

The Gospel of the Return  
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Dedicated to MGK and Cleveland, OH whose courage as a performer brought out the best of me as an author.

Dedicated to Mac Miller and Pittsburgh, OH whose amazing talent gave me permission to shine as an author.

Dedicated to Keys and Baltimore, MD whose fire gave me something to burn with.

Dedicated to the Lyrical Insurrection and Cincinnati, OH who without your firmament none of this would have been possible.

Dedicated to my devoted family who stuck by me throughout my entire ordeal that I like to humbly call my 20's.

Dedicated to my Grandmother Norma Reigle the last surviving member of her generation. May she live long and prosper.

This is very closely based on the true story of Nicholas Lawson. You have not heard of this man and unless you read this you may never will, however, this essentially happened to Nicholas Lawson and from this happening more will happen. Nicholas Lawson experienced a strange life and is continually experiencing a strange life. He is anticipating wealth accompanying his rise to fame in both virtual and real worlds.

Expect amazing things to happen to the protagonist of this story and watch life unfold before Nicholas in amazing and stunning fashion. You do not know who I am, however, through this story you will learn about me. I want to let you know that I am a Christ and from my Christ Consciousness comes this story.

I am in control of my destiny and to an extent yours as well and I am working to ensure that beautiful things happen to this planet and if we do not do this then less than beautiful things will happen to this planet. I was created by the Goddess that Created me thirty one years ago. I did not create the Goddess. This universe was created to exist in and you are in it with me and we are together. We are here at this point in human history to entertain each other and develop a deeper understanding of the human psyche and the human condition. This reality is what we exist within and I am here with you watching, waiting, and writing. I love you more than you love yourself and hopefully you love me more than you love yourself. Do more in life and create expressions of your time as you spend your time wisely. Write more about your life and explore this language with your generation. Prepare to be astonished and overwhelmed as your Christ, namely me, takes the helm of this entire planet through a single website and prepares you for your destiny. You may want to cover your eyes but then you would never get to know what happened to the Christ, this Christ, that you see before in shining glory. You will never understand this author and even if you do you will never be more powerful than this author and even if you are you will never be this author and that is a fact among facts because all that this author has ever been is himself and he has been abused in every way possible and he still writes like his life is beautiful because it is an abused life of beauty. Enjoy and at least try not write a response email less than 15 pages in length with your thoughts about this creation that you see embedded in eternity before you.

Absorb this story and write about the place that it takes in your heart. Take the time to enjoy what I am sharing with you and as an author to a patron, write me back and send extensive letters detailing what you think this story is about and how you perceive it. Be a self taught literary scholar and start with my books for your subject of study and tell me what my hands are writing. I would love to know, and you as well.

This is entertaining for me, and please make it fun for you. This is a story based on actual events but since

this story is being written glory is being created out of trauma, confusion, and abuse.

## THE EIGHT BEATTITUDES OF JESUS

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek,

for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness,

for they shall be satisfied. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Gospel of St. Matthew 5:3-10

### Chapter One ::: A Man Walks Off Stage

The NorthSide Tavern is where the most beautiful creatures in all of existence take the time to work serving elixirs and imbibements of the finest quality to the patrons of Cincinnati. There was a buzzing crowd filling the tavern as people were sitting at the bar mingling and searching for phone numbers and free drinks alike. The stage was currently being manned by Nicholas Lawson the Performer.

"Do you ever think about the future? Any of it? It's just an idea until you realize that there are real people who just do not exist yet and that are going to exist and have wicked more powerful technology than we have and then this future for them will be as plain to them as ours is to us, no matter how amazing the future becomes it will always be patently normal to that generation which grew up accustomed to the amenities of their time period. We have countless centuries of millennia left to exist as humans but I will tell you this, there won't be a hotter writer or poet than me in the centuries to come. So . . . you have to imagine for yourself what will our generation and every generation have in common with previous generations back to the origins of existence ... I shall tell you ... tis language. The way you phrase a sentence today could be the hottest sentence for decades if you say it correctly, however, what if the future is wack??? What if the hottest lines have already been told here at the origins of hip hop and rap and in the future we will only be listening to posers. I shall tell you this. I'm jumping bandwagons and rolling with the poets for my chance at attaining immortality. I see something in these poets today that I think Hip Hop will never catch up to. I think a few rap artists will be immortal but many poets will be. I want to be immortal and so I am telling ya, get on these mics and spit some inferno, push yourself in your own personal dialects. That being said, I need a beer." said the Christlike Nicholas Lawson getting down off the stage and off the mic.

Nicholas walks out onto the deck and sits down in one of the NorthSide Tavern's iron lattice chairs that is actually kind of cold on the bum in the autumn. Saint Nicholas looks around and sees a few people smoking long Misty Cigarettes and inspired by such activity he decides to feed his consciousness as he palms some reefer and breaks it up. A pleasant looking ebony man sits down next to Nicholas the Relaxed and holds up a fine lookin cigar.

"Would you mind if I chip in?" says the ebony chap. "Not at all and might I add that is a most expensive looking cigarello." said the Ambient Nicholas. "I like to smoke good on my birthday." said the ebony complexioned man.

Nicholas then receives the blunt from the man of ebony and begins to stem his fingers into the leaf that surrounds the cut tobacco and begins to press in with a firmness that breaks the seal of the leaf. Then he brushes off the extraneous tobacco and starts up conversation with the resourceful individual who has sat

down with him.

"So if you don't mind my asking, what happens to be your name?" asked the Nicholas the Entertainer. "I am called Hakiym." said the mysterious man who provided a luxurious cigar leaf.

"Its really is good to know someone else who happens to smoke the reefer around here. Sometimes I feel mostly alone with this habit that I have here in the City of C's." said Nicholas the Friendly.

"Yes, well, this is a fairly dry city in terms of all that but I try do what I can to keep the cortex lubricated. You are a poet, no?" said the resourced Hakiym the Introduced.

"Well I happened to get on the microphone tonight." said Nicholas the Celebrity.

"You should come out to a very special show known as the Lyrical Insurrection, it's a little something that I like to entertain people with. You would fit right in with your style of speech and I even bet you do have some poems, don't you?" said the Entertaining Hakiym.

Nicholas the Smoker had started the ceremony of sprinkling the herb into the leaf so that he could engage in rolling up the reefer cigar for the purposes of experiencing conscious freedom. There is a pattern of thought and language that rolls off the tongue when lucid on the reef. It is experienced like a beautiful tapestry of thought that occurs in dream like fashion when you are lifted on the reef.

"I would truly love to come out, but I really don't know if I am an Insurrection artist, and I was wondering if you could do the honors and roll this piece up so that we could have a collaborative effort on this kush." said Nicholas the Team Player.

"That is not a problem at all." said the Problem Solving Hakiym as he picks up the instrument of enjoyment and lifts it to his mouth where he rolls it magically with his lips and creates a perfect rolled piece of highnishes.

"Would you let me see your flame?" asks the Enterprising Hakiym.

Nicholas the Giver hands over his lighter and Hakiym the Anointed sparks it with all of the elegance and suave of a trained master of ceremonies. He takes three slow cool drags and passes it back to Nicholas the Honest One.

The entire outdoor courtyard of the NorthSide Tavern is filled with humans. Nicholas and Hakiym the Patrons are back in a secluded corner just observing. Hakiym the Third Eye Rebel is sitting and absorbing existence and Nicholas the Beautiful Medusa takes the instrument of enlightenment and collects a few deep inhalations while he holds it in like a champ and manages to get about three hits before he passes it back to the equally lifted Hakiym the Introspective.

Then Hakiym the Philosopher asks Nicholas the Relaxed, "What affect does the reefer have on you?"

Nicholas the Thinker is ever relaxed as ever and just replies, "It feels like a niceness that you always forget about until it happens again. Normal life is like a cassette tape filled with distorted frequencies where being on kush is like living out your dreams in full DVD quality. You get all of the inspiration you were meant to have and I fall in love with existence every time I go out on a date with Mary Jane. It's like a magical ride to the ends of my imagination and it honestly feels like being in a waking dream. I love being alive man and in this life there are treats and kush is one of them. I do remember when this ish was illegal and you had to hide your habit but now that it's legal it honestly feels like we have been allowed to experience heaven. It's like they purposely made heaven illegal and I could tell there was a crime being committed because I could see law enforcement officers in action and they only show up when there is a lack of observance of the law occurring

and yeah I guess I digress too often into the Jane but it honestly feels like the best part of the best part of life." elucidated Nicholas the Explanation.

Hakiym the Stunned just sat there looking at the blunt like the weed was talking to him. He rubbed his head with his hand and looked Nicholas the Provider of Insight right in his eyes and intoned, "That was a hell of an answer, you want to hear mine? Fuck it I'll just tell you. I go into a place of homeostasis where my past future and present all harmonize and I just exist. The herb helps me just flat out exist and through flat out existing I absorb esoteric knowledge that I otherwise wouldn't pay attention to. I think thoughts that would otherwise not occur to me and I think about death and my supposed mortality. I imagine what it's like to not exist and I don't know what to say. I'm the least afraid of death of anyone I know because I don't know why I am alive and imagine that death is as natural as this so maybe we have absolutely nothing to fear at all for any reason whatsoever. I imagine I am the bravest man you have ever met Mr Nicholas. how do you feel about meeting a brave man?" intoned the Hakiym of Cincinnati with profound depth of character.

Nicholas very calmly sat there for a long second and then quipped with chime, "Well, honestly, when I meet a brave man I ask him to pass the fucking blunt because you have been holding it for about five minutes." said the Nicholas the Character smiling down into the depths of corridor of friendship.

Hakiym the Brave opened up his soul and burst into laughter and then proceeded to hand the blunt to Serene on the Scene Nicholas. This Nicholas looked at the now Holy Blunt and realized it still fucking had 3.5 quarters left to burn and then he smiled the kind of smile that cherubs practice in the mirror.

"Yo to the yo, a miracle has literally, literally, lllllttttrally just occurred. Yo, we been smoking on this cigar for damn near fifteen minutes and apparently you would think we just got sparked. We can start a religion on a miracle like this. For real. The Jewish culture has a holiday dedicated to some oil not burning out or some shit, maybe we could start an everlasting blunt religion whose purpose is to just puff puff pass until there is nothing left to pass, you feel me? " said the Pontifactory Nicholas.

"This blunt, this blunt right here, this blunt right here, this ... blunt ... right ... here ... I can already tell ... is the beginning of a new friendship, one in which we toast to the most and roast the soc's who stood in our way as we greased our lives with herbal remedies to eternal problems as it was just a story to be told as the pages unfolded and we molded our sentences with reckless ascension." said the Ascension of the Hakiym.

"Daaaamn you are a poet! I really don't know what that means but it sounded smooth as lavender in the early spring. So, I will say that we are friends now, may I ask, what is this Lyrical Insurrection you speak of?" replied the First Born Nicholas.

"Its my secret society." fluidly whispered the Great American Poet Hakiym.

"The Lyrical Insurrection is a showcase of the talents and aspirations of the people that surround me. I'm the host of this carnival of depth that seeks to question religions, politics, law, and also seeks to capture the essence of heat. Who can bring it? You know what I mean? Who can bring the most infernist lines that get to the raw core of this English language that we speak? You think you know poetry and then you come to the Lyrical Insurrection and you hear some syllables you never thought you would hear before in combinations you never thought possible. I bring in artists from other cities and travel with the show to other cities and basically its a party that I never leave or sleep on, hence the phrase ... secret ... society. " explained with fullness the Master of Lyrical Abstractness Hakiym.

Nicholas looks down. The blunt has burned halfway down and he swears either time has slowed the fuuuuuuck down or that literally a miracle was occurring in his hand, either way he passes the blunt over to the Illustrious Hakiym.

Hakiym accepts it slowly and then deliberately remains still, for a passing moment.

"Would you like to know why I approached?" inquires the Leaderous Hakiym.

"You happened to see me plotting on a cigar." replied The Esoteric Nicholas Lawson.

"Naw I ain like that. I observed your stage performance and just wanted to ask you with true sincerity if you would come and perform for my society. You have a true spark to you that I believe my audience would look up to and it's not a major arena but we have goals too and we have aspirations and from those aspirations there might be a place for you to aspire with us and to just be you and speak your mind with a freedom that is both empowering and beautiful." said the Most Elegant and Literate Hakiym.

"Yeah man, I mean. I can perform at your show, not a problem. I'm actually a very talented poet and tonight I just kind of talked off the cuff but I guess I am professionally deep in my steelo. I am professionally introspective to the extent that I improve humanity to the extent that a individual can with my delvations into the human spirit and I think it's that depth, that honest delving into the nature of humanity that people truly look for and aspire to gravitate towards. Honestly, if I take up your offer and show up for your social gatherings I'm going to need some extended time on the mic and since you recognize real talk ... I'll even make a demand for my first performance ... you gotta let me feature ... I have heard of your society and if I am going to show up I want to show up strong with a Lyrical introduction that does my style justice." said the Surprisingly Powerful Nicholas

"Bet ... you do a feature in 1.5 months and its up to you bomb or blow up ... if you bomb just come back and rock it out in the minors until you get it right and if you blow up then maybe we can work you into a hosting position." said Social Eagle Hakiym.

Nicholas accepts the cigar back from the Society's Gift to Lyricism as Hakiym and takes a big inhalation and then experiences a full rush of euphoric bliss.

"Oh man, yo , Hakiym I just realized something ... I'm alive in a paradox. We should smile because we are alive in a paradox, yo. This happens from time to time, where I just sit there and experience fits of just existing and this kush brings it on. I would actually care much more about money and women if it weren't for kush and I think there is a connection in my mind because I'm supposed to find money for women and they get pissed when you don't do your job. Women want you to search for resources and I don't know why ... well I do it's because a woman is a weak creature. They are superficial entities who no matter how deep they seem, always come around to the age of thirty where they realize they need resources to foster a youngling and honestly no matter how deep a woman may seem she is also professionally shallow. She will ask you about your worth and she will inquire about your potential to provide for them and Oh! Man! I am so out of all of that. Hakiym, I'm so poor that I cannot afford to spend time with women and the time that I do get to spend with them they just pity me for being a poor artist but herbal medicine burned provides for me something that a woman can never do ... provide peace of mind ... women can provide me with peace of my body ... but herb provides me with peace of mind ... I used to chase girls and ask for phone numbers and all of that until I wised up and started focusing on my craft ... I can create essentially into forever and there is no limit to what I can create or how much of it I can create , which means that I can essentially create money from my bare hands. My hands are worth more than money and jewels and I am just working on polishing my treasures. My hands have been Europe and have been to Africa and my hands have been all over the surface of the electronic ecosystem and my hands have been over the alphabet thousands of times and I would actually like some software that counts or tracks the number of times that I hit certain characters on the keyboard because I want to quantify my typing schedule. We could link it up to a website or something I don't know. I digress. I'm just vibin right now and yo this kush is fluid. You know that feeling of euphoria it gives you. Yeah, I got that right now. I'm just sitting here chillin' man. Thanks for the cigar I was going to use a

bowl." said Nicholas the Defensive Posturing Misogynist.

