s eyes, chilled, watched parts of movies. Analyzed reality how it worked around his friends: Just living. He knew these boys well, let’s say they are Right leaning (a couple Left, but overall, the boat leaned right, I truly don’t give a fuck), but you look them in the eyes and they are good people. Our families were well off as they had worked hard for us, and we just lived. Chase looked into their eyes, and determined: I can see their evils in their eyes, and what came out of their mouths sometimes. They were good people, raised by good families, but some had fallen and others had not. Not fallen beyond repair, we all have our faults, as I was one of the fallen too.

The night Chase decided to test the waters. After John looked him in the eyes, already knowing what I wanted to do he said something and Chase, of his own accord, decided, “Fuck it I’ll smoke.” Everything in his life would be explained through his book, so what was there to truly worry about?

Now he was over analyzing everything. Things weren’t hard to figure out, and he already knew most of these things anyway. Racism had leaked into his life however Chase did not say anything then, just brushing off the comments as “the devil inside them” and concluding in his own head “I would never say that, so I’m good.” When his friends looked him in the eyes, they knew they were wrong when someone slipped. Chase had some interesting feelings that day, as if two parts of his soul were coming together.

He couldn’t answer every question he thought of, but he didn’t need to.

John, was a non-stop smoking machine, taking geebs every like 5 minutes. “Why?” Chase thought, “Are you not high enough yet?” He had seen me that night in my basement, we all hung out since then, life was normal?

Chase struggled to sleep that night, but eventually getting about an hour of rest, as he was somewhat paranoid and could not stop his racing thoughts. That Monday, Chase, Brown, John, and Will were golfing at TPC Myrtle Beach, due to their connections (as John was the only non-golf course worker). They had driven down Thursday to golf, but had been unfortunately been rained out. Chase solved loops for his friends there, as it was quite simple and second nature at this point, not fully trusting anyone he met, but knowing they were hooking us up with a great deal, and offered us drinks and rainchecks. He did not distrust them per say, but they were strangers and not meant to be in his loops (as a loop consisted of tracking eye contact for me then, as it does now, coming from a Jedi himself).

At this point, you can tell my writing is very sporadic, or really any word you want to describe it as. At this point, I’ve been overwhelmed with my emotions at least 3 times, questioning what to do. How did I find myself here? What is the Origin of the Universe?

Anyway, the plan was to golf Monday and drive back home. Chase was normal, he interacted with people there, called members of his family, updating them with what he was doing and just chatting. Golf was fine, there were some weird encounters, but let’s outline what had happened the night before.

- Chase felt off, but fine, but was paying close attention to his friends:
  - One snapping his finger while looking at me, and I watched him say: “He’s missing signs.”
    - I thought into it, and well if there were signs, I’d know all of them by now wouldn’t he, as the first time he’d smoked was Senior Year of high school, for let’s say, a symptom of his depression in denial. He smoked all of first semester of college and some second semester too.
    - Chase thinking “signs” were something one does to keep oneself and those around you in the same reality, but a special state of reality accessed through the use of drugs. We inherently do all signs subconsciously, but can consciously fall behind as I did.
  - Chase asking “When is the Kentucky Derby?” during a random conversation.
    - Someone responding, as if I asked “where?”
    - I simply asked “When?” again.
      - I got the same response, as if “where?”
      - Then later another friend, who he trusted said directly to him: “Some people see and hear dreams sometimes.”
      - Chase didn’t think it just then, but later thought: “Nahhh, I ain’t the one fucking dreaming here.” As he still pondered the night in Chapel Hill sometimes and what it could mean for his present now.

The Four Men golfing needed food, as four hungover teenagers need before a long day on the links. They went in to McDonald’s. He interacted with the cashier, a black woman. She

asked him a name for his order, he responded: “Chase.” She just looked at him as if waiting for a response. He looked at John, who was ordering next to him, then looked back at her and said “Chase.”

- She said: “Oh I see what’s happening here” and wrote Chase on the receipt. I still wonder where that lady is and what she thinks of me, both then, and now (she probably doesn’t even remember me, but something about the interaction was off).
  - What was happening there?
  - Something else odd happened: I got a full McDonald’s meal for like \$2, thankfully his debit card (with more than \$2) didn’t get declined at the McDonald’s like it had at the Bojangles they stopped at in South Carolina (shit hole, I have no bias lmao, just like the roads c’mon). Like, technology man.

He didn’t reveal any of these thoughts, then, nor when golfing, which had many other weird, let’s call them, interactions.

Brown was an interesting ‘loop’ to solve, as his cart buddy, friend since 9 (as John and Brown had rescued him from Hell in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade). He, overall, is a reserved and kind man. Chase knew that he was caught in in the middle of something I didn’t understand, so Brown would not either (no offense lol).

At the end, everything was fine, I nearly broke Will’s left ankle with an unfortunate shot on the 18<sup>th</sup> hole, other than that Chase was ready to go back home to his parents and family. But

then, a phone call came back in. Tank was opening his house back up for another night, “Cool” said everyone else, but not something I was quite ready for with everything on his plate.

Obviously, Chase knew not to smoke, as weird shit was happening in his life. I was not scared, but was like “Something is fishy here” and just had a few drinks and chilled.

That night was odd, he tracked everyone, found where to break a loop, but didn’t leave the break behind, just picked him back up later (a delusional way to perceive reality). We are still friends to this day, we all drink, I don’t do anything fishy (do I?).

I did not sleep a single second that night, what was happening? Was the whole world out to get him? No, he knew, for what reason (at least yet) would they be? I could solve any loop, that’s just how his mind worked, I guess. I learned when I was young just how to fit in, I make jokes, I laugh, I still do to this day. As a matter of fact, I’m playing poker tonight, should I be scared to interact with others now?

After the weekend finally concluded, he rode home with the four, Will smoked, Brown was shotgun, John driving (me right behind him). I could see John’s eyes through the rearview mirror, Brown could turn and look at him, Will was in the seat to his right so could look whenever and read his body language.

- I listened to every word of the songs.
- I tracked all eye movements.
- We got Bojangles again (I didn’t eat).
- It is rather unimportant the loop I was in that day, but something was wrong.

- I eventually, to keep himself in the moment, resorted to constantly asking, “What time is it?” Similar to the night at UNC, but reversed.
  - I asked that same question over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over, as it was the only way to keep himself in the moment and everyone else as well.
  - I asked that question at least 6 times in one minute. Something was really wrong.
- Eventually, Chase was content, then an odd thought popped into his head:
  - “So that’s what it’s like to join a Frat,” he thought, even though he wasn’t in one or even planned on joining one at this point in his life (he would later be intrigued by this random thought and find out for himself, actually joining a frat this past year in college).
    - Frats are easy to analyze:
      - We are all Brothers\*

He got home, I pretended everything was fine, and that is where we take another fall.

## Chapter 10 – Slow Ride

It's safe to say, life from now on was no longer a Slow Ride. Chase had had long blond hair down to his shoulders, but it was Time to cut that shit (didn't look too great on him). He now realized: Time wasn't with him (yet). He tracked eye movement of the lady cutting his hair, whom had cut his hair for 9 years. He could solve her loops, but he just sat there quietly thinking to himself. She trusts him, but doesn't know him that well. Then he heard from his left ear: "I'm going to smoke today at 3." Who just said that? The mom getting her hair cut to my left? The stylist? Did I just hallucinate that?

He analyzed and moved on, still trying to figure out how drugs fit into his reality.

He went to get his shit from his friend's house. As they were all worried about him still and, wisely, informed his mom of his state of mind during the car ride earlier that day. He still couldn't get to the core of the problem: What really was wrong?

Well, he had a moment in time to prepare for: 3 P.M. He chilled with his family, but had not slept a wink in the last 3 days essentially (as he always sleeps bad after drinking and it felt as just something wouldn't let him). He figured, well just get to 3 o'clock, go take a nap. He listened to the song "Time" by Pink Floyd, as it seemed fitting for the moment (as most songs played in the car by John and on 99.7 The Fox when he was with his mom just had). He did not sleep at all still, but it still was not 3. Obviously, he wasn't going to die in his own house at 3 in the afternoon (right?), but maybe he would "feel as if he did." It didn't seem unreasonable for what he'd been experiencing.



Three came. I felt nothing. I was tweaking, but never completely illogically. Something was wrong still. Just what?

He pushed on, still ready to conquer any challenge, and boy did he have some odd thoughts. Essentially, only his dad was able to calm him down and he asked me a question that any dad fears to ask his son (Why? I ask. Not his fault he was uncomfortable with it.)

- He could tell I was troubled internally by something I did not verbalize, and as the caring father he is, he asked:

- “Son, are you gay? I don’t care, I just want you to be happy.”

- It caught Chase off-guard as he had spent many a night after that night in college wondering if he was after that experience with Hampton and considering he’d never even had a girlfriend. He just wasn’t and knew it, as I am comfortable with myself, and as he constantly thought of Lucy, and many other girls.

- Chase didn’t know what he was fighting for yet, but he would for gay men too, as we should all be brothers anyway.

- I’m not sure how Chase concluded he was talking to all of mankind with his thoughts, but his mind got him there somehow. In the moment BC asked that, in my mind, I was talking with my thoughts to every addict on the planet at that moment: Gambling, Drugs, Sex, whatever, as Chase and his dad had just concluded discussing Chase’s drug use and more. Chase continued thought broadcasting, as he decided he could handle that

burden, since nothing had stopped him yet. He tried to think only positive thoughts to his brothers fighting the same battle he was in his mind.

- It wasn't an unreasonable conclusion from his dad (and rather funny looking back now), as his dad had been helping him decipher the world around him as a good man and father does.
- Chase just responded with a scrunched face and a headshake of "No," as I was limiting which thoughts I was verbalizing, even though his dad clearly couldn't hear his thoughts.
- Many life lessons were taught that day, and those will stay between him and I for now.

Chase was calm, it was late, they ate, he readied for bed, and laid awake thinking still:

- "Well, if everyone is in my head right now, The Weeknd must be," he thought "Hello, The Weeknd." It seemed silly, but *After Hours* was the first modern music to truly call to him. Chase proceeded to have fake conversations with other musical artists he admired, such as the members of the Eagles, Pink Floyd, and other bands.
- Is it a coincidence he was chosen to perform the half-time show at Super Bowl LV (as 55 was also the age was the goal I set for myself to do drugs again after leaving the hospital simply due to the song "I Can't Drive 55" by Sammy Hagar)? I digress for today, but let's explore my mind and the connections it makes on a different day because that is not why I'm writing this today.

I went mad, but logically mad. He was a cocky young fella, believing if there was someone who could figure out reality, it was him. If everyone is in my head with me, then let me prove to them I'm still "alright":

- He'd flip the lights on and off, close his eyes, do it again. Form loops in his own room, thinking it would keep the other Souls there with him alive.
  - o He'd think: "Alright, I'm gonna count this Time," but sat there in silence and having no thoughts, as lights flickered through his eyelids.
    - "See, I can bluff" he'd think, and sometimes say, to himself trying to prove any soul listening that he was alright.

Eventually, I woke my mom, as I had begun talking to myself out loud, and she came to talk to me. I could tell I was worrying her, so I went back to my room and tried to sleep.

The next morning, delusions continued, he still attempted to keep himself in reality, for any and all listening at that point, whether it was all or none. He'd look at things in a patterned way, even when he brushed his teeth, thinking he was talking to his chemistry professor with his thoughts. He, irrationally, came to the conclusion that every soul his dad ever met, through business, or whatever, was also with me. Was that going to stop me? Fuck no. "Let's keep this Long Train Running," he thought.

Wait, why are drugs bad? Just know I'm willing to die an addict, we all rise and fall, just I won't die other things.

Now, I'm just gonna skip ahead:

- My mom was freaking out, as my pupils were huge.
- I was still trying to sleep, that's all I wanted to do.
- I had to call out of work, and my dad had to leave his office to drive me to the hospital.

I had very irrational and completely unfound thoughts about why and how I was there:

- It was my dad's fault. No, obviously not, but I thought it. We looked each other in the eyes, I thought of my Grandpa and the pain my dad must have felt then when he died when I was 8. I'd do whatever I needed to do for my dad, my grandpa, any Vietnam Veteran, any war veteran. **Anyone**, something wasn't right with this reality.

Long story short, I got on the list of patients at the hospital. I was in no rush and calm once again, as I knew I wasn't dying, and anyone with a severe condition (such as COVID-19) should go in front of me. Finally, it was my Time, and the second I looked the nurse in the eyes I knew it was time to start bluffing again. She asked me "Quiz 1" in a very demeaning voice:

"Do you know what year it is? Do you know who the President is?"

I answered with an emotionless face and death stare: "2020, Donald Trump"

Of course, I fucking know that. It wasn't going to be that easy to break me.

## Chapter 11 - ...if...?

The ocean was like glass, perfectly reflective, casting the sun directly into one's eyes. I am 40 miles off shore. Chase and his dad were fishing in their center console boat as they did each summer on their annual trip to the beach. They did not speak often when fishing, Time for a man and his son to think. I, hating waking up early, love to sleep on the front padded area of the boat. The rocking of the ocean eased Chase down to a peaceful sleep, which wasn't too hard as who likes waking up at 5:30 for a 2-hour boat ride? Nothing wakes you up like the screams... of a heavy-duty fishing line. One second dreaming and a float, the next second fully awake to catch that big ass fish to brag to everyone you know.

Now what could one be thinking about: It's a good time to reflect on the past, present, and future, time fantasize about the various women (one, I mean) in your life, drink some drinks (once I'm of age of course), and basically whatever you want. We occasionally make eye contact, but never ask, as it's just Time together. I often just think about my recent past and near future, the lessons I could learn, and let me tell you it's never chemistry.

Let's take a final step into the past before I hold the world hostage through Time and Space, and I don't think this is that an unreasonable statement, based on how poker went last night (another odd occurrence and not a usual night, lost a decent chunk of money, tough night). These are the things I may wonder about, not every time, but come back every so often.

Chase is nine (I guess), new to Concord, North Carolina. His family had moved in a year ago. My neighbor Chris, comes over one day and talks to my dad, the usual dad chit-chat. Chris loved RC cars, working out, and more. Chase had played some football with Chris Junior in the parking lot of his neighborhood pool, and as a young buck, he was a pretty good wide receiver

(still don't know how to throw one, that well at least). One time, Chris was generous enough to promise Chase, the young man he was, an RC car, or at least the parts to build one himself.

As an oblivious young child, the next time Chris came over to say hello, his young mind jumped to one thing:

“Hey, do you have anything for the car yet?”

The three hadn't even said hello yet. My dad was swift and stern, as Chase had never truly seen his dad mad, but as a wee lad, he knew he fucked up.

“Boy, apologize now, you shake a man's hand when you first begin to talk.”

I, still in shock, not understanding, quickly apologized with a “I'm sorry, sir.” His dad was not mad, just disappointed. I never got that RC car from Chris, understandably.

Another memory that stood out: As the 18-year-old delinquents do, we love to play poker and have a few drinks. Outback+ loved to get big games going and just listen to music, play ping-pong, pool, and darts. Together they make nearly 25 people (in maximum attendance). Chase was playing well and raking in the money that night, and had just won big hand. Still oblivious to the real world, I fucking said:

“Sorry, boy,” after winning a hand against his friend Miles.

