

# THE CONSERVATIVE KINGDOM



## Military Diaries

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# The Diary of the Conservative Soldier



The first instance I recall my adventures starting out is when I first got injured in highschool. I was a good athlete but not really a great one. I was committed to the activities I was participating in yet not really planning on going all the way. When I looked forward to the world of sports, I couldn't see myself becoming anything, especially a professional. I do not mind professionals but I think it all depends on the sport. Some get into sports to achieve glory for their family, some go into sports to get higher social status, and others more for earning money. I think some people are blessed with different kinds of gifts that they utilize to hit any mark they want. Some are born to grow really tall, others are born with the caliber to run faster than everyone else due to great muscular structure. I didn't really take to sports very much. I wanted the women and the lifestyle that came with it but not really the whole front along with the drama. I think there were times that I really indulged or gorged on my fill of foods that I really liked. I enjoyed the fast food burgers. I enjoyed the home-bought shakes that were mixed at home. I was a frequent visitor when it came to sports nutrition sites. I liked to eat all sorts of delicious pastry such as cookies and cream. I enjoyed the weekend parties at clubs with cute women and male friends that loved the attention. In conclusion, there was no commitment. Sitting at home after a surgery, I really came to the decision sports were not for me because what followed them were something that was incomplete. You can't have the success of sports and the pleasure that come with it at the same time. One has to be sacrificed for the sake of another. During my injury, I actually went the other way as well. I eliminated the sports and went full time for pleasure. My body was starting to take massive hits and the damages started becoming fatal at some point. The moment everything changed was likely when I encountered Harvard. The tales of men, the stories of giants and what it means to be human. The human body can only handle so much



heat. Deep into the divinity of sports lies a burning point where the body fails and collapses. I believe they call it a heat stroke. Deep into the life of hedonism, there lies a point of fatality where the body goes numb and you are unable to move from bed. I believe it's called collapsing. There is an extreme end to both but not when you think of it as a human being.

In my life, I have found that humans are the only species capable of reason and faith. You need faith to be an athlete. To the best you can be, you have to abandon reason and go full time into becoming a full time athlete. To have the best time more than you can ever know, you have to abandon faith, all kinds of beliefs it can and cannot happen, and go full time into reason, then seek the good times you want with all your effort. I think when you want to combine then however, you have to start out somewhere. Primarily admitting that you are human and there are limits you cannot surpass. That is when the real challenges kick in and you start out life as a soldier with a cause.

Most people think you first have to start out by training but in reality, to be a soldier for any kind of cause you start out by finishing training. The birth of all causes starts off when you start fighting after the conclusion of training. I do not believe there is such a thing as a soldier who trains. In the middle of war, there is not such a thing as an opportunity to train. I have not gone to a gym in a long time. I stopped training a long time ago to start serving a cause that I believe in. There are a lot of consequences to training. Your body is torn apart everyday. Your muscles need constant feeding. Your brain needs constant motivation. There are micro damages on your bones. The fissures eventually can turn to cracks, then fractures. I have never gotten to that point yet. Ever since I stopped training, there has been very little stress on my bones. They function like steel. I find it hard to fight physically because of the structures of my bones. I used to consume a lot of protein to heal

my muscles after training everyday. I consume very little protein now since there is very little damage. When you stop training, the body needs very little repair. You are like a house built with sweat and blood, forged in the heat of divine fire standing tall, that hasn't been damaged for years. I have cut my protein budget by over 95%. I barely get damaged. At this point, all I need is the energy for the day, and the daily nutrients needed to survive. I can inhabit any country. I can survive on any kind of food. The construction of my body has been completed. I went as far as I could and made a physique that is strong and adequate in any situation. I think it took somewhere over 11 years of constant daily training. After you build a house, all you need to do is put the furniture in, and host it until you die. I am happy where I am. When I first became a soldier, I went full in. The next step is the philosophy you input as the operating system of the house. There is no need to break the house apart for any reason once it is finished. There is no need to go back to breaking muscles in your body after you finish training. There is an end to everything, much like there is a beginning to everything. If you do not find a point to stop, life itself will make you stop. You will stop when you die primarily. You will stop when you suffer a permanent injury. You will stop when you run out of money. You will stop when the gym you go to closes permanently. One way or another, a person must accept that there is going to be an end to their training. I came to the realization sooner before suffering any surmountable damage. I am not saying stop training. I am saying people who are in full time training are in it because of faith alone. When you find your reason, you will know there is an end to every matter.