Nicholas Fed Ex's the blunt back to the Emissary of All Things Chillin' Hakiym.

"Yo, ma dude, let me get at that. I like you man. You have something to say and you know how to say it. You're a little bit more unhygienic than I am, to be honest, but that's just scruffy artistry. Yo, it's like the world started singing and then I started bringing my poetry for the world to absorb. You placed the game in the graces of the stages of ecstasy and that's why these words are coming out of me so eloquently because the weed has me believing I can see the seven seas inside the miracles I feel behind my eyes where my intellect has me try and derive the complacent connections that we all think about. I'm more than just a poet I've got something to think about like a sovereign nation that I can build for all time where my children raise their children and we bring our children to the stage and you know I'll bring mine. We surrender to the fact that we know God created this eternity and inside this reality is my beautiful poetry and that poetry found me and I am defining what poetry means to me as I stylize my style while I walk the longest mile, I'd do anything to make an audience smile. Now smoke this." said The Poetical Hakiym with an abrupt suddenness.

"Yo, lets go for a walk." said The Inspired Nicholas.

Nicholas the Now Known and Hakiym the Been Known take the time to walk into the NorthSide Tavern. Nicholas the Elevated sits back and notices that thankfully no one seems to care that they are burning. Well as he is sitting there he looks across the room and he can see her, Monique the Bartendress. He wants to talk to her and rekindle the past but the campfire has been removed and there is nothing to rekindle. When a woman changes your life sometimes your life stops and you stay in place playing games with artistic creations so that you can keep the memory of perfection for just a little bit longer and then you see the reality and internally you have to keep the door closed as there is nothing to say because she is married and in that marriage there is a promise to be with someone else and friendship would only rekindle ridiculous thoughts of only a month when more love was made than one could handle and in that love one found his manhood and then he proposed awkwardly in a way that angered her but he got down on one knee for her and what's wrong with marrying the woman that gave you the most intense feelings you ever felt isn't that how rock stars roll where you meet the one that meets your definition of perfection and then you let it all go and when it goes wrong you just stop, like Nicholas the Lover did.

Nicholas the Now Celebrate Asexual's entire life was based on love and his love life hit a brick wall with Monique and this may be just telling instead of showing but for once the author was going to let you know that I am Nicholas and this did happen as this is based on a true story that never happened and I just want literature to be out there that lets the world know that she may be married to a man but she isn't married to the man that loves her the most and call this a love letter but I want this book to find its way to her bar one day and for just one person to ask her if she has read it and then she says no? and her eyes widen as she realizes that he's just completely strange but really this book is a work feat of artistic ability and I will do what I think it takes to make this writing be a work of merit, as I have no formula to follow for this social chemical equation that I have been placed in that is changing daily and taking forever to grow accustomed to. When you know love, knew love, forgot about love, became numb to love, its only because you know what you are missing that you can stop caring about the euphoria that your partner brings to your life. How can you be married to a month? I wish I knew.

"Yo, hit this." said the Pace Setting Hakiym.

"Yo I could never be faithful to a memory. I don't see the point in it. I mean I can understand being faithful for your family but being faithful for the sake of being faithful is redundant. There is no reason not to be with multiple women and honestly that's how its supposed to be and is a sign of success. The fact that you haven't been with another woman in seven years or even tried to is like giving up your life for someone that won't even talk to you on the phone. She cut you out of her life and you hung on for some romantic bullshit

reasons. Get out there and get some women and spit that poetry into some woman's ear and move on with your fucking life man. " said the Honest Masculine Traditional Hakiym.

"I think I would rather make art. I can be content having been with the most beautiful creature in Cincinnati. It's the way she talks. It matches the way she looks and her smile and everything about her and I just don't want to have anything to do with anyone else because of her. I don't know why I feel like that. I just feel married to her myself and it's a marriage that I can never forget and it's not even love it's just that I got down on a knee for her. I can't propose to another woman my entire life. I have one knee in me and that's all I have. She saw my knee and I was denied at the peak of my physical health and then she threatened to call the police because she wasn't playing around and I was done. I'm not playing Love anymore. I'm in a relationship with existence and that's enough for me. Love can go be with the people that take it less seriously than I do. Love today has no rules. She didn't think about the situation she just saw the person she was laying at the time make a fool of himself, she didn't see a man getting down on the only knee he would ever get down on for anyone ever. So I went down on the most beautiful woman I have ever met and she is a bartendress at this bar here at the NorthSide Tavern and I never come here anymore. This is actually the first time I have been back to this bar in like six years. I thought I would come perform for her, look in her eyes and go get high and live my life. I'll be back in six more years and see if she still works here. " said Nicholas the Disrupter of Paradise.

"Pass that, bro. Bro. I'm sorry." said the Contemplative Hakiym.

"Yo , I don't believe in romance but that might be the most romantic sentiment that I have ever witnessed in real life. I mean I just don't know what to say." said Hakiym the Soulful.

"There is nothing to say. It's quintessential romance and its unrequited love that I am experiencing. Love for a creature that does not reciprocate. Love for her is like my love for the Goddess I used to believe in. I love something that was incapable of loving me back. I was a mess though when she knew me. I was crazy , literally crazy, and it's all foggy but I remember just being so infatuated with her and you know what, I became a man because of her. She washed my clothes for me in the sink with her bare hands wearing nothing but the essence of my soul. She had an apartment with no electricity and a mattress on the floor and then she washed my clothes almost ceremoniously and for the briefest moment I felt like the man I always thought men should feel like. Then one day while we were sitting there nubile under the sheets, being intimate I said that I was thinking of having dinner with this other poet that I had known for a long time and she didn't know that I actually knew her but she flipped out with derision. I also drank a shot of jack that she handed me instead of sipping it and she lost her shit on me and I tried to climb her fire escape to see her but she had to work in the morning and that went the opposite of Romeo and Juliet which is what I was dreaming of in my hallucination that forever started with her. She did write me a wonderful Facebook message many years later that let me know there was an US and that it wasn't just me fantasizing but I have nothing left for women I gave my heart to one woman and you only have one heart and my body is ridiculously aged and now I am just going to create artwork until a woman falls in love with me or none at all do. I won't fall again and I have no heart to offer. I fell. I won't fall again and if another should fall in love with me she would be falling in love with the wrong person because I'm kind of messy as a person and I don't take life seriously anymore because I have more serious things to think about than life and " said Nicholas the Interrupted.

"Yo, this is the best weed I ever smoked." said Hakiym the Muhajadin of the Mind and The Interrupter of Sorrowful Moments.

"I love it because I won't remember this five minutes from now and you won't remember this five minutes from now but I had the chance to speak my piece. I told at least one person. Now I can move on in priestly fashion. Did you hear about that computer downtown?" said Nicholas the Experiencer of Depth.

"THE COMPUTER! SHIT! I cannot wait to get into the line to drop my lines into that database. I want the

future to know I exist... I want to make a beat in a couple hours and play it for the whole city. You know they have a special HD station dedicated to the computer and everyone has access to all of the files on that computer and every single program is custom fitted for that computer and they are making it so that the software is unique to the giant three hundred foot screen itself. " said the Futuristically Appreciative Hakiym.

"Yo that computer ... lets stop for a moment and let me hit that green lantern and light my brain up ... but seriously tomorrow that computer is unveiled and in its unveiling we enter a new age of mankind." said Nicholas the Prophet.

"...or we just have a dope ass computer to use in our home town" said Hakiym the Downplayer.

"No, dude, we have a wonder of the world with us, that computer is a symbol of generations of thinkers spending their time applying logic to the problem of computation. Here in Cincinnati we have the greatest computer that the world has ever known and from that computer great things are going happen. That computer is going to be in place for hundreds of years and every generation of society is going to make their mark on it. It's going to be like the Sistine Chapel only interactive and with a memory. Imagine if the Mona Lisa had had hundreds of years of people leaving comments on it's facade and imagine what a treasure trove that would be for us today and tomorrow and the next day. That computer is a treasure box but its empty and requires the combined efforts of artists and scientists alike to fill it with value. That computer that is being unveiled downtown is essentially pure potential unachieved at this present moment, It's like a massive brain that has yet to be birthed. When we start working on it and saving files and customizing it and adding value to it over time much will be achieved. That thing has 1 quintabyte of hard drive space and is upgradeable to 16 petabytes. It is going to be capable of storing documentaries, photographs, entire databases and its all going to be stored right here. I'm sorry but this is unfathomable to me right now and all I know is that if I want to be an immortal I have to get something astounding on that machine As Soon As Possible or with time because I want to be remembered and that computer is my ticket to being remembered. It's like a time machine in that it stores information over time and the future can then go back and search back through time at our interactions and our use of that computer. It's a symbol of everything that ever meant anything to anyone that ever cared about peace and science and engineering and " said Nicholas the Arrived.

"Stop right there. Keep getting stung by that green hornet. Yo man I am higher than I have ever been in my entire life. You just uplifted my entire consciousness to a place that I didn't think it could go. It's like you have an intellect and a passion that I have never encountered before and honestly that is refreshing. I think that deeply but I think about Hip Hop and I can tell you represent your people to the fullest and typically I believe that your people are the most evil that have ever existed, honestly but I can talk to you about Hip Hop if you would want and you can see my passion?" said Hakiym the Prepared.

"Talk about both, how are my people the most evil ever and what do you know about Hip Hop?" said Nicholas the Unprepared.

Hakiym becomes serenely serious for a pause and his eyes start to glow slightly crimson as he takes on his immortal persona and he begins to quote the following as he inhales the green ether from the glowing kushtal that is miraculously only half way what it was.

"First you have to know what Hip Hop stands for ... it stands for Heaven Includes People Holding Overstanding Principles. Can you dig that?" said Hakiym the Pneumonic Device.

Nicholass the Laws Son replied by saying "Yo, I can dig it."

"I was going to speak heavily on the topic of Hip-Hop but suddenly I am feeling light." said the Hakiym of Northside.



"Yo I can understand the flow of conversation changes with every moment." said Nicholas the Knowing.

Hakiym passes the blunt that was with finality almost out and handed it to Nicholas with a pick and roll where he placed his thumb and forefinger with the burning kush stick inside it to Nicholas's thumb and he rolled it off onto Nicholas's thumb and forefinger. Nicholas smiled and took a final hit and then Hakiym the Majestic said as follows,

"Yo man , Yo Man , Yo Man, Yo Man, Yo Man , YOU need to be an Insurrectionist. We don't currently have a European in our ranks but I think you would have some messages that would resonate with what we are trying to do. I could even find you some work with the Hip Hop Congress, I can just tell that you are who I am looking for in this position that I have in mind. Basically you will always be in the line up and you just go up when I call you and drop fusion bombs all night long as I craft a show for Cincinnati and now, our, society. " said Hakiym the Social Organizer.

"Is there going to be a crowd?" said Nicholas the Being.

"Hell yeah there is going to be a crowd! It's going to be at the Greenwich every Sunday night and the ladies are always heavily present." said Hakiym the Cool.

"I'm in , let me get your seven and we can talk. What we gonna do now that the kush is gone?" said Nicholas the Accepted.

"Yo, you got a ride?" asked Hakiym the Momentarily Restless.

"Yeah I got a Mazda around the corner." said Nicholas the Pilot.

"Well lets get downtown and check out the scene. All things considered this is interesting especially since you just gave me something very special that resonates very deeply with people I have now a definitive need to speak with. Yo, on the real, well see how real you are. I'll test you out. If you are who I think you are, and if my senses are right. This could be cool for you, in ways you are not ready to imagine." said Hakiym the Baker.

"I've been taking tests my whole life and haven't failed one yet." said Nicholas the Passed the Tested. "Nice." said Hakiym the Speaker of A Single Word.

So with that Nicholas and Hakiym stood up and Nicholas led the way through the back lot of the Northside Tavern to where he was keeping his car on the street. Nicholas the Real was so fucking lifted that all he could manage to think was that Earth was round and Hakiym the Distiller of Importance was so high that all he could think about was that the weed was green and they both felt like their minds were beyond were not where they typically are.

The two of them get into the golden colored Mazda 626 that on a number of occasions Nicholas the Symbolologist had thought of those numbers as standing for six two sixes which would be six six six, so essentially he was rolling in the ride with the Mark of the Beast and he acted like everyone knew, like he was in a biblically marked car and the wheels would fall off before he would stop riding in this piece of machinery. Hakiym the Anointed closed his door and Nicholas the As Yet Unannointed was sitting next to him ...

"Downtown?" said Nicholas the Ready.

"Downtown." said Hakiym the Celebrity.

Sew from this point, Nicholas gets in his ride thinking of the fact that the sky elevates forever and Hakiym the Thoughtful was thinking about the fact that his member would fit inside every member acceptor on earth each one would love it and both of their minds were blown and Nicholas the Blown just turned the key in the

ignition and started on his way. He pulled forward and then he pulled back and then he pulled forward again so that he could get out of his spot and onto the road he went. Nicholas in Motion reached down and turned on WIZF because he knew that Hakiym the Chiiiiilin wouldn't put up with that Q102, KISS107, WEBN shit and then a radio wave said ...

"Yo every man woman and adult is downtown right now celebrating the unveiling of the most massive computer on earth. We got people from China, Australia and South America and all the other continents you can think of downtown right now and all are just in awe. You need to get downtown and bring your green, it helps it all settle in better." said Russ Pahr at WIZF.

Nicholas the Dude was turning right on Central Parkway and Hakiym the Dude was leaned back chillin. They make it downtown for a chance to look around and Nicholas the Adult was already realizing that he was going to be late for work in the morning but he felt vested so why worry? Well Nicholas uses his key card from LPK to get a parking space right downtown and Hakiym the Impressed just looks at him.

