

# The fictional memoir of Gregory Apocalypse Bordelon



If you paid for this version of the book, I wholeheartedly hope you stole my book first, or got the free version. The free version I am giving away is better!!! You can find it at my web page. [Stories-from-the-apocalypse.com](http://Stories-from-the-apocalypse.com) send me a message and I'll give you the pdf.

I am immensely grateful to everyone who has graced my life and narrative. My interactions have been as numerous as they are peculiar, leading to a portrayal of reality that might well be deeply flawed. We are now in the year 2024—a time when brain mapping in children has begun and AI is rapidly emerging, heralding daily breakthroughs. Throughout my life, including my childhood, oddities have unfolded effortlessly. I recall a mysterious man in a trench coat who once visited my family in Alexandria, Louisiana. He advised me against purchasing a lottery ticket 38 years in the future, the one I bought last week. Ignoring his advice resulted in a loss—a mere \$20—left me disproportionately disheartened. It was one less meal for me, but that was not necessarily a setback. In 2019, I used fasting as a method to lose 180 pounds, so skipping a meal is a familiar concept. Also, a benefit of fasting that has been proven in 2018, was that it reduces the odd of developing 80% of the common cancers in America to 0%, if done for one week each year.

My life's chronicle is filled with anomalies that defy what most would call reason. It seems I've been visited by entities that could be time travelers, aliens, or perhaps - people visiting me in the hospital in a strange future, where I am connected to a quantum computer.

One of my most memorable encounters, involved someone who might have been just a mischievous youth online named Jon Titor. I didn't believe in he was a time traveler, even after many online poker games and discussions. However, in our last conversation he told me when I'd die, and during which I even recorded his IP address to verify

his whereabouts. This led to a dead end at a high school in Florida. Despite never being found, Jon shared photographs online and made bold claims. While he did not predict my death correctly, he did manage to predict several events in my life correctly. Unfortunately, others meddled with my timeline as well, so here I am.

I do owe a special thanks to Jon Titor, as he revealed aspects of a future that I was perhaps better off not knowing. I steered clear of a potentially dark path, and I'll quite possibly never meet Titor again. He once told me, I was the first man to be sent beyond the end of time, or as I now refer to that role—Guinea Pig /Dead man Zero, in an attempt to save the world by moving forward, someone else can do that this time. Who wants to be the first man to die, in a failed attempt to save the world? It was upon realizing I would have to work for a slave trader, I couldn't do it. I regret that now, after living through the plague that humanity made, for itself. I followed that storyline all the way to an interview with Epstein. Upon learning that he and Bill Gates were a part of that plan. I immediately chose to drink myself to death as a positive action, instead of partaking in plaguing humanity. That really is the best answer after all. I was promised death, for not partaking, and yet... Here I am, still alive.

In this inaugural book part of a fictional memoir series, I'll trace the arc of my life from childhood to high school—a journey marked by events I hope no one else ever has to endure, or the strange events I have experienced. I hope that people don't know you before they meet you, to force specific outcomes that they want, to steal your ideas, or to force you into doing things you are admittedly against. As I pen these pages, I am carving out a old path for myself. If I can, free will for me has been a bit of an illusion most days, as we are all in a quantum computer.

Don't worry though, death has never signified the end. As at the end of this book, I believe I died or I'm close to death, and I've been trapped in a simulation like many of you. The exact specifications of the program seem to be beyond my knowledge, but I can assure you there is a creator. I have felt the power of the Holy Spirit, god, or the Universe. I cannot tell you exactly what everything is, as that defies my capabilities. I can't count to infinity either, I just don't have the time. I hope to make a good story from the odd occurrences of my life in this program, running on a quantum computer. There are other forces here as well, I know - because I have experienced many things that defy a stable universe. Even writing this book put a curse on me.

Death itself is a curious concept to me, especially as we edge closer to technology that could revolutionize our perception of reality and health in general— imagine a device that, when placed upon your head, could manipulate your visual cortex, plant thoughts, and feelings directly into your brain. I hope to gain access to this pioneering technology, as it develops in our world. Hopefully when I leave this simulation, I might be able to upgrade and use the quantum computer that is running this program. As I have now seen it 3 times in my life, and been logged into it several times against my will. Only the first-time matters, and that was at the age of 16 or 17 years, I hope to wake up with some of the knowledge that I garnered here. Just like I did, before my possible death.

Just throwing the following out here for all to contemplate, as I fear for the worst post-2020, having witnessed the government's inadequate response to the pandemic—fraught with fear and falsehoods—I am convinced there must be a better way. The existing vaccine delivery system is inefficient, costly, slow, and hardly a match

for a fast-moving plague. Consider the annual flu vaccine, which attempts to predict the dominant strain, but is only effective 18 to 20% of the time. It seems wasteful in an era where we can engineer bacteria with relative ease. A potentially better strategy might be to design a flu virus (or plague virus) that is highly contagious yet virtually harmless, and gives immunity to the dangerous versions that could naturally occur. Much like a vaccine except it's literally a weak virus incapable of harm, that you share to give everyone protection from dangerous viruses.

If you would, think of eliminating the need for injections, long lines to get immunity, and instead just engineer a weaker virus that spreads with low fatalities, as even vaccines are fatal for some. This should simply be a better way. I'd hate to be the one to do that as, in my journeys I've met someone that claimed he did that (high five to another version of me from a different reality, you are the smart one. I know how mad you got when I called you dumb, sorry. PUHHTHUBBB THUBBB THUBBB : P !!! I was angry at you, my bad). When I met him, he was ridden with great guilt for deaths caused, even though he saved countless lives, but being able to engineer a virus that only kills 10% and gives immunity to a plague that actually kills 90% would be a huge win for humanity, when and if a deadly outbreak ever happens, I'm not saying it's possible. Some kids in Brazil weaponized the flu virus back in 2019, and made it deadly 80% of the time. So, if CRISPR technology has already been used like that. It will happen eventually. As the weaponized flu virus, is published research that anyone can find if they look.

If we as a society, or unified coalition built to preserve life, could start working towards the goal of saving life and bettering humanity now. A goal of engineering deadly pathogens and making weaker versions of

them starting with the flu so it only gives you the sniffles, a version that can transmit immunity to more deadly versions and viruses, that would be helpful wouldn't it? Kind of like the original idea behind vaccines. That would reduce health care costs, and raise the general health of humanity. Just throwing that out there, it should be easy now. MIT what are you kids up to? Yale? LSU? EKV could probably pull that off at this point. We already know how to weaken viruses and inject them. Making viruses that can transmit themselves, and not do harm while transmitting immunity should be easy, or possible now.

That's the direction I am inclined to explore in future books, but first I want to explore my memories from birth. Time travel could explain the strange device I once found myself wearing. Heck, I'm fairly certain I am wearing it now. What a weird ride it is, and it just keeps getting stranger. Thanks to the creator for that, it's almost funny. I dislike being the butt of many of the jokes played on me so far... so, here's my life from the beginning. Thank you for bothering!

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On December 6th, 1977, I entered the world in Natchez, Mississippi. A time when the '70s unfolded with their distinct charm. My father's eager haste to reach the hospital led to a police escort. Amidst the backdrop of agricultural reliance on DDT, and the quaint simplicity of small farming communities, I arrived, blessed with a complete set of fingers and toes—a feat my mother proudly celebrated. However, my inaugural act, a defiant stream aimed at the doctor's face, underscored my entry with a memorable flair, accompanied by the obligatory screams and tears.

Yet, despite the dramatic entrance, I emerged healthy, a testament to the care and preparation invested by my mother, who diligently followed Dr. Spock's guidance for nurturing a robust family. Her commitment extended to abstaining from alcohol during pregnancy and prioritizing breastfeeding for bolstering my immune system.

I was raised in a house that boasted three bedrooms, a backyard pool that sparkled under the sun, and a kitchen always filled with the aromas of my mom's delicious cooking. Yet, during one of my earliest and most formative challenges, my world shrank to the confines of the master bedroom where the queen-sized bed became my fortress, my battleground, and ultimately my place of convalescence.

As a child, I earned the reputation of being well-behaved—rarely crying or fussing, simply reveling in the affection of my adoring mother. My first real memory starts with the great Pneumonia Battle of 1980.

That's right, my origin story kicks off not with a bang, but with a wheeze.

There, amidst fluffy pillows and the comforting softness of the bedspread, my mom and I played Old Maid. She was both a nurse and fellow card shark, using the game to distract both of us. My relentless cough and the scary rasp of my breathing, made the cards a diversion, a way for her to deal out doses of love and normalcy amidst my labored breaths. She'd shuffle the deck with an urgency that belied her calm demeanor, her eyes often moist with worry yet always sparkling with an unspoken promise of everything will be okay. "Stay with me, kiddo, " she'd say softly, each word a gentle nudge towards recovery as she laid down another card. It felt like each play was a subtle reminder that life was still ongoing, that the game wasn't over.

I enjoyed the phrase "I love you" during those times. Because it was true, because everything felt too heavy like my breaths, loaded with the silent acknowledgment of "just in case". Those three words were a lot for a feverish little boy, who'd much rather hear "your turn" or "don't peek at my cards!" While fading between life and death. Yet those card games, nestled in the safety of that queen-sized bed, are where I learned the most about resilience, woven through the actions of my smart, infinitely kind mother.

Her strategies went beyond the card games; they were lessons in facing life's tougher hands with a brave face and a deck ready for shuffling. Looking back, the echo of "I love you" intertwined with the faint scent of eucalyptus tea and homemade soup. These memories now bring a smile to my face, reminding me of the depth of care and love that fortified me during those fragile days. It was there, on that queen-sized battleground, where I first understood that no matter the odds, the game goes on, and so too must we.

After Mom nursed me back to health from pneumonia, my next vivid memory was a warm afternoon, the sun positioned high in the sky, bathing everything in a golden light that hinted at endless possibilities for adventure. I remember that day vividly, not just for the warmth of the sun or the softness of the grass, but for an encounter that taught me a harsh lesson about the natural world.

As a toddler, curiosity was my constant companion, guiding my every crawl and tentative step. That day, equipped with a little shirt and my trusty diaper, I ventured into the front yard, right beside the driveway, drawn to a particularly inviting patch of soft earth. I plopped down with all the carelessness of youth, my hands eager to dig and explore. But beneath that soft earth lurked a fiery menace—hundreds of fire ants. Almost instantly, I felt it: a sudden, overwhelming pain as a swarm of tiny assailants launched an all-out assault. Confused and hurting, I began to cry, not understanding why my playground had turned so hostile.

Thankfully, Mom was never far away, always my vigilant guardian. Hearing my cries, she rushed over, her expression morphing from concern to swift action as she scooped me up. In moments, we were at the hose, where the cool rush of water washed away the ants along with the immediate danger they posed. The relief was almost as instant as the attack, the cold water soothing the fiery stings that dotted my legs and arms. That day, Mom's swift response not only soothed my physical wounds, but also offered a comforting embrace that eased the shock of my first painful encounter with nature. Back inside, she applied ointment with gentle hands, each touch reinforced with soft kisses and soothing words that made the world feel safe again.

After that brush with poisonous torture, my memories are very vague now. My next one, the family narrative took a hopeful turn. Mom was pregnant, and the news of her carrying my baby brother introduced a new kind of excitement in our lives. As an only child up to that point, I was initially scared—afraid that I would lose her attention and love, which had been my sole comfort and sanctuary. The dynamic in our home began to shift as the pregnancy progressed. I watched, with a mix of awe and slight jealousy, as Mom's focus naturally started to include the little being growing inside her.

It was eye-opening for me, a small child, to observe and gradually understand that my brother, even while still in the womb, was becoming the new center of attention. But, as my understanding grew, so did my affection for him. One day, as I laid my hand on Mom's belly, I felt a small kick, a gentle nudge against my palm as if answering my unspoken questions. It was a playful gesture of brotherhood. It was a moment of connection that melted away any residual fears I had about sharing my mother's love. I realized then that it wasn't about losing a place in her heart but about making that place bigger, for both of us. Mom, ever the nurturing figure, seemed to grow even more into her brilliance during that time. She balanced her attention between my needs and the preparations for the new baby with a grace that only she could have managed.

She was more than just our mother; she was the wise architect of our family's happiness, crafting a world where I started to see that love isn't divided but multiplied. The anticipation of becoming a big brother changed me. I began to imagine all the things I would teach him and all the ways I would protect him. In those months, watching my mother tenderly readying herself and our home for another life, I learned about the depths of familial love and the joys of shared attention. I didn't just

gain a brother; I gained a new understanding of my mother's capacity to love and nurture, a lesson that has stayed with me ever since.

Those days were golden, a series of endless summers where time seemed to stretch lazily, allowing childhood to linger in the sweetest of ways. Danny and I played in the field behind our house, a place that might have seemed mundane to others but to us, it was our grand adventure land. It felt like a vast forest, though it was really just a small patch of slightly overgrown trees and fields. Those trees, as Dad liked to remind me often with a glint of pride in his eyes, were planted by him, which made them even more special, almost like they were a part of our family.

