Well, I could pop off at any point in my story.

I think I’ll start off with antitheological myra Walsh. She says that she isn’t antitheological however I disagree. If she wasn’t antitheological than she wouldn’t stab the natural effigy of me in the plant world, SJW, with a needle filled with the antichrist’s poison of choice, the neuroleptic. I speak figuratively here. There are plenty of liturgical voodoo dolls online, it just so happens that myra, in her stupidity and curiousity, fell upon one and because of it’s power, albeit it being finite and antichristian (antitheological), which was way above her rank as a mere whelp of the devil, she was enamoured by it and uses it to stab me when I transfer my best statements into her scheema.

SJW and me have such an affinity because it is a cure all. That’s why myra’s world is against it. It represent’s jade as opposed to marijuana, which represents wisdom. Jade is all about positivity, imagination and unbiased Love which is encapsulated by SJW capsules.

I take SJW, not because I want to get ‘high’ in the classical sense but because they like a direct hook like on dock loader of FF7 which hooks me up and lifts me out of the world. This is seen as a pathological state by myra’s world and so it is attacked and utterly condemned by it. Amen.

O how I’d love to take bags of sjw and paint the walls but it get me into trouble with myra’s world. She says she’s a mother, however it see he in line with the same line as the antichrist. Last time I had an encounter with one of ‘em I surmised that hiss stance was sorta like, right….you know how the star wars writing at the start of a star wars movie disappears into a focal point, well I see the body of the antichrist utterly I line with its travel line. And so to myra. The only difference being that myra extends hands of love as she heads toward pedition. But really? What can she give me expect pork shit? She is antichristian and antitheologicial and worships the toil of her hands. Which is, in essene, pig shit.

When I left Rowan 1 after spending three months battling Hellens, all she wanted to talk about was the shit she has to deal with because of the states of some of her clientel’s addresses. Go figure.

I honestly feel tethered to the woman, umbilically, but still by a mystkal umbilical cord, one that I am wary of cising. What do you guys think?

“O Jay! AS your wife, I have to feed you an Organic Avacado with all of the trimmings which you desire for this, this prose. It is amazing! Simply amazing.

I response to your Mother, erm….well let me start with the mystikal umbilical cord. You do understand that you are your own man, right?” Yea, ‘course. Then do *YOU* believe that you need untethering?” Yes, I do, but in all honesty wif, last time I did fully untether, I regrettedthe choice because she turned into a beast and caused me nothing but trouble in my scheema of things. “But you do understand that she is a beast at core, hence the reason she and the antichrist agree on so so much! And I might be as brave, god-willing….” “SPEAK, DAUGHTER! SPEAK!” To say that if you’re brave enough to untether from that beast, then you’ll leave the system ever-so-more expediently than you can fathom at this juncture in space time. Amen?” Amen. I guess I’m just that bit afraid of cutting ALL ties to the world at the moment, and feel safer having a rope attached to the buoy of in the tempest, rather than let the rugged, wild waves overcome me and drag me down into the Final Fantasy OCEAN or even Star Ocean….ummm….But really this is fabricated nonsense, is it not? “Quite! Agreed upon!” Revealer Ji’breel.