This famous photo is called "The Blue Marble". It was claimed to be taken on December 7, 1972, (the thirtieth Anniversary of Pearl Harbor), by either Ron Evans or Harrison Schmitt aboard the Apollo 17 spacecraft on its way to the Moon:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Blue_Marble#/media/File:The_Earth_seen_from_Apollo_17.jpg

This is supposedly showing the face of a totally lighted daytime globe.

And this is what all should be lighted and shown on a daytime globe during the seventh hour of a twenty-four-hour cycle of the correct date of December 7, 1972:

https://www.timeanddate.com/worldclock/sunearth.html?month=12&day=7&year=1972&hour=7&min=0&sec=0&n=&ntxt=&earth=0

This fraudulent and disproportionate photograph of the Earth by NASA is claiming that only Africa and parts of the Middle East are experiencing day while both the large continents of Asia, Australia, North America, and South America are experiencing night, while also Europe is located where the North Pole should be, as Antarctica is very much still at the bottom of the globe. Apparently, Asia, which is extremely large, is either sloping down the side of the globe, or else wrapping around the globe to meet the west side of Africa, so who knows where North America and South America are supposed to fit into this picture, especially Greenland.

You think that you're defending science, but they are all Christian scientists, organized criminals, human traffickers, and sociopaths! They are similar to the people who persecuted Galileo Galilei, but much worse!

Everyone worldwide is being voyeured and sexually abused, especially children, and all dangerous criminals, even those incarcerated, even if appearing to be doing nothing, even if seen unarmed, are an immediate physical threat to the public!

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO DO WITH THIS INFORMATION IS TO SPREAD IT TO AS MANY OTHER PEOPLE AS YOU CAN, AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

Every single criminal, incarcerated or not, even if appearing to be do nothing, is an immediate threat to the public, especially sexual deviants. Every single sexual deviant, even if never convicted of a sex crime, is an immediate threat to the public also.

They are using human trafficking to keep their fraud concealed. This same human trafficking is used to run the world and their governments.

NASA is the epidemy of rape culture, and, as ridiculous as it might sound at first, because of Operation Paper Clip they are also basically the Nazi Party.

They mainly wanted satellites to use maser instruments to perform this human trafficking! The only thing not fictional about the space programs are their rockets placing orbital satellites in the Earth's higher atmosphere.

This is the link for the Wikipedia page for the maser: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maser

Because of these idiots any dangerous person has possibly entered your life and the lives of your loved ones without you knowing it, watching you through your own eyes, plus the eyes of others, and experiencing exactly what you and others experience. They can also transfer their mentality and thoughts to yours, completely effecting your decision making and altering your mindset.

The maser is a precursor to the laser that was documented to be first built by Charles H. Townes, James P. Gordon, and Herbert J. Zeiger at Columbia University in 1953. They work on microwaves and radio waves,

so they function outside of the visible light spectrum and produce invisible laser beams. Most people think lasers simply produce concentrated light, but the product is a line of electro-magnetic radiation oscillating back and forth, so they are just basically alternating current electrical wires, and maser beams are basically the same, but not visible. So, masers create what are invisible electrical wires. The human body, and most all complex life, works on electro-chemical processes called galvanism: your whole nervous system functions on galvanism, including your brain. Maser instruments can do many insane things, including manipulating your galvanism to control your thought processes, feelings, emotions, opinions, and even your motor functions. They can connect to all your electronic devices, and power them, if one so wished. A maser's beam can possibly move through anything undetected, including your body (just as radio waves do), and a lead shelter likely would not even protect you. (Do not start wearing tinfoil, as it will do nothing to protect you and will only make you look ridiculous.) A trick that they use is to have several masers shoot weaker beams that intersect into a concentrated point with more energy: this tactic makes it so you would not feel the beam on your outer skin, but it might be causing you alterations, discomfort, or pain in your body.
If used in the right hands, this tactic of intersecting the beams could do amazing things, such as power your electrical devices from a wall plug, give a jump to your broke down vehicle, have police, medical, and, or, firefighter responders able to work on a scene of emergency almost immediately, clear a path in a person's obstructed airway without performing a tracheostomy, even if a person is bound within a damaged vehicle or building, control, damn, and stop a person's internal bleeding, cauterize wounds, control the body of a dangerous person in order to stop them from causing harm, know if a criminal has committed a crime by connecting outside persons' brains to their brain, likely create fully functional manufactured eyes that have a camera with masers connected to a person's occipital lobe, create better hearing aids that connect to auditory portions of the brain, likely create many other fully mechanical prosthetics that function on brain signals, possibly reconnect a paraplegic person's severed nerve signals in their spine, or create a connection with maser instruments between severed nerves, completely block out sensation from an area in a person's body, interfere with a person's nerve signals to make an area of their body feel a normal and healthy sensation in a painful or damaged area, such as for burns, back aches, and diseases, even colds and sinus infections, possibly clear plaque from a person's heart and push it to the epidermis through the capillaries, definitely perform other complex interior bodily surgeries on a person without making a single exterior incision, cure impotence, destroy kidney stones, etc.

Some sources of information might mislead you, as your brain does work on electro-chemical processes and masers do function on radio waves, too.

Just as radio waves move through people constantly while not causing cancer, the beams of the masers will not cause cancer, but I'm certain are able to purposely create cancerous growths, if criminals desire. Abilities of maser instruments could likely result in better treatment to cancer patients, especially providing an ability to kill cancerous cells within the body, including cancer cells in formerly impossible and dangerous to reach places where surgery was once too risky.

The instruments can also clear bowel obstructions and clear a person's bowels, but, unfortunately, they can also cause bowel obstructions. They can also clear all the wax of a person's ears, and they have many orthodontic and dental benefits, too. Again, the maser instruments can also destroy teeth and gums, too.

It is possible to have medical and other types of check-ups done from the comfort of a person's home, and even have surgeries performed in the comfort of a person's own chair or bed someday.

The instruments are able to physically scan and know the shape of everything in the area. There are many benefits to this, such as having scanners near buildings, police stations, schools, and airports, that can read the shape of a gun or knife on a person, even discovering what exact type of weapon that a person is holding. They can also survey a grave for buried contents. Their use in fishing is a bit of an off-putting idea, because the masers would work to well, bringing in large amounts of fish if desired, making fishing too successful, even making it by far easier to find such things as an extremely valuable million-dollar tuna fish. Another benefit is being able to explore the deep sea with it, probably neurologically connecting to the many different forms of life within it.

I have an idea to have three buttons that are labeled for police, medical, or hazard, and when pressed they will have police technicians, medical technicians, or fire fighter technicians neurologically connect to the person who pressed the button to get immediate assistance. These can be made available in vehicles, especially police, medical, and fire fighting vehicles to ask for additional help. A government website could also be made that simply just has the three buttons listed on it, and when clicked they will call for help.
More than one button can be pressed if a situation demands two or all three forms of technicians.
If a person presses the button, they give permission for the responder to neurologically connect to them, even if inside a private residence.

This will assist to prevent swatting.

It is even possible to have future video games and electronics controlled by masers connected to a person's brain and moved through neurological signals.
I like to call this concept of entertainment working through masers connected to the nervous system "neurotainment."

Organized criminals, and criminals in general, especially want to hide the maser instruments' ability to survey another person's mind. The world leaders are all involved in organized crime with each other, especially including illegal war profiteering, so they do not want the public to be aware of the technology, too.
With the maser equipment, it is possible to sweep the globe, removing every child pervert, rapist, sociopath, and psychopath from it, even if they have yet to commit such a crime as assault, rape, or murder, and I assure you that they are innately born with their personality to such a status.

A proper map showing a tree of the world's problems would have the fact that people are born child perverts, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths as the tree's thickest root.

Several parties are using maser instruments to extort and human traffic other people, and, as they are an immediate organized threat to others, they have created a situation where they no longer have rights as people, as, no matter what, they are a risk of harm to the public. They are a danger to law enforcement, who they are immediately causing a threat to also, and even if incarcerated, the criminal could be communicating through the use of maser instruments to deadly terrorist cells instructions to harm any possible person of the public, or they could have their brain connected to others in order to do harm to people.

All dangerous criminals are an immediate threat to the public at this time, including those incarcerated, as they can have their brain connected to outside parties of the public. This also includes released sex offenders.

Jeffrey Epstein was more than likely killed using maser technology: the camera watching his jail cell was attacked and broken by masers, the guards had the signals in their brain interrupted to give them a very tired feeling and also possibly controlled their decision making, and then those using the technology controlled Jeffrey Epstein to commit suicide. They not only could have controlled his motor functions, but it is also possible for them to have altered his emotional state.

NO COURT TRIALS ARE BEING LEGALLY RAN AT THE MOMENT, as all parties that could be involved in a court trial are under the threat of extortion through maser technology and also face the duress of just having their bodies' galvanisms manipulated by an outside party to act against their will in a puppet-like manner! All judges, lawyers, juries, law enforcement, defendants, and plaintiffs can be having their bodies controlled!

