

If you don't believe me, try organizing chaos when both the world & underworld are fucking with you for entertainment and laughter.

There are two kinds of aliens interested in earth, that I know of.

They follow me and gave me the alias "First Student," like on our busses in Seattle.

White aliens and black aliens. We are a derivative of these guys somehow, where each of us humans have white and black in us; which correlates to good and evil. Too much white is ok, as long as the curtains match the drapes; as long as the mind matches action. Too much black is addressed by typical, earthly religions.

Having too much evil is bad, which we all know; however, Disguising evil with good is worse; sheep in wolves clothing are worse than wolves in their own clothing, hiding nothing. You know what's there, and you can logically deal with it.

So it's hard to access the levels of white and black in a persons mind based solely on their actions in person and on paper.

Normally, these guys are at odds, but they're not now because they know our world is becoming too extreme.

The white disguising evil has become its own color both kinds of aliens have noticed: neon white; a.k.a. the good-cop type authority figure, who is really just collecting children for rape and trafficking. You can't logically deal with neon white.

Similarly, there is neon black now as well. I don't know as much about that, as I only have a neon white mark on my back, apparently, but I experienced neon black in 2004...

simply because my new network of family and friends, upon my returning to seattle in 2001, had spent a few years with me in their lives. 2004 I had reached a pinnacle in my work and love life... until neon white decided I shouldn't have a job nor a girlfriend anymore, and made it so almost overnight.

My actions in turn were provoked; I don't normally personally attack people. But I will chip away at neon white every fucking time I see it; so perhaps they will spiral down to the neon black world I had experienced in Spokane, in 2004.

Fun fact: I've had 5 "breakdowns" total. For all of them, my mom collects me from the hospital and/or jail upon landing "back on earth," whatever that means.

For Spokane in 2004, my dad had to pick me up from the hospital, and was contained in a room with me for hours before we were allowed to leave. I don't know why, but I think it all has to do with the fact his name is etched in gold on the housing of the voyager 1 satellite; I think I'm a mark, found by my last name and extra-erratic behavior than the rest of the Arasims on earth. As far as I know anyway. No one else in my family has spoken about this to me because they dismiss it all as my crazy delusions.

Though recently I discovered a delusion of people fucking with me by grooming my own son into fucking with me, is a 100% fact. And is why I'm leaving seattle as my residence for good.

When people provoke me I will react in self-defense. My self defense is personally attacking you at the same level I feel attacked. Verbally only. I've never hurt anyone but myself, and I

have the world's best coping skills for that right now; I've talked homeless people out of their feeling of despair.

I've been in the trenches of where human evil trickles down to and puddles up for Harley Davidson motorcycles to spin, toss, and whirl furthermore chaos for those responsible. There really are angels on motorcylces, you know.

I heard them at midnight from the 10th or so floor of the Red Lion Inn - downtown Spokane Washington... at the height of my episode... at the height of people's trickled down evil fucking with me.

Please read psychotica if you haven't already; I'm still unsure if it was a tactile hallucination I felt, and really really want to know if anyone knows a thing about full grown homosapiens undergoing mitosis cell division on a full body scale.

Yes, it sounds very insane, as are the abusive hospitals I've been in; all the cocky nurses and doctors with their narcissism over a mentally disabled person strapped tight to a gurney. Sure they're aware of me, but they don't understand me, and therefore judge and sentence me without that understanding.

In my religion, making judgement is extremely frowned upon and forbade. Assuming the understanding for my behavior, without empathetically having a conversation with me, like a licensed therapist, and dishing the sentence is even worse... it's neon white fuckery.

A male nurse at Virginia Mason once gave me a forced urinary catheter because I couldn't pee on command... sitting in a bed with my wrists and ankles bound, and another female nurse and cop behind my back, watching me fumble my cock into the tube the male nurse was holding. This is at Seattle's own Virginia mason hospital in 2016, following frosting-graffiti night.

All it takes is one person very close to you; one with a neon white aura, to talk shit or do something small to fuck with you. This snowballs to an evil trickle down that the original offender is not aware of. Others who join them in their disdain for you begin competing for fuckery against you... just to get a reaction... or even to place bets on your reaction.

In 2006 lg and i had our first ethereal session in my Ballard condo.

After we played electrify-the-lames, I was visited by two fake police officers, who drove me to a fake hospital, where I saw my first gp, dr Carlson, for the first time in probably 25 years. It didn't dawn on me until now, but they were probably working for the black and white aliens

However, the team of 10 dudes in red and white x'd out uniforms putting their hands on me all at the same time and praying or something; what was that? Is there another type of red alien that I don't know about? Does red represent the suffering, akin to what the midget and one armed man demand from bob in the black lodge? And does that just go hand in hand with black, or can it work with white as well?

My job is awareness for the two white and black aliens in space that just hover, follow me around, and laugh at the lames I break.

They think the world has been too cruel to my brain, as it literally loses gray matter every time it is provoked into mania followed by heavy depression.

It's really really hard to get those gray matter memories back. I've found psychedelics and deep, unconditional love and empathy help ... and subsequently move mountains.

They are looking into why the evil actions that keep repeating themselves whenever I feel like myself again. They noticed neon white and black forces against me with the same objective of annihilation. In the long run, once I am gone, if they continue, the world will become a giant neon zebra striped black and white hole that will suck our entire universe away... so dense it will collapse the universe back into its original dense form, but with pain that only increases exponentially over infinity.

No one wants that. Especially the white and black aliens.

So, I've been chosen to be their first student of **awareness**. I've been instructed by Ig to just walk and not judge. When I walk, anywhere, I meditate on my awareness of the environment and situation... I look for features like an escape room or pitch-black-maze. The things I find I more than likely will never care about again, but they get documented for later cross-reference anyway.

If awareness piques my interest, I'm allowed to investigate, honey-pot, and poke bee hives with sticks to get a better **understanding** of how it affects me in real life.

After that, judgement and sentencing is unbeknownst to me; I just know my life gets better once I've identified the bullshit I smell surrounding me.

Full disclosure

I want out

I want a mutually assured
destructive life seizing separate culture

Take me over

... coming sponsored by no one

Take me over

And blow up my mind