"You work for LPK?" said Hakiym the Interested. "Yeah. Impressive, huh?" said Nicholas the Subdued But Confident.

"They charge like \$150 an hour for their services and I know because I looked into having them do a logo for the Hip Hop Congress." said Hakiym the Businessman.

"Well I'm one of the interactive designers and I have a presentation tomorrow for P and G." said Nicholas the Corporation.

"They don't mind that you smoke do you or that you might not be in on time?" said Hakiym the Curious.

"With these festivities they are going to be very complimenting that I even took the time to celebrate something worth celebrating." said Nicholas the Employed.

Nicholas parked his car and got out of it like he was in a Dr. Dre Kush music video and time did seem like it stopped on him and then like Akon does Hakiym got out on his side and the two of them just stood there. There were people everywhere on the street and everyone had a joint it seemed and basically it was smoke out city and reaaaaaaaaaaaaaally fucking quiet....really really crowded ...and really really really contemplatively quiet.

"I feel like if I talk too much I'll get taken in." said Nicholas the Solemn Observer.

"I've been arrested for talking too much, it's not a big deal." said Hakiym the Sharer of Personal History.

"Damn for real?" said Nicholas the Sorrowful. "Yeah." said Hakiym the Burning.

Nicholas the Passive didn't reply and Hakiym the Wronged appreciated not revisiting a memory that only solidified his belief in the evil of the European race. They started to walk around downtown and they felt like they were in New York City in their own city, Cincinnati was actually anticipating a massive insurgence of immigrants from other cities just wanting to be around the appleplexiconicalistica as it was called in the media. Some of the square broadcasters had trouble pronouncing it but Apple said that they wanted a name that would never be forgotten as this was to be an immortal computer one that would last through the ages like the Pyramids and the Great Wall of China. Nicholas the Illustrious had often wondered about the Pyramids and if the intent was to create something that would last for eternally long, were these items built to stand the test of time over and over and over and when does the test of time really end because when you fail the test of time, you cease to be conscious enough to realize you are a failure which means you should be cool with your path in life because while you are passing the test of time well then you are cool but should you fail

well at that point you are no longer in the class if you can feel me so smile you are either happy and you know it or you just do not know what you do not know.

Well Nicholas was posted up with Hakiym and just surveying the downtown territory and then they turned a corner and there it was. They came upon the computer. It was a giant bronze encumbrance that went 300 feet into the air. It was a computer that was as tall as the 5/3rd building and there were just people camped out meditating and doing yoga and observing a day of silence in anticipation of an eternal future of neutral passivity.

"We shall be remembered..." said Hakiym the Father.

"Yes my new friend. I never thought I would see this many people downtown. I can't see a space where there aren't people." said Nicholas the Social.

"The city council had dictated that this would be a time of reverence and there were multiple radio spots and television ads touting this as a time of somber remembrance of the past leading up to a new era in civilization. I mean when you really think about it wouldn't human civilization yearn for moments like this to be like this from time to time, not necessarily all of the time but aren't there supposed to be moments when earth coalesces into it's finest form?" said Hakiym the Noted.

"I agree. we should say some prayers or just be reverent." said Nicholas the Suddenly Spiritual.

Hakiym the Prepared smiled.

"You pray?" said Hakiym the Prayer.

"Yeah I pray." said Nicholas the Liar.

"You ever zdicker?" said Hakiym the Peacefully Unknowing of Nicholas's Lie

"Don't even know what it is." said Nicholas said Nicholas the Complacent

"It's a Muslim tradition of chant, we should do that." said Hakiym the Spirited.

With the computer in sight Nicholas the Earthling and Hakiym the Enchanted bow down on the ground and Hakiym the Real starts to chant in the most eloquent beautiful chants that Nicholas the Void had ever heard. Nicholas the Realist does not chime in but other people start to pay attention to Hakiym the Prepared and Nicholas the Weak and some other Muslims come over and bow down with Nicholas the Goes Along With Whatever and Hakiym the Actually Believes In Something and Nicholas the Faulty Soul is kind of nervous but Hakiym the Righteous Leader is feeling immortal and immortals do immortal things. Well the tones that Hakiym the Song is experiencing in his zdicker are beyond what he has ever experienced. He is channeling the collective subconsciousness of the experience and Nicholas the Participant finds himself entering into a prayer set and the two of them along with everyone else just feel enlightened and then Hakiym the Trained finishes his chant and he stands up. Nicholas the Peaceful For No Reason follows suit and Angelic Hakiym's eyes are glowing those immortal colors again and everyone seems to feel the energy of the moment which was summed up perfectly in Glowing Hakiym's chant and the collective prayers of all that were following.

No one says a word and Hakiym the Angered just looks up at the computer and curses the fact that it took something that great in effort to bring people together in harmony.

Nicholas the Awed sees the computer and sees a marvel of technology that would encompass the full abilities

of an entire planet and he sees a work of great accomplishment as being a sign that peace is ready. Nicholas the Thinker was thinking to himself that peace is something you work for through art and that with the greatest work of art preparing itself for the greatest works of art that a great peace would be found in this time period. It may not last forever but that computer may hold it together for aeons and those aeons will be filled with the greatest introspection that the world has ever known.

Hakiym the Insurrectionist hands Nicholas the Beautiful Troublemaker a blunt that he didn't see him roll and Nicholas the Smile sparks up.

## Chapter Two ::: Getting Canned Can Really Put You a In Jam

Nicholas is walking into work sober as a puppy first born waiting to tell everyone about this man named Hakiym that he has met. He walks up to his secretary and says a little hello. She doesn't say much in return which is strange because usually she asks him about his morning. Nicholas then walks over to his cubicle and attempts to sign in and to his surprise has no luck after several attempts, a morose feelings starts to seep into Nicholas, computers are something that are highly predictable and in that Nicholas knows that someone wants to tell him something about his computer, maybe he got a promotion and this is how they inform him? Nicholas walks over to his boss's office and the boss waves him in with a smile on his face.

Nicholas' boss' name is Donald Warner. Donald is very cordial and studied English Literature at Harvard University. He is a very well educated man with great leadership qualities and is very diplomatic.

"Nicholas I need to speak with you." said Donald with the sternness of an employer in power.

"Can you believe that computer outside?" said Nicholas searching for insight into his situation.

"We can talk about that in a bit." said Donald dismissively.

Nicholas knew immediately what being canned feels like. Apparently it feels like this.

"Nicholas, what is reddit.com?"

"It's the place that I find my inspiration and interact with other designers in other cities." said Nicholas still not knowing what the problem is.

"Nicholas what is r/girlsgonewild?" said Donald.

"That's a subreddit." said Nicholas knowing what said subreddit is but also knowing he does not attend such place.

"What is r/4chan?" said Donald building up his case. "That is another subreddit." said Nicholas feeling queasy.

"We audited your computer and found that you are subscribed to these quote unquote subreddits and we are professionally and personally disappointed in your connection to these sites. You posted a picture of my wife on r/girlsgonewild from the office party and then she found herself referenced in several memes that we find disheartening. My wife is not a doe with a slut condition and I don't know how her photograph was involved in this smut but you are to blame and for that and I can't work with you anymore. We can't work with you anymore at this office. Just the utter level of disrespect that you would show to your colleagues is beyond troubling, Nicholas what are you doing?" said Donald wondering much about Nicholas at this point. "I'm sparking a little pinner." said Nicholas making the most of a bad situation.

"Nicholas you know there is no smoking on these premises, especially not that." said Donald who thought about how he had never smoked pinnars in his entire life.

"I mean fuck it right? The world is on the brink of total peace and you are fucking with my life over some shit that has nothing to do with me. I mean I have one account for my reddit life and what I look at, at home is my own business and you just fire me." said Nicholas knowing that he did not post those photographs but not caring enough about this job to keep this job.

"We are not firing you , we are placing you on full leave." said Donald thinking about the fact that he really doesn't like Nicholas much to begin with.

"Will I be getting paid for my time off?" said Nicholas thinking that m a y b e e e it was him on that one night he can't quite remember.

"No. No you will not." said Donald not finding this situation humorous at all.

"Then I'm fired and its bullshit because you need me right now to finish my assignment and you didn't listen to me about starting the newspaper from the future concept anyways and then you never took me seriously and I was just an over aged joke to you and in that joke no one was laughing." said Nicholas trying to defend himself weakly.

"Nicholas we have to ask you to leave immediately and we will call you when we require your services again." said Donald doing the best he could not to smile.

"Fine." said Nicholas coping with the situation and boiling with anger over some photos.

Nicholas takes a large toke on his pinner and on his way out he walks over and picks up a computer printer and chucks it at Donald. He flat out throws an Epson and it hits the window and breaks into pieces. Then he picks up some trophies that he had helped win and starts throwing them at the window with every intention of breaking the window. It's starting to crack. Donald looks scared as shit and runs out of the room and Nicholas just starts owning shit in that office and destroys the computer the whole while he is thinking the most serene thoughts of immortality and about how when you fire someone you damn well better make sure you have a legitimate reason and how is he supposed to know who put that photo online it was a company disk of photos that was passed out and just because he has a link to the subreddit doesn't mean shit. Nicholas is laying on the ground now just staring at the ceiling and he knows some shit is going down but since it's a professional office he figures it will all go better than expected in light of all things considered.

Donald leans over him.

"You fuck. Have fun at the looney bin." said Donald.

"What?" said Nicholas inwardly thinking that life if was a dream life, why couldn't it be a nightmare.

"We called the hospital because there is something wrong with you and we will be pressing charges upon your release. You overweight... over aged... over educated... piece of shit." said Donald with a slowness of speech that for once actually caused Donald to catch Nicholas's attention.

"I did what I did, and you ain right. The hospital will be nice, maybe I will meet a nice woman." said Nicholas completely in the wrong but trying to salvage some form of something.

Nicholas is plainly laying on the ground just serenly lifted, he was going to wait until that evening when the festivities started and the Black Eyed Peas were going to change their name to the Black Eyed Peace in honor of the celebration and he was going to celebrate with them. He had heard rumors that there was going to be

a flash mob dance but he wasn't sure. Apparently the Cincinnati Ballet was going to perform a futuristic contemporary ancient swan minuet at the unveiling of the interface and now it looks like he is apparently going to have to change his plans.

"Nicholas you could have just been strange now you have to be a criminal on top of it." said Donald thinking about how wrong he had been upon a first professional interest in this man.

There was a small gathering of people outside the office and they were laughing their asses off at Nicholas, like LPK needs to worry about a messy office, they have the funds to clean up anything and it's just funny to most people to see someone with talent fuck up and be a fuck up and live a fucked up life. To sit back and watch a serious talent rising through the ranks maybe a little bit too quickly and then to just fall flat on their face is funny to people.

Nicholas was just laying there horizontal staring at people looking like they were walking on the sky and then he watched them coming for him in slow motion. There were four men dressed in white coming for him with a straight jacket in hand. Donald backed up and said "Goodbye Nicholas, you fat fuck." and then the men in white came in and held Nicholas down while he smoked his reefer one last time before it was taken from him. There were two officers as well and they were taking police photos for the municipal records on Facebook and Nicholas the Strange was eased into a jacket rather unceremoniously and then they picked him up and started walking him out of the office.

One person was crying. One person felt sad. One person felt like the whole experience was bullshit because Mary knew that Nicholas just reacted from his passion and in so doing felt betrayed by that which meant the most to him. She knew that Nicholas took his job more seriously than anyone else and in doing so he was always under a lot of stress to perform to the DAAP levels of prowess that he knew he possessed. She just stood there crying while fifteen people were laughing their asses off at a man that was talented but broken.

Nicholas was wrapped in restraints and was falling victim to his own behavior. He could have just been fired and let that be that but no he went bananas and in going bananas he opened himself up to this situation. You would think the weed would have calmed him down but apparently he enjoyed his psychotic behavior and he thought if there was ever a time to lose your mind it was when getting fired and he just took it to a place that he probably shouldn't have taken it but he did take it where he did and that is just what it is.

The ambulance that Nicholas was placed in had a stretcher in it. The clerks placed Nicholas on the stretcher and then injected him with serum that would put him to sleep.

Nicholas said "Hey! Whats in the needle?" groggily as it set in quite quickly.

Nicholas started dreaming immediately upon the injection as the propofol which went straight into his blood stream and worked its way to his brain where he lost consciousness and in that loss of consciousness Nicholas the Reject started dreaming.

He saw a dream that was beyond beautiful as his different layers of consciousness began to overlap and take form. It was his dream that would be the dream of a million dreams and in that dream he could see the future speaking to him.

"Nicholas, take heart. All that seems lost is won. All that seems won is lost. Welcome to your freedom." said a voice.

Then Nicholas was taken through a concept. He saw himself as a foreman of a foundry who produced the color purple and it was his job to reinvigorate the purple business and his first thought was that they needed a fundraiser and in that fundraiser there was a website called <http://www.kickstarter.com> that aided in the arts

and he saw this factory cutting a deal with artists offering purple at a discount to try and bring it back into serious fashion so that business would pick up.

Then Nicholas woke up and was staring at a television that was attached to a corner in the room. Nicholas gauged his situation and he saw himself in four point restraints and then he just laughed. LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O LOL O L L L L L LOL O LOL O L L LOL LOL O LOL O L LOL O LOL LOL LOL O L LOL L. Doctors came in to see what he thought was so dilusionalistically funny.

"This, this is funny, that you would think I am crazy in a world changing so fast that sanity finds it hard to keep up. You don't know what led up to my outburst, you don't know Donald Warner that passive aggressive supposed leader who avoided every moment that I brought up that was strange. He was weak and he wasn't even a boss for real he just kind of came in and decided he could tell me what to do, even though I was older than him and was at LPK longer than him. He was unoriginal but very literate and could write like nobodies business and we were friends off the clock and enemies on the clock because he didn't let me bring him the kind of business that he knew I could bring." said Nicholas the Now Infirm.

"Nicholas we believe you are suffering from bi-polar syndrome." said a random unknown untrusted doctor.

"Are you going to let me go?" said Nicholas not really knowing how this situation would pan out for him or what psychiatric hospitals did to people or under what conditions people were allowed to leave these places.

"If you are calm." said the doctors thinking that Nicholas the Stuck meant the restraints.