The abilities of masers could also highly determine future court cases, knowing whether a person is guilty or not through connecting to the brain of the accused.

The media falls under such extortion and duress also, hence why it is difficult to spread information about the abilities of masers and space fraud!

THE L.D.S. CHURCH, THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, WALT DISNEY CO., AND THE FIELD OF PSYCHIATRY ARE EXTREMELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SITUATION:

The L.D.S. Church is just a large extortion racket! Hughes Aircraft Company was highly involved in the space program and built the first geostationary satellites in the early '60s, and their laboratories created the first laser in 1960. Howard Hughes also had an almost entirely L.D.S. board of directors working for him. The chairman of this board of directors was an L.D.S. man named Frank William Gay, who placed together an inner circle of people working for Howard Hughes that were stupid enough to even call themselves the "Mormon Mafia." As a laser is a more advanced piece of equipment than the maser, the engineers and scientists in the company's laboratories must have been aware of the potentials of the maser. It is my deduction that at some point Howard Hughes must have acknowledged to his board of directors that he wished to use the masers to show an innatehood in homosexuality and criminally minded people, because the creation of these inventions coincided with him entering his reclusive phase, which lasted until the end of his life. As a claim of innatehood in human sexuality would have most certainly disagreed with the L.D.S. faith, I believe that they held Howard Hughes under duress and began sexually abusing him with the very maser equipment in hopes to show the heterosexual Howard Hughes that homosexuality is not innate as he believed. A key piece of evidence to this is that he was said to be watching the film Ice Station Zebra hundreds of times, which was a poorly received film with the gay lead actor Rock Hudson on a submarine, and the film having an entirely male cast. Howard Hughes was also constantly near naked on a bed, making me certain that they had people using maser instruments to connect to him and masturbate through him. Plus, a fake will appeared after Howard Hughes died that showed him to leave most everything to the L.D.S. Church in order to make it seem like they could have not have just as easily had him make a real one doing just that through their extortion. James C. Fletcher, President of the University of Utah from 1964 to 1967 and then two time Administrator for NASA from 1971 to 1977 and 1986 to 1989 was also L.D.S., which too shows them guilty of the above, as an L.D.S. man was leading the fraud of the space agency. Also, most people claim the Elizabeth Smart kidnapping was a hoax with good cause. Her just waking up in good health and taking a picture for the news with her parents in their driveway the day after being found already is enough to conclude so. But the reason they did it was so she could be a faulty advocate against child rape and kidnapping who does not press for the death penalty, while also making the L.D.S. Church appear as if it is not doing the same thing and much worse to people and their children using maser technology. In all fairness, they could have caused the child rape and kidnapping to occur through other people using the maser instruments, though.

There is a classification of entertainment I call "mano nera entertainment." It is a type of work that somehow conveys or conveyed actual past, present, or future crimes that have occurred, had occurred, or will occur, with the crime mostly being unknown to or unacknowledged by the public, often with the indications made through subtext or through its production. People often get treated as if they are crazy for finding strange meanings in films, even though the act is very similar to a scholar of art and literature making educated guesses to the meaning of a work, but the problem is that often what is found is incriminating to a group of organized criminals, who do not wish for the meanings to be discussed on a normal basis. The works are often used by the criminals to convey a message to another person without the criminal blatantly communicating it, whereas if they blatantly made transparent communications that a person can divulge to authorities, they would immediately risk getting into grave trouble, especially with the crimes that they have been committing. The maser instruments are often used by criminals to indicate and communicate that the meanings are there in a work and solidify that they are serious about something and measure reactions to the information, possibly and likely sometimes even being used as a recruitment tool. If a person they are surveying disagrees with the information, or someone finds on their own what is being conveyed in a work, that person risks being attacked and extorted by them in several ways.

On January 29th, 1974, the Zodiac Killer sent their last confirmed letter, titled "The 'Exorcist' Letter." In this letter the Zodiac Killer claimed that The Exorcist was the "greatest satire comedy that they have ever seen," and then they use some verse lines from the libretto of The Mikado. At first one would think they are just trying to make themself seem insane and intimidating with what they are writing, but when realizing the abilities of maser instruments, The Exorcist does become a very dark comedy satire. They quoted from The

Mikado to show that they understood what a satire is. Both the book and the film follow each other well, and the Catholic William Peter Blatty wrote both the novel and the screenplay. Within the film, the young girl Regan is at first healthy but is communicating with a person named Captain Howdy through a Ouija board, who shows no interest in her mother. This is basically her speaking to a child predator through their use of maser instruments. She then starts to feel ill and begins acting strange, her language getting vulgar. Her mother then throws a party where an astronaut is in attendance. During a piano scene, the girl Regan comes down and says, "You're gonna die up there!" to the astronaut, urinating herself as if afraid, insulting the astronaut and doubting the abilities of the space program. (Blatty later covers up the meaning in this happening by having the astronaut confirmed as a character in one of his other works.) In the novel, a scene is left out where she starts getting punched, kicked, and pinched after this incident by an invisible force, but, either way, after the incident all hell breaks loose on her in both works. The director Burke Denning is then killed with his head turned around in what is considered an act of witchcraft where a black mass is being performed. Open-ended questions start to occur that never get answered in the works, such as, "What was Burke Dennings doing in Regan's room while no one was there?" and "Who was responsible for desecrating the church?" and "Why bring up the concept of a black mass if everything was the result of a single demon all along?" What can be considered actually being conveyed, answering these questions, is that a black mass is being performed by many of the other characters through maser use, and Burke Dennings became so insatiable with lust that he had to go to the residence to sexually assault Regan in person, resulting in him breaking the rules of the coven, punished by his head getting turned around. Another notion that can also be considered is that Father Damien Karras, who is hinted at being nothing but heterosexual, is being pushed from the practice of the priesthood and field of psychiatry, as his status of being heterosexual brings concern of him discovering the criminal behavior in both practices.

The Zodiac Killer was likely a group of people, not a person acting alone, that desired to keep heterosexuals out of San Francisco prior to spreading HIV to the city's homosexual population, as three out of the four attacks were on heterosexual couples: the zodiac being connected to horoscopes and the way stars control a person's daily life, and the maser satellites being above in the Earth's sky. The likelihood is that HIV was discovered in Africa and information was suppressed about it after its discovery.

The same year that the final Zodiac Killer letter was received, the film The Texas Chain Saw Massacre was released. The film begins with a grave robber turning corpses into art, which basically occurs when the news and entertainment industries create works about or inspired by true crimes that happened or are happening against others. Near the end of this opening, a radio broadcast reports on the crime, along with several bizarre crimes, including a possible cholera epidemic in San Francisco, all while footage of solar flares are being displayed. The story then begins with a group of teenagers travelling through Texas - the very state housing the space program - and after a roadside incident, horoscopes, the zodiac, and how the stars determine fate are discussed in their van. A short while later, the group picks up a probably dangerous hitchhiker, and after a discussion in which the hitchhiker expresses his dislike of modern methods of doing things and technology, he cuts himself, burns a photograph refused to be paid for, cuts a wheelchair-bound teenager named Franklin, gets thrown out of the van, and then the hitchhiker leaves a mark on the side of the van with his own blood that gets speculated on by Franklin a few times after, but never gets explained to the audience its meaning. If one reads the original script for the film, they will find a few items left out, and one is that the mark, not described in shape within the script, is found near the film's climax on the back of the grandfather of the Sawyer Family's chair: it being the family's cattle brand. It is my theory that the mark was going to be the sign of Aries, the first symbol of the zodiac, Aries being a ram, but was tilted by the van driving off, and the symbol's explanation was scrapped from the film, because it would be too obvious with astrology discussed in the film's beginning portion to have the family's cattle mark be a zodiac sign, and that the star's above controlled everything. (It is common knowledge that the film was funded by the mafia.)

The also 1974 film Black Christmas is again a mano nera film with the movie's title referencing a black mass, as the etymology of the word Christmas is "Christ's Mass, and the film is hiddenly about religion and the use of maser instruments in criminal actions, but through subtext. At the film's beginning it shows an unknown person climb into a sorority house's attic, with an attic being slang for a person's head or brain. A lewd phone call is then given to the sorority house that sounds similarly demonic to Regan's possessed speech in The Exorcist. One of the sorority sisters then asks, "Could that be one person?" and Margot Kidder's character then quips, "No, that's the Mormon Tabernacle Choir doing their annual obscene phone call!" which is an ironic joke that is more than likely correct. It never gets revealed who the killer in the film is, and only

glimpses are made of him, and, overall, the film is conveying that an unknown person can access your brain and then start giving you disturbing thoughts and harassing speech, just for such things as promiscuity. The release of the film also coincided with Ted Bundy and his murders, which began in 1974, which involved victims in Utah and would have similar events occur to a sorority house in 1978. The partial glimpse of the unknown killer even slightly resembles him. He also would claim that an "entity" would take over his body. Despite being in the University of Utah's law school, I do not believe he was very intelligent. Maser instruments probably also helped him escape custody twice. Since the actress Margot Kidder suffered from bouts of mental illness, it could have possibly been them causing it because of her character's quip.
John Saxon played Lieutenant Kenneth Fuller in Black Christmas and I believe that they had him play Lieutenant Donald "Don" Thompson in A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984), the father character of the lead female character, in order to convey that they will attack or weaponize a sexual degenerate on a person's loved ones for attempting to take legal action against them, or if one seeks mortal justice against pedophiles, as maser instruments can do many of the things the villain Freddy Krueger can do, including give a person nightmares and even causing a person to appear to have been physically harmed by a dream. Plus, Catholic U.S. President J.F.K. was assassinated on Elm Street, and he is the one that placed large amounts of tax funds into the space program to go to the Moon: a feat that is biologically impossible to accomplish.