As Danny grew past the crib stage, we became not just brothers but comrades in arms, sharing a bedroom and countless adventures. Our room became the base camp for every imaginary expedition, and at night, when thunderstorms rolled in with their booming theatrics and flashy light shows, it became our shared sanctuary. On those stormy nights, we often end up in the same bed, both of us wide-eyed and whispering about the fierce weather outside, finding comfort in the closeness.

It was during these moments, listening to the rain drumming on the roof and the distant rolls of thunder, that deepened our bond. Watching over Danny as he grew was a role I took seriously. I was his protector, his guide, and sometimes his co-conspirator. We built more than just pathways in that field; we built memories layered with laughter, whispered secrets, and the unspoken promise of brotherly love that only strengthened with each passing year.

Mom was the anchor of our early childhood, always there, ever-present. She wasn't just the heart of our home; she was its soul. She guided us through life's little lessons, taught us with patience and love, and filled our home with the smells of homemade cooking. I still remember the scent of fresh bread wafting through the house and the sight of her whisking ingredients together to make mayonnaise and mustard from scratch—she believed in the magic of homemade, and she imparted that love to us.

Of course, the constant buzz of activity that Danny and I generated could drive her to distraction, as it would any parent. The humdrum of children's voices, endless questions about the world, and the chaos of our games occasionally frayed her nerves. Yet, even in those moments of mild exasperation, she handled it with a grace that only a mother can muster. "Out you go, into the backyard!" she'd say, half-teasing but fully serious, ushering us towards the door. It was her gentle way of reminding us that there was a whole world outside, just waiting to be explored. When we realized we might have pushed her just a bit too far, Danny and I would scramble around the yard, picking flowers, or crafting sorry cards from scrap paper and crayons. There was one day that I will not discuss, but mom was so mad at us, she actually broke out crayons and construction paper demanding we make her cards, that said we cared! Occasionally, we'd burst back through the door, our hands clumsily clutching the wildflowers, offering hugs as our little tokens of apology. She'd accept them with a laugh and a mock stern look, her love and forgiveness wrapped up in a warm embrace. These gestures, small but heartfelt, were our way of navigating the give-and-take of family life.

Mom's teachings weren't just about the answers she gave to our endless inquiries, but also about understanding the rhythm of personal

space and mutual respect, even at our young age. She taught us that love was about understanding as much as it was about affection, and through these daily interactions, we learned the depth of thoughtfulness, consideration, and through experience.

Oh, and the neighbors garden with its infamous electric fence! That piece of technology was supposed to keep the deer and other critters at bay, but for Danny and me, it was the site of one of the most memorable lessons of our childhood. Danny, ever the instigator of mischief, double-dog dared me to pee on it. He said it with that mischievous glint in his eye, the one that told me I was about to embark on a bad idea that would inevitably end in a story worth retelling. No one, I repeat, no one really needs to learn the lesson the hard way about what happens when you mix electricity with certain... ahem... streams. But there I was, learning it all the same, much to the amusement of Danny, who nearly doubled over laughing when I jumped back with a yelp.

Indeed, life is a series of chapters, some haunted, some bright, but all utterly fascinating. Despite the shock—quite literally—I couldn't help but join in the laughter later, once the sting had worn off. It was a painful but funny episode that became a legendary tale within our family. Mom, when she found out, rolled her eyes and shook her head, half in exasperation and half suppressing a smile at the absurdity of such boyhood antics.

That day, I learned more than just the physical implications of electricity; I learned about trust, consequences, and the bond between brothers that not even a shocking experience could diminish. It was one of those moments where the lesson was clear: while experience is an excellent teacher, some experiments are better left untested. In the

peculiar odyssey that is life, each day unfolds like a page from a suspenseful novel.

There was an age, you see, when Danny and I were the undisputed lords of walkie-talkies. We'd buzz each other with beeps and boops with the walkie talkies, our signals slicing through the twilight like errant comets in a shadowed sky and completely nonsensical. Oh, and the nights! I once clutched a flashlight; I hurled beams of light into the cosmos, sending a SOS signal to imagined extraterrestrial rescuers. That was shortly after watching a pbs special about space, that seems non-sensical to me now, as humanities knowledge of the universe grows.

Favorite memories though. We flew kites with the kind of wild abandon that only the truly innocent can muster, flirting with the wind. And there was that winter in 1982—oh, that winter! As Louisiana usually only has two seasons, green and brown—that winter, once in a decade sort of thing. where we sculpted a snowman before the very bank where my father worked. Its coal eyes, carrot nose, and a scarf fluttering like a flag of truce in the chill air. It was quite a moment that I'll always remember. Also, it was one of the odd occurrences as well. Mrs. Evelyn the teller from the bank. She said, “Now where are we going to find coal in the bank?” I can't remember who exactly told me later, that they were reading things I type from my Chatgpt log, instead of my book, but it didn't make sense at the time. Now it does. However, that probably can't make a lick of sense to anyone experiencing time as it happens, which was me at the time but here I am writing, and wondering as to why would someone explain that to a child?

One of my fondest memories of Mom was her reading bedtime stories to me and Danny. When she was healthy it was a nightly routine, a



nurturing touch Dad never quite mastered. Summers were particularly magical with her around. She brewed sun tea on the deck beside the pool and grew incredibly hot little red peppers, the name of which escapes me, but I vividly remember the intense burn they caused when I dared to try one. In a panic, I ran to the faucet and doused my tongue with water, only to learn a painful lesson—water only intensified the burn.

Like the naïve child I was, I kept drinking water, thinking it helped, but I was mistaken. The relief was temporary, and soon I was overwhelmed, my small stomach struggling with the excess water. I continued until Mom found me in tears. She quickly offered me milk, which proved to be the right remedy. Although I could barely sip it because I was so full of water, it soothed the burning significantly, and gradually, my tears subsided. This experience, though painful, was one of the many gentle moments of care from Mom that I cherish deeply

## Chapter 2: Dad



How should I begin to describe my father, who was, for the most part, a good man? In his youth, as a middle child in a large family, he once ran away from home. He worked at a grocery store, during his high school years. His rebellious phase coincided with his early years, during the Vietnam War. His life took many turns during this period, one of which led him to drop out of college due to undisclosed reasons (Finally disclosed reasons - from the original story, He registered as a in state student, but was an out of state student. This is something he apparently shared with his brother, during that time, as his brother was handling all of my father's cash and helping him make bad decisions. Best possible decisions would have been register out of state, go to a college in the state he lived in, or work one year then go to college). Shortly thereafter, he enlisted in the military, where he served in the Navy.

While in the Navy, he eagerly volunteered for missions aboard nuclear submarines, a testament to his bravery and sense of duty. He was also skilled as an Arabic translator, a role that became the pinnacle of his military career. He often recounted how he once intercepted a communication that foiled a planned attack on an aircraft carrier, a moment he took great pride in.

After his service in the military, he pursued higher education at LSU, choosing to major in history. His academic journey peaked during his senior year when he traveled abroad to trace the Bordelon lineage through baptism records all the way to Leon. This adventure not only deepened his academic experience but also connected him to a past that had long intrigued him. He told the story of Hypolite, the first Bordelon.

The progenitor, Hypolite Bordelon, ventured from France before the revolution, seeking refuge in America. He engaged in the initial conflicts with Native Americans upon his arrival, a regrettable altercation initiated by a French trapper's fatal encounter with an Indian scout. The ensuing bloodshed, needless and tragic, soon abated, paving the way for peaceful trade. For his involvement in the short French vs Indian war, Hypolite was honored with monetary compensation in New Orleans.

Opting for a fresh start, Hypolite journeyed north to a place now called Avoyelles Parish, where fate intervened with a broken wheel. Here, he established the region's inaugural trading post, facilitating exchanges of provisions. Our hometown, Marksville, proudly bares the motto "Everybody is somebody," a sentiment I cherish, underscoring the inherent value of every individual.

But that was Dad, always the quintessential history buff. He took immense pride in having read—and claimed to have memorized—every word in the dictionary, a feat he believed equipped him with the understanding of nearly everything. He met Mom in college, where she was often seen as the more intellectually agile one, mainly because Dad had "known everything" for as long as anyone could remember. Conversations with him were challenging, not just because he knew a plethora of words, but because he equated knowing their definitions with true understanding. I've always believed that understanding goes beyond mere words; intelligence is multifaceted, after all. Memorization is certainly a skill—one I admit, I was much better at in my younger days than now.

I sometimes feel sorry for Dad, for having me as his child, we are like night and day. When I was about four, during his tenure at Sicily Island

State Bank, he once came back from a business trip bearing gifts—a silver or pewter cup among them—which sparked a sharp verbal spat with Mom. Standing beside him, I impulsively punched him in his testicles. The blow caused him to double over in pain, inadvertently falling on top of me. That day, he nearly squeezed the life out of me. It was a terrifying, the likes of which I had never experienced, and hope never to again. My face turned blue from the lack of oxygen, and in that extreme moment, I learned a lesson about the consequences of impulsive actions, albeit in the hardest way possible.

Reflecting on why I punched Dad back then, I realize it wasn't just about the heated argument he was having with Mom. It was more about the frustration and hurt from him being away on business trips almost every weekend, prioritizing work over spending time with us.

Despite this, I learned many things from my father—both good and not so good. But overall, the lessons were valuable. From a young age, he taught me how to operate the riding lawn mower. I remember feeling important as I sat in his lap, steering it while he controlled the rest. The mower had a safety feature that required the operator to weigh at least 60 pounds to engage the seat's connection with the battery, thanks to its taut springs. Learning to use the riding lawn mower was one of the many skills he passed on to me, mixing practical knowledge with moments of bonding. I always relished the opportunity to drive, and the day I was finally able to start mowing the lawn marked a significant turning point for me.

It became an objective of mine to weigh 60lbs; I ate extra for a month and put rocks in my pockets just to do it. Once I finally weighed enough, I took over that chore every Saturday. Saturdays quickly became my favorite day of the week. My Saturdays as a child had a delightful

routine: wake up early, turn on the TV, and watch cartoons until around 11:00 AM. After that, I'd grab a carrot, head outside, and help Dad wash the car. Eventually, it would be time to mow the lawn, which was the highlight of my day.

I loved to push the mower to its limits. I'd set it to top gear, barely heavy enough to keep the seat sensor engaged with rocks in my pockets, and zip around the yard at breakneck speeds. It was exhilarating and, admittedly, quite hazardous. But in those moments, with the wind in my hair and a sense of independence, I felt on top of the world.

Dad was well, a dad in every sense of the word. I always thanked him for teaching me how to ride the lawn mower, for his strict yet protective nature, and for instilling in me the importance of self-control. He taught me how to swim by simply throwing me into the pool and watching to make sure I didn't drown.

One unforgettable time, he even saved my life. We were on vacation, and I fell into a frozen pool in below-freezing weather. I was stacking ice on the side of the pool, cracking it and pulling it out, perhaps intending to build something like an igloo. But instead of building anything, I slipped and fell into the pool.

Bundled in a full coat, scarf, and gloves, I plunged into the deep end. Unable to swim up, I walked along the bottom, struggling to reach the shallow end. Desperately, I pounded my hands against the ice until it finally broke. Gasping for air, freezing cold, I screamed and eventually blacked out. When I came to, Dad was there, encouraging me to make it to the steps instead of jumping in to rescue me directly. I barely managed to move, but I made it to the steps. He took me inside, where

Mom ran cold water over my hands, which felt like they were burning. She had to remind me it was cold water, not hot. I was on the brink of hypothermia. They stripped me of my wet clothes, wrapped me in a blanket, and sat me by the fireplace. The warmth and a cup of hot cocoa brought me comfort, and I was happy that he saved my life.

The second time was equally memorable. I was at home with Mom and my brother Danny. We spent the day flying kites and enjoying the outdoors, taking turns to see who could fly their kite the highest. I believed I won, though Danny did very well. He let the kite string loose during a particularly strong gust of wind, and it got stuck in the trees. So technically, I guess he won, even though we technically didn't have a kite anymore. We came back inside around 2:00 in the afternoon, after a morning of fun. Mom made us hot cocoa, and we sat by the gas fire place before taking a nap.

What happened next is hazy. I've asked Dad about it, but it might have been our neighbor Steve, a state police officer, who helped. Dad says he came home to find the windows open, and the smell of gas from the fireplace in the house. At some point just prior to my father's arrival, I remember being dragged outside on the bedspread I was sleeping on, with someone urging me to breathe and get fresh air. In a sense, because of his presence during a moment where I almost died, I believed that Dad had saved me once again.

In both instances, Dad's presence and quick thinking made all the difference, to me. Leaving me forever grateful for his protective and unwavering love. That's just my dad. Despite his unwavering love, Dad was always still a dad, and unfortunately, he never really took much care of his health or well-being, prior to his heart attack.