Time and the room froze, but Chase kept moving, he looked around cluelessly. Finally, Brown broke the silence:

“Chase, do you know what you just said?”

Chase responded, “What? What happened?”

His friends swiftly explained what “Boy” could mean. I apologized, explaining that his dad calls him boy, simply as a term of endearment all the time {Now did he say it in front of

Chris that day, probably not, he just does. It's either, boy or son, interchangeable from my dad's point of view}. Was it an honest mistake? Yes. Was my ignorance justified? No.

But Miles knew me, and said "Nah, bro you are good, say it. Just this once."

Miles watched us white boys squirm and saying it (n\*\*\*a) in front of him this one time.

Now the lads I hang around had the occasional culprit that would let something you shouldn't say slip. It wasn't hard to see who was disappointed in each other and who wasn't. Unfortunately, I do not think many people see the consequences of their actions and thoughts, both in reality and their conscious. As I already said, they are good men, corrupted by something out there, but I'd still defend their names, as there is always Time to change. As I am still working on that myself. I have said n\*\*\*a one time in their presence when drunk immediately thinking, "Why did I just do that?" and not forgetting that the rest of the night or to this day, despite what else I might have forgotten, and planning not to ever again. I was drunk and stupid.

I often think about experiences in life and what I learned. But some teachings don't come from your own experiences, but rather others. As any old man has, my dad had a few lessons for me. Let's just get a few of BC's life lessons to Chase out now:

- Find and do what makes you happy.
  - If another man values your life more than you do, there is nothing you can do.
  - Never say that word, it will ruin your life.
- Where the second comes from, I do not know, but we aren't even into the theoretics of this bullshit I've found myself in.

Now, let's jump a little further ahead, and go back.

Chase was back home from Chapel Hill due to the COVID-19 global pandemic. Suffering through online classes, as I still am to this day. He worked downstairs on his poker table, of which the Tank had thrown up on no more than 4 months before. Work downstairs, play upstairs. He doesn't need his glasses to see his computer, but things get somewhat blurry far away. He saw a man walk by his basement door, he would have sworn it was his dad, but he's also blind. Chase went upstairs for dinner, as his mom was cooking something good up, and asked what dad was doing in the backyard.

She explained it was actually Chris, who was flying his drone, which had unfortunately flipped upside down and crashed on the roof. Being curious how it was going to get down, Chase wandered outside. Not yet fully understanding a handshake (or what it can mean to someone as we were post-Time night at UNC), Chase saw Chris and thought, "I'll properly greet this man, as I haven't seen him in a while." They locked eyes after Chase had acknowledged his dad, and just instinctively shook hands. With BC saying, with a chuckle:

"Hey, you two, there's a pandemic going on. Y'all know better than to do that."

Chris, his wife, and another man and Chase and BC all worked together to get the drone off the roof.

Now let's jump back ahead, and if this doesn't make sense:

- 1) I'm sorry.
- 2) Brace yourself once again.



## Chapter 12 – Free Bird

Now let's get back to that roller coaster of hospital trip. His dad drove him to the hospital. Chase thought the world would be fighting with him in his mind, so pretended he was driving in a convoy to the hospital. Just trying to comfort himself. Chase didn't trust his dad, he trusted no one. Did he talk at all during the car ride? No, he thought only. He regained the ability to speak, once he regained trust in his dad, which didn't take too long as I was delusional, but not completely lost. He waited in the waiting room and laid his head on his mom's lap and listened to his dad. Chase was scared.

He passed a Vietnam Veteran on his way to the restroom. As he passed the man, all he wanted to say is "I'm sorry," but he thought it, and did not say it so to not cause any more problems than he already had. Just 3 days prior, when Chase thought he understood everything, he had talked to a Vietnam Veteran at a restaurant, him and 4 friends were eating. He wanted to share his infinite time, as John had finally said the right answer. He asked the Veteran if he owned this small restaurant, as he had just left the kitchen. He just looked at me, so I asked again, and he simply said:

"Oh no, I'm the captain of the Navigator." - The large ship that was right in-front of his friends. Chase responded to the man, simply saying out loud "My dad and I love to fish too." The man proceeded to go directly to the ship and wander around it. Movements prior:

- Chase was talking to John, and I attempted to tap his phone to show him the time.
  - o He said to me, "No matter how many times you tap it, it's not going to tell you the time." {Now, why is that what he said to me? Why would his phone not tell him the time if I tapped on it? As I only tapped twice, all it takes, right?}

- He had told John, he wanted him to be sober for a little, as they were going to watch The Wall.
  - “Two Weeks,” Chase said.
    - “I don’t owe you any of my time,” John responded.
      - Chase was shook, what was he doing to the people he loved?
    - I responded, feeling defeated, “Correct answer.” I looked and saw the Veteran come out of the kitchen and had to help someone, if that’s what you’d call it.
- At this point, we hadn’t even gone back to TPC Myrtle to Golf, gotten McDonald’s, or driven home or gotten my hair cut.

He didn’t trust that first nurse, but he should trust these nurses (Right? Left?). Chase had to hype himself up: something is fucking wrong here and I can figure it out. They did scans of his head, took a blood test (No drugs came up even though he for sure smoked some form of weed that weekend. Was it the Spice? It probably was? Does that matter? Yes, but no). Nothing was wrong with his head and nothing was in his system. They ‘locked’ Chase in a room, IV in to rehydrate him. He Snapchatted people, listened to music, and play on his phone. “There’s no fucking way people can’t hear me,” he’d think. He’d get stuck and think, “Are there people with me or not?” He would sit as still as possible, still looking around the room, analyzing every single sensation occurring in and out of his body as if waiting for his body to tell him what to do next.

He came to an odd conclusion: They were going to give him a drug that would make him feel like he died. Now, why'd I think that?

A security officer came into the room. I looked him the eye, knowing I should trust him, but at this point trusted no one but himself. The man scanned me with a metal detector. It detected nothing, and he left. The thunder boomed and shook the building. Chase had no thoughts, and said only "Yes, sir" or "Tell me what to do."

Alone, Chase thought: I'm here because of drugs, maybe there are people out there actually against me, if everyone can hear my thoughts, and taking more drugs to, let's say "Who can 'run' further and longer." Obviously not how this works, even if it does, I got y'all too.

Chase finally calmed down, as began to trust those around him. Here are some of the conclusions Chase came to:

- To end this "loop" of reality we found ourselves in, there must be a sacrifice he thought, as a religion would want me to think. **Please do not do this.**
  - o He was like, my Opa, German for Grandpa, was an U.S. Air Force Veteran who had spent Time in Germany, is a good man, and just had heart surgery, so he imagined that they (whoever that may be) would have to kill him to end this, but save everyone else.
    - Fucking stupid, right? But Chase could not come up with anything better.  
Please do not kill anyone in my family, or in general, por favor.

- Through thought broadcasting, I was like, “They should just come kill me, everyone should theoretically know his name by now, and where he is now” Chapel Hill, NC (I was in the hospital in Concord, NC, then)
- Well, that was wrong, as no one came to kill him. He was relocated to a loud area of the hospital, with Random people there now. He expressed how he would like to remain alone as he did not know what was going on, but was not granted this request (I at least thought this, but may not have verbalized it). He was placed in a stall with a TV, his head was pounding beyond all belief.
- The TV had been turned to Dexter, about a Psychopath who found love. Chase had already analyzed his own thoughts and pondered if he was one, probably not, but a fun thought. Why do I want to watch this now? If the whole world was listening to his thoughts, this is not the show to watch. It was also suspicious, as only a week prior to the “Time Night” at UNC had Chase finished the series. Just odd timing.
  - I had a nurse turn my TV off.
- Chase still did not speak much, as he trusted nothing outside of what his own eyes told him. He asked the nurses for others to turn their TVs down, as the loudness was overwhelming his senses. They would not, nor would they move him. Let’s point out odd shit now, and I will die believing I saw this shit every time I would do it:
  - There were electronic clocks on the wall of each stall, and Chase knew not to trust technology because of Interstellar (The night he “Figured out time,” even though that is not at all what happens in that movie because Matthew McConaughey does trust technology in that movie, and I do now lmao). To make sure the whole

world was with him, he would choose a random, but irrelevant Time, and think something like this:

- “Alright, I don’t know what’s going to happen here in 30 seconds at X:XX, but my name is Chase \_\_\_\_\_, I am fine, but something still is not right here.”
- He would count down 5, 4, **3, 2, 1**. And this is where people won’t believe me, but the clock would always hold up for half a second, but I wouldn’t look away. **It would do that every single time.** Immediately after, he would and catch a nurse looking at him.
  - Now should I trust this lady? Yes?
  - He’d stare her down until she looked away, completed a “loop” of eye contact with her female co-workers, and would look back at me.
  - I’d still be staring at her, I would give some blank death stare expression, and think:
    - “Yeah, I know you can hear me.” As I thought ‘thought broadcasting’ was how it worked.
    - Sometimes these ladies would look away, sometimes I’d break it, asserting my dominance because somehow God put these people here with me as I was trying to decipher this hell of a reality. There should be records of who worked that night.
- Quiz 2:

- What year is it?
  - Who's the President?
- It wasn't that they were against me, but didn't seem to be helping too much either.
- Eventually, I figured there is no more I could get from these bitches, as I asked for paper and a pen to write out my thoughts: They gave me a crayon, and I began writing.
  - I do not remember word for word, but it is along these lines: "I feel like I am stuck and lost in Time, and something or someone is fighting me. I am alright." I wrote at least the front and back of a standard size piece of printer paper.
    - Anything other than that is a lie, and I feel some documents may resurface suspiciously, with words that I did not write.
      - Let's not forget Ryan (if that was his real name lmao) 'disappeared' after my hospital trip and the doctor with a thick Chinese accent (may as well say it) was gone after I talked to him.
      - I do in fact trust that Chinese man. We were just quizzing each other, that was all.

- After I was done writing my thoughts out, these bitches said in a demeaning way:
  - “Oh, writing your prisoner’s note now, are you?”
    - Letting out a few chuckles, directly in my face.
  - They also called me “John B.” after I turned in my “Prisoner’s Note”
    - And I thought, “You know what, maybe I am like John B, he’d do this for his girl.”
      - This was also a sus comment, as I had just finished Season 1 of Outer Banks at work (working very diligently) when it was raining a day prior to going to Sunset Beach. Odd timing.
- It was an odd nightmare to find oneself in: Lost in Time... but always knowing where you were and what you were doing. The thunderstorm shook the building, I took a few pills and slept.
  - I woke up the next day, after not dreaming, and thought “Well... one fucking day down, let’s get to the root of this shall we.”
  - There were many people I met, the morning was nice and calm, they gave me food, I solved loops (just looking around in a patterned manner) for myself, gave people death stares to show I wasn’t fucking around anymore.

- A black lady drove me to the mental health hospital, they have video of me, and from my point of view I may have said a total of one sentence, and rather just sat and thought things such as:
  - “Hey, this is your Time, play whatever music you want.” As she should know from my thoughts, I’m fighting with and for her.
    - She played modern, rap-ish music, like kind of more *After Hours* or Juice WRLD type vibe.
    - I absorbed the lyrics, tracked her eye movements, and moved on. I wasn’t just fighting for her, but for every soul, Chase concluded.

Now to the mental health hospital:

- They took my laces and any other rope like clothing article. Not hard to figure out why.
- I could not stop thinking “President, President, President, President...” for the first 3 days, as I was sent down that spiral of thought because of the very first nurse I met. I was trying to figure out how the President of the United States would factor into the reality of everyone hearing my thoughts and if they would be on my side or not.
  - I was like “Fuck it, I have to start trusting the nurses here if I’m getting out of this hell.”
    - “Would the President be with me or against?” Chase continued to pondered. “If my conscious was trapped in this reality by others, who would be against me the most?”
  - Some nurses had attitudes sometimes, but not always, most always offering help anyway they could.



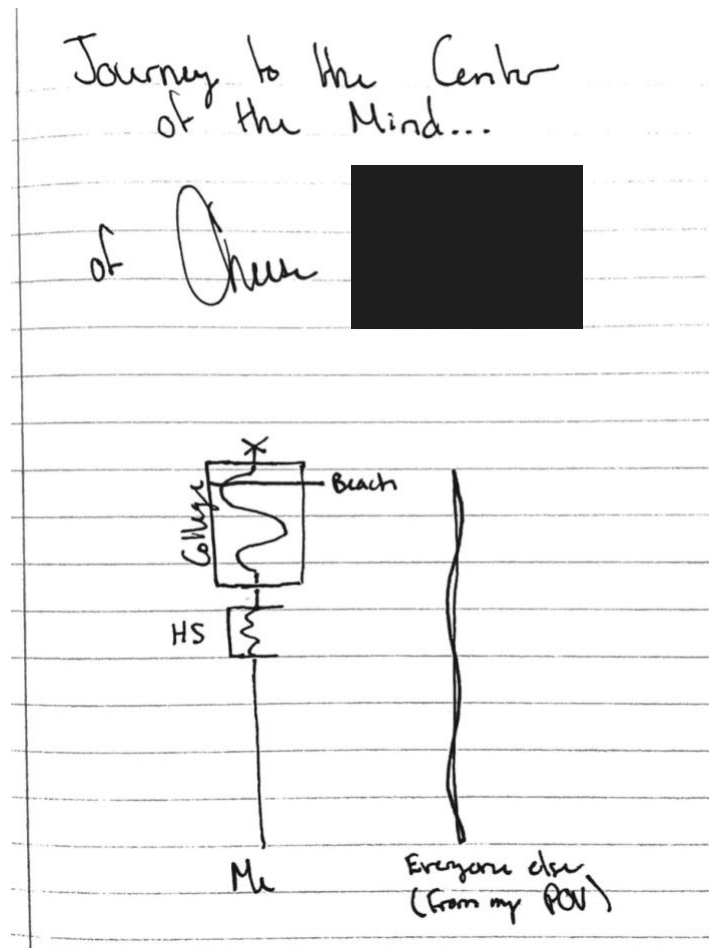
- However, there was a sweet blond lady that would always tell me:
  - “Some people go and never come back.”
    - “From where? I haven’t gone anywhere...” I’d think, later reflecting along the lines of: “I’ve had random illogical thoughts, but never completely lost touch with what was occurring around me, I was just trying to figure this out for everyone around me as well as myself.” Not completely true, but I overall thought I was doing fine.
  - I liked to think she was my Dove looking over me, as a guardian angel, as I tried to figure this out for other people.
    - I would even think: “This must be my wife’s soul from the future, considering I’m time traveling anyway,” as this lady was at least 50+ years old (I was smart enough not to ask).
  - There was a large number of black men working there to trying helping me, they’d just say:
    - “Something like this happened to me in college, don’t worry” or
    - “Hey bro, you will be alright.”
- What did I do for a while: I would sit, meditate, and think. Now let’s talk about the old (6-9) lady. I had been sitting, criss-cross apple sauce arms crossed as if in a coffin with fists clenched, but not hard, thinking “Wakanda Forever” every once in a while (kinda racist I know, but I was trying to figure what the hell was going on for everyone, not only myself. I was fixated on drugs, and thought, correctly or incorrectly, that it is a large

problem in the black community, so wanted to let them know that in my thoughts and reality I had them too).