Briefly:

Carnival of Souls (1962) was made by a director of educational films, and it technically is an education film teaching to stay out of Utah if a person is an atheist or possibly any religion other than L.D.S., using subtext to convey that a person of the sort risks being treated like a non-person or ghost. The ending, showing the female protagonist pulled from the river with her friends, but appearing healthy, conveys that she would have been better staying home and not moving to Salt Lake City, so she would end up healthy and in one piece. They could have just as easily made them look like corpses.

The Room (2003) was created to inform people to stay out of San Francisco if they are heterosexual, or else risk their life becoming poorly acted softcore porn through outside maser control that might end in suicide, as criminals and religious people do not wish to have a person showing that being in a heavily homosexual atmosphere has no effect on their strictly heterosexual lifestyle, concluding their own sexuality innate to them. (It is a mystery where Tommy Wiseau got the money to even make the film.)

Troll 2 (1990), which was filmed in Utah by an Italian director, was secretly about Mormonism, and not vegetarianism, conveying that they tamper in people's lives, trolling others, with a religion that is often falsely viewed as harmless as choosing vegetarianism, and the film having such symbolisms like the clover scars meaning that their members have a bout of good luck while being harmed at the same time, a clip from an Italian television film called Grunt! is shown being watched where a group of cavemen assists an ape into space by having a rocket fire from its rear, making fun of NASA, the corn seduction scene is about them attempting to make males bisexual when with a woman, the ear of corn being phallic, all while they voyeur and watch, as if in a movie theater with popcorn, and a joke is that Creedence received an STD in doing so, and then ultimately it being necessary to devour a large stack of baloney - The Book of Mormon - to get their enforcers off your back. The two stones are also made in reference to the Urim and Thummim. And even after you have thought you have gotten them to stop harassing you, it ends with you having them probably voyeuring your family, seeing your mother in the shower, them "eating her up," and rubbing it in your face that they are doing so.

There are other instances of filmmakers cleverly, subtly, and purposely making a film's story and possibly its production stupid. White Dog (1982) is an example of this with its killer dog still attempted to be corrected in its behavior, although it killed and attacked several African American people, as if the dog was that important to keep alive. Prayer of the Rollerboys (1990) was another case of this happening, where many of the concepts in the film's story are hiddenly and subtly stupid on purpose, such as it taking place in a dystopian future society where Harvard is moved brick by brick to Hiroshima, because that's how excellent of a university it is, and, plus, they want its student attendees to be given cancer from the radiation there, or, it's symbolizing that Harvard students are being monitored by radiation. In subtext, it is about investigating

straight edge, too, where a white supremacist gang of rollerbladers is against drug use, but are involved in helping distribute drugs. The screen writer for the film would go on to write Point Break (1991).

The Gate (1987) has a subtext message through the entirety of its film about the dilemmas of the existence of maser instruments and pedophilia together. Crucial parts in the film conveying unknown knowledge to most the public involve the breakfast scene when Al's friend comes in looking as if her hair is electrified by static, the boy Glen claims he was floating, Al's boyfriend contradicts him and says it was just an illusion, Glen calls him a gay slur, then Al's boyfriend says that he will bury the family's dead dog, the boyfriend tries to take the dog to the animal shelter to be incinerated, the animal shelter is closed, and then the boyfriend is later found unable to get into the front door of the house with the dead dog. This sequence of events explains that a person contradicting space travel - the act of floating - upset a space industry person, so the contradictory person had maser instruments stop his libido and made him impotent, so the person has no place to "bury" his "dead dog," and has found that his girlfriend has "shut the door" on him. - The ghostly parent scene where they begin to tell Al that he has been bad for no reason is possible to happen because of trolling people using the maser instruments. - The scene where they read from the Bible to try to remedy everything and Terry falls in symbolizes that they sought religion to assist them but just ended up in a den of trolls. - The later bedroom scene where Glen goes to his room, sees the maelstrom in his backyard, drops to the floor by the poster of The Blue Marble, has the poster blow away to reveal a naked doll that he picks up, it shows the jar of moths drop down by the comic book flipping open, and Al picks up the jar of moths, and throws it, saying, "No!" all conveys that all hell has broken loose because of the space program, so now a child has to show where some child perverts touched him on a doll simply because the wind blew open a comic book to some sexy page, resulting in a bunch of pests being incarcerated, and the child is angry about it that all the punishment was is their incarceration rather than them being electrocuted to death.
Glen's friend Terry even finds hidden esoteric information in a record to assist him in their troubles.

The screenwriter of The Gate, Michael Nankin, who has a Jewish surname, also wrote Disney's Midnight Madness (1980), which also conveys things through its entirety that are a bit antisemitic, though having many Jews in the cast, with the film having a depiction of a "dirty Jew" spurring a group of college students to get distracted from their studies in a large game where various forms of entertainment are represented to be thrown at them, such as music conveyed by the piano store, drinking with the brewery, pornography with the bizarre fast food restaurant selling melons, and video games with the arcade. The title is also somewhat of a reference to werewolves and the ability to be suddenly taken over by someone else, and the film's star David Naughton would appear in An American Werewolf in London the next year.

Both Troll 2 and The Gate try to warn you not to do embarrassing things in the mirror. That is why Holly is wearing an Aries zodiac T-shirt with a horny Garfield on it while doing an embarrassing dance before a mirror in Troll 2. In The Gate, just after the floating scene Al is in her room and there is a poster of astronaut Bruce McCandless falsely floating in space with a jetpack. Al then checks herself in a body mirror. (You likely want to close your eyes while using the bathroom and bathing also.)

The Blob (1988) also has a subtext message through its entirety about keeping a low profile and making oneself seem a nobody and degenerate to spouse and procreate without "slime" attacking with masers. The Blob (1958) and its remake are both about not wanting crime to exist anymore, and both films convey to be as cold as possible to "slime."

One of the best ways to teach subtext is through the film Eraserhead (1977), which has a story completely relayed through subtext by actions and displays, and literally everything in the film has a purposeful meaning behind it. Subtext makes a work fun to discover the meanings behind it, so most times authors don't like explaining it, as is the case with Eraserhead. It is not a mano nera film, though.
The novel The Sound of the Mountain by Yasunari Kawabata also uses subtext throughout it to convey the dilemmas of child birth and the choice of abortion while also having such themes apparent to the story.
Subtext is also a tool that has been often used to convey an idea in writing and other artistic works in countries that have had oppressive governing bodies ruling over them, and the idea if just blatantly written out would have had the author of the work face problematic occurrences by authorities, such as imprisonment or

execution.
I had the thought once of trying to create a short story or novella with a very subtle message throughout it that one would not expect, then breaking it down in blatant writing what everything in the story means after, just as a teaching tool.
I can breakdown the entirety of the meanings of Eraserhead, but it is necessary to have a person watch it first ignorant of any understandings to it. Most people think that the film is attempting to be bizarre for the sake of it, as did I upon my first watch, except for its obvious theme of the fear of fatherhood, but then I watched it a second time and began to understand the meanings that David Lynch had hidden in it.

I have had the thought before that William Shakespeare was a bunch of stage actors together letting him have all the credit out of fear that something they wrote would offend the English authorities unexpectedly. I've thought the same thing about Tycho Brahe that perhaps many others allowed him the credit as an eccentric and perhaps insane person, so he would get blamed as a crazy person for anything he discovered possibly violently offending the religious, such as his discovery of the supernova contradicting the fixed stars.

