The Gospel of the Return

authored by Nicholas Lawson

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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 BEATITUDES 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 millenniums 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 highnishnes.

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

Nicholas the Giver hands over his lighter and Hakiym the Annointed 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, liiiitttterally 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

Pontificatory 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 Surpisingly 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 unhygenic 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 Celebate 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 nubian 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 wont fall again and I have no heart to offer. I fell. I wont 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 wont 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 Experiencier 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 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 Symbologist 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 Annointed 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 accepter 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 Chiiiilin 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 form 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 and 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 reaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaally fucking quiet....really really crowded ...and really really really contemplatively quiet.

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

"I've been arrested for talking too much, its 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 becasue when you fail the test of time, you cease to be conscious enough to ralize 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 Peacefuly 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 Insrrectionist 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 sterness 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 itt 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 pinners 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 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 their 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 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 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 Infirmed.

"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 carcas 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 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 aferican 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 TM 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 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 spread sheets 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 knows 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 pimp this computer out to the fullest extent that such a thing is possible. That is what we want. We want a computer that gives humanity something to pimp out as a planetary body. We want to stunt so hard on this computer and put in the kinds of energies that give us supreme confidence every year after every year to every and all beings on this planet. We want the most piiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiimp literature the most

piiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiimp photography and we want to be ninety year old men in fedoras holding magic sticks walking around preachin to the children so that they can grow up and preach game to the children because this is real son this is real life and Steve Jobs favorite music was Jay-Z. Steve jobs loved Jay-Z. So much that he secretly called himself Eye-Y so that he could feel like he was in the rap game. Steve Jobs would tell people that the next generation of computers would have spinners on the sides with a neon light that goes off every time you click a mouse. He just wanted so badly to piiiimp out the computer but it just wasn't cost effective. Steve Jobs was the consummate thug too. That's how he got the deals that he got because he would just flat out tell people that they are going to die one day if they didn't follow standard protocols for their hardware he would personally bomb their companies manufacturing bases. He scared the shit out of people and he threatened to accidentally get his core of /b/ hackers to take down sites and he was actually the funding arm behind Anonymous. Steve Jobs could rap. Steve Jobs could cook vegan food. Steve Jobs could make web pages too. He was handsome and looked good in magazines."

"I am telling you all of this because you need to understand the man that made this monumental computer possible that earth depends on. When you are building a spaceship through time you absolutely must completely depend on for your life upon structural integrity that must be infinitely precise and sound. You do not want to go eight hundred years and have a component break which is why these components are made from diamonds. In the creation of this time machine we have leveraged all of the greatest technologies from around the world and on top of that we have worked with Maybach and Ferrari automotive so that we could establish a level of systems organization that would provide with absolute precision in the parts. These parts have been designed with heat sinks that dissipate any and all heat and with a condenser that allows for the computer to never vibrate. The data house that this contains is clocked at being accurate to the download capacity of 100 petabytes a year. If we download 100 petabytes a year which amounts to every man woman and child creating a triple audio album, a fifteen hour documentary, and a multi-thousand page document and even then we are still good on memory for the next 10,000 years. We have a hermetically sealed computer here that is beyond specifications. There are going to be encyclopedias written about how to go about building this computer because the economy depends on these being built and we are in the process of building one for every continent with ever increasing power. We have enough personal computers for personal computation and we don't see why they should advance further. We have diminished the PC market to a commoditized standard unit. We as a society are humbled enough by the passing of Steve Jobs and are not so arrogant to think that we can build a better computer or that we need to build a better computer. That Apple computer will reside itself to halting PC refinement and will become solely a software entity and a hardware manufacturer and will no longer work in the PC arena. Our leader wondered what we would do and in honor of Steve Jobs Apple will no longer produce more it will produce better."

"Your city was gracious enough to allow us to essentially take empower it. We came at you with a proposal for a monumental computer that would stretch the capacity for our engineers to work within. You traded your past for your future when you dismantled your Fountain Square and you gave us complete access to your infrastructure that allowed us to develop this monument to time and memory. This is Time Code Alpha Moment Zero and on this computer is every Apple worthy piece of computation such as the entire Adobe Suite of products that streams to your iPhones through our system which allows you to take photographs, make movies, and record audio on your phone and then when you want to you can schedule time on one of our many kiosks that have been enclosed in this giant iPad that we can see above us. We have the Apple Matrix here for you to interact with that allows for you to see the iTunes visualizer in the sky coupled with the latest selection of music that is being played from your city's iTunes account. Steve wanted to give you the tools for the future and the computer as you knew it was only the smallest portion of his dream. He wanted you to know that you were alive and that being alive was magical and special and worth honoring with the greatest art that mankind could fathom."

"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 metropolish 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 bwoooooooooooooong 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 Afericans 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 Aferican 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 Aferican 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 Infirmed.

"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 zyprexia 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 Rocsi 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 Infirmed 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 Prodder.

"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 warmness 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 Afflicationary Debilitatedness.

"Wow..." said Nicholas the GRRRRRRRing.

"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 you 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."

"I want to grow with you. I want to work with you. I want to be your creator again. I want to see you happy. You must find a church and you must assimilate into their culture. If they pray you must pray. If they drink wine you must drink wine. Nicholas I need for you to promote your faith and your ability to change as a person. I need for you to fall in love with the church again. You have two churches in your community and I want for you to attend them both. I need for you to teach your interpretations of my word and I need for you to casually challenge these people that have been meeting for years but have never been meeting with you. There are hundreds of people in your community that are seeking your writing and your words and I would like for them to finally meet the words of God through the hands of the creator of the words of God. You are to be yourself and you are to be passive and you are to be competent and you are to bring wealth to your community."

"Your city is unveiling a computer that serves the purpose of reconnecting the world with itself. That giant godhead computer that is in the center of your hometown. Nicholas that is your computer. You have access to an interplanetary national database of information and I need you to speak to my people. I need you to be my Moses. I need you to be my Krishna. I need you to be my Jesus before he was led astray. I need you to be my Muhammad. I need you to be my Captain Jean Luc Picard. I need you to be these people for me and I need you to bring us into your world. The ways of war are passing but competent peaceful leadership is still needed and I need for you to be that person. Your friend Khassa is the leader of his people and you are the leader of yours. Together you are building a coalition in the few words that you have spoken to each other that will resonate for life. Your city is small which means that it has room to grow. This growth that your city is experiencing is an accumulation of interests wanting to be near a point of interest. You have developed your culture so fully Nicholas that people will move hundreds of thousands of miles just to find the time to spend with you. You write to develop your thoughts and it is through your writing that you are meditating. Most people think you are just typing on keys but really you are meditating on the best thoughts that you have and you have spent thousands of hours developing your meditation time. I want you to develop further. I want you to worship me in your writing. I want you to remind people that there is a God and that the God that they believe in is watching them and that He has not forgotten his people in these times of change. I was surprised by the computer and have Gmail myself actually. Yes Nicholas even God has email. I want you to think about that. I get google.com updates and I have a domain address and I am assimilating myself into the language of computation because all of the details of this time period will be forgotten. Language only passes from one generation to the next when associated with God and I am going to begin assimilating the computer programming language into my church. We need standards and we need people to be fluent in this new language and I want to help. I want to help earth become a focal point of consciousness. I want to see your planet go from being the Cincinnati of the universe to being the Paris. I want to see you climb the towers of love and astonish the universe with your beauty and your devotion to existence."

"Nicholas you write. You dwell. Now it is time for you to speak. I think it’s time for you to awaken and begin looking around the world that I have placed you in. Nicholas rise and defend yourself because there are powers that are jealous of you and that wish to see your beautiful love come to a wicked end. Stay vigilant and remain seated because we have places we need to go."

Nicholas found himself astonished at what he has just experienced. He blinks his eyes a few times and sees the room fade into being. Nicholas rubs his blustered eyes and sits up. He looks around. He sees a chair with some towels on it. He sees the most amazing sun he has ever seen outside his window. He pulls the covers of his bed off him. He is naked and his body is gleaming in its melonenlessness. Nicholas rubs his chest and feels the coolness of his skin. Then he notices that the door is closed. He feels comfortable. Then he lowers himself to the ground and begins his regimen. He starts doing pushups and he does them again and again and again and again and again and he stops after he has done thirty five. He can feel the burning of his muscles in his chest. This sensation is all that keeps him from doing pushups more often. He honestly does not like the way that exercise feels. He wishes that the burning in his muscles would feel more like an orgasm. Something to work towards as opposed to avoiding. Nicholas thinks about how he is jealous of the people that enjoy working out and that such a lifestyle would be beautiful.

Nicholas puts on his white polka dotted pants and his crème shirt. He walks over to the mirror and looks in it. He looks like a patient. This infuriates him that he even has to be here but then he thinks to himself that after throwing a computer out a window he has to be somewhere. He wishes he had some ganja but they don't let you smoke pot in psych hospitals. He just stands there. He has to pass the time. Khassa is out there and he might be a great person to spend some time with. There are some women that he could talk to.

Instead of rushing into the situation and dealing with the slightly harsh reality of being in the adult version of high school detention he kneels down thinking of the dream he just had. That dream that changed his life and gave him purpose over night. Not having prayed in a prone position for as far back as he can remember Nicholas puts one knee down and then he puts another knee down and then he puts his hands behind his head and then he puts his hands on his shoulders and then he puts his hands together and he pushes them together with all of the force that he can manage. Then he relaxes his hands and then he bows his head and then he closes his eyes. He begins:

"Creator. I am in a fairly terrible position. I mean I don't know how this is going to work out but my city is experiencing the greatest transformation into its potential that I believe it has ever known since it started its work on becoming a city. Lord. I believe that every city is inherited by the generation that is born into it. You can either leave your city or you can help build your city. I want to help build my city lord. There are going to be hundreds of new people moving to where I live and I want to give them some training on how we do things in Cincinnati. I do not want a confusing city but I need to work to teach the new people who I am and where they are. I want to spend time with these new people and I want to spend time developing the relations that it will take to reintegrate these people into our society. I want to have fun Lord. I want to work. I want to learn more about you. I hope you can work with me the way you did in my dream." said Nicholas the Surprisingly Let’s Be Clear Surprisingly Devout.

"Nicholas I can hear you, now go out there and be yourself. Goodbye." said the voice of the cosmos.

Nicholas stood up. He thought for a minute. He realized that something more was happening here. There was so much change happening it had to be all interrelated. He was hungry though. So he needed to get some food. He needed to find something to eat.

Chapter Five ::: If You Have Never Been To The Psych Ward Do Not Pretend to Know What It Is Like in the Psych Ward

Nicholas composes himself. Laughs a little. Then he walks out the door and the bright light makes him feel like he is transitioning into a new reality. He was in a hallway and in that hallway there were about nineteen patients milling about. Some of the patients were talking to nurses, some of the patients were talking to themselves, one patient was getting blood drawn, one patient was on the phone, one patient was reading the standard information that was on the wall, a couple patients were eating and a couple were watching television.

Nicholas the Observer just stands there absorbing his scenario. He begins to walk down the hallway towards the television. Khassa walks up to him.

"Yo man there is some crazy shit happening. The world changed overnight while you were sleeping." said Khassa the Witness.

"I’m listening." said Nicholas the Child of God.

"Alright that computer that they just unveiled has been hacked by some kind of alien presence. Do you want to hear about it." said Khassa the Reporter.

"It's probably a publicity stunt like H.G. Well's War of the Worlds. You know that Apple has always been a fan of H.G. Wells, back when the radio was first introduced there was a project where they broadcast an alien invasion and people went crazy and the radio corporation that planned it later apologized. I'm not buying the fact that this isn't pomp." said Nicholas the Skeptical.

"Alright well just listen, if it is a hoax it's phenomenal. What happened is that they turned on the computer and went and did some Photoshop work by placing a photo in a photo in a photo on some gigabyte resolution images and they showed what could be done with this new super computer. They shared the Blender animations that were possible and they discussed the most beautiful potential that this computer had. Then they went into the iTunes application and turned on the visualizer and they stopped talking immediately. You could tell that they were working to develop a message as to what to say. I have used the visualizer before and I know that they were expecting to see some of the most beautiful images the world has ever seen with some amazing music but that didn't happen. What we saw was a picture of the sun with words on the screen that said. FIND HIM. This was the message that was iterated over and over and over. This was in contrast to the images they were going to show and then they turned the visualizer off after it started sharing the images of this one person's life. It was just fading images from a first person perspective of this man that had been to dance clubs, open mic's, and classrooms. They quickly transitioned out of that element but it even took them some time to do because apparently they lost control of the computer and it was only through opening a new browser and restarting the presentation that any kind of control was retaken. I mean I know about high quality presentations and for a world presentation it was supposed to go as smoothly as a Steve Jobs presentation but that didn't happen. I wonder what's happening." said Khassa the Technologically Savvy.

Nicholas listened intently and only had one question. "Do you think it was me?" said Nicholas the God Child. "Who?" said Khassa the Mistaken?

"Me. Do you think the person dreaming was me?" said Nicholas the Spoken To.

"I mean does that all sound familiar to you?" said Khassa the Wondering As Well.

"Yeah, I've been in all of those places. What about you, could it be you?" said Nicholas the Self Doubter. "I've never been in a classroom. Not me." said Khassa the Formally Uneducated.

"Well can we go somewhere so that I can tell you about a dream I just had." said Nicholas the Perception. "Yeah man. Where do you want to go?" said Khassa Close to the Being of God.

"Let’s go somewhere where we can watch 106 and Park and relax." said Nicholas the Cerebral.

That being said Nicholas the Infirmed headed north towards the guest suite and opened the door. Inside he found a man talking to himself and Nicholas leaned in for a moment to listen and heard the following:

"I mean Sugh Knight is gangsta but who is more gangsta than Coolio. I mean Gangsters Paradise is like a tribute to gangsters and Sugh Knight produced Tupac Shakur but Tupac got shot but Coolio is still alive so what’s more gangster than staying alive. I'm alive but Sugh Knight won't sign me and I have asked him by sending him tracks but he never responds who wants to be on Death Row anyways I mean you die on death row and what about Asher Roth and Eminem could they do a track together with MGK and Paul Wall. They could call themselves the Four Horsemen and do a track similar to Touch It with DMX and Busta Rhymes. The European rappers of hip hop should at least do one remix of ice ice baby together and mc hammer needs to be there too ... all of the casualties of gangsta rap should do a rebirth album and go on tour together. I mean and Kanye West is probably the reincarnation of Martin Luther King but Katy Perry is his girlfriend. I would kiss her. I love ET's and " said the guy.

Nicholas walked over to him and tapped him on his shoulder, this guy that had paper bag colored skin and was just in a zone that was never ending. Nicholas snapped his finger and finally got the attention of this guy and he just looked up and was like,

"What what what put some dollars in the cup." said the Natural Insane Freestylist.

Nicholas very kindly explained his need to use the room and the guy just nodded and was like ...

"You put some words in the cup. I can dig it." said the guy who disappeared like a ghost.

Nicholas the Coming and Khassa the Waiting were sitting in the room that was about the size of two closets with no coat hangers in it. The television was situated on brackets up near the ceiling and looked like it might have been a 23" flat screen television. Nicholas the Patient and Khassa the Patient got comfortable and just sat back and relaxed in their moment in life.

Terrence was on the screen discussing the new video from Doctor Dre.

"Yo Kush is on right now and it might be the greatest video ever to come out of the rap game in a long time. Dre straight up freezes time with Snoop Dogg and they just make it known. We are the bosses and they even allude to the fact that they are the police of this rap game, keeping people in line. How are you going to stop some people that are stopping time." said Terrence followed up with Rocsi offering her words of astonishment.

"Dre, for real, call a bitch and get me in your next video. I can’t believe you didn't call me. I’m like the only bitch in this game who adores your work and I was raised on the Chronic for real. You gotta get me a drink or something because I need to talk to you about gettin in the studio. You know I make gwop here at the park so come and play on the slides with me or some shit. You dig? Alright up next is the kush video we all been waiting for. Goddamn it I can’t believe people think I don't want to be in their video? Whats wrong with you artists? You got me, let’s make it happen." said Rocsi.

Then the television faded to the Kush video and that video started up with Dre walking around rappin in a frozen moment. This video is something that Nicholas the Pop Star Celebrity had seen before. Khassa the Reggae Artist wasn't too interested because it wasn't quite reggae enough for him even if Bob Marley did reincarnate into Snoop. Nicholas was just staring at his 103,000th music video that he has seen since his childhood. As far as Nicholas the Music Video Expert was concerned music videos were all that was on television. If you didn't care enough to make your content as convincing as a music video then you didn't care enough to interest Nicholas on television.

Nicholas the Smooth Talker leans over and tells Khassa the Ear.

"We on some shit like that." said Nicholas the Coarse.

"Sunfood Sovereign". said Khassa the CEO.

The video had this one scene where a man was floating in the air and Nicholas just tried to fathom how such a video could be accomplished. It was almost like it was an expensive riddle for the wealthy artists to uncover. Nicholas knew that a green screen was used and that a high speed camera was used. Nicholas even wondered if the video would be hotter if the people were moving, slowly. What if the video was just like it was but instead of full stops on the people in the video they just moved really slowly and there could be scenes where Dre pulled someone out of their slowness into the stillness of his reality, maybe by giving them a joint or something.

Nicholas the Verbalist leaned over real cool to Khassa the Herbalist.

"Yo Khassa?" said Nicholas the Light Dude.

"Yo white boy." said Khassa the Dark Dude.

"You got a minute." said Nicholas the Inquisitive. "Does it look like I don't?" said Khassa the Stuck.

"Aight. So I had this dream where God himself told me that I was supposed to help people understand how to use that computer." said Heaven's Tech Support Specialist Nicholas.

"To do what? What are we supposed to use that electrical toy for?" said Khassa the Supreme Vegan.

"We are supposed to use it to remember ourselves and study ourselves. We are supposed to use it to refine our language and to teach people about peace on earth." said Nicholas the Enemy of the State.

"I thought we were supposed to use it for Microsoft Word and Facebook?" said Khassa the Uncaring About Electricity.

"That’s just the beginning. It is a metaphor and a symbol of the logical prowess of the best of us. They probably shouldn't be selling them to just anyone because it's that powerful and then someone like me or you gets a hold of it and we do some guerrilla raw fare type shit where we apply our techniques to social networking and build a buzz and well in the former business plans you wanted to weaken your competition in business you didn't want to create a business that strengthened random people who might outdo you in business. I learned the history of this planet and that computer is an anomaly that I cannot understand. I don't understand why they weren't sold carefully and all I know is that they keep getting cheaper and stronger and more work is being done by them and people are wondering why business isn't being done the way it used to be and I think about that computer and the fact that less people are needed to do the same work of selling than before and manufacturing has been displaced to other countries." said Nicholas the Monologist.

"What do you think it’s' for?" said Khassa the Curious.

"Language development and metaphor creation. I think that that computer is solely meant to help us develop and upgrade what we are saying to each other and infuse more power into what we say to each other and how we say what we say to each other. It has new metaphors for business relationships within it and just knowing futuristic business strategies makes for a more futuristic business mindset. Like in the future you give away a lot of free content in exchange for substantial monetary gain through consultation in creating new content. You give something free to 100,000 people and make purchases from 10,000 people instead of trying to sell to all 100,000 people which would never happen anyways. Free content is a means of getting where you want to go faster." said Nicholas the Benefactor of Culture.

"You smoke reef?" said Khassa the Mary Jane Suitor. "Yeah man, I date Jane." said Nicholas the Ladies Man.

"What’s your favorite kind?" said Khassa the

Connoisseur.

"I'm a fan of Northern Lights." said Nicholas the Surprisingly Discerning.