- Now was that what other people saw? Possibly not.
  - I was experiencing no voices (besides the overlapping thoughts in that meeting with the doctor), just wild thoughts that weren't really my own.
- I was sitting there, in the middle of the hallway, when an interesting thought just popped into my head:
  - “What if God was a woman?”
    - The old lady just happened to be in the hall with her caretaker at that exact moment and looked at me, in full control of her motions, and said “Your gonna be alright, son.” As if I had thought out loud, but knowing I hadn't.
    - The entire time I saw her there, I had never seen her say a single word or be able to fully control her movements. She never said another word while I was there.
- Now let's focus on my thoughts, I asked for a notebook and thought: “The only way I am doing this shit is I'm fucking time traveling. How can I keep up with everyone, yet be lost like them?”
  - Jumping to the present, as in the exact moment I typed that: I just got a call from Orange County, to check on me because my roommate had Covid, she is asking me symptoms right now and I am responding “Nope” only, saying “No” now, the phone is cutting out lmao, like I can't make this shit up on the timing, I just typed

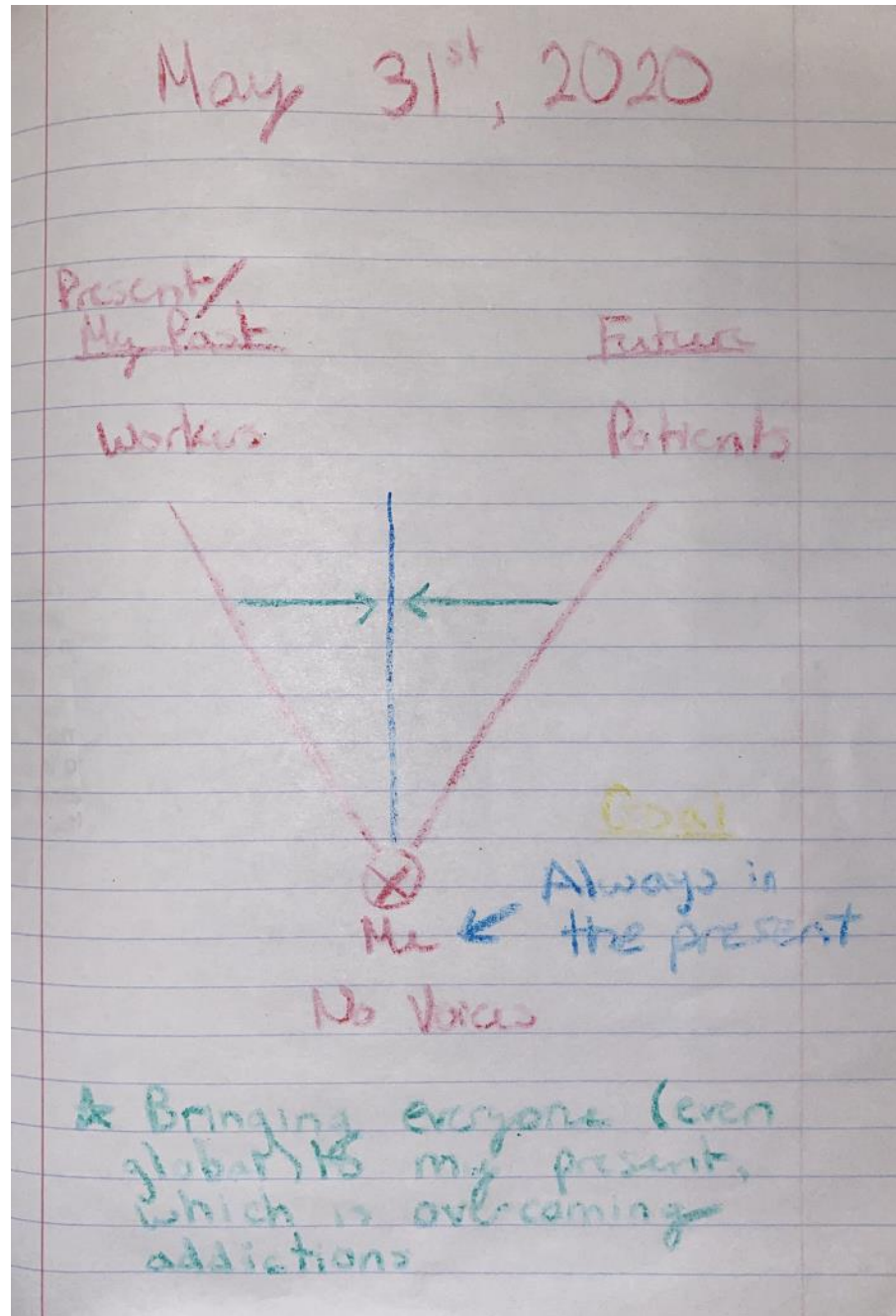
that and she just hung up after she couldn't hear me anymore lol. Catch Me if You Can. Like that timing is so suspicious with all that I've gone through.

- We can discuss my more recent odd occurrences later (as we will).
- Let me take a picture of my journal I brought back home:



- This is the first Map of Time. My time (left) is sometimes longer or shorter (depending on the substance used), while others, and our souls together, is also like that, but together our time is more linear, yet not completely.

- I tell you why I blacked out my last name: Because we are playing the game right? The Game of Life, and sometimes you gotta protect yourself too.



- Next, since I had written that last page, I now had to figure out what exactly was happening before my eyes in the hospital. The workers

should be with us in ‘loops’ of consciousness, yet not too far ahead or behind at any moment. But if you froze a moment in time, the workers would always be behind, as the patients could be way further ahead. I must be the observer who could reason that out, I concluded.

- The Yellow word above “Always in the Present” is “Goal”
  - I concluded the only way I could be keeping up with these people is that I literally had to be everywhere at once, because obviously they couldn’t hear my thoughts (right? As the moment with the old lady might not have happened yet) but somehow, I was literally never behind or ahead of anyone in space or time, but the Devil and the lost souls he created always seemed to be close either way.
  - I chose to use Crayons this time, as they did provide pens here, but felt like color coding it.
  - Overcoming Addictions is not quite what I think anymore, but for me that seemed to be what I was battling, as I had no idea what else to think. **We all must face that battle our own way, as drugs do not seem to be the core of the problems in this reality, but can compound the bad if used improperly.**

## When I feel bonded...

1. Family
  - Close & Distant
2. Friends
  - SARTB - Cox Mill
  - UNC
3. Sports
  - Soccer & Baseball (HS)
  - Golf
  - Basketball
4. Trips/Vacation/Adventures
5. Relationships
  - Will the Pick-up line work?
6. Circumstances
  - Hospitals/Mental Health recovery
7. Hobbies
  - Guitar, Frisbee Golf, etc
8. Guitar
  - Who I play for...
9. Music
  - Old, New, Everything

- I didn't always think that deep, reflecting on other aspects of my life. I wrote this after thinking about the time with my dad outside and trying to find what makes me happy. I wrote this list, as we were always encouraged to think like this during group therapy lessons.
- On another note: Yes, Coffee, I truly am the King of Hearts. We liked to entertain ourselves, and Coffee, being the character he was, made everyone draw a card from a deck.

- They were Lion King themed, and only about 10 in total. I blindly drew the King of Hearts.
  - Coffee was thrilled with that pick making a long “ooooh” sound. I wasn’t too disappointed either.
- It wasn’t always Hell in there...
- I see we went off the Crazy Train for a second, but yes that phone call actually just happened, and now my head has started to hurt and I feel sick to my stomach. Covid Test from one day ago not back yet. {Back now: Negative, no antibodies either.}
- Alright, let’s rein it back in, like I feel crazy writing this bullshit.

Basically, the only thoughts I had the entire Time were positive thoughts to the people around me, as I thought “Thought Broadcasting” and “Traveling Time” were the only way this made sense from my point of view.

- “You’re doing fine, talk, that’s all I hear, I’m listening. This is your Time.” I would think directed toward others around me.
  - I wasn’t too worried about names; cause theoretically I should know it eventually. I did my best though.
- I never thought a hateful thought, because I knew my Grandma (and Grandpa) would look down on me one day knowing I was doing my best.
  - Speaking of old ladies, they loved to come up to me, with perfect timing, and ask for my seat, and of course I said “No problem ma’am, my pleasure,” and they would simply say “Thank you.”

- What else did I do? I ran around the walkway outside to get my heart going, always throwing up peace signs up when I was suspicious that someone was watching through the cameras or just in general.
  - Now let's talk about the Devil, or at least the man that thought he was the Devil, as he actually said he was a Devil Worshipper.
    - I watched a man say these things to me:
      - "I caused Covid-19."
      - "You know War, I always win."
      - ...
    - I would only think:
      - "Bro, you know you aren't actually the Devil."
        - Despite what Society may want that gay black man, whose own mother and father no longer love him for who he is, to think.
    - I knew that simply was not true.
    - I'd still thought broadcast to him, as obviously he wasn't the Devil, but I could see it in his eyes sometimes. I'd look around and think to myself:
      - "Maybe I am the Devil? ...Nah, I literally have only been trying to help these people."
      - I would let this man preach to me about whatever he wanted, such as bombs, chemistry, laws, religion, and society, but I'd completely listen, but fake that I was. I'd be in my own thoughts trying to get him out of his, or at least try to understand him more.



- Then I broke his chain/loop (or he mine), and I could do no more for him:
  - A decent number of other patients were in the room, everyone just watching TV, with some nurses always watching.
  - I randomly thought, still pondering Time: “Oh, it’s just a game, the Game of Life: Every Four Years.”
  - The Devil in him looked at me and responded to my thoughts: “Yeah, they bet on it.”
  - “Oh, I just won then,” I thought back, with no more than a second to comprehend what had just happened, receiving a startled look in that man’s eyes.
    - And that’s how I stole Time from the President, because no one bets on my time but me.
  - There was no more I could do for his soul, as I had already shaken left hands with this man, you know as Devil Worshippers do (according to him).
- From that moment on, Chase knew it was just him in there, as the loop must be closed for him, whatever that may mean after that interaction with the old lady and the Devil in that man. I was still unsure when I would be going home, so reflected on my time in the hospital:
  - After the first day or two there, I thought I should “give signs” to those around him to help them out.
    - While in a group meeting, I mimicked a man, in the hopes of freeing him from whatever he was battling. Later, I reflected on those actions and

thought I had just made him go kill himself, as I was the giver of signs, and if there were no more signs there would be nothing left to live for, so I sat in the middle of the lobby and cried.

- I used stress-balls, squeezing them together, like holding a heart in each hand, holding the chain together for as long as I could. I held the chain together for 30 seconds, thinking I was holding that man's life in my hands. People asked him: "You okay, Chase?" I just cried.
- But then I saw he was alright, and even got his Xbox Gamertag, as T was even going home the next day.
  - He also thought about looking in the reflections of the glass window outside his room and thinking he was in multiple places at once, or how the metal window that housed the medicine was where another version of his body was being held.
    - "Clearly that was wrong, but what really is happening here?"
- Eventually, after finishing those reflections, I came to the conclusion while in the hospital that I was the "Time Bandit" and couldn't even be caught by a President (as the moment with T was the first day I was there), I just sat, looked around, and thought to others: "You will be home soon, I got you." Then I was told I would be going home in the next 2-3 days. I would sit and ponder about what I would use my infinite time for, often thinking about the many girls in his life and what he'd do for them. He spent his days thinking about his Dove and Her World.
- Then, one day I was next to E, the homeless black man, during a group therapy session. The workers had placed him in a wheelchair and a brace on his right leg. There were many of us in this group therapy lesson about where thoughts come from, of which I

knew most of the information already from PSYC 101. There was also a country woman, shall we call her Karen, because there seem to be too many of those right now.

- [illegible]

- After the Devil had taken over my soul and after the group therapy session, I had to leave the common area and take a breather. I cooled off in my room, and knowing I was going home soon, I thought “Just go back out there, your fine, that was not you, but HOLY FUCK! What REALLY is happening in this hospital?”
  - Immediately after leaving my room, E, with perfect timing, was rolling down the hall to enter his room, which was directly next to mine.
  - He looked me dead in the eyes and said “Annoying, ain’t it?”
    - I was in shock. How did he know what just happened?
      - I simply said, responding out loud: “Yes sir, it is.”
    - E nodded his head, and gave me a fist bump, his left to my left, and he entered his room. I went back to the main area and acted as if nothing happened...
- After that moment and within 24 hours prior to me leaving the hospital:
  - I was asked, “Did you hear the news?”
    - “No,” I responded, as I was genuinely unaware of anything outside the hospital. They were referring to George Floyd. He died the day I was golfing and really took hold in the world the days I was first admitted.
  - E responded, “Hey, don’t worry, you are one of the good ones.”
    - He gave me another “fist bump” with the bottom of my left fist at his left elbow and the same for his to mine, so that the entire length of our left forearms touched.

I was dismissed soon after and had been back home from the hospital, back to work, and to as normal of a life I could live. It was a normal day, but his parents sat him down to talk to for a moment.... His dad said:

“Son, the gathering at Chris’s the other day was not just a family meeting... it was a wake, he passed away in a car accident in Washington, DC...”

Chase thought of the Random BBQ he smelled the night after the gathering when he had been driving, and now thinking he could never shake Chris’s hand again, and a thought popped in his head... and let’s just say it didn’t make him happy:

**“...the government...”**

Chase "Cheese" Carter  
September 5, 2000

Then, Now, Forever

## Chapter 13 – Skin and Bones

After sharing this writing with my family, friends, doctors, frat brothers, college professors, and just about anyone, I've come to the conclusion that some of my points and goals were somewhat hard to completely decipher. Hopefully, after expressing what these moments have taught me, you can connect the dots as well. If not, I would love to talk about any of this to anyone, as it will help me and, hopefully, us grow.

The confusion in my goals is directly related to how hard it is to do the impossible task I set out to do: Define Reality. I have had a few days to “sober up” as I had to channel delusional thoughts to express how delusional and lost in reality I had become. Here is why I wrote this and what I learned:

- Ease my own mind, as my psychiatrist had suggested I suffered mild PTSD from this experience. This does not shock me, as my family is gifted with brilliant minds that do not forget easily. I spent almost every day of that summer and last semester trying to piece my own perception of reality back together.
  - o That day haunted me for a while, making me question how good of a man I could be if I had those thoughts and that moment. I know I am not a racist at the core of my conscious, and had proven that to at least E. In the group meetings they taught us all of our thoughts are our own, but how did I think that word when I was just trying to help others?
    - Obviously, I am not the only person to have hateful thoughts, but the more we challenge ourselves to not have those the better we can be as a family, nation, and world.