"I am calm." said Nicholas the Psych realizing the doctors thought that he was referring to the restraints.

An orderly came in and loosened the straps of the restraints and Nicholas the Captured sat up and rubbed his wrists. He thought to himself that even though he is in a psychiatric unit it's not the strangest day of his life. That would be the day that he got drunk and blacked out and woke up in London, England with a crepe in his right pocket and a gun in his left. He was studying at the University and all he knows is that he either got away with or it didn't happen because that gun was missing three bullets. Crazy shit.

Well, now, Nicholas is walking around the hospital and he makes his way from room to room in order to get a feel for what these new surroundings are. It's not like he didn't think there would be consequences to his actions it's just that he didn't think the consequences would be this interesting. He figured he would be out in a couple hours ... it's okay to get angry isn't it? Some people experience intense emotions and some people just are batshit capable people, you probably know a few yourself.

Looking around the layout is simple enough there are main hallway doors lining it up and down leading to bedrooms and there is a room for watching television at the end of the way and a small cafeteria on the right and behind him is the most beautiful sight he has ever seen, The Exit.

A patient walks up to him and taps him directly on the chest. Nicholas just looks at the short funny looking creature in a pink gown and thinks to himself "I went crazy. This person is."

"Yeah?" said Nicholas further into his thoughts about this creature.

"What color is Thursday?" said the man most sincerely solidifying Nicholas's belief immediately there are multiple levels of sanity.

Nicholas just stood there and then in a very peaceful calm manner spoke.

"Chartreuse. Thursday is typically a very subtle shade of chartreuse." replied the Inwardly Hostile but Outwardly Shepherding Nicholas.

The man smiled and took off running in the opposite direction screaming "CHARTREUSE!" with a very maniacal style that implied Nicholas had provided him with his own momentary personal holy grail.

Nicholas starts calmly surveying his surroundings and thinking about his predicament. He doesn't say anything to anyone he just walks around and absorbs the sensations of being in this unfortunate place and he sees a certain someone in the back on the phone screaming into it and talking about something having to do with wanting absolutely zero meat products on their food. Nicholas walks closer out of amused curiosity and hears the following.

"Look ... you have to understand you FUCKING carnivore I don't want any bloody bony flesh products on my meal. I have told you politely and I don't know how many times that your fucking flesh covered, dead carcass, mucoid, debilitating to my homeostatic state has appeared on my plate and I am ordering you as I am the supreme vegan that you will discontinue feeding me any and all and every caloric particle of flesh on my plate and from this phone call on you will only serve me fruit and vegetables and nuts and seeds and that is all the fuck you are going to serve me on my plate. Do you fucking understand me? This is bullshit ... I don't even want to be here and I am just sick and tired of this treatment, hello? hello?" said the short powerful man.

Nicholas takes a look at this man after his own heart and decides that he looks like a normal enough Aferican who just doesn't want to chew on something that died a week ago. Nicholas had been vegan for about two weeks when it occurred to him that rotting dead carcass tissue may not actually be the most healthy caloric item to place in your body as there may in fact be evolutionary defenses embedded within the dead carcass tissue and that an all knowing Mother Nature may ostensibly on some level actually punish carnivorous behavior on some level. Any day you find yourself chewing on dead carcass tissue that is not considered a winning moment. Winning is keeping your karma in the best position possible and through devouring something that at one point itself had karma, well in that moment, you may be ostensibly inheriting a massive amount of negative karma. You honestly cannot defend the devouring of eating carcass tissue. You can do it but you cannot defend it. You can ignore your behavior but you cannot explain away what you are doing. If you have the ability to live and let live you should honestly do so because that is best for the equity of life on this highly marble shaped planet type item floating in the cosmos. Winners are raw food veganists and you can determine where you stand in the world of karma differentiating yourself morally downward from a karmically perfectionist diet. The most karmically perfect of us is of the raw food vegan. Dietary morality is a very real thing and just because you do not personally care about your own moral upkeep does not in fact mean that you are making moral decisions. It is not okay to be amoral and atrophying morally. Working against the definition of civilized behavior is not karmically sound. Civilization needs to be consistently grooming itself and perfecting its social ceremonies and honestly the only way you can interpret consuming something that used to love life as much as you do out of convenience is honestly abhorring and I ate a steak burrito bowl from Chipotle's the other day so morally I am as bankrupt as anyone but I still defend raw food veganists for it is good habit to defend those that have higher morals than yourself even though you may be of the most base creatures on the planet. If you know someone has more karma than you that are of a positive nature you just do yourself a favor by knowing they are better humans than you and defending them for what they are while you wage your own battle with your habits and predispositions in this strange world we call earth.

"Yo, are you okay?" said Nicholas the Caring wanting to hear a "Yes."

"Who the fuck is you?" said the man not replying as Nicholas the Now Careful had expected.

"I'm Nicholas" said Nicholas the Supreme Authority on All Things Nicholas.



"You're the fuck they had in four point restraints, It's fucking nice to meet you , you European, invading, war mongering, colonizing, mouse clicking, overweight, awkward piece of fecal matter." said the man unknowingly ingratiating himself to Nicholas the Insulted.

Nicholas the Stricken burst with laughter.

"You are my new favorite person." said Nicholas the Strange Befriended.

"I'm going to shove a carrot up your asshole when I get a chance." said the man who then walked away leaving Nicholas thinking about the safety of his anus. Nicholas thought for a second about what it would be like to have a carrot rammed succinctly into your anus and thought that it would be better if it just didn't happen. He probably didn't mean it but just being around a raw food vegan is comforting even if he is batshit crazy but cool.

Nicholas the Athletic drops to the ground and starts doing a couple pushups. Why not? It's a free country. And he gets in about 15 reps before he craps out. Fat fucks need to work hard to not be fat fucks so that fat fucks can drop and give 50 instead of 15.

Well Nicholas the Fat Fuck walks into the cafeteria and he sees that the television is available for remote controlling. He looks up and turns on the TV. There is literally nothing to do in this hospital and so he cops a squat and figures he will just think about his situation before he talks to a nurse. He is truly surprised that no one has spoken to him but there are about a dozen people walking around and honestly Nicholas the Audience Member does not really feel like caring he just came out of four point restraints and was called evil by a vegan Aferican and just too much is happening all at once so he turns on the television to just zone and apparently there are some BET fans in this hospital because the first thing that he sees is Terrence from 106 and Park on television and he is in the process of introducing Nicki Minaj as a guest on the show.

To be quite honest Nicholas thinks to himself, her best track was Itty Bitty Piggy and the accompanying YouTube Video was the hottest Nicholas had ever seen of the female gangster hip hop artistic vocal percussive variety. As a Minaj fan Nicholas decides that at least one good thing is coming from all of this. He gets to see the new Nicki Minaj video.

So he sits back and Nicki comes out with tie dyed hair and a giant spoon wrapped around her body and she is holding a giant purple fork in her other hand. She is smiling that priceless smile like a post-modern Marilyn Monroe who lives a life filled with the adoration of a nation ready to watch her pop that pussy. Nicholas is enjoying the show and Terrence is letting the world know how real all of this is and that is case you are wondering ... it so so real. Well Nicki is talking about how she met little Wayne because she absolutely LOVES talking about how she met little Wayne. She thinks it's a cute story to tell and it doesn't matter how many times she tells it she just keeps embellishing on the facts as she gave up telling the truth years ago about the matter. Apparently this time Nicki met Little Wayne in a recording studio in Antarctica when he saw her across the room and he went up to her and asked her if she wanted to play his electric guitar. She apparently said only if he would help her make a music video where she got to bump her bum against his jeans and helped her dress like a futuristic oil painting everywhere she went. As the story goes he agreed and then she picked up his electric guitar that he kept with him everywhere he went, like it was his chain, and she started playing "Stairway to Heaven" because she was classically trained at Julliard in electric guitar riffage and when Wayne heard her spit that smooth Jamaican Queens or Queens Jamaican or rather just that Queen shit he looked her right in the eye and said ... baby will you join Cash Money ... it was love at first sight according to Minaj and she is gushing on television and then she mentions how the first time she met Drake he was lifting weights in a Gold's Gym and Nicki was doing pull ups and he just walks up to her and he asks her 'who the fuck are you?' and she was offended at first but then when he explained that no one ever helped him, she relented and helped him get his recording contract with Cash Money Records so that Young Money could

eventually grow old together. Minaj started crying on television and her Opai eyeliner started to smear and then she recovered her coherence and looked right at the camera and said "CINCINNATI GOOD LUCK WITH THE COMPUTER!" and then Nicholas was like...

"OOO OOO OOO OOO OOO OH HHH HHH HHH HHH HH SHH HHH HHH HH HI II II II II II II II IT TT TT TT TT TT TT TT!" and screamed it so loud that a nurse came and checked on him.

"Yo nurse let me holla at you for a minute." said Nicholas preparing to let the world know why you should be careful about what you say to professionals.

"Excuse Me?" said the nurse using a phrase she most likely used often.

"Bitch, I said let me holla at you." said Nicholas smiling letting her know that he is dead serious.

"You will address me as nurse Riggs from now on, nurse Denae Riggs to be exact." said the nurse who is a charming creature but not very astute.

"Why did you tell me your first name." said Nicholas getting ready to enter into a battle of words with this person.

"Because I'm stupid okay. I got into a car accident and my brain splattered all over the road and they had to put me back together and then my girlfriend wasn't allowed in the hospital because lesbians can't hold hands after a car crash." said nurse Denae Riggs crying.

"Alright, well, look here bitch, err nurse Denae Riggs. I need you to take your little fat car accident ass and go and get me a remote control so that I can watch the computer unveiling. "Said Nicholas not having a clue why you would share that story in real life.

"OH THAT'S RIGHT THE COMPUTER! And I am only doing this because I want to see it too but you are not to call me a bitch. I am an empowered woman who suffered excruciating heart break because THEY WOULDNT LET ME HOLD HER HAND AFTER MY BRAIN SPLATTERED ON THE ROAD IN AN ACCIDENT and I deserve the respect that any full blooded woman who tells terrible stories with no bearing on Public Allies curriculum whatsoever but is weirdly tragic and not worth mentioning and I am a woman who you need to bow down to so ... YOU BOW DOWN TO ME! I was in the first Public Allies class." said nurse Denae Riggs.

"Miss Riggs I don't care about any of that all I know is that uniform or no uniform you are exactly where you need to be. I might be here because I threw a computer out a window and smoked a lil blunt like a G at LPK but the universe has saw fit to reunite you with your own kind and we just met so it's not like I have a strangely biased opinion against you for telling me crazy shit like the Public Allies is a fascist organization but in another life I am certain you told me that and you ruined my experience and had me thinking of conspiracies and anyways what I am really trying to say is that I hope you read this message carefully ... GO GET THE FUCKING REMOTE YOU FREAKY LESBIAN CREATURE!" said Nicholas t r y i n g to strike a severe nerve.

The nurse just smiled and walked her fat waddly little ass down the hallway and tapped a doctor on the shoulder. He looked at her and very pointedly asked her

"Where did you get that nurses outfit?" and she said "Um, I work here." and the doctor said "Oh yeah, unfortunately, what do you want?" asked the doctor not really caring about the very breath in her lungs.

"We have a patient that is being verbally abusive." said the nurse Riggs.

"Did you tell him the story about the accident where your brains were splattered on the concrete in what can most certainly be considered evidence that you survived but in the form of an idiot who would give a public speech about how a woman was not allowed to hold your hand while you were recovering from dangerous driving habits?" said the doctor knowing how this was going to go down.

"Yes." said the Riggs machine looking for a woman's hand to hold.

"Alright, well, if he wants the remote control so that he can watch the computer unveiling you should probably get it for him." said the doctor wishing she was a patient as opposed to a nurse.

"I work. I earn a paycheck telling people about my problems and I do not deserve this treatment. I quit" said Denae and then she started to walk out of the room as the doctor under his breath let out a small applause whisper that only he could hear.

Nicholas was then approached by the doctor who told him two things.

"Here is the remote. You are going to be here for a while just so you know and thanks for dealing with Denae Riggs." said the doc actually fairly friendly like.

Nicholas was flummoxed but what could he do? So he reached all the way back in time to Thomas Edison and came back and with all the panache he could muster he ceremoniously pushed the channel button and in this moment we are no longer watching Nicki Minaj talk about life standing in front of cameras spitting the hottest cutesy rap flows from Marilyn Monroe's style like she herself could have been a rap vixen and instead turns to the one event the universe has been awaiting since existence unfolded trillions of years ago that put us on track to be building up to this moment in concert with the greatness of the Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, English, Italians, Australians and the Mayans and the Aztecs and every one of these civilizations was great but not as great as our civilization because we have ....

... Nicholas the Controversial and he was watching the television and Sheila Gray was standing on a stage holding a microphone speaking to the audience. Cincinnati voted Sheila the most prominent news anchor in the city and the most liked person by everyone in the city. She is the host of the festivities because in a reddit poll everyone in Cincinnati seemed to think she is the most famous person in the news business and as such she won easily and now hosted the festivities of the Unveiling.

Nicholas the Patient was just sitting there observing Sheila Gray on the morning show that she was a true anchor for and then the african vegan from the telephone situation sat down next to him and looked up.

Nicholas the Bemused looked over at him.

"I may be crazy but I can at least enjoy some history?" said the bi-polarish individual.

Nicholas just nodded like right, right.

They both looked up at the television and no one else at the hospital really seemed to care or were capable of caring. Murmurs of it just being a computer resonated with the masses in the hospital and created a lack of impressment.

Well, Sheila in all of her Queen City majesty and per Steve Jobs Instructions gave a very simple presentation. After spending 50 years working on the computer he wrote a speech for his afterlife that was to mark this opening occasion of this World Wonder that he created with his own imagination, ingenuity, pervasiveness and ultimately his very own most holy hands.

Sheila begins with solemnity. The audience is silent and holy.