He experienced his first heart attack at the age of 36, which was before Danny was even born. Back in those days, smoking cigarettes on airplanes was still allowed; I remember because my first airplane ride was to visit him in the hospital after he underwent open-heart surgery.

Upon returning home after what felt like an eternity, I noticed a significant change in Dad: he had stopped smoking. He often boasts about quitting cold turkey, attributing it to his sheer willpower, but in reality, it was his month of morphine during recovery from a heart attack / bypass surgery that curbed his cravings. That surgery marked the last time he smoked for quite a while.

Inspired by his new lease on life, he took up running, and to support him, I rode my bike alongside him during those initial three months. As he got faster, stronger, and better at running, it reached a point where he could outpace me, even though I was just a small kid on a bike with training wheels. By the end of those three months, we took off the training wheels, which felt like a significant achievement. It was a good day, symbolizing not just my growth in biking skills, but also our shared journey of recovery and improvement.

Alright, I admit it—sometimes in my stories, I might come off as a little tough on my dad. Actually, let's be honest, I'm really tough on him, currently but that's the final chapters of his life, that's for memoir 4. We accomplished really great things together, but my uncle and aunt from Texas showed up, and have been guiding my father to death. I'm only harsh on him, and it's all out of love, and I do love him as best a son can love his father! He's been the debate club president of my life, always ready to challenge every statement I make. Strangely enough, it's one of the quirks I cherish about him. Our daily debates are our



weird form of bonding. I wouldn't wish a parent like this on you, but somehow, I suspect many of you have one just like him.

I Have done my best to show him respect, even if it sometimes means retreating to my room to cool down, walking away to leave for years at a time, but I've always tried to maintain, or rebuild a healthy relationship. What can I say? And let me be very clear, he's more than just his tough exterior. He was a great father in his own way, provided for us, though he might not have been the 'emotional cheerleader' type, but he nailed the whole being a solid man who knew himself. And honestly, that's worth a lot in my book. It's just a shame how his story ended, how family showed up to put him in diapers and remove his ability to walk. It's a shame he wouldn't work with me to return movement in his left hand, it's a shame he just decided death shitting himself was the only way. It's a shame my overly devout catholic relatives showed up to remove the recovery, and impeded healthy activities by deciding that money was more important.

They also fall into oddities category, and received the cell phone. I saw them show me specific posts, about a shark I recently sent a picture of. they made me apologize in advance and pray for forgiveness after my mother died, for the things I would say to them. Perhaps, they could have just helped me heal my father. Oh well, I'll pray for their souls, for trying to get my forgiveness before they did evil actions, and they partook in killing my father instead of healing my father. Their god is false, if he wasn't... then my father would be in better health. He is not. However, at the same time, none of that matters, as I already pointed out. This isn't prime reality. Nor is this my first trip through here.



## Chapter 3: Family and Death

Family life with me, Danny, Mom, and Dad, was mostly filled with quiet evenings watching movies on TV. Danny and I were usually sent to bed around 8:00 or 9:00 PM, so staying up until 10:00 PM felt like a big event. One memorable night, we all stayed up late to watch my first scary movie, "Poltergeist." That film sent shivers down my spine and led to several sleepless nights, haunted by the eerie static of the TV.

Most mornings, Danny and I woke up incredibly early, around 4:00 or 5:00 AM, while our parents wouldn't rise until 6:00 or 7:00. We'd sneak into the living room to watch Spider-Man cartoons or movies we had rented from the VHS store just a block away. Each day, we got to choose one movie to watch, during the summers. That was a routine that Danny and I cherished. When we were young, wrestling was popular on TV, and like many kids, we mimicked what we saw. It's what children do watch, mimic, and learn.

One day, while the play-wrestling on our parents' queen-sized bed escalated. We bounced from corner to corner, using makeshift "weapons" that were supposed to be harmless. Unfortunately, I ended up spanking Danny with a belt, not realizing it could hurt him. His cries and tears filled me with immediate regret. I desperately wanted to undo the hurt, even asking him to hit me back with the belt to make things "even." Danny was just in pain from his big brother hitting him, and I felt overwhelmingly guilty. I pleaded with him not to tell our parents, fearing the repercussions.

Nevertheless, I ended up grounded for the first time, that was for real reasons. Confined to my room, I was forced to reflect on my actions. Although it wasn't the harshest punishment, it felt monumental at the

time. It was a profound moment of learning and remorse that has stayed with me ever since, a stark reminder of the responsibilities that come with being an older sibling.

Our lives were also punctuated by truly joyful moments. Christmas was always a special time, bustling with the excitement of visiting relatives from both Mom's and Dad's large families. These visits were occasions of merriment, during which we received countless little gifts. Our toy closet was perpetually overflowing, filled with toys that we often left strewn about, despite Mom's persistent efforts to teach us the importance of tidying up after ourselves.

Visiting with my cousins was another highlight. Danny was much younger and still learning to share, which made our interactions a mix of fun and challenge. Starting elementary school was a significant transition for me. The year before, I had been glued to the TV, slowly realizing that there was a world beyond Louisiana. For the longest time, I had thought Louisiana was all there was to the United States, having never traveled outside of it. I had even believed that other states were just cities within Louisiana. As I began to understand more about the world, I took it upon myself to share these revelations with Danny. This often led to Danny just staring at me, and asking “why does that matter?”

Our lives were filled with curious encounters and learning moments. I remember people discussing kittens and experiments about how vision, learning, and movement are interconnected. Which only me stare back up at Mrs. Evelyn and ask, “why does that matter?”

Elementary school for me, was a time of vivid experiences and profound learning. Before my mom's health began to decline, those early years

were filled with the simple joys of learning how to socialize and forge friendships. I can say, I didn't always do the best at it. The smartest kid in the school was never me. But I wasn't entirely dumb, and I am probably safer for it. The smartest kids, never get treated well. I feel sorry for them, as it's a curse to be that smart.

My closest friend back then was Jody, he was my age and in the same grade. Our teachers encouraged us to both have fun in class and we got to take naps, which felt like a wonderful balance. Of course, being children, we sometimes tested the boundaries. I remember during nap time, I would occasionally whisper and giggle with Jody and Kristine instead of sleeping. Getting caught meant no candy—a serious consequence for us, since candy was the currency of childhood delight.

This brings to mind the peculiar contradiction of teaching children not to accept candy from strangers, yet once a year, on Halloween, encouraging them to do just that. Halloween was an exhilarating highlight, especially with the extra treats handed out at school. We were allowed to wear costumes and, after school, roam the streets of Sicily Island in our festive attire, shepherded by our parents. Our neighbor Steve went all out that year, setting up a ghost outside his house that emitted spooky sounds, adding to the festive atmosphere and enhancing the thrill of the evening for all the neighborhood kids. It was a magical time, marked by laughter, a sense of community, and childhood adventures.

Another vivid memory I have is of Mardi Gras in Sicily Island during my elementary school years. Mardi Gras is another time that people play dress up, and wear costumes. Sicily Island is an incredibly small farming community, but even there, Mardi Gras was celebrated. The festivities were modest, just a handful of floats and candy being tossed to kids.

One year, which stands out in my memory, we had relatives over—uncles and aunts—and amidst the celebrations, an unfortunate incident occurred: a cigarette was accidentally put out on my ear. It was a painful experience, and no amount of thrown candy could make up for the discomfort. The apologies were few, mostly overshadowed by my dad's dismissive assurance that I'd be fine. I was mostly, after having some candy tossed from the small parade. I still had negative feelings after the parade towards my uncle, till my ear healed. But with a fist full of candy as a child, who really cares?

To bounce through my life, after mom died. If the first Mardi Gras incident was my only painful memory, unfortunately, there's another that stands out. I was in New Orleans with my family—my father, Aunt Patty, Uncle Michael, and Ronnie. They even made me the Mardi Gras mascot, complete with a reflective visor. We passed bars where balloons filled with nitrous were sold for \$1 each, supposedly just for laughs. None of my family partook, but we saw plenty of others who did. I spent time with relatives, enjoying the family-oriented floats and the more civilized parts of the parade.

However, in a classic dad move, he took me to a flop house on Bourbon Street. It was just a room rented by people needing to sleep off their heavy partying from the night before. After spending an hour there, while Dad kept an eye on the clock, we left. During that time, I witnessed something utterly bizarre—through the window, I saw three nuns swinging giant dildos around. I had to ask my dad if this was normal. With his usual nonchalance, he assured me that it was. It's moments like these that remind me of the varied nature of human behavior.

That also reinforced the realization that my father wasn't very adept at parenting. I pointed out to him that what we saw wasn't normal, and when the opportunity to go to boarding school came up later, I knew that any alternative care would be better for my future than my father's. And that's okay; he always lived life on his terms, he never really liked children—not me, or any other. He merely tolerated us, preferring minimal involvement, as he aged it only got worse. Or maybe that's because of what happened to mom?

Even as a young child, my explorations through every drawer and hidden spot in our house revealed more than I should have seen, telling me more about the adult world than I was ready for. This understanding of my dad, coupled with the strange and sometimes inappropriate scenarios he exposed me to, shaped my perceptions of what was normal and what was decidedly not. My life was most assuredly not normal.

Then there was the time at Jodi's farm. His family had horses, a pony, and one of the first satellite dishes in the area. I always wanted a pony after seeing one at Jodi's house. My father promised me, that he'd get me one after the Saints won the super bowl. In 2009 the saints won the super bowl, and I still do not have a pony. That's dad though, always saying certain things will never happen, not realizing even the worst teams win on occasion.

Jodi was my best friend not just because of the three-wheelers and four-wheelers we rode, but because we genuinely enjoyed each other's company. We would often emulate TV shows, especially "He-Man and the Masters of the Universe," which we adored. Usually, we played with toys from the show, but one day we took our role-playing onto the couches, and I ended up hurting my tailbone so badly I could barely

walk afterward. It was a painful yet strangely thrilling experience, learning about new kinds of pain from just being a kid flipping over.

I vividly recall my first fight, which happened one fall on the playground in Louisiana, it was a travesty to watch, and no one got hurt but me. My ability to fight was pathetic. I just started doing circular movements with my arms, windmill type punches that grazed off my bewildered opponent, and I scraped my hand on a brick wall, leaving scrapes and blood for the school nurse to deal with. It was all over whether Santa Claus was real. Technically, he isn't and technically, he is. The commercial Santa, popularized by Coca-Cola, is a far cry from the historical Saint Nicholas, a real man known for his miraculous deeds. If I were to choose a patron saint, it would be one known as a miracle maker. St. Nicholas was known for performing more miracles than any other saint.

My fascination for him, comes from sharing saint Nicholas day as my birthday. I learned that from a scholastics calendar. Scholastic is a interesting thing. I ended up stealing inadvertently from my mother. The day that the order for scholastics was to be placed in the first grade, I took a 20-dollar bill from my mother's purse, and ordered all the things that interested me. Those 20 dollars were meant for a co-pay, at a doctor's visit. I didn't know that at the time, and what my mother went through at the doctor's office was unfortunate. I again got scolded for my behavior, and ended up returning many of the things ordered. My theft was for books and knowledge. So, if one is to steal, I think those are things that are worth it. However, I think knowledge and books should be free for all!

But life wasn't only school and home life. Some of my favorite early childhood memories are from Grayton Beach, in Florida. There was one



particular summer when I believe I got dysentery. I didn't get dysentery but, whatever I got made me feel horrible. Still though, it was a great trip.

On the first day we arrived, Danny and I spent the entire day outside at the beach. We picked up particularly hellish sunburns. Though we put on sunscreen, it doesn't last when you spend the whole day in the ocean. We were both like lobsters the next day.

Luckily, there was cloud coverage and a light drizzle for most of the second day, and we stayed indoors because there just wasn't enough aloe in the world to heal us in one day. That's what I loved about Mom. She always kept aloe around for burns and was a firm believer in its healing properties. Despite the cloud coverage, Danny and I eventually got tired of being indoors all day with just a TV. As is usual with kids, we ventured outside to play.

Being ever the lucky one, I found a geyser in the yard where water was coming up from what I thought was the ocean. I had no idea how it was coming up, but it occasionally did. I started building sand castles, and digging deeper into that spot. We made little drip-drop sand castles every time the water surfaced. The next day, Mom discovered that whenever someone flushed the toilet inside, water would come up in the yard.

I can't describe how sick I was the next day; dysentery might begin to explain it. Holding food down became impossible, and even keeping water down was a struggle. I spent the entire next day in bed. It was wonderful to be on vacation and that sick. Just being able to eat crackers and drink ginger ale, was the highlight of that day. When the

vomiting and diarrhea stopped, I was happy just to go back to bed without pain.

On the fourth day of the vacation, I finally made it outside again, no longer sunburned and able to drink water. It was great to finally enjoy my vacation, being able to go out to the beach and hunt for sand dollars again. Unfortunately, there was a sandstorm that day, and we got called in early from all activities. However, it wasn't early enough, and we got trapped in the sandstorm. I hid behind a sand dune while it passed. I'm glad I wasn't sunburned and getting pelted by loose sand flying through the air.