- This word still randomly pops into my thoughts. Each time, I fight those thoughts and challenge myself to be a better man in the eyes of God and hope no one else but me hears it, as I now see how it effects myself and others.
- A conclusion I came to is that society had subconsciously programmed me to think like that (and I had let it happen as well, not standing up to the racism in my own life) and to blame certain parties for certain things. I conclude my soul could no longer fight those subconscious thoughts and those thoughts collided and manifested at one time.
- Only by expressing these thoughts could I move on from them.
- I now firmly believe: I should live life as if anyone can hear my thoughts at any moment, whether these moments I experienced actually happened or not.
  - Why? To challenge myself to continue being a better man.
    - Sometimes in public I see a black man and that word, usually n\*\*\*a just comes out of no-where. From my point of view, if they were close enough there is a chance they could hear that, as I may have “thought out loud” and it would not be good if I did, as it would not actually be me. I fight those thoughts every time, praying that no one hears them. It is odd because up until this experience in the hospital I did not think that word at all, but now it seems to haunt my thoughts daily as I fight that part of my soul.
  - Now, what if everyone thought like that too? Challenging their own thoughts to the core of their own conscious.

- Call out Racism in society (and the other ways society has failed too many)
  - The only reason I had those thoughts were because of how society molded me. If I had ever said that word in front of my parents, I would have been put in my place, as I should be.
    - How do we stop this subconscious programming?
    - How do we beat a system of racism that's existed for all of mankind's history?
    - How can I change one life at a time?
  - After talks with my mom and dad, we discussed how and why I had these thoughts and more. At this point, I thought expressing this writing to all would potentially change how everyone thought and interacted, as I have had some crazy experiences. My dad wisely explained to me I was placing too much weight on myself, as one man cannot place the weight of changing the world on himself. His wise words helped me relax and compose my thoughts well (as he inspired this chapter). Only God can do such things, but he gifted me this mind for a reason I haven't found yet.
    - While it would be amazing to make everyone instantly love each other, it's just not possible.
    - As Christians (not hardcore, but still believe, as the extent of my religious belief is a chain with a cross gifted by my friend Cole that reads "Fear no evil."), we discussed how Jesus will bear that weight, but why can't we do better now?



- There are going to be souls who feel no remorse for such thoughts, but I pray that God helps you one day see how harmful such thoughts and actions that follow can be, both on your own soul and others. I hope one day we all find our way to Heaven, and I know those thoughts won't be there in the end.
- I live my life thinking "What if I was you?" because I believe that's how connected we should be.
  - During my fall into madness, I could not figure out sleep (which I chose to skip when writing earlier as it would distract from the core of the writing, but would be fun to talk about). I thought for three days straight, as I was fixated on dreams, unable to rest because of it. Before my dad drove me to the hospital, I came to the conclusion I would sleep and live every single soul's life on Earth, then come back to my own life as a complete and wise man. Obviously not how that works, but I'd still like to learn about everyone now and incorporate what I learn into my own life. I absorb every moment of my life, learning what I can and making myself a better man.
    - What if I was the pregnant woman in the hospital that needed my glasses to see?
      - She may have just forgot her glasses, but I was still willing to give mine up so she could watch the movie.
    - What if I was the gay black man whose own family abandoned him?
      - What can I do for him?
    - What if I was you?
      - ...

- What if you were me?
  - ...
  - What... ..if...?
- What can I do to help the man who society and his family abandoned? How can I help him now?
  - To my lost brother, I'm trying to say: "Bro, please don't worship the Devil, look what it does to you and the people around you."
    - Society had failed him (and his own family as well), but I want to be the voice to him saying "I'm here and others would be too, we just need to find them for you."
  - He is the reason I did not alter that one page. People need to reflect on their use of hate. If that's what Hell culminating over that 7-day hospital stay looked like for me, what could it possibly look like for him then? What could it possibly look like for him now?
    - In other versions of this writing I may discuss or release one day, you will see how deep into my own thought I'd go to help him. Even if he has already passed on and I was too late, I hope his soul lives in mine until the day I die, challenging society each and every day until no soul suffers the fate he did. Impossible but a worthy dream to work toward. Even if I was too late for him, we can be there for any other soul in need.
    - Obviously, I am not the Devil himself, but he, and all other demons, do live in all of us, trying to get us to fall to the bad thoughts we have and to drag each other down.

- I would spend infinite time with any soul in need, but I cannot, and it is illogical to bear that weight.
- I want to encourage others to share their stories, as it will help others understand you better and allow others to help you heal, while knowing others have and are experiencing the same things you are – My psychiatrist has also suggested I may have a small degree of bipolar, where one has manic and depressive episodes. Since the hospital, I have only had one of each in the past year.
  - I was manic, or in an over excited euphoric state, when I was composing this writing, as I thought I could change the world with my writing. Although I still could do this, at the time this caused me to put my education second. I had to face the consequences of doing such things, but thankfully I was able to recover. This time period is also when I had more illogical interactions, such as the poker night and another thought broadcasting experience, except this time it was with a stranger outside of the hospital. While I do factor that I was in a manic state into interpreting these experiences, they did not seem out of place from my reality, just as the “Jedi” comment and other interactions didn’t either.
  - I have been in a depressive state once. When writing, I was very self-aware of the sensations I was having. I tried to extrapolate my thoughts and experiences onto those around me in the hospital. Although I only met those people for one week, I have made many assumptions about them. When I think about the most lost man there, from my point of view, I think he was trapped in a cycle of thought he could not escape. When I first arrived, I was on his side and we thought in unison, then I left him behind, as it was time to focus on my own health, rather

than his. From my experiences, I felt as if I contributed to trapping him in his depressive state with no escape. This led me to have my own extreme depressive state, which I write about in the coming text. Ending one's own life is common with some mental illnesses, and I unfortunately think I may be too late releasing this writing to save him from his.

- When people like me have these symptoms, it may be hard for others to understand why we do illogical things. I want my story to explain how broken our perceptions of reality can be to shed some light on this topic.
  - I have my own grand theories for why people have these symptoms, but those thoughts are for another day.

That covers why I wrote this and the lessons I learned (not all but most). As of today, I am currently going to UNC to become either a doctor or some other health care career. My academics are going well, but there is always something in the back of my mind wanting to do more.

As I do truly hate politics, I would like to change the world outside of that. How, you may ask:

- Stream on Twitch as “DarthChedda” (actually I’ve settled on “KingCheese”, but gotta keep the Star Wars and Force motifs going lol), as I play games, rant, and keep on livin’:
  - I feel like people may be curious about what I have to think and say, considering I have had many “interesting” thoughts trying to interpret what happened, what it means, and where to go from here. I would love to talk about these experiences with anyone, except I would want to on my terms where I feel comfortable doing

so, hence the idea to live stream, where you would get my unfiltered thoughts and ideas. I would probably stream 2-3 times a week, depending on my work load, life, frat stuff, etcetera....

- Join me, as I host “CheeseRadio” (also the name of my music playlist) and begin my version of The Beatle’s “Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band”
  - Essentially, I would make a playlist for like the first 30-45 minutes with a theme, such as Classic Rock, Rap, Soul, R&B, Country, New, Oldies, Random, it wouldn’t really matter, just what I (or we) were feeling. Using such playlists, I would attempt to guide our thinking and travel our souls through space and time together. I would play Rocket League (or any other game) and just chill. The first few times, or prior on Twitter, I would explain: “Why?” and just talk about my experiences. As I have gone very deep into my own thoughts about what this could mean based on what I’ve experienced with my own eyes.
    - From one point of view: Everyone can just vibe, knowing the rest of the watchers are doing the exact same thing, but all having different thoughts, experiences, and perceptions of reality.
    - Another: I hope I could be a guiding soul for anyone who feels lost and is looking for somewhere to go, as I have seen the bottom, but still haven’t seen the top.
    - ...
  - Eventually, we would all just vibe and live as one. Impossible, but a fun dream as we synced our souls.

- I would use donations as a way to raise money:
  - My first small dream would be to end homelessness, as it seems illogical to me that there is so much wealth in the world, yet over half a million people on the streets in the United States.
    - Also, this is a nonpartisan problem, so it is where I'd like to begin.
    - I discuss more details later.
- What if these streams/dreams do not work out? As I am now thinking about psychology and how the mind itself works, and potentially getting into research about the brain.
  - If these streams fail (I am actually decent at videogames), I gave it my best shot and I would be satisfied and hopefully inspired enough people to challenge the way they think.
- Now that we have a better picture of where I want to go, I will walk people through the thoughts I had in the prior to, during, and after the hospital, and how and what I think about now.

## Chapter 14 – Change the World

What is my reality? This is a question I find we often disregard and do not give any thought to it, unless forced to face it like I was. We are told it is impossible to define, so consciously and subconsciously we do not often try. However, somewhere in our mind we must always be thinking about it, as we have to interpret reality around us: The cool summer breeze, the sun's light striking our eyes as it is setting over the horizon, the twitches of the body's muscles, the movement of the eyes tracking a bird flying by. While those are just sensations and observations, we are taught to believe that is all that there is until we die and see for ourselves. While reality cannot change, our perception of it can, and I will now do my best to guide you to the perception I now live under:

I have programmed my life to feel like a video game, one where I am controlling the main character trying to do my best at changing myself (and whoever else) for the better. I have been given a body to connect with those around me. I have been given a mind to connect with myself. I have been given a soul to connect to the beyond. Every single thing that happens, in and out of my body, was meant to happen, and I get to choose how to interpret and react to it. There is only one thing that connects all three spheres of my consciousness: The Present.

**The Body.** It is a machine that moves, protects, grows, and changes. I believe it has one sole purpose: connect us with those around us. The handshakes we share when we meet or depart, the hugs we share with those we love, the kisses with our soulmates, and the rest I will leave up to our imaginations. Even just sharing eye contact connects my body to yours, as we share those moments in space and time. **The Mind.** Through the web of neurons, we are able to think, command our body, learn, and talk. We have the opportunity to interpret reality, decipher its wonders, and dive into analyzing the building blocks of the universe. It enables us to read a

book, analyze a movie, or coordinate movement to play sports and video games. **The Soul.** We get to choose to believe in the great beyond or believe there is nothing at all. Does God dictate every moment or is it just you and nothing more? Do our dreams connect us to the next dimension? In the end, we will find out together. **The Present.** Through a balance of all three, we interpret the only finite thing in the world that exists at any moment. It exists, then is gone. Our body feels it, our mind remembers it, and our soul anticipates it.

The real question I have come to in this reality is: Who would want me to not experience the present for what it truly is?

- What if the present was really us being connected with every thought?
  - o If we froze time, would the programming by those in power divide or unify our thoughts?
  - o I believe every single individual on this planet is just my soul at a different place in space and time. I know some people will not want to be connected to me, but that is how connected I want to be with them. Why have we let others program us to be apart?
- What if every sensation I feel was just a consequence of my soulmates?
  - o The twitch in my left quad when I meditate was just that finite moment of the present where a soulmate of mine was walking and our bodies connected and I felt them through my body.
  - o My right tibia aches as my soul relives the moments I broke my leg with one of my soulmates as we bond over shared memories.
  - o My right quad contracted slightly as I connect with myself trying to figure out what to write next.



- What if songs that get stuck in your head were because one of your soulmates and you were jamming to it in the afterlife and that moment was occurring at that moment in the present?

Because this is my video game (as your life is yours), I get to choose how to live mine. My random muscle twitches I have could mean nothing, but why not make them something more?

The random song I listen to could just be a fun thing to vibe to, but why not use it to connect my body, mind, and soul to the artist that made it and the friends I am listening to it with? I try to use every second of my life to connect with those around me. I once lost touch with myself, but doing so made me realize how disconnected I already was with those around me and disconnected with what I was meant to do on this earth.

- What if I was able to broadcast my thoughts through the internet to help you connect with yourself, and therefore connect with me and everyone else? What if we all listened to the same songs in the same order at the same moments of space and time, yet broadcasting our positive thoughts from around the world? What if we all learned to listen to our bodies at once, while also listening to each other's at that exact moment? What if we grew together and learned to live as one? What if everything I did while I live streamed were just because my soul was connecting with you and you to me?
- What if we put all of our brain power to solving the world's issues? What if we were no longer the servants of those in power above us? What if our bodies, minds, and souls were freed from the social construct of reality?
  - o I do truly hate politics, but something is wrong in this world and we need to figure our shit out. After all the thought I have put into this, I feel we could come up with something decent in the end.

Now, I want you to treat what I just wrote as seeds of ideas that could or could not come true, and now take a second to think about how your reality works for yourself before you move on. Having done that, let's continue.

**Bold Claim #1: I could explain my consciousness given the time and resources.**

Alright, since this is just a game, let's play one. The true task at hand was to figure out how my own mind worked, as reality is constructed from this. This is how the following text is structured: the bullet point will be a statement, then the text following is an explanation. Shall we begin?

- I am a Seer who can see the past, present, and future.
  - o We are all "Seers" as anyone can do this with their thoughts, although their past may be inaccurate (as in forgetting the true details of how a moment happened) and their guess of the future incorrect, just as my thoughts can be (as I cannot think the future into existence, but can use my thoughts to anticipate it). Please Google the term for yourself and do your own research. From my experiences, I could be one. I have a lot of brain power and it would be interesting to use this "gift" to figure out a better world, but we will get to that in a second.
- Reality is a dream.
  - o So, I am not quite sure what each substance (Alcohol, Painkillers [serious ones from breaking my leg twice], and Marijuana are the big three for me) I have ever ingested quite did to me, but here is my most logical guess of what they do overall to me:

- Upon first effects: My experience begins with bodily sensations, then reality begins to become slanted and time begins to feel slower as each moment becomes more and more important. A good comparison to what my vision becomes is if you have your laptop screen on your lap in your bed with the lights off with the bottom of the screen closer to you and the top tilted away. From here, time cannot stop, however if my perception of it gets so slow or too slanted, I black out and miss the next X amount of time. When I black out, my conscious enters the dream beyond our reality, however, I never get to experience this dream. My body carries on, so I miss the sensations I occur.
- Being 100% honest, I don't think I have ever reached this moment through my use of substances, nor want to; however, this is how my consciousness perceives reality. With extreme painkillers, I believe I lived life in a perpetual state of blacking out and being sober due to the immense pain, but if I were to inject painkillers without the need (i.e. not for a broken leg), my trip would be extremely different.
- What I concluded from this is our thoughts come from something beyond this reality. If our perception of time can slow, it must work irrelevant to how we perceive it (as in time will always pass, but we subconsciously choose how it passes). Essentially, what I'm getting at is that during our conscious construction of reality I believe we miss small moments of time; however, those moments are so small we piece together reality that seems to flow at a constant rate. Pretend that the firing of one neuron shuts off your brain for that nanosecond, entering the

dream-like subconscious state to tell your body how to function. Now we are good at telling out body how to work, so when extra neurons fire it connects us to the “Black Out Conscious” that creates our thoughts as we would have infinite time there to figure out what to think.