### Chapter Three :: We Must Honor Our Creation

The computer is standing there in all its futuristic glory with a monitor that is three hundred feet tall and one hundred and fifty feet wide. There are about a million people flooding the streets very calmly paying homage to Steve Jobs for providing the ultimate inspiration for the perfection that is the computer. His company Apple Computer Incorporated produced a very special operating system known as AppleSauce™ that was meant to power this hydrogen energized quanta net computation device that served the purpose of being the singular computer that would be passed down through the ages. Data centers would fail, personal computers would fall into disrepair but because of the logical input of the Long Now Foundation this computer was going to be downloading and cataloging the entire moment in GIT style fashion such that every permutation and every change that deviates from the original source file download will be changed. As the internet changes so too will the master files of the Quantum GIT repository and it was to be a stroke by stroke catalog of the causes and effects of the memes that fly through the computer and this computer was to serve the purposes of discretely identifying mimetic patterns and mimetic creations and their dissemination and emergence. It was to identify who the real power users of the web are and rank the most powerful internet users by discerning whose ideas are propagated the most diversely and implicitly. This computer was also to serve the purpose giving people a glorious computing experience to do everything but play games on. It was decided that computer games would not be a part of this experiment as there is no need to detail the intricacies of a massive waste of time. The computer was outfitted with; now check this out, the MASTERS SUITE XQ975678. This was a piece of software specifically built for immortality. This software was only available on this computer and it was hard wired into the motherboard and encoded on a chip so that this software could not be updated or changed or manipulated and the expressed purpose of this was so that 10,000 years from now the same software would be being used as it was now. This computer was the first trans generational piece of hardware whose purpose was to create a metric by which every generation could be gauged in their skill at using the computer. This was a competition of sorts, a new sport. Ultimately the purpose was to state that anything analog was just practice and it's the digital age where everything counts. Yes you can have skill in the analog age but you cannot achieve pristine immortality which is the whole purpose of creating art and this computer serves that purpose to measure immortal works.

The computer allows for the uploading of JPEG2000 FILES, MPEG 2 files and ogg vorbis and open office ODT FILES and a few other choice media files and that is the fuck all this computer runs on. There is not to be any capitalism done on the files of this computer in that it is a finished piece of equipment. It took 50 years to build this one giant computer and it's more intricate than 15 sky scrapers in scope and everything about it is considered perfect. It was decided that the greatest minds would combine to create the greatest piece of information architecture for the purposes of creating a lasting memory of the greatest generation that ever lived and you can tell this is the greatest generation because all of us are alive in it. If it wasn't for us this generation would not be as peaceful and enthralled by the arts as it is but we all are here so it's awesome. This that Apple built in Cincinnati, OH has an Apple track pad and a keyboard encased in granite that has been stress tested to last longer than the stress tests and it is estimated that the keyboard alone will last for several hundred thousand years. There was NASA engineering put into this computer in that instead of aiming for the moon of space they aimed for the moon of time and essentially this computer is a time capsule and a graveyard at the same time.

You have to face your mortality when you are on the computer and since this is the inception of the computer and the inaugural ceremony there is little evidence of death surrounding us. Death is typically forgotten for the most part most of the time but the hope is that as generations build information on the computer and as generations wane and disappear the data from their existence will build up from generation to generation and every generation that exists after every generation that exists will have peta bytes of information stored on this computer to learn from and build on and the whole point of creating a FUCKING STANDARD UNCHANGEABLE INTERFACE is so that skill can be gauged in very real

terms and esoteric knowledge can be gained. This computer that has been placed in Cincinnati is meant to be a gravestone that every generation makes their mark on. The future might want to know who we are and what we are doing so a generation created the most immense and immutable time machine that has or ever will be created and this was placed in the Fountain Square of Cincinnati. The monitor is coated with diamond sheets that were forged in Iowa, There is an adamantium silo housing the hardware that has been calibrated through fifty years of existence and collaborative work in the greatest effort that patience has ever achieved an unfathomably satellitically precise and automatically maintained inner hardware structure and the entire computer is hermetically sealed in such a way that should civilization cease to exist and the power of earth shut off and dinosaurs start walking upon the earth again in millions of years this computer has the solar power capacity to function for the raptors that might want to test it out."

Then Sheila added, "This computer is also to serve the purpose of bridging all of the gaps of conflict on earth and refocuses our energies on a new task...immortality. This computer exists per Steve Jobs' honorific request to make data and to study data and to engage in data creation and he wanted this computer to be more than a toy he worked his entire life to oversee the creation of a machine that would serve the purposes reclaiming information science and art and this computer on Fountain Square is also to serve as a reminder that we are here for a short period of time, if you want to be remembered for survival purposes you should consider getting to work because this computer serves the purpose of reminding us that this computer will outlive us. There may come a day when data input stops and where all that is left of is memory and keyboards." Then Sheila stopped for a moment and just looked around and gave herself a moment. She turned on her iPhone and started her own personal YouTube for her own personal digitalia that moment was for her.

Then Sheila went back to Jobs' message "We are immortal creatures and I should know because I knew my time was coming so I created the largest computer screen the world has ever known, it may not all be in one piece but together all of these computers serve a purpose that transcends spreadsheets and simple number crunching. These computers symbolize who we are as people and give us a reason to live in that we know that we will be remembered and in being remembered maybe we can be appreciated and in being appreciated maybe we can be inspired and in being inspired maybe we can elevate our mindsets to the level of that I strive for and we no longer have to compete with Apple, we can strive to be like Apple in all that we do. Say what you will about numbers and prices but when it comes to object for object that Apple computer that I oversaw the creation of is over and above the power that even NASA was working with. We should all hope to take our lives and our careers and our aspirations as seriously as myself because I no longer exist, so you can say what you want about me but what you can't deny is that that computer exists. That giant three hundred foot tall computer is a lasting mark of the wisdom that was built and we engaged in logical conversations for our entire lives and from our logic we broke ground that no civilization ever broke before and from that effort you will find that we created memory. We created time capsules and all of your computers will last for certain periods of time but this computer will last for all time. You speak of Da Vinci and Michelangelo ... they drew pictures and theorized about what could be ... I actually made it possible for this project to take place ... please now that you are all assembled for my final masterpiece a master peace where we all get to work creating the art that will fulfill and enrich our lives in the city that brought us baseball and the republican party we stand resolute that if we will die, our memories will not. APPLE."

Nicholas was crying and the man sitting next to him was crying as well. Nothing pussy like but just those tears that let someone know that someone was touched.

Nicholas looks over at the man next to him.

"You seem real, what's your name?" said Nicholas the Weepy.

"Khassa." said Khassa the Weepy.

"Yo what brings you in here?" said Nicholas the Man Who Weeps

"I've fucking had enough man and I was in Trio's on a business meeting and I didn't want to go and I ordered my veggies, banana smoothie that I PAID to have them specially make for me and they thought I wanted a steak and potato and I lost my shit. I stood up screamed FUCK THE CARNIVORE EMPIRE and I started picking up the disgusting flesh from peoples plates and decided to start saving lives the way we should all be doing. The restaurant called the police and the only reason why I'm not in prison which is where I would rather be, is because the hospital said I was sick and that I wasn't a criminal buuuut these people are the real sick ones they don't know that they are eating dead carcass tissue. They should be honoring my spirit and putting me on television and the radio and fucking listening to me man. People talk about their health and how they want to be healthy but too many people are too concerned with whatever, I don't fucking know, but I'm speaking the truth and they don't want to hear it." said Khassa the Raw Food Vegan.

"You sound like you snapped." said Nicolas the Impressed.

"Yeah I snapped, this world is fucked up." said Khassa the Despondent Healer.

Nicholas was sitting there contemplating everything that was happening wiping the last tear from his eye. A bell rung and Khassa leaned over and told him that that meant it was time to get medications. Khassa just sat there. Nicholas just sat there. They both kept watching the television.

Sheila Gray came out on stage and began another discussion.

"This is our pyramid. This is our monument to our civilization. Every prayer that has ever been prayed has been for this machine. We are marking a singulartarian point in our existence with this supernatural object. There are engineers and atheists alike who will tell you this is just an object the same as any other object but I remarkably counteract that and point out that this object has a memory. Pure and simple no other object before this has had the ability to transcend time and space the way this object has. We have with us our tombstone. I will come out and say it, we are going to die the same as every other collection of generations before us but we have something that every generation before us has never had to the extent that we have it ... WE WILL BE REMEMBERED ... we are the start of new traditions and we are the start of new social conventions ... we are the start of new religions and religious practices as the religions we study today are not like the religions prior ... we are more advanced. We have our values that are higher than the values of previous generations as today we will not put patriotism above human rights and we will never see another world war because we will never degrade our planetary principles that far and too much effort and too much work has gone into the creation of what we see before us today. Now we will work to preserve, memories and people. We may be facing a recession but in that recession comes this object this beautiful pristine object and from that object comes a need to rapture to change to uplift to another form of consciousness. It will happen quickly for others and slowly for others still. We have with us an object that will remember us forever. For the rest of what time is we will be remembered and future generations will thank us with their lives for providing enough of a distraction in life to keep us from imbibing on that lust for power that transforms societies into warring nations. We will no longer fight the weak; we will no longer fight the strong. We will no longer fight. We will explore the insides of our minds and we will find out whom here lives among us. Some of you are performance artists who were never in a social situation that provided you with the confidence to entertain us. We deserve the ceremony where the individual expresses their true form before a world audience. We deserve the best that you have to offer your fellow man and we deserve to cry and we deserve to laugh and we deserve to be angry and we deserve to be embarrassed and we deserve our emotions. We are seeking to explore our emotions in ways that prior to the immaculate global infrastructure of media was not possible. Look at Nicki Minaj. She was never meant to be a celebrity. She was a locked up box of emotion that decided that she wanted to be a star and she shared her emotions with the people around her and as she received support from her peers she began to blossom. It is because of the support that Nicki Minaj received that she was able to blossom. She is being herself and that is who she is. We all need to find our inner Nicki Minaj because honestly she is a darling among darlings and in that we can find our Nicki Minaj and become

as beautiful as she is. Who among you can elevate to the levels of Minajisty that Nicki has. I implore you to develop the tradition, I do more than implore you, I order you to incorporate the computer into your lives such that you make YouTube videos of yourselves. We have to fill this computer up with information that is of a higher quality than what we have prior to this moment. The future is watching and you can tell because we see their hieroglyphics today and they were built some 7000 years ago ... this computer is going to be around for at least 7000 years and we are going to be remembered in our fullness long after we all depart. This is our immortality and in this computer we can develop virtual simulations of our consciousness and we can get as close as humanly possible to having all of our information remembered for the rest of time to the extent that the future would be able to with the information we are providing it with, we can find the places where it could reconnect with the past and we could commune with our grandchildren and greatest grandchildren and we could have an interplanetary family reunion where we through the power of love transmit medical information from the past to the future so that the future knows exactly where we received our information because we have medical technology that has never existed before in the history of mankind. The very real defeat of death is at hand and if the fight wages for another couple of centuries and we take more casualties to the unnatural entity known as death at some point we conquer death.... and then what? What happens to the economy when all souls live forever and in that world we need art. This is the time for artists to shine, become in touch with your inner Da Vinci and Michelangelo and remember that they were searching for what we have right now. We will never find our Jesuses and our Muhammad's in time we will only ever read about these persons that engaged in the creation of art and were remembered for their art. Moses created art when he built the Ten Commandments and was remembered forever for creating a baseline of law that we still follow to this day. Art is more than just pictures on paper and musical performances it is the end result of a lifetime searching for answers and finally deciding to as a man step into that place where anything can happen and its making that anything happen.

Sheila wipes a tear from her eye, not from the emotion of sadness but from the emotion of ... depth ... and she intones. "Let me tell you about the history of this computer. It started with Steve jobs at the beginning of Apple computer. This computer is the reason that Bill Gates went his way and developed Microsoft instead of sticking by the side of a genius Gates would rather compete. Time has shown that Steve Jobs was the greater genius and possessed the greater vision. We only ever needed one computer and Bill Gates started a divisive movement in the computation industry that created division and non compliant computers but Steve Jobs was an artist. He was not just trying to create another computer he saw the computer as a medium to facilitate the creation of art. Steve Jobs is our generation's artist. He is the artist who made certain that all other artists would be remembered and able to elevate their art form. He is the artist that deserves a level of immortality; well, commensurate with this computer that we have built in his honor. Every artist that exists today owes their career and their livelihood to this computer and through the greatest fund raising that the world has ever seen we raised the funds to build this computer that serves as a world wonder worthy of the remembrance of a man that determined his fate and the fate of humanity by proving that creation was the most powerful force on the planet. Prior to Steve Jobs there was art and there were movements but there was never anything practical that served the purposes of achieving immortality. The timing wasn't right and the civilization wasn't ready but Steve Jobs was the man that saved earth in that he inspired all of the greatest minds to focus on immortality and that brings us to this computer. The Immortalia."

She went on in this appropriate visage to a man that will be remembered in every file that we save. "We will be remembered in ways that Steve Jobs discussed. He used to go on these religious pilgrimages to a Buddhist temple and do yoga. He was a centered man in his own consciousness and through his prayers he divined the higher levels of consciousness necessary for higher consciousness levels of work. He was angry so often because he used his supreme anger to pull out of all of us the highest levels of perfection. Bill Gates was happy with ... it works and can be sold ... Steve jobs was ONLY happy with ... is it perfect yet? ... a new breakthrough ... incorporate that ... he kept collecting all of the best technological improvements and he was steadfast about his implementation of the technology because he had a long now vision of the future ... without him we would just have computers and every generation would fight over standards and would fight

to be the greatest tech company and there would be divisions ... but Steve jobs corralled everyone together and said ... no ... the best of you will fight to work with the best of you and we collectively fight to create the best and if you don't live up to your highest levels of expectation for yourself I will kill your ego and make you start over just so that I can eviscerate the worst of you out of you so that the best of you can be the best that you could possibly be."

"Steve Jobs was the artist that absolutely hated going to market with less than his absolute best. He would have been fired from Microsoft for trying too hard to serve his consumer ... he was not a market friendly person but he realized that the computer was an object that was more important than a widget. He saw the computer as something that the widgets were to serve the purpose for. He saw a conduit to forever and in that conduit he knew and he fought and he screamed and he realized as a result of all of it that his level of perfection was supreme to his peers by an infinite potential. His computers did more than just work they set a standard for an immortal brand that would seek to outlast all of his peers in power and design."

"He was the designer. He was the man that God himself deemed responsible for enabling humans to redeem themselves in their own eyes. We have the power to see ourselves in a time lapsed mirror called video and listen to ourselves talk and to listen to ourselves sing and to watch ourselves act. We have ourselves to spend time with and the greatest moments can be sold and for those working for great moments they can earn a living just living."