As I was recovering from my surgery, I didn't have much thought other than fighting to carry on. I had mediocre grades in school, and the uphill fight was only beginning. As a college student, being a freshman meant unlimited parties along with very little work that I

wanted to work on. I think the first step was eliminating the training after complete recovery. I registered at my local community college instead of a University and started to walk to school instead. I walked a few miles each day to get to class instead of the usual public transportation. I set up a strategy where I would function like a Roman instead of any other citizen of the world. I took Rome to heart. I started going to mass on Sundays quite often. Sometimes every Sunday for years. I became a devout catholic. I learned a Roman system of operation where I would fight for my faith on my own terms. I soldiered on every day. I envied University students and wanted to return again. My war started the moment I became my own militia. I started linking up with musicians. I found bands that were willing to lend me a hand then we started increasing in numbers. Slowly, my playlist increased, along with a good base of soldiers who wanted to fight and help me achieve good grades. We rallied the community and found ways to blow off steam after getting good grades as school. Slowly but surely, I was advancing rapidly along the ranks. I think it took me two years to reach the rank of General after starting my studies. It was a hard point to reach because I was getting rejected left and right when it came to application of Universities.

I hated being a General. You get the best assignments. The soldiers did not mess around much when it came to getting some work done. We often sped through the whole thing and used vital force to finish projects. At some point I had 5 4.0 GPA's. I think I was becoming a tyrant. Slowly but surely, our visions become somewhat of a reality. Whatever we wanted, we didn't keep it from our table. Wherever we wanted to go, the distance became smaller.

We were filled with faith, we were good at reasoning with others. I think things started to get complicated when we ran into Harvard again. Initially, we wanted to become

good fighters, men capable of standing and fighting for a cause. When the conversation started on what kind of humans we wanted to become, the objectives started falling apart. Soon, there were no assignments left. Soldiers started deserting camp. Some started to screw up order by turning on their commanding officers. There were rebellions and uprisings everywhere. When I was first elected as a Student Governor for my school, the whole community turned on me. I was branded an enemy because of the position I took. The mutiny took its toll. I was left for dead on my own to govern a school everyone hated, by myself. Artists began to believe they are just what they are, musicians. Some wanted to take their leave, others just simply left. Some people stopped calling and texting. There are still people that I do not talk to , till this day because of the betrayal we suffered. I was getting cold shoulders from teachers who wanted to stop teaching certain subjects because others in the class couldn't handle it. I think after the first title as Major General, there were no more causes the students and teachers wanted to go after. Most studies stopped. A lot of routes were closed.

I think the conflicts started ragging a lot when soldiers were being led by disabled people. The commanders were inadequate and the women were attractive. At that point, they were the smartest we had. No one wanted to listen to a commander who couldn't walk well to the other side of the road nor run a mile in their best days. The soldiers were traumatized from taking orders and some abandoned their post. They simply just left. The student body politicians couldn't bear to be seen with women that were unattractive and believed themselves to be far superior than their positions. They wanted glory and the options they had of transferring to high caliber universities led them to the conclusion that leaving the church and the catholic faith was the best option. I actually discussed it with a person of faith



at a bar at some point when I was in desperation. I wanted to leave the catholic church behind because, apparently, some “found their calling.” My interest in catholicism was dwindling because people stopped going to mass. There were very few who went. I think the whole idea of Christianity became a breaking point. People wanted to divide from each other.

Protestants no longer wanted to associate with the catholics. They called them evil. The catholics in return started getting close to their counterpart cousins, the orthodox's. Money was a huge dividing point. No one wanted to give us any kind of money at some point. I stayed a general for a long period of time taking assignments that were conscripted by priests and politicians far away from the city I was serving in.

There was not much lost on me. When I initially wanted to become a soldier, I didn't know there would be an end to services, that soon, jobs would run out. Some relationships ended on good note, others on bad note. One way or another, they just died. A lot of friends started losing traction with reality. At some point, we could no longer go to clubs. Moving forward, we could no longer go to bars. To this point, we have abandoned these grounds with my men. We no longer host these territories because they are fully conquered by us. There is not a top bar we haven't been to. There is not a club we didn't host with military precision. There is not a story left to tell about bars and clubs. I think after having the military capacity of being able to sleep with any woman you want and having access to any club, the taste disappears in your mouth. Any woman can be had, with a few men backing you in strength, once you realize that, the whole concept of sex just dies out. Any club can be accessed, if you burn it down to the ground. I think the moment we learned about rape and arson as possible ways to have what we want, we left the whole thing alone for other soldiers to conquer. As we grew in numbers, so did our interest in philosophies. I think I knew we wanted to be

liberated from the madness of crime and sin when we were all obsessed with the book of proverbs. After the wisdom of King Solomon, we were interested in falling in love for the right reasons. We started looking deep into the songs of Solomon. Showing off at clubs used to be a regular thing, now, staying with one woman became a challenge. We all found our honey. Day by day, we started spending time apart from each other and spent our sweet time living a good life with one woman each.