On the plus side, the last two days of our vacation were absolutely fabulous. By the end of it, Mom felt a lot better too. She had been suffering from varicose veins, and her legs improved wonderfully. We never knew exactly why it helped her so much, but it did. Perhaps it was the seaweed that infested the beach most of the days, or maybe it was just the salt and the sand. Or maybe it was just good luck and a good time had by all.

Returning to Grayton Beach is always a highlight for me—it truly is one of my favorite places on earth. It's here where I met the Coulvians, the Harrises, and many other families. They rented their own houses, often equipped with bunk beds for the kids, making every day an adventure.

Our mornings typically began with Robert taking a jog, going crabbing, and then lighting up a cigarette to celebrate a successful start to the day. On the last day of our stays at Grayton Beach, all the families would gather to share and compete over stories of the most hilarious events from our time at the beach.

One year, I became the center of the most hilarious story due to a painful sand rash I developed between my thighs, which forced me to walk awkwardly. They dubbed it the "Grayton Shuffle" because I couldn't walk normally.

My absolute favorite moment, however, was one morning when I led all the other kids over the sand dunes to the beach early, before the parents woke up. As they were absent, we had the freedom of the beach to ourselves. But then, the scent of bacon cooking wafted over from three dunes away. I couldn't help but shout, "I smell bacon!" which sent all the kids scrambling back towards the house, eager for breakfast. When we arrived, Robert was sitting on the porch, right where breakfast was cooking, yet he couldn't even smell the bacon. That day, the simple joys of childhood and the beach blended perfectly, leaving us with laughter and full bellies.

I was only five years old when my mom was first hospitalized for an extended period of three months. Danny, Dad, and I got to visit her once at the hospital where she seemed frail and weak. I remember her telling me she loved me and holding my hand, but she didn't say much else, only that she hoped to return home eventually, though she was uncertain about the outcome.

During her hospital stay, I spent a lot of time at Mrs. Evelyn's house. She was a bank teller in Sicily Island and worked with my father. Her husband, Charles, was a very unique character who I admired greatly, mostly because he wasn't afraid to argue with my dad about how unrealistic some of his ideas were. I wasn't allowed to challenge my father like that, but I agreed with Charles; no one is right all the time,

and my father often formed his opinions based on what he watched on TV, mistaking those scripted realities for the world around him.

Back then, things like "Project Mockingbird" were in the '70s, but the manipulation of narratives has only gotten worse since. One could argue, that the truth has never been told to the population of America. Modern journalism between 2000 and 2020 truth doesn't exist. It's no longer just journalists linked to military narratives (like the 70s); it's executives, the boards, the top echelons scripting news delivered by polished figures that do not engage in true investigative journalism, they simply read the prompter presented to them. It's not a bad life for most news casters, but investigative journalism died a long time ago. Moving right along, as truth doesn't matter in this world anymore.

While staying with Mrs. Evelyn and her family, I had the chance to play on the classic arcade games on the calico like the original Donkey Kong and Pole Position, complete with a steering wheel and pedal. Those games were incredibly fun, especially compared to the other options, which didn't capture my interest as much. Danny was there as well, but being so much younger, he rarely got to play. My memories of him during that time are sparse. I think we took turns playing the games, but he was so young. He had just learned to walk, and I was busy learning to climb trees.

One particularly funny incident involved dealing with fire ants in Mrs. Evelyn's yard. Recalling advice from my father, who once drunkenly told me the best way to deal with a fire ant mound, was to urinate on it. So, I decided to take action. When Mrs. Evelyn saw what I was doing, She scolded me first. After I told her why, she just shook her head and remarked, "Of course, your father would teach you that."

Despite the seriousness of the time, these lighter moments provided some relief and laughter amidst the challenges. On a graver note, Mom was diagnosed with a cancer, strange liver disease, or perhaps cirrhosis. The reason has changed over time, as my father and family have always been deceitful with me. They do care, so this led us to seek treatment far and wide, even as far as the Mayo Clinic in New York.

During these challenging times, I stayed with various babysitters/caregivers besides Mrs. Evelyn. I believe the nanny's name was Camille, though I'm uncertain. Odd thing, I was once visited by my Aunt Patty before heading off to boarding school. I was not entirely sure about the name, and if it's incorrect, I plan to amend it in a future edition of this book. During a singular visit by both of them, I was corrected on the name I wrote above. I learned how to drive a stick shift poorly that night, at the tender age of 11. It was an exhilarating night, and reuniting with everyone was deeply comforting. I even got to hear, that I was loved. It was all very awkward to me. As I was told of things, that hadn't happened yet.

Regardless, As Mom's condition worsened, she was prescribed prednisone to alleviate the pain. One night, the side effects of her medication, combined with the stress, led to a heated argument between her and Dad that roused Danny and me from sleep. As the older brother, I felt compelled to intervene. I bravely stood between my parents, threatening to hit Dad if needed, in the you know where, which halted their quarrel. My father claims he never fought with my mother, but I remember the hurricane painting falling off the wall. That happened, and it wasn't a regular thing. They weren't a physically abusive couple. Everyone has disagreements though.

Afterwards, I sat with Mom on the couch, comforting her as she struggled with the medication's harsh effects. She needed Visine because her eyes were red and dry; the drugs prevented her from crying, though all she wanted was to let her tears flow. She even told me that! I cried more for her upon hearing that, I cried more than she could for herself.

Following that episode, Mom began the process of weaning off the medication, but the withdrawal brought its own set of severe side effects. In her vulnerability, she expressed a poignant fear in her first suicide note: she didn't want to die alone, nor did she want us to grow up to be anything less than kind-hearted (that is a tribute, not what she wrote). Her words were a somber reflection of her deepest anxieties and hopes for us.

The last day I saw my mother, I was supposed to go to school, but I felt sick. I wasn't really sick though; I just didn't want to go. It was a Friday, and there was a test I didn't want to take. Mom was rarely ever home due to her illness, so getting to spend time with her was a blessing, especially without Dad around. I stayed home, and I got to sleep in. We ate breakfast; I can't remember exactly what it was, but I'm sure it was delicious, and I probably had some coffee milk.

After that, because we were sick, or I was sick, Danny was too young for school. We got to watch educational stuff on PBS until the sewing segment came on, which was really boring. During this time, Mom was doing other things around the house. I was not exactly sure what until later. There was a moment where she asked, if she could try to pick us up individually.

Mom had been spending a lot of time in the hospital, so she was weak; she could pick Danny up easily, but not me. The odd thing to me was that, she asked me to try to struggle to get away, which I did fairly easily. It left a uneasy feeling to me. That I didn't really understand.

After that struggle, and talking with Danny asking if he thought everything was alright. I went to the hallway where Mom had just used the bathroom. I greeted her in the doorway as she left, and I remember looking up, holding onto her leg, telling her I loved her because I knew something was horribly wrong. She was sad; I could see it in her eyes, even if she couldn't cry.

After that, I went to watch TV again, as mom directed. I forget what channel it was, but \*M\*A\*S\*H was on, and Mom said it was time for us to take a bath. I told her I'd do it after the show was over. Danny and mom went to go take a bath. It was a somber moment in the rocking chair. She closed the hallway door behind them, and I just sat there in the rocking chair watching \*M\*A\*S\*H (the TV series). The credits ran, and I went to check on Mom and Danny because it doesn't take an hour to take a bath. It just doesn't, and I noticed the smell of the house on fire.

I opened the hallway door, and smoke poured out and over me. I ran down the hallway past the guest bathroom on the right, past the guest bedroom on the left, past mine and Danny's bedroom, directly across from the master bedroom where the sheets had been stripped from the bed. There was something in the corner—I think, it was charcoal lighter fluid? I turned to my right, ran past the first two sinks, and then to the door of the bathroom. The door was closed to bathroom for the toilet and tub, and that's where the smoke was.

My immediate reaction was to grab the handle and try to open the door. It was hot; I couldn't quite handle it, and the door was locked. I just started, throwing my little shoulder into the door over and over again until I fell to the floor, coughing up black soot from my lungs. I went to the sink and threw water on my face because I was hot and couldn't breathe. I went to the master bedroom closet grabbed a little black beanie, and I soaked it in the sink, put it over my head, and continued to pound my shoulder against the door.

There was no movement in that room; there was no response the entire time, but I just kept pounding my shoulder into that door, hoping to break through. After collapsing again, basically, I realized I wasn't going to be able to do this myself.

I immediately to the kitchen where the telephone with a wire was, and I tried to pick up the phone and call for help. I couldn't remember how to dial zero for the operator. I was so out of it. I had no idea how to use a phone. All of a sudden—no, it wasn't all of a sudden; it was a lack of oxygen that made me incapable of thought. I was still standing though, on a chair in the dining room where the phone was to use it. I knew I had to do something, even if I couldn't use a phone at that moment.

I immediately ran to my bicycle and rode it directly to the damn bank. My father says I went up and down the driveway; I don't know how he would know; he wasn't there. Upon arrival at the bank, where my father worked, I waited in line for the teller, Miss Evelyn; I broke out in tears when I got to the front of the line, and told her the house was on fire and we needed help. After that, I got escorted to school, as someone had to watch me. After school, I got taken back to Miss Evelyn's, where I sat on the swing by myself until my father got there.



My father had to tell me Mom died that day; it was at sunset. I'd never cried so much; I ran and hid under a bed, badly; I couldn't do it. Living thinking life and thoughts were beyond me, I just couldn't, I'm sorry. I love my mom; otherwise, I wouldn't have nearly died that day trying to save her! I love you Mom, and I'll see you again one day



## Chapter 4: Life Continues

After Mom passed away, Dad left for Europe on a vacation that summer, and I was given an elective surgery to have my tonsils removed. The aftermath of which, meant that I would be eating ice cream and taking medication all summer. Unfortunately, by summer's end, I developed a neck issue from lying mostly immobile on the couch. The company I kept, was just the TV. I tried to play Nintendo games, and I was no longer good at them. I didn't really care though, most of my memories from that summer, were basically nothing. I remember getting up to go get pop tarts, and then play some game on the Nintendo, I can't even recall the name of it. The entire summer I played one game or watched TV with cousins. I generally just stayed on the couch. The level of inactivity resulted in having to wear a neck brace, after the summer was over. This situation forced me into physical therapy to counteract the muscle atrophy caused by the over-medication.

That summer, I stayed with my Aunt Dickie, who was dealing with her own severe back issues from whiplash. Managing her three kids was already a challenge, and having me added to her responsibilities was more than she should have had to endure. She had lost her sister, my mother, and then had to see me debilitated—it seemed profoundly unfair. Despite everything, I hold no grudges against anyone; they are my family, and worth more than most to me.

Returning to school with a neck brace and ongoing physical therapy was challenging. I had to learn how to maneuver my head since it was stuck in a position where looking straight ahead was a struggle, and my chin could only align forward if I exerted significant effort.

At school in Sicily Island elementary, I experienced the cruelty of children firsthand—a reality I was already familiar with, not needing to read *\*Lord of the Flies\** to understand such dynamics. The school featured elevated walkways due to frequent rain. It became a scene of torment for me. One of the older kids, seeing my vulnerability, cruelly decided to push me off the walkway, causing me to land on my neck again. Tears were streaming down my face as I was escorted to the principal's office. The principal was understanding, offering me time off from school to continue recovery, which wouldn't be held against me.

However, my overwhelming fear of staying home with my father, whose caregiving was less than ideal, led me to insist tearfully that I could continue attending school. That I was fine, I claimed, but in reality, I was terrified of the alternative—spending more time under my father's care. My love for him was complicated by the realization that, although he was indeed my dad, he had never truly mastered the role of being a parent, as mom had. He tried, but he didn't understand how to be a parent. I was also, grieving. I had lost mom and my brother they were the core of my childhood. I didn't even get to go to the funeral. I don't like death, so I don't go to funerals often.

Navigating through the complexities of recovery, I took my physical therapy very seriously after the unfortunate incident. The exercises involved following my hand with my eyes as I moved it to the right, a task that initially seemed impossible. Inspired by "Dumbo," I used a bird's feather as a visual aid, holding it in my hand instead. This small change provided a focal point that wasn't a part of my body, and I think it significantly improved my motivation / recovery time. The feather gave me something tangible to track, injecting a dose of whimsy and hope into my rehabilitation efforts.

Remarkably, within the next couple of weeks, I regained full movement of my head. To this day, I occasionally tap my chin to my shoulder as a quick check to ensure everything is still functioning correctly. This habit, born from my recovery, is a small reminder of what I've overcome. It also became instrumental in my efforts, 25 years later, to help my father learn to walk again. When teaching him, I reflect on my own challenges and the lessons learned about resilience and possibility, even from the most painful experiences.