Stanley Kubrick was likely only made allowed to put his allusions to NASA in The Shining by them in order for the film industry to claim innocence if the space industry's fraud and crimes against humanity by maser use were caught, otherwise they would have definitely started attacking him when everyone began speculating on the meaning of their use in the film. Likely because of the criminal extortion and tampering, often conspiracy theorists come up with correct evidence, but then they arrive to incorrect conclusions and motives. The criminals are extremely good at obfuscating, misdirection, and creating fail-safes, and it makes it extremely worse that the maser technology can tamper with the signals in the brains of others, altering thought processes, opinions, and feelings towards the subject matter.
Kubrick was likely blaming Walt Disney Co. for producing the hoax Moon landing footage and using subtext to express the notion that Walt Disney Co. and NASA are voyeuring and sexually assaulting children. Near the beginning of The Shining there is a scene where a tracking shot goes from Danny's bedroom into the bathroom where he is talking to his imaginary friend Tony. The camera tracks passed his bedroom door that has several large stickers of popular cartoon characters on it, including one of Disney's dwarf Dopey almost looking like he is watching Danny in the bathroom. Danny then has a terrifying vision, passes out, and is after found in his bedroom being treated. On the right there is a puppet of Goofy, a symbol of Disney's ability to treat a child's body like a puppet using maser instruments, and then as the scene ends Dopey is now found to be missing. Such a continuity error is very unlikely to happen unless done on purpose to create meaning, as someone in the crew would have to make quite a ridiculous mistake of adding in or subtracting a whole very apparent sticker, depending on the order in which they shot the scenes. In a later scene in the Overlook Hotel's ballroom, Jack Nicholson's character Jack Torrance uses a strange line when Danny is found and approaching the group of adults: "Dan, did you get tired of bombing the universe?" This line is likely a sarcastic joke referencing John F. Kennedy's "We choose to go to the Moon" speech where the President stated, "We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding," while also possibly indicating the thought that Danny has a person from the space industry connected to his body that Jack is talking to instead. At around the 51:18 mark of the film, Danny and Wendy Torrance are watching a television that is completely lacking any power cord, which maser instruments can do. The mother and her son are watching the film Summer of '42, and Kubrick most likely chose this film as it is a love story between a teenage boy and an adult woman, probably conveying that most teenage boys even sexually prefer a fully developed woman and not a child. In the following scene, it shows that Danny is wearing a sweater displaying Mickey Mouse kicking a field goal. This meaning Mickey is "winning one for the home team," as in winning the space race against the Soviets. This scene is then succeeded by the most famous scene for conspiracy theorists in which Danny is playing with toy vehicles in his Apollo 11 sweater on a carpet that is even often said to match the Apollo 11 launch pad. The carpet then changes in direction, perhaps indicating that people are "turned around" on what is happening with the space program. In the following portion of story, Jack is found screaming by Wendy, because Jack is having a nightmare in which he had killed both her and Danny, all which the maser technology can do giving the nightmare and making the events of it occur. Danny then arrives having been violently molested by some unknown party, having had his Apollo 11 sweater torn, and the thought that it was actually NASA that was responsible for it instead attempted to be conveyed by the film.

2001: A Space Odyssey, which Kubrick co-wrote with the science writer Arthur C. Clarke, was likely created to make a juxtaposition between what movie magic special effects were able to produce to imitate space travel with what was supposed to be viewed as valid footage of space travel. His film Barry Lyndon borrowed lenses from NASA with a very low f-stop to film its candlelight scenes, which he might have done to note that the low f-stop of NASA's lenses more than should have been capable of capturing stars, which most space travel footage lacks in stars. And Kubrick likely ended Full Metal Jacket with the soldiers singing the "Mickey Mouse March," again expressing Walt Disney Co. of criminal behavior, as the maser satellites can easily take out enemies, including their leaders, so all forms of firsthand combat have been basically an unnecessary act, so the soldiers are marching off to war because of Mickey Mouse. (This notion further proves that all of the world leaders, including Kim Jong Un, are involved in organized crime with each other, as they could easily be extorted, manipulated, accessed for information, communicated with, and, or, removed through the maser instruments.)

If you ever did something or things unusual and out of your character when you were a child or teenager, and it or they never happened again, or just stopped happening, likely with you not even thinking to do the thing or things again, or did sexual things as a child in the first place, there is a good chance it was because of the criminals. It is not just a sexual thing: they want to try to obscure facts and confuse younger people into believing that a person's behavior and, or, sexuality is not innate, because if it was discovered otherwise, they are pedophiles, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths and the information would make them born pariahs who are undesired in the world.

I'm not certain if it is actually possible for a young boy to get an erection naturally, even though it does seem to happen, so it might be criminals with maser instruments again.

Many of the criminals have a child pervert's sense of consent: The Disney film Freaky Friday (1976) begins with the title song "I'd Like to Be You for a Day" and I'm certain that they considered the song a public announcement that they are connecting to the public. The story of the film only focuses on a mother and daughter switching bodies, whereas the song expresses desires to know how another person is thinking and feeling while seeing out their eyes. Plus, a different version of the song was going to be used that was performed by Merrill Osmond of the renown Mormon Osmond Family, but it was possibly scrapped because they might have thought using an Osmond made it too capable of being linked to the L.D.S. Church and their use of maser instruments.
These are the lyrics to a portion of the song:

I'd like to be you for a day
I'd like to be you for a day
There's so much more I need to understand
It's not enough to simply hold your hand
And hear the words you say
I wanna touch you
I wanna reach you
In every single way

(Disney is probably going to lose all of their intellectual properties in the future, because their access to maser instruments made it possible that they got their ideas from literally anyone against their will, stealing them, and furthermore their purchased properties would be realized to have been gained through very corrupt business practices. They and many other organizations and companies are going to have to worry about insider trading and corporate espionage, but that is going to be the least of their worries.)

Other works leave indications to Walt Disney Co.'s use of maser instruments, such as The Stepford Wives (1975) and An American Werewolf in London (1981): The Stepford Wives indicating that they are controlling women in their decision making, and An American Werewolf in London conveying you might get attacked while travelling in a foreign country by the them for some small slight, like not sticking up for the U.S. in conversation, or causing an international incident.

(An American Werewolf in London's lesser quality sequel An American Werewolf in Paris (1997) has the same message as the first film.)

In March 9, 1955 Walt Disney aired a program on ABC to promote the approaching opening of Disneyland called "Man in Space." The program focused on man's future in space to also promote Disneyland's "Tomorrowland" attraction, and the television broadcast also featured NASA's future lead rocket engineer Wernher von Braun, along with two other immigrated scientists from former Nazi Germany who would continue to work with Walt Disney Co. on several space-related projects, Willy Ley and Heinz Haber. This program, and a program by them later that year airing after Disneyland opened titled "Man and the Moon," both were shown prior to the full understanding and discovery of the solar winds, which is a natural occurrence that proves space travel impossible. It took about a century for the idea of the solar winds existing to fully develop, and it wasn't until 1958 that astrophysicist Eugene Parker, who titled the occurrence the "solar winds," first published a paper with a hypothesis of their existence, which was even rejected and not accepted by many other scientists, and the concept of the solar winds was not widely understood or known by the scientific community even afterwards. The solar winds are winds created by the Sun that are moving a million miles per hour, and they really do work just like the winds in our atmosphere where temperature and pressure causes gas particles to start moving faster. Our Earth is surrounded by a very strong magnetic field that protects us from these winds, while also trapping gases that create our atmosphere with help from Earth's gravity. Outside of Earth's magnetic field and the magnetic field of all other planets with a gaseous atmosphere in our solar system is a constant stream of fast flowing gas released by the Sun. Just as we are unable to see the gas in Earth's atmosphere right before eyes, this gas is invisible to our eyes as well. The gaseous bubble released by the Sun even has a name, the heliosphere, and it stretches far past the known planets in our solar system. All stars have similar gaseous bubbles, which are called astrospheres. So, outside the Earth's magnetosphere is not a void nor a vacuum, but it is an area of constant flowing gas. We can prove the existence of these winds by solar flares, solar storms, comets, and by the auroras, with the two latter of the items being the easiest way to explain their existence. The tail of a comet stretches out for over millions of miles and no matter what always faces away from the Sun, even as the comet makes a path around the Sun. This is because the comet's tail acts like a windsock as the comet is struck by the solar winds. Prior to knowledge of the solar winds, the auroras occurring at both the northern and southern poles of the Earth were just thought to be electrical charges high in the Earth's atmosphere, but what is actually occurring is the Earth's toric (doughnut-shaped) magnetic field is being angled just right at the Sun, and stronger solar winds reach inside the hole of the Earth's magnetic field, so the particles strike the Earth's atmosphere and create a light spectacle as the Sun and Earth's gases collide with each other. The Moon is constantly bombarded by these solar winds, except for possibly three to five days of its twenty-seven-day lunar cycle where it is within the tail of the Earth's magnetic field. In the hoax Moon landing footage, the Moon, which has no protective magnetic field, is depicted as having dust and dirt on it, which if either of the two were on the Moon it would be swiftly blown off in the same manner as the tail of a comet, and we would always see the Moon have a dust tail moving away from the Sun. In all actuality, if a person were somehow able to escape Earth's magnetosphere into true space, they would more than likely be immediately disintegrated, as the solar winds would strike them, and the same thing that occurs to a comet would happen to them. The Moon's surface is probably very durable, and possibly made from a combination of metals, including magnesium, thorium, and calcium, if it is similar to lunar meteorites discovered on Earth. Even without knowledge of the solar winds, during the "Man in Space" Walt Disney television program Heinz Haber, a former Nazi Party supporter, does a presentation on "space medicine" where he explains that in space a person's side facing the Sun would be burnt by the Sun, and the opposite side would be attacked by freezing cold, which is correct, and for some reason they were not scientific enough to realize that such a thing is impossible to correct, as even if there was some type of suit to protect from such conditions without being destroyed itself, the air pressure inside of it from the contrasting temperatures would kill a person anyways. I believe that Wernher von Braun, and higher up Nazi members who survived after the war, definitely would not have wanted information about what masers are capable of to get out, especially since von Braun was already accused of war crimes in which Jewish Holocaust victims even said he participated in, so he would be more than willing to assist in setting up the extortion methods involving maser instruments. It is also suspicious that one of NASA's directors was an Italian man named Rocco Petrone, who some of the workers are at NASA left hints that he was an enforcer for their criminal behavior, such as him being very aggressive to employees, and he is said to have graduated