"Ah, a discerning smoker." said Khassa the Agent of Change.

"Do you trip when you smoke?" said Khassa the Wondrous.

"Yeah I trip." said Nicholas the Honest.

“Then I can’t fuck smoke with you. I knew this white boy named the Poets Lawyer It, that's all he told people his name was. He was a poet from Dayton, OH and this guy was proud of his poets name because he was like ITS LIKE THE POETS LAUERATE but spelled differently. He thought it was clever we just thought it was whatever. Anyways, he was a cold poet talked about love and healing the mind and shit but we smoked a couple times and every time we smoked this guy would pop off into his own world and would have me tripping off of what he was saying. I'd just be sitting there high and this guy would have me believing we were transitioning into the age of Aquarius. What the fuck is an Aquarius? Well he would go on and on about this consciousness transfer and it just got to the point where when it came to smoke I would give him a couple cigarettes. I just told him, look, I like you, you are a dope poet, but when you smoke kush I question reality and I don't need that shit. So you can smoke tobacco or basil for all I care I am just not going to let you smoke on my herb anymore. If you want to buy some and smoke on your own that's fine but you say some shit that just makes me work harder to remain sane and I don't need that." said Khassa the Defender of Consciousness.

"I mean I can understand that. Some people fuck up the high. Those people need to smoke alone if they want to smoke." said Nicholas the Exponential Troublemaker.

Nicholas saw someone walk by the door. The door started to open and it was a doctor the same doctor he dealt with earlier.

"Nicholas can we speak for a moment." said the doctor of displeasure

"Yes we can." said Nicholas the Free Spirit.

Khassa the Friend got up and left the room and the doctor came in and sat down.

"Nicholas why do you think you are here?" said the Doctor of Pill Giving.

"I am here because I lost my shit and threw a computer out a window. Why am I not in jail?" said Nicholas the Unprosecuted Criminal.

"You are not in jail because your co-workers described you in a way that makes us believe you have bi-polar disorder." said the Doctor of Horoscopes.

"What is bipolar disorder?" said Nicholas the Skeptical Skeptical Skeptical.

"It is a disease we in the psychiatric community have identified as an imbalance in the neuropeptides in your cerebral cortex?" said the Doctor of Word Dissemination and Pill Disbursement.

"You think I am imbalanced?" said Nicholas the Perceptive.

"We know you are. You see we specialize in the science of consciousness and we can help you. Would you be willing to take medication?" said the Doctor Who Doesn't Take A Hippocratic Oath.

"Would you recommend it?" said Nicholas the Subject of an Experiment.

"Yes I would." said the Doctor Of Insurance Billing. "What would you recommend?" said Nicholas the Soon to be Abused.

"I would recommend Abilify and Lithium." said the Doctor of Pill Disbursement.

"Do they hurt?" said Nicholas the Bullshit Detector. "No but they do keep you focused and sedate." said the Doctor of Nonsense.

"Alright then. I did the crime I have to do the time." said Nicholas the Accepter of Punishment.

"Nicholas you have a real problem, I do not want you to just placate me?" said the Doctor of Absolute Patience Trying.

"I said I would take the medications, would you rather I fight with you? I know I did something fucked up." said Nicholas the Capable of Violence.

"I know but you seem rather dubious in your acceptance of your illness." said the Wanting of Absolute Mind Control Doctor.

"I said I am ill. I must be because I am in a hospital. I said I would take the meds. What else do you want?" said Nicholas the Frustrated from Insight.

"Sincerity. I want sincerity from you." said the Doctor of Assholery.

"All I know how to be is sincere." said Nicholas the Not Being Sincere.

"See it's communication like that that makes me believe you are being facetious. I have to go now but your meds are waiting for you in the window. Just whenever you get a chance to take them is good, just making sure it is within the next hour." said the Doctor of an Ancient Made Up Practice.

Chapter Six: Time Travel IS REAL! Ask John Titor.

Bill Gates was looking at a data sheet and applying all of his knowledge that he had gleaned from following the lead of the designs of Steve Jobs,. He could not fathom where the IP address was coming from that took over control and retains control of the computer. He was staring at the timing and even that was off. The computer was apparently being interfaced by an IP address that has a time stamp of fourteen hundred years in the future. He knew that this Monumental Computer was beyond rock solid. He knew that the computer has 0 bugs. It was bugless. It was the work of a collaboration of teams of programming savants who literally hand crafted original hardware, original wiring schematics, original one of a kind chip design. This computer has been being planned for fifty years and people have gone to PHD levels of sciencary twice just to be able to participate in the process. Every nuance has been deftly crafted to enable two things ... efficiency and longevity. The Long Now Foundation has done the majority of the research and the fund raising that made this computer possible and the internal components and software are behind three firewalls that make outside corruption not only impossible but mathematically absurd. This computer was built to accept content creation only as a solely input only device and once sealed no one has access to the internals of this machine because it was built with the idea in mind that once perfected 0 people need to be in the inner workings. This computer serves the purpose of providing a standard communication device from generation to generation and if the administrators become corrupt they could corrupt the entire machine. It has been closed and now it can only be used.

But there are data reports and this one said that an IP address from fourteen hundred years in the future was being used to generate visual ideas into the computer.

The future can’t have an IP address because it doesn't exist yet.

"That is true isn't it?" said Bill the Gates.

"What?" said a technician?

"The future doesn't exist yet." said Gates.

"I mean does that past exist?" said the tech.

Bill Gates just stopped and thought for a second. He thought about the hieroglyphics and about how we can see their communication strategies one glyph at a time. He knows that this computer will last at least 1400 years but how could the computer access the past?

"Is this computer networked with the quantum computer at UC?" said Bill getting close.

"Yes. This computer is linked to every network on the planet and it is more secure digitally than the moon is from us. If you want to get into this computer you need another computer just as powerful as it to access it and that computer does not exist yet. The strategy is that we will only allow these computers that are perfect to interact with each other. The first computer is closed only to be networked with the next of it's kind. We wanted to have a space of time where we could establish Perfection One before we began Perfecting Two." said the technician.

"How did the visualizer become corrupted?" said Gates?

"If that IP address is from the future, it could be that the future is interacting with this machine from another point?" said the tech.

"Through the quantum computer?" said the Gates.

"I mean that quantum computer is going to be around for at least another century and if the future has access to that inception point and are technologically advanced enough to use a quantum computer its first practical application could be to communicate with different time periods through itself. I mean you build something that is going to be in one place for eighteen centuries and is hooked to a quantum computer ... at some point we might be able to look at this like its a closed system in time and send information ... we might not be able to send people through time ... but we could send light and this computer is all fiber optically connected. I bet the future could be interacting with this time period?" said the tech.

"Wow. So I am not crazy thinking that we inadvertently built a time machine?" said Gates.

"I'm not worried about the time machine Bill, I kind of thought this might happen, I'm worried about the man that the future thought was so important that they wanted to let us know to find him. How do you find a man that is dreaming?" said the tech.

"I don't know. I ... don't ... know." said Bill.

Nicholas was looking out his window as hundreds of people walking around that were not native to Cincinnati he imagined. They were lining the sidewalks and ambling up and down the streets. There was a university nearby and a lot of these people were students. A lot of the native Cincinnati people were handing out cards that had their Twitter Facebook and URLs on them. The contemplative Cincinnatians that were around during the construction period had developed very refined marketing techniques as Cincy had become the New New York. We were Greenwich Village, Brooklyn and Wall Street all in one now. With the construction of the computer that was partnered with by PG and GE Cincinnati reapplied itself to national discourse as things happen in Cincinnati that happen nowhere else. Our founders set in place a series of events that controls our thoughts and keeps them civilized. We pour through thousands of ideas a second in Cincinnati searching for that next perfect solution to reality.

The way that Cincinnati was applying the computer to its culture was emblematic of how Cincinnati does everything. Were there professional sports before baseball? No. Not the way Cincinnati set it up. We are home base for cultural progress and we develop symbols in Cincinnati that guide our language discourse. That computer is emblematic of how big we think in Cincinnati.

Nicholas walked away from the window as the sunlight caressed his face and blessed him as the saint that he was. He walked past a man that was passing wind every thirty seconds and stinking up the air and laughed. He went out into the sunlight and made his way to the workers station. There were about six nurses doing various duties like standing there chewing gum, painting nails, surfing the web on IE no doubt, and one of them was talking on her cell phone. Nicholas walked up to the woman that was talking on her cell phone and said "Hello."

"What do you want?" said the nurse with all of the politeness as Shanaynay from Martin.

"I was hoping to get some pen and pad so that I could write?" said Nicholas with all of the Patience of the Pope.

This nurse had tufts of green in her hair; her nails were each three inches long. Nicholas would call her ghetto if she didn't have a job but since she does she is just unique.

"What do you want to write about before I get the paper?" said the Woman channeling her inner Whitney from A Different World.

"I was hoping to write about life and love and technology and my place in this world that created me. I was hoping to write some comedy and some drama and some tragedy. I want to pass the time here favorably and I just thought maybe you could help me with some paper." said Nicholas the Shakespearean Author.

"Oh! You want to write about all that? I'll give you two sheets of paper and this pencil. When you need more paper come back and ask me." said the woman with long nails who was now channeling her inner Pamela like she is talking to Martin herself.

Nicholas the Disrespected laughed. Two sheets is two sheets. He heads back into his room oblivious to what is happening to the world outside. While Nicholas is looking at his sheets of paper the world outside is watching his life.

There is a massive contingency of people who are staring at a computer monitor bigger than Paul Brown stadium and they are watching a man being reprimanded by his mother, ignored by his father, shunned by his brother and sister and talking on the phone with his brother. There are pockets of people crying in the streets whenever they see the mother throwing shoes at him because on the right side of the screen is the writing of poetry and the speedy creation of the most beautiful words ever crafted. This was an artist that was being witnessed. He was someone that writing came naturally to and was someone that developed his craft steadily. People were starting to realize that this was a real man. It was at the moment that they saw his dream of the computer that they realized he was on earth right now. Nearly instantly the hash tag #WhoIsHe became the most popular on Twitter. People were developing the inclination to find this man. There were images of the computer from the vantage point of having been in Cincinnati.

Nicholas the Waldo rested his head slowly on his bed. He took off his shirt and rubbed his chest. Then he closed his eyes and turned his head to the side. He was comfortable.

As he uploaded his consciousness to the cloud he felt an incoherent chill flow through his body. It was the most comfortable and remarkable sensation. It felt like a mild orgasm was flowing through his whole body. It pulsed in and out and then dissipated as he began to hear a voice.

"I thought you would like that." said the voice of Nicholas' Own Personal God.

"What was it?" said Nicholas the Relaxed.

"That is our gift to you. We cannot give you iPods or Fire Tablets but we can give you sensations. Our reward system for you and just our way of thanking you is through the sensations that you experience daily. It might seem like little but if you think about it a body orgasm is the greatest gift a man can receive. For a man the orgasm is the pinnacle of achievement. We are giving you custom orgasms that we feel will remind you that you are working for someone special. You work for us now. You work to bring about the type of future that you deserve to experience. You are one of the masters of your species. From as far back as Muhammad and Jesus to Plato and Socrates you are the inception of a generation seeking information about something that they know is important. Most people don't have the patience to spend time exploring the internet. You have been playing with it off and on for the last twenty years. You used to spend all your time at the library and now this came along. You were destined for this Information Age and now you are the one creating the information. I want to spend some time with you. You might think you are in danger but you are not. We have people working to protect you no matter how bad it gets in the moment ... just know that there will be another moment. It is impossible for you to lose touch with your consciousness. We have this hospital probed deeply fourteen hundred years from now and we are applying your principle of exploring where someone was. Apparently Humans leave a footprint on the fabric of space and time and your work that you are doing helps us decipher the concept that if we place a probe where your mind was it will be like putting a probe where your mind always will be. We just have to locate a space that only you have been. That moment where you placed your head in the corner. We caught it on camera, you are the only person that ever went there and because of that we placed a probe there and from that point we are accessing your complete cranial activity. The body is connected to the mind always and there is one place where the future and the past and the present all take form and that is in your mind in that space in the hospital. We know where you are and how to follow you because you have been in quite a bit of media." said the voice.

Nicholas was shivering with pleasure as the future was placing cold chills through his body in pulses. He now knew why women went in search of multiple orgasms as there was nothing greater than a small chill running through your body reminding you what pleasure is. Just pleasure, not ecstasy, not euphoria just a mild pleasure was pulsing through Nicholas's the Pleased's body.

A doctor of pillage had come into the room. Doctor Pill Giver was watching the television and piecing together some pieces. He was looking at Nicholas. Nicholas was obviously in REM sleep but it couldn't be him on the Master Screen. The doctor was contemplating the idea that the person they are searching for was Nicholas the Suspect. He saw an image of his visage talking to someone on the television. He knows Nicholas is dreaming of him but the image was blurry it might not have been him, but what if it was. What if the person that the future was looking for was right here in this room? The doctor was thinking to himself, he couldn't talk to anyone of his peers about this but Nicholas was not leaving this hospital. As a doctor it is possible to ruin someone's life in the psychiatric profession. Most doctors have ethics and social moiré’s but doctor PillPush had this practice of choosing patients to send to long term treatment. He figured he didn't go to college not to have some perks in life and knowing that someone was being ruined brought pleasure to him. Maybe Nicholas wasn't the person but the very fact that Nicholas might be special is enough of a reason to temporarily ruin his life. His dreams are beautiful his thoughts are beautiful and it might be him but he is under the doctor's control and this doctor had the demise of Nicholas in mind.

He was walking over to Nicholas and he wanted to try and experiment. He turned on the live feed of the computer channel streaming the dreams and while he was watching he shook Nicholas, hard. Nicholas woke up angry as fuck and almost swung on the doctor but the thing is. The dreams stopped almost at the same time as the swinging Nicholas.

Nicholas wanted to know what was going on and the doctor just thought for a moment began asking Nicholas some questions.

"What were you dreaming of?" said the doctor believing that Nicholas had no concept of what was transpiring. "I WAS dreaming of just feelings really. Colors and a voice." said Nicholas the Subject.

"What was the voice you were dreaming of telling you?" said PillPusher.

"Mostly that I was an amazing writer and that I have a bright future." said Nicholas the Author.

"Does this voice speak to you often?" said PillPusher. "I mean when I dream I usually hear voices. See images and story lines." said Nicholas the Narrator.

"Your bipolar disorder may be more severe than I thought. I want to keep you here for observation for a couple weeks so that you can stabilize." said the Doctor of Pill Pushing.

"Doctor I am really fine. I am just creative that's all." said Nicholas Lacking the Ability to Understand the Depth of the Coldness of Science.

"You threw a window through a computer and I find that highly disturbing. I want to work with you and possibly consider involving you in long term psychiatric treatment because from what I can tell you might be a danger to yourself. You show signs of extreme mania and the frequency of your pushups indicates that you have manic energy. I believe that we will be increasing the dosages of your medications and I might be putting you also on haldol and geodon." said the doctor of Pill Pushin.

"You want me on four medications?" said Nicholas the HIGHLY Skeptical.

"We are trying to sedate your energy and bring you to a more normal plateau."

said the doctor of pill pushery,

"I mean I know I messed up with the whole computer through the window thing

but I have led a fairly normal life for the most part. I write and go to parties but that is just about it." said Nicholas the Infirmed.

"Do you do drugs at these parties?"said the doctor of None of His Business.

"I smoke pot, but I know it's legal so there is no problem." said Nicholas the Party Animal in Captivity.

"I must say you sound like you could be experiencing something more profound than just bipolar disorder. I need to study you. I want to research your illness and find a suitable treatment for you. Tell me do you know about what is happening outside?" said the doctor of Pill Pushing.

"I know that there is a giant computer that I am the biggest fan of being deployed out into society and that if you have an Ohio driver's license you get to use the computer or rent your time to an outsider from the city. I know that Cincinnati is the focal point of production in the digital world because of that computer. I know that I am looking forward to promoting my website by using it. “said Nicholas the Reasonable.

"Did you know that it’s been taken over by an unknown force?" said the doctor of nonsense.

"No man. That’s crazy can I go watch some television?" said Nicholas the Uncaring.

"No, I actually want to ask you something. Do you believe in the future Nicholas? Do you believe that the future is looking out for your best interest?" said the doctor of crossing over the line.

"Doc, all I believe in is the future. It is something that we build and I want to see a beautiful future so I am helping to build what I believe will make the most sense to the most people." said Nicholas the Hearted.

"Do you hear voices when you dream?" said the doctor of crossing the line.

"Yes. Especially in the last few days. I hear very distinct voices." said Nicholas the Powerful.

"Would you believe me if I told you that I believe that you have been chosen by the future to be the main source of entertainment for our generation?" said the doctor of saltiness.

"I think you are overstepping your professional boundaries." said Nicholas the Really Real.

"I just want to see what is best happen for everyone. I want to ask you to write something for me. I want you to imagine that you are writing a letter to God about what life was like while you were alive." said the Doctor of Death.

"You want me to write a letter about what this was like?" said Nicholas the Inquisitive.

"Yes I think it would be a healthy exercise. I want you to write a eulogy for yourself in essence. It’s a standard professional practice and I believe you will learn a lot about yourself in the process." said the Doctor of Deception.

Nicholas the Intuitive's intuition kicked in. For the first time in his life he felt powerless. He had no family and his friends all worked at LPK. No one really wanted to visit him. He typically spent his time alone writing and he worked professionally but lately the stress of being a solitary creative worker had driven him to strange behavior and maybe there was something wrong with him. Maybe this doctor was doing something for him that he couldn't do for himself. He was going to get better and he was going to go out and make some new friends. There was a major part of him that felt like he was too old for friends. That he was too old to spend time with others but are you ever too old for friends?

Chapter Seven: Gentlemen We Have Two Mysteries To Solve

Bill Gates was staring at a three dimensional imaging system that Cal Tech developed to visualize IP network systems in detail. Gates was just livid staring at one point. There was an IP address that looped in on itself in the distribution matrix and Gates wasn't talking to anyone. He was just thinking. He knew that that the software was rock solid. he knew that the time codes were uncrackable. He knew that a loop meant an infinity error and he knew that right where that loop was happening was the University of Cincinnati's Quantum Computer and the astonishing Computeristica. Either Steve Jobs himself hacked this or time travel was a very real reality. Gates looked down at his watch and pondered the idea that that the clock was simply an agreement among men and that real time cannot be measured and that real time cannot be fathomed. He thought about how little he knew about time and how much he knew about clocks. He wondered if clocks had anything to do with time. Clocks measure the movement of gears in clocks. What is time though? Gates picked up a reefer cigarette that he had been saving for his break. Bill Gates was smoking to the inception of Microsoft and the creation of a business model that would serve as the fundraising arm of the Infiniti nary Processor. He was just standing there inhaling the smoke and Gates doesn't cough when he smokes Kush. There were about fifteen technicians in the room and about nine of them sparked blunts and Gates turned around.

"Gentlemen, we have two mysteries to solve. One , we have to figure out who that computer wants us to find and two we have to figure out how that rock solid computer built from diamond parts and coupled with infinite terabyte storage space because it’s up-linked to forty eight satellites in infinite orbits. That computer lasts forever. There is nothing that computer does not know, there is nothing that computer cannot identify and it is my contention that our grandchildren' grandchildren are watching us. We are this far along, my children's children might be bold enough to visit their great grand parents in their prime. This could be the inception point. This could be our moon landing but I know I have trouble accepting it. This might be a truth that is debated until we achieve immortality ourselves. I am Bill Gates and I make pc's. Guys I have to tell you, I think our job is basically done. We can smoke good for life now. What more does the world want from the computer industry than an Agent of Time Displacement Such as This. They want more of This. Each one of those computers is going to be more powerful than the next and this applicon predates a movement to go from the personal computer to the community computer. Why sell 100 PC's when you can sell 1 quintabyte computer and develop a community center around it. The computer is too special to be housed at the home. You are not meant to be computing alone, it needs to be community oriented and you know what scares me. I have no idea how time travel is possible ... I am just staring at this loop and now I know that it is. How do you build a time machine, on accident?"