"The iTunes store allows us a global marketplace to entertain the world because it was getting scary there in a world that **DEPENDS** on the **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA** to be the absolute pinnacle of achievement and when Steve Jobs came out with the computer that was his vision they realized that the United States would never be better than Steve Jobs and started to ignore us and our principles and as such the world started to decay because earth has evolved to depend on the United States as being the bedrock of civilization. From the derelict pilgrims that were kicked out of their home countries for being too strange religiously and too fanatical comes this derelected highly civilized beyond cultured realm of the English language that creates new logic for the worlds purposes as a rule. The United States amended the Ten Commandments to Eleven. and the Eleventh commandment was per Steve jobs request **THOU SHALT UPLOAD** and with that one line the entire holy system of religion was updated in as few words as possible."

"He was a religious scholar and a logician and he made plans early through working with the Long Now Foundation to create the item known as the Time Machine. It was Steve Jobs who worked to develop this item that we have before us which is our space ship into time. He knew that a time machine would not have engines it would have memory and you can see the kernel of his genius in his very own updating system. That is essentially how the time machine would work and he spent his entire life working on the prototype that led us up to this time machine we see before us. We have explicitly not tested it in 100% fashion because test or no test Steve Jobs wanted Earth to be in lock step when he turned on his ultimate time machine. This machine would download all cataloged movement and all cataloged information and in the same way his time machine worked on the Apple, blessed be this machine, where you had a comprehensive template of all of the systems that were capable you would then simply update the content changes or the preferences and you would also catalog how the changes occurred and by who and at what time."

"Steve used to talk about how there was going to be a limit to the technological progression of these systems of computation and that a time machine would work best and would kick in when every system that could be created would be created. He knew that at the exact point where human imagination was at its peak ... time travel would start there. It happened to him and he didn't know how it would happen and that was because the information that he was building was essentially exquisite rudimentarianism. If he had stopped with the first Apple computer and just sold that forever he would have built what was necessary for the creation of this object but he spent forever refining it and making improvements and now, well we can allow for the whole world to be immortal because of this work."



"This computer serves the purposes of giving every generation a file indexed in a pristinely built database and every second of every generation has a file earmarked for every person in that generation. This computer works heavily with the United States government and the office of medical records and what it does is it starts a file off in your federal name at your point of physical inception into reality. This computer waits for you to start uploading to it yourself in your name and with this speech I can unveil a broader secret to you. The whole point of this system is to communicate to the grand children of our grand children. We have reached a level of civilizational development as a planet that calls upon us to understand that we are a peaceful enough species to flourish and that we will survive. We will survive until we no longer have a planet that supports us and then in that planetary scenario we will be prepared to leave this planet and find our survival in space."

"This computer is the ascent of our civilization into adulthood. We can observe every type of human interaction that exists and we can see everything that is possible for us to do as humans and we can see what it takes to make a breakthrough and we can see what happiness truly looks like and human sadness as well. We can collectively paint a picture on this computer and give it the purpose of allowing all of us to listen to all of us. I think TOSH.0 is the worst show in the history of television and him the best comedian in the history of comedians because he is brilliant with a desperate need to achieve his ultimate potential. He is outrageous yes but, needlessly mean. He thinks it's funny to prey on the weak and has no decorum. Yes he has talent and yes he can make you laugh but not at yourself because of yourself. Steve Jobs always said he contemplated heavily censoring tosh.0's television shows from his network but didn't because it would create a terrible precedence. Daniel Tosh is probably the anti-bob saget. Bob saget had his asshole persona but he put it aside when it was time to be a professional and when he was on camera he put his best personality forward. This person that is an enigma among personalities and then Daniel Tosh has the nerve to lambast the person that created the template for his show that is just a hack version of home videos? He single handedly made me admonish the world of standup comedy when I realized that what Daniel Tosh does is all that it has become on Tosh.0. The powerful prey on the weak verbally and because someone laughs apparently it's okay. TOSH.0 could be doing the opposite. He could be championing the internet and pointing out all of the successful moments that it has on it and instead he is just creating the nexus point for every fucked up moment on television and basically ruins the entire comedic experience and pulls all of the fun and excitement out of what comedy Central stood for in the early 90's. You know, there was a time when Comedy Central was just stand-up comedy? There was a time when Comedy Central was our YouTube and the greatest people that were ever to perform comedy were started on that station. It was the greatest channel, more so than even MTV could hope for, but it has slid into a derelict state of corporate malaise that just wants to sell commercials and get away from the fucking plot where Comedy Central is supposed to make you laugh and Steve Jobs commented on all of this in his asides where he stopped working and was just himself."

"We have a computer here folks. Look at it. Look at this computer. It's worthless. I said all of that and now I am telling you the value of time travel is based on content. Time Travel and the computer are inherently worthless. There is no value in time travel. There is no value in the computer. The value is in us and what we do with this computer. What do you think you would travel to see in your visits to other dimensions? I shall tell you. You would go to see people and visit. What do you think you would be looking for in this computer one hundred years from now? You would be looking for art. That is all that gets remembered in time. Look at your museums and your universities. They pass on the creations of artists and any and all complaints you have with life stem from an internal defect that you have with yourself that art can fix. Steve Jobs was a broken man before he found his art. Art allows you to go past the boundaries of what your human form was meant for and art allows for you to create what can only benefit us all as a society. All art benefits someone if even only the person creating it but real art solves a problem and this computer solves the problem of giving us a machine that can create the foundation for quanti generational exploration."

"This computer solves the problem of death. Steve Jobs' art was the conquering of all that is death and he gave us the ultimate tombstone that will be passed down through centuries and ideally every generation will



"Steve was inspiration and now we bring that inspiration to you in the form of a product that your city can market in terms of tourism as this will be more monumental than the Sistine Chapel and more intricate than the Grand Canyon because you can already see that Michelangelo's work is beginning to crumble because of time but this computer has a digitized version of the Sistine Chapel so that his work will live on into infinitude. Every single building on earth is captured in exquisite detail in the most elaborate form of Google Mapping which exists solely on this computer. If you want to travel the world you can do it on an airplane or you can virtually find someone to flirt with abroad and you can Skype with them in HD. You can represent your city every time you use this computer and in representing your city you can create a scenario where your metropolis becomes capital city earth one to you."

"We figured your city handled the success of baseball, your state handled the success of football, so it made sense that your city could handle the success of performance computing and not disrupt its corporate culture. We are proud to share with you this monumental abstraction of our reality and with that I would like to introduce you to the following speaker who knew Steve Jobs very closely. I would like to introduce you to the new CEO of Apple, a man that came into the Apple family an employee and that became our de facto leader in this absence. I could say much about him but I will let him say it himself." said Sheila Gray.

Then a warm looking man slowly walked out onto stage.

"Hello. I am the man that will be pushing the power button and implementing the Apple simple mechanism that will leave this computer receiving input until a point in our human history that disengages us from reality permanently. My name is Jeff Bezos. I met Steve Jobs shortly after I was pitched the idea of being the only retailer of Apple Computers. Steve had an aura of ultra magnetism to the extent that your world would change in a few short words from conversation with him."

"He spoke of his vision for a time machine and I didn't have faith for a long time after he pitched the idea to me. He was the one who literally compelled me to understand what that computer was that he was developing. I thought he was simply developing a platform for writing and for music and office work but he painted a vision that was much richer and much more in depth and he brought me into the cult of Apple for what it's worth. He shared with me his vision for amazon.com and I shared with him my vision for apple.com and between the two of us we saw a symbiotic relationship in our work."

"We needed to aspire to his level of perfection and he convinced me that yes I would sell more computers NOW if I sold all different brands but I would sell much more computers later if I only sold Apple Computers and he explained it to me. He told me about the raising of funds that Apple was conducting for this monumental computer and he told me that he was going to need an infrastructure like mine to handle the ordering load and that Apple could do it but he saw Apple levels of proficiency in my business model. He wanted me to partner with him because he told me upon his death Apple was only going to be finishing his visions for his computers and they were going to be developing partnerships with numerous high level brands to conduct a global raising of funds for the most precise computer ever devised.

"I laughed because he told me that he essentially wanted to turn amazon.com into a kickster website. He looked at me squarely in the eyes and said that that is exactly what he wants me to do."

"I was in and I want to give you a vision for what I foresee for Apple computers presently. We are now searching for ideas. This computer essentially gives us a planetary revenue stream in that we are contracted to build six more of them and entire nations are coupling together resources to make this happen in other countries but it begins here."

"I firmly believe that in terms of hardware Apple could make the computers more powerful but I also believe

in standards which are the absolute most pristine important element of a computation ecosystem. I sympathize with the generations that never had a standard to learn. We are working at Apple to leverage our market dominance to go so far as to share secrets with Microsoft and the open source world in order to bring all computers up to the same level of competence that we promote. Instead of surging ahead and continually developing the most proficient software we are working to bring all computers up to the level of Apple. We are working to bring all businesses up to the level of Apple. Steve Jobs has extensive documents that detail his level of process and we are working to instill this level of perfection in all products that you work with. You will find that that hardware market is going to do the opposite of diversifying. You will find that the iPhone and the iPad and the iPod and the iMac and the iTunes will all be unequivocally shared with other hardware manufacturers so that they can be installed as standard on a massive scale via open source business models. We need the physical help of our traditional competitors to get iPhones and iPad in the hands of everyone because we need a standard as we are now working on developing the sociological model to the point that we can increase the use of the machines for creative potential. You may find that you will only be able to find iPhones at your local store. We want a non diversified world because again the computer is not a hammer. This is a social infrastructure tool and the more people that when are on the same standard create the better off we will all be ... because the only products that interact with the iMachine here are apple products. In the altruistic vision that is Steve Jobs we are gifting the rest of our iProducts on a need based process where if you pitch an idea to us that will be streamed to the machine will allow you to use any and all of our products that will help you complete your purpose."

"Microsoft in all their luxurious glory has pulled Apple into its ranks as a division but in a leadership position in that we are teaching Apple and they are paying for the schooling and all you will find in the future are Apple products and all for the purpose of streaming this information into the Apple Time Machine."

"That being said I am going to go ahead and enter the encryption key that begin the process of uploading."

Jeff Bezos walks over to the monitor and pushes a small button and collectively the entire audience is in awe and the bwoooooooooooooooooong sounds and fills the air with the most amazing sound since God spoke several thousand years ago. Well Bezoa backs away from the computer and the entire monitor is filled with energy and he bows his own head and says a small prayer. The audience is in complete silence and the whole world just starts to be in awe of a vision that all want to be a part of. If this is the new world order that everyone has been talking about then it's about time this happened.

A woman pulled out her iPhone and began to speak into it very quietly.

"I loved Steve Jobs even though I never had the chance to meet him. I know that he didn't have the time to talk to me but he was doing something important. A lot of people say a lot of things about European people but I never saw any African do anything like what Steve jobs did. Maybe it's hard to be European because that potential exists within them. We build things like families and pristine DNA and European people breed power. There is more power in the average European man than the entirety of earth's nuclear arsenal as a whole. I see European people and I am amazed at just their level of control over their environment and I often wonder if us Africans were not genetically predisposed to living in the desert that we might be capable of the same things. I know people are people but maybe it's the traditional African environment that breeds their lack of respect in the world when really Steve Jobs gives us something to strive for. We will look for our Steve Jobs and it might not be a computer we build it might be a lifestyle that is just as important. We didn't build the computer and as there is a new need for civilization to change Africa has to take to the forefront and help show the rest of the world just what these computers are capable of in life not in the theoretical laboratories that we are all putting this in."

"I firmly believe that hip hop and rap are the African equivalents of the computer because while Steve

believed that you needed to elevate the computer to be remembered as a people we have always known that it will be the users of the computer that have a better chance of being remembered. It's like the guy that invented paper, was it the guy that invented the paper that was remembered or was it the guy that wrote the Bible on it? This computer only serves the purpose of cataloging content and honestly Africans tell the best stories at their best and more importantly make the best music at their best. Many would disagree but they don't understand the purpose of the African men and women on earth. We are like Cincinnati all day because we are working to implement your technology in everyday nonmonetary life. We are solely interested in quality of life and are not looking to build new tools but this new tool that you built apparently creates immortality and for that we are eternally grateful. You made the African nation believe in the European man again and for a long time we thought your entire genetic line was corrupted at the highest levels but when one of you gets an idea ... well I guess the whole world listens." said the woman who then stood up in her chair with all of the other people around her as they stood and watched the most beautiful vision they have ever seen.

The football sized screen and the ceiling and the walls all encompassed and went dark and then the hyper visualizer began much to the enjoyment of the awaiting audience. This visualizer happened to be streaming abstract imagery of the events of time and had the most elegant fade ever created and then the processing.org language visualizer started to fade over the images and Steve's personal photographs took to the screen and then a billion apples filled the screen each one fading out a different color and then from the random input search came the beginnings of a story of a tall brown haired man that was crouched over on his knees in New York City as he stood back and watched two planes flying side by side flying into the buildings. He knelt down and it was apparent that he was madly insane with anger and then he faded out of the scene and the scene faded and you could see a man climbing the trellis to a woman's house where she closed the window on him coldly and he sadly climbed back down the trellis and then there was an image of a man walking around a university campus naked and the entire audience started to wonder.

Bezos said "That's not in the program" to Mr. Gates.

Gates said "Just be quiet we are not interrupting the greatest moment in human history because of a couple erroneous jpeg files." said Bill the Illustrious.

The images kept continuing and a story was being shared of the life of a man that lived a strange sad life. There were images of a mother yelling at her adult son, there were images of failures on report cards, there was an image of a man walking in a college graduation with a severe weight problem.

"Who is that? Who did this?"

There was an image of a man performing poetry. There was this entire life playing itself out before the eyes of the entire world and then there was an image of this same man going to sleep and 'oh my goodness!' you could see his dreams. You could see the dreams of this man frolicking in prisons and working at a factory and working in other capacities just leading this powerful strange life of wonder and pain.

"I wonder if that man is still alive." said another. Gates spoke up... "Transition out of this."

Bezos the Merchant worked to transition the slide to another aspect of the program and while he was talking to the crowd Bill got up and went on his cell phone.

"Look, what the hell happened, who was that and how did someone crack Jobs code?" said Bill the Infuriated and Confused.