MIT, yet possibly still had no idea the difference between Phillips-head and straight-head screws.
Walt Disney himself might have actually been a pedophile as well, having had assisted in the space fraud, and his Alice Comedies series, which he created prior to Mickey Mouse and were the first works created by Walt Disney Co. often come off as possibly being pedophilic, especially as it wasn't usual for a girl to be seen in such skimpy attire during their creation, and at the time showing leg was considered quite a sexual gesture, and, plus, from an animation standpoint, it would have been easier to animate a girl in a long dress when cutting out the frames.
Also, it is possible that maser instruments even existed before the claimed invention of the maser in 1953 and people in Hollywood had access to them. Howard Hughes was a known member of late '20's Hollywood as a film producer, and he would acquire the film company RKO Pictures in 1948, too. Prior to this, J.F.K.'s father Joseph P. Kennedy Sr. was a partial owner of RKO, having merged his company Film Booking Offices of America with two companies owned by Radio Corporation of America (RCA) to form RKO Pictures. Kennedy Sr. was considered a powerful figure in Hollywood. It would be likely that a company that specialized in radio communication would have been attempting to find new ways to send radio signals and therefore were working on creating masers. RKO Pictures was created in 1929, and in 1932 an odd film called 13 Women would be released by RKO Pictures and an incident with one of its actresses would occur. The film was about someone killing a group of women through mystical powers, causing them to commit suicide, and seemingly by incident one of its actresses, a stage actress named Peg Entwistle, who is only credited with appearing once in a movie, 13 Women, famously committed suicide by jumping from the Hollywood sign, as if mirroring what occurs in 13 Women prior to the film's release in theaters. There's also a strange line in 13 Women: "Murder? No. On the other hand. Something makes one kill oneself. So suicide is murder. The trouble is you can't arrest a something, can you." It is my thoughts that they might have used maser instruments to kill her because she was a stage actress, and stage acting is much more difficult than screen acting, as a stage actor has to perform several nights before an audience, memorizing all their lines, and delivering them right, while properly emoting, and filmmakers were sending a message that they did not want stage actors involved in movies, as the film actor profession is by far much easier to perform, and they didn't want others aware of it. The actress Francis Farmer was also likely attacked with maser instruments after an incident where she was found drunk driving by a police officer during a World War II mandatory coastal blackout and then got surly with him. I think that maser users in Hollywood got upset at her and were worried that she was making the film industry and its actors look unconcerned, uncaring, and privileged while the country was at war, and then forced her to become mentally unsound.

RKO was also very involved with Disney from 1937 to 1953, as RKO Pictures distributed the majority of Walt Disney Co.'s films.

The 1923 animated film "Felix in Hollywood" has an entire subtext message throughout it that advises how to make it in Hollywood: first, study under a person more intelligent than you; second, be willing to inconvenience people to make money; third, ditch the person that you studied under; fourth, you need to be a little perverted (or a lot perverted); fifth, you need to have some acting skills; sixth, don't steal other people's bits, or you're out; and seventh, keep the bloodsuckers away: people wanting money, or to sue, and lawyers. The fact that the studio in the cartoon is called Static Studios is also possibly a reference to maser use.

It is also very possible to launder large amounts of money through a film production, because money laundering often is connected to service jobs, and large funds can be given to film personnel for doing nearly nothing on a film set where service jobs are common.

The first U.S. space walk is also stop motion animation, and it can be found at the 18:16 mark of the space documentary film For All Mankind (1989). It could have been possibly made by famous stop motion animator Ray Harryhausen himself: first, stop motion would have been the best special effect for them to use in 1965; second, the astronaut's body is stiff and the motions are choppy, as often found in stop motion animation; third, it makes absolutely no sense that the helmet turns, as the helmet is connected at a neck collar, and for the helmet to turn it would have to be pressured to the astronauts head and face; forth, the helmet turns too fast in a breakneck motion; fifth, the laws of momentum still apply in space, and the space canister is said to be going over 25,000 miles per hour, while the astronaut would be much lighter, and the moment they came

off the space canister, especially in a different direction, the astronaut and the canister would immediately break away from each other, with the tether harming the astronaut or breaking off: P = mv; sixth, it is the only time, other than the Soviet's first spacewalk, that an astronaut is shown space walking in such a way using a tether, and the Soviet's first spacewalk is also stop motion animation, but not done as well with their cosmonaut not fully in frame; seventh, the astronaut is said to be using a compressed gas gun to maneuver themself, which not only at those speeds would do nothing to correct their path in such a way, but the astronaut is not even pointing it in any correct direction; eighth, the astronaut somehow manages to speed up enough to catch up to the space canister moving 25,000 mph in order to reenter it; ninth, the space canister is supposed to be moving around the Earth, but the perspective is more from an angle displaying the Earth's curvature; tenth, the curvature abruptly terminates, instead of rounds, like most space footage showing Earth's curvature does, making the Earth more of domed wall in appearance; eleventh, if you continued the line of the Earth's curvature on either side, the curvature would never make a sphere, again like any curvature shown in all close-to-Earth space footage, but rather will produce either an infinite curve, a parabola, an ellipse, or a very misshaped Earth; twelfth, large unusual marbled cloud patterns appear; thirteenth, the fact that the astronaut carelessly left the glove to fly out of the space canister is suspicious, even looking like stop motion and an artistic decision that a stop motion animator would make, and it again would be at the will of the laws of momentum.

Even prior to Hollywood likely having masers, the inventor Nikola Tesla might have discovered masers, because he was working on a wireless power source from the 1890s through 1906, placing a large amount of money into the project, which involved radio waves and balloons, but he then claimed he failed, having possibly not failed and either became afraid of what he had made or had people force him to keep it secret.

Most notorious serial killers might have had criminals assisting in the murders through maser instruments. The criminals likely purposely control a serial killer into committing crimes in order for them to later pretend themselves against the serial killer's actions and that they are not doing the exact same thing themselves. John Wayne Gacy Jr. and Richard Ramirez made odd references to Walt Disney Co. that are concerning:

John Wayne Gacy Jr. might have been liquidating child sex slaves through maser use for outside parties, because most of his victims were young men entering adulthood, and it is possible that the pedophiles using the masers did not want to manage and worry about the victims anymore now that they were no longer children. In a later interview Gacy would claim that teenagers were assisting him with burying the corpses. He also made odd paintings involving Disney's Seven Dwarfs, and in one of them they are only floating heads circled around him dressed as Pogo the Clown while he holds his stomach, which the dwarfs look down at his stomach also, possibly with Gacy conveying that Disney was either causing his stomach to hurt, naturally or through masers, or that he is pregnant, not literally, but saying that he has another person inside of him.

Richard Ramirez had a juror during his trial get suspiciously murdered by her boyfriend, which has very unlikely odds of occurring, all with Ramirez doing satanic antics in court, making people certain some awful metaphysical works were at play. And after he was convicted, he notoriously spoke a line to reporters while leaving the courthouse: "Big deal! Death always went with the territory! I'll see you in Disneyland!" conveying himself possibly controlled by maser instruments, resembling an animatronic puppet like at Disneyland, also blaming Walt Disney Co. for the state of maser tampering.

Jeffrey Dahmer did not reference any of Walt Disney Co.'s owned properties at the time, but his murders coincided with the beginning of the AIDS epidemic, and many of his victims were minority gay men. There is also an interview where he claimed to be obsessed with the Emperor's electrical powers in Return of the Jedi, wishing that he could use them to control other people. The fact that he claimed to be also obsessed with the Exorcist III also indicated a threat that he might attack people while incarcerated. His final attempted murder seemed like it might have been phoned in, and he was watching the film during the event.

The TWA Flight 800 airplane disaster on July 17th, 1996 could have been criminals, as the malfunction seemed to come out of nowhere, the airplane made an upward rollercoaster-like path of travel after leaving

JFK Airport in New York, and this all occurred on the exact day of the 40th anniversary of the opening of Disneyland in which the park opened on July 17th, 1955. For some reason Walt Disney Co. keeps miscounting what is factually their park's opening anniversary, forgetting to add a year. People with masers might have purposely performed a murder joyride through the passengers' bodies to experience an airplane disaster. It is also possible that they performed this crime to make pilot error seem more plausible when the first airplane hit the North Tower of the World Trade Center.