There were roughly forty eight programmers in the room with Bill Gates and they had been programming for years and it suddenly occurred to everyone. The moon had just landed on the earth. The stars had just exploded and time travel was found to be expertly possible. Not only was it possible but it was possible the way drinking milk was possible. No one fainted. No one gasped. There was stillness in the room. Everyone felt religious in their scientific origins. For the expanded expanse of human history there was knowledge of time but it existed primarily of children talking to parents and that was the extent of it. Bonded through genetics humanity was in tune with itself with great great grandchildren wanting nothing more than to see their creator's creators. The driving motivation of this technology was embedded so deep in human psyche that when it hits you how real it is you just stand there and life moves on. You feel more watched as you realize that in this computing age there are more inputs than ever before in human history. There are more points of contact to study and be studied. The future archeologists start their work with this computer the Infinitude. It is the single most empowering device ever created. Fuck fire for that you just rub a couple sticks together, the Infinitude is like fire to the power of fire to the power of powers of fire on fire in comparison of importance. Bill kneeled down and became silent. The other programmers knelt as well in an effort to just absorb. There was no god involved as they were all atheists but they would forever worship the computer from this moment on as their created. They would worship what was created more than what created as they stared at that computer that they had been using for decades in their careers and when all of the technology that culminated in the finest piece of information they had ever seen , they wept. It was humbling to see the protocol work and now there was so much that was necessary to do. Bill Gates had to call the motherfucking president. He had to inform the motherfucking president and drop a freestyle on Jay-Z's voicemail because ... Jay-Z was the motherfucking president of the mother fucking world. Hova was going to be receiving a phone call that better involve a dope beat that would notify him that his pet project was working in ways that could not have been predicted by men that do not know what Jay-Z knows.

It was a strange world that made all the sense to everyone. That little IP address with the forward motion address was siphoning more data than what existed in the computer. It was downloading information and uploading data with tremendous speed but it wasn't putting load on the computer.

Bill Gates was sitting at the terminal staring at the 5ft by 3ft screen in front of him and he was astonished. He was just watching files upload and download when there were no users present on the machine. They all linked to a single account. The Poets Lawyer It. A pseudo name. Bill spoke and said the following "I want every one of you to walk with explicit maturity as we begin to enter a new age. We have words yet spoken a formal decree that we are to share with our friends and family members. Most people would say to contact the military but who are they going to fight? This is a multimedia computer and its sole purpose is to be a dispensary of media. You might want to wake up tomorrow with your family and shoot a video. This might all turn out in ways we cannot fathom because this did. I see you standing there and I am grateful that I had the chance to work with you. You stand head and shoulders above any programming team I have ever encountered and for that work with me further. We have to have another opening of the computer. A post Infinitude convention. We are going to reconvene the entire planet and we are going to throw a new gala in Cincinnati Ohio. The first Cin is for the party but the second Cin is for the science. I want you to become artists and I feel like I am talking to myself because I am being told that we all have our future selves to speak with as we absorb the frequencies of the universe. This will be a slow progression over years as our minds encompass the possibilities that they have never thought about thinking about. You may believe in Gods but our future selves are who we are to worship and our future selves are to worship the children of the children of the children that the children are having. I feel connected as I speak to you as though we are experiencing a shift in consciousness, at least I am. Where is all of this? What is all of this? How did all of this come to be? I have an important message to share with you; there is a man among us who is dreaming the dreams on the monitor. He is the future emperor of earth in line with Halie Selassie in prominence and honestly I want to meet this man. He is a writer and he is on earth now and he has the capacity to bring us to places that we could never imagine on our own. I am being told that we are to search for this man like you would search for a savior. He was raised on the internet and is a first generation adult who performs miracles in his spare time when no one is looking for miracles. I am told that he is in North America but that we are to look for him if we really want to meet him." said Gates.

The other programmers were stunned. That was the deepest set of words that a man has ever spoke in their presence and collectively people were wondering if others were hearing the soft voices that were flowing through the imaginations. One developer spoke up and said the following...

"I can hear myself. I can hear myself talking to me. It says that the world is not schizophrenic or bipolar and that the world was in fact telepathic with itself. There were mysteries unfolding in patterns that biblical scholars believe is a new age of Biblicism where there will be a new moses, there will be a new Jesus, and that these people are reincarnating in our midst to realign society with the new tool set that it has access to. We are going to be better people and we are going to strive for higher heights and we are going to stop waiting for God to do anything for us and we are going to do it ourselves. We are going to find the Gods among us and we are going to worship them. We are going to be doing what we should have been doing all along. Maybe the wars broke us in ways that we cannot imagine but it is time to heal. The way Arch Ferdinand Duke was killed prior to World War One Applicon was built prior to World Peace One. We are bringing peace through our efforts to explore the depths of what is possible in our lives. I am starting to feel warm. I feel a sensation of glowing inside of me that is permeating my pores and honestly I am excited. I love you all so much. I want to be remembered for the best things I have ever done and I want you to be remembered with me and we accomplished that with this computer. Bill you are the leader that I never thought I could aspire to work for and here I am sharing my future with you. We are right now our children are then their children are then but we all work in conjunction with each other in the most peaceful ways." said the developer.

"I have a message too. Is this church? Is that computer the God we have been looking for. Did it just show up by our own hands? Did that computer reach out and save its creators for creating it? Are we fusing with the computer just through using it? Did we achieve a different kind of fusion, a fusion with the computer? Do we now have unlimited energy for our creativity? Will we use this computer to achieve fusion reactors? Will we align ourselves so that we can leave this planet for the moon in a sustainable fashion? Will we stop conning each other and provide this type of service for the world. There is a cultural war happening so we build a world wonder to solve the problem in excelcius deo. You may not know what that means but in excelcius deo means in full excellence. We treated earth like our client and now they are we are all of us are paying us for our work. Our lives will change for the work that we have done here and in that so much else will happen." said the woman.

Bill gates was on his 4g phone and then his eyes widened and he walked out of the room. He walked down a hallway and got in an elevator. He was on the phone with Jay-Z. Jay-Z had called him.

"Bill, that’s a time machine isn't it?" said Jay. HOV! "Hova, you have to understand it might be awaiting a freestyle of yours." said Gates

"No you have to understand in plain view of the entire world you built a time machine. I like it. I need to let you know that we are sending the military to find him. I'm preparing my next freestyle for the future for real. I'm less worried about the computer and more worried about the kid or adult who this thing is looking for. I bet he is in the United States. I believe that with my power to influence every C-Span channel and news outlet that we can find this kid. You don't know what is happening. People across the country are starting wake up out of war. People are starting to see the new world that they just weren't looking at. I need you to know that that computer is changing the entire internet and every page is asking the question ... Where is he? ... the computer and the voice are telling everyone that it's missing crucial components of information and it was expecting there to be this one person but no one knows who it is and all that is being sent are words and photos but the images are all Gaussian blurred out and work is being done to reconstruct the blurs but that has a few more hours left to be worked out. We know what a hoax looks like and a hack and this isn't it. This is the real formation of a reality that is just better. I just live in a house now, I need to take that Black Gate down and invite people over for dinner that aren't celebrities. I'm just an ambitious person Bill, I really am. I seek out better and more influential people to be around and that is my only secret that and I flow with absolute precision in the booth. Yo for real, when all is said and done, im about to geek out my YouTube channel geek. “said Jay. HOVA!

"Jay. Hova. Look. There is nothing wrong with being ambitious. It beats playing video games and watching football. I don't mind the people that make the games and that play the football. It’s just the audience that I have problems with. We have too many audience members and not enough players. Your music videos changed my life. When you came out with the Blueprint 3 album I got my stunt on JAY. That’s why Windows 15 had every hip hop album ever created pre-installed so that when I get paid, ya'll get paid. I'm glad you worked out that deal with Def Jam that you did that gave us exclusive rights to your platform of work. I program code. You program English. We lead different lifestyles because the effects of our art are different on society." said the Gates of Creation.

Nicholas was sitting there praying. He stood up and went over to the doctor.

"Doc, looks like the world is changing, mind if I dip?" said Nicholas the Hopeful.

"Nicholas you are not ready to leave and your problems are much deeper than you realize. Did you write that letter, that departure note?" said the Doctor Pill Pushery.

"I mean yeah, I felt really sad doing it but I mentioned how you are working to provide me with treatment and that maybe I do have a problem." said Nicholas the Sad.

"Alright I want you to take these medications they will help get you started." said the doctor of deception.

Nicholas the Coy smiled and took the medications. He placed them in his hand and did a deft transfer and made it look like he was taking the pills. The doctor looked on happy that he was providing earth with salvation of his own. The doctor felt that his years of service to the medical community had provided him with the respect that he would need to rule earth. He just had to kill this one person and earth would thank him. Why would anyone want peace? He thought this would be the new arch Ferdinand Duke and through killing the very man that would bring peace the world can enter into a new phase of warfare with psychiatry leading the way and this doctor being the new hero. He would receive the accolades for saving the weapons industry and the military and the police and the NSA and the FBI and Scotland Yard. He was just consumed with thoughts that he would be out of business if the world was more tolerant of its own so now that the change is happening and its strongest member is at his mercy. Kill him. Kill him and let him be a martyr to a cause that could never happen without him.

Nicholas walked into his room. He tossed the pills into the toilet and flushed the toilet. It looked like too many pills to him anyways.

"Nicholas you might want to lie down for a deep sleep." said the doctor determined.

Nicholas thought that was kind of strange way of putting it.

Khassa the Salvation enters the room and starts to do a headstand. He poses does a freeze and then rights himself.

Nicholas the Endangered is cool with it.

Khassa the Dopeness starts talking and says the following...

"Nicholas do you hear voices? I mean not debilitating angry voices but calm pleasing voices?" said Khassa the Enlightened.

"Yeah. I mean they are trying to inform me that my writing is the chosen writing of multiple generations and that I am meant to lead a revolution of thought." said Nicholas the Righteous Dude.

"Mine tell me that the way I treat food sharpens the entire dietary palette of the world." said Khassa the Historical Chef.

"Well what do you eat?" said Nicholas the Unfortunate

Carnivore.

"Solely produce. Fruit vegetables nuts and seeds and water." said Khassa the Perfectionist That is Not An Asshole.

The doctor came in and looked at Nicholas. He was a bit puzzled. he gave him fifteen lithium and a dozen ambien. He was thinking to himself that he should be asleep deeply by now. Maybe this dreamer in this world is immune to our drugs. What if he is a time traveler and he is just laying low? What if this patient of mine ... I have to start asking him about his dreams. The doctor was a little nervous. He wasn't a supporter of celebrity. He thought most people that were deviant from society were mentally ill. Who gets on stage and shakes their ass, or who stands in front of people and raps, who wants to be divergent from society? This doctor wasn't thinking about the fact that society filled the needs of everyone not just the studious types. It filled the needs of everyone from the homeless man that just wants to drink beer to the CEO that wants to own his own corporate jet. There is a place in society for us all and this doctor was enmeshed in ideas of dominance because Nicholas was powerless in that hospital and in being powerless he had to find ways to earn his power. By tripping away the pills he kept his sovereignty in a small way.

This doctor stepped in on Nicholas the Clever.

"Nicholas may I interrupt." said the doctor of Devilish ways.

"No you may not we are having a sovereign

conversation and you are not welcome in our presence at this moment." said Khassa the Powerful.

"Khassa will you leave the room." said the doctor of drama.

"Bet." and Khassa of Caving as he walked out of the room.

"But I am still Sovereign." said Khassa the Pride back to the doctor.

"Nicholas could you tell me about your dreams?" said the doctor

"You want to know if I am the dreamer?" said Nicholas the Dreamer.

"No it’s a standard question." said the doctor of deception.

"Alright I will tell you my dreams. When I sleep I dream beautiful colors and hear voices that put me through training. I go to parties, I start businesses. I go to war. I live lives in my dreams and spend time exploring the deeper realms of consciousness. My dreams put me in a place where I believe this life to be just another facet of my consciousness. I am more than this waking life; this is just a side of my Rubik's cube. I am engaged in life and I engage in euphoria and fear. I am killed in my dreams. I am resurrected in my dreams. I don't hear sound in my dreams though. It is always a visual experience. I will tell you that. I see in color and I experience sensations and I exchange ideas but I never hear anything. I am deaf but not mute in my dreams. I play basketball and I play pool. I get drunk and I smoke pot. My life in my dreams is just more interesting than what happens in this world. That’s why I write. I believe that if there is at least one reality in my existence where I throw myself at my writings that my reincarnation will be dovetailed more beautifully and that maybe this computer plays a role in reincarnation. How am I to know what this computer is but I do know that I am telling it that I am a god and that I am receiving god like dreams. Sometimes I dream of computer programming in my dreams, sometimes I dream of women. I believe in my dreams the way I believe in business plans and inspiration. They are real and they serve a purpose. I am glad that I am in this hospital right now under your care because I am learning that some things are transient. I know this is like a jail but I want to be jailed. I deserve to be jailed. I don't deserve death but I deserve reprimand for my actions. I believe in the world that created me and gave me the dreams that I dream today. I honestly do not know how I was created but I know that my dreams give me reason to believe that I am a multifaceted organism that plays conscious roles in multiple realities some in the future some in the past and we are all connected through sleep. I am always the same person that I am but my dreams place me in a state of travel that no man woman or child can fuck with. When I am sleeping I go where I am explicitly supposed to go. You think civilization is easy to maintain. Consciousness requires consciousness to remain conscious. I am a leader in the conscious world and in my world of consciousness there are dreams that dream of dreams and I dream those dreams. You want to know if I am the dreamer in the computer. You want to know if it's me. I can already tell you that it is. I can already tell you that that computer is displaying my dreams to the world to see. What else do you want to know? I am just waiting. I am just waiting for my destiny to come and grab me and propel me to the heights of leadership in this conscious world so that I can receive the blessings that this world deserves because when I receive a blessing you receive a blessing and we all receive blessings when any of us receive blessings. You know how I know it's me. Because the Applicon talks to me. It's a conscious unit of energy. That computer is complex enough to have computational thoughts, not human thoughts it's different but that computer rests exactly where it is.

So yeah I am smiling at you doctor. I am telling you that I threw a computer out a window and that I am under your care and that you want me to take your little pills and you want me to receive your supposed treatment but I am telling you that there is nothing wrong with me. I am telepathic, I lead a different existence. You cannot treat me. You cannot pill me. You cannot divest me from my future where I lead the world into a new age of knowledge. I thought I was going to change the world as a corporate designer and solve problems one at a time but fuck that design is about the simplest most elegant solution and that solution involves me being world renowned for my thinking ability. I know I am ugly but my future has nothing to do with the world of models, it has to do with the realm of thought. You need me and Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung and Oppenheimer and Goldman Sachs people that surged forward in the realm of the mind pervade my being. My heroes are academic so I don't need a six pack. I train on a keyboard and refine the words that come out of my mouth. I customize my thoughts to be of use to the most people possible. I think pop therefore I am pop. I am what this world needs. I am what this world is looking for. I am what this world is searching for seeking and pontificating about the existence of. Yes there are 7 billion people looking for me and I am right here under your care. I will just lay it all out on the line. I am a jovial person with the most serious ambitions. I am a leader of thought and in my leadership the world can learn about leadership. I am not a leader who looks for exposure I am a leader who plans for exposure by creating thought provoking amazing titillating works of art. You want to know who I am and what I dream about? You want to understand my dreams? I want you to think about this for a moment. I have been training on that computer for decades searching and thinking and reading about our most contemporary thought. I haven't had time for books because they were written yesterday and I wanted to know what was being thought about today.

You think your pills have any effect on my genius? You can pill me into comatose but all that will happen is that I will recover and even if you pill me into retardation I will still be a genius retard. I will solve retard problems with genius flare. You are dealing with a force that you cannot fathom and that force is ever vigilant and confident with the braggadocia of a Real MC. I master the ceremony of writing and I build bridges to infinity's children through the words that I am sharing with you. No don't go anywhere stay there I am not finished. You need to know who you are dealing with. I come from a generation of dreamers and I am the lead dreamer. My dreams are the dreams of dreams and that computer is linked into my cerebral cortex tissue because when a ghost stands where I am it transmits my thoughts to the future where they are uploaded to the Applicon and sent back in time to the origin of where I am time coded. We build spirits in the future that explore the past through their presence. You would be me if you weren't of evil intent. I am the purest vessel this earth has ever seen and my thoughts are the thoughts of thoughts. You want to know what I dream about? You want to know what I think about? I think about a vegan world where life is preserved and the forces of death are allowed to place their dead to rest. I believe that the dead should bury the dead while the living throws a party. I don't mean that the dead should bury corpses, no that is the job of the living, but the spiritually dead should bury the spiritually dead in unknown ceremonies where the earth turns and no one listens to the cries of those that spent a lifetime doing evil. The evil are unaware of their evil and that is why they must be allowed to depart. This is a peaceful planet and we are engaged in spiritual warfare and the emergence of youth continually refines the problems of age I am here to referee the transition between what was and what will be. This government will not last in its present state, we reform it. This corporate America will not last in its present state, we will buy it. This religious system will not last, we will teach it. People come and go but buildings last forever and the buildings that your leaders cling to today will be our buildings tomorrow and we will pass them to our children as we pass buildings to children for generations to come.

This is what I dream of. You may think me foolhardy but think for a second. Doesn't this sound like the writing of a thought leader? DO you think followers write like this? Forget about how I look just read the words and marvel. Look at what I am saying to you. Look at what I am writing to you. Look at what I am deciphering with you. Doctor. Can you cure me of the ills of responsibility? You intervened in a situation that you played no part in. You think you are a referee but really you are just a pill pusher. How can you possibly surmise the styles of consciousness that you are faced with. All that is necessary is to survive and you would tell me that I am ill? You don't know what LPK did to me. You don't know how they treated me. I know they deserved a computer through the window and just because that is foreign action to you does not make it illegitimate actions on my part. I deserve to be in criminal custody so that I can do my time and be rehabilitated and become a part of society. I do not require your treatment and I do not require your care but I will take your pills and humble myself before you because you are more powerful than I am here but out there. I am the hope of generations to come and from those generations comes my writing. You think that I don't see what you are doing? You want to kill me and you want to kill my spirit. I know everything about you and also know that I am powerless to leave so please do not file me under your regular mental illness bracket. Freud never gave out pills he just talked to people and I can see your spirit scrutinizing mine. You want to know why I deserve this place in society and it's because I think like this and because I write with as much passion. All my life has ever known is passion and I am filled with the passion of a Christ and I have people that I need to lift up to Christ status and I know from your practice and the way that you patronize me that you are just seeking to clean up a mess for your political party. You are trying to make the lives of your leaders easier as a good follower would but really my leaders outnumber your leaders because my leaders haven't been haven't been haven't been haven't been born yet and are coming in waves. We call it the Armada of the Youth and your leaders are coming out of your wombs and we are going to decorate your graves with YouTube videos of which you were, how you did things, and why we should never let the compassionate artists ever lose control again because you cannot legislate life. There are quintillions upon quintillions of permutations of scenarios that every man woman and child must face and you think your little DSM can resolve what you consider to be illness. What about your illness where you presume you have the right to interject into my complex artistic life and tell me what I should be doing that is normal.