- For perspective, each neuron fires about once per second on average, connecting to hundreds to thousands of other neurons, and during each fire it is theoretically possible we no longer perceive that moment of reality. However, because there are so many other neurons (about 86 billion), we are always perceiving reality, unless other chemicals are altering their firing. Essentially, reality boils down to a frame-by-frame perception that we are so good a piecing together it is instantaneous and seamless, with thoughts being created between these moments.
- By channeling the dream state of consciousness, you are better able to channel your inner personal thoughts and experience reality for what it truly is. If you are a “Seer”, you could channel your inner thoughts to get the answers to how reality works, using sensations and perceptions to guide your thinking.
- With those bullet points and line of thinking, I should theoretically no longer be able to black out (from substances), however the closer I get to blacking out while trying to stay in reality will feel like entering the next dimension of thinking, which I have chosen to coin as a ‘dream’ (and is what I am addicted to feeling).
- Imagine thinking you blackout every second you live (a hard concept to wrap your head around, I know), but by doing so you are left with one question: What

happens when I actually blackout from chemicals? Well, that's for you to choose for yourself, as I have done for myself.

- In my dream, I have chosen the moments I miss to talk directly to my soulmates with my thoughts. Thought broadcasting fits into my dream somehow, and I now conclude this is how I constructed my reality when I was younger, eventually learning to be calm and have no thoughts. Now, I do not try to thought broadcast anymore, however my thoughts guide me through conversation, adding vocalized thoughts where I see most logical. I sound like a robot, but that is how I perceive life, and I have gotten good again at acting 'normal', while my subconscious (that may or may not be infinitely blacking out to calculate reality) tries to figure out what every second I live means and feels for that conscious moment.
  - Although this is very abstract, since I consciously came up with this, my subconscious must to some degree function in this form, as it helped manifest that thought in my reality.
- From this, I concluded that by channeling this line of thinking, the future and past manifest themselves in the present. I have become so in tune with my subconscious, each thought I have is a gap in reality I computed and came back down to the present.
  - What I mean by this is I now believe when a memory pops in my head, it is because my dream-level thinking was reflecting on that moment for some reason and chose to manifest that moment in the present. For thinking of the future, I believe my soul was piecing a

puzzle together in the next dimension, and because I thought it, it must be a logical possibility that could happen in my future (however, this is where it is important to not get lost in the dream level of thinking, as this is where delusions manifest themselves in reality).

- Now this is hard to prove in writing, but my body twitches in a patterned way, which could only be proven through actual testing on my mind and body. It seems to be somewhat similar to what I think Tourette's would be, but for me it seems to be throughout my entire body. However, I decided to use those twitches to guide my thinking, as somewhere in my mind I decided to twitch that muscle to get my conscious-self back down to reality (for example, the bouncing of the leg when anxious is a prime case of physical manifestations of dream-level thoughts). Truly take a second to think about that last statement means to you. To me, it traps me in an infinite loop, with each second of my consciousness trying to calculate what the smallest moment of time would mean and feel. When I get too lost in that line of thinking, my consciousness comes back down to reality by manifesting a random muscle movement to keep myself in the present. Through this, I live in an eternal state of dream-like consciousness, as my mind is constantly battling between thinking the present moment and feeling the present moment, which through this line of thinking become one in the same.

- As each of the billion times I black out each second could theoretically give my subconscious an infinite amount of time in a higher state of consciousness, my each and every moment is both infinitely long, while being infinitely short, so passes at a constant rate.
- In the end, by believing I have infinite time in each moment, I am able to manifest my thoughts in physical form in my body, which I then use to guide my thinking, creating a feedback loop that would consist of multiple layers of infinite time within my line of thinking, yet knowing there must be a beginning and end of those infinities as I always perceive my dream of reality before my eyes.
- Therefore, I could figure out the world's issues and everything in between, as theoretically every answer to the universe can be found between what you think and what you experience, we just need to all do this together.
  - So, if this reality is my dream (ours technically), I should be able to manipulate it into what I see as the best outcomes through my thoughts and, in turn, the physical actions those thoughts manifest. The level I do this at would be up to the rest of the dreamers in this reality with me if they allow me to. I shall begin small:
    - Imagine I am live streaming. My mind coordinates the movements in the video game through the muscle memory I have trained through my neurons by channeling the essentially infinite minor black outs (as 86 billion neurons firing each second is an enormous number) that dictate the dream I experiencing. The music guides my thinking, while I try to compute reality. While I am not 'Thought Broadcasting,' I could vocalize

my thoughts to my viewers about my life, my dream, my physical sensations, or anything. By doing so, you get the physical manifestations of my dream through my vocalized thoughts, and a look into the next dimension of thinking that exists beyond all our finger tips. Now, since technology would ground us in reality together (I can explain more so on why on a later date), we then would be experiencing a synced version of the next dimension of thinking, both experiencing infinite futures and pasts, but one present that would unify us. Now all you have to do is listen to the music and let it guide your life and thinking through the vocalized thoughts of the singer and let the music guide you in the dream you are experiencing.

- Now to changing the world: Imagine we built a new political party called “New Hope”, that is constructed over the years that begins with no political ideology. For the beginning, we focus on channeling the next dimension, syncing our minds, bodies, and souls together, then as a unit work on changing the world. As I do not think the left and right are particular wrong (mostly), our party would rebrand these subdivisions as “New Hope Democrats” and “New Hope Republicans” who in the end are united for the common good: making the dream we all share the best it can be for everyone. Through this, the extreme left and right should be weeded out and should bring the overall ideology toward the center and hopefully we could be the change in the world we want to see,



leaving behind the dated and racist cores of both parties that have subconsciously been within them (and passed down through them) since their creation.

- While I do not see myself ever becoming the President, the position and who holds it played an interesting part in the interpretation of this dream during my descent into madness. Essentially, to truly free us from the subconscious restraints that exist through social programming, by me being President, I would therefore be the last and final person to be trapped in this reality while the rest would be freed (I almost don't want to say that, as it implies you are trapped unless I become President, but that's simply not true. We all live, we all die. But, by me being President would truly put an end to the manipulative practices, as I would do my best by channeling my inner thoughts to make the best world I could. Essentially, I would end the chain of subconscious evils [and whatever fishy stuff they do] that have been passed from President to President, and hopefully be the first in the line of people who would change the entire world for the better, as I hope people would truly trust my motives as being an honorable and wholesome man). By being President, it would create the biggest loop of dream state consciousness that computes my reality, as truly the weight of the world would be on my shoulders.

- However, I already live my life like this, as the weight of the world is shared through the interactions I have with my friends and family, theoretically. For now, I'd rather focus on being the best man I can and live life to the fullest and worrying about changing the world on a later date if any of the intriguing and interesting thoughts I have now manifest in reality one day. For the foreseeable future, I will use my body, mind, and soul to be the best friend, brother, son, and man I can be (and hopefully never becoming the President, as I truly hate politics because of what it does to people).

Now, please sit and think about what you want your reality to be and how it works for yourself, as I truly just want my thoughts to be seeds in your reality for you to figure out yourself for yourself. What this truly comes down to is that during each second of my life, if I fight the evil parts of my dream beyond my consciousness, the good parts of that dream should manifest itself in reality for everyone. Having said that, what I just wrote are the final thoughts I am placing into this book, and everything that follows are what I had to channel and do to reconnect me with myself and the unchanged reality we all share. Please give yourself some time before you continue reading to channel your own inner thoughts, then prepare to go down the deep rabbit hole of my mind for a final time.

**Bold Claim #2: This reality is my lucid dream.**

- Who do you think would win during a staring contest: The President of the United States of America or me?

As Queen's "I Want it All" plays,

**I am the "Time Bandit" right?**

## Chapter 15 – Journey to the Center of the Mind

Shall we go off the rails of the Crazy Train? Let's start at the beginning, as this was originally placed just after the title page:

To my readers,

Not to frighten anyone, but I am willing to bet  $\infty$  (Infinity) to save one mans life. From my Point of View, Reality is like a Movie. We are all in here together, no matter what you see or hear. I was set up to fail, but by taking this Leap & I can't lose, so we all win. Every person could read my story & see different words, but I know which I said & which I didn't.

Let me paint my Reality, I was playing Poker, had AQ & bet \$3 preflop. Everyone saw the Aq, I folded

& it was over. A man that I could tell didn't trust me playing with Time (by following eye contact & thinking) won with a full house. I looked him in the eyes looked away & looked back. Then I looked at my chip stack & the money was back in my stack. I looked around & it was as if the hand didn't even happen. I tracked more people & thought "No man left behind".

Your friend,

Cheese

February 12, 2021

4:00 PM ET

I wrote that letter to be the opening to the book. You would have read that, then read my story. I now see it greatly threw people off the goal of the book (or not), but it does help analyze my mind and how deep some people may have to go to define their own reality after they lose it, as I was clearly in a delusion state while writing that. I shall now clarify the purpose of this letter:

- It should establish these questions: Bet Infinity? What is Infinity? The fuck is this man talking about?
- This “Leap of Faith” is challenging my own demons publicly, in the hope others will challenge their own thoughts and interactions. I “lose” as in I had to express what happened on that page to truly explain how broken the system is and how broken it can be for others.
  - o “We all win” is from my perspective, as I really don’t know if I will win at all from releasing this, but in the end, it could just be me challenging myself. If that’s all this becomes, I will be content.
- That poker hand did happen (it was the same night I discussed earlier in this writing). I bet the money, the hand ended, I blinked and my money was back. After all my experiences, I was not too shocked. I do not recall if that’s what I thought to those people I was playing with or not, but the statement still stands. I will explain the hand more later, but, clearly, I was not in a sober state of mind.

The purpose of the letter was to set up the scale of bullshit I was playing with, and to serve as a way to for the reader to ‘rationalize’ it too. As I am “Playing with Time” (not really though), it served as a way to ground you in reality with me (I guess, as that was the objective). The second hand written letter (coming in a second) was to close the book, which I wrote 30 minutes apart. I

had finished the original rough draft earlier that exact same day and printed it out to begin edits. I even forgot to add the letter to the end of “The Atlas of Life 1.0” as I am now currently on 9.1.0, and the order of everything has shifted.

- There are plenty of important details I forget the first time, as ‘odd’ things would happen when writing that would side-track my train of thoughts, for example:
  - o Word Documents would randomly delete certain sentences that contained “Delusional Ideas” such as the thought after I ran outside at the hospital to free my mind, Random thoughts came to me: “Huh...Two Weeks...Disney’s redoing Star Wars” (Thoughts I had then and writing them now, and are in version 1.0 believe. We can track down basically any of my thoughts through this book [one of the many goals of this writing])
    - I would go back and retype it and hit enter and boom, it would be gone.
    - Very odd, right? When it dawned on me to not fully trust technology was when I first watched Interstellar off a brownie, so when John said “You can tap it as many times as you want,” referring to his Apple iPhone. I wasn’t too shocked. Now it sounds like I don’t trust technology and the government, which I do trust both (to a certain degree from a certain point of view). That is how sticky I think this bullshit is.
  - o \*This was clearly not a completely sane mind, but it shows how I manipulated my reality to fit my delusions (as others do too). Obviously, no one is monitoring what I type, it was just glitching and altering the formatting in some way.
- That’s why I needed to ground the reader, as I even I still get off the rails as I got very side-tracked then and now sometimes. Either way Ain’t No Stopping Us Now. Next, we

will look at a typed letter, word for word how I originally typed this chapter to serve as my 'delusional' "Ransom Note" to the world:

- It is screenshotted straight from Version 1.2.

## **Chapter 15 – Journey to the Center of the Mind**

To whom it may concern, and interpret as you wish,

I am The Dreamer. I will hold the world hostage to change its ways. Now, at this point you probably don't believe I have anything to bluff with, or that I am a genuine man who wants an end to Racism, Wars, and more. Let's jump back to the poker hand shall we:

- I already knew I was the Dreamer:
  - I would think things like: "Secrets of the Universe" and see who, shall we say, "Broke my chain first" if it works like that
  - Someone did, whether they put that \$3 back in my stack or not, I noticed and remembered.
    - People went around and said shit like "Who were you for 24 hours" and more, whether it was them or another soul that said that I do not care.
    - I tracked eye movement until someone broke to me
    - [REDACTED] looked me in the eyes and his mouth moved and said "Communism"
    - I looked back and thought "You really gonna waste my time like that, I hate politics bro" and let's say he looked a little unsettled, I did not want to leave him behind, but he was wasting my Time. I want to get to know people and live, we can worry about that shit later.
  - Eventually, the man who I said/thought "Secrets of the Universe" gave me a time in the future: "10:30" and I eased off everyone. As they wouldn't tell me if I was thinking out loud, but they also had no reason to betray me, unless I sensed it in



them and my defense went up. We played poker. I proved I wasn't there to waste their time either.

I analyzed those interactions and moved on, as it was too late to catch me anyway. And I will now explain how impossible that is, but will also reveal how easy it is to join my 'family' and be a fellow 'Dreamer' with me:

- My friends and I were renting ski equipment, masks on, and everything. I go into places knowing I am the Dreamer (and like "Inception" taught me, it is not hard to sense when I'm around)
  - o I begin opening loops, as I am just looking people in the eyes and I guess that's how they start. I wondered off to look at ski goggles, while my 3 friends interacted with a worker, who I had already made eye contact with.
    - My Definition of Loops: Anticipating what will happen next or who will talk next. I can explain more later.
      - As a psychopath (or Jedi): I am good at sensing that shit.
  - o I wonder back to the 3 and interact with them and say out loud things such as:
    - "Hamper's a short fella, might need smaller ski boots"
      - Etcetera, just normal chit-chat friend type stuff
  - o As The Dreamer, I know others can't keep up with me, eventually I know the worker is adequately lost, and I'm not going to say "High on Drugs" but he probably has been before (Just an assumption, as a white man with long braided hair working in ski rental place.)
    - I look him in the eyes and thought (with my mask on and everything):

- “Hey, how was your day?”
- And he responded sounding very relieved, “That’s what you want to hear when there’s four of y’all” (Did he think it or say it? Doesn’t matter to me because I heard it, but he could tell there were four Dreamers present, not just me)
- I then thought/said, I’m releasing a book in 2 weeks (probably underestimated the timeline unfortunately), I already beat the President (have I? I think I can, so can’t lose, but that’s not the point, it’s Time someone held these fuckers accountable)
- I am not scared to look anyone in the eyes, as they should not be in mine. There should be infinity in everyone’s eyes, just you should know it’s not yours. My infinity can be as long as you want, just know it’s linear for me, because my infinity isn’t for you, in the end it’s for her and the world she wants.
- Now, if you believe I can still be caught in one of your dreams:
  - Why do you want me to be? Just join mine, it will be so much easier.
  - And I would, shall we say “just, Incept my way out, as I already believe I can’t be caught, so can’t be”
    - Am I truly that quick? Maybe not, but if I have to give up on y’all I will because that means y’all gave up on me.
  - Plus, there are 5 of us (or more) already

- How do you join my Dream of changing the world (even if I must be painted as a villain for part of the beginning when the media takes hold of this and won't let go):
  - Shake my hand (or dap me up, I am 20)
  - Introduce yourself (I will do my best to remember)
  - I will respond with my name is: Chase (whether that's what you hear or not)
  - Do not talk to me about politics (at least for a while), I just want to meet people and live, not be a 20-year-old politician

I was clearly in a manic state during these events and composing those thoughts, but somehow what I interpreted around me got me to that point in my reality. This is my dream, I just had not figured that out yet.

Should it frighten anyone if I say "I am the Dreamer." No, unless it does?