On the same subject, literally every industrial accident, workplace accident, and any other accident could have been because of criminals using maser instruments. All insurance and accident claims also can easily be determined through the maser instruments if a person has filed or made claims that are fraudulent.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show probably was made to indicate that sexual degenerates like to attack people through masers on their wedding night and honeymoon, again in hopes of creating sexual confusion and obscuring sexuality, so there is no point in waiting until marriage. The "Rocky" in its title always makes people think of the Rocky Mountains, which Salt Lake City is in, and L.D.S. members often are taught to wait until marriage to have sexual intercourse. A Mickey Mouse hat is also worn by the character Columbia while her and Magenta are voyeuring Janet being unfaithful, all after Frank-N-Furter pretends him both Brad and Janet in their separate beds. The RKO sign also appears at the end of the film, although it is a 20th Century Fox film, referencing RKO's film King Kong, but also possibly RKO's history with masers, especially as a laser gun is in use during the scene.

Three perfect murders, two of which are solvable on what occurred, were performed to conceal the existence of maser instruments and their abilities to easily discover guilt.

1. The murder of JonBenét Ramsey was performed by the Ramsey's Family, the McReynolds Family, an unknown person who contributed DNA, and possibly many other parties. The window that the culprit was thought to have possibly entered through was purposely broken months in advanced, and no proper homeowner would leave a broken window on their house many months well into the end of a cold Colorado December. Beneath the window they purposely left a briefcase only containing a blanket and a Dr. Seuss book, and the blanket had sperm from John Ramsey's son from his first marriage on it, giving notions of pedophilia by him, although he would be in another state during the murder. The handwriting analysis expert was either extorted, tampered with, or corrupt himself, as he would have noticed that Patsy Ramsey wrote too well with her left hand in the first place, which not many people can do, and her example writing was like what the ransom note had on it. Plus, the long note would have taken consideration to write, and they added in movie quotes and references, along with references to famous crimes, which makes me believe that they were amused while writing it. Janet McReynolds was also a film critic who showed interest in true crime, having had said to have created a play based on Sylvia Liken's murder. The McReynolds' daughter was claimed abducted on the same day of December 26 in 1974 and witnessed the sexual molestation of her friend. Each possible suspect kept purposely making themselves appear the true culprit. An error occurred, and they likely wanted the police to find the body, but the arriving officers accidentally managed to overlook the room in which her body was located. John Ramsey probably didn't know what to do when he was told to search the house, so when he pretended to have just found JonBenét, he picked her up, figuring that that was what a distraught father would do. Worried that he had added his DNA to the crime scene, Patsy then ran in and threw herself on the covered body also, hoping to add her DNA as well. If the police had found the body, it would have made it easier for them to fake concern, as they would have been removed from being in the area and seeing the body.

2. The murder of Missy Bevers was again together many of the people involved, including members of her family, and possibly members of the Creekside Church of Christ, her class, the Midlothian police department, the local news, and who knows who else. People get confused at the thought that she would have never entered the church if it wasn't raining, but the criminals could have just have easily performed the same act of breaking into the church while originally planning to kill her in the parking lot, as the damage to the church would have definitely had them check the surveillance videos and considered the person found in the footage responsible. The person seen in the footage is likely two or more people. The first time the person is

seen, the figure seems to be an older male who has difficulty walking while heading down the hall. A door to the right then could have switched out two people, and a different person entered, who was more able. This person then headed to the doors that Missy Bevers would enter, and the person pretended as if they were breaking things, even though they weren't, as anything broken would be found at the northern corner of the church where Missy Bevers would not see it. The person then headed down the hall to their left and then switched out another party member through the church doors at the end of the hall, who was likely a teen male. As all of them knew how the cameras would be set up, this likely teen male then probably wove through one of the rooms, exiting out a door below the northeast camera, so his physique would not be able to be fully seen. The reason I believe that this person was a teen male is because of the way the hammer was swung, which seems idiosyncratic to the hammer swing of an awkward teenage male. The headlamp also indicates that it was a different person. If caught by someone not involved or something went wrong, they were likely going to imitate actual police officers inspecting the break-in. It is very difficult to find interviews with people outside of her family, including her students and the person who found the body, making me think the press didn't do their job. And it is possible faulty police work mislead people to believe that her father-in-law was in another state and that his cellphone pinged on a tower there. They probably knew that the family's two dogs didn't get along with each other, and made the dog's blood incident occur, placing suspicion on the father-in-law who was said to be proven out of state.
Too much information on the case is being unnecessarily concealed, too, which is very uncalled for on a case that is many years old.

3. I'm not certain what happened to Susan Powell during the Powell Family murder in Utah, but I for certain know that the maser instruments could have found guilt right away. It is my thoughts that the two sons could have been manipulated by the masers to not divulge information. I think that Josh possibly drugged Susan Powell instead of poisoning her to later kill her, leading to why no smell of a corpse was discovered by the corpse dogs. In a police interview with Charlie Powell, it is possible that the child wasn't lying when he said an airplane was somehow involved, as there is footage of Josh and Charlie Powell wandering onto an airfield to watch airplanes fly off, which is something people are not just allowed to do, especially after 9/11. I think Josh was purposely performing suspicious behavior to throw the police off that other methods were used.

I think that Jack the Ripper was just a made-up character, and the killers were actually many residences of Whitechapel tired of the prostitution and immigration while also wanting to sell newspapers to popularize the story for both money and to make people well aware of the happenings as a warning. One of the witnesses and suspects claimed to spot an "opulent Jew" in the area and speaking to one of the victims during the night, claiming this person a suspect, but it is very unlikely that any Jew dressed to make himself look wealthy would be seen in such a dangerous area in the middle of the night. The last of the five victims is also suspicious, as she was not only the sole victim killed indoors, but she was completely mangled, especially her face; and what I believe happened was they did not want her recognizable, so they could claim her once of a well-off family, but who strayed from her family and immigrated to Whitechapel to become a prostitute: this all hinting not to take her same path.

The Black Dahlia murder might have been performed to simply make news. It was claimed that upon discovering the corpse the press gained her name and found her information before authorities even did, and then they contacted the victim's mother to get information on her, pretending that her daughter won a contest, and then after gaining the information told the victim's mother that she was dead. They likely found a surgeon who had been taught to use a specialized surgery that the surgeon figured they would never use, and so the surgeon was made able to perform the surgery upon the victim's corpse.

Watergate and Pizzagate were also just to conceal the abilities of the maser instruments. The Democratic Party just exists as a false liberal party, and often democrat politicians are tactically brought forward for leadership roles during times to obscure that the government is doing very terrible things at the same moment, and the Clintons and Obamas are an example of this. Bill Clinton was placed in office as massive amounts of drugs were being dumped into African American ghettos by the government, the story yet known to the public, and he was often considered the "blackest President we ever had" at the time, while terrible things were being done to African Americans.

There is strong evidence that Barack Obama was just raised by criminals to be in office, and that his presidency was just to twiddle his thumbs through the rest of the Iraq and Afghanistan Wars, confusing liberals to the fact that the country was just being ran the exact same way that George W. Bush left it: The Patriot Act, the N.S.A., and No Child Left Behind still in place.

A real good item of evidence is that Obama did literally nothing to better the lives of African Americans while in office, and he was even supposed to be a former civil rights attorney.

The only thing Obama accomplished was placing in a healthcare scheme as a falsely liberal democrat that was big business and can definitely be constituted as both welfare fraud and insurance fraud rolled into one. This was all in favor of the health insurance companies, who would not exist in the U.S. with the creation of universal healthcare, and the pharmaceutical companies, because people would realize they would have to start regulating the pharmaceutical companies with how much they have been gouging people if universal healthcare was put in place. With the scheme of Obamacare people are paying in multiples of what should be paid for healthcare, especially when you consider taxes.

On this note, this is why Barack Obama did not even try to assist when AIDS pills became expected to be purchased for outrageous prices.

(Watch the news interview of Barack Obama swatting a fly and realize no fly is visible, and that they planted the swatted fly on the carpet. Also, watch the video where he falsely saves a pregnant woman from falling while giving a speech about Obamacare, because it was a con attempting to make him appear concerned with the health and wellbeing of other people while doing the opposite.)

Ronald Reagan's "Reaganomics" is also still in place today, and its scheme and how the tax brackets work match a pyramid scheme almost exactly, and George H.W. Bush probably dropped its second name of "Voodoo Economics" as a threat in name for anyone trying to overturn the economic scheme, as the "voodoo" portion of it brings to mind their ability to control and harm a person through the use of maser instruments.

Ronald Reagan's administration also armed both sides of the Falklands War, supplying both Argentina and the U.K. with weapons against each other, using our country's taxes.

The only few items that a person needs to show that the government was responsible for 9/11 is the George W. Bush classroom videos from the morning of the event, the fact that they didn't immediately leave and evacuate the location, the fact that he even started working the cameras after being told of the second crash, the fact that the government needed an excuse why they were spending so much on the military, and their desire to dump off trillions of dollars' worth of taxes to make it so people couldn't get a free higher education and universal healthcare because of previous and future war profiteering, other crimes, and space fraud.

The tight election results for the Bush vs. Gore election were just to make it appear that 9/11 was not planned well in advanced while also attempting to have only George W. Bush blamed if they were caught. The Florida election fraud accusations are the same. His brother Jeb Bush was governor of Florida at the time, and the school that he was visiting during 9/11 was in Florida, as well.