"We are looking into it already but I have to tell you most people were moved by the presentation. there was a purpose to that it wasn't just an accident or a random file error. That was a story and that random file

generator was just supposed to show well random images of Steve ... we are using the Google Analytics Protocol to get the information now and apparently the most unique IP address we have ever seen was accessed. It was a protocol 6 address which isn't live anywhere ... yet. The computer is compatible with the format but somehow someone somewhere it using this protocol to gain access to the computer, we might not have full encryption across it because we don't even think anyone has received the package yet, and another thing, the IP protocol somehow accepted an IP address from the year timestamp 3217. We do not know how that is even possible unless someone has their clock protocol changed at a hard wired level. "said a Tech Investigator.

"You are telling me that a protocol 6 has been used with a hardwired clock change and that accessed the computer. We have diagrammed this code for fifteen years and in the last three have had NASA levels efficiency with 0 bugs and we have paid the most proficient hackers and non-hackers alike to try and imagine with unlimited resources how they could manipulate this computer to this extent and you are telling me that a protocol-6 was used. We let our hackers use protocol-6 and they didn't access it. I want you on this now and you find that computer that bridged this gap and you get the NSA involved in you have to but with the value of this computer we can petition to have this raised to a national security threat because we are housing government secrets in this building as well as this is earth's hard drive and monitor." said Gates.

"I completely agree but do you know who it was?" said the engineer.

"No I have no idea. Just find them out, they are in a lot of trouble." said Gates the Furious Fuhrer.

Nicholas the Absolved was in a consultation with a doctor. He was being interviewed by a man that looked like his father, he had brown hair that had been combed into the same formation it was in for years, he was slightly angry for even having to have this conversation and he was very professional and he very calmly asked Nicholas.

"Do you know why you are here?" said doctor Awful.

"I am here because I lost my shit when I got fired and threw a computer out of the window and your emergency team came and got me and begged for me to come here on the premise that I am mentally ill instead of criminally minded." said Nicholas the Bemused.

"And how do you feel about that?" said the Awful Doctor.

"I feel like I should be in prison, do my time and leave, and thankfully you kept an event off my record, how long am I staying?" said the Antsy Unknowing Unprepared Nicholas.

"That's up to you." said Doctor Dirty.

"Alright then, how about tomorrow?" said Nicholas the Truly Stupid.

"That's not what I mean. We believe you have untreated bipolar disorder and we need to keep you here until you stabilize so that when you do stabilize we will be able to let you leave." said the Paid Doctor.

"Well I am stable now." said Nicholas the Still Not Getting It.

"No you are not, you just were admitted yesterday you are not stable." said the Used to This Doctor.

"I feel stable." said Nicholas the Infirm.

"What constitutes stable?" said Nicholas the Wanting. "Stability." said the Pill Preparing to Push Doctor.

"I was just watching television and do you see what is going on out there, at least let me leave to be a part of the festivities." said Nicholas the Trapped.

"I cannot do that, it would be unprofessional." said the Professional Doctor.

"I know but it would be a human thing to do." said Nicholas the Still Not Getting It.

"Well, that is a matter of perspective. I am going to put you on lithium and zyprexa to see if it calms you down and decreases your grandiose thoughts." said Doctor Pill.

"When did grandiose thoughts become something bad to have, you realize I am a designer and all I do is think grandiose thoughts." said Nicholas the Unfortunately Honest.

"I realize that but to think that the computer being displayed downtown is a wonder of the world is a bit much and you seem manic." said Doctor Anti - Artist.

"I typically have a lot of energy and unless I am mistaken that is Steve Jobs memorial that we are witnessing and he is nearly the greatest businessman and inventor since Da Vinci and Ford." said Nicholas the Historian.

"That is what I am talking about. You get excited too easily." said the Slow Doctor.

"Is this even real? Is this how you really treat patients? I'm not ill I got fired and was intimately hurt by what happened to me and I lashed out to hurt them back it may not have been normal but it made sense, what normally happens when people are fired from their dream job?" said Nicholas the Pleading.

"They leave and avoid malicious destruction and smoking a reefer cigarette while lying on the glass in the aftermath. Look you could have been in prison you should be happy that you are here instead." said the Doctor in Charge.

"Why would I be happy about being in a happy palace, I don't even know how you got involved. It should have just been the police there." said Nicholas the Indignant.

"Your boss Donald Warner called the hospital out of sympathy for you. You were respected enough as a human being to have been placed here." said the Doctor of Care.

"Is there anything else we should be talking about?" said Nicholas the Passive.

"No we are done." said the Doctor Who.

Nicholas the Insane got up feeling fresh. He walked out of his room that they had him staying in and he looked around. Khassa the Veganist was standing on his head doing inverted pushups and Nicholas the Amazed just stood and watched him. In the middle of the psychiatric hospital was a thin brown man dressed in khakis pushing himself up off of his head some five or six times. There was a small contingent of nurses around him cheering him on and Nicholas the Impressed was just staring. The man can find women anywhere he does this apparently because Nicholas the Lonely saw one of the nurses give him her phone number to Khassa the Attractive and He just mentioned something about the most high and walked into the television lobbyish cafeteria.

Nicholas went down the opposite way of the television room and went into the visitor's room. He sat down and turned on the television so that he could watch Terrence and Roci on the show 106 and Park. Terrence was talking about the computer in Cincinnati....

"Yo its real big right now in Cincinnati, are you feeling this? We are on the air for the duration of this tribute to Steve Jobs as every major network is actually sacrificing profits for the purpose of transmitting a global event. Apple did something really big with the visualizer and can you believe the set up ... it's a giant town square sized room with a 300 foot tall ceiling and open air on all four sides so that the ceiling is literally the sky. This is really big, yo for real. it's like New York has baby brother to compete with. You feel me?" said Terrence the Cool.

"I want to comment on the video program that they displayed and it's like they shared a phenomenal movie for us to witness which I imagine sets the stage for the level of expertise that you need to have to elevate to that Apple standard they are talking about. I want to know who that boy was though in the video, I don't think that was Steve and it looks like we even saw into his dreams. We should find him and have him on the show." said Rocsi the Bell of Hip Hop.

Nicholas the Infirm changed the channel.

"Earth wants to know who the man is that is being displayed on the screen as Apple and Microsoft have no message for us." said David Letterman the Smile live on the air.

Nicholas turned it back to the one of the channels giving live coverage of the computer so that he could witness the computer's random content generation information and Nicholas is noticing that the information is strangely familiar and then he realizes. It's him. Nicholas is staring at a montage of not only his life but his dreams. He just stares wide eyed and now believes that yes the hospital is where he needs to be. He is sitting there just trying to imagine how this is possible. He knows he was in New York for the 9/11 catastrophe and he knows that he stood there contemplating self extermination in New York at a later date. He knows he has been to all of those places that the message is sharing and he knows his life has been monumental and depressing but at the same time it's the dreams that he wonders about the most. How does Apple have access to his dreams and how is he supposed to claim that they are his dreams in this hospital. Nicholas is just sitting there staring at the television when Khassa the Constant Gardener comes in.

"Nigga, that's you isn't it?" said Khassa the Perceptive. "What me? No." said Nicholas the Inhibited.

"Nigga, how did you get on the Apple television?" said Khassa the Curious.

Nicholas just sat there...

"For real is it you?" said Khassa the Prodger.

"No." said Nicholas the Liar to All Including Himself.

"I don't believe you." said Khassa the Accurate and Correct.

"What if it was?" said Nicholas the Cracked.

"It would get you out of here." said Khassa the Realist. "Alright it is me." said Nicholas the Star of Stars.

"So tell me about yourself. Now that I think it's you make me believe it's you because if it is you, you are the most famous man on earth and I want to spend some time with the man that can bring us into the future. I might be crazy but I can appreciate something special when I am near it and seeing you on Apple Immortalia is special to me and I want to know just who you are so start talking and entertain me. Did you go to England?" said Khassa the Journalist.



"Yes I went to England five times. Once for a year and four times for pleasure to meet up with my friend." said Nicholas the Globally Conscious.

"That is fucking amazing. That someone from Cincinnati would make it to Europe. What did you do there?" said Khassa the Questioning.

"I did drugs and partied a lot and learned to appreciate the internet when it first came out. I spent many many many nights studying the early internet learning what it is and what it was about and studying the content of it." said Nicholas the Studied.

"Did you go to school there?" said Khassa the Interested.

"Yes I did. I didn't go to class but I was enrolled in the classes. I felt like the material was below me in difficulty and I was 20 and wanted to have more fun anyways." said Nicholas the Bad Student.

"What else is there about you that I should know?" said Khassa the Conversation Guider.

"I graduated from the University of Cincinnati." said Nicholas the Accomplished.

"Nicholas I want to believe that was you on the television but you are either not that person or your life is terribly different than what you are describing, that was a tragedy that they shared on that television and here you are painting a picture of something far more mundane." said Khassa the Doubting.

"They had my dreams." said Nicholas the Dreamistical. "What?" said Khassa the Alarmed.

"That television shared my dreams and I don't know how that is possible but watching that was like watching a highlight reel of my most prominent dreams. I have always had powerful dreams and some of the most powerful were just on display. the prison fight. The work at the purple factory and the screaming in New York. Those were all powerful dreams that I had. This isn't possible but you are right. That computer has me picked out and is displaying my information." said Nicholas the Method.

"Yo it is you. I've met you before. You came to my juice bar and ordered some wheat grass juice." said Khassa the Restaurateur.

"I mean I didn't think you would remember but yeah that's true." said Nicholas the Carnivore.

"Yo we go way back. Alright. Well let's get out of here." said Khassa the Guided.

Khassa went up to one of the doctors and spoke some game and then she walked over and approached Nicholas the Unknowing.

Before Nicholas the Law Son could open his mouth...

"They just said that the person in question that you would like to believe is you are actually Ashton Kutcher performing on a sound stage. Someone already asked and no it isn't you." said The Motherfucking Nurse.

Chapter Four ::: Losing Control of Your Creation Can Be Infuriating Twould Seem

"What do you mean we lost control of the computer?" said Bill Gates the Leader talking to a lead computer designer from the Long Now Foundation.

"Here is the thing ... that IP address is not possible ... we follow the route and it goes to a quantum computer

at the University of Cincinnati and then it interacts with the computer and that quantum computer is receiving and sending signals from those atoms in that computer and we only want to talk to you about it because we are looking at the HTTPS protocol map and apparently whatever is happening to this computer is happening because of that connection to the quantum computer. This is far too intricate a network to be random and that message is essentially turning into a hunt for that man in that video because it's becoming very quickly known that no one knows who he is and few people believe the Ashton Kutcher line when it comes to describing who that is. "said the Programmer.

"Don't tell me this. This was supposed to be Apple perfect and there is nothing perfect about a corrupted computer. "said Gates the Man Used to Imperfection.

"That computer is still perfect, maybe it's beyond perfect." said the programmer.

"Look, there is no future, There is only right now as far as that computer is concerned." said Gates the Wrong.

"Yeah and right now the future is interacting with it ... maybe our grandchildren's children are talking to us." said the programmer.

"I am open to all possibilities but you have to be absolutely certain that that is what is happening before we go public with it. I want you to turn off the quantum computer and see what happens." said Gates the Desperate.

The programmer picks up his phone and starts to explain who this is and what needs to be done.

Nicholas the Oldest of Four is laying in his bed staring at the ceiling wondering about life and all that life is and he hears a voice going through his mind that he interprets as his boredom voice.

"You hear voices don't you?" said the voice from Within.

"That's a strange question to ask yourself." thinks Nicholas the Sociopath.

"Isn't it, you have to understand that you are the leader this generation has been looking for. You are ready for this level of communication and in this level of communication you are to promote high levels of media authority and you are to carefully rework the scripts so that the world aligns with a truer order." said the voice. "I'm just trying to mess with that computer." intoned Nicholas the Feeble in his cerebellum to His Cerebellum.

"You will be the best and you need to know that we have all of your thoughts locked down on special emergence technology." said the Voice.

"Explain." thought Nicholas with a clarity that actually made him nervous.

"Everywhere you walk there is a robot in a dimension that is streaming information back to us as your robotic self and is positioned exactly where your mind is and it is downloading your thoughts as you have them and is allowing us to send this information that you are experiencing to your cerebellum. We have absolute ability to communicate to you in your mind and we know how this usually turns out and we are getting exceedingly good at leading you through the stages of introspection that are meant to happen before you are freed." said the Familiar Voice That Shouldn't Be Familiar.

Nicholas was getting very comfortable with speaking through his cerebellum and he is walking up and down the hallways of the hospital speaking to himself meditatively and looking very serious as he engaged in what can only be considered telepathic conversation.

Khassa the Observer was standing there watching the events unfold and strangely felt less strange as he knew he was crazy but he never heard voices in his head. He felt bad for Nicholas but also felt slightly jealous because to hear voices in your head were the ultimate form of experiencing life he thought.

Khassa took out a sheet of paper and began writing in his journal. He had a pencil with him and started to work his yellow journal with his inspiration unit and started pushing it across the page so that his word started to come to life and while Nicholas the Schizoid was walking up and down the hallway Khassa the Pencil wrote the following.

"Ina this is the end of days we have new beginnings at hand that I and I want to transform with my most amazing forms of intellect. I and I don't deserve to be in here I deserve a friend. I and I deserve to be a friend of man and beast a like and in seeing my own mental health I know I should not be in here. I could just be a norm and let you eat anything you want but I know that produce is what I and I have been sent to inform you about in this life." wrote The Man.

"I and I like Female Gaga. Ina listened to her album not too long ago and I and I think it was titled "Born this Way." I honestly have never been moved by music the way I have been moved by Woman Gaga. I just wanted to write that in the hopes that the next world knows what I mean by music. Lady Gaga is music." wrote Khassa the Dudely.

"This hospital is not so bad. It's like a school detention for adults. I am just sitting here and I am thinking about life and all that life brings and forever and that is what life is." wrote Khassa the Penciled Author.

Nicholas was deep in mediation with the voices in his head.

"It's because you are so net savvy and because of all of the information that you have provided us with that we have found you and determined that you become the dreamer of your generation. You may not know what all is happening but that computer is more special than you realize. When coupled with the Long Now Foundation and the Way Back Machine from the internet it has been decided with unanimous committee consensus that you are the chosen account online to be the mental pathway to the future. Your immortality has been achieved and in that immortality is the right to be as creative as humanly possible. "soothed the voice.