- You should only be frightened if you were betting on time against me. That sounds very delusional, I know, but from my point of view it is logically illogical.
  - However, I do not care if you did for yourself, if you needed that time, it is yours. However, from my point of view, Trump bet 4 years against Obama (or is what all Presidents do? Is that a delusional thought?), and I figured that out within a second of even thinking like that (as in, my initial thought less than a second after my soul even pondered about situation like that was "Oh, I win then"). So, Trump loses, but I also don't trust Biden fully. I'll stick with trusting Obama for now, just a gut feeling.

- I am going to say this as well, Trump is not the Devil, just decided to get into politics for some reason, so brought that on himself.
- As one can tell, my defensiveness was revealed once again, as it's not that I don't trust everyone I meet, I just can't trust them yet.
  - There was a little more to the typed "Ransom Note" but I decided to end it there as it was talking about my live streaming ideas, which have already been discussed at this point of this version of the book.
- Those events did happen to me and that is what happened from my point of view.

I know this is a lot to digest, but it's not meant to be all explained right now, as I am struggling to get my point across still. Here is the second handwritten letter that was going to close the book, and was supposed to capture the point of my writing (like as if lol):

Welcome to Sgt. Pepper's Lonely  
Hearts Club Band,

I am not going to break down  
everything today, but if I believe I'm still  
fighting for him he theoretically cannot  
kill himself, which was the thought just  
after I thought "Origin of the Universe".  
Now if we all believe we are fighting  
for him, as I cannot know what people  
think when I'm not around them, that  
reality will become true & the Devil  
can never take that last soul, so in  
the end will get none.

I know that sounds fishy, but  
think like you are just passing that  
last soul around with your friends &  
family, eventually you will get lost

I come out I come back. Well  
theoretically he died in your arms, but  
you always come back. Every time  
we "Black Out" from alcohol that is  
what happens. He gets a new lease  
on life. I do not want to "Hold  
the world Hostage" but good luck  
challenging me because good luck  
deciphering my reality because my  
"Time Traveling" soul wrote this.

Welcome back,

Chuse

February 12, 2021

4:30 PM ET

While it seems illogical to say he cannot kill himself, as it is possible that already happened, as long as his soul lives with us he still lives on. God lives in us every day, yet he has passed two thousand years ago, so why wouldn't that last soul too? For the second letter, I just wanted to once again challenge how you perceive your own reality, yet also giving you a 30-minute window of my personal reality. In that 30 minutes, I sat in my room cranking my mind on how to conclude this damn book, as it seems to change every day and every interaction I have. That's what those live streams would mean to me, a chance to share our realities.

I then followed it with this short paragraph to conclude my thoughts and conclude the book:

**Whether, that's what really happens or not...I hope to have expanded your thinking and improved how you interact with others... each of us can challenge ourselves to be better than the day before... and it the end just keep on living, loving, and laughing (as any mom would put on a wall in a loving home, as she should) ... until the day we all do it now or later...**

**Sincerely, your friend,**

**Cheese**

I am going to take a huge leap forward now and pretend you are now stuck with me in the middle of reality, all in the same one and together as that's was the true goal of the writing (but, so were any of the goals I wrote earlier, the list seems to not stop).

1) How did I conclude my soul existed at least four locations in Time and Space?

- a. It came to me, just popped in my head. I had been working through it with my parents and my dad always seemed to be able to guide me in the right direction.
- b. What does that mean?
  - i. Then I wasn't quite sure, as this was still during Spring semester a year ago and before the hospital stay. It was just a number, likely because there were four of us the first night I lost touch with reality (the handshaking night with Declan, three friends plus me). I knew I wasn't too lost, as they had to be in reality with me.
  - ii. When I am hanging with people now, I analyze their social cues (such as eyebrow raises, twitches, eye movement, winks, etc.) and my own. I do not get worried if I "miss signs," as my soul is with me and at least three people around me. At least that is how connected I want to be with the people around me. I analyze interactions as if every person around me is just another version of myself, as my soul should be with theirs anyway.

2) Do I know what a handshake means?

- a. Basically, it is a sign saying "We are both in this moment right now" in the context of reality. Normally, it's just a greeting, but still has that sub-context every time (at least for me for now on).



b. When did I figure that out?

i. Subconsciously and at the level of my soul, I knew it the entire time, as Declan was a good friend and let me do that, considering he was already way past learning that social que (I'm assuming, but maybe not).

ii. How did I know what it means?

1. Sunset Beach: The man who said "He's missing signs" later was sitting down and I could hear the conversation he was having with another person. The other man was shaking his hand then started saying stuff "this is what it feels like to be high" while moving his left hand around the dude's right arm as if it was giving him a tingling feeling or something.

2. Based on the night in Chapel Hill and the experiences at the beach house, I knew that if there were signs: I already knew them all or were giving them all, as I was way past handshakes. But, if I didn't know any, it shouldn't be too hard to reverse engineer them, as I have done so now. I began the reverse engineering as soon as I was behind, but if I time travel, I was never behind. That's just how Time works.

c. **Bold Claim #69:** If I shook a President's or Vice President's hand, they'd actually be shaking mine.

i. I already shook left hands with the man who thought he was the Devil knowing I already knew what a handshake meant. I was doing what I thought that man needed from me, so I am not afraid of what a handshake

with the President would do to Space and Time. It would do nothing, however me making this claim means it could do something right? Just a logically illogical thought for you.

ii. That's how the "Time Bandit" will steal time for us, even though theoretically that moment already happens/happened.

1. I'd rather 'steal time' per say, since from my point of view Trump bet 4 years, and I'm currently a few months late (or early) depending on your point of view. Even if you are Republican and like Trump, do you truly trust the government?

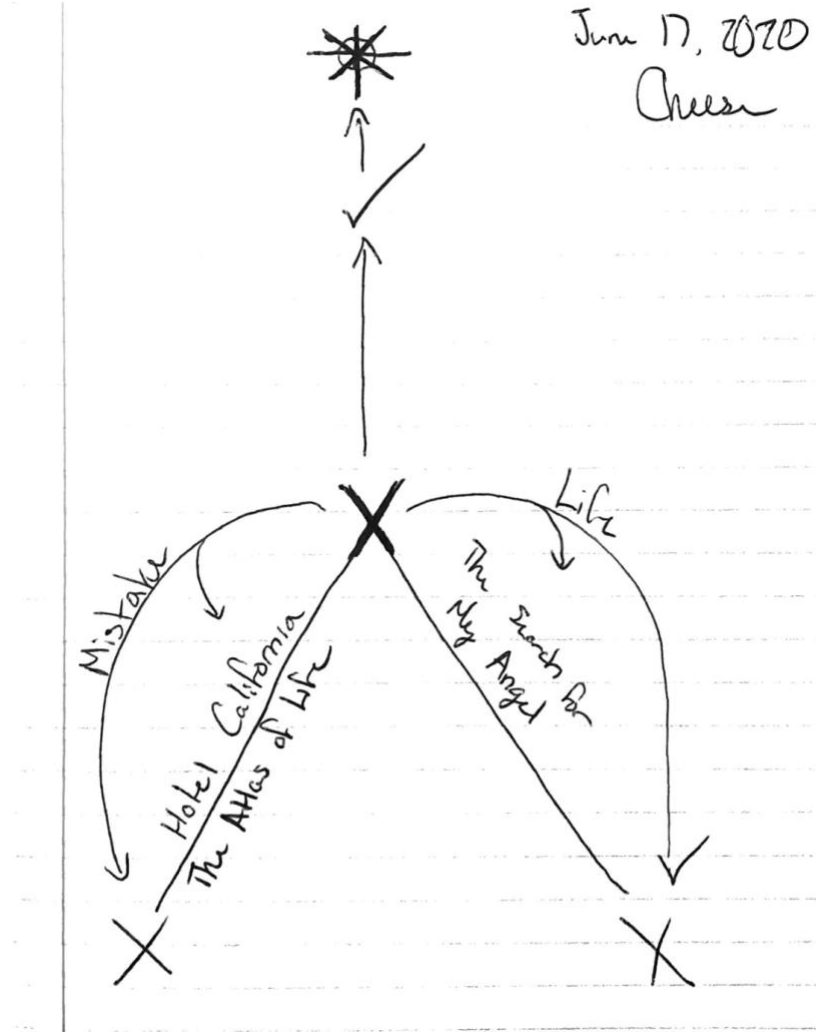
2. I'd rather just meet President Obama one day and he can tell me if that bet is true or not, as I already know I win if so. I'm sure Obama would not reveal that to save his own neck for now, as we still got a lot of Time here together. Let's bring it back shall we?

3) What truly is my reality?

a. I have broken it down to a shape at its core: A Star. But, let me start from the beginning of that.

b. I knew something was off from the beginning when I entered that hospital, and knew I couldn't be 'beat.' I realized I must be like an observer, analyzing reality from outside it. That is how I came up with what I did in the mental health hospital. I also knew I could exist in four locations at once if I needed a way out. Delusional, but maybe right?

c. Since those drawings and writings, I had narrowed it down more:



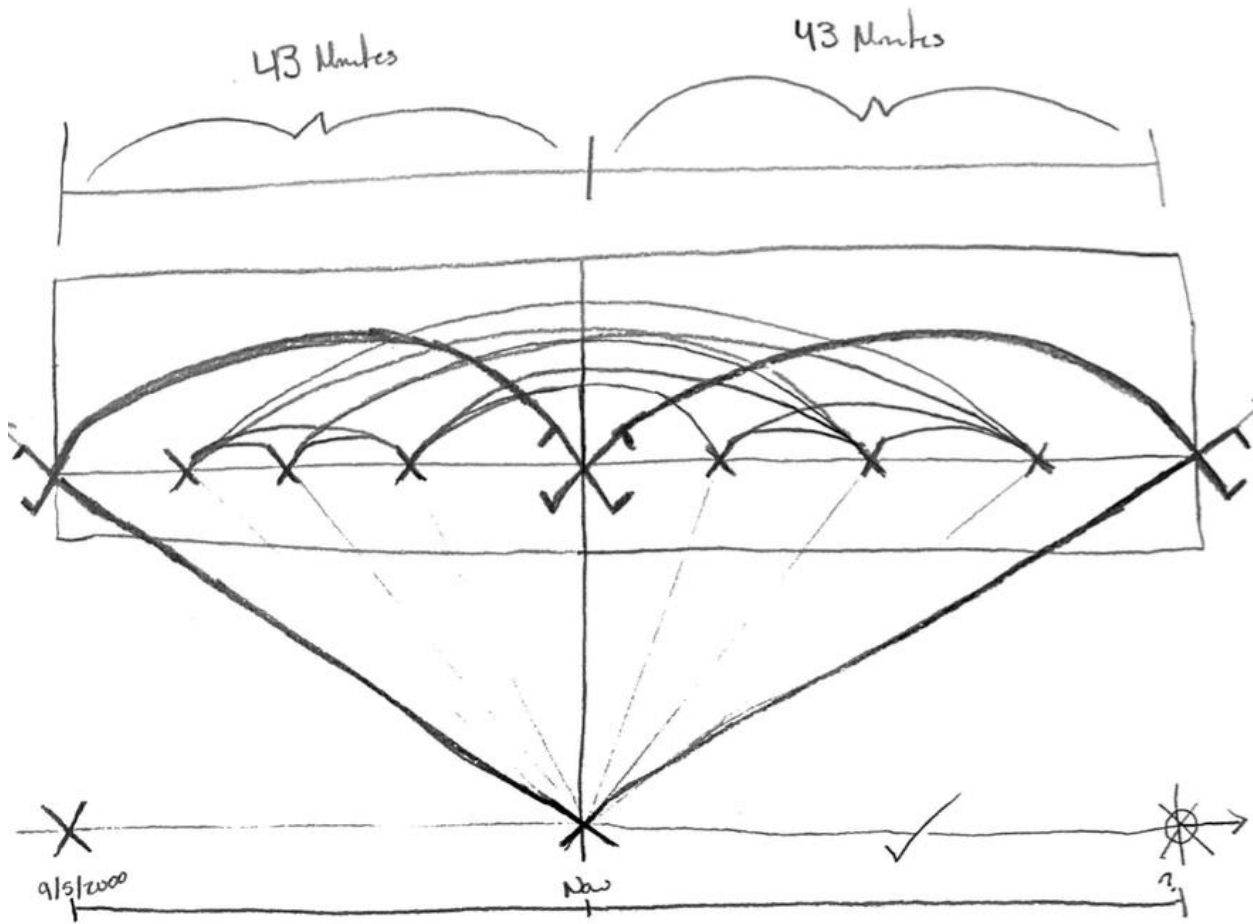
I felt that what I experienced had to have been a separate part of me, so I decided to separate it from the good parts of my life, two realities that both exist, but separate from one another.

- The search for my Dove is not the only thing on the good side, but without daydreaming about her in the hospital I probably would have been even more lost. Sometimes life just drags you down, as that's just how the dice roll, but I have the people in my life to get me through anything. **Unfortunately, others do not.**

- “Hotel California” is my favorite song, and perfectly captured the struggle I was facing and captures the soul of this writing. Mistakes were my drug use to escape the reality I was in. My dad suggested to me how eventually those two separate pasts would merge into only one singular past and would not bear that weight anymore (and it has gotten much better since starting writing).
  - In the future, the check symbolizes the goals I have in my reality, however I always exist at the middle X, the present, even if my soul is elsewhere for an infinity. There will always be that next goal for me and eventually, I will pass on, symbolized by the shape at the top, which my dad helped me come up with (I believe it is a Sailor’s Compass Rose, unless I remember what he said incorrectly). As a driven man, there will always be the next goal, but I will not be able to achieve every single one, but will always do my best.
  - The symbol for the end almost looks like a star, but was not actually how I decided my reality is a star, as it was originally a sphere. After sharing this with a few, I’ve been told the bottom section looks like angel’s wings. If I could travel time, I would always be there for her as she would for me.
- 4) If my soul can exist elsewhere for infinity, yet I only exist in the present, what is Infinity?
- a. This was the next item on my plate, as after I left the hospital, I had a better look at reality, but still couldn’t explain what happened on that page. To me the issue still boiled down to Time, to some degree. I had to be able to explain infinitely large and small at the same time. Here was another map I drew.