Instead of finding new assignments, we were finding ways to sneak out with our dearest darlings to fun spots out in the parks to have a good time. Our studies started losing ground because the women became the central point of our lives. As a general, I was glad to meet my *dolce amor*. I think that is when I learned of the greatest general of all time, Napoleon Bonaparte. The information I got from studying the document the soldiers put on my table was the only way I could leave the woman I fell in love with to pursue a military route in life. There were no headings in life. There literally were no destinations. Sometimes, I would even go deep in the woods and look towards the sky in the middle of the night for answers. I would go deep in the park, by the waters and study the constellations. I knew some of them by name. I would take the woman I loved at the time and her friend then, I would sit by the edge of the waters and think of a family life with her. I often felt like not waking up from the life that seemed like a dream. I didn't want it to end.

I believe at that point that was the only woman I loved and wanted to spend the rest of my life with. She often got in conflict with her family and friends for wanting to spend time with me also. I think she found me funny and oftentimes, a person she could distract herself with when she had nothing to do with anyone else. She loved to drink tea and obsess about her country along with the state of the economy. She used to tell me about the affairs of her

daily life. Although I loved her and we spent time together, I do not think I was anywhere on her radar when it came to family life. I spent my time doing assignments too dark and complicated to explain. She spent her life creating art to please a large audience. She was earning quite a lot of attention and money. Some of the soldiers I was working with were actually fighting me for her time since they loved to spend time with her. I didn't mind it. I found it humorous. Their attention was like that of a fish, taken by the first instant of a prey to feast on, and she was quite a meal. As my love grew for her, I think hers started to shrink a bit. She found me vile, especially after I got my second star as general. After a few years, I earned my third star, she hated me after that. I started to spend time with her friends and got affectionate with a handful. Forgiveness I think went out the window after that. I was no longer sent out on missions to fetch information or complete tasks soldiers could do. I went on the missions I wanted. I had the choicest pick from the bunch. No particular one was hard to finish. I was elected for a second term to serve as the student body governor. By the time I was a fully blown Four Star general, I had been completely divided from every student in the school. No particular person was giving me a call.

Whenever I wouldn't call the woman I loved to have a good time with me, she rejected my advances with slight silences and hard exits. I had to either spend all my time with her or try to find a project to do.

Seeing the position I was in, I started realizing my life could not get any better at that point because no University would take me. I think there was a point where I was rejected from over 30 Universities at some point. The ideal life escaped me. There was no frame that I could scope in and say "this is the life I want." Nothing was out of reach. Worst of all, the Cambridge school scholars at Harvard were called Pilgrims. As a general, I was far away

from the center of the battles. I didn't receive any instructions to go into the eye of the storm. I was not allowed in deep war zones and trenches. I was often instructed to stay far away. Life was becoming solemn and daily life much more resembled that of a priest.

Slowly, against my will, I was divided from the catholic church against my will. I started spending my days at home wailing and caring for myself along with writing letters for the woman I loved who was spending her time with different men she wanted to spend her days with. As I looked around, my former friends were getting married. Some even started having children. I could no longer afford to speak with them nor write to them in the ways that I wanted. They were becoming people of honor, citizens and the communities they lived in respected. There were moments I wanted to reach out to them to let them know how I was, what I was doing and who I was spending my time with but it was all for nought. I wanted to tell them about my pride. How I was a changed man, a pilgrim who has never stepped foot in a strip club nor spent any of my money ever, on hookers or prostitutes. Till this day, as a soldier, that is my point of pride in some way. Women came by the dozens, money was spent left and right on objects yet my honor still stays with me. I believe there are a prides of all sorts, yet the one where I never paid to have sexual relations with a woman still stands out with me to this day because the affair is one of the oldest, and the simplest option to get what you want out of a person that operates on the streets. When in deep thoughts, sex isn't really the most ideal for any soldier because the bonds you make tend to have permanent ones with the nation the women are from. All the point I am making here is, I am still alive documenting why I stayed alive all these years fighting for a cause I believe in as a General, yet few believe me when I tell them one of the secrets is this, any general that cannot take the desired sexual activity he wants by force is not a military man. If you have to pay for it, you

are a citizen. At any moment, you should be able to take it by force, by will power from any woman, or man. Sex should be a basic underlying accomplishment for any general, not something you buy from a hooker on a street. The second one is persuasion. All generals should be able to convince through words, including their soldiers to get what they want. There is no instance in my experience of running into a successful general that tells the truth. All generals should be able to lie. All generals should lie. Announcing the incoming assault to the enemy is one thing, telling the truth is another. The concept of telling the truth dies on me when thinking of military ventures. Who do you tell the truth to? Why should you tell the truth? For all she/he knows, you are the most pleasing citizen to ever come out of the city. You fill the ears of another with sweet words, they should melt in your hands like honey.