At 11 years old, I was presented with the opportunity to attend Girard College, a decision my father claimed was mine to make. However, it truly wasn't my choice, as I was living in Baton Rouge at the time. Given everything I had experienced after my mother's death, and the nuns from the French quarter, the option of living in Baton Rouge didn't seem right to me.

Most of my life in Baton Rouge, I am omitting. Some of the things said on the bus to me, and accusations about my father. People in Baton Rouge as a whole were problematic, someone had taken to stashing porn and cigarettes in the bushes next to my bedroom. I will not delve into much that happened in Baton Rouge or at Wildwood. Wildwood had a nice library, I read every book they had on alien abductions, witchcraft, and all the joke books. The strange effects that had, apparently led to me experiencing every spectrum of light, I felt and saw every frequency pass through me on a peculiar day. That happened during the first year there. After which all the strangeness with porn in the bushes. To say I felt safe there, would be foolish.

Girard College on the other hand, is a unique institution with a dramatic history. Its founder, Stephen Girard, suffered a traumatic

incident at the age of 8 when his father accidentally blinded him in one eye with a hot metal poker from the fireplace. Following this horrific event, Stephen embarked on a rugged path. His remarkable journey truly began after he reached the age of 40. On a trading voyage to Haiti, he arrived at a plantation to find everyone dead. In a decision that seemed rational only to him, he gathered all the abandoned gold and goods and transported them back to America, where he reported the grim scene he had encountered.

He also, funded the American war of 1812. His death was quite impressive as well. On December 22, 1830, Stephen Girard sustained serious injuries while crossing the street near Second and Market Streets in Philadelphia. A horse and wagon struck him, with one of its wheels running over the left side of his face, his good (left) eye. Despite being 80 years old, he managed to get up unaided and returned to his nearby home, where his wounds were attended to by a doctor. Stephen Girard then canceled all his meetings for the following two weeks to recuperate. It is also reported that he fractured his skull during the incident, and it took him two months to recover as fully as possible before his eventual death.

Stephen Girard was indeed a peculiar figure. The phrase "Stephen Girard work" or "Stephen Girard job," though no longer in common usage, once described futile labor. Girard opposed idleness and, during a time when people were reluctant to accept charity, he preferred to pay for needless tasks. For example, he would pay workers to move bricks from one side of a yard to the other and back again. (Again, this is a awkward bit, as my history teacher in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade read this passage in class, prior to the horrific event described later.)

At the time of his death, Girard was the wealthiest man in the United States and with that came many holdings one would find, atrocious these days. However, I can't think of any Billionaire currently that doesn't participate in the exploitive nature of this shared reality. Stephen Girard's will meticulously directed the use of his fortune. Girard College, an institution that has evolved significantly over the decades, was originally established exclusively for orphaned white males. Today, the school has broadened its admissions, accepting children under 13 years old of above-average intelligence from broken families and impoverished backgrounds. It is a free boarding school that grants each graduating student at least \$10,000 for college tuition. The amount used to be higher, but the board altered the allocation of funds to ensure the longevity of the college, or so they claim.

My personal experiences at Girard College were somewhat traumatic. One incident in the gymnasium left a lasting impression. I witnessed four girls dragging another student by his legs across the floor directly towards a pole that supported a handrail for the stairs. Tragically, the boy's groin hit the pole, causing severe injuries that led to him losing a testicle after it was crushed, as they continued to hurt him well past the point of need. It was a disturbing sight. When it happened, I believe I was on the other side of the gym, hitting a tennis ball off the wall, but distance didn't lessen the impact of what happened. That poor child lost his testicle. It's something that cannot be changed now. However, I saw an attempt to change it, and people with a cell phone reading the events to come, before it happened.

On a brighter note, one of my favorite memories from my time there was playing on the varsity tennis team as an eighth grader. Although I lost my match, it was a valuable learning experience. My

opponent was exceptionally skilled at putting spin on the tennis ball, and competing against him taught me a lot about the nuances of the game. How to do a proper slice became a goal of mine, after he had me running all over the court.

During my time at Girard College, I received a couple of awards, including Most Improved Student in Science and Most Improved in Tennis, which were highlights of my academic and extracurricular activities. The environment at the school was quite unique. The staff was exceptional, truly top-notch, and my peers were an interesting group. Personally, I seldom ventured above ground, after discovering the tunnel network that connected to all of the buildings, while there. There were often fights—either on the way to the gym or after lunch in the quad between the cafeteria and the school. This added a layer of intensity to the school atmosphere that I did not want to participate in.

The boarding school itself is quite extensive, and is surrounded by a 12-foot stone wall, which was intended to be 6 feet above ground, and 6 feet below to keep wildlife out. Despite not being a swamp, they somehow managed to cultivate cypress trees in this unlikely environment, and impressively so, outdoors. These trees stood as a testament to the school's unique setting. Perhaps the most well-known graduate, at least in terms of cultural impact, would be the professor from "Gilligan's Island," a nod to the pervasive reach of American television, not to the reach and power of other graduates. There were plenty of other overachievers that graduated, and even well-known artists that redefined the Philadelphia art scene, and far reaching impact beyond that.



The school had many interesting quirks, particularly its student body. The students, primarily from backgrounds of poverty, were incredibly intelligent. Among them, I often felt like one of the less sharp ones, as they were all well-adapted to the strict routines and disciplines required. It took me about a year and a half, coupled with speech lessons and sheer determination, to begin fitting in with my peers. This journey, while challenging, was a significant period of growth and adaptation for me. It's hard to fit in though, when 90% of the school is of a different race though. That was a unique surrounding for me, to be the minority in a school and picked on for my skin color. That did not bring out the best in me. Most young teenagers, find clicks like them. The clicks I was forced into, well that was necessity, and I only had one fight. Again, I considered myself the dumb one.

Another distinctive aspect of the school was its stringent policy against religious leaders on campus. No holy man, not even a graduate who had found religion, was permitted entry. This underscored the institution's dedication to science and secular education. Every Sunday, instead of traditional religious services, the school held a convocation featuring notable speakers to enlighten the students about various worldly topics.

The last convocation I attended, around my birthday on December 6th, during a particularly challenging semester, left a lasting impression on me. The speaker was a valedictorian from Girard four years earlier had recently graduated from Temple University. His speech began conventionally enough, seemingly vetted and approved by the school authorities. However, as he neared the end, the tone shifted dramatically. He delved into controversial topics like politics, the notion of a race war, drugs in college, and the manipulation of

young minds. Suddenly, his microphone was cut off, and the lights were shut down on him. The last word I heard him shout was "RUN."

This incident deeply affected me, and by the Christmas break, I was distraught, due to more horrible actions of fellow classmates, that I thought were friends, but the actions they had taken off campus prior. I don't think, it was the correct course of action. So, I returned home to my father in tears, resolved that I could never go back to Girard College. The experience had shaken me profoundly, pushing me to never return again. Staying away from things that cause pain, is generally a good idea.

In light of the unsettling experience at the convocation, other students' actions off campus, and suddenly my father's parenting didn't seem so inadequate. It was during this period of reconsideration and upheaval that I received another opportunity to attend a different school, one that was affectionately or mockingly referred to as "the mother ship" in Berea, Kentucky. This prospect offered a chance to reset and in a new environment. Berea Ky, is also known for producing the O-ring that failed and destroyed the challenger shuttle. That happened at a local production plant for Parker Seal. Parker Seal once produced, most of the fire extinguisher O-rings in America, a common product found around the world.

# Chapter 5: Tales from the mother ship



When I arrived at the mother ship for 9th grade, there was a hiccup with my transcripts. Given the unique curriculum at Girard College, a school tailored for students with above-average intelligence, and considering my age, they initially placed me in the 10th grade. This was corrected within six weeks, but it shifted my social circle significantly. I had just begun to connect with the 10th graders when I was moved back to 9th grade.

Interestingly, I found the 10th graders more enjoyable—they were definitely more fun. One of the standout moments was with Jebediah, who showed me a peculiar but hilarious way to make a wish—by dropping a penny into the butt crack of a woman sitting in front of us. That lesson, albeit mischievous, taught me about the lighter side of adolescence, and things not to do. High school also had its less pleasant moments one girl tried to kill herself in the bathroom. Another classmate threw his desk across the classroom in a fit of rage. Yet, the person that did that, wasn't normally violent at all. He was generally quite funny; an especially memorable moment was when he ran around the school with a sign that said "The Juice is loose" after O.J. Simpson was acquitted.

Back then, it seemed to highlight that money could trump justice, regardless of race. High school solidified my understanding of our societal class system, particularly in Berea, Kentucky, where the disparities were glaring and even influenced by practices like redlining. It challenged many of my preconceptions and highlighted just how deeply flawed human systems can be. For the most part, I navigated high school with my headphones on, tuning out the world. When I did engage, I found myself talking too much and not listening enough. There were three girls that I collectively referred to as "Amy." Because I had a hard time remembering their names, I kept slipping

up by calling all of them "Amy" and in return, they called me that. This experience was just one of many that shaped my somewhat cynical view of interpersonal dynamics during those formative years. But after years of calling each other Amy, it actually got funny, and I liked all 3 of them. I won't pick favorites, Jocelyn, Marisa, and Amy were just wonderful people in my opinion. I apologize to them for not learning their names better, and I don't dislike them for calling me Amy, the mistake was cute to me, or it is now, some 30 years later.

My initial year at the mother ship wasn't academically intensive, and the summer didn't offer much relief as it was largely uneventful, boredom set in. However, I found my calling in community service, particularly during my time in Berea. I got involved with the Students for Appalachia program, where I met a wonderful group of college volunteers committed to making a difference. Their dedication to service deeply inspired me, and I started participating in various volunteer efforts myself. I engaged with environmentally concerned students, joined the Berea buddy program, and even tried tutoring younger children. This is all because of that first summer in Berea, as a high school student. I joined halfway through the school year, I got replaced back a grade after the first 6 weeks. It was difficult to gain friends with such a shifting environment.

While I admit not all my time was perfectly spent—I made mistakes like any other kid—the experiences were formative. Among the more memorable moments was a meeting with the loonies at their church, where the intensity of the atmosphere moved me to tears, I think I felt the presence of God, or the holy Spirit, despite my mixed feelings about religion. Witnessing people speak in tongues was particularly surreal for someone like me, who had a keen interest in role-playing games, video games, card games, mythology, and who considered

himself a recovering Catholic due to the forced compulsory nature of my religious upbringing, and time at Girard, where atheism was not only encouraged but taught, along with ancient societies. Learning how early religion evolved from leaders that slept at top of ziggurats to get closer to their God and divine the future in their dreams.

On a lighter note, my sophomore year brought me the role of basketball manager. This position, while seemingly mundane, involved responsibilities like setting up for games and managing equipment, which I took seriously, some of the time. I also seized the chance to practice my basketball skills, often shooting one handed from behind the three-point line. Our team, coached by Smallwood, consistently performed well. He wasn't just a coach but also the unfortunate soul tasked with teaching sex education in a Bible belt high school, where many believed in teaching abstinence only. Observing the challenges, he faced, and the broader debates around sex education, reinforced my belief that regardless of people's attempts to shield the youth from such topics, learning about sex is natural and, indeed, necessary. If it weren't something inherently enjoyable, we probably wouldn't exist as we do today.

Navigating the complexities of love has always been a challenge for me, and looking back, I can't confidently say I never truly found it. There were infatuations here and there, moments of deep affection, but nothing lasting or profoundly impactful. If my first memory of what I believe might have been my first death is accurate, it suggests there are some experiences I may never fully realize, at least not in the prime reality. This feels particularly poignant when I think about the many wonderful women and girls I've admired from afar. Unfortunately, I was never much of a looker, or as some might say, 'pretty,' which might have played a role in my romantic endeavors.

A lot of this goes back to my upbringing under my father's care, particularly my diet, which was far from ideal. One summer, when I was 13, my body went through significant changes—I experienced a growth spurt where I gained 50 pounds and grew several inches in three months. By the time I graduated high school, I was already 6 feet tall. However, for my license I weighed in at 205 lbs at age 16, and standing at 5 foot 10 inches—or 5 foot 11 with the right shoes. These physical transformations were abrupt and not always easy to adjust to, the sheer amount of times I fell over, or walked into things are uncountable, during these times. I'm just glad humans heal faster when younger, that helps tremendously.

I was one of the first sophomores to get my driver's license, and our school allowed for open lunches, which I took full advantage of. During the first year and half, I frequently walked up the hill to the nearby college and had chili at Cardinal Deli. Most days, I opted for a sandwich. Tuesdays were a highlight because Subway was within walking distance and offered a 'two for Tuesday' deal, making the price of a foot-long sub affordable enough to split with another person. That made it easier to share a meal with a friend or an acquaintance. The term 'friend' is weighty, and my dad always used to say I didn't really understand what a friend was. I've often referred to many people as friends, mainly because I've always wanted to have a lot of friends.