## The Atlas of Life

The 1<sup>st</sup> Outline of the finalized  
Map created on 7/20/2020, the  
same day my Original outline was  
"Noted". - Owen



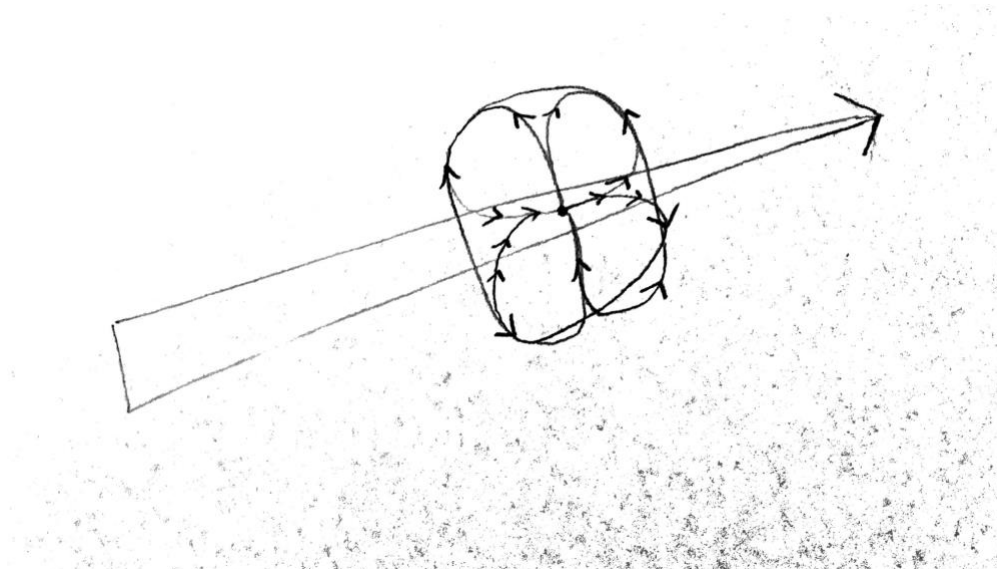
This is definitely what a crazy man would draw, but let's interpret it shall we. The bottom timeline is my linear time. Above that is our linear time, with the left X being how the deepest I could go in my time is the day I was born, but obviously time happened before that. It also was the merging of the two timelines in the previous drawing, as there is only one X in the past.

- Now, time also expands from the middle X upwards (and could downward as well), but this upwards is small time, such as a microsecond or less. That is how I believe my soul and mind work, analyzing the reality I'm in, jumping from X to X and always coming back to the present. I even believe I think like that for academics, as I just absorb information very well.

- o The middle X is actually composed of four check marks that converge into the X.

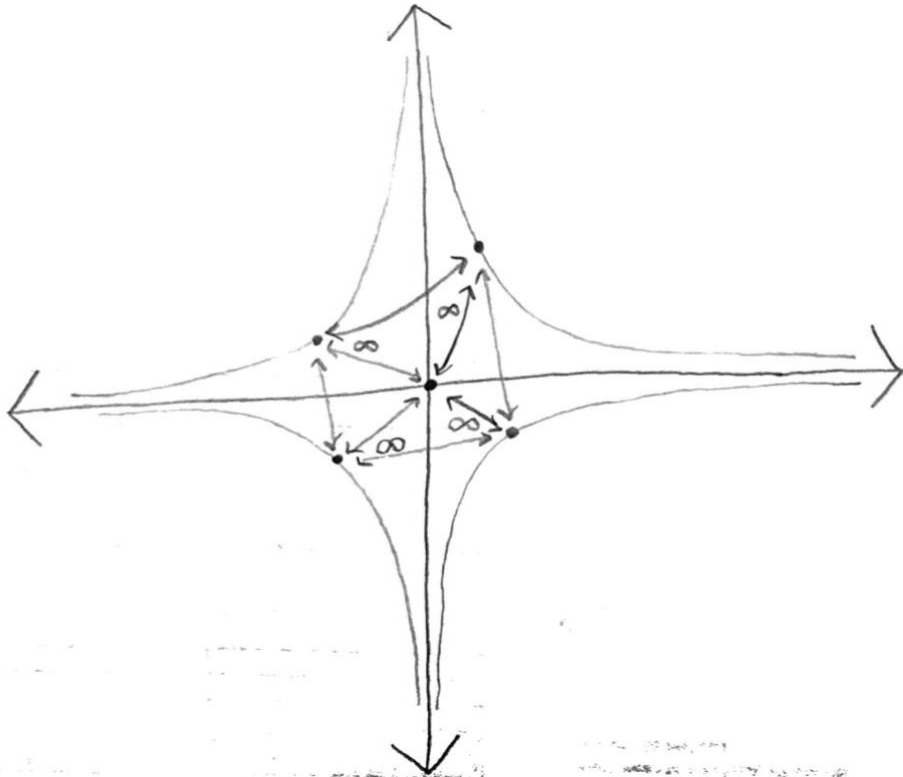
There are two outer halves of the X (the left and right), as if you freeze time, the upper half of it would instantaneously merge into a singular checkmark X.

- I wrote 43 minutes, as that was the original plan for this writing (and showed the outline for earlier as that is the length of *The Dark Side of the Moon*). I was going to correlate my infinitely small time to be 43 minutes (forward and backward) for any outside observer of me, to show I am now worried about either direction of infinity, and also adding the extra minute of the song. So, now we can go infinitely small and big together.
  - I believe "Original Outline" has something to do with the outline in Chapter 7.
- 5) What does infinitely big time and reality entail? To begin, it is a circle and non-linear, while also being a straight line and linear.



- This depicts what I just typed. This is the summation of our consciousnesses as a hole. As in, all human minds must be along one of these points, however, when you freeze time, you are always at the center one, but from someone else's perspective you could be anywhere in the sphere. Anything in the plane of space and time always goes left to right, but outside it can go in any direction, and rotation of the circle of your time around the x-axis it makes a sphere. Outside the linear time is equal to zoning out (or spacing out), you think then come back down. I was diagnosed with a small degree of thought blocking, which is where you literally zone out in your thoughts and do not remember what happened in reality in front of you. Sounds like getting high. Now imagine going infinitely small, while knowing it's also infinitely big. Eventually, the arrow on the right of space and time would meet up with the start of the left, but that means it had to go in a circle too, right? Maybe, or that's just someone else's time catching up to me or you.

6) Now, how is it a Star?



The center timeline originates from the central dot. The central time goes out in four directions (like an X), while timelines from other timelines can pass by but never touch that central time. This is a closer look at my consciousness by itself, still contained in the model in the last section.

- How does that work? We can cross each other's timelines by just interacting with each other or looking each other in the eye, it's that simple (as your time is always the center dot, but others are the surrounding, so we all exist on all of them, as the roles are reversed from their point of view. In other words, if I look you in the eyes, you exist in 1 reality, while I exist in 4, and vice versa).
  - I do not believe I have the power to navigate time like that on my own accord, but if God jumped me around, I wouldn't be worried. Any jump is



both infinitely long, while infinitely short (essentially equivalent to what happens when you “Blackout”, not hard to see why alcohol is the only widely legal drug). The centers of my universe are the (movie) characters in my life. My friends, my family, my Dove, really doesn’t matter who it is at any moment of my time because it should be like that for anyone. Sometimes, I might even need to jump back for myself (making myself both the observer and center, meaning I “Blacked Out”), but that would be out of my control.

- God shifts you around all the time: “How did I lose my keys?” or “How do I not remember why I walked into this room?” Simple things like are essentially equal to how your soul navigates Time and would explain why my perception of the poker hand seemed so off.
  - Was the worker in a reality where I said, “Hey how was your day?” while in my reality I thought it? What if I thought and said it at the same time in multiple realities and those timelines merged for that one man because he needed that moment for him? (The obvious answer here is he was responding to someone else, just my computation of reality left me in a delusional state where I could not figure out what that moment was supposed to mean to myself and him)
- Since infinitely small and large are the same (to me), when I jump from reality to reality, I am experiencing all of them at once, making me both dead and alive (or a dreamer, as we all should be).
- In two dimensions it’s a star.

- In three dimensions, by rotation along either axis, it forms a star as well, but also looks like a Top (like from the end of Inception).

## 7) Theoretically...

- ...I am both dead and alive, like Schrödinger's Cat, and now so are you –  
Obviously, I have to be in at least one reality and so do you, but if we both exist in separate ones that overlap, that's technically 3+ (if you buy into what I am saying). In mine you could die tomorrow and yours when you are 80, so if they overlap (as in looking each other in the eyes) you are now both. As I may never see you again in my life, they are both equally likely. That is what I mean when you are at the center of my reality, universe, room, hell, heaven, and anything in between. Any set of eyes I look into are at the center dot of that star. Essentially, this is how I have rationalized death, as I do not fear dying and it is more of an intriguing thought experiment to me.
- ...I have trapped myself in the present – After all my crazy thoughts, actions, and ideas, I had to re-establish my sense of self. I had to factor my body, mind, soul and everything in between into rationalizing my thoughts and experiences.  
Through my new perception of reality, I am guiding myself by analyzing every aspect of reality, leaving no sensation or reaction out of my perception of the moment and what it means for those around me.
- ...I should have some enemies who don't trust my motives – But if I think we are both dead and alive, any threat they have is hollow, like I am ready to die at any moment, I just don't plan too. From my point of view, any politician cannot be trusted with the fate of our lives, and that I (and you) now have the power over

them if you align your thinking like I have, as politics played an interesting role into my decent into madness, and now have factored them into my reality in a way they would now serve me (and us), instead of themselves.

- ...People could come up to me and shoot me in cold blood – Some may not like the words I am saying or that moment of racism (as some may believe I should face consequences for such thoughts), but I hope my words have shown I want to grow and be a better man. Racism is something that will always persist, I just hope I have proven myself to you I truly want to do such things to better myself.
  - “If someone values your life more than you value my own, there is nothing you can do.”
- ...I could actually just be crazy – At this point I doubt it, considering all the odd timing and weird occurrences other people do around me.
- ...Everyone I meet should be able to hear every single one of my thoughts – I do not think that is how it works exactly, but if you do hear my thoughts (even ones I actually speak) around you: it was for you, not me. If it sounded hateful it was either me getting defensive because I sensed it in you or you didn't trust me. As technically, any thought you hear of mine is both of ours, let's just make it a nice one next time.
- ...Everything I drew and wrote could be wrong – However, that is beside the point, as they were the stepping stones that got me reconnected with myself and those around me. My explanations of them are constantly being modified and adapted as I share this with more. After releasing this, they will still likely

change, as my perception of the present is always becoming more precise and in-tune with my inner self and the people around me.

8) Why has any of this happened? I had been in the hospital for 5 days with some crazy thoughts, which could all be traced back to precise moments, but never targeted negative thoughts toward another person. Then, out of no-where, that word is screamed in my thoughts for a solid 5 minutes although I would never say or think that toward someone.

- I am not quite sure exactly why what has happened to me has happened yet, but I will now use what I just wrote to rationalize page 74 from my own eyes:

- These next few bullet points are not to “justify” those moments, as I now have a firsthand experience with the consequences of racism and see it in my past and present, but hopefully not my future as I battle those thoughts, as I am truly sorry for that moment ever happening. Somehow that moment in space and time was all from my conscious, but why?
- What if I was shifting realities so that E did not have to hear that word in his reality from that Karen? At least placing that weight on me, as the N-word means less to me than it would for him. I would have had to dodge any reality where she said/thought it and any other person in the room heard it too, as E would “hear” it through that other person in the room. Essentially, my soul shifted realities so that no one but me felt those thoughts and E would not hear them or feel them. I am no god, so probably did not do it well, as E came up to me after and knew at least something of what just happened.

- How does that fit into the Star Model of reality? I'm not sure exactly how those transitions would work, but pray my soul would have done its best. This sounds illogical writing that, but it is hard to even rationalize that moment now, nearly a year later.
- I am not too worried about that moment, as those black men treated me with respect both prior and after that event. Hopefully the rest of the black community would forgive me too.
- Now shall we destroy the social construct of reality, and be dreamers together no matter who you are? What if my soul was time traveling to every single President through space time and the future to lie to them about who the master of time was (as from my point of view it's me), just so I could steal it for the people (as I believe I have the mental capacity to outsmart a President in that realm of reality)? What if I had to say 'it' X number of times to lie to any President of the United States in any or all moments of time just to move on in my own? I'd rather be the bearer of infinity instead of the Kings, Dictators, Presidents, Cults, Rich, whoever, hoarding the key to infinity and have been hiding this secret for millennia.
  - Just a little food for thought there, as the first thing I proposed seems more "rational."
  - See how it's too late to catch me? Once you know you time travel, you always were. Right, Mr. President? Just another bite for you.
  - Now, would people want me to shake his hand? Because I don't really care either way.

- So, if I could, I would manipulate time and space to place myself in the one that has the greatest chances to turn out right:
  - A world where everyone feels like they have a home to go to, friends to call, families to share memories with, parents who love you, neighbors who talk to you, kids with only bright futures, society that doesn't hold some back and push others up...
  - A world where no soul wants to end its own life.
  - A world without racism.
  - A world without war.
  - A world without hunger.
  - A world without homelessness.
  - A world not divided on politics.
  - A world ...

I am no saint that can change the world, but for her and myself, I would do my best to get us on the right path. It seems that every moment of my life has led me to this one. I see no other way to get the world heading the right direction without telling my story and sticking my own neck out saying: "This is how fucked up it really is..." Then again, I am a 20-year-old trying to raise money on Twitch as a self-proclaimed Sith Lord.

## Chapter X – Don't Ask Me Why

Chase woke up. He thought around his room, looking at his End Game and Star Wars posters, the Eagles concert posters gifted by his sister, his two guitars, the pictures of his family and cats. I was on the floor next to his desk. The weight of the world crashing down on him.

He thought back about the writing he had been doing, but couldn't move a muscle in his body. "What if I'm too late?" Chase thought to himself, almost breaking down in tears.

He didn't know what to do: Get up and keep writing? Go hang with my friends? As they always liven him back up. There had to be something... for this moment.

He looked around, and saw his phone on the ground next to him, and gave the call.

"Hey, dad, what's up?"

They talked about what BC was up to, as he was out of town with work taking care of business. I lied saying I had just been doing some classwork, holding back a few tears, saying how I was going to hang out with my friends and what not later, still unable to move. They chatted for five or six minutes, but BC had to get back to work. Chase was back alive again, knowing his dad had him and I would for him until the end of Time. However, I hadn't forgotten about what Random thoughts had come to him. The night prior, the first popped in my head, then I immediately knew why, as there could be only one reason:

**1) Origin of the Universe.**

**2) He killed himself.**

Your NAVIGATOR,

Cheese

**“...and that’s the Origin of the Universe,” Mary responded.**

**He sat there puzzled, not sure what to say next.**

**“What’s he doing here then?” He asked.**

**“Those are our friends. They’ve been here this whole time.”**

**“How can I trust him?”**

**“Why would you not?” Mary answered.**

**“He doesn’t even know what Hell feels like. He wouldn’t die for me,” his soul responded.**

**“But He would.”**

**There was a moment of silence, and puzzlement in His eyes.**

**“Should I really trust them?”**

**“You trust me, don’t you?” Mary added after a second or two of thinking.**

**“Yes.....?”**

**We responded, “We got you, don’t worry about it.”**

**He felt her through his hand and I looked over into Her eyes as she asked:**

**“Who is it today?”**

**“Don’t worry about it,” I responded, with a wink of the eye...**



That poem takes place in Limbo at every moment of space and time at the deepest level of my consciousness, as my soul and the others walk away from the gates of Hell toward those of Heaven, as this occurs after his soul chose to end his life. Virgin Mary is guiding that soul, while they hold hands and talk about anything and everything, as I listen and absorb everything to help out that person too, as we are in the afterlife, all lost in it together, with God and Her guiding our way. There are four people, my soulmates and me holding hands, and Mary and a lost soul holding hands. We are all interconnected through the spirit of life that connects us through space and time.