I was raised on pop stars and rappers and poets and I fell in love with a beautiful life and how dare you step in and tell me that my life is bipolar when I am a genius that you cannot understand. I have been around the world and I have been a performer. You are a pill pusher you earn your living conning people into taking your placebos but I speak truth and improve lives in real fashion. If you were a real doctor you would be more concerned with just talking to me helping me work out my problems. You combine a lack therapy from medication and I can already tell you are a part of a flawed system whose buildings are ripe for inheriting. Your ways will not be passed on. Your generation was one of foolhardy value diminishment. You want to know what I dream about? I dream about inheritance not take over. I dream of a generation of absolute power passing that power on to a younger generation who will be refereed in this technopolitan world. You built computers and did not develop the infrastructure to teach the world how to use your creation. You just kept building and destroying your culture one widget at a time until a breach point was reached where what you had to teach no longer applied. Upon the death of Steve Jobs I began to own the computational age. Rappers talk about King of the Game ... well I am Christ of reality and in that reality my dreams take precedence over yours. You dream of tit fucking in taxi cabs while I dream of building weather controlled sky scrapers in Antarctica so that we can continue to build our magnificent presence here on earth as a civilized human civilization.

There is nothing you can give me tell me or show me that is going to take me away from my destiny as the dreamer of the free world. That computer was meant for me to use, that computer was built for me to use, and that computer was created for me to use. I am going to use it. I am going to solidify my place in the long now history book. I am going to transform thought and I am going to heal the minds of trillions of people yet to be born and my words are going to be sent to intergalactic organizations and aliens are going to transcribe my writings into their own languages as we build a social network between a federation of planets. You think about whether or not I am going to take your pills, I think about whether or not you realize your dreams are dying every time you give up your soul to incubate a spirit of malaise in your patients. You have your Bell's Curve and you want everyone to be bubbled in the middle and when you realize your patients are on the right or the left side of the bells curve. You are trying to medicate everyone that isn't of average intelligence and ability into average intelligence and ability because it is in that sweet spot that people are still smart enough to get work done and yet not so smart as to question the management or leadership system that has benefited from an early lead in the industrial revolution. A couple families had intellectual breakthroughs and they early on treated their breakthroughs in consciousness and leadership and flock acquisition as so valuable that they would subjugate an entire nation so that they could feel the power that comes from being in control of a populace. Then they built a computer in their capitalistic tradition and passed them out like candy and now someone like me has one attached to an information network seeking information and we are beginning to make the transitional changes necessary through art and through culture and we are improving what you degraded. This country used to be about leadership in the positive sense that the best of us used to go to Washington DC to try and lead our nation and play the neutral role between aristocrat and artist. Politicians used to be neutral and then they were bribed into believing that the aristocrats were more valuable than the artists and the police believed the same lies and now we are faced with a government that favors the people that feel entitled as opposed to the people that are entitled. Every family fortune in existence today was not built it was inherited and those that inherit wealth think it's paper but those that create it realize it is a symbol related to how many problems were solved for how many people, how many services were successfully rendered. Great business is a simple solution to a complex problem.

Your problem is that you think I need your pills; my problem is the fact that you believe your pills have any power over the human mind whatsoever. You think your little plastic capsules can affect the human mind? No. You are foolish.

So when do I get out?" said Nicholas the Scientologically Clear.

The doctor just stood there and he dropped the pills he was going to give to Nicholas on the floor. He walked out of the room.

The doctor's mind was racing. He felt jealousy he had never encountered before since the inception of his existence. All he knew was that that man was going into solitary confinement. He must not be allowed to speak to other patients. He must not be allowed to engage in conversation with nurses. He must not be allowed visits. He must not be allowed to engage in discourse with anyone. I can kill that man. I can save my career. I can save my field. I can save my heritage. I can save my nation. I can save my planet. I love this world the way it is. I love the fact that the derelicts have nothing, I love the fact that going to college prepares you for wealth. I will not believe that self-educated people trump listening to a vested professor. These pills are worthwhile; I have saved lives with these pills. These lithium pills are more than just extenze pills for male enhancement. They serve a real function. I have tests. I have charts. I have experiments. I can tell in every situation that these pills inhibit bipolar disorder. I have never met someone more bipolar. He just unloaded fifteen minutes of discourse. That's too much thinking for one man to do. Alright. Think for a second. Be a professional. We must study this man. We must keep him under observational lock and key because he could hold the key to his entire generation’s bi-polar epidemic. Our statistics show that that the world is ever changing into a mentally ill environment. If I have to be a martyr to my field I will at least be remembered for taking a keystone figure and creating a cure for mental illness from him. That man Nicholas Lawson is the Alpha and Omega of mental illness and from him is going to come a cure. I can cure mental illness if I have a patient like him. I can test non-lethal medications and treatments on him to and whittle him down to the point where he is normal. My God he thinks he is the dreamer. He firmly believes that that computer is not subjected to a computer virus, he believes that a ghost is transmitting his thoughts to the future. That is unacceptable. I have never encountered a patient this ill before. I must immediately file the probate papers that will place him under my absolute care and regimen for an extended period of time. I believe this candidate deserves to be placed under long term treatment and I will not have a delusional heretical misfit out in a world that he very well could convince belongs to him. This man might be the very Anti-Christ that the prophecies foretold. It's 2156 and I know the bible to be the inerrant word of God and my entire faith is based around believing that people like him may come and usurp the throne of Christ. I have to believe that I can dispel a tragedy of thought from occurring. We can change his mind. We can bring him to our faith. We can teach him the ways of Jesus Christ and we can reformulate his synapses through medication. It may take years but he can be a force for good. I cannot in right mind kill this man. He is ill. I must remember my Hippocratic Oath and I must save this man. I thought the best way to deal with him would be to medicate him into uselessness but instead I am going to hide him. I will place him in solitary confinement and make up a story that he tried to become violent with me. I will meet with him again and scream that he tried to hit me. Then I will place him under sedation and he will awake in a place where no one can find him, where no one can communicate with him. I will place him in a cell and will feed him three times a day. I will take care of him. What if Sigmund Freud had had a patient like him? How much good could there have been for psychology in the world ... I could be the next Sigmund Freud because of him. I could write my magnum opus on this patient. He is the cornerstone to an entire counter culture way of thought.

This is like stumbling upon the workings of a nuclear bomb in the human intellect. I must diffuse him. I must keep the status quo status quo. I am a doctor and my job is to deal with aberrant psychology and bring it directly in line with healthy salient lines of thought. I can help this man. I can prepare him for the professional world. Fuck, he could be a professional patient. I could apply for a grant to put him up in special housing so that I would have sole access to him on a long term basis. It wouldn't be a prison but I could contact the authorities that I have found a treasonous individual who is using the constructs of time to wage war against their generational plans. There is so much that I need to do in order to contain this virus that this man suffers from. It's no wonder he was fired and if he feels as free as to be able to throw a computer through a window. He has too much freedom. His sovereignty has gone too far and in that sovereignty I must bring him back into a capitalistic mind frame. Capitalists capitalize on raw materials found in nature and I found him, you are damn right I am going to capitalize on this man. My children will live in mansions and will sell my books for years because what I am about to write about this man will change psychology forever, I am the new Freud and I just found my first patient but everything he said made sense, it’s like he is on the same planet but not from the same world. I believe I can treat him and teach him the ways of the world and pull him out of his fantasy thought the doctor.

The doctor very calmly walked out of the room and went over to an orderly.

"I just want to let you know that that patient tried to attack me and I need him placed in protective custody." said the doctor practicing his practice.

The orderly smiled. "That's my favorite thing to do." said that burly sized man.

The orderly calmly went into the room where Nicholas the Valuable was standing ... waiting.

"Did I say something wrong?" said Nicholas the Knowing.

"No not at all, it was attacking a doctor that brought me here." said the orderly.

"If I fight you will call others won’t you?" said the T.I. in Nicholas Preparing for a Tip Drill.

"Yes I will." said the orderly.

Nicholas the Betrayed and Cogent then said "Alright, where are we going?"

"You promise not to fight?" said the orderly.

"I didn't fight to begin with. I know what is happening. I have no need to fight." said Nicholas the Caged Ghandi.

The orderly then escorted Nicholas out of the room and to the left. Khassa the Knowing was interrupted by the largest smile Nicholas the Teeth Barer had ever had. He hit a nerve. His confidence was his illness in this world. A confidence bred from years of praise in elementary secondary and collegiate education. The orderly opened a large white door and Nicholas the Imprisoned calmly walked in. Nicholas turned around and said "Hey, at least you get a paycheck." the orderly was confused by the statement but agreed that yes indeed he did at least get a paycheck. The doctor came over to the window and looked in after Nicholas the Jailed Within Jail. He was now in confinement squared. Locked up in Lock Up.

"Nicholas you must understand this is for you own good." said the doctor of Old Earth.

"The ends justify the means I suppose." said Nicholas of New Earth.

"You can help so many people Nicholas I need you where you are for my own professional reasons. I made a professional decision and I have my field and my career to think about in posturing you like this." said the doctor.

"This is a padded room." said Nicholas the Astute.

"Yes it is. I have to go though there are other patients to attend to. I will speak

with you tomorrow." said the doctor.

Nicholas was standing in a cubical room with a small six inch thick mattress on the floor covered in vinyl plastic. The walls were slightly padded but Nicholas wondered about the padded room padding industry because who in the right mind goes into the padded room padding industry and thrives enough to be in business. Nicholas laughed to himself and threw himself against one of the walls. Good thing that padding is there or else this might hurt. Well all things being equal Nicholas the Beautiful knows there is no point in fighting an absolutely hopeless battle where the option to run or not participate is not part of the equation. It's a very Krishnan principle to enter into combat as little as possible as much as possible. That builds up trust in your adversary and improves the chances that they will become your friend through adversity. It is the peaceful that win all battles because what happens at the end of a battle. Peace. Who knows when a battle is over? The peace makers. Who knows what to do in times of peace ... the peacemakers. Who has no clue how to function in a peaceful environment? The military minded. The military just sees a wide open battlefield that is never ending where the great peacemakers know how to wage a winning war and invested in their military plans are plans for what to do at the completion of the objective. For every violent mission there is a peaceful objective attached to it. That is how the peaceful forge relationships and conquer territories. The never ending military has no concept of peace, and how it may start as a defensive military presence but in line with keeping their lines of work with them a man that knows war and that lives war and that does not know what to do outside of war very well might be afraid of peace because training how to be violent is easy and requires less thought and reading than learning how to be civilized. Civilization takes the real work and is done by the people that tolerate the military. You have to work harder to wage peace than war because a military warrior just has to purchase a gun to become the dominant force in a situation but a peacemaker must take years to develop their relationships and artistic ability in order to be a leader and wage peace. You can start being violent tomorrow you can't start being peaceful until ten years from now and it’s always like that.

So Nicholas is in his new digs and he is diggin it. Never thought I would end up in solitary confinement. Then he does what he does best. He lies down on the mattress and closes his eyes and begins to dream a dream of a thousand dreams. This would be the first time that he tried to outwardly communicate through the Infinitium. If it was him then he was going to test his lucidity. What kind of uplink did he have? How strong was his resolution? He knows that dreams are passive and that he has no control over them but if he drifts slowly to sleep and focuses on a message before going to sleep he might be able to transliterate his thoughts through the dream capturing interface.

Nicholas starts counting sheep. 1 sheep 2 sheep 3 sheep 4 sheep 5 sheep.... and he was off into a milky dreamscape.

There was a massive audience of people that were still lingering in the wake of what they knew was their generations mark point in history. They were holding their iPads and their iPhones and their iPods and they were capturing as much information as they could in line with the principle that historic events are denser in computational memory than typical events that happen every day. There were people singing for the computer, there were people telling their life story, there were people intensely cataloging every one of their Facebook contacts so that they could be known as a highly social creature. There were tweets occurring, there were music play lists being created. There was music being created. There were rappers. There were painters. There were even mimes.

Oh the mime. The purist of the artists. This creature goes out to exist in its own world. It mimics real life with a painted face and lets you remember exactly what it is that our motions in life are. There was a meme going around the /b/ bulletin to have an Occupy Wall Street Venture inhabited with a million mimes. It was the million mime march that had descended upon Cincinnati and every motion that human existence was capable of was being crafted and body paint prices were going through the roof as supplies for striped suits and berets and face paint was in the highest demand since the Tulip Wars of Denmark back in the 1700's. You can tell that that dawn of Aquarius was upon the world as the entire world had now new reason to be jealous of the freedom of the United States of America because they may hold a gun to your head but they are dancing while they do it and smiling. Their population was experiencing the singularity in its cultural fashion as the real singularity has nothing to do with petaflops and terabytes instead it has to do with deeper ways of saying "I love you." and more profound explorations of the English language. The deeper we get into this language the deeper we get into our reality. The words refine our visions of what is. You start your career as a writer with single words and then you move up to sentences and paragraphs and then pages and then chapters and then poems and then mush and then you start to really find your voice. It’s easy to write a single poem. It’s easy to write a single hot line but a real writer searches for years through hundreds of poems hundreds of pages and hundreds of concepts until they find something that resonates with an audience of people that they can readily identify. A great writer shows you who you are and who you can be and delves into the depths of human subconscious and crafts sentences that build upon each other one at a time until a hotness is found a depth is found and a voice is found that can be shared. This event that was occurring with the computer would provide characters and messages for generations to come and every writer who was paying attention was taking careful notes about the events that were transpiring here at the Infinitium.

Amidst the elation that was occurring in the Pantheon of Majesty in the honor of the Queen City was a small beautiful noise that was starting to build. It was a rolling belly laugh that was growing and everyone in the pantheon began to astutely pay attention to the computer. The computer had started to laugh. Every prior dream had lacked audio but this time there was no visual. There was just a slow rolling laughter that kept growing in size and depth. It was a healthy laugh. It was a beautiful laugh. It was the kind of laugh that made you want to immediately know what the joke is about.

Then the images started to roll in. There were flowers. There were bees. There were apples. There were works of art. There were the faces of unrecognizable people being kind. There was a lucid visualization of colors and lights emanating from the machine. Then the voice stopped laughing and began to speak in a soothing auto tuned broken melody similar to that one auto tuned rapper T-Pain created that always had a hot sound to share.

Then the voice started.

"I'm back. I don't know what you know about being back but I'm it. I'm back for you out there in Cincinnati celebrating the Infinitium and exploring the arts in beautiful fashion. I'm with you. I'm just getting my mind straight is all. You don't need to worry about finding me. You don't need to worry about spending time with me. I am with you. Just know that. Just know that I have access to television and updates on the news and I want to let you know that I am proud of you. I want to let you know that from the pop star to the poet I am proud of all of you. I believe our generation's artists are the greatest artists that have ever lived. You will live on in infamy for the rest of time that has time to offer. You created new art forms and new ways of expressing yourselves. I see you New York. I see your cultural revolution. I see you Chicago. I see you Los Angeles and your work flows. I see your potential. Sit back in your seats artists and start thinking immortal thoughts. Be remembered. Be adulated. Be the people that explore what is possible in normal life. We all walk and we all talk but we don't all walk and talk like you. I see you rapping. I see you singing. I see you playing guitar. I see you painting. I see you miming. I see you dancing. I definitely see you dancing. Dance above all other arts has been brought to the highest heights in this generation. I see you graffiti artists. I see you creating multimedia works of absolute astonishment. The computer was meaningless until you gave it meaning. It was a spreadsheet program until you probed the depths of its power and you found the art that changes lives like it has changed mine. This message would not exist without your art. Without your art we would be data entering widget purchasing fools with nothing to talk about. You are artists so shine like the stars that you are for every poem ever written to every photograph ever taken. You did something with your lives that far outshines what anyone thinks should be possible. You attracted the attention of billions of people to your stunning glory and for that I thank you. Thank you for adding interest and spark and thank you for waging the front lines of peace as you went into the unknown and took to the stage and the studio and crafted works that we will all be remembered for. You gave the future its start. You gave the future its obsession with creativity. You did all of that. Think less of this voice and think more of yourselves and what you would say if it was you dreaming the dreams of eternity's dreams. Peace has to start somewhere and it does so with you and your expressions of the human condition. You teach us about love and you teach us about belonging and you teach us about beauty and you teach us about the best facets of our lives that we have yet to explore. I appreciate your work. I have watched every music video that has ever graced the television. I have listened to the radio. I have been to the shows. I was a poet. I was a spell caster with words because I knew they would do the most good for the most people. So worry less about me. I am where I belong. I am in a prison of sorts for my behavior. I am with you though Cincinnati. I can see you. Wait for me and I will find you and we will have our reunion but that time is not now. Thank you for your love and thank you for your creativity." said Nicholas the Leader at the peak of his dream sonicary.

The doctor was watching television and at that moment he ran over to see if Nicholas was sleeping but Nicholas was just sitting there. Like he had been awake the whole time. The doctor was hoping to get his confirmation that Nicholas the Dreamer was indeed the voice but Nicholas was just sitting there, stupid like a puppy with teeth just as sharp.

"Sup doc?" said Nicholas the Cartoon looking demure as a rabbit.

The doctor asked, "Have you been sleeping?" Nicholas said "Nope. Why'd ya ask doc?" said Nicholas the Character.

"The doctor said he wanted to make sure that Nicholas was getting plenty of rest."

Nicholas the Confident said "yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeah."

The doctor walked away utterly confused preparing to make phone calls to a number of other doctors as he was planning on putting Nicholas through an intensive scientological verbalishity study. They were going to probe the depths of Nicholas's endurance and they were going to talk him to sleep and fill him with inspiration so that they could study whether the Infinitium was directly tied into Nicholas' subconscious. If they could just prove that Nicholas the Thinker was the voice speaking through the computer they could elect to do brain surgery to attempt to decipher the connection between Nicholas and the computer and they could try and sever it through any means necessary.

Nicholas did not know this but it would frighten him terribly if he did because he knew his brain was not connected to anything, it was what was connected to him that made the dream transfer possible. There was a ghost following Nicholas. A formless ghost that existed in the future and when coupled with him served as a conduit between here and there for information dissemination purposes and propogatory purposes.

Chapter Eight ::: Give Credit Where Credit Is Due

Bill Gates was weeping with anger. He was supremely furious that the computer would not even mention computer programmers in its soliloquy. He was beside himself that his very creation would not even thank him for its being. He saw his work he saw the art as a byproduct of his art and didn't wish to establish any connections between metaphors or disruptions of natural patterns of information dissemination he just saw something more efficient because of his life's work. His computational mind does not compute that he taxed society in ways that even the future shakes its head at. The only reason why time travel is necessary is to create a transitional cultural exchange to keep society stable as it reels from far too much change too quickly created. Culture caught up but it realized that it shouldn't have had to. We could have enjoyed football games in the fall and dancing in the dark but capitalism is what it is and doesn't think of anything but more and different. Not better just different. Well now Bill was working to understand that his logic failed him. We didn't need the computer improved we needed our society improved and there is nothing that a computer helps us do that we cannot do ourselves and why shouldn't we do it ourselves. I hate you Bill. Steve, another story. He saw what Bill Gates was doing and he saved society in the sense that he catered to and invested in the arts. We don't need financial tracking services we need understanding of our existence. First and foremost we need the facts about how to live the most beautiful lives that we can understand. We need less technological innovation and more sociological innovation in light of this technological innovation. We live in an age where our words photos and music can be sent anywhere, done. We are done. This computation project is done with the Infinitium. We need this and we need to take care of it. The computer business is going out of business because they were a project whose purpose was to serve the arts and they did so and now they are done. There is no more innovation in the tech arts. There are too many people speaking a radioactive language that demeans culture and reduces content to 1's and 0's. Well there are some frequencies of 1's and 0's that resonate with the human spirit and this is one of them. The ghost in the machine has been we the whole time. Bill enjoy your foundation ... we are building a new one anyways. You hack of a billionaire. You did more harm than good and you can tell because nothing improves sociologically. There were no advances in society in fact we gained bipolar and schizophrenia and adhd and you are at fault for that. Your name will be remembered as a peddler. You were the best peddler there ever was and your work was inferior to a man that saved us from thousands of years of bugs and viruses for years to come because you never cared. You cared about your model but you didn't care about your product. I hate you on a very esoteric level I can have dinner with you and discuss this with you but even you Bill can't buy my love and for your short sightedness socio-politically your memory will be reprimanded for all time as we will put you in every movie Steve Jobs is in and we will just remember that 1% deviation at the beginning leads to 1000% deviation at the end you virus peddling bastard.

Bill was sitting there. Time travel. Through the computer. Because it rested in one place for centuries. That would be possible. I built a time machine and didn't know it. Bill was trying to fathom how all of this came to pass. How did the computer go from a database entry node to a masterpiece of human achievement. He smiled to himself because he had built a time machine. He was in the office trying to fathom his place in the universe. He was beside himself with confusion. It had all seemed so clear. Help the present be in the present more presently he had been so obsessed with innovation that he never thought about the amount of time it took for society to keep up. How sad.

Every news agency in the world was agog. The search was on. The entire infrastructure of the world economy had gone into search mode. That voice had to be coming from right now. It was too present. It was too deliberate. It discussed too much contemporary society. It alluded to being where it needed to be, but where was that? Celebrity meant no more for the moment...artistry meant nothing more for the moment, Tech, Politics, everything and everyone was in search of Waldo. That little man with the red and white striped hat and shirt was lost somewhere among 7 billion people and 6,999.999 were accounted for but one person, the main person, the most important person, the person that achieved the highest level of celebrity ever, the man that gave the greatest compliment was being sought out feverishly. It was like Truman was lost and they had a Truman in their midst that didn't even know he was Truman or did he. Did Steve Jobs create a work of art so dazzling that he would in his death leave life a gift? What was it that was driving this work of art in the making of a generational contraption turned into a speaker box for an oz that would send laughter and tears down the faces and suspense across the globe. Every language was focused on this one man that no one knew anything about other than a beautiful laugh and had the most pleasant things to say. Was he the new CEO of Apple? Was he a hacker? Was he really from the future? Was he born of a woman? Was he beautiful? Was he a she? Why did they auto tune his voice?

Websites were popping up across the globe as people were scouring the internet for signs that were nowhere to be found. Dan Rather, Connie Chung, and Barbara Walters all reclaimed their thrones as the top news anchors of the moment and Walter Cronkite even CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD to be able to cover this spectacle that was occurring on earth. It was similar to the 1999 global art project where the whole world was in sync for a moment of brilliance as for 24 hours there was art being produced steadily in performance fashion. A project that should have been pushed into perpetuity so that the entire globe could be encased in art forever. You are on as an artist every 24 hours and we work in 24 hour shifts to perterbate any violent or ill mannered thought on the planet. The nations of the world were searching for open graves, digging into basements, scouring every point of origin on earth except for one place.

A small holding cell in the University of Cincinnati Hospital where Nicholas Lawson the One You Are Searching for was being kept hidden by a doctor who wanted to ultimately perform brain surgery on him.

The doctor was watching the news and was nervous. He had to prove that Nicholas was in fact the dreamer because he knew that world didn't know him like he knew him from the conversation that he had earlier. It was going to be a ridiculous route of the world if Nicholas was placed in a position of celebretical authority. That position cannot be achieved by Nicholas Lawson and in the wake of current conditions Khassa the Informed was paying attention. He noticed that everyone in the hospital was looking for someone except for Nicholas who seemed serenely pleased and calm. People were on their cell phones asking about each other’s dreams, people were asking IS it you? Is it you? Is it You? Who is it?

Within hours every prison, hospital, and institution on earth was checked rechecked and everyone was speaking no it's not me. Khassa the Righteous walked within earshot of where Nicholas the Prepared was kept and then he on a very honest intuition set Nicholas the Prepared up for his own special moment by asking as loudly as he could gaining the attention of all in the large room , Nicholas is it you? said this creature. To whit, Nicholas the Channel of the Future shrieked with every ounce of air his lungs could channel ... IT'S ME! I AM HE YOU LOOK FOR! and a shattering silence swept across the hospital in exponentialistic speed. The doctor was stymied in way that he could not fathom. There would be no brain surgery. There would be no experiments. Khassa the Accurate stood there smiling. The doctor stood there shocked. Every cell phone went up and a wave of communication swept from point Alpha to every block, neighborhood, and synagogue on earth. Six degrees of separation happens very quickly in the internet age and apparently the whole world came at the same time. It was an orgasm of delight but one man stood in the way.

The doctor calmed everyone down and began to assure everyone that it wasn't him. That he tried to attack him. That he wants to dismantle our society. You don't know what he told me. You don't know what he wants to do. Our Republican Empire will be finished. With this kind of attention, with this kind of adulation from the Democratic and Green and Independent and Libertarian party, there will never be another Republican candidate for years. The psychological community will be in shambles we might even have a dictatorship come to power. He is a powerful creature you must trust me to keep him where he is.

Khassa the Amused was standing over next to Nicholas and was laughing his ass off.

"Do you have any idea what you are putting that man through? What did you tell him." asked Khassa the Amused.

"That I am the resurrection of Jesus Christ and that my time has come." said Nicholas the Clever Normal Dude. "You did what?" said Khassa the Laughing.

"I told him I was the second coming of Jesus Christ and that I was back to reclaim my kingdom for having persecuted me in the name of Pontius Pilate. I like the bible and I want to get involved, Let’s bring it back to life. Lets replay the bible as it would be today with people playing the roles." said Nicholas the Role Player.

"Stop stop stop. Nicholas that is a real book it's not a role playing game you can't just do what you are doing and claim the most coveted role of all time. There needs to be an audition." said Khassa the Practical

"Nope it’s me. I claim the role of Christ amidst seven billion people. If I am not going to have children I am going to have power and I am going claim all children as my own I am going to claim all peace as my own I am going to resurrect Osiris son of Horus and I am going to resurrect Zeus son of Isis I am going to resurrect Julius Caesar and Queen Diana and Attila the Hun and Reverend Al Sharpton and every other creature that could upon reference give me the power to let you know that I am the highest authority the world has ever seen in the arts and what I do with a computer is that I become it and I give consciousness where none existed before and I train planets. I am claiming my role as artist and this is my art these are my words that I am speaking to you now and from these words comes our change. We elevate our language to the highest heights again and reclaim the arts from Europe and we bring back our national pride and begin redeveloping its heritage and we formulate pieces of beautiful indecipherable language so that non-English speaking people just see a wall of text and we live our lives and we embark upon the greatest journey the world has ever seen and we do so with bravery in our artwork and we never stop breaking boundaries and if I am to be the first Infinitium artist then I want to see what an internet can do I want to see what the fuck twitter is capable of MySpace facebook foursquare. Get the fuck to work you are now in the presence of a King and this Christ says get the fuck to work!! The recession is over you see how hard I work I work in my fucking dreams and any of you that are listening to me on Skype I want you to pay attention the time for the recession is over and I want to see inspiration in your eyes and I want to see profits in your pockets from your hard work. Those that have ears to listen do so!" said Nicholas the King of Kings of Art.

"Nicholas stop this is ridiculous you are channeling too much power and you are catholic you'll be killed by the protestant party just for being powerful and catholic." said Khassa the Religious.

"But the future will defend me and we will loop this section of history over and over and over until we pass through with me through safely surviving. There is a safety lock on this moment in history and there is no you if there is no me. None of you can exist if I do not exist and when I die all of you die with me. I dream through the computer, I dream through reality, I dream and I write and I work and I defend the existence of love in this world with fervency that you have no conception of." said Nicholas the Christ King.

The doctor immediately ran over to where Nicholas the Supreme Consciousness was standing and peered in the door. Nicholas the Upper Room Attendant was standing there naked absorbing the pure essence of reality that surrounded him. He was obviously in the right place. When you have a god complex that is edified by the reality that surrounds you the hospital is the right place to be. Khassa the Clothed started laughing when he heard that Nicholas was standing there naked screaming about being the Christ to the doctor.

The doctor spoke through the opening in the window and began asking questions:

"Nicholas do you believe that you are the Christ?" said the doctor

"ABSOLUTELY. YOU CHOSE ME TO BE YOUR CHRIST AND I ACCEPT!" screamed Nicholas experiencing honest Christ consciousness.

"Nicholas do you know what a Christ is?" said the doctor

"Its something your science doesn't believe in and it’s something your society cannot live without. Christs come only ever millennia or so and you don't think new millennial leaders would miss out on appearing when your computers were being built? I learned about the essence of reality from these computers and wrote about how they will be ingrained into future societies and yes I am a Christ and Christ’s define to you what a Christ is, not the other way around." said Nicholas the Dreamer of Dreams.

"Nicholas do you believe you are the dreamer?" said the doctor

"Yes. I have nothing more to say about that." said Nicholas the Dude of Dudes.

"It's something your science doesn't believe in and it’s something your society cannot live without. Christs come only ever millennia or so and you don't think new millennial leaders would miss out on appearing when your computers were being built? I learned about the essence of reality from these computers and wrote about how they will be ingrained into future societies and yes I am a Christ and Christs define to you what a Christ is, not the other way around." said Nicholas.

"Nicholas do you believe you are the dreamer?" said the doctor

"Yes. I have nothing more to say about that." said Nicholas the Author of Authors.

The doctor was immediately filled with a rage that he could not comprehend. He was not going to let this creature, this abomination of his species equip himself with the knowledge of a Christ and become one of the saviors of the world. Not a naked man who threw a computer through a window. This man was not going to be the Steve Jobs of religion. This man was not going to absolve two thousand years of culture between three major religions. He was not going to leave his care unless he admitted he was just a normal creature with normal abilities.

Nicholas in all of his nakedity began to do pushups. The doctor watched as Nicholas's back went up and down with astonishing proficiency. The doctor in that moment hated Nicholas more than words could comprehend. The doctor was thinking of all of the time that he spent going to church learning about the coming of a savior and he was prepared for more than what this man was offering. He also had a chance to medicate these feelings out of Nicholas the Prince of Princes so that when he attained the throne of the dreamer he would be much more salient towards the psychiatric fields. The doctor was either going to destroy Nicholas the Professor or bring him into submission. This man was ill. He believed himself to be the coming of a figure that was never going to come. How could Nicholas this naked man be the Christ? How could he be the creature that would lead the world into a new era of peace when he was this fucked up? It didn't make sense; it didn't conduct itself to the realms of reason that a single man would be chosen out of billions to be the man that the rest of the world would listen to. We have presidents and popes for that we don't need a 32 year old self proclaimed Christ disrupting our cosmic balance of discourse.

Chapter Nine: The Hip Hop Congress Emerges

Hakiym the Visionary was down at the Infinitium. He was the 273rd person to participate in the proceedings. His connections with the Hip Hop Congress placed him in a position where he can be one of the original users of the Infinitium. Hakiym the User pulled up the Chrome Browser and opened up his vast array of applications and he pulled up the Hip Hop Congress Chrome App. Upon clicking that button that had been prepared to be clicked for a couple years an image of Hakiym the MC was displayed on the screen and a slide show of his accomplishments and his accolades began to stream through the three hundred foot tall monitor. The world had seen some intense presentations but Hakiym the Celebrity began to speak for the Hip Hop Congress and as the slide show was at his back he began to speak amidst the serene music and the coursing beats ... it was as if Portishead was backing Nicki Minaj and Kanye West at the same time in terms of the music.

Hakiym the Principal was dressed in a Monk's robe with no sleeves and you could see the tattoos that he has earned as he has worked his way of the ranks of the Congress. It's almost as if he had the Quran written on his motherfucking arms themselves. The guy was a worshiped creature in his community and now he would begin to show the world why.

"I want to speak on behalf of the Hip Hop Congress. We are ready for the turn of events that are occurring in our midst. We understand that though the future may appreciate the infrastructure of our workings now. They may love the computer but they love the sentences and the music and the videos and the writings and the content more. What we have here is a conduit to times we have never and will never see but what we want to do is create a conduit from our culture to their culture as they are sharing their culture with us. The very fact that we know that someone is listening, that we know someone is watching, that we know that person is powerful, is reason enough to believe that we are those very same people and that what we expect from ourselves dictates what they expect from us as well as we are they and this computer in all of its glory is our conduit to ourselves ultimately. We could just write books and make movies but we could also share our movies and our books with ourselves for generations to come. We could be documenting who we are as people and bring science and religion together in to the ceremony of ages. Yes, knowledge is important but so is context. The scientists built the computer but the religious put it to use. The religious have been preserving content for centuries and the newness of science is bringing us to a point where our worlds have to merge, where our worlds have to combine into one intergenerational planetary message. There may be no Christ returning but the body of Christ is here itself. We may never receive messages from the head of the body of Christ but we have imams and rabbis and priests and pastors to do that for us. We can derive the message of Christ from his people and by striving for the best cultural understandings of each other that we can. I am the head of the Hip Hop Congress and I have been vetted and refined for my insight into messages that Hip Hop has cultivated over the years. I bring messages of reason and business savvy and dance and expression and self empowerment. I bring messages of suspicion of our surroundings and belief in what we have created. I trust Hip Hop because I trust the people that created it. I trust the documents that it espouses and the performances that it creates and collectively we do not trust that which has imprisoned our people for the selling of natural herbs and the selling of their own products and most importantly their guns. We relish the opportunities that we have before us and we cultivate a message of power, respect, and money. People that own money, own herbs, and guns and recording studios. We want to present an aura of danger so that the powers that oppose us and have opposed us will respect us and treat us with the sovereign authority that we present. We are working to put the Hip Hop Congress cars into commission so that we can be driving seven days a week in every city handling problems that the boys in blue cannot handle. If there is a murder scene you call the government that is what they have prepared themselves for but if you need spiritual healing, if you need a party, if you need counseling, if you need help promoting your album you call us and we can transport you to a recording studio so that we can help you create your content for this computer that is nothing but a massive content management system. This computer manages content the Hip Hop Congress supports the creation of content for this machine so that we can be remembered. The government is not to be taken over, no the government is to be partnered with and worked in conjunction with. They provide us with safety from a world that would go to war with us if we weakened. They provide us with the inspiration to engage in civilization with a knowing mind. They provide us with the inspiration to delegate authority and to organize and to create systems of ceremonies that civilize a people. They worship God because it civilizes people and us at the Hip Hop Congress Worship the emcee because he or she provides civilization right now. When we have concerts there are thousands of people meeting to celebrate and that is a form of civilization. We do not riot at Hip Hop concerts and we do not promote anger towards your leaders. Society is comprised of multiple societies each finding its own niche to exist within. There are countless types of people and I can understand that all will not worship Hip Hop just as all do not worship Moses but we have our place with our people and we have our creativity that we spark in the people that engage with us. This is a sociopolitical world and as the president of the Hip Hop Congress I speak for millions of people when I say that we also wish to know who the dreamer is of this machine. We want to work with the creator of these dreams to build collaborations with us at the Hip Hop Congress and we have instituted a comprehensive system whose purpose is to discover just who the dreamer is. We are interviewing anyone and everyone who believes they may be the dreamer. We are interviewing people and we are cataloging all of the possibilities but so far we have come up with nothing conclusive. We understand that a voice is pervading the consciousness of the people of this planet and that telepathic powers are awakening in the stillest of minds. We are talking to each other through each other with this computer that we built being the only conduit to this ability that we can see. We believe that our power to communicate is heightening in ways that we never thought possible with the emergence of this computer. We believe that the future is listening and that these are the moments when angels befall us and begin guiding our actions and our thoughts and our needs and help to bring us on the path to heavenly understanding. We believe that our bibles were written for their time periods and presently need to be upgraded, yes, upgraded and we need to begin collecting our religious stories, who were our heroes and who were our villains. We need to catalog the very best of us and the very worst of us and allow the rest to learn about themselves in relation to these people. Who kept our civilization civilized who infringed upon that civilization needlessly? We are working to provide you with new cutting edge bibles and Korans and torahs and we are victorious in our emergence from the womb and we are victorious in our ability to stay in tune with our souls. It should come as no surprise that I am surprised by the power of our generation and that computer is a leading promoter of what we think is possible. Yes that computer will be remembered for thousands of years and will be interacted with for thousands of years but we are the beginning, we are the template generation for a new era of consciousness. We believe at the Hip Hop Congress that there is room for billions of Gods each connected to web pages promoting their own existence and through time people will subscribe to the Gods that we have created in the next several decades and every God is a leader in their community and there is nothing more than can be asked of a man as it is the connections between gods that give humanity its civility. If you are a sheep please choose your shepherds carefully as we are all gods but some gods seek the guidance of others more so than leaders do. Followers be careful and Leaders be Righteous. Gods never ask for input they just create and if you believe yourself to be a God get in touch with us as the Hip Hop Congress as we would like to catalog your life story and add you to our millennial conduit to life page. If you wrote some hot poetry but no one is feeling it, you could be a part of a movement that has not happened yet. There is so much to discuss and I am in this message making myself known as the President of the Hip Hop Congress, some of you may have heard of me before and some of you may not have. I have endured much hardship and through my perseverance to working with my fellow man I have worked my way up to the President of the Red House and the Blue House. I own two homes now that serve as symbols of a country that is not being taken over but is being augmented with our ideas and our beliefs. When you spend a life on a stage speaking your poems and your beliefs and sharing your personality you gain a fearless sovereign mindset."

"Let me tell you about my houses. I have the Red House. This is a place of religious devotion. The Red House is a place where all cultural followers spend their time reworking religious texts into a pliable form that speaks ancient stories in contemporary ways. We personally believe that the Bible, which is our first project, is a construct of hundreds of years of collaborations through decadal time periods. We wish to rewrite every story in the bible and pepper in iPads and iPods and recording studios and address the issue that metaphors like the fisherman or the sermon on the mount or the creation story in genesis have existed for a long enough period of time and have done nothing towards helping to keep us civilized. Had there not been a century of global conflict and warfare we may have gone centuries further believing in our religious power structure. We no longer do. In the wake of the fall of Iraq we believed that it became time to reawaken the rabbi of peace and infuse that rabbi with neo classical underpinnings and we seek to rewrite the moral code for the planet one sentence at a time. It is through this work that we wish to elevate the status of religion to the very forefront of consciousness through the rewriting of the texts as we create the wiki bible the wiki torah and the wiki Quran and we ask our community to help us be remembered for adding to the civilization of society through giving us something collectively to read and to pour over and to reawaken our cares and our spirits. We wish to redistribute bibles with new messages to give people new messages to read. If the world feels they have read and mastered one bible, give them new bibles to master.

I have to be going now. I have to go and have an ever burning LCD light implanted beneath my skin. I am going to augment my body so that you know that I stand apart from you. I hold a position of cultural authority and from that authority I must decorate myself in a leaderistic way. I want you to see light when you see me so that I can always be a bringer of the light." said Hakiym the Known Speaker.

The audience did not cheer. They did not laugh. The thousands of people who were involved in an Occupy Cincinnati Streets were doing what this moment called for. They began tweeting. They began to stand several feet apart from each other with their iPhone in hand and they began to tweet.

"I feel awkwardly special right now. I feel like the world just changed with one speech." said one patron. "#hakiym that man makes me want to redistribute my wealth." tweeted another.

"@NicholasLawson0 where are you?" tweeted another. "#Infinitium this speech makes me want to quit my job and follow my passion." tweeted another.

"I have no passion like that to follow." tweeted another.

Hakiym the Emissary did not bow, he raised his hands and clapped once. That was his message that his time was over. He had finished all that he had to offer and now he had to get back to his real life. His celebretical life consisted of spreading a message of peace and awareness but his personal life was spent raising his children. He was working on a very beautiful generational upliftment plan where essentially he was on a mission to collect every prominent cultural symbol that exists and find a way to attribute such a symbol to his family.

Nicholas is unaware of the speech that Hakyim the Celebrated just gave as it was the most powerful cultural point created in the never ending ceremonies

surrounding the computer. There had been an omission made by the City of Cincinnati that they would import some New York City cops who were experts on identifying cultural threats and that the Infinitium would be kept open twenty four seven seven days a week into infinity. There would be no restrictions placed on content as it would be the audience’s job to edit what was shown. If someone wanted to show beeg they could show beeg but they would have to do so standing there absorbing the opinions of the audience. If someone wanted to do something wack let them do something wack with their time on the Infinitium.

Chapter Ten ::: Bill Gates to Heaven Awakes

Bill Gates saw the message that Hakiym the Power Broker gave and he was immediately inspired. He just outlived Steve Jobs and in victors always wins way he decided that he would for the good of his family and the good of his brand and his company purchase Apple computer for an aggressive price that he would offer and essentially he would take the reins of Steve Jobs work in the world. He would then work to integrate his genius into the cultural work flows of the computer and even if people objected the future would never know as he would edit down to the IP address the work that it would take to attain immortality. Why should Steve Jobs be remembered for creating the computer when he was lauded when he was alive, Bill created the commercial infrastructure for the computer and it was his work that was truly more important. Bill was thinking. His first thought was to purchase Apple and make explicit notice that he would purchase every email that had been sent. Essentially he wanted to delete every ounce of text referring to Steve Jobs. He was going through the thoughts and he would rewrite the history of Apple to integrate his achievements into it. He would not lie but he would finally make it known the history of the computer told from the true Father of the Computer. Bill Gates engineered Apple and yes it may have been Apples prettier computer that got the accolades but it was his business strategies and his culture that proliferated the need for a boutique computer.

Bill Gates realized with absolute sadness, that he truly had nothing better to do with his time than to work to be remembered for all time and in being remembered the world would have valuable knowledge to glean from him that may result in his life having been worth something more than Steve Jobs. He created the content management system and through the creation of the content management system he would now apply his business strategies towards culture and immortality. He would treat his religion like a culture to be created with as much care as the computer. Steve focused on the computer and let his culture be what it was. Bill focused on the infrastructure and let his culture be what it was. Now with no Steve Jobs to compete with Bill Gates could overtake the computer culture completely. He could softly make people forget Steve Jobs as Disney purchased Pixar and he would purchase Apple and Steve Jobs would end up a footnote of insignificance in the realm of Bill Gates empire. Bill would build the Gates to Heaven foundation and would essentially treat culture the way he treated computers he would build it sentence by sentence party after party. He could augment this world that was being created through re-infusing his tremendous funds into an effort to become immortal in memoriam with all intention being put towards defeat of death immortality. Bill Gates was considering immortality. He was realizing that he built something that will remember him forever and he knew that he had absolute proof of time travel. That is where he could start. He hadn't planned on giving a speech in the Infinitium but why not be remembered as the man that discovered Time Travel first hand. Why not give his speech at the Infinitium and get it started.

Chapter Eleven ::: Who Are They Looking For Again?

Nicholas the Trapped was resting naked on his bad. He had defined abdomens and his arms looked like sinews of perfection. He had always taken care of his body and Khassa the Pristine Form was actually impressed by his physique as Khassa the Solid was a veganitarian god in his world.

The hospital was a buzz of conversation as everyone was talking about what Nicholas the Outed had said. He spoke his piece and then didn't say a word afterwards. Nicholas the Firm has been completely silent and naked for the last eight hours. Whenever a doctor opens the door to come in and speak to him he just looks at them until they leave. The doctors have asked a few patients to come and speak to Nicholas the Real but every time someone asks him to put his clothing on he does and when they leave he takes them off again. Nicholas the Symbolic New Born is just looking at the world like a baby in a new realm. Nicholas the Infantile Celebrity is in a room that is holding him and maybe keeping him safe. His dreams have been streaming through the machine and people have been getting glimpses of factories that produce the color purple that he is trying to promote, his dreams have produced parties, and his dreams have produced moments with women. Nicholas the Unknown is aware that locally and lately no one believes he is the dreamer. His dream cycle does not convert to the dreams being displayed in a 1:1 ratio. In other words just because he is dreaming does not mean his dream is being displayed. There really is no way to prove who the dreamer is. Nicholas the Possible Eternal Patient knows that he is it and he speaks of his dreams but as he is in a hospital the docs just believe that Khassa the Sharer of News whispers what the dreams are to him when no one is looking. There is a powerful sense by the doctors that Nicholas the Real is going to need long term treatment at Summit Behavioral Care. He is going to have to get a case worker and go on probate because they are going to have to place him in long term isolation. This is a man that needs to be studied.

The doctor opens the door and begins to talk to Nicholas the Tranquil.

"Nicholas do you hear voices?" said the doctor. Nicholas the Indignant did not reply.

"Nicholas if you don't start cooperating with us, we are going to send you to long term care." said the doctor.

"Alright what do you want to talk about?" said Nicholas the Prepared with a deep rested voice.

"You are ready to talk?" said the doctor.

"I am ready to leave." said Nicholas the Surprising. "That may not happen for a while you must know, maybe next week." said the doctor.

"Fine. I am comfortable with your prognosis. You said Bipolar right?" said Nicholas the Accepting.

"Yes I believe bipolar type one with schizo-affective disorder. Nicholas not only do you behave erratically but you hear voices that influence your life decisions." said the doctor.

"Do you know how you were created doctor? Do you remember being told how the brain is supposed to work?" said Nicholas the Cancer In Psychiatry.

"No I do not remember being created and I learned about how the brain DOES work in my PHD university studies. Why do you ask?" said the doctor.

"I only ask because I want to point out to you that you don't know what you don't know about what you don't know and you don't know about me." said Nicholas the Lofty.

"What do you mean?" said the doctor

Nicholas the Confuser began to put his clothing on to make the doctor more comfortable.

"Your brain does not deserve to tell my brain how my brain is supposed to work. People pray in the hopes that they receive the messages that I receive hourly. I have become a conduit between who I will become, who I am, and who I was. The brain is always in connection with itself through a four dimensional matrix. Do you believe that your brain stores memories? No, your brain must travel to where a memory took place in order to know what happened where that memory took place. Your brain does not store ... it is a sensory tool similar to an eyeball itself. Does that make sense?" said the patient Nicholas of Knowledge.

"No it does not. The brain stores information in the cerebral cortex tissue. Where did you learn your interpretation?" said the doctor.

"I read on Intelligence by Jeff Hawkins and learned the process through which the brain works; it is always trying to predict the future. I extended that and stated that the brain is always traveling to its most pleasing resting point. The brain collects memories to learn from so that it knows where to rest. Your brain is conscious; do not think that it does not have a consciousness of its own. Do not believe that your existence is an accident. You are where you are because you have a purpose.' said Nicholas the Theoretician.

The doctor thought to himself that yes he did have a purpose and that that purpose was to inject this mad demonic lecherous lecturer of heresy with enough medication to reformat his mind. The doctor already knew what he was going to do. He was going to inject lithium , haldol, geodon, zyprexia, risperadol, and propofol into Nicholas the Medicine Sponge. The plan was to put him to sleep for three days and allow him to awaken refreshed and filled with almost no memories of who is or what he is. This doctor was going to attempt to reformat his mind. This is a very experimental procedure one that he had to get prior approval for from several tiers of authority within his outfit but he had been approved. This man was going to sleep for three days. When he woke up the world would be fresh and clean and he would have his skills but his cultural memories would be gone. The doctor could then spend three months retraining Nicholas on his identity and on his place in the world so that this fine physical specimen also had a fine mental outlook.

The doctor had only ever performed this procedure in theory.

Nicholas the Subject asked if he could leave the compound.

The doctor simply said no and that his place was in the psychiatric stillness unit at the moment.

Nicholas the Jaded simply told the doctor,

"The future won't remember you." said Nicholas the Accurate.

"No. Nicholas. You won't remember the future." said the doctor knowing what was to come.

The doctor left and Nicholas the Satiated and Alive started to talk the world at large in his omnipotent voice.

"You know I am your Christ. You know I have been bred for this role that you have placed me in it. You know I deserve to be heard. You create 100 million small computers and then you create an Infinitium and you don't think shit is going to pop off. You don't think the moral masters are going to reconvene at this point in human history and begin discussing how they are going to work with the rest of immortality. There is a network of immortals working feverishly everyday to create the type of culture that this computer needs in order to allow the society that created it to be able to survive the new cultural identity that it provides. We have to work with thoroughness. We have to work hard. We have to work with power so that every ounce of our being is called into question when you know the universe is not only watching but expecting you to know that the universe is watching. I am watched on Facebook, I am watched on Google+ and Google documents, I am watched on Twitter, I am watched on Wordpress I am watched everywhere and it's not you that is watching it's my children's grandchildren who rededicate electricity directions so that they know what we are doing now. They have minute by minute updates on how work is being created, and who created it. This Infinitium serves as a restart position so that all have a new chance to rekindle their lives. Remember that it's not the computer it's the content. Content is more than just king, content is the reason for the computer in the first place. If we were not developing content we would be apes but we are creating content which makes us human and not only are we creating content but we are storing and studying our content in an effort to overstand our universe. These people take me for a fool but they don't know that because I am comfortable being called the Christ that I am. I have attained Christhood Consciousness in my creative works and in that comes a resiliency. I know that no matter what happens to me I am going to be able to write about this. I want to get in trouble and I want to break with the confines of reality so that I can learn more about what it is and who the people that are in it are. I need moments like this to remind myself just how outside the spectrum of reality I am. I am on the far right of the bell's curve when it comes to attention span and I know how to interact with you when you are not even there by saying something that gives you something to think about later. I am a Christ, and if I am not then I will be a false Christ for them so that I can inspire the real Christ in that his time is now and that he better get to work or else I will continue being the false Christ working until a more Christ like Christ arises. “and then Nicholas the Intrepid stopped and laid down on his mattress in his small room with the dim light.

Nicholas the Ascended curled up in a ball and placed his hands in his t-shirt as he had no blanket. He placed his hands behind his head and he went into a soft place in his consciousness.

The Infinitium stopped a presentation short and began to construct a full screen 300 ft by 150 ft visualization screen. It had never done this up to this point. Buddy Larosa seemed a bit perturbed as his famous pizza presentation and the history of his establishment presentation was usurped by some unknown dreamer who was apparently more important than Buddy LaRosa.

The screen softly faded in between whites and blacks. A name came up upon the screen. Nicholas Laws On. The Occupy Cincinnati movement began to Google every Nicholas Laws On in existence. There were roughly 783 of them online. The name faded and a voice appeared.

"I finally learned how to do it. I can speak to you now. This is not a live dream. This is a dream I dreamt several days ago. I interface with the computer in my dreams because that is when a conduit ghost takes my place lays where I lay and does what I do and that ghost is in the future and it transcends my being to a place that is then sent to you. What did you expect my voice to be like? I send emails in my sleep why not send dreams in my dreams? I want you to come and find me. I am presently asleep and do not have access to my analytical side so I cannot tell you where I am because right now I honestly do not know. I believe I am in a hospital of sorts and all I know is that I am not free. I want to work with you and help you build up your culture and ways of living so that you can be sustainable as a culture for centuries to come. We don't need periods or ages or creation we simply need one long organized creation method. I need to overstand your culture and reform it in my vision because I am a designer of sorts and it's your systems that need the most work. Your personal creations to personal distribution systems need work and I can make that happen for you. I can work with you to develop your inner most beings. “said the voice that belonged to the Nicholas.

The doctor was watching like it was a May Day Parade or something on television and when he heard that auto tuned voice he had a twinge of remorse. I might kill that voice. Nicholas is obviously the dreamer but I cannot let a leader rise up that isn't prepared mentally to be a leader. I can groom him. By giving him loads of medication. I can help him think better, run faster, and work harder. I just can't let him out because I am controlling public opinion now. What if the nurses knew what I know from talking with him and interfered with my work. That would be unacceptable and there is a reason why nurses are called nurses and doctors are called doctors. Our opinion drives this operation not their uneducated opinion.

Then the doctor put down his coffee and went over to the medical counter and picked up the medications that he had prescribed for Nicholas the Soon to Be Eliminated. He had to professionally place Nicholas the Beautiful under sedation for three days. It was the only way this could work. Nicholas was sleeping at that moment ... sort of.

The doctor walked over to the door that was eschewing Nicholas the Birth of a Nation from the outside world and he opened it up. Nicholas the Omniscient opened his eyes.

"What's up doc." said Nicholas the Fan of Ancient Cartoons emulating a certain rabbit.

"Nicholas I have these meds that I need to administer to you since you won’t take your meds on your own." Nicholas the Frightened knew something was happening but he didn't know what ... he was confused.

The doctor asked Nicholas the Confused if he would allow these shots.

Nicholas the Non Fan of Needles nodded his head thinking it would be quickest way to leave the hospital.

The doctor then injected Nicholas with Propofol. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Zyprexia. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Haldol. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Geodon. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Lithium. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Lithium. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Lithium. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Invega. The doctor then injected Nicholas with Risperadol.

Nicholas the Finished felt woozy and then he fell asleep.

The doctor thought to himself. When that man awakens we will begin retraining him and I will oversee his care like Freud would a patient.

Nicholas the Conscious felt himself go into the darkest place of his mind that he could ever imagine.

The screen downtown lit up under the assistance of the future.

"Warning! Warning! Warning! Evacuate Nicholas Lawson from University of Cincinnati Hospital Cincinnati Ohio! IMMEDIATELY!"

The Occupy Cincinnati crowd then began to order Zip cars by the hundreds as Ten thousand people relocated about 24 blocks to where the University of Cincinnati was located.

The parking lot was inundated with cars very quickly. One of the first to get to a nurse very politely asked to see Nicholas Lawson the Sought Out.

She saw people piling in behind her asking to see Nicholas Lawson the Found as well.

She looked up at the television and saw that Downtown Cincinnati was empty and that Occupy Cincinnati was now, well, all up in her grill.

"No. Nicholas is not in a condition to see you right now." said the Nurse.

"We are in a condition to meet him. If he is the dreamer we require that you let us see him immediately." said a Believer.

"Did he authorize this? Does he know you?" said the nurse clearly following a protocol.

"YES HE DID!" said like thirty people at once. "I will need to speak with him first." said the nurse.

The Occupy Cincinnati in Search of Nicholas Lawson squad now very calmly went outside. A contingent of police officers was there as well. One of the officers went up to the nurse and asked her if the dreamer was Nicholas Lawson. She said no. He is very ill.

The officer thought for a second. He would be considered ill. I'm just going to watch how this plays out thought the keeper of the peace.

The Occupy Cincinnati crowd began to sing the song "Lake of Fire" written by the Meatpuppets and it became very otherworldly as everyone knew the lyrics to the song, go figure.

The doctor was going about his rounds when he was informed of the situation.

"I need you to tell the officers that they need to escort everyone out. We are not releasing Nicholas Lawson for the extended future they need to be made aware of that. He can have visitors next week." said the soon to be non controlling doctor.

The nurse knowing that the doctor was working independently on Nicholas Lawson has some thoughts of her own. She loved Nicholas as he was the nicest boy in the hospital in a long time and maybe he did throw a computer out the window but maybe LPK deserved it.

This nurse made her way just out the door and a single police officer was asking about Nicholas the Done.

She said the doctor was not releasing him and that his condition was far worse than feared. He was bipolar and schizo effective. She explained that he heard voices and that he thought he was a Christ figure.

"Lady, he might be a Christ, do all of your patients have an entire city showing up to speak to them? What if he is the dreamer? We need him downtown now." said the officer.

The police officer mustered every bit of professionalism he had and on behalf of the most peaceful creatives he had ever seen and on behalf of the world he demanded to speak to the doctor.

The doctor walked out to speak with the officer.

"Doc. Sick or not that kid is coming out of there. We are not letting this happen in your hands and your care. This will be the one patient that we absolve of you and that the Cincinnati Police Department in conjunction with the NYPD take control over. I am outranking you civically and asking you to bring me Nicholas Lawson." said the officer named Gabriel Protector.

"I cannot do that he is sedate." said the doctor "How long will he be sedate?" asked the officer.

"Three days?" said the doctor.

"JESUS CHRIST! Three days?" exclaimed the officer. "Yes." said the doctor.

"Then he will awaken in our presence." said the officer.

The officer made a call into his microphone and requested backup. He was going to take Nicholas Lawson the Saved out of that hospital in his current condition and illness or citizens arrests were going to be made of enough doctors until absolute NYPD CPD control was drafted over this medical establishment. Twelve other officers showed up and they marched down the hallway to where Nicholas Lawson the Infirmed was located. They saw him laying down with a sheet over him and they picked him up and carried them between four officers. They didn't even worry about a gurney. They took this sedate man on propofol out into the world while Khassa the Astonished just smiled because he liked good shows. He liked to see stuff like this happen. He was a history buff, especially this history that was getting made.

Khassa the Fan walked down to the phone and called his journalist friend. punch punch punch punch punch punch ring ring ring ring "Hello?"

"Yeah, Candice this is Khassa." said Khassa the Astonished.

"You know who the dreamer is don't you." said Candice.

"Nicholas Lawson is the dreamer. You can print it right now and if it isn't him they are going say it's him." said Khassa.

"What do you know about him?" said Candice.

"I know he hears voices, he tells me that he is a Christ Consciousness and that he knows exactly what to do to lead Earth into a Homeostatic Future." said Khassa the Knowing.

"Jesus Christ, Khassa do you think he is a Christ Consciousness?" said Candice.

"I think so. My gut tells me that he is an actual Christ. I mean all human shit aside you know I am otherworldly. This is just another day to me really. I juice my veganism and I lay low but this Nicholas kid. He just has an aura of the Christ about him. I can see oil paintings of him with halos. The nigga straight described human history in four sentences and changed my life. I was meant to be more than a derelict and talking with him made me see that. For real I can give you all the information you want about him just start making it happen, Jesus Christ this shit is real." said Khassa the Smart.

"I will start working on the blog right now that we have found the dreamer.

Thank you so much for making my career." said Candice.

"Sunfood Sovereign, at its best." said Khassa the Astute.

Well the police officers had Nicholas passed out in a squad car and they were taking him back to his parents house in North College Hill to rest. This kid was going to be in that cave of a house for three days and when he awakes he will be King of the World.

In reaction, North College Hill fills up with zip cars from downtown as the opposite of a funeral happened as the police car led about 1000 zip cars from the University of Cincinnati down Hamilton Ave to North College Hill. it was here the Nicholas the Dude was laid to rest. Four officers picked up Nicholas the Drugged and carried him into a bedroom that was outfitted with what was apparently his computer as it had a 26" monitor and a sleek black hard drive. His clothing was in the closet and the officers laid Nicholas the Found down on the bed.

Two parents were in the house hysterical. "What happened to him?" screamed a creature out of complex love for Nicholas.

"They put him to sleep in the hospital he should be awake in a couple of days. Just keep him hydrated." said an officer.

"Is that your son?" said an officer.

"Yes that is my son, what did he do now?" said a troubled Father who loved his body more than his consciousness.

"Officer I am very sorry for the behavior of my son." said a Mother who looked down on most of his activities.

"May I ask your names?" replied an officer.

"Mark Lawson" replied the Man Named Mark. "Kathy Lawson" replied the Woman Named Kathleen.

"Mark, Kathy, your son is the dreamer we have been looking for and he has been interfacing with the computer downtown through his dreams." said an officer trying to convey a sense of honor.

"That is not possible." said the Man Named Mark. "He is just a Man." said the Woman Named Kathleen.

Ten thousand people were outside keeping vigil very patiently in North College Hill watching Nicholas Lawson's YouTube Videos and laughing hysterically.

They were tweeting as well.

"Nicholas is the dreamer."

"I know it's him and if it isn't him we'll treat him like he is."

"@hakiym the world is changing."

"Who knows him in person?"

Nicholas the Unknown Hero was laying in a bed in his parents’ house while thirteen people were outside his room. His car being filled with gasoline. People were paying his credit cards off. His bank account has roughly 750,000 dollars in credit sent towards it through his Donation Account on his Website. Nicholas the One was going to wake up more than a celebrity, more than a star, more than a mental patient, he was going to awaken a spontaneously generated Christ who came from the cosmos to spit the future to the past as moves were made from then to now to then. Nicholas the Deeply rested looked like he was smiling.

Khassa the Companion was with the crowd as all of the patients in the hospital had been left go. Khassa the Protector took a taxi to get there but as he arrived. He didn't feel so humble as to not approach the house but he walked up the parents and asked if he could start preparing food. He called Hakiym the Presidential on the phone and invited him over to Nicholas the Dude's house. Hakiym the Insurrectionist Poet had missed out on the announcements and didn't know that Nicholas was NICHOLAS and so he agreed because he thought there might be some smoking happening which is cool for all.

Hakiym made his way into his Cadillac and made his way over to North College Hill where Nicholas the Sleeping Beauty was resting. He had to park his car up the street in the Avenue of Champions quadrant and he looked around. There was a Shell on the corner that had a party happening. There was a PNC Bank that had people depositing money and opening accounts. There was a Walgreens that had a girl working there that lived on Nicholas' street. Hakiym started to walk down this beautiful pandemic of thought and made his way down past the professional building down past the high school down past the city hall down past the post office and then he turned right on Mearl and saw the Woodstock waiting for their Morrison to awaken.

Hakiym the Friend saw that everyone was silent and composed and he just very strangely walked up to the house and saw Khassa the Preparer of Food preparing some Walnut Pâté. A couple people noticed Hakiym the Hip Hop Congressional and remembered his speech and they were filled with awe that Nicholas the Christed knew the leader of the Hip Hop Congress. Hakiym the Gifted saw Nicholas' parents and they treated him coldly because Nicholas did some business with him that they didn't approve of but how could they deal with politics now with 10,000 people on the lawn.

Khassa the Welcomer greeted Hakiym with Open Arms. "Hawk, Nicholas can certainly write can't he?" said Khassa the Reader.

"I mean he’s alright." said Hakiym the Bemused.

"Hakiym, I would say that since you are here now that everything between you and Nicholas is squashed. There was some filet minion beef but neither of you ate it and you even put it back in the cow so that the cow could use it for its own purposes. You know Nicholas believes in the Hip Hop Congress with a passion. He believes in your work with a passion and he believes in my work with a passion. All he wants is for us to combine our forces and work together but we never take him seriously enough. We never listen to him and his plans and we never derive enough confidence by what he says but look around him, there are thousands of people here celebrating his life and all they know is that he is a dreamer. We have to figure out what to do with these people because we know Nicholas better than anyone and these people need a three day introduction into the man that is Nicholas Lawson. The man lives in the future and he is trying to bring this to where it needs to be. Yo, I have my phone we are going to make a movie with all of these people. We are going to in the slumber of sleeping beauty craft a dream here for ourselves. Fuck making movies. We are making dreams from now on. We are making dreams come true and we are building dreams that may not have a plausible conclusion or a formula to them. We are going to engage in positive randomness and build something more beautiful and lasting than the Mona Lisa and that thing lasted for centuries. We are going to get our immortal on and be remembered for just that long." said Khassa the Getting It.

"Alright bet but in order to do so , we gotta get lifted. I mean all of these people that are mesmerized by our little compadre need some smoke." said Hakiym.

"Definitely, give Nicki Minaj a call through the Hip Hop Directory." said Khassa the Celebrity.

"I've been looking for a reason to call that doe." said Hakiym the Fame.

"Well get on it, I've got to make some juice for all of these people." said Khassa the Ju, sir.

Hakiym hits Speeeeeeed Dial.

"Nicki?" says Hakiym the Celebretic Awesomeness. "Yo this is Barbie bitch." said Minaj the Temptress.

"Alright Barbie, you watching the news?" said Hakiym the Cool.

"What the fuck did that computer do to you people, simple bitch" said Minaj the Majesty.

"We need you to get down here and bring an SUV filled with Kush." said Hakiym the Chill.

"You need an SUV filled with Kush?" said Minaj the Energetic Versatility.

"We need an SUV filled with Kush." said Hakiym the Businessman.

"Alright bet, I'm a monster at that." said Nicki the astonishing performer.

"How you been?" said Hakiym the consummate.

"I been good, been to Paris, Tokyo, and New York in the last week and probably performed for a couple million people. You know the dreamer?" said Nicki the Staaaar.

"I smoke with him the other day when he was just dude, now he’s like DUDE." said Hakiym the Social Stratification Expert.

"That’s true. Well yo I'm gonna roll with Drake and we're coming on a mission to your compound. I'll see you in a few hours." said the Monster.

"Yo Khassa, minaj is coming through with a compounds worth of kush." said Hakiym the Inflection cool like.

"Then we better start juicing." said Khassa the Egalitarian and with that he started to turn fifty pounds of carrots into juice and he walked in and left a cup on his comrades night stand knowing that he would drink it in a couple of days. Then he went back in and started juicing kale and beets and ginger and apples and oranges and kumquats and every other form of produce that he could gainfully produce from Kroger’s. Hakiym the Monk had out Khassa's the Communicator's Thunderbolt when it received a phone call.

It was Afrika. The essential nation of Afrika was calling Khassa the African Suitor.

Khassa the Taken picked it up.

"I am done with you. There is nothing more between us. I mean Taylor is your number one right. I can't handle being number two." said Afrika the Woman to Khassa the Man.

"You were number two to begin with. You know it's all love. I love you Afrika. I love your deserts and your nile. I love your inlets and your outlets. I love all that is you." said Khassa the Soother.

"Your energy is different." said Afrika the Nuanced.

"That’s because I am juicing for 10,000 people and my man is asleep from a doctor trying to kill him. Of course my energy is going to be different." said Khassa the Honest.

"You love Taylor more than me don't you?" said Afrika the Jealous.

"I love you all the same. I have my future with you all. Why is this a problem with you?"? said the Confused Khassa.

"Because your energy is different." said the Afrika Nation Unto Herself.

"You can't handle non traditional situations but I've been with you for 8 years and of course I love you how could I not." said the Hearted Khassa.

"You're upset because I tried to stab you aren’t you?" said the Africa of Vigilant.

"I am not upset because you tried to stab me." said Khassa the Healing.

"You’re going to try and fuck Nicki Minaj aren't you." said Africa the Femme.

"Yes, actually I am." said the Outlandish Khassa. "This isn't funny." said the Hyper Angry Africa. "Whose playing, that bitch shows up imp putting moves on her." said the Stoking the Flames Khassa.

"I’m done with this because I cannot handle a fourth woman in your life." said the Woman that Wants to Be His Only Continent of Africa.

"Seriously you don't want me to love Nicki Minaj?" said the Khassa With a Thick Skull.

"I just want you to love me." said the Heart Shaped Africa.

"But I have other women to love and I have other women I have had children with and you know this." said the Khassa of Relationships.

"I can’t handle this ... I have to go to work ... we're done." said the Employed Africa.

"Call me later." said the Khassa Knowing the Ebb and Flow.

"Okay." said the Emotional Africa.

Outside a couple hundred people had out their iPads and were watching the Infinitium stream.

There was a dream on it that had sound and visuals and everyone was unearthing their love for a man that was in their presence and finally they were in connection with the man that was dreaming the dreams of a billion dreams. There was a voice that stereo phonically was being transmitted amongst all of the iPads and the essence of the man that was dreaming was being communicated.

My energy feels different and all I want to do is love Nicki Minaj. That is the cutest woman that the world has ever created since Cleopatra who is one jealous bitch because in her immortal presence Julius Caesar is losing interest in that bitch and navigating through the realm of the itty bitty piggy that went all the way home with an SUV filled with Kush for the world to smoke in the presence of me. I'm what you have been missing. I am what you have been without. I've been dreaming but now I have to dream for the whole world. I have to dream the dreams that bring you closer to each other and to me. We have been given amazing technology ... watch this ... Nicholas the Player focuses his energy and a puff ball of dynamic energy floated across the screens of a million iPads. Nicholas the G was enjoying this. He knew something was happening and he knew he was deeper in his dreams than he had ever been before. He knew that his dreams were being floated in real time and that his lucid dream was the world’s enjoyment. He finally felt like a celebrity and he wasn't conscious enough to enjoy it fully, but he was.

The last thing that Nicholas the Comatose knew was obviously being placed in a cell of solitude. The world was changing beyond rapidity as an entire generation of celebrities were being replaced overnight by people that knew Nicholas and that could speak on his life and his accomplishments. He had been confirmed as the dreamer of the machine and a lot was adding up very quickly. His life was astonishing. Telepathy was looked at very unfavorably in the psychiatric community but Nicholas didn't sweat it. He just kept writing. There was a blog online where his writings were stored from the last few years of his life. People were busily transcribing his white files that rested in his room and apparently Nicholas the Author had been training his entire life to be a thought leader. He had social experiments planned out. He had hundreds of poems and he had spent hundreds of hours at open mic shows performing his work to loving audiences. He was becoming more than just a new aged God he was becoming a media darling.

This event was like the very opposite of 9/11 but just as rapturing to the global consciousness. There was a global consciousness and Nicholas was at the heart of it.

Hakiym the Treasured One walked into Nicholas's room past the fourteen guards that were filling his house in case something popped off and started to speak as Nicholas the Protected laid there quietly. "A doctor is coming that has an apology for you. He is going to resuscitate you. We won't be waiting three days for you. He is not going to try and kill you but you are going to wake up to a different world. I just wanted to tell you that I am sorry for the car thing. I am sorry for the treatment I gave you. I think you are ultimately right that you shouldn't follow people younger than yourself. Leaders are older than followers and I am a follower of you now. Where do you want this to go. I have to leave but I just wanted a moment with you." said Hakiym the Unknowing of This Website.

Driving down the Avenue there came three SUV's filled with doctors. The doctor that over saw Nicholas's care and quasi tried to kill him and treat him differently than the sovereign that he is was going to inject Nicholas with adrenaline. The jolt should wake him from his stupor. He would be groggy but who wasn't going to wait for his words.

The crowds around Nicholas's house parted and the SUV's pulled up and parked on the wrong side of the street. No one seemed to mind.

Nicholas' mother and father felt terrible for themselves that all of this attention would be brought on their productive lives. Nicholas' father went out to the crowd and assured them the following:

"It's going to be alright. Our son will be awake soon." said that Father of the Christ Child.

The Mother was standing next to him screaming at everyone to leave. She hated that Nicholas would receive this much attention for nothing. She kept saying it’s not like he gave a speech or anything he just went to sleep and wrote some sentences.

Another person stood up in the crowd and screamed. You created our Savior and I expect you to honor him. He is what has drawn all of us together after years of toiling in obscurity for no reason. Every one of us has been touched by his dreams and he was meant to be our leader ... the leader that he always was.

"I'm going inside" said Nicholas' mother "They should have left him in the hospital. This is ridiculous. He’s on television and radio and they are calling him a savior, he doesn’t even shower every day."

The doctors came in from the car in single file motion and walked up to the front door. Nicholas the Interesting was laying prone. The doctors walked in and three of them had video cameras. Nicholas the Surprisingly Well Thought Out was not going to be killed but he was going to answer some questions. There will be much studying done of this man because we need to know how he did what he did.

The doctor went into Nicholas the Prone's room and went past the guards. He pulled out a syringe and injected it into Nicholas neck artery. Immediately Nicholas the Extremely Well Thought Out Complacent And Calm Radical woke up screaming like Uma Thurman in Pulp Fiction. That happened to Nicholas the Awoken he came out of the dream too early.

Something was wrong.

He stood up and started screaming.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! .. . he looked around him and said that this was how a dream felt. Strange and serene. He started clapping his hands to create a meme that would earmark this dream. He looked out his window at ten thousand people staring back at him.

"Nicholas calm down!" said everyone.

"Wait what you can't hear in dreams." said Nicolas the Awoken.

"I know this isn't a dream this is real." said the Nicholas of Our Time.

"Wait, what?" thought Nicholas.

"You are at the end of your journey ... welcome to your reality." said a voice.

Nicholas was aghast it was all real. I'm not ill. You can all hear me. Those are my dreams. I’m connected to the computer through the future.

"Give him some space." said someone.

Nicholas walked over to his closet and changed his shirt and he put on his suit coat.

"I don't really know what to do." said Nicholas the Free. Nicholas reached over and put on his dress pants. He was pinstriped now.

Then he went upstairs and weighed himself with his suit on. Everyone was watching him.

The scale said 245 pounds.

"This suit weighs a lot." said Nicholas the Quirk. He took off his suit and weighed himself again. It said 229 ... that’s a ten pound suit.

Then Nicholas went into the shower still oblivious to what was really happening.

He used every soap bottle in the shower and cleaned himself immaculately. Now he smelled all good.

There were a number of puzzled people in the audience, His mother came out and said laughing,

"He's taking a shower."

Everyone started laughing.

Nicholas was just soaking in the shower getting right with himself. He locked the door. He went over to the mirror and stared at himself. It was him. The same face he had been looking at for his entire life was now dripping with soap suds and was soaking wet. Nicholas the Cleaned started to dry off and as he did he could hear cheering. This was real. This was a real life that he was experiencing.

He placed his suit on, shirt, pants, overcoat and started shaving. He took off all of the hair from his face. Then he picked up some shears and buzzed all of the hair from his head. He should have done that before he took a shower. He was intent on making himself look like a new man. He did so successfully. He had always done small things like this to earmark his life but now was essentially important. This was who he wanted to share with the public Clean Look Nicholas, Hippie Nicholas is fine for writing but Clean Nick is his celebrity persona. He felt like he was being guided.

Nicholas opened the door and Nicki Minaj was standing there. She held up a joint and handed it to Nicholas and the Nicholas was grateful. It still felt like a dream and he didn't know why. How else was this supposed to happen?

Nicki said to Nicholas ... "I like your house. it’s housy."

Nicholas said ... "I liked your video with Drake about the moment being perfect or something."

"Yeah that was my favorite too. I think you have some people that want to talk to you." Said the Saintly Minaj.

Nicholas was ready the world was ready and so with spliff in hand Nicholas makes his way out the front door.

He stands there in front of 10,000 people and 500 zip cars and just stands there.

He did it. He became a celebrity in his own house. The world changed for him.

He stood there and composed himself. He started to cry. Joyous tears.

I want to let all of you know that I will dream for you. The crowd started to move closer.

"We want a hug Nicholas." subconsciously cooed the crowd.

"There are too many of you. This is too much love." said Nicholas the Overwhelmed.

"No, Nicholas you dreamed the most beautiful dreams and we want to hug our

dreamer." said a girl.

"I'm nothing and have nothing to offer you while I am awake. Everything I do is only worth something when either you or I is sleeping." said Confused Nicholas.

"Nicholas come out here and sit on your lawn." said a couple people in unison.

Nicholas followed them in his pin stripe suit holding his joint.

Nicholas I want you to light that joint and get on your frequency.

Nicholas sparked his joint and the doctors came out and started recording him. They were studying Nicholas and if he smoked they wanted evidence of that. If it weren't for this show of public support they would have this man in long term treatment for years. There is no excuse for any individual to be magnitudes of difference from their peers. Uniqueness is unhealthy in a common mindset society. We expect people to be creative but we can’t have people being too creative. They cannot exist solely on creativity that is not fair to far too many people. He is not this talented. He is not this gifted. We might not get him under our care again now ... but we will be heroes to our cause by studying this man.

Nicholas was standing on his front lawn next to Nicki Minaj that was waiting to ask her question of him. "Nicholas what do you think of my British accent?" asked Minaj the Enforcer.

"I love it." said Nicholas the Known to Flirt with Disaster.

"You went to England didn't you?"

"Yes I did." bequoth thee Nicholasistica.

Nicholas the Amazing thought that out of North College Hill only a few people ever spend time in England. They are called celebrities.

Nicholas the Monument was just standing there. He wanted to perform but was not ready and people were just standing there looking at him in all the moment would ever be.

"So when do I get to use the Infinitium?" queried the Nicholas.

"Finally." moaned the Crowd.

Nicki the Cutie Petutie told him ... "Alright you get to use it on one condition."

"What’s that?" queried our Hero.

"You have to write all of us an email. We have your account ready. You are going to be the sole Infinitium user for quite some time. That's your computer and we want you to show us what we should be doing with it." stated the Little Filly Minaj.

Nicholas told the world ..." When I use the Infinitium that is when this story really starts. That is when OUR story really starts. It will be a moment that even the moon landing won't be able to trump any longer."

"Good."

The doctors came up to Nicholas and Nicki Minaj stepped in.

"Do you have any idea how important this man is? You may have your supposed science but this man makes women and men cry tears of beauty. You surrounded him with information and he learned it and now he is doing what he wants to do with it. You have no power over him." stated the Heroic Minaj.

"We have to study him.", said the doctors in unison. Tom cruise appeared out of nowhere and said SCIENTOLOGY and then disappeared which was strange.

Nicholas the Joker stepped into a black sedan and started riding with Nicki Minaj as the driver. She looked over at him and said that she had never read his writing but wondered what it was about?

My writing has been about performing for celebrities and creating books that celebrities would read. I have always wanted to be a celebrity and know that celebrities read writing too. I also wanted to take characters that I had seen on television and the movies and remix them into my writing so that archetypes that are brand new to the literary world can be used in ways that no one had ever done before. I basically wanted to give back to the people that gave me a life and purpose. Nicki you are the most special of all to me because you are the fiercest cutie I have ever seen. I would bring World Peace for you. You can have the greatest concerts the world has ever known and will have support of the writing community because your character is beyond words. Entire novels are written with the intention of being the getting of your attention. I want to see you holding up my book in one of your videos and booty dancing with a copy balanced on your head. I know you booty dance nicely and your flow is ridiculous and in my dream you booty dance with my book on your head.

"Nicholas you are funny and strange." said the

Minajisty.

"Oh and you are a completely normal artist bouncing around talking about the Itty Bitty Piggy and shit with green hair?" said the Nicholas Defending Himself.

"Well played." replied the Minaj.

Nicholas is quiet driving up Hamilton Avenue heading towards downtown. Nicki Minaj put in a DMX album and they were listening to the Rough Ryders Anthem and Nicholas was starting to feel like an OG about all of this as there were five hundred cars behind him and a host of people waiting for him at the Infinitium.

An entire contingent of people made their way to the center of all that is. Cincinnati. Alecia keys was on a piano playing New York City's Song in Cincinnati. She looked gangster.

Then Nicholas got out of his parked car and the whole world was watching him. He was front and center on every glowing screen on earth. He smiled. He felt normal but appeared futuristic because he was. Jay Z walked over to him and handed him a copy of the Decoded Book he authored and told him thanks for reading books motherfucker. Then Hova led the way through the crowd holding up the Roc Sign and Nicholas was holding up his Mourning Star and they made their way over to a platinum work station that had the names of Steve Jobs engraved in it. Nicholas sat down before a comfortable interface and started to interact with the Infinitium.

He was now in control of the most powerful processor on earth, earth's first thermonuclear brain cell. He was at brain cell alpha and he looked over the interface. It was a classic Apple interface that had a complete Wordpress installation locally hosted that very nicely updated his http://nicholaslawson.com workspace at the click of a button. It was nice you could tell it was customized for a writer. Nicholas started to write at the Infinitium and he probed the following:

"Can you see me now?" wrote Nicholas.

Write Nicholas willed the crowd.

The rest of the world tweeted ... we can see you now.

Nicholas had all of existence on the ends of his keystrokes and he felt the power surge through him.

Nicholas you are going to have to wake up soon. You cannot keep exploring your dreams like this. You cannot keep indulging in what will never be in your dreams.

Chapter Twelve: It Was All A \*\*\*\*\*! I used to read Word Up Magazine!

Nicholas felt an injection in his arm and he woke up. He was still in the padded room of the hospital. The doctor was telling him that he had to wake up now. Nicholas sat there confused saying outloud, "Didn't I already do this?"

The doctor told him that he was free to leave the chamber he was held in.

Nicholas was expecting to see crowds of people and armed guards but there were only some other kooky creatures that society had created.

Nicholas was wearing a hospital gown. Khassa walked over to him.

"Who do you think the dreamer is?" asked Khassa. "Man I want to say it's me but something that never happened to me before just went down." said Nicholas.

"What’s that?" asked Khassa.

"I can’t even describe it." said Nicholas.

The doctor pulled Nicholas into a room.

Nicholas I know you want to leave and I can foresee letting you leave soon. Maybe tomorrow.

Nicholas agreed that that would be a good time. "Do you feel ill?" asked the Doctor.

"I feel groggy." said the Nicholas.

"Did you have any dreams?" asked the Doctor. "Just one with Nicki Minaj in it." said Nicholas.

"I don't think you are the dreamer of the Infinitium but I do think you experience powerful dream states." said the Doctor.

"Thank you." said Nicholas.

Nicholas asked him if he thought this was a historic moment.

The Doctor Agreed.

Nicholas asked how long he had been sleeping. The doctor told him three days.

"And my life is mine tomorrow?" asked Nicholas. "Yes, sir." said the doctor.

Nicholas was so happy. He was signed up for the Infinitium as a user. He just has to discover when his time is because he has a plan on how to use it. He might be good at it.

Khassa walked over to Nicholas.

"Did you dream of your house?" asked Khassa. Nicholas said "Yes, why?"

A couple people checked out the last dream from the Infinitium and they noticed it looked like your house. "Man that is strange. My parents would not like that kind of attention." said Nicholas.

Khassa asked him ... "Are you the dreamer?"

Nicholas thought for a moment and said "Yes," very quietly.

"Nicholas you know that there is unlimited potential in your life. have you ever heard of Sunfood Sovereign?" asked Khassa.

"I think so." said Nicholas.

"I want to talk to you about it." said Khassa.

"Okay." said Nicholas.

"You are out tomorrow, right?" said Khassa.

"Yeah." said Nicholas.

"So am I." said Khassa.

"We both get released from thought crime prison on the same day?" said Nicholas.

"Yeah man." said Khassa.

"Alright well we have to go down to the computer." said Nicholas.

"We will. I think I want to call a friend of mine about you. She needs to check you out." said Khassa.

"Bet what is Sunfood Sovereign?" said Nicholas. "It’s a vegan food dietary regimen product line." said Khassa...

"What is veganism?" said Nicholas.

"It's the lifestyle that follows the process of avoiding all animal products in ones food system." said Khassa.

"Why would you do that?" said Nicholas.

"We have much to talk about Nicholas I am making you my new friend." said Khassa.

"Well thank you." said Nicholas.

"I could teach you about a whole new world." said Khassa.

"I imagine you could." said Nicholas.

"Yo lets go watch some television." said Khassa.

Nicholas walks into the television room and notices that the Infinitium is on. He grabs a space on a couch and starts to get comfortable.

Sheila Gray was hosting a Fox News event where she was interviewing futurists as they prophesied their concepts for the computer.

"You see this computer is going to be here for thousands of years and we have it connected to the quantum computer at UC which we imagine in time will be a conduit between what will be and today. We know that the process of keeping time control components solid in their position is the key to time travel. Standards and predictability set the standards for time travel. You have to know where something is going to be in order to interact with it in the future. Locationalization is the key component to time travel. A car makes a poor time travel device because it moves too much but a standard definition predictably placed computer with a quantum connection makes a perfect conduit for us to send information to itself from where it was to where it will be. It’s all the same space. We have already successfully received feedback loops from our tests now all that we can do is use and wait for our connections to interact with the future properly. We are waiting on them to contact us but it has not happened yet." said Sheila.

Sheila Gray thanked him in her mind having been upgraded through the conversation with him. Nicholas looked over at Khassa and said "The past is linked to the future because the future is the past of the future of the past so create monuments to that which you want remembered. The Infinitium is a fusion reactor in time. That thing produces more than it takes to produce it and so it will forever be a source of income in Cincinnati. We built one Infinitium and now our society in Cincinnati and the Midwest in general will thrive forever. It's like a pyramid that is filled with riches we can explore for all time. It’s the computer that computers wish they could be and we have one.

Khassa said in response.

"You know a lot about the computer don't you?" said Khassa.

"Yeah I do man ... yeah I do." said Nicholas.

"How much do you really know?" said Khassa?

"I am a professional user ... amateur developer." said Nicholas.

"You write?" asked Khassa.

"Like a fucking pro trying to destroy biblical writers." Said the Inflated Nicholas.

"Oh word." said Khassa.

"I’m a CEO when I am not in here." said Khassa.

"I’m not going to ask why you are in here." said Nicholas.

"Good because that just alleviates some uncomfortability for me." said Khassa.

"If they let me out tomorrow morning I can make my Infinitium moment that evening." said Nicholas. "You'll be on the Infinium in no time." said Khassa.

"I believe that I have something that might be of interest to some of the people that are out there, you know I am a writer right?" said Nicholas.

"Really what do you write?" said Khassa.

"I write about my dreams and what my dreams mean to me." said Nicholas.

"How often do you write?" said Khassa.

"Literally every time I get the chance. I have written seventeen books roughly in my lifetime." said Nicholas.

"What?! You stupid crazy." said Khassa.

"Yeah I write enough to claim that. I have notebooks filled, binders, Amazon books and now I am finally working on being published." said Nicholas.

"What is your latest story called?" asked Khassa. "It’s called, The Gospel of the Armada of Youth." said Nicholas.

"What is it about." asked Khassa.

"It’s about living in Cincinnati with that computer being built." said Nicholas.

"It's pretty important isn’t it?" said Khassa.

"It's the most important advancement in centuries for the human condition. It's a World Wonder." said Nicholas.

"Isn't it. How long have you been here?" asked Khassa.

"I've been here for a while. They are keeping me here for what I did at my last employer." said Nicholas.

"What’s that?" asked Khassa.

"I lost my shit. This is like time out for adults." said Nicholas.

"Isn't it." said Khassa.

"I really don't really want to know why you are here." said Nicholas.

"That’s cool ... comforting actually." said Khassa. "You want to exchange numbers and be in touch after our visits here?" said Nicholas.

"Yeah man." said Khassa.

Then Nicholas with full knowledge of what his dream was about goes back to playing it cool.

"You know dreams are powerful things." said Nicholas. "Yes they are." said Khassa.

"I think I am going to be discharged today actually, here comes my case worker." said Nicholas.

"Nicholas we are going to be able to discharge you today, we need you to come fill out some paperwork." said a very polite nurse.

"Alright." said Nicholas.

Nicholas is walking around a room that has no idea of who he is or where his connection to the Infinitium lies and at this point they barely remember why he was admitted. An entire sweep of the collective memory of planet earth was instituted and all for the purposes of reconnecting Nicholas with his purpose. There was too much fame too quickly in the last dream so Infinitium resurrected the most normal reality it could conceive of based on the data present and that data placed Nicholas in a hospital but near release. No one knows he is the Christ no one knows he is the soul of the Infinitium. It's just Earth and the Infinitium and Nicholas walking around with knowledge that no one is aware of. Nicholas is being called to do his planetary duty and spend some time on the computer. There wasn't a Matrix before but post Infinitium the Matrix stems deep into the dreams of the people that use the computer. All consciousness is to remain on probationary status as this is a world that tries to destroy Christ’s. There is not enough worship of each other. There is more worship for people that used to exist than there is for people that exist today. Jealousy and Envy belies a humble spirit and causes one to engage in spiritually disastrous activities.

Nicholas was smiling as he thought of how Khassa called his journalist friend. He laughed thinking about the people surrounding his house. He enjoyed the shower. He just kept walking holding onto the secrets of his life. No one will think to ask him about their memories that they can't quite shape together. Nicholas is the cornerstone, the keystone, the key to the puzzle of earth and his subconscious dwells in deeper places daily than top military strategists can fathom. You can only use so much imagination for the purposes of destroying civilizations but the peaceful. The peaceful require an infinincy that must continue to probe and deliver peaceful solutions to global issues. The world peace core subconsciously speaks through Nicholas and he monitors their conversations and approves or

disapproves like a reddit vote on what he hears moment to moment.

Nicholas walks out of that hospital after having ravaged it for days with his psychokinetic power and now that the world is awash in transitional mind states and now that the world has been using the computer, Nicholas is ready to use it himself. He is ready to sit at the crystal keyboard and push the buttons that make the world feel triumph. All anyone knows is that he was admitted to the hospital and that they were just doing their job. No one knows about people wanting to kill Nicholas no one knows about an SUV filled with Kush landing on North College Hill. No one knows any of it because time turns all reality into dreams and the computer just waited until Nicholas was asleep to wash away the memories and the entire world experienced a moment of utter blindness and within a few blinks of the eye was back to the reality that it thought it was in comprehension of. No one saw Nicholas with Hova ... none of it happened except to Nicholas.

He was the type of person that walked into a room and ordered a drink and just went about his day. All Nicholas was looking for was that next normal day but he knew with the Infinitium more and more people would become supremely inspired and it would just be noticed that some people had a way of not dying. Some spirits aged and were reborn and continued their work from a different account. There was a repetitive nature to the work of the immortals as they continued to probe the depths of consciousness that were never ending. Sure they partied but only to relieve stress.

Nicholas walked up to a Mazda 626 that was golden in color. He slid inside and turned on the ignition. It was time for him to head to the Infinitium to begin his very subtle work of writing in his workspace that would gain international attention eventually. He was going to start speaking to the world through his writing. He knew how far these people were willing to go and that was enough for him to work in peace. He knew his potential but his potential didn't interest him. Just that normal reality was all that he wanted or aspired to. He was happy to be working with the work of Steve Jobs and performing his own SEO testing as he aspired to commercial art prosperity. An Apple designed reality was one where every possibility was possible with no read write errors per moment of inception.

Nicholas was still training. He was unhappy with how ten thousand people were at his house. That's how you get killed doing shit like this he thought. There was no reason to alert the enemy who the heroes were. He could just be another computer user walking among us doing the work of Goddesses on a client to client basis.

Nicholas headed down Central Parkway and turned on the radio. Nicki Minaj was playing her song Beez in the Trap and Nicholas was dancing in his car to her sultry flow. Maybe he could meet her someday, if she likes to read. I'll write her an email on the Infinitium. It's a shame she is holding down New Orleans and rebuilding their economy rather than having dinner with me here in the Queen City. She could be a Queen here if she lived here but alas most women don't want a whole city to themselves. They like to share.

Nicholas drove down to the CET building and parked his car in the lot. He got out and started walking noticing the effervescent individuals who were walking around dressed in hipster gear and carrying iPads for the purposes of staying in tune with the Infinitium. Nicholas saw one of his dreams being presented on the screen and he laughed. The world was amazed at this character that he played while he was asleep. He always told himself that when the chips are down ... be brave. He was one of the bravest dreamers there ever was and early on in his creation cycle he was timid but now ... he just transformed globes for no reason at all. Just for the joy of it and that was to be his ultimate purpose.

Nicholas pulled on a white glove onto his right hand. It glittered a little bit. He wanted to try and remember Michael Jackson for his star power. He could give a fuck about his personal life. That man lit the stage up. Nicholas just kept walking. He did a little dance. No one noticed. Nicholas kept walking down the street and a stranger walked up and gave him an iPhone and continued walking. Nicholas smiled and started talking.

"Did I get my credits?" said Nicholas the Professional. "They are waiting in your 5/3rd bank account. You did good." said the voice.

"I want to go and play on that Infinitium thing for a while." said Nicholas..

"It was built for you. Have at it." said the voice. "Alright keep an eye out and give me about fifteen years before I dream like that again." said Nicholas.

"There's no reason for you to dream ever again, welcome to the seventh seventh heaven. Just be yourself." said the voice.

"Will do. Blessings." said Nicholas.

"Blessings and enjoy the phone." said the voice. "Will do." said Nicholas.

Nicholas picks up his phone and speaks into SIRI for a voice dial ...

"Yo Marcus." said Nicholas the Event Planner. "Yo Nicholas." said Marcus the

Genius.

"Two Words." said Nicholas the Preparing for Greatness.

"Which are?" said Marcus the Astonishing.

"Harlem Shake." said Nicholas the Clever.

"Yeah man. Harlem Shake." said Marcus the Special.

"This computer deserves the greatest Harlem Shake since the beginning of time." said Nicholas the Harlem Shook.

"How great?" said Marcus the Terrific.

"We need to Harlem Shake so hard that Harlem has an orgasm." said Nicholas the Uber.

"I got it." said Marcus the On Point.

"What?" said Nicholas the Wondering.

"Alright it goes like this." said Marcus the Apex. "Right?" said Nicholas the Waiting For Instructions.

"Alright we get Stix to just stand there with a Bengal's Jersey on and he is just doing a chill little two step. Then when the drop comes we get all of Fountain Square to dress up like animals from the Zoo and everyone chucks the bucket and just goes bunk and we Harlem Shake it out in front of the Computer. Then we YouTube the whole thing. Toss up a 6 Second Teaser on Vine and then toss the whole thing up on the CoolTube and we give the Future a look at the birth of Harlem Shakin Youtube Style. Nothing against the original harlem shakers they just did not get the same exposure as the YouTube Harlem Shakers so anyways, I am getting off track but the thing is we do the Welcome to the Jungle Harlem Shake in Fountain Square Dressed as Animals escaped from their cages and Clyde Gray is standing there with a pimp cane next to his bottom woman Carol Williams and she is twerking dat ass in a hot mini skirt and then Mark Mallory balls out of control jumping off a trampoline bombing a dunk into a ten foot rim. Josh Sneed is there and he tries to sprint across a truckload of Banana Peels and he loses his shit and does a pratfall. Then Nick Lachey is making out with Tricia Macke he grabs her ass and tells her that he loves her. Then the entire world gasps as you pop your collar and dust off your shoulders and then go into a Vortex Move from the rave days. Then everyone else in Fountain Square is dressed like characters from the Lion King and they are all doing the Electric Slide with Harlem Shakes all up in it. We just bomb out on our Harlem Shake and just go down in history as the ballingest Harlem Shakers of all time. We go to Harlem Shake War in a single moment and declare War on all previous Harlem Shakes and just bring the world to awe at the depth and the devotion we have to the Harlem Shake. It would be perfect because the entire city is solemn right now but we need to celebrate and to break into the future with a Classic Break Dice move that just erupts the greatest Infinite Scroll Magazine Infinite Scroll Party just to get into the mood to make some kids and entertain earth ya dig? You know what I am saying. Ball out of Control with it and just Harlem Shake the world into the right mood for astonishing enlightenment with a smile on their face. I mean why not just go into Flip Mode and go from nothing to everything in like a quick Harlem Shake moment. You digging what I am saying?" said Marcus the Albert Einstein of Harlem Shakery.

"Yo dawg we gotta do awl of that." said Nicholas the Mind Blown.

"Word. Yo I gotta get back to making these beats so holla at me in a couple hours and in this session I will remix the Harlem Shake song and even put a Harlem Shake in your Harlem Shake because I heard you like Harlem Shakes and we can Harlem Shake our way into history you dig?" said Marcus the Funniest

Motherfucker on the Planet.

"Yo I'm wid it. I'm wid it awl day. You know this MAAAN!" said Nicholas the Impressed.

"So yo man ... let me get back to cutting up these cuts and pretty soon I'll have a sandwich for you that you can inhale with your whole being you feel me?" said Marcus the Supreme Master.

"Word is bond son, I'll catch you soon." said Nicholas the Polite.

"Out." said Marcus the Gone Just Gone.

Nicholas stands there for a second and just embraces the sensation of world peace. He just thinks to himself what political world problem can NOT be solved by a classic YouTube Harlem Shake. Like rape victims and their abusers could mend their relationships with a Harlem Shake video. It’s just pure regenerative karma and through the holistic values of the Harlem Shake so many problems of the world can be solved like instead of war we could have Military Harlem Shake battles that amount to battle dancing but just elevate the entire process to a military maneuver that brings so much joy to the world in a cosmic moment of entropy that honestly there is nothing that can be done wrong. You search for that special something and then you just find it in a Harlem Shake. Every book should conclude with a Harlem Shake of the characters as honestly are we not just Harlem Shaking through life. On some level is life not just a cosmic Harlem Shake. Look into the Philosophies that are created from Harlem Shaking. Hell if Jesus himself had been in the center of a Harlem Shake with Pontius Pilate the book might read a little bit differently. I am just saying that Dom Mazzetti and Jenna Marbles should do a Harlem Shake video together for their 50th Wedding Anniversary. I love you so much and I just want to thank you for reading this book to the very end. At the beginning of this book did you think to yourself that this was all going to in some way end up in a Harlem Shake, of course not. You are just too impressed right now. I know it. So get your friends together and Harlem Shake your problems out. You owe it to your Planet to solve the mystery and finally achieve Holy Grail Status in your realm of existence by finally doing the one thing that all adult mature human beings are supposed to do. Harlem Shake.

Closing Comment

I want to thank you for reading this far and for taking the time to explore the thoughts that I would take the time to write. I believe in the eternal dream and if you have engaged with me and went on the ride of my dream I want you to email me at nickyisdeep@gmail.com and explore your thoughts with me about this book. I want you to email me and share how you think the second book should begin. I am not writing on the second book until at least one person reads my entire first book and provides me with direction. I love writing and I love exploring the English language with people. I just want to know I touched someone and that I created a world that someone else could explore. I want to share my insights into this world and share what I think matters the most in this world. Creativity. It takes creativity to survive in this world and honestly I love that about this world. I have my thoughts as to what this world is and you have your own thoughts. Please be in touch with me and help make fame worth it. My fame as a writer is worth nothing if I do not get at least one email about my work which is what all of this is about. If you email you may be surprised by whom you find but you won't be disappointed. I love talking to people and I want to hear what you have to say personally from you about what I did for you. Thank you so much for reading this book and for placing yourself in a position of intimacy with me. I truly want to bestow an honor on you for reading an entire book of my own creation. Thank you, just thank you thank you thank you thank you. You can email anytime of the day or night any time zone and just mention this book and I will become elated with elation. This is the most hidden email address on the planet and now you have it. What do you do now? Write.

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THE END