I think they renamed the Houston Intercontinental Airport to the George Bush International Airport in 1997 to try to appear appreciative of airplanes and the airplane industry following 9/11.

Andy Card should have chosen his words better also when he told George Bush, "...America is under attack." For all Bush knew terrorist attacks were happening all across the country everywhere, and that was his reaction to the news.

In one of the classroom videos there is a pan to George Bush looking extremely lost in jubilance, him being aware that the first airplane had struck the North Tower, which he then corrects with a cough into his hand, and then he has a look of anticipation, awaiting the announcement of the crash of the second airplane.

The event of 9/11 could have been planned as far back as the 1960s, and the World Trade Center Buildings could have been purposely built with faults in them. Oil men of all countries were aware of how their oil prices would inflate over the many decades, and the C.I.A. is known to have placed Saddam Hussein in charge of Iraq, and they likely just had him sit on Iraq's oil reserves for a long time so oil companies in other countries could charge more for their oil. The Saudi Royal Family owns all Saudi Arabia's oil, and Osama bin Laden was their royal builder's son, so they purposely made him an enemy to attack. If the U.S. government was on the level, they would have had Osama bin Laden taken alive, as he was supposed to be aware of dangerous terrorist plans and the location of terrorist cells, so who knows what is on the assassination video they didn't show anyone. The Pentagon would have likely had more cameras on their building and the extra footage of the airplane hitting their building would have helped with military recruitment, so who know what happened there. These two items are basically the same in behavior as China's government blocking out

information on the Tiananmen Square incident, but worldwide.
I think that they positioned the Naudet Brothers to be with the fire fighters who covered the World Trade Center Plaza in order to have them film the first airplane hitting the North Tower while inspecting a nearby gas leak, as that was the only proper footage of the first airplane attack other than three distant CCTV videos. Wilco was also probably tampered with when they made their Yankee Hotel Foxtrot album, and William Basinski when he made The Disintegration Loops, unless they were extorted or evil. William Basinski basically made a soundtrack to 9/11 with his method of creating the music perfectly reflecting what was occurring during the attack, and Basinski finished the creation of it that very morning of 9/11, even watching the events unfold while filming it from his apartment view. Many other artists, celebrities, and people were likely tampered with as well, and the criminals actually might have had motivations in killing Aaliyah, maybe having to do with her age-inappropriate involvement with R. Kelly.
When Barack Obama took office it was following the 2008 housing bubble, and he did literally nothing to assist victims to predatory loans, who many of them were African Americans, but, just as worthy to note, the criminals in office purposely created the housing bubble, recession, and financial crisis, because no bank would have gave out those loans unless they knew the government would give them bail-outs later. The politicians could have made it so those who fell victim to those loans could continue their payments at the original amount, rather than allowing the banks to expect larger payments, too.
I think that they threw Al Franken in office in order to once again confuse liberals, but this time in regards to Barack Obama himself, as by being a person who once use to be among our considered very liberal U.S. entertainment he was assumed to be the kind of person that would check if another liberal, Barack Obama, was not on the level. Plus, the time frame of when he was in office, 2008, and when he was ousted, 2018, matches well to the time Obama was in office. I believe that they removed him from office after he had outgrown his use with Obama no longer around, and they concocted the sexual misconduct story between him and Leeann Tweeden as a motivation.

There is a term called the leftist elite, or liberal elite, where a supposedly liberal figure has gained a large amount of fame and wealth, and pretends to be for the working class and to lookout for its best interest, pretending action against an oppressive system, but they actually enjoy where they are in life and wish for things to function just as they are.

Barack Obama made all efforts to avoid legal liability for the Flint water crisis. He even made certain that the public was aware of him only visiting the area to see Little Miss Flint after receiving a letter from her, and not formally to address the water crisis. He was made to pretend concern for the issue, because Flint has a largely African American population, and it would create a problem if people started to ask questions why an African American U.S. President completely did not even try to assist them. During his speech, he claims that he needs a glass of water, declaring it not a stunt, even though he has never done it before in any other speech that he has performed, and when given the glass of water, he takes a sip, if that, never advising to use a filter, but saying that it will be filtered, so to indicate that a person should use the filter, but not wanting to be responsible if they ended harming Flint's people. NBC would later show footage of him taking the sip, also forgetting to report that it was filtered water. Obama then gave faulty medical advice, such as good nutrition countering lead poisoning, which is not true, and then advised that setting up more grocery stores in the area to buy nutritious foods could help solve the problem. After the speech, he then was shown drinking a possible sip of the water out of view of most of the public, explaining after, "Now this used a filter." This shows that he well knew the possible dangers of the water, not even trusting the water himself, and still desired the public to drink it instead of advising the people to avoid doing so.
They genuinely wanted to poison the people of Flint.

I think the only reason that New York City began to get cleaned up of its crime in the late 1980s was in due of preparation for 9/11, because those planning it were worried about the city becoming a larger and more renown location for crime, and if the attack occurred in a city where crime already ran rampant, most the U.S. would just consider it expected of the city, and not really see it any cause for war. They sure didn't do the same for Chicago or Detroit, not even attempting to mimic New York City in their actions. The film Friday the 13th Part VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan actually makes indications of maser use being involved in the clean-up, as Jason Voorhees is often used as a symbol for a bully, especially a supernatural one, hence why he

started wearing a hockey mask as a jock bully would, and he is seen dealing with New York punks and drug dealers in the film, and the film was released in 1989 around the time that the clean-up of crime began. Plus, its name is reference to the film Muppets Take Manhattan (1984), which focuses on puppet characters, and this notes people being puppeteered and manipulated to act through maser use.

It is possible that all of the criminals involved in 9/11 caused the BP Oil spill, not only to inflate the oil prices in the U.S. and elsewhere, but to cause large amounts of damage, waste people's taxes on the clean-up of the oil, and also in order to pay for a third party to mediate between BP Oil and the victims of the spill, dispersing funds to them.

It's possible that Budd Dwyer's suicide was not because he was caught in his bribery scandal, but because he also caused the accounting error to occur that led to the bribery, so his actions displayed that a politician is in a position to make money off of purposely making errors and causing problems, or just purposely causing problems in general, and then pretending themself necessary and of value in remedying them, and other criminals became upset or got worried about him perhaps bringing this to light, so they assisted in his suicide.

They also purposely kept the Electoral College around so they could control who is in office. The Electoral College ultimately determines who will become President of the United States, even outweighing the popular vote done by the public, so it almost turns the public's vote useless, unless the public drastically went another direction. The Electoral College was based off slavery and put in place because many of the Southern states were populated by slaves who were not fully considered people. The fact that they still had the Electoral College existing when it was an antiquated method of doing things that was no longer necessary in this modern era also points to all the U.S. government leaders being criminals. It also shows that many of the politicians in office do not bother to study for their job position.

During elections, they often create the two choices with hopes to manage who will win, but they have to make certain that the other possible winner is still a person on their side and able to be worked by them, because errors are possible occurring, and a presidential candidate can completely make an error during the campaign, causing the public to drastically side with the other candidate, forcing the Electoral College to do the same. This is why George W. Bush was placed against John Kerry for his reelection, as John Kerry was a Yale acquaintance of his who was a member of Skull and Bones, too.
I think that they set up Donald Trump's attack on female reproductive rights in years prior, so, in the event of Kamala Harris winning, as the first female U.S. President, her whole four years in the presidency would have focused on only gaining back those reproductive rights, just as her campaign was entirely focused on the subject. They even had Joe Biden claiming that Kamala Harris would gain back those rights in his speeches, while apparently during his four years he was unable to do anything about it, and apparently the occupation of Vice President does not hold any political power in the least, because she was unable to even use it as a speaking box to make change.

I think that corrupt methods of placing a certain exotic and foreign person that the public might like as a presidential candidate existed as far back as the 8th U.S. President Martin Van Buren, because he was Dutch and the only U.S. President to speak English as a second language, and he proceeded Andrew Jackson, who began doing very genocidal things to Native American, including performing the Trail of Tears, and Martin Van Buren was placed in office to cover up their crimes against the Native American people.
I might be wrong, but I think the hostility towards the Native Americans was in due of the biblical plot hole that two full continents of other people existing caused considering the story of Adam and Eve.

Because every news outlet is under duress and the corrupt government is controlling every piece of information that gets out, I think that the Donald Trump and Stormy Daniels case was created in order to advertise for porn following what was once considered the end of the Afghanistan War, though the actual end of the war was pushed back to a later date, all in a desire to have the public both accepting of the porn industry and to distract through porn the public from the government's corrupt actions and behaviors.

The criminal politicians also made a stupid plot error in placing an African American former civil rights

attorney in the office of President when they claimed to be having a "global war on terror," and all the U.S.'s domestic terrorists went untouched, despite being mainly white supremacists, including the K.K.K. and Neo-Nazi organizations. Obama didn't even make one effort to eradicate hate groups. He didn't even attempt to stop them from congregating and marching in public, as it is often said to be an act of freedom of speech, when it wasn't considered an act of freedom of speech during the civil Rights Movement when African Americans were only allowed to congregate in churches and were attacked during marches for their rights in the streets.