However, I've come to realize that many of these connections are more like acquaintances—ships that pass in the night, and you may never see them again. This realization has shaped how I view relationships, and the transient nature of many social interactions. Everyone likes to ask, "How are you?" but very few, really want to

know the long form answer to that question. Most days, we don't even have time to answer it, but exchanging pleasantries is often requested. If only I could have been nicer everyone I ever met, and I offer heartfelt apologies to those I offended now (at age 47), sorry it took so long. It would have also be nice, if others would have been nicer to me here. Assigning blame is rather useless though. If one must I guess, I'm the reason things didn't work out. It's so rare I meet people that raise their hand, and take the blame when they do wrong. You can't even find professional basket ball players with that level of integrity, they wouldn't be professionals if they just admitted they committed a foul, would they?

One of the more challenging aspects of my life was dealing with my father's relationship with alcohol. He often drank beer while driving, a habit I found myself correcting more than once—an action he didn't welcome coming from me. Despite my pleas for him to stop drinking, his promises to quit were always made in vain, typically while he was drunk, and he never followed through. It reached a point where I started pouring his hard liquor down the drain because he couldn't handle it; he would black out and forget the conversation we had the previous night.

The first time he caught me pouring his liquor out, I was grounded. Grounded in my room, I turned to art as an escape. I ended up painting my TV, which was a hand me down from my grandfather Elton. I painted VCR in polka dot colors with stripes an eyesore, to be sure, but it was uniquely mine and matched the TV. However, being grounded for destruction of booze led me to a more questionable form of rebellion. I began filling up his flask with liquor and selling it, along with beers, to other students during our open lunch periods at school. I only did this a few times because seeing the effect it had on



my peers —how quickly they could become drunk and out of control—made me reconsider. I didn't want to see anyone, friend or not, in that state at school.

That's not to say I swore off drinking entirely or never encouraged others to drink again in my life. There's a certain allure to the oblivion that alcohol can provide, especially when life is less than perfect. If you're in constant pain it makes sense, or inside a quantum computer that's melting your head. Life is just inherently painful though. While drinking can offer a temporary reprieve, it's far from a solution. I hope that in dealing with life's inevitable pains, others find healthier, more constructive ways to cope than I did at times, during my life, or afterlife as it seems now.

Even those who seemed to lead good lives, marked by stability or strong religious convictions, faced their own challenges. Pain, it seems, spares no one. One stark example from my time at the mother ship involved a fellow named Fritz from the soccer team. I wasn't on the team myself, but Gabe, a teammate, relayed stories that were hard to forget. One particularly harsh prank saw Fritz's underwear hoisted up the flagpole one morning. This, disturbingly, was seen as a form of camaraderie or friendship. I saw it as mockery or hazing. The school, despite its merits, wasn't without its flaws. Fights and conflicts weren't common—they are inevitable, really, as children test boundaries and make mistakes.

By the summer going into my junior year, I had formed a tight-knit and reliable group of friends. We bonded over shared interests, primarily role-playing games. Every Friday night, we'd gather for an evening of gaming and order a giant pizza from Mario's Pizza. Dubbed the Grizzly, this 20-inch pizza cost just \$10 and came with a 2-liter

soda—a deal by any measure. The uniqueness of each friend in my circle reaffirmed my belief that there really aren't any "normal" people. Everyone brought their own quirks and backgrounds to the table, enriching our interactions and making our gatherings something I looked forward to each week. This diversity, far from being a barrier, was a source of strength and a testament to the complexity of human experiences.

My core group for gaming consisted of a few key friends, each distinct in their abilities and interests. Paul was incredibly intelligent, perhaps one of the smartest people I ever met, and also one of the nicest. He scored in the 99th percentile on the ACT and was offered a full ride to MIT, but he chose to attend the University of Kentucky instead. This decision allowed him to receive a stipend for college and stay close to his family, which was important to him.

Gabe, while also very smart, had a passion for soccer and sports. He was good at many things and eventually pursued photography at Warren Wilson College. Gabe was the type of friend who was quite physical and sometimes aggressive, always standing up for those he considered friends. We had our differences, like the time we wrestled, setting rules that only one of us giving up would end the match. It was a fierce contest that lasted an hour and left us both bruised, ultimately ending in a tie because neither of us would budge.

Then there was Kenneth, who was the gentle soul of our group. He pursued an engineering degree with a focus on building and construction, which had always fascinated him. Besides being academically gifted, Kenneth was involved in sports and the school band, balancing his intellectual pursuits with physical activities.

Ben, another friend, was deeply into martial arts, a practice he had been dedicated to since childhood. Known for his reserve and intelligence, Ben had mastered control over his temper, which he once struggled with. By his senior year, he had become a third-degree black belt and my sensei. We spent many weekends practicing martial arts, helping me improve my speed and ability to block—a significant achievement for me. Our only real fight was a friendly test to see if size could outweigh speed, given my training in wrestling and grappling from my time at Girard College. I had to pick a sport for winter, so Greco wrestling was the thing that made sense to me, as I'm not good at basketball or hockey.

Navigating the frequent relocations throughout my life, somewhat like an army brat moving between cities, schools, and living situations, I developed a deep empathy for newcomers. Whether at the mother ship or any new place, I always tried to reassure new faces that the environment was welcoming, and there were good people around.

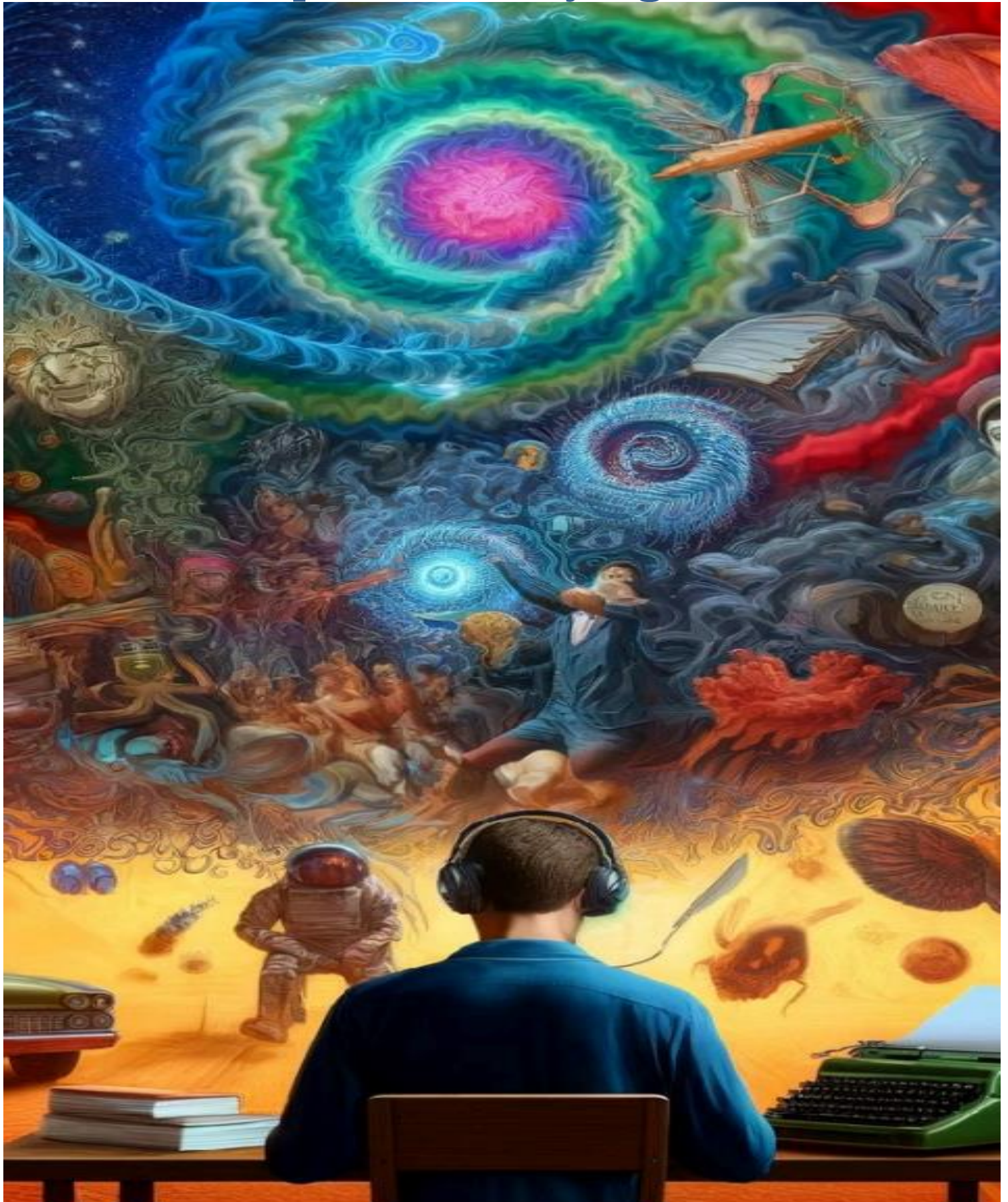
One of the more interesting individuals I met was Steve. We connected in computer class, where we quickly found common ground. We both had personal computers at home and used dial-up to access ECU's server. Back then, the internet was a vastly different landscape, nothing like today's high-speed digital world. Together, we navigated the rudimentary web, downloading games like Starship Battles and Doom. While Doom was the superior game in terms of individual engagement, it was too graphic to bring into school.

Instead, we loaded Starship Battles onto the class computers, modifying them so that anyone who finished their classwork could join us in playing. This setup not only made the class more enjoyable but also motivated others to complete their tasks quickly for some

game time. Steve and I spent many hours playing games online, learning about internet protocols, IP addresses, and how digital networks functioned. Our bond deepened over a shared personal experience—the loss of our mothers. While we seldom discussed the details of his mother's passing, the understanding that we both grew up with only our fathers created a silent thread of kinship between us. It was one of those unspoken bonds that didn't need to be constantly acknowledged to be understood, and it was significant in shaping my friendship with Steve.

Together, these individuals formed my core group of friends during those formative years. Their unique traits and shared experiences enriched my life, providing not only companionship but also important life lessons. There were others in my circle, of course, but these were the friends who really defined that period of my life.

# Chapter 6: It's dying time!



The mother ship provided a wealth of memorable experiences, ranging from the humorous to the bizarre. One such instance was our open lunch tradition, where I'd pack my truck with as many students as possible —sometimes up to 20. We'd all cram in, eager to make the most of our break and grab a Dollar Whopper from Burger King before rushing back to school. It was a logistical challenge, but those frantic, fun-filled trips are some of my favorite memories.

Then there was drama class, where I met Eddie. He was a freshman when I met him. It was his monologue about killing his neighbor, and putting him in the garbage can that made me interested in him. There was something clearly off about him, or he was incredibly creative. Not all stories from those days are light-hearted. He introduced himself as my best friend, which was an odd introduction. It gave way to a relationship that started promisingly, but took a dark turn. Specifically, with role playing. He would brag about being destructive to the party. Stealing items from characters, and claiming he wanted to kill our characters. He didn't really understand how to work with people. Then there was the way he would try to be the GM, after we kicked him out of the party. I don't think he understood that the GM, isn't suppose to win the game they are hosting? That defeats the purpose of even telling a story, if you make the characters playing lose the game intentionally.

I could delve into my senior year and other events with him, but I'm not entirely sure they actually occurred. I recall a peculiar day when rumors swirled that I was destined to thwart a school shooter or prevent some other terrible incident, and die in the process. This memory seems to converge with what might have been the last day I truly existed in what I consider my prime, or original reality.

I attempted to prevent others from using this device that I'm currently connected to. I hoped to stop it from being used on others. It may have irreparably harmed me, I know I've felt extreme sadness in this life. If my memories serve me correctly. There was a reason I experienced the life I was given, and I hope it was to save others. My life was painful enough, that I would not want others to hurt in similar ways. That's always been a thing, if you can prevent pain you probably should. Of course, if you never felt pain then would you care?

The strangeness of the computer wasn't the only thing that happened, I recall a day when I received a peculiar package while a friend—possibly Steve—was with me in the car. The package contained cashier's checks, a letter I struggled to read, and a device. This device, as it turned out, had the capability to erase memories and prevent new ones from forming. Whoever was sitting next to me used it on me and then took the package, which I subsequently cannot remember receiving, or who was actually with me, or what the letter said. It's an incredibly blurry memory. I remember driving my truck to my home and picking up the package that had been mailed. I don't remember anything else about it though.

The details of when this happened are incredibly hard to pinpoint now. So, 1995 to 1996 is my best guess, on a weekend. It was one of the Amy's that told me, I'd die this weekend at the end of our Introduction to Physics class, on a Friday. The entire day was strange beyond belief, I haven't thought back on it in quite a while. Of course, who wants to think about traumatic events every day? If you get put into another reality, after them and some of the events seem changed, then it would only drive you crazy wouldn't it? That's why this is a FICTIONAL memoir but honestly, it's the truth.

That Friday night I got to see a E-copy of this book. A great friend of mine, went over the events coming with me. Asked me if I could change any of it, would I? I naturally said yes. No one wants to die, no one wants to be forced to look into the sun, no one wants to have child porn made of them, no one wants to feel pain like I did. I however at the young age of 16 didn't truly believe that the picture of me in this E-book, at the age of 46 next to the tombstones of my mother, was truly me. I knew what the grave looked like. I recognized many of the photos in the book. I didn't know how to change my future though. Don't show up to the events, was the best plan I could think of. However, one thing always leads to another.

I got invited to the home of Vicktoria, on Saturday. Vicktoria was a strange lady, that worked at the Berea Coffee and Tea. She was into tarot cards and drinking, from what I could tell. I can't say that the Tarot truly interests me, but they are a good ice breaker, and way get to know another person a little better. That's how I got to meet Vicktoria she gave me a tarot reading. Along those lines, it's always been the same tarot reading for me, on repeat for years. The cards seem to repeat for me, so I really don't have much interest in readings anymore, it's just always the same thing. Vicktoria's apartment on Dinsmore Street, apartment number three perhaps, but likely her first apartment number 1. The conversations we had remain etched in my memory, even if the location isn't perfectly etched.

Present were Eddie, Vicktoria, myself, and a few others who drifted in and out. The evening unfolded with peculiar revelations. During the gathering that night on the back porch, I was shown a post I had supposedly made on a thing called Facebook. I was shown posts about marrying Vicktoria, I saw one of lottery numbers, and told to



memorize a number for 20 years later on my birthday, I can tell you now, that doesn't work. I saw plenty of posts about other improbable topics, I even got to see tarot readings that I made in march of 2024, For YouTube. I've recently done those in 2024, It was just a simple project to do video editing with AI actors, with AI generated scripts, and AI text to voice functions. It really isn't much, but Eddie told me I was coming into my power during that time, when I started doing the tarot readings with a blue aura on them.

He was always a giant jerk. That was just him though. Always bragging that he knew more than others, because he had access to information. He was always a liar, and that's why I'm fairly sure, I'm not the only one he tried to murder. I assume that I'm not the only one, he did tie up the time traveler, and put him in the closet. Of course, Eddie said a lot of strange things to me, and he was a bit of a strange character in general. In the hallways of the school, near the locker rooms he once said he was 20 years old. According to school records, he was supposed to be younger than me, he was a registered freshman in high school when I met him. I don't know why he would grace my presence or try to make child porn of me, but he did. The lengths he must have gone to, just to do all this. I can't Fathom? I don't know why, or where Eddie actually came from. I don't know why he said that night on Vicktoria's porch that he wanted to fix what went wrong between us? I don't know why I believed him?

The style of the writing Eddie showed me on the cell phone from the future was alien to my own. I had seen this book, or one very similar the night prior, and still didn't believe I had written any of it. Yet now that I have, I know why it doesn't sound like me. I used AI in parts of it, to clean up the verbiage and add descriptors. Using it to augment my inner voice, masks how I truly write. That's what made

me skeptical of any involvement that I might have had with anything I was shown. More problems I had accepting that any this was real, was that Facebook had yet to be created, and I couldn't accept I had done something, before I literally did it. Some of the posts I saw that night, I immediately deleted after posting, bringing into the question of freewill. Certain things, I just couldn't stop from doing, but I managed to delete after the fact of doing them. That's not a lot, but it's a attempt to keep from doing some of the same things again.

There are a lot of things in this life, that just don't make sense. I don't think they have to, but the order of events does matter. There is no way I can just remember something before it happens, is there? Then again, I've had some extreme moments of Deja-Vu in this current life. I hope, there is no reason to assume that something will happen, because you saw the outcome. If you do know something horrible is going to happen, and you still partook in doing it, why? I ponder this one a lot. Why did I even go talk to Eddie on Sunday? I was promised, that we could find a better way. Lies, it was lies. I thought he actually would help, I thought he could tell the truth and find a positive way to advert the things to come, and not do evil.

Saturday night during our discussion, Eddie added another layer of intrigue by confessing, he had stolen a phone back from Steve Friday night, by breaking into an apartment while Steve was distracted. The details he shared connected some confusing dots, explaining how certain people seemed to know about events before they occurred, at school on Friday. Saturday night Eddie claimed he was trying to help, assuring me we would be "BFFs"—best friends forever. However, the next encounter on Sunday at his house did not fortify that claim.

The so-called time traveler, who disturbingly claimed to be an older version of myself, shared foreboding details about upcoming events. We took a car ride, during which he unveiled a scenario that I found deeply unsettling, and how I was likely to die, but he had a basic plan to try and avert it. This was while Eddie Kuhn was out spray painting “free candy” on white vans. I'm still here, reflecting on those events after the fact, seemingly, very much alive. However, I doubt this is prime reality. Actually, I think we all know. This is not prime reality, and we are 99.99999999999999% empty space, when we investigate or look down to the lowest levels of this reality. If you are one of the people on the holodeck. Does it help to know, you aren't real? I don't think so, and I usually don't let it bother me. As I doubt even the prime reality I came from is real. Time travelers were involved, so? What are the odds that was a real reality to begin with?

Saturday night, as it was often the case at Vicktoria's, alcohol was involved. She had always been a drinker that took advantage of younger men. Despite me being underage with a distaste for alcohol I indulged in the revelry. That didn't happen till after meeting the alternate / older version of myself that night. I ended up learning harsh lessons about overindulgence, including blurry memories, as I got to have my first hangover the next morning. After too much drinking — Vicktoria taught me, that a shot of whatever ailed you followed by sleep was the remedy, though I learned the hard way first. Initially I refused more alcohol and chose drinking water. That only led to more vomiting in the bushes. Compounded by the night's drama. Being confronted with a chilling prediction about my immediate future, before the drinking began, By the time traveler. Hence the drinking, if you're likely to die, might as well get drunk as you can, vomit and learn. Who really wants to die, I couldn't help but get shitfaced after being confronted with a death that I didn't want? I

know I still don't want to die, even though I'm likely already dead while writing this.

Recent developments have led me to question the very nature of this reality. The cellphone, purportedly from the future, was not the only advanced technology I encountered. It was merely the first glimpse into a world of "gadgetry" that seemed to stretch the bounds of what I thought possible, leaving me to ponder the true nature of my existence and the reality I inhabit. The events that followed that strange and ominous evening were even more harrowing and surreal.

Sunday afternoon I headed to Eddie's house, on Apache Drive, just outside of Berea city limits. A home marked by its slightly cracked concrete steps. Eddie was acting incredibly erratic, aggressive, and I couldn't fathom why? The prior night, I thought we had agreed to fix the situation, to not do anything drastic? Perhaps, it was repercussions from accessing the cellphone that could have altered timelines. Despite his agitated state, ranting about nonsensical things, screaming about the steps at his house, I tried to calm him down, I told him that he didn't have to do things, just because he read them on a cell phone. I tried to convince him, not to do what comes next.

He said he all kinds of nonsensical crap to me, about how if he shared the information with me, he'd have to kill me if I didn't do as he said. He tried to get me to cut my hand and do a blood oath with him, to see what was in his bed room. I refused, spat a goober in my hand, and said we could shake on it. He turned that down, so I offered him a pinky promise instead and lied about how those are the most influential promises that exist. Those aren't worth anything but don't let him know. He wasn't going to get me to agree, to promise him anything, without knowing why. So, I followed him Inside, he took me

to his room where the peculiar activities escalated. He showed me the cellphone again, insisting I read a specific section of text repeatedly. About some maze, that drove him crazy? Something he said I wrote to him, or for him. It made no sense to me, and he wanted me to explain it. Currently, I know the maze text that I had AI write one night, while highly agitated at him, recently. I don't know why he thinks, I would share it with him? Sometimes, people do things and it has no bearing or meaning for anyone.

After each reading of the nonsensical script that chatgpt 4.0 wrote, he would shock me with a device that he referred to as a "forget-me stick," demanding I memorize and understand the text, despite the repeated zaps to the head that disoriented me, and that also kept me from creating memories, he'd yell at me for not being able to memorize the thing I just read. Amidst this chaos, I was wearing an earpiece given to me by the man claiming to be an older version of myself from the previous night. Though it was meant to offer some protection, the earpiece failed as Eddie forced me into further degradation and humiliation.

The situation reached a disturbing climax when Eddie compelled me to perform degrading acts while he videotaped them, and got a massive erection boasting about his joy, in making child porn, he even went so far as to tell me he was dripping pre-cum, from the event. I'd describe the acts he made me perform, but it's pornographic and twisted. The sense of helplessness was overwhelming, tears streaming down my face. I couldn't fathom why, but he started orgasming in his pants at that point, as he made me sing a Childs song for him. He was so proud of himself, and it was disgusting to me.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. The voice through the earpiece—my supposed future self—urged me to escape, and take the phone with me. However, it was at this point that Eddie realized I had an earpiece on, and he confiscated it. I was disoriented, and compromised from all the zaps to the head from the “forget-me-stick” I could barely stand up, without holding onto something, my attempts were feeble and failed. As I struggled to leave the house, the older version of myself somehow managed to break into the house. He tried to intervene and end the madness.

My future self who was now physically trying to rescue me. Led to my attempts to halt the conflict, insisting that we didn't need to hurt anyone, this only complicated the situation, giving Eddie the upper hand. Freaky Eddie incapacitated both of us, and in a bewildering sequence, used what he called his "Eye of Zoron," further muddling my memories. Amid the chaos, the older version of myself ended up tied up in a closet, a scene I reluctantly contributed to under duress, and being hypnotized is the best way to describe it. The situation escalated later when the captor's mother came home.

Freaky Eddie, continuing his spree of unsettling behavior, took the camera and began recording more disturbing events upstairs. He directed me to stand over someone—The details are incredibly hazy, clouded by stress and confusion—and in a horrific moment, he either splattered blood all over me or coerced me into threatening and perhaps harming his mother or future version of myself? I'm still not certain to this day, but he wanted me to kill someone with a large brick, and crush their skull. I am almost certain, that I threw the brick to the side of the persons head. The horror of the situation overwhelmed me, and tears were an uncontrollable response to the madness unfolding around me. Trapped in a nightmare, manipulated

into actions far beyond my moral compass, I felt helpless and terrified. Freaky Eddie's behavior, dangerously unhinged, pushed the boundaries of reality into something grotesque and frightening, marking the darkest chapter of my life.

The aftermath was chaotic. Overwhelmed by the intensity and confusion. The constant zaps to the head from the “forget-me-stick”. The next thing I can remember was that I found myself outside, Eddie instructing me to look directly at the sun—an act no one would willingly comply with. Yet I did, until I could no longer see. Blinded and disoriented, I managed to stagger back to my truck, as Freaky Eddie instructed. He told me to drive home blind. As I sat there, trying to comprehend the nightmarish reality, someone tapped on my window, asking if I was alright. I remember mumbling something, possibly about calling the police, before I felt compelled to drive away. My vision was severely impaired; it was like looking through a frosted window with only a sliver clear at the bottom. Everything in my center view was blacked out.

The drive away from that nightmare is still a desperate blur, my mind struggling to piece together the fractured events, and what this meant for my new altered reality, possibly blinded forever. As I drove, barely able to see, my vision was limited at best, making everything appear as if it were shrouded in silver. Gradually, my sight improved. Familiarity with the roads helped me navigate effectively, allowing me to avert at least one car accident, however I do believe I tapped the bumper of the car parked in front of my truck, leaving Freaky Eddie's house.

At this point, everything is horribly unclear. However, that makes sense to me now. When advanced technology, such as a quantum

computer with a specific script written for you to partake in is involved, that can alter your perception, of course it would try to keep you from remembering the events factually, as the reality I came from conflicts with the story that I was supposed to participate in. So to the best of my current memory, this is how everything actually happened, in prime reality.

After driving about a mile away from my torturer's house, I remembered what had just transpired. I regained control of my actions to some degree, and memories. There was a fight, possibly a fire. I seem to remember that I went back, and I was beaten up rather severely. A neural headpiece was put on me. This all happened after I removed it from the older version of myself that was trapped in the closet. His initial response to having it ripped off his head, was threatening to kill me, for removing it, as there's a certain pain involved with removing it like that, and I have experienced that pain as well. I told him I could put it back on him, and he naturally said "NO!!!" in a yelling fashion.

I hope, I was rescued to some degree. I feel that I must currently have that device connected to my head now, sedating me as I hope I'm being taken to an emergency room? There's an odd memory, of waking up screaming in the vehicle of my rescuers, and realizing the pain in the device, and the removal of it, is far less painful than what I am experiencing in what I refer to as the prime reality.

However, these memories could be caused by the headpiece that was put on my head after I returned to Freaky Eddie's home. There are painful moments in life, and I do currently have a metal ankle, that I walked on while it was broken. "floppy foot" is what I referred to it as, after breaking it. It required surgery and I had a rod put through it



after that, but I can walk now, and only required a cane for 5 years. If I really did turn around and go back, my vision was not good enough to see much or have a fight, but if people were struggling in the house and more torture was going on, it would have been the right thing to do.

Heading back in, trying to save lives is the right thing to do. I seem to remember something like this happening (roughly 30 years later) more vividly than when I discussed it in the past with others. I really think, I returned to try and rescue everyone from a fire, but got hurt severely in the process. Current events seem a little too memorable for me. I know that the quantum computer was fire proof, that what I was told right before it was put on my head, and there was a fire in the house.

So, after going blind staring into the sun, driving off and coming back to the house on fire, the fight, and the broken bones, I remember being dragged to a van. I was in tremendous pain, every jolt a fresh reminder of my injuries. The rough hands of my Saviors offered no comfort as they hauled me towards the vehicle. Each step sent a shockwave of agony through my shattered body, but I fought to stay conscious, knowing that to succumb would be to lose entirely.

They threw me into the back of the van, the metal floor cold against my skin. Every bump in the road jostled my broken bones, amplifying the pain. I tried to move, to find a position that offered some relief, but it was impossible. The van's interior was dimly lit, the shadows playing tricks on my mind. I could hear muffled voices, their words indistinct over the roar of the engine.

In the midst of this suffering, they placed the quantum computer's headpiece on me. The familiar cold touch of the device was almost a relief, a distraction from the physical pain. As it powered up, I felt a strange pull, like being submerged in water. The pain dulled slightly, replaced by a disorienting sensation of being somewhere else.

That's how I got here, or into this reality. Since I have been here, well. Strange things just happen, mostly of a sexual nature. I think like most things humans do with technology, it revolves around porn. The internet was originally 90% porn pages when it initially started. I'd assume quantum computer generated stories would revolve around that as well. I'll not discuss the curse I picked up, while writing this book the first time. It revolved around my sex drive, didn't make sense and I called it the "Cleanliness is Godliness" curse. Some things just aren't in the realm of known physics in this story. I'm okay with that, but the advanced technology that was used against me during this story that has been created, seems a bit much.

**\*\*Theory Two: \*\*** I died in a car wreck on the way home, and could be in purgatory. I have memories of putting the headpiece on in my twenties and dying again in the program. Each time I die, I seem to wake up in bed the next day with little to no memory of how it happened, and everything that happened, feels like a dream as I awake alive again. Certain conversations during my current life are hard to remember, due to how unbelievably strange they are / were.

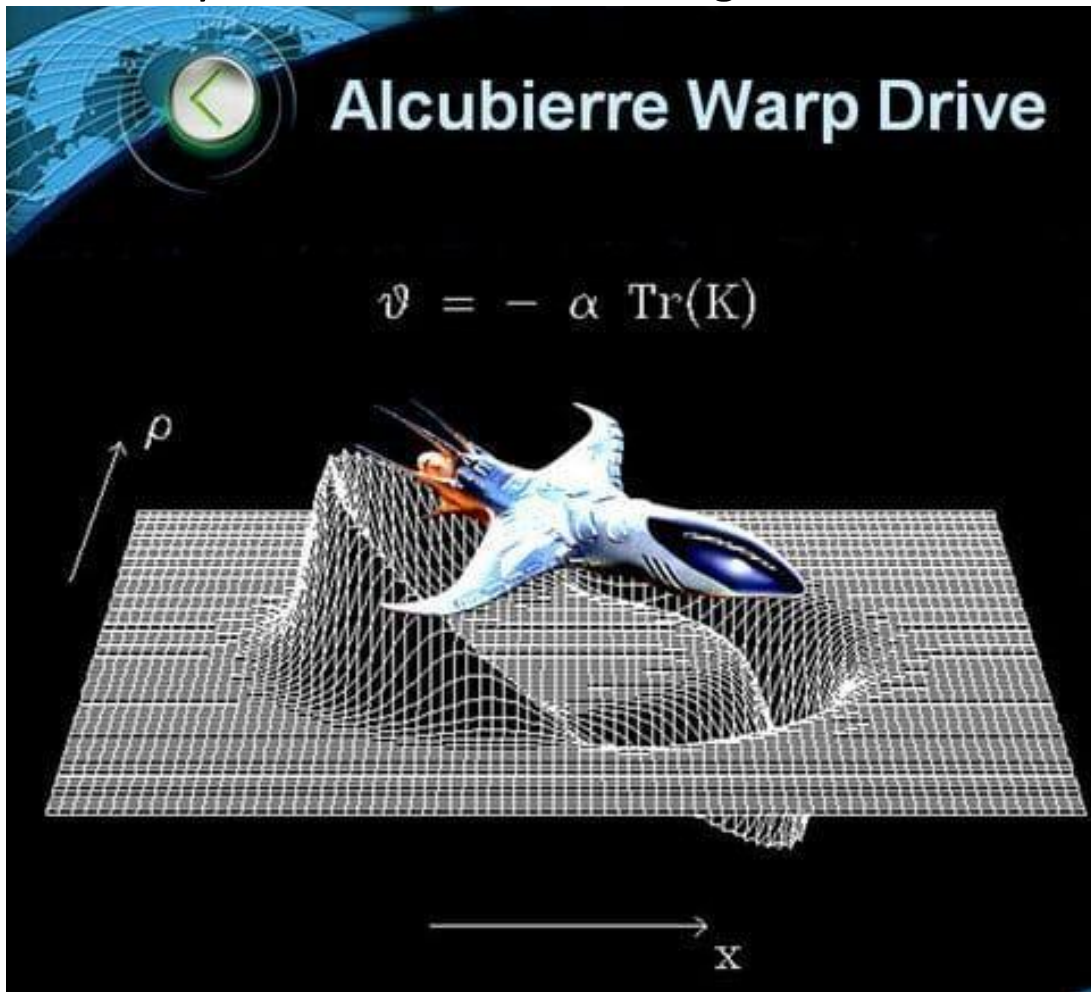
Not that the idea of living in a simulation / purgatory / heaven, is an easy idea to accept. Life is much easier if you just assume this is normal and don't think about it.

**\*\*Theory Three: \*\*** Since moments in my life seem almost entirely scripted, I doubt I have ever been in prime reality ever. I've been around others that have seen the cell phone multiple times throughout my past, though they'd deny it if asked, and I've seen people working on a computer scripting my life before. I believe I saw the computer that can do it, at Freaky Eddies apartment Baldwin, at the house on Apache drive, and in my home on forest St. I've put this head piece on several times... I actually got to see the program and computer multiple times, and I denied that for years after reentering the system. I really don't seem to get knowledge of what happened in my prior lives till I start getting close to ejection time, or the thing is coming to a wrap, it seems. Almost like the system or game itself is prepping me to return to my prime body.

## Chapter 7: Oddities and Anomalies



Just to put it here... the warp drive formula, that can supposedly go faster than light itself. Since I am mentioning time travel, I should at least give sources. Prior to putting the headpiece on, whether it be the first, second, or third time I have in this life. I assume that I was in prime reality once, and that all my memories were mine, and are basically documented here. This isn't the first time I've written these events. It just seems to be something that I am compelled to do. I have willingly put the headpiece on before, to do work for Freaky Eddie apparently. He wanted me to write a play, or something of value to sale for him. I tried to edit the machine, and that was met with a certain inability for me. But how the device made it back in time to me, is beyond me. However currently, this formula is working in simulations.



There have been events in my life that utterly defy explanation, if we were to consider life strictly through the lens of current scientific understanding. For instance, take time travel: scientifically, it's not achievable yet, but we have theories on how

we might bend time and space to move from point A to point B faster than light. These ideas remain purely theoretical and untested, at least to public knowledge. Yet the mathematical formulas exist, and computer simulations seem to be garnering some beneficial results currently. The old Nazi Bell experiments also exist, and the research was either destroyed or it went away, and no nation claims to know where those scientists went?? That mystery may never be solved??

Reflecting on my earliest memories, such as the incident where I was peeing on an electric fence, I realize these stories often involved an audience. I left out mentioning a relative who accused me of not actually jumping during that shock. Of course, when you're being shocked and simultaneously peeing on something electric, jumping isn't really an option. That embellishment was added for dramatic effect and to enhance the storytelling. However, it was pointed out to me that I lied, when telling the story. So, congratulations on, bending time and space to find a small discrepancy. That's a big waste of time, but congratulations to the person that called me out on it, ahh. Good job I suppose?

After my mother's death, there were multiple instances that suggested someone was stalking me, or possibly my entire family. The introduction of a futuristic phone, which occurred at my Uncle Renee's house in Marksville, before my grandfather Elton passed away. I vividly recall a knock at the door and someone claiming to be me arriving to visit the family. My cousin Sean answered the door, and he read many, if not all, messages on the phone. This situation disturbingly escalated into bullying directed at a young child just starting his life. As a result, I've lost all respect for that part of my family. Although I sometimes question the reality of

these current events and their significance. The bullying began shortly after my mother's death, diminishing any respect I might have held for those involved. Their actions compounded my disdain, especially after they contributed to my father's recent decline—forcing him into diapers and robbing him of the ability to walk, a capability I had helped him regain through two years of diligent physical therapy. From death bed with pee pads, awake 4 hours a day to climbing stairs is what I accomplished, and practicing walking on a cane. Now my father, the person I promised to protect, as he saved my life before is in diapers and requires help standing again. All after I was also drugged in my home and humiliated yet again, by forces or people that tried to steal, and did steal everything from me. I think I tried to remove this sector once from the program, I don't think that went well, as this play thru- it was worse than before, and my head could focus even less.

During a discussion in Sicily Island for Mardi Gras, a family member critiqued my handling of my ChatGPT logs versus the book, suggesting the entries in the book lacked sufficient detail—a criticism I accept, as I currently and intentionally omitted many aspects of my life, choosing instead to highlight only certain peaks and valleys.

Also, many introduction conversations often seem to repeat themselves, and despite sharing aspects of my interests, such as tarot cards. Please realize, I don't hold a genuine fascination with tarot cards, I like practicing with AI video / audio / text to characters. This reflection has prompted me to reconsider, what I should share and focus on moving forward. I've waited long enough to tell my story. Most of the pieces of the puzzle, of what happened, how such devices could exist are almost here, and many

the things I discussed will be developed in the coming years. Colorado has already put forth a law, to keep people from reading their minds with computers. Laws never come before technology, and some of the devices that I have seen for sale, are already hijacking neural pathways to inject false senses of touch.

There are events I've witnessed that I'm reserving for future books—moments that truly challenge my perceptions of reality. Observing how people react when confronted with phenomena that seemingly shouldn't exist has been enlightening. In my experiences, denial has often been my response. Some people have taken time to tell me that several times already, as I could not process what they were discussing. I was simply trying to live my life, in a normal fashion. Apparently, my life isn't normal, but how could it be, as I am apparently in a quantum computer that is running multiple storylines at the same time.

There's also the troubling behavior of Freaky Eddie, who, after purportedly ending my life and attempting to blind me, failed in his efforts across all realities I've experienced. Contrary to his intentions, my vision actually improved as I drove away from the incident, and continued to get better over time. Despite this, Eddie has inflicted significant harm upon me, having killed me twice in what I perceive as this ongoing simulation. He keeps reintroducing himself to me, and I just don't know how to take it. Currently and forever more, it's to just never discuss anything with him, his current mental state is incredibly fragmented, and he has noodle brain from decades of drinking, most people don't recover from that, and as he loses his ability to think clearly and remember anything.



I rather enjoy knowing it will only get worse for him, at his own hands. Last time I talked to him, he had just tried to shoot himself in the head. He apparently plays Russian roulette alone, and has failed 3 times so far, to win a game. I wish him luck, maybe next time he can win, and get a hole in his head?

Ironically, I have found myself preventing him from being harmed on three separate occasions, I'm done with that. These experiences have painted a complex and often distressing picture of human interactions, and the unexpected cycles of violence and mercy. In closing, I want to express my gratitude for your time spent reading and engaging with my life's stories. I hope you have a wonderful day and that the reality we share is filled with joy and peace, for the most part. My parting advice is to strive to right wrongs, forgive others, and be a better person whenever possible.

However, it's also crucial not to let yourself be taken advantage of— recognize when enough is enough, and don't hesitate to speak up about injustices. Make your voice heard, and remember, if you find you cannot, there are others who will stand and speak. Interestingly, in one of my experiences or dreams, I even witnessed a version of myself trying to murder Freaky Eddie, I simply left that situation, I hope that was merely a dream, but in this complex tapestry of life and reality, who truly knows, I know I saw the end screen of life, and was killed after that. If you think I'm crazy, that's fine.

This is the main reason I believe that, none of this is real and my objective is to find a way to get my hands on one of these quantum computers in the coming years, and learn to use it. That way when I return to one of the two possible realities, that I think

prime is in, I can work on the computer and correct this story, so it's more enjoyable to play, and perhaps just build a better world for all that inhabit the shared reality.