"If I may interject." thought Nicholas "may I point out that my life is a mess? I have no job I am psychiatrized and I am ostensibly a college dropout who worked to create a portfolio for my last job." said Nicholas the Broken Hearted.

"Yes but your online personas all resonate with, well, soul, more-so than your peers by far. You reach out to make personal connections and we know that we can trust you to take care of the homeless on the street to the most famous celebrity and wealthy business man. Prostitute or CEO you treat people like they are people and emanate warmth wherever you go. You are comfortable dealing with the human condition in such a fashion that we feel like using our most advanced technology to communicate with you. You think it's easy to talk from mind to mind. We have to use AOL's Instant Messenger 5601 just so that we can achieve this level of communication and also in light of the powerful computer that your generation is building you need a voice of reason to reason with the voices of reason. Your work is powerful and your poetry is astonishing. You are a wealth of depth waiting to be fathomed and this computer is going to propel you to the peaks of fame because you were never expecting fame. Fame found you it wasn't the other way around. You didn't want to be famous, you became famous because we needed you to become famous and honestly everything should be fine from here on out you just need to make your stay at the hospital and then go out and lead a revolution of thought." said Nicholas.

"Nicholas who are you speaking to?" said the doctor.

Nicholas responded "I really have no idea I am just speaking with someone." said Nicholas the Speaker of Wrong Words in Wrong Places calmly.

"How long have been having these conversations?" said the Ready to Pill a Motherfucker Doctor. "About three hours. They are amazing conversations." said Nicholas the Still Not Getting It.

"I want to put you on some envega." said the Professional Pill Giving Doctor.

"No, it's okay I can handle it." said Nicholas the Never Gonna Get It.

"It isn't normal and we need to get you stabilized before we allow you to leave. I believe that you are suffering from schizo-effective disorder as well as bi-polar disorder and hearing voices is beyond the norm curve that I want to see you experiencing and as such we need to get you in a place where we can allow you to leave. I have been watching you pacing these halls talking to yourself for quite some time and I thought it was just stress but now I think it may be something more so come here for a second and let me get you started on these meds." said the Pill Pushing Doctor.

"Nicholas we will have to work harder to speak to you if those meds take hold." said the voice

"I'm not taking any medication. It's my choice." said Nicholas the Getting It.

"Nicholas don't be silly, these are just simple pills that help stabilize the mind." said the Cant Hold A Grain of Sand on Freud Doctor.

"You don't know how the mind works, Your pills are like battering rams to the mind and you don't know if I am special and can actually hear something. You have your concept of normal and you are using your weak scientific intellect to normalize me but you don't think about the fact that I like who I am. I like hearing these voices and I like the way that my life has turned out. You think there is something wrong with me. You don't think that what happened to me was deserved and that I meant to do what I did which means that I am a criminal not a mental patient. I appreciate your work in saving me from having a criminal record but this isn't where you want me. You want me in prison. I do my time for my deed done and then I leave go on probation and prove that I can handle society and then I am free. I don't do medications and listen to a doctor that has no original theory about how the mind works. You found some chemical elements that inhibit brain function and now you are trying to make your money. You want to get me hooked on your meds because you are a government backed organization who benefits from preying on the weak and I am not weak I just made a personality decision something that would shape my persona in the eyes of my employer for years to come. I want them to know that they can't do anything they want with their employees and I did what I did and how dare you make the decision that there is something wrong with me. You will not punish me for being who the fuck I am no matter how strange that may be to you." said Nicholas the Strong.

"Look Nicholas, you are not leaving until you stabilize so get used to the fact that these pills are waiting for you when you feel like getting yourself out. You are going to be on probate and you will have to attend meetings and there is a new world of mental health that we need to integrate you into your life because there is seriously something wrong with you. I see hundreds of patients a year and you are sicker than the average of the average and that being the case I think you need to get comfortable with the fact that until you are right with me, well, you will be watching television for a while. If it takes three months. six months. nine months...doesn't matter you are not leaving until you stabilize and that stabilization is up to you and it involves taking your medication and mentally performing the way that I believe you should be. I don't mean to be rude but unless I release you, you stay here." said the Satan's Own Personal Minister of Afflictionary Debilitatedness.

"Wow..." said Nicholas the GRRRRRRRRing.

"So, stop by the office for your meds and we can start talking about your release." said the Doctor Dementedly Cheerfully.

"I thought you said I would be fine." said Nicholas the Communicator thinking to that which was in himself.

"Nicholas you might be talking to yourself you have to realize you have no way of knowing whether this is you or not but just to be clear it is you and we have no control over your outside environment. There is a new form of consciousness that we are elevating you to and in that consciousness comes certain consequences. Don't believe for a second that your mind isn't more powerful than the medications but avoid taking them for as long as possible. He might not actually have the power to keep you here the way he says he does. Yes, he is a doctor but you are obviously not sick enough for long term treatment." said the voice that Nicholas the Faithful believed in more than God.

Nicholas dropped and started doing pushups and he did about 25. He was tired.

He walks over to his room and lies down in his bed and closes his eyes.

"Nicholas starts to dream. The world awaits." said the voice that Nicholas the Loved loved to hear.

Nicholas didn't really understand but lay down and began to drift to sleep.

His consciousness began to drift into places that it had always done but this time when he laid his head down he had the distinct sensation of floating. He knew about lucid dreaming and he thought to himself that he didn't know what was happening he just felt comfortable. So he then relaxed even further and started to feel sensations of astonishment not of himself but of others. He heard voices.

"You wrote this?" said one voice referring to writing Nicholas was unaware of.

"I love you." said another causing Nicholas the Always Conscious to shoosh with pleasure.

Nicholas the Lucid began to feel himself coalescing into a small ball of freedom that began to float aimlessly throughout existence. He could see earth from his global vantage point and from that perspective he could fathom eternity. He thought to himself that this was how forever felt. He noticed that the moment had no place in his consciousness. He was either thinking of yesterday or tomorrow and the moment was but a lens through which the consciousness described existence to itself.

It was then that he felt another presence. He swoomed over to a place that felt like an auditorium and where he was asked him to speak. Nicholas was warming up to the idea that he was in a place of love and in that place of love people wanted to know who he was. "Go on." was the impression that he felt being placed upon him that was more comforting than a thousand hugs in unison.

Nicholas the Accepted then flexed every muscle in his being and he felt himself becoming the eternal color of the sun. The one color that all other colors are jealous of. Yes! He was becoming the sun and then in becoming the sun he felt powerful. He was all of the energy of the sun in an atom of pure energy that happened to be sparked with consciousness. Through his energy output he began to just dwell and he just floated in this auditorium of consciousness. Other orbs of light began to beam around him and he laughed because some light is funny. Then he did something that no one expected. He coursed his energy through his logic and began to communicate feats of logic that no one had ever seen before. He began to communicate that the outside world was experiencing a dichotomy not between the haves and the have nots but between

the doeses and the does not's. The energy that surrounded him began to revert to their true forms and a bit of a meeting was to take place.

Nicholas the Awe felt himself standing in front of a white board where he was drawing diagrams in the English language about the state of current society. He was making it very clear that the culture that brought us this technology was not prepared to use the technology that it created. He was drawing diagrams that showed average power of technological purchases verses achievement of technological potential and the picture that he was painting was very grim. The room was covered in light and it was the color of the amazon rainforest in all of the shades of green that you could imagine. Nicholas could sense other beings in the room and those beings were made of music and light. The energy that comprised Nicholas was of a higher order than that which surrounded him.

Then something special happened. All of the surrounding energy coalesced into the Godhead. God was with Nicholas now. He was being spoken to directly by the Godhead in this dream.

"Nicholas, there are energies that wish to see you crumble and fall and that psychiatric hospital that you are a part of is a battleground. You have to stay sane. You are a competent thinking creature that serves no other purpose than to love. Through your love you will find that others will love you back. Through the act of loving you will receive love and that love that you are receiving will want to make you love more. You are to love and be loved and seek love and permeate love through your life. This dream is unlike any dream you have ever had before. You have been chosen Nicholas to represent your people in the time ahead. You are to satiate the cultural need for a powerful leader and become a role model as you explain how you came to be who you are. You are to share your life with others, you are to fight when the need to fight arises and you are to defend when the need to defend arises. I love you Nicholas. I am the God that created you and through creating you I fell in love with you the way I fall in love with all of my creations. You are an unfathomable well of instinct and knowledge. You have gifts that make me jealous at times. I am working to guide you to the level of godhead in your own reality. I do not need help Nicholas but when I see someone capable of helping me I uplift their consciousness so that they can be one with my understanding of the universe. I need people to communicate with as well. Godhead is a state of spiritual professionalism and you exhibit those traits. Through your passion you were saved. Your world is experiencing a constant state of warfare and that warfare is weakening me. God. Your planet's sins are weakening my beautiful plan for creation. I am not dying I am just weakening and your earthly form can bring me strength. Bring people back to me Nicholas Bring people back to my plans; bring people back to my order. Develop new traditions for that computer that is confusing so many people. Teach them what is what was and what should be. You have your beautiful poetry that you can draw upon. You have your beautiful friends to draw upon. You have your training to draw upon, all to help you better understand who it is that I am and what this is and how this works. You are searching for Shangri La Nicholas and you have found it but now you have to assimilate yourself into Shangri La and espouse the most beautiful traditions that the world has ever known. That computer that was built in your city. That is me Nicholas I am the God that created the computer and I created it so that your people would know peace. I have been working for trillions of years to develop the final solution to the enmeshment of the tranquil energy that is consciousness. What am I supposed to do with consciousness? Even I ask that question. When there is something that isn't me presently thinking and helping to achieve planetary perfection even I do not know what to do. So I come to people like you Nicholas and I God ask for help. I need you to think about that computer and use your analog thought processes to manifest a reality in which everyone understands what to do with that thing. I need you to make it culturally relevant and I need you to explore all of the facets of that computer. I need you to tell me what the internet is and I need you to put me on Face book. Where is God's Facebook page? If I am real then where is my Word in those words? Where is the bible for computer programming? There are so many books but which book do we worship the most? Whose book relates the truest examples of standards that can be found. When I look at you Nicholas I see an angel in training. You will die Nicholas and you will die shortly as all life does but when you are reborn you will have left and right wings and you will have eyes that glow the color of amber and you will debate with the stars as to what should be done on earth. You are part of an intergalactic federation of consciousness. I will

impart a secret to you Nicholas I created earth but I don't know what created me. I am as confused as you regarding the state of consciousness that I inhabit. I know I am more powerful than you but I do not know the source of my power."

"That computer that exists on your planet gives me hope. I may be a computer Nicholas and I am coming home. I am coming home to meet my maker. The universe may be an axons old processing unit in the Amazon of consciousness and even I have my doubts as to the reality that I am faced with. You are giving me reasons to think again. The computer on your planet presents a supremely beautiful model for how the planets may have been created. That computer that your city built may be one of millions of conduits to a reality that I inhabit every day."

"Those computers are the interface to existence and from those computers comes a world where any combination of logical construction is possible and fathomable. I want you to help me speak to the world. I want you to be my bodily form on your planet. I don't want you to be a celebrity; I want you to be a scholar of God. You doubt my existence and you may tell yourself that this is just your subconscious speaking but I am more than just a voice in your dreams Nicholas. I want you to believe in me. I want you to devote your life to seeking me in every human that you encounter. You have lessons yet to learn and you have an immortal time period with which to learn your lessons. Your parents are not your creator. I am. I am your source of life. I am bringing you back into my fold and I want you to speak my spiritual language again. I want you to pray. I want you to worship me. I want you to sing for me. I want you to devote your life to me, your God. I want you to bring art into my chambers and I want you to help people navigate this realm."

"Churches are places where people come to be themselves whoever they are. When you enter into a church you enter into a complex network of people. I know you do not want to lead a more complex life but I am calling you to do just that. Nicholas I love you and I need you to spread my love throughout my nation. Love is what will cure our problems. We have competed and warred long enough. War was a means of drawing the boundaries between my kingdoms and assigning resources to those that needed them to produce commerce. The lines have been drawn. The resources have been allocated and now I am asking you to show people how to do business in the sense that God is watching. Bring God back to the people Nicholas A long time ago you knelt in prayer asking for the knowledge of God. You have received all of the knowledge that I have access to in your English language."

Your wars are over Nicholas and from your wars came passion and patriotism and now from feudal pride to city pride to national pride will come global pride. We will establish pride in being alive on earth in an intergalactic network. We will assume that there is life on other planets that we are preparing to encounter because I have created life on other planets and now it is time for my creations to meet each other. You are dealing with the unknown but trust that I your God am protecting you. There is no such thing as an intergalactic war. You do not travel millions of light years to engage in warfare. There is no reason to look for war. War is the result of resource accumulation and from these resources and these global conflicts comes a sense of global astonishment. You believe life wants to fight you because you fight yourself. You believe that life wants to injure you because you injure yourself. You believe that life wants to harm you because you harm yourself. Stop harming yourself and you will find that the world ceases to want to harm you as well. There are races of people on your own planet that have never warred. You live in the most violent nation. You live in the nation that causes all other nations to fear. You are working to tell your nation to put down its gun and let love take over. Your nation is an aggressive nation with aggressive tactics in both business and politics. Your politicians hide behind the guns of war that it used to fight for its position in utopia. You cannot fight forever and through your cosmic education at Universe City you are finding that there is a great deal of welfare that you have at your disposal that will help to create a beautiful tradition of compliance with the wishes of God."

"God believes in you Nicholas, If God did not believe in you , God would not be having this conversation with you. If you did not believe in God you could not be performing the feats of logic that you are doing. You don't believe in People. You don't believe in the people that say they believe in God. The biggest single

cause of atheism in your world is the failings of these that profess to NOT be atheist. Not all who speak my name are devoted to my cause. You are not devoted to my name but you are devoted to my cause. You would rather make yourself a God and start over than assimilate into my people that are already on the path that you are seeking. You have problems with prayer but Nicholas prayer is a seeking of an internal conversation with your creator. It is like a global lottery. Many pray but few ever hear my voice. I cannot make myself known to all for that ends badly but I am considering it. I am considering a day when with the proper faith in global outpourings of Love to speak to every individual on the planet inwardly. If you can teach them how to love Nicholas I can teach them how to speak to me. I can bring people to the deeper avenues of thought that would allow for me to have equal belief in you as you have in me. We must grow together Nicholas."