The government has been run with cult-like qualities for a long time: claims of having contact with aliens; their religious values; their lack of concern in a person's health and financial well-being; unintelligent leadership that acts nothing but competent although it is completely the opposite; faking space travel; physical attacks on its own public; physical attacks against other countries for no reason; attacks on education; arms dealing; importing drugs into its own country; etc.

The first Oval Office Presidential Speech by George H.W. Bush is basically a crazed cult leader talking about using huge amounts of taxes, "not enough taxes" in his own opinion, to create a larger prison system to place drug-users in, and the government was trafficking in large amounts of drugs itself to supply drug dealers with, all to have people using the drugs incarcerated, which all was one large effort to waste huge amounts of taxes, as more police were then necessary, and those police were having their lives put in danger, and people in those communities were also placed in danger, and taxes were used to incarcerate all the drug-users and drug dealers, all to cover-up and hide the government's own corruption through the wasting of those taxes by making a huge diversions.

In reality, our government is a shadow government run by several corporations and organizations that can only get away with so much on their own criminal behalf, but they still get away with a lot.

People have been watching them on the news, and it is basically a very poorly written soap opera that causes the public suffering.

There is a real irony that these criminal politicians kept telling the public to "Think about their family's future!" in regards to their policies, when they really should have been doing the same when performing their criminal activities.

The maser instruments can also make people act better, as the masers can make a person emote to their advantage in any situation, including making a person look distraught and sad, although their true feeling is the opposite towards what has occurred.

In the future, I suggest to try to take up all financial compensation on those criminals involved personally, and the companies involved, too, which could likely just end up their estates, so to avoid the wasting of more of people's taxes through government payouts.

The C.I.A. is by far more of suppression of intelligence agency, making sure certain intelligence is not released to the public.

Nelson Mandela was likely placed as President of South Africa in order to cover corrupt actions of dispersing AIDS to the South African people after the apartheid, because South Africa is now the world's largest location for AIDS victims, and the country is not even close to where AIDS is said to have begun, while also very poor mainly black African countries do not have anywhere near the same problem. He was not outspoken about how following government leaders dealt with AIDS, just as all current world leaders are not very outspoken about anything. I think the "HIV Positive" shirts were made in hopes of obscuring if a person actually had HIV or not.
The Mandela effect might have been invented in case he was found contradicting something in his own history that occurred to him while in prison.

The AIDS epidemic has a timeline of evidence showing guilt to it being manufactured involving Jim Jones and his cult and the events of Harvey Milk being in office and assassinated, which coincided. Key items of evidence are the photo of Jim Jones' corpse, which is not only too deteriorated, but his chest has skin pigment dripping down, which is impossible for decay to do, plus he was said to have died sitting in a chair with a gunshot to his head; and the cult's suicide tape has overlapping audio tracks, especially involving the slow motion record, and more than likely took audio segments from the "White Night" revolutionary suicide practices that the cult performed. The "Twinkie defense" was likely made successful to purposely show San Francisco a city that sticks up for homosexuals with its resulting White Night Riot spurred on by it, the criminals attempting to get more homosexuals into the city to spread the virus to more victims.
People considered it a coincidence that the White Night Riot, which were named after Harvey Milk's assassin Dan White, matched Jim Jones' cult's revolutionary suicide practices in name.

I would like to know if crime scene and morgue photographs exist of Harvey Milk, George Moscone, and Dan White. The coroner for the Sandy Hook incident and how he handled things was suspicious also, and he was claimed to have died shortly after, so I want the public to be able to view those supposedly too morbid autopsy photographs, along with crime scene photographs.
This is all a capricious act of people controlling what information gets out unnecessarily. JonBenét Ramsey's autopsy photographs for some reason were found appropriate to release, and they are pretty morbid, including her having her broken skull removed for viewing.
I would like to create a government site that warns to not share unedited photographs and videos on any other website, or risk a removal notice and large fines, if a photograph or video is deemed to morbid or disturbing for general public viewing, so to allow proof of what occurred. In cases of nudity and rape, portions can be edited prior to them being shared. This will help with public trials, especially if the voting community uses the internet to be members of the jury, and for anyone else wishing to investigate the happenings.

Regarding the concept of crisis actors, it is actually possible for a violent incident to be both column A and column B: column A being that crisis actors are involved and present during an incident; column B being that the attacks genuinely occurred.
For good reasons, when people accuse a situation of having crisis actors involved, they accuse the whole event of not having occurred with all of it pretended, as the crisis actors would have been risking their own safety otherwise. But, as the masers instruments can control an attacker in their actions, crisis actors are able to be present and very aware of their own safety.
People accuse David Hogg of being a crisis actor, and what I find unusual is that his closet cellphone video during the attack didn't involve him making calls to loved ones out of worry for his future existence, as most people with a cellphone available would do, but rather him making a supposed record of his last moments on Earth in a calm manner while having a monotone conversation with his fellow students about gun safety.

This is my written copy of a small list of things a maser can do that I was wanting to use money to have placed on a commercial billboard, but I figured that a billboard company would reject what I wanted to have placed on it, willfully or unwilfully, and I'm not certain if a person would be capable of reading the large amounts of words on it anyways:

A maser is a precursor to the laser claimed invented in 1953.
It is basically an invisible electrical wire that can do ridiculous things.
Tinfoil and even a led shelter will not protect you from them.
They can: control a person's motor functions, thoughts, feelings, and emotions,
allow access to a person's thoughts, feelings, emotions, and imagination,
feed another person's thoughts, feelings, emotions, and imagination to another,
feed recorded thoughts, feelings, emotions, and images to a person's brain,
make a person sexually aroused, give an erection, or make a person impotent,
make a person incontinent, constipated, and tamper with fecal consistency,
cause farts, cause what appears to be a natural heart attack or a stroke,
cause nerve damage, strike a person physically, make cuts to a person or object,
press anywhere in or on the body, sexually assault or sexually harass a person,

speak to a person cognitively in their brain, or through electrical vibrations,
stop a person from thinking and speaking, make a person speak or say things,
cause miscarriages, induce labor, cause premature births, malform a fetus,
cause blemishes and pock marks, cause rashes and skin problems,
cause symptoms similar to fatigue, allergies, colds, and flus...

Everything in the universe is susceptible to be manipulated by an electro-magnetic field.

A long time ago, I was having people speaking into my head with masers and controlling my body, and I have no idea who the people were, but they made me drive from Salt Lake City to Wendover to go to a casino. Upon entering the casino, I got a twenty-dollar chip, headed right to the roulette table, placed it on a bet of double zero, and the masers caused the ball to hit double zero. The casino worker at the roulette table exclaimed, "Wow! You're lucky!" I then immediately left after, having had the bet win me seven hundred dollars, and drove home.
Literally everything in a casino can be rigged or cheated, and all sports games, and games in general, are possible to be thrown using the maser instruments. Even a video game can be manipulated by creating a connection to it, and by tampering with the controls. The instruments are so precise that they can count and perfectly stack cards, not that I went back to the casinos, but I was playing with other people casually.
Several times, I was being shown at a gym how they can alter the course of a basketball game, such as making players make bad decisions, causing the ball to fly strangely, loosening my wrist when I was trying to shoot the ball into the basket, causing hard bounces off the rim and backboard, causing slips, and making my foot stick to the ground, all while I was basically harassed by static electricity and voices were speaking to me in my head. They can also tamper with the decision makings of a referee.
Also, the Utah Jazz having never won a championship and losing in championship games has probably been the L.D.S. Church working to cover up the abilities of maser instruments.
All events can be choreographed to happen, too.
It is even possible to make a child seem to appear the greatest chess player who ever lived by having a computer calculate all of the moves that they make.

It will be necessary to try to invent instruments that can place maser beams into a visible light spectrum when viewed through a screen, or ones that can detect concentrated and oscillating microwaves and radio waves while functioning similar to a fire alarm. That's if they don't already exist.

It is believed that Howard Hughes and the Mormon Mafia cleaned up Las Vegas of all its organized crime, but it is certain that the organized crime just got completely more sophisticated.

I have never once had access to maser instruments myself. And the only time that I think that I've experienced another person's perspective was a small flash of another person's eyesight in a hospital-like room when I was lying in my bed once.

They can manipulate most animals, too, such as making your dog behave badly. They can probably connect to the nervous system of all complex animals, seeing through them and controlling their motor functions, including insects and other arthropods.

I'm certain that the criminals are so idiotic and monstrous that they even began mentally and physically attacking U.S. war veterans through the maser instruments out of a cause to hide the innatehood of human behavior in a person, claiming that simply being at war created a severe change in a soldier. Most World War II and Korean War veterans would fair fine, despite having survived terrible situations, but following the advancement of the space program in the 1960s and the Vietnam War the emergence of P.T.S.D. came to be, and many soldiers began to find it difficