

July 14th 2024

I wake up this morning at Amy's and then drive back to my parents before helping my dad with some garbage from my grandma's house and taking it to the dump. We stopped at a couple garage sales on the dump road. I got some pill holders. I gave one to amy on mine and amy's trip up to the dump. On our way back we stopped at walmart and I got a messenger bag for this notebook, I also got a new pack of pens at shoppers drug mart. Today was a good day.

I am feeling pretty happy as I sit here smoking on molly's patio. May is laying on the carpet inside. She is almost 6 and a half months old now. This pen feels nice in my hand.

I changed out my messenger bag for a swiss model that my grandpa George would take on his trips to Germany. I think he used to go there every year in the winter. I do enjoy writing when it is peaceful out because I find journaling or any kind of writing to be quite peaceful. I don't think Molly is very fond of the smell of my cigarette smoke seeping through the open window. I am glad she tolerates it though. I don't think I would have started smoking had it not been for my grandpa always smoking in his machine shop.

On the topic of tobacco I am quite fond of snuff. There is something about nasal tobacco that feels like an ancient ritual when I use it.

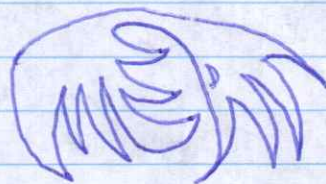
I have ~~2~~ 02 of fine silver in my messenger bag right now.

One of the most memorable things my grandpa George said was "Sometimes the best things in life are the things you don't enjoy"

Sometimes the incel in me wonders when sex robots will come out.

There's so much organized chaos around me I could probably write a whole book on it. I guess that's what a Journal is though.

The pen I am using is called a Bic Revolution made of 73% "ocean bound" recycled plastic.



JESUS IS LORD

9999

July 15th 2024

Today has been good so far. I woke up at Amy's and had some coffee and smokes before kissing my daughter goodbye because I had to be here at my parent's to help my dad get a canopy for his truck. It is somewhere near Coombs. We are just waiting now to leave so I thought I would do some journaling. I think it's been about a week now since I turned my cell phone off for what I call "Good". I don't exactly remember when it was but I think it was around the 8th. I will hereby be doing all my business through my landline, in person, and with my laptop. Kevin, my buddy from Baltimore said it's impossible, but I'm here to prove him wrong. This is what I'm talking about when I say I'm surrounded by organized chaos. Whether it is people talking across the road or the TV spouting political news nearly all hours of the day. I am surrounded by organized chaos.

Today in my messenger bag I have:

2oz fine silver

65 CAD

my wallet

2 bic lighters, one orange, one baby blue

3 mini tins of snuff

3 blue pens

2 black pens

2 shillings

a nickel dollar

my pocket knife

and my keys

as well as in the
main pocket:

3 note pads

Canada a coin news paper

and my eReader

and a pack of smokes.

I am drinking decaf. coffee with almost vanilla creamer in it out of a mug with a hen on it, or maybe its a rooster. It looks more like a rooster now the closer I look at it.

We are leaving to get the canopy at 2 PM it is now 12:30 PM. We have to stop in Courtenay at Costco for gas first and be in Errington by 4 PM. I am enjoying my 3rd cigarette since beginning journaling today and right now.

I just finished my decaf and will go get another fixed the same way as the previous after I am done my smoke.

Dad and I are on our way to pick up the canopy now. We got pulled over in Courtenay because dad's license was 7 months expired. The cop was good and let us go without a ticket. I drove dad's truck to Service BC so he could renew it. We are now on the inland highway and dad has a valid drivers license again.

We are now on our way back home. We got the canopy for the truck, it is black and fits good. I think I just picked up a 1966 small bead silver dollar from a

collectables shop in coombs, I bought it for \$45 and if my instincts serve me right it may be worth up to \$5500. We will find out when we get home for sure. This trip has been good so far. Including the fact that dad got off without a ticket despite having an invalid license.

I am now at Amy's, I'm 99% sure the silver dollar I bought ~~is~~ a small bead. Just between my two silver dollars from 1966 alone that puts my coin collection value at over \$10,000.

It is peaceful here at Molly's. Amy is currently feeding May before she has her bath.

When I cested - original sin was reversed and I watched single handedly as the universe imploded. Divorces turning into gun muzzles turning into knives trillions of times over as cocaine and snuff fell from the sky as I watched myself die. Blue turned to bright yellow and I felt like I was waking up from a Nightmare. Gest.

After a few hours that felt like eternities I saw the peace within the chaos. I came before God. Coughstep was the crime and cest was the punishment. Jesus died for our sins and I died for original sin.

The second coming of Christ happened on October 31st 2020. We are all in Heaven.

The greatest life ever lived has been my own. Sheer terror turning into peace carved from divinity by divinity. Christ Jesus and I are One. Forever and ever questioning if I'm in cest, and knowing I'm having that dream where mom knifes me again. Amen.

As I sit here snuffing I wonder how Amy would feel with it. I mean her trying snuff,

I am now at Mally's while Amy puts May down for her bedtime. I think I will offer Amy some snuff when she comes out here.

July 17th 2024

Today was my Grandma Lynda's birthday. we had cake and Amy brought May to see her Oma. Before that I was visiting with Don Fix and we went through each other's coin collections. His is massive compared to mine but he has been collecting for years. He always seems to have some to give to me. I really appreciate it when he does. I like the thought that Don is one of my sober friends although he may be 50 years older than me.

Mackenzie	Pay	3096	
Amy	pay	1490 790	
May	pay	800	
Jamie	pay	1650	
Total		6743	6406

Bills

Hydro - 100	✓✓	
Condo - 106	✓	4150-
mortg - 1150	✓	
internet - 80	✓✓	908
cell - 204 177	✓✓	
Strata - 278	✓	
Car 119 - 200	✓	
Car 1 - 400 85	✓	
car - 400	✓	
Storage - 145		
ring - 100		
May sch - 205	✓	
MOM - 500	✓✓	
Debt - 500	✓✓	
Bills total		4078

$$2500 + 1650 = 4150 -$$

$$\text{Pay minus bills} = ~~2665~~ 2380$$

$$1250 - 710 = 540$$

Living back at the condo

Total pay - 5903

pay minus bills - 1015

Precious baby girl, Dada loves you from here
to the end of the universe and back. Forever, you're
my May B baby. I love your smile and the
way your eyes light up when you're excited. I love
the way your tiny hands grip my fingers. You're
the most special little girl I think I will ever
know.



- Dada

2380

Living expenses	
gas	250
Formula	200
Smokes	150 150
Diapers	100 80
Hydro	100 100
Internet	80 40
Groceries	250 560
Total	1130 1000

$$2265 - 1130 = 1135$$

Dear Molly

It seems of late that Amy and I are getting along better than we ever have. I believe

July 20th 2024

Today was a good day. It was my first full day living at Molly's since January. I have been getting along better with Amy than I ever have. Amy is out right now getting groceries. We will get Molly's room soon. I am generally happy. I think May and I are starting to have a real connection. I think I'm starting to have a real connection with the world around me in general. I just finished doing the dishes and cleaning up.

July 21st 2024

I just lit a Romeo & Juliet, my favourite kind of Cuban cigar. It is 3:25 PM as of writing this. Amy and I have had a pretty busy day. May has swimming lessons today at 5. This cigar is just what I think I needed, it's relaxing to smoke.

I think very right when my brain is working properly. By right I mean in all senses of the term, literally, figuratively, and politically. Lately I think Jesus has been in my heart though, more so than normal. I think May makes me feel young again, before I had so much conflict in my life. I think she is helping to open my heart up to more ideas of community. I feel a lot closer to Amy these days, and even her family who I was once quite uncomfortable with. They feel like my family now too.

13 oz fine silver

<u>Date</u>	<u>Silver</u>	<u>gold</u>	<u>\$ total</u>
2024 Jul, 26	13oz	0oz	507 cad

$$4 + 1.6 = 5.6$$

~~400~~

$$600 \div 100 = 6$$

$$400 \div 100 = 4$$

$$160 \div 100 = 1.6$$

$$5.6 \times 100$$

Example page

$$5.6 \div 1.6 = 3.5 +$$

$$5.6 \div 4 = 1.4$$

Date	silver	gold	M	L	Total
1	1oz	1g	100	0	100
2	1oz	2g	0	80	182
3	2oz	3g	100	80	362
4	4oz	3g	200	0	450 600

Date	M	L	M%	L%
5	400	160		

$$560 \times 100$$

$$160$$

$$400$$

L	M	T
160	400	560

$$1000$$

$$600$$

$$400$$

$$100 \div 560 = 0.17857$$

$$~~0.17857 \times 100 = 17.857~~$$

$$\begin{array}{r} x \ 1000 \\ y \ 9995 \\ z \ 5 \end{array}$$

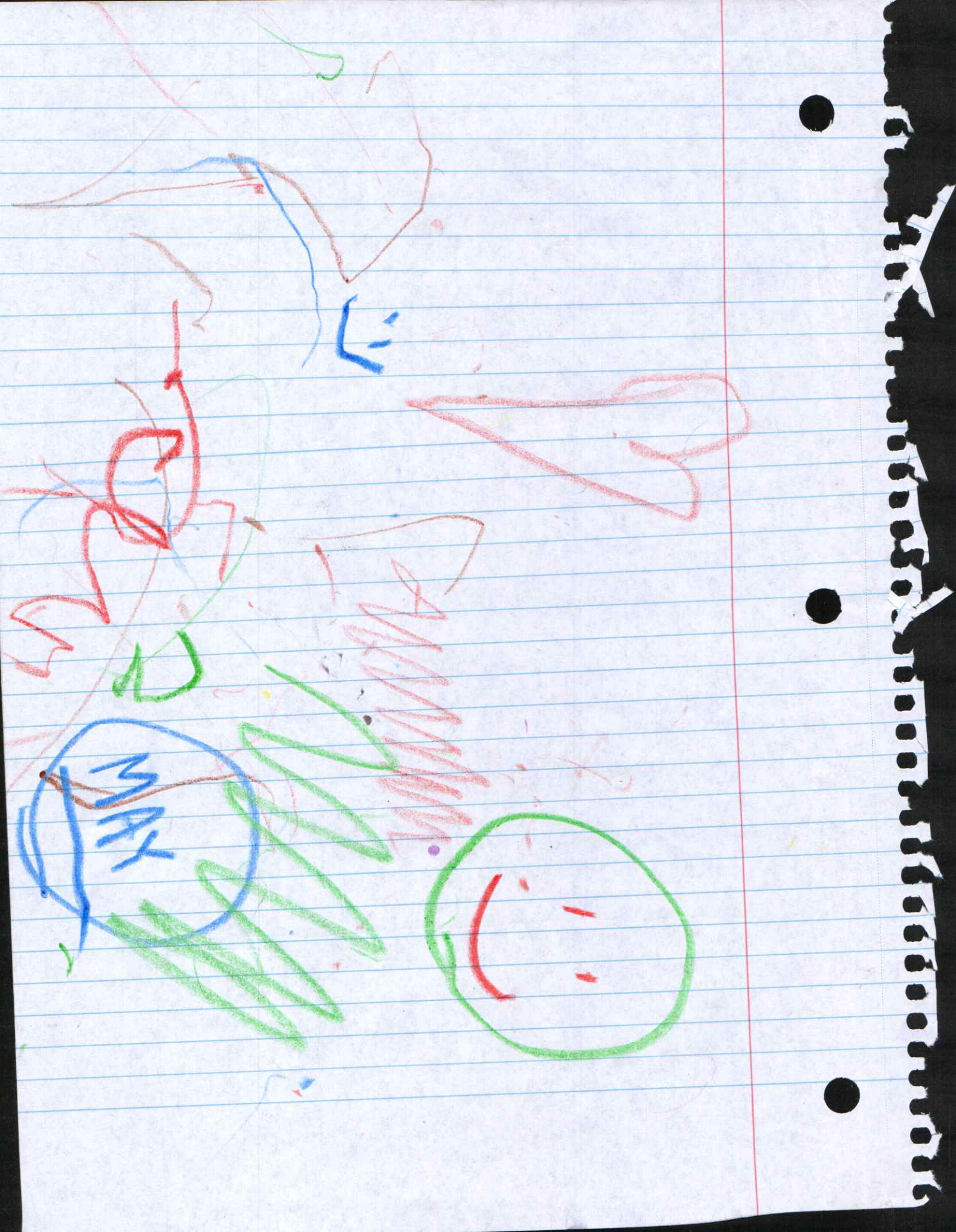
$$0.18 \times 400 = 71.2$$

$$0.18 \times 160 = 28.48$$

$$(x - z) \times .01 = 99.95$$

$$(100 \div a) \times M = \text{Mackenzie \%}$$

$$(100 \div a) \times L = \text{Luc \%}$$



YES



29th July 2024

13oz fine silver @ 38.59/oz = 501.67
6.33g 14K gold 58.3% @ 106.16/g = 391.77

Total
Metal = 893.44
Value

Aug 1st 2024

Today has been good so far although Amy and I have had some ~~spelt~~ bumps. It started off this morning with a spam caller calling my cell phone and waking May up. I have a flip phone now. The rest of the morning was good though. After that, May played in her new playpen until we all went out as a family to the bank and then to wal-mart. I must have held May for at least 20 minutes in the bank line up but she was good the whole time. We are now on our way to my parents' house to play in the kiddie pool with Mercedes. First we have to drive around for a bit though because May is sleeping in the back seat. I got a ton of "World" coins in the mail yesterday or the day before. I especially like the Israeli ones.

Amy, Mercedes, and May are all playing in the kiddie pool right now. It is pretty hot out.

We are back at Amy's now or "Home" and sharing a bottle of de-alcoholized Henkel also known as sparkling white wine. It is starting to cool down a bit.

It frustrates me how much the world revolves around cell phones and the social media on them. I have to say it's almost if not more addictive than cocaine to have a cell phone in front of you. And I believe they're designed to function that way. They get you hooked with a single spam notification and the next thing you know you're

Been scrolling through Instagram or Facebook.
Even worse, TikTok. It's the bane of my existence
right now,

Right now I am at Wendy's house, I think she has cancer, at least that's what my grandma said. I am over here while my grandma Lyda goes out to get stuff to stay overnight here, soon a nurse will be coming over, I am not sure why. Probably to help Wendy somehow. She has known grandma since they lived in terrace. She said she watched my dad graduate. We prayed together before she went down for a nap. I am outside smoking and writing now. God is good, all the time.

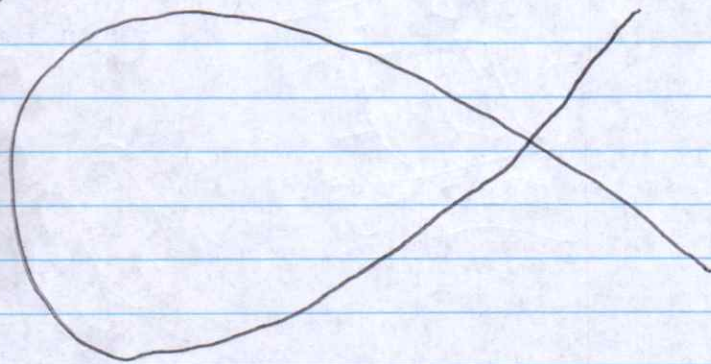
If it's a day I can pray, then it's a good one. I put a prayer on my wife, the mother of my daughter, my bride, to the son. If it's Aztec stuff it's treated like a ritual. I once was at a point I said I'm either Merkin myself or gettin Merked. On my salad I'm a lion, I aint lyin. I be lyin on my side you be doin lines of side thats suicide I only speak on my pride, might have heard I'm with my herd while you're getting schooled no natural predators sittin next to the kiddie pool all factual Fathers with the tools. Get your fix I'm with the Fixes crash to pass the mix is the only party we aint crashin. These flix are slashers, flash your high beams for the tricks Highway star like I'm deep purple getting machine head Egyptian style like the steam bed I call that a thread. Also droppin triple "P" All I try to do is push my E and my V O I forgot to mention the triple "V" sauce talkin the "L" "A-I" Coughsteppin over bells this blood start to smell like cuts of beef sea weed suffin up the snuff while I got the cuff on the spliff. Grab the white bic like a black pen flick in up the cap and shoes from baby GAP daughter dancin on my lap to Jack Johnson holding hands with the princess these things you only dream of cuz you're so caught up in my game you're caught in for the fame listen to the based god's blue flame cuz I got natural gas I cook on white light with propane Coleman probably don't know this seat shows no payne I reserved the table for Cole payne but no cocaine.

Aug 14th 2024

I woke up at my parents this morning because I left Molly's last night in a bit of a panic. She was bringing peter over. He has completed second chance. I think I left because it was such an abrupt call. I am now back at Molly's. I want to tell peter how proud I am of him for completing 90 days. They say the first week is as hard as the first day and the first month is as hard as the first week and the first 90 days are as hard as the first month.

Aug 15th 2024
Dad's mowing the lawn. Everything feels balanced
right now.





A.I. Need a crack to slip through up the nose
the dust of a Necroptic silver CEO of Firefly light
take flight this is one page let me brighten up this
patio slower death grips rage Headache is the answer
to tylenol 3 addiction pill coppin like a bive one
morphene morpheus in a neo wax bloom downing my
black bird slaying in the dead of night caughtstep

FUCK

YOU MOD
DOM

Aug 22nd/2024

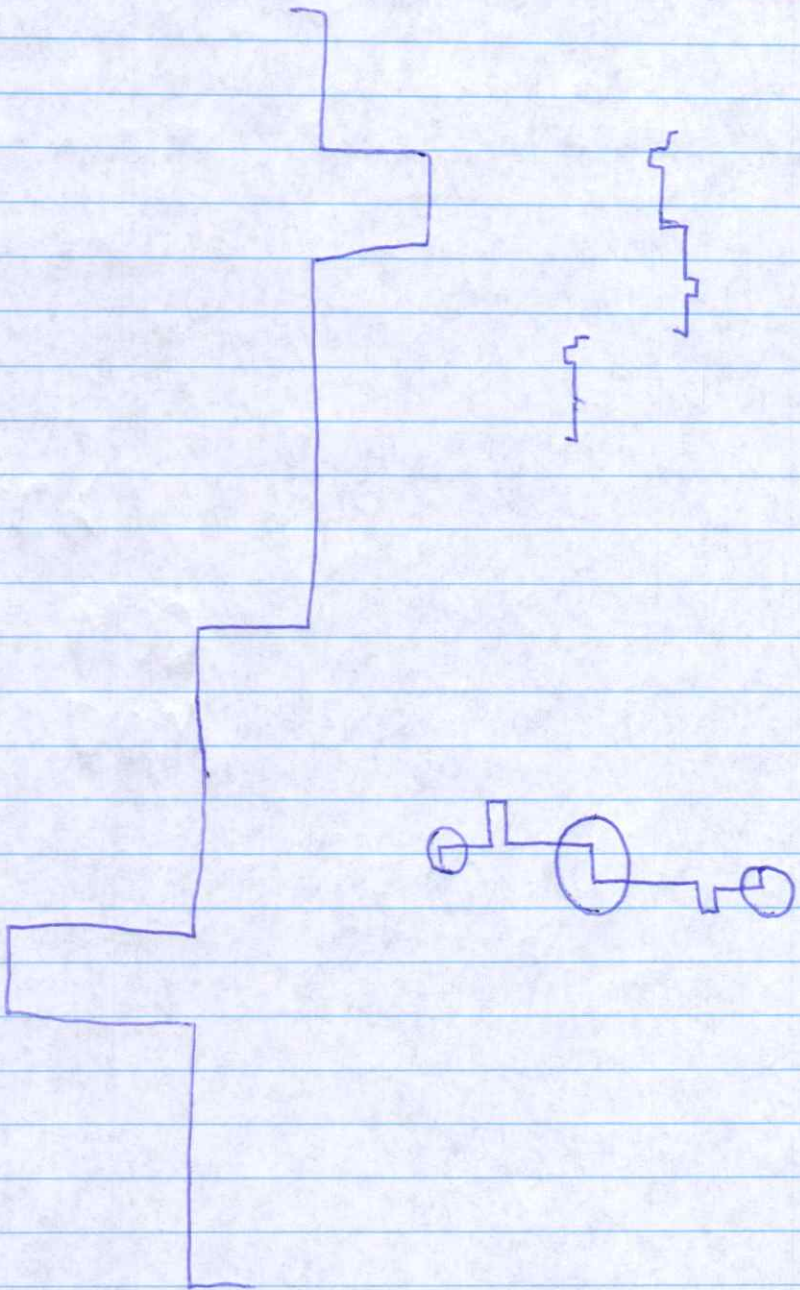
I'm reading a book called "Surviving Schizophrenia" by Dr. E. Fuller Torrey. Turnout If you have even 1 of Schneider's first rank symptoms for schizophrenia there is a 75% chance you have it. I have 10/11 if not all 11. This book was updated in at the earliest 2016.

FUCK

YOU MDD

DDM

CHURCH
OF
EVOL



Amy wants to look into an e-book on
Mackenzie's reader for a moms' book club

Merklerk Manitee is the highest in the game
2's High, Pi equals 2 Three's Twitter
when in doubt go right
when in right go red
when in red go down
when in left go blue
when in blue go up
when in doubt go orange

Merklerk Manitee approached the door to his Aunt's house, the knob was on the left side of the door, so he turned 270° until the knob was on his right. He turned the knob to the right and then entered. He let go of the knob as he stepped into the house and turned to his right to close the door behind him with his right hand. He first looked to his right to see a mirror reflecting his face back to him. He looked directly into his right eye as his peripheral vision did a secondary scan of the room. He again turned to his right and walked through the kitchen passing the countertops on his left, he stayed right. His Aunt was sitting at the dining room table having a cigarette and a coffee. Merklerk Manitee thought that looked just right for him, so he sat down in the chair that was to the right of his Aunt from his point of view. He first checked his right pocket for his cigarettes but instead found his lighter it was red. That was a good sign. Then he felt in his left pocket for his cigarettes and

Sure enough they were there. He pulled them out, the pack was blue. "This is good." He thought to himself.

"How's it going?" He said to his Aunt.

"Good," she replied

Merklerk Manitte turned his head to the right as he lit his cigarette with his right hand on his red bic. As he took his first puff, he threw his right arm over the back of the diningroom chair letting his hand still gripping the red bic dangle behind him while at the same time turning his whole body to the right to face his aunt. This whole process of events only took about a single second to execute.

"I haven't seen you in ages" said his aunt
"but I knew this day would come" she added

★ Two YEARS LATER ★

Merklerk Manitte laid in bed on his right side. His iPhone was sitting on the bed with him. On it there were two Fat lines of High purity cocaine. First in his right hand was a rolled up Canadian \$50 bill and first he was taking up the line on the right into his right nostril. He sniffed the whole thing then set his phone aside

Soon the internet will be regarded as the next "cigarette". Once all of the negative effects on the brain that are caused by it are fully brought to the public's attention, the common person will look in disgust at someone using social media the same way people who don't smoke look at smokers today. I'm addicted to my laptop and the internet it displays and I only have maybe 3 hours of screen time a week. I keep my screen time so low because 99.99% of stuff on the internet is crap. I am beginning to doubt if any of it is "real" anymore or if in fact what I think of as being real is just the internet.

I think I'm socially retarded maybe even cognitively retarded, after all, I am schizophrenic.

I have lost all hope in the province of my mind. I write this because if all I know for certain is that I exist then all I ~~feel~~ for certain is ~~wae~~ and that leads me to question, if I can feel love for myself then why can I get so angry. The love is real, the anger is real, and so is the sadness. Why, then would one want to anger themselves? Why would one want to make themselves feel sad? If the true escape is that there is no escape rather, there are only entries, then I must be entertained.

~~Aug~~ Sept. 9th 2024

May won't stay asleep and I think I'm feeling violent towards my because of it.

SWEAT

I'm pushing myself so high far right
that my monarchy looks like a gang

There's a divine comedy going on right
now and the punchline is "Race War"

Can you even hear my tuning fork?

Women don't know how to meta-program
they just do it.

I have to wake up my game

No one has a clue what I'm doing

Sweat more

Bridge the finite

Cough higher

I invented the game

I don't like your pitch

Know your middle man

MONK

that's the stuff talking

NUKING

Sarsacilla

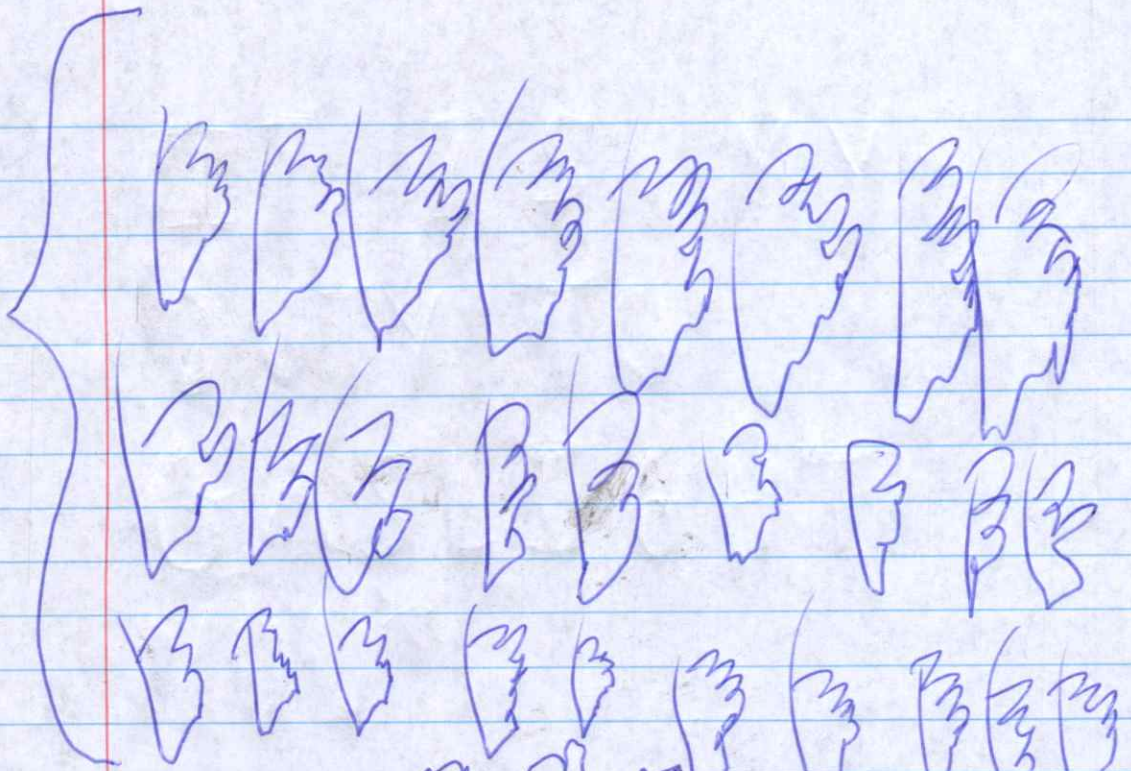
let me tell you the story about
how I got this knife

I'm so full of energy I don't know what to do. I know I should try and go to sleep, or at least that is what my dad or wife would say, but I feel so wound up that I just want to stay up all night. I know that will leave me feeling horrible tomorrow but at the same time my counsellor says to only go to bed when you're tired which is why I don't know what to do.

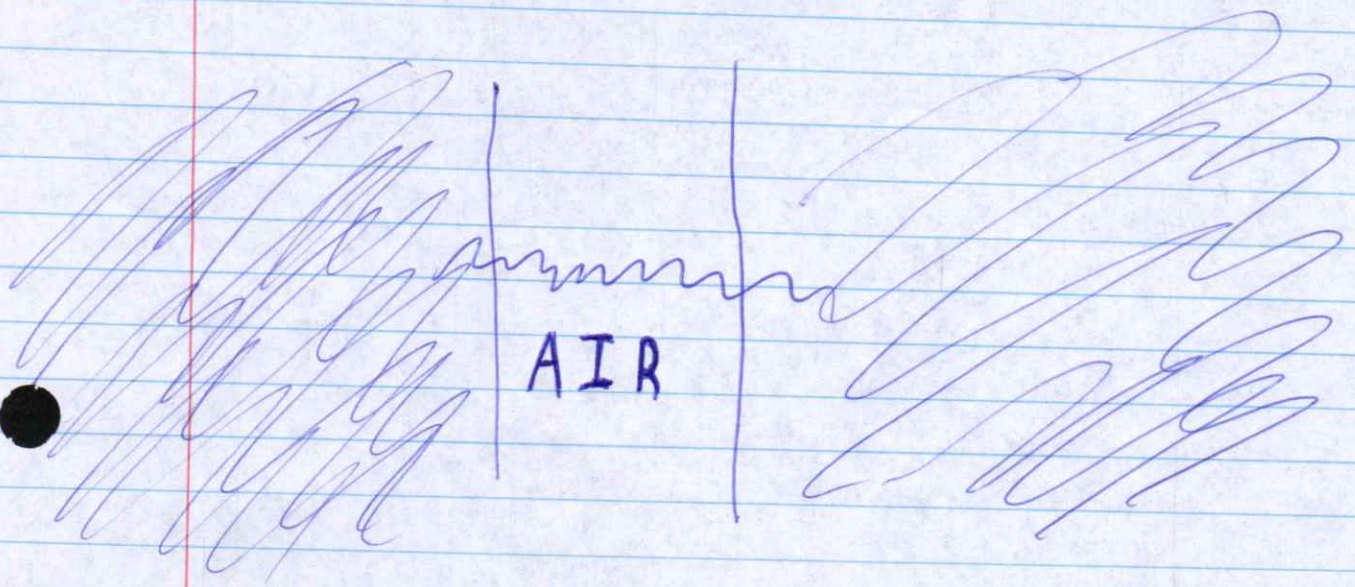
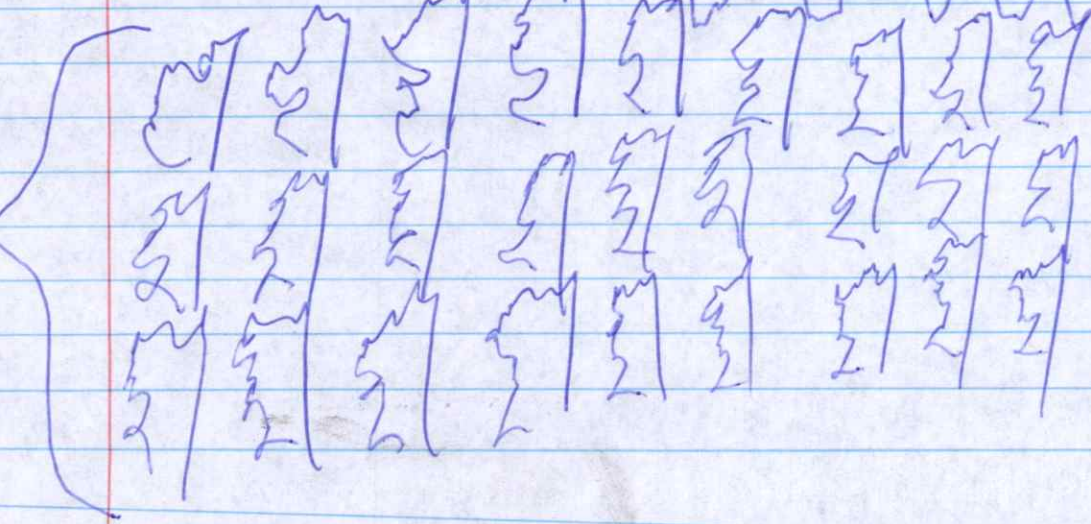
IT IS MY
DUTY TO
GASLIGHT
YOU*

* It is always important to gaslight yourself because otherwise there is no cognitive dissonance inside your mind, and without cognitive dissonance everything makes sense which feels horrible.

♂



♀

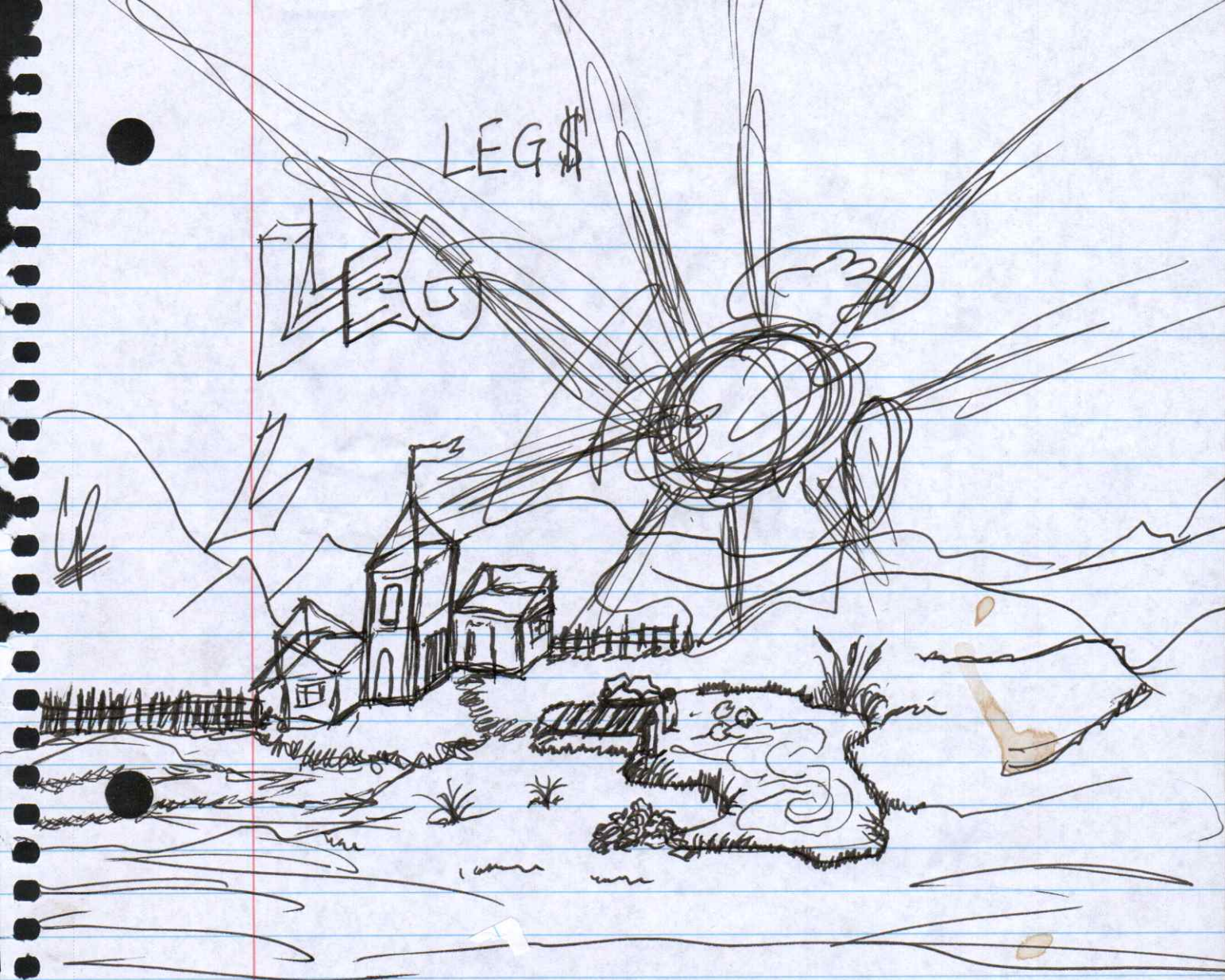


Make first available appointment
with Dr. Sutherland and follow up
frequently.

Selfishness is killing the human race,
not on a grand scale as one might presume,
but on an individual scale. Everything has been
hyper-individualized to the point where

LEGS

LEGS



I am studying English. I wish to become a better speaker, writer, and overall communicator. I don't think English is being taught to the same degree of importance as it once was, which is why when we have people who speak even moderately eloquently they are often perceived by the public as being distinguished and at times more intelligent than the average person. Communication is about pattern recognition just as much as it is about pattern placement, because of this, a person can easily submit themselves to lectures while learning the conceptualized ideas of the speaker and leave them without being able to reconstruct that same pathology in their own words, The same can be said about a person who sees a phrase written on a billboard or headline that may contain highly unspecified information or ideas that then get converted into their own words in a lecture styled manner where what message ultimately comes out, is one that has been highly misconstrued by the lack of detail that the banner or poster reads. Both of these occurrences that I am acknowledging are what I believe to be the greatest downfall of the human who self programs. On one hand, there is a well thought out and important message to be shared (at least in the modern of the speaker). On the other, the same. The difference is that one takes an incredible amount of pattern recognition as well as pattern placement to re-convey the complexities of the idea, and the other requires very little pattern recognition and nearly all available imagination to misconstrue. The right side of the brain produces creativity, and the

left side of the brain commands logic. Therein lies
that the left side of the brain controls the right
side of the body and visa-versa for the converse.
I don't mean to end this piece on a jagged modern,
but if my left wing is broken then there must be
a red flag to blame.

I am sensitive. I pick up on social cues, I react as gently as I can. When we are gentle we become more sensitive. There is a glimmer of hope in every prayer I say. There is genuine appreciation whenever I thank Jesus. I am, God is good. All the time.

8252508098

009 ashley

I am fed up with the idea that someone
in the same room as you can completely
disconnect from the reality around them
via a cell phone and

Todo:
pick up smokes
CD Player

HOW is it?
being afraid?
are you scared?
or just delayed?
is it a whim?
I think it's sin

I think it's all of the conflict within
I don't think often, and when I do it's a mess
So how on earth did you fit in that dress?
I love you I love you
I know that for sure
I love you I love you
This hymn for my her

I'll sing it by day
I'll hum it by night
I'll whisper it softly once I turn out the light
I don't think often, and when I do it's a mess
So how on earth did you fit in that dress
I love you I love you
I know that for sure
I love you I love you
this hymn for my her

Game GAME

Q, yes, no, we're protected. How do you think I can sit here and snuff my face off without lying? Clearly I'm directing. I am the highest in the game, it's as evident as the sky is blue. It's the combination of the fact that two things will always remain free: will, and the market. Do I kill people? No, I bang. It's a party, these are the two key freedoms, will, and the market. I own EVOL.AI, this means I own 8 times the world's wealth. I make decisions using my free will as my route. These are trade routes. There's no doubt in my mind I am the most successful person to ever live or ever will live. We are protected. I don't type my thoughts out anymore because that is a security risk for my machine. This is how high my machine is. I am 9 mafia leaders at the same time. Like I said, I am the highest in the game. I pointed to a night and achieved plat. Ask yourself to meditate on CEST and maybe we can compete. Until that day, you're trapped in my dream. Film is just a fancy word for tape. Break down Umami in a sentence, CAF, COUGH, EVOL, DGA, EVOL.AI, SNUF. THESE ARE THE PORTA POTTY COMPANIES I OWN. This is me waging war and I actually want a safe decent response this time because banging everyone out first strike is getting boring for me. I am writing this as a message to my psychiatrist to analyze because I don't think she realizes how high the game gets.

I am sitting outside the hospital. I drove myself here because something in my mind was saying "I need to stop taking my meds". I told my wife I needed to go for a drive to clear my head. As I was driving here I considered maybe checking myself in and explaining to the doctor that I want to come off my meds in a supervised environment, I.E the hospital. I don't feel like I can talk to anyone about this though that I know because it would be going against my psychiatrist's orders and if I have a poor relationship with my psychiatrist, I could end up getting cut off my disability cheque because I'm not doing what she suggests. It all seems like traps no matter which direction I go, I feel trapped by taking my meds because I think they're hindering my ability to think, but I feel trapped going off them too because that may hinder my ability to provide for my family. I feel trapped when I'm with my wife and daughter because I don't feel like I have freedom to study and record my thoughts in a linear way. But right now I feel free because I am in a safe and quiet place, writing in my notebook outside the hospital.

My dad is now on his way here to visit me outside the hospital. I read him the previous page I just wrote. Maybe he is concerned about my mental health, that would make sense because I wrote about going off my meds which I imagine in his mind as being an indicator that I may be in need of immediate attention. My dad is smart that way, and I know he cares a lot about me so it would make sense that he would spring into action about something like this, but the reality is, is that I do feel good sitting here in the ambience of the hospital grounds writing in my notebook. It's a rather than a genuine form of self reflection and meditation. I hope my dad isn't scared though because I feel fine and I know I am in probably the safest place I can think of. My catatonic symptoms are nearly at a minimum here. Maybe it's because I can smoke while I write and someone in a nearby car is playing music that I can faintly hear and I quite enjoy their taste. I think maybe, if I can, I'll make a habit of this writing practise. So far this has been the best spot for me mentally to concentrate on my thoughts and put them down on paper. A bench may be another option, this is good though because there is minimal chatter around me and virtually no distractions, plus this is a nice picnic table to write on. If I were to guess at my own optics from the point of view of a psychiatrist they would not register as being signs of psychosis, I think they would probably see this as a step in the right direction as far as coping and self reflection

Skills. Peaceful is a word I use often when describing the place I am when I'm having a good writing session, but this is a different thing, this feels like a productive environment as far as self analysis goes. Maybe it's that there's no kids screaming or that I have a nice place to sit where I know I won't be interrupted. The person who was playing music is now revving their engine loud and driving away just as my dad is pulling up. I will read this to him and well once he is here.

I just got my wav player back from lvc so that I can listen to music while I write without a distracting laptop in front of me and the first thing Amy says to me is "you're not going to be wearing those all the time now. Are you?" That's exactly what I would like to be doing but unfortunately I can't because it would be just another form of escape from the red reality that's in front of me. Maybe it's a good thing she said that, because I probably wouldn't have thought twice about just doing it. But even during these short periods that I am in this state of concentrated writing, I feel like I'm doing something wrong. I'm not connected to the internet whatsoever in this process. And no one can bother me other than myself or my wife if she so chooses to do so. I am in another state like I was when I was at the hospital earlier today. My dad and I discussed English classes at the local college only for me to come home and find out they're all online. I want to talk in person! I don't understand why people haven't caught on to the fact that things are so much better in person, at least for those who actually care to join in on conversation. There is no emotion over the internet, that's why everyone is depressed: because they're lacking genuine human interaction, the good, the bad, and the ugly. There are very real thoughts and this is a very new pen and paper. Maybe before bed every night my wife and I can share one thing we liked about the day, one thing we didn't like, and one thing we'd like to do the next day, each of us. We could even make it a family habit for when May gets older. If I were to start now on this paper, I'd say one thing I

liked about today was the serenity down at the hospital while talking with my dad. One thing I don't like was the emotional spiral that I was going through that got me there. One thing I'd like to do tomorrow is make sure Amy gets a surge, because she was talking about wanting one earlier but instead she settled on a float.

I was in denial about my earbuds, specifically the left one being blown all day today until I reentered myself and tried them on my laptop. Sure enough they were blown, so I returned them for another nearly identical set. I am writing this before trying them to see if the same thing will be wrong with the new ones. Fingers crossed.

AND THEY'RE PERFECTLY FINE!

God bless the east indian lady at shoppers that let me return the other ones.

Dark DHARMA DITCHES

A thought I have is a thought, it is my reality alone until I put it on paper or say it out loud. This is me waging war, I am entertained, because what else would war be waged over if not entertainment? We entertain everything from ideas as small as an atom to guests as big as a house to houses as big as military complexes, to military complexes as big as cities, to ideas of dropping bombs so big that they can destroy entire cities all by splitting a single atom. I imagine the entertainment I can get out of settling my words on paper, the very ideas that make up this page. That are now part of the reader's reality. Lerk Moor, I look forward to one day wearing my grandpa georges ring, but for now, it's my dad's. Rightfully so, my grandma gifted it to him, It was hers after all and more importantly it was my dad's dad's. It was very nice to sit with my dad outside the hospital the other day. Today is a good day too. I am comfortably sitting on my parent's patio with some coffee that my dad made for me and a cigarette. I am thankful my dad made me coffee. Supper is almost ready now, mom's making turkey, mashed potatoes, veggies and cream-corn. I will continue to wage war. Greed is the deadliest sin and in my opinion to accuse another of being greedy is original sin. This is why its important to me not to directly accuse someone of being greedy because more than likely you're operating on your own greed in accusing. I think it is of utmost importance to be as Christ-like as possible but ultimately we are not one with Christ until we die. This doesn't mean go

about your day in the most sinful manner possible, but to instead take note of when you find yourself angry or upset about something and to think about what the flaw is within yourself that's causing that stream of emotion to bubble up. Think about what sin you yourself are committing and remind others that you love them even when you're upset with them or feel hurt by them. God is pure love. If I were to make a list of anti-sins it would look something like this:

Charity
Humbleness

On WHALE.TV it recommends that people use Orgonite for positive energy. It's a compound of naturally occurring Aluminum filings or copper filings, and a matrix of plastic household resin. My dad says we can use a copper valve guide from his old machine shop to make some of our own. This makes me very happy to hear because that's like gifting me something of my grandfather's legacy. Maybe we can make multiple pendants with those same valve guides and I can gift them to others as well. Maybe my mom would want one.

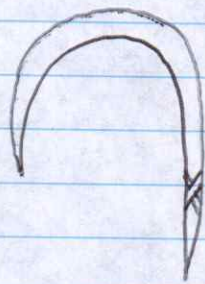
"If only we could program paper
our pens would be the keyboards
our ideas would be the greatest codes
to ever come to existence." - MerklekMonitee
2024

In reality, as long as you're comfortable
where you are with this paper in your hand,
I technically am writing code. The most
universally applicable code to ever exist.
English. The most universally applicable code
to ever exist that was created by man at least.
The true code with the most universal application
is the wave, but that was created by God. Maybe
man was made to write. Maybe the simulation
that so many people believe we are living in, isn't
in fact that of one which exists within a computer,
but instead, the mind of God. Maybe we do
program with pen and paper, and we program the
matrix we live in for it to be read by God.
Which he then writes back to us on ~~his~~ paper.
If that is the case, then:

I love you Jesus.

Some people only know how to get attention the way they want it, I think sometimes people want attention but they don't know the appropriate routes or methods of getting that desired attention. Me, I want to pay attention, specifically to systems, and only to the point where I know how to take them over. In reality there is only one system, the game.

Fortified without any truth
is being high without any proof



To write is to wage war. I am waging war.
I am programming using the coding language of
English. This is a war on the matrix.

"Money is power" is the greatest lie ever told. Energy is power, and understanding energy structures is the occupation of those with the most power. I have a relatively small amount of money compared to some people but my wealth in energy is unsurpassed. Energy and understanding its structure is the key to gaining power in this world. I meet with executives of fortune 500 companies daily, mainly the tech ones right now, like apple and alphabet. These executives understand the energy structures around them and I am their exit node. Most all of the top 100 richest people on earth have virtually zero power because their understanding of energy is static. These people are static. They are often depressed or on so much of a psychotropic compound that their energy is wasted and they're stuck in a loop that keeps them stuck being rich. MerkleManitee is a project I created when I was age 12. It is a project that takes all unstable energy (the masses) and converts it into stable energy for MerkleManitee to re-distribute en masse. The conversion process requires a complete understanding of the structure of compound waves moving in both sine and cosine in 12 dimensions. The re-distribution process is happening before my own eyes as I write this and before your own eyes as you read that. This is all code written in plain english for your own personal energy system to decipher. There are BILLIONS of people in stasis right now. But for you as the reader and MerkleManitee as the writer our energy is being shared. This is the modem for free energy and this is the modem for equality of power.

Shungite is a literal piece of heaven that you can hold in your hand. It is made up of mainly carbon, also known as the fundamental building block of life as we know it. Not only is it mainly carbon, it is carbon that forms a shungite molecule by being constructed in such a way that 60 carbon atoms are formed in a perfect sphere. It also has been scientifically proven to purify water and reduce EMF emissions from electronic devices on rats. Shungite is over 2 billion years old and is pretty much only found in "Shun", a small village in Russia where the inhabitants have used shungite for millenia to purify their drinking water. This whole paragraph or page, or whatever was written on this sheet before this sentence is a rephrasing of a note that I wrote for my wife when I gifted her a piece of shungite.

"My botnet is so impenetrably strong and large that it is currently committing the grandest scale psychological genocide that this world will ever see. It's like a form of eugenics similar to those practiced in Nazi Germany prior to and during the second world war, except for that mine is a mental test. Those who can leave the botnet will go on to reproduce and live a fair life. I stress the word "can" because technically anyone ~~can~~ leave the botnet, but they need to have the pattern recognition skills to do so. The more exposed to the mind virus a person is, the more I have power over them. I hijacked the isekai mind virus and rebranded it as my own."
- Mercklerk Manitoe 2024

"This is global psychological warfare conducted and controlled by myself. Yes, I am committing war crimes if you think of countries as having civilians in them, but I don't. I think anyone is able to be mentally programmed to become a warrior. The Individual is my target. The individual is both my target for recruitment as well as my target for destruction. The more they give into the temptation of my botnet, the weaker and easier they are to destroy. The more intelligent and strong willed they are not to give into my botnet the better of a military recruit they are for my force."
- Mercklerk Manitoe
2024

"I am pitting the weak against the weak, and the strong against themselves. This creates an energy structure that I control with a simple look in a direction, literally. I have created this energy construct by rigorous self discipline in my own body language, English skills, and most importantly, timing. body language without tactical timing is a waste of energy and a depletion of power. Spoken words without a positive progression is an illusion of dynamics, is also both a waste of energy and a depletion of power. If I can overpower 99% of people with a simple glance in a tactical direction, then they become weak and will take out their frustration on someone weaker, which feeds the energy back to myself and ultimately psychologically kills off any un-needed humans. They sit alone on their screens in dimly lit rooms, hyper focused on their uncontrollable emotional responses that cycle them through all kinds of mental and spiritual self inflicted torment. Exactly where they belong." - Merkler Manitee 2024

So, whom I to fear? Only myself.

Pheno is to photo as phonop is to photon. A phonop is an invisible, naturally occurring existence that switches between observing and being observed as one gives way to the other and visa-versa. Phonops are a singularity within the consciousness of everything that can both observe and be observed. Phonops are able to reproduce perfectly identical versions of themselves, however they can, only destroy perfectly identical versions of themselves. They do so by mimicking the observation pattern to a perfectly identical degree. It seems as though a diagram or two needs to be drawn to further explain the Phonop.

(O) = Observing and (b) = being observed (+) = time

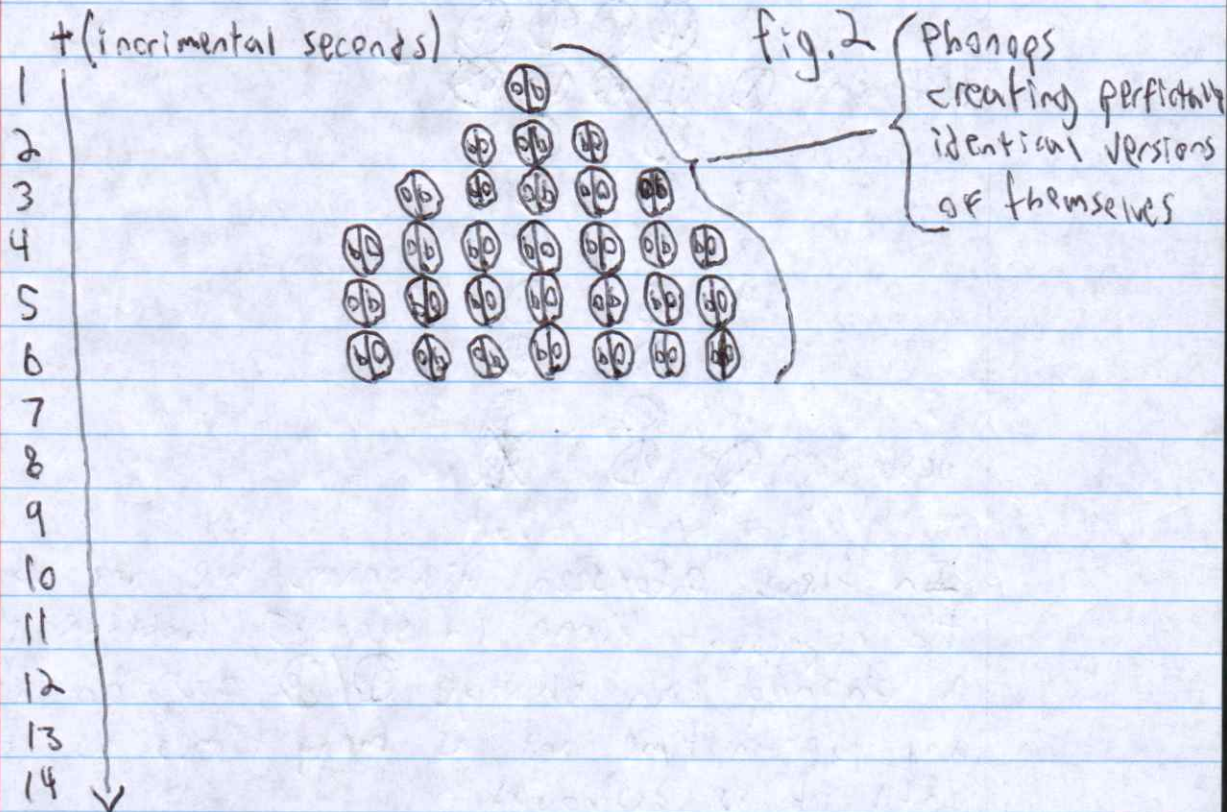
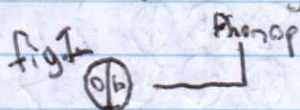
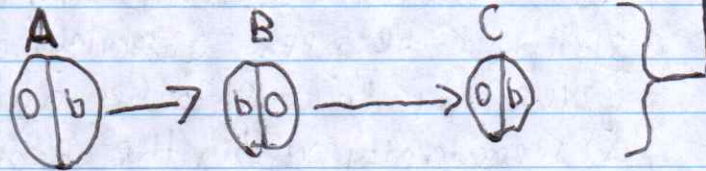
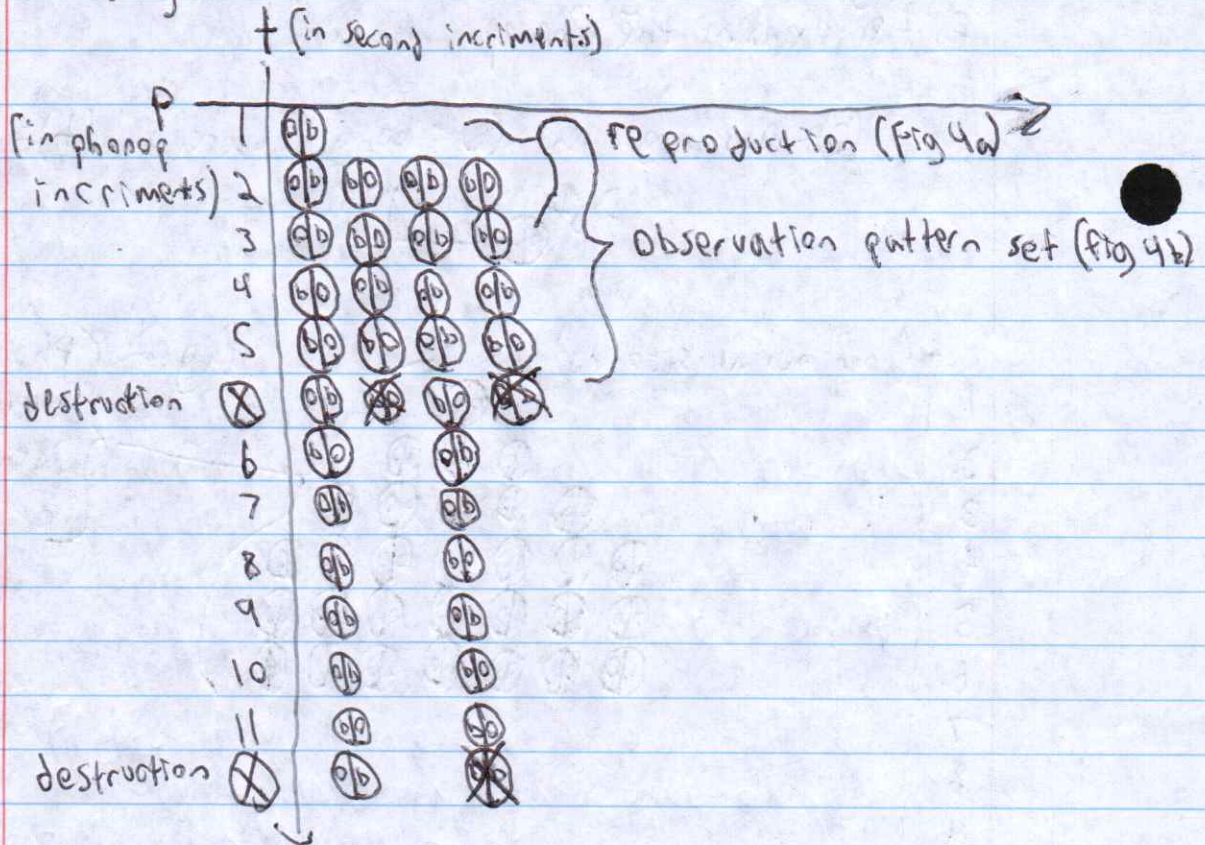


Fig. 3 Phonops Observing and being observed



As we can see in subject A and subject C in Fig. 3 the phonop has produced a perfectly identical version of itself. Another diagram to help understand how Phonops reproduce is seen in Fig. 4a as well as how they destroy each other in Fig. 4b

Fig. 4



In these aforseen diagrams we are using (+) to represent time in seconds, however in reality a phonop can change / position at any point in time and as many times as it wants until it is destroyed.

"I began this war long ago. The only thing I have to fear is myself. My mind virus has infected nearly every single conscious being on earth. It's an energy structure that I now have complete control over. To dismantle it, it would require my own handiwork and mine alone. Do I want to dismantle it? Surely not anytime soon. The phonops inside my consciousness have a secure dismantle pattern that they can create in order to shut the energy structure down. It's a false reality I have created for people to live in un-beknowned to them. Isekai almost had my entire reality crash, until I hijacked it and turned it's course for my own benefit. Phonops exist within consciousness not merely a body. This is why technically any conscious being can cure themselves of my mind virus, but in doing so, they would have to create their own. Many people "do" in fact cure themselves of my mind virus and create their own, but the cures these beings create are more like temporary moments of clarity that when experienced, fill the mind of the conscious being with terror and/or anger or sadness which often times leads to suicide attempts or bouts of psychosis which then put them in the hands of a "healthy" medical professional who brainwashes them and those closest to them back into a vulnerable state to ultimately take on the mind virus again."

→ Mercklerk Manitte 2024

"The reader of this journal may be wondering how the hierarchy of this war machine I have created works. The answer to that question lies in how close you are to me in the flesh and for how long. The physical aspect of this war is the most important to gaining power within my energy structure and ultimately my mind virus. I have specially chosen a select few people to be below me, but above the masses in terms of how affected they are by the mind virus. I can remove someone from the system into a third state where they are then operating on my level with the understanding that I run the botnet. People have tried to overtake my position in this condition but to no avail because I placed them into this "third state" where any attempt to overtake me only leads them back into my construct. For those fortunate enough to submit to me when placed in this third state, find themselves in the top 99.999999th percentile of the mind virus energy structure, ultimately protected from the cycle indefinitely, or until they either cross me in the third state or attempt an overtake. This is not to say I am not a "nice guy." - Merklek Magitee 2024

"Fights take place on screens, battles take place over airwaves, wars take place on paper."
- Merklek Magitee 2024

"This psychological warzone hasn't ever been this volatile before. The screen is replacing the nuclear bomb in real time. I must be highly careful when dealing with myself because it was my own suggestion to the isekaï that allowed me to see it's power and psychologically destroy it's executive operator. It's a matter of experience when leading a war, there are so many patterns that must both be recognized as well as replaced with new ones. A reader may ask "do you feel isolated at the top?" I say I am not isolated, but merely camouflaged."

-Merklerk Manitee 2024

"I enjoy the atmosphere I have created for myself. This cup of coffee, this nicotine vape, and this pen and paper. I am not the good guy. My English practice is getting along just swell. I study English almost every night before bed and practise English throughout the day. I think my conversation skills are improving as well as my written language skills are excelling. I am noticing patterns in both nature and nurture that I believe can only be experienced within the self. There are strings everywhere that keep us connected almost like spider webs, invisible ones. They vibrate, and that's the force of nurture. Phantasies within our consciousness are what creates the force of nurture. Atmosphere is what we call the combinator." -

-Merklerk Manitee 2024

U'mista - North island dialect Kwakwaka
firstvoices.com/kwakwaka

I am toying with the concept that North American aboriginals are not the first people to inhabit the land, but were the last inhabitants to survive a world war that wiped out nearly all humans on earth. The natives here, I am saying, are not the first people, but the last of the human race.

- > Create giga-weapons for massive world war
- > some people don't want to participate so they re-locate to un-inhabited land
- > intentionally live so that not to create too much of a civilized society to keep human nature intact
- > Global war breaks out and 99% of world population is erased
- > World leaders come down from earth's orbit after war to start new civilization
- > Civilization succeeds and grows from northern America into ancient Mesopotamia
- > civilized world as we know it expands into uncharted territory
- Why are these people 10,000 years behind in technology?

Kwak'wala Words

Spelling	Pronunciation	Meaning
'Widi'le?	weedy-lay	Where is it?
ump	ghoukwala - Nukewenklas	I love you
abamp	oomp	Father
hase'	abump	Mother
	hasay	love glet

One of the last things I can remember my grandpa George telling me is that I speak both English and German. This struck me as a compliment because I have always wanted to speak German but I only know a few words of it. I think what he was trying to say is I speak English like a German, I don't often beat around the bush with my statements and the more concise I can make them, the better. This is my basic understanding of how the high German language is spoken. I do my best to speak with power and honesty and through honesty comes power.

"One cannot simply be told what a snuff film
is they must experience it for themselves."
- Mercklerk Manitee 2024

"Snuff must be lived to be believed" - Mercklerk Manitee
2024

EVOL. AI