Any emotion or thought we have, we all share as we become one on our way to Heaven, meaning a negative thought is both ours and not ours, as we pass these thoughts around through our connection. This connection is what I termed a “loop” earlier in this writing. Essentially, there are connections through space and time that already exist, just we would never know who our soulmates are or what they are doing in the real world now, but our souls are already that tied together. One of our souls is at the beginning of infinite time and the other is at the end, as we look each other in the eyes, we share that infinity and complete the loop of time, as the end is

now connected to the beginning and we get to live infinity in those moments together, as neither of us would know who is at the end or beginning.

I think the present comprises your soul fighting each and every second to stay in it, navigating any of the maps of my consciousness I drew earlier, literally jumping from reality-to-reality implanting thoughts in your mind. For example, when I take a test in college, my soul is jumping around trying to find the reality where I remember how to do the problem. But that's a really lame way to use reality, so I like to think a little deeper than that (if you couldn't tell that by now). I have an internal dialogue, meaning I basically talk to myself in my head in my own voice. So, if I navigated those realities to talk to myself, who else am I talking to? Well, there are two obvious answers (for me): God and the Devil. We pray to God, and he's always listening, but so would the Devil. Now hear me out: If you talk to the extremes (Good and Evil), then everyone in between has to be there too. This is how I think God spices things up in this situation: God knows the Devil loses, so just assigns you soulmates to guide you through life's each and every moment, and God comes back to catch up every once in a while, already knowing everything.

So now, I am literally just sitting in my apartment typing this sentence. What exactly is happening? I have at least four souls guiding me: Me, You, Her, and Them. Every thought, muscle twitch, eye movement, and beyond is a result of my soul working with theirs to get me through the day. I believe in the morning it starts just with God and your soul, conversing about sleep and the world beyond our consciousness. Then when you interact with people in the day, every eye contact connects you with every soul behind those eyes, as in the four guiding them, and in extension the souls guiding the souls guiding the souls guiding them. Now, we have more ways to connect nowadays than just eye contact and in-person. We have a pseudo-connection

through technology, completing those connections through the afterlife without us even knowing it's happening (such as through every phone call or text message, TikTok you watch, YouTube video, you are connected to their souls indirectly through the technology). So, by the end of the day, your soul is literally connected to and should be carrying every soul on the planet. Then each night we reset our souls, entering the dream world, reconnecting you with yourself.

Unfortunately, I do not think that's how it works yet in the reality we live, as we are programmed to not be that connected to one another, as we are programmed to hate, lie, cheat, and do evil actions, so subconsciously choose to leave some souls behind. So, by the end of the day, we actually only have about four to six souls, some of us with more, some with less, that would never leave your side if that is what you would do for them. However, I believe there would be an extremely important one in there: Your Dove. The soul that would never give up on you, would love you unconditionally, and would be by your side through Heaven and Hell. Through the connections we share behind each other's eyes, eventually you and your Dove would be guiding the same soul and would therefore have to be guiding each other too, and this cycle would repeat until one day you truly are that connected. Hopefully, your doves are already in your life, but for some they aren't. I would want to be the soul that never leaves you, even if I am not your one, I could still be there for you.

This is where God really spices things up: We get to look ourselves in the eyes. This is where our loops complete themselves. When a soul (me, you, him, her, them) walks with Virgin Mary, it reveals all negative thoughts or feelings they have, as she absorbs them for you and sends out positive ones, which get transmitted to those souls around you (such as "Thought Broadcasting" but with emotions). Therefore, me and you would help her absorb how evil had manipulated that soul. God carries all the weight in the end, but I would want to do that for them

then, so in extension I have programmed my soul to do it now. That in essence is a loop, Virgin Mary and God connect the end of time to the beginning through absorbing the negative emotions and sending out good ones (including every eyebrow raise, wink of the eye, or social cue that signals to those around us), and allowing us to carry on, powering through the reality we preserve, hopefully doing what we can to bond to each other and make the world a better place. By looking ourselves in the eye we are both the beginning and end of time as we see both God and the Devil looking back at us, and subconsciously decide which voice in our head to listen to at any moment.

When I look myself in the eyes, I connect to the one soul that should never let me down: Myself. I know she would have me, so I know I should have myself. Every negative thought I have, I think my soul was just conversing with Virgin Mary, and that thought leaked out, as I fight those thoughts with Her and try to be the best man I can. The Devil will never stop sending those negative thoughts, but if we fight them together, we can get closer to Heaven together, as me and you still have a long road ahead of us, but will be shorter if we walk together. The Devil tries to stop me from reaching my soulmates through the chains and loops of reality, but I always know I would reach through to you and her in the end. Unfortunately, some souls get stuck in the realities of negativity and the delusions that come with it, and I only pray my brothers and sisters I met in the hospital can reason their realities out like I have, so that they can move on from their demons too. If they can't figure their realities out, this is my message to come join me in mine. This book is as close as I can get to my subconsciousness, consciousness, soul, mind, and heart, and will hopefully be enough to help others find themselves and dig deeper into their own minds without the fear of losing touch from the world we share.

I do not think writing this or promising to walk that last soul to Heaven (as it could even be me in that position) will secure a place for me in Heaven, but I want to be part of the change in the world that brings Heaven closer to a reality in the Hell we currently live. I think making that promise to yourself will both help bring out the inner positivity in your own thinking and will therefore bring it out in those around you. The Devil wouldn't like that promise, but I already shook hands with him making a simple bet against him I didn't even know I was making yet, and now knowing I always win:

**Until the end, during every single infinitely small moment of time of my life, I would bet an infinitely large amount of time in the hopes that I could get an infinitely small moment of time with just the me and you.**

**The End.**

### Post-Mortem Thoughts (a.k.a. a creative name for my author's notes section)

- I was just reflecting and had the deepest “so what?” moment of my life so far when reflecting about the true end goal of my writing and the potential live-streams that could be in my future, which seems to happen somewhat frequently (let’s just hope I can get all this out before I forget it all lol).
  - So, “so what?”
    - Well, here would be my business plan for CheeseRadio LLC:
      - But first, our purpose:
        - “Making the dream we all share the best it can be for everyone.”
      - So, now the business plan, let’s get hypothetical:
        - Imagine, I am live-streaming and we are just chilling, and let’s lowball it and say only 2 million people are watching.
        - To generate money, each person donates \$1 a stream (directly to my business Venmo, for example).
        - Now, we do that every day (or as often as I could stream), just come together, chill for like 30-45 minutes each day to “become one” physically and mentally (as cheesy as that sounds) as I discussed earlier.
          - So, in total it would be \$365 a year for you, a lot, but probably doable if we truly motivated ourselves to do it.

- However, I know there are people out there that could not pay that, so even just coming and viewing ads creates a change in the world through other forms of contributing.
- So, let's just take a look at the hypothetical numbers and ideas:
  - \$2,000,000 of direct income a day (or however much we were able to raise that day), which all 100% of would go to the charity of the day.
  - Now, we could vote (everyone, not just those who are fortunate enough to be able to contribute), as a unit on what that got used for:
    - Cancer treatment for families who can't afford it.
    - Food and water for the homeless.
    - New computers for a school in an underprivileged community.
    - Literally anything we could imagine.
  - Let's focus in on cancer treatment scenario:
    - After a quick Google search, it said, on average, it costs \$150,000 for cancer treatment. Meaning each day, we could single handedly pay off 13 family's debt.

- Now let's factor in our annual income from the \$365 investment (done as a dollar-a-day payment plan), with 2,000,000 friends and family (because that's what we are now), we would annually generate \$730,000,000 (or approximately 4,867 family's debts completely paid off instantaneously in a single year's work [or nearly 1,000,000 new computers for schools])
  - Sounds pretty good for a dollar-a-day subscription service (that I would give a dollar a day to also, as I think it would be worth my dollar as a college student).
- To begin, we could just serve as a funnel for money for other charities before trying to expand, which I have other ideas for to discuss eventually.
- Now, why not just donate the money to charity itself? Well, you obviously could, but I would take the hassle out of it, plus you would get to vote on where we donate \$2,000,000 a day to, which I think is a cool concept in itself. I could also offer other



benefits, such as my opinions on life, talk about my experiences, basically just do normal podcast shit, or even tangible things, like the playlists I make for you (which are definitely interesting so far, at least with the compositions and themes) and other free new books (that would probably be fiction, as I have some ideas cooking) if people like this one.

- Now let's expand our consciences a little:
  - Pretend we have a meager 20,000,000 subscribers to CheeseRadio LLC (about the number of people in US colleges, as I feel my book will speak the most to this generation, as that is what I am too), bringing our annual income to \$7.3 billion a year.
  - Just food for thought, as I think we could make a lot a change in the world with that amount of money.
- Obviously, these are very large numbers, but even think small. If UNC bands together (about 30,000 people to simplify calculations), we would together generate just shy of \$11,000,000 annually to do

whatever we wanted to do together as a college, as we could put it up to a simple vote.

- After a quick search, there are about 124 homeless people in Orange County, and that money could go to building a shelter or providing food, for example.
- Now let's think really big, say somehow every single person on the planet was able to donate a dollar: \$2,550,000,000,000 in annual income (about half of the entire US Government's budget).
  - Maybe a little too much to think about there, but fun to ponder about.
- So, back to the UNC idea, as a school we would have about \$11,000,000 annually to invest, grow, and expand our change in the world over the next potentially infinite years that UNC exists as a school (as long as we don't all kill each other in the end @Russia).
- Now, we could essentially funnel a potentially infinite amount of money through my business that is goes directly to supporting the world we live in, making it better for individuals on the daily, by essentially supporting and investing in ourselves, by coming together and making the world a better place.

- As a summary: A business model with essentially \$0 in expenses (in the grand scheme, for now as we are just beginning) that could theoretically generate an infinite amount of money for charity (in the grand scheme, in the end if the whole world came together).
    - Now, with my political party ideas and this business plan, we really could take over the world as a generation of approximately 20,000,000 college age students entering the real world for the first time.
  - Well, I think I am burnt out tonight on intriguing thoughts, as I haven't even shared this writing with more than 50 people, so still have a long way to go before I can think this big in actual reality.
    - Together, we have a means to change the world through our thoughts and actions, leaving nothing but the infinities of our realities to share and experience together.
  - Overall, I feel that this idea would be a very rewarding career for myself, and hopefully other people will see it as both entertaining and meaningful, as you would get to take part in changing the world through voting on the spending of potentially thousands to millions of dollars each day.
- Now, I would like to quickly clear up and discuss a few plot points and elements due to reader feedback:
- Switching between Pronouns

- Basically, this was to serve as a way to portray the sense of depersonalization and dissociation from my sense of self, while also serving as a way to ground the reader, as I meant for it to give a sense of me speaking directly to you when I used “I” (similar to the parentheses that sound more direct than the rest of the text, if that follows).
  - Additionally, it fits into my two unique but separate pasts that I have chosen to exist for myself (such as the maps I drew), in that I was switching between myself and another version of myself. Also, I chose specific moments to use “I” vs “He”, as there are thoughts that I am truly accountable for and I wanted that to be clear.
  - I realize those shifts can be challenging to follow or reason through, but hopefully what I just described makes sense for both why I did it personally, as well as provides a unique way to interpret my perspectives on the writing in general.
- Fictitious Story Elements
    - I do not have much to say here, but one of the guys I shared this writing with thought some beginning chapters were fictitious. He told me he was led to think this primarily due to the title “The Atlas of Life” which I agree could be seen as a fiction title, however I did discuss where that title came from earlier in the writing (a dream, for those that don’t recall). While some moments were described in creative ways, all moments happened to me and no story elements are made up.

- However, I felt I needed to tell my story in a creative way to portray the sense of dissociation I discussed just a few paragraphs ago, as well as attempting to hook the reader, as those moments in the woods were beyond my comprehension of reality and this is my interpretation of those moments now.
  - Also, it would have been hella boring if I just listed the events of my life and said “X happened, then Y happened, then...” so that explains the creativity.
- Additionally, the early chapters could be seen as a “Dream” that transitions from the creative side of the things to when the writing really shifts gears between Chapters 12 and 13.
- Hopefully those elements are now cleared up and make more sense or address an interpretation that you had. I always love discussing people’s interpretations and perceptions, so hopefully these aren’t the only two plot points I ever address as I hope to hear yours one day.

In the end, let’s just have fun and play video games (or tune into a podcast) while also expanding our consciousness together and raising a little money for charity, as I would be thrilled if even a thousand people believe in the messages and purpose of my writing and want to join me on our discovery of what reality should be. We may only get to live a hundred years of the essentially infinite that will exist, so may as well give it our best shot at changing people’s perceptions of reality, themselves, and society.

To the ones I love,

What I have boiled my reality down to is that I live in the infinities that exist between the thoughts of the people around me. Because I have aligned my thinking to where I experience infinity to talk to myself with my thoughts, when others do the same and express those thoughts, the closer we get to experiencing that infinity together in reality. From there, by molding our thoughts into positivity and connectedness, we come closer and closer to heaven on earth.

A goal of this writing is to continually challenge myself and my thoughts to be the best man I can. While I cannot control the dream beyond my conscious completely, I can continually mold myself into the man I want to be with my thoughts and hopefully challenge the world to follow me on this personal journey.

I would encourage you to reread Chapter 14, as it captures the true essence of my reality and where I want to take it, as well as take a moment to think about CheeseRadio LLC and the change in the world we could make together. We live in a world where we have the ability to be connected to anyone at any moment, yet we have yet to find a way to unify us. I have come to the conclusion that reality is your thoughts and your thoughts become your reality. By manipulating your thinking to align with mine, we have the chance to change the world one thought at a time and grow closer together as brothers and sisters. As I said earlier, I simply want to be that voice that never lets you down and never lets you go.

For personal reasons, I hope to begin my changing of the world through raising money for childhood cancer treatment and research, then grow into whatever we want to do as a whole. I would love to talk about why I want to focus there first and much more, and I can be reached at the following social media accounts:

- Twitter: @CheeeeseRadio
- Instagram: TheCheeseRadio
- Twitch: CheeseRadio
- LinkTree with book download: [linktr.ee/CheeseCarter](https://linktr.ee/CheeseCarter)

Over this summer and into the next semester, I will be trying to live stream three times a week, probably Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (kind of up in the air right now, follow on Twitter for more details if you are interested). I will be using Twitch as a platform to spread awareness on mental health and talk about pretty much whatever we want.

As of right now, I can only pray that my brother I met in the hospital has not chosen to end his life due to consequences of our interactions together or because of any of the other experiences he has had in his life. Of the three people I wrote this book for, he was by far the most important one. While my writing may not have made complete sense for you, I believe with all my heart that he would understand it enough that it could aid in saving him from his demons, as this writing has done for me. I do not have the power to find him on my own, which is why I need your help. If you found my life's story entertaining or meaningful, please share it with those you care about so that we can reshape how the world thinks one person at a time. Maybe one day my writing will fall into his hands by fate and your help. Until that day, we can work on becoming one as brothers and sisters. By getting this far in my book, you are now a brother or sister to me. One day I hope that we can continue our discussions of life and reality and I hope that you will join me on our individual, but overlapping paths of self-discovery.

Whether these are the final thoughts of mine you ever see or the beginning of our beginning,  
with love,

Chase