I do not think there is any instance of a General that succeeded by telling the truth, If there was I would be damned. Of Course i'm not ignorant of the position of leadership. The position of General is a job. At the moment you leave your post, you are like everyone else, living a life in accord with the constitution unless you want to live a life of crime. I can't say I am fond of outlaws but they live all around us. There could be 10 men in a bus and you wouldn't be able to tell who the outlaw is while looking at them because there really isn't a fit for an outlaw, unless you see them in the act. I have thought of life as an outlaw, and I could even get away with it, in a republic sense but there is no point. Outlaws usually have abandoned faith and reason. They violate the law because they can. They break the social contract because they believe either they are right, or no one could do anything about it.

One is either a civilian or a soldier. Most people who have lived both lives are politicians now. In the job, those who pretend are called spies. Spies are soldiers. civilians who play soldiers are actors, and at the end of the day, they are still civilians. You can't step

foot in both worlds at the same time. As a Roman General and a person who still loves his nation, I do not plan on abandoning my post any time soon. I think you have to leave one for the other and while writing this, I have abandoned my venture of love and have fully committed to serving in the army and becoming a statesman. I left the woman I love because I could no longer stand my nation being broken down by incompetent leadership. Originally, Rome was unhinged and torn to pieces because of the lack of unity. The leaders started breaking divine laws. The leaders become homosexuals. The straight ones divided from the gay one's and formed a new rome. Out of the gay ones and straight ones, some became bi-sexual and carved out new territories. The Emperors started having very little ground but strong fighters. Out of those who captured the domains, they started preferring children. Out of the ones who preferred children, some preferred boys, others preferred girls. They both didn't end up producing offspring and the government of Rome ended with them. I found a simple solution to maintaining Rome, eliminate sexual activity of all kinds from leadership. It has worked well for me so far. Instead of getting married, having a girlfriend or sustaining a family, I have gone full time into becoming a full blown Roman General. My orders are obeyed, there is no corruption, there is no conflict between the soldiers and the state is flourishing.

I love what I do. I like to think that the Roman Empire could have survived just as it was before it became an empire as a Republic. I am a huge advocate for the Republic because it is a well forged government where you can put God in it. There is not much room for God in an Empire when you are the God of your people. I have come a long way since I enlisted in the Army. I have carved myself a nice legion over the years that I have made good memories with.



The life of a soldier is its own reward. There will be instances where you will not like the position you are in since it is enemy territory. Most times, you are in places that have never been explored before. I find it hard to defend concepts and grounds that are new to you, while you are in territories you do not understand with people you do not know. When some of your projects are not being funded at the right time, or not at all, there are instances where you lose hope. There are moments where your back is against the wall and the money you need does not arrive. You simply carry on with zeal, to the destinations you initially planned for the glory of Rome.



## The Diary of the Conservative Knight

My day consists of waking up early in the morning and administering the kingdom as it is. I seek reports from soldiers. The earliest one I get is of those who have died the day before. I look at it with contempt. I sometimes look at it with delight. I have been ruling this empire that I have built for myself for quite some time now and I think there is nothing better than to be single or myself. The more I think to myself how I can make things better for myself, I consider the other people who are with me and around me. I have been going back and forth from my mothers house to my fathers house for quite some time now. Considering my parents have been divorced for a while, I think it's better to say I do not prefer both of them. My mind is constantly on the Irish Republic. At the moment, I am constantly thinking about the Kingdom of Ireland. Much like how the knight piece moves 4 steps in the chess game, I have also come to conclude you need to be brighter than others. I sit down and think about how many moves people think ahead of me. I have reached the conclusion that I am not the smartest person because I delight in the pleasures of others where at the moment, sitting at my fathers house here, there is none. They are constantly fighting against each other. I am no longer on their side. Countless times I have completed the assignments my father has set out for me and the last one I completed was the best and last one. He no longer wants my attention nor does he need it. He is an old man now and I am looking at inheriting his estate once he dies. I do not favor him nor her but considering I have taken an unorthodox way of life, there is nothing to complain about my state of affairs or my living situation.

They have faced a fair share of their troubles and mine are not quite different. I have loved none and I have yet to have any children of my own. It's not that I do not have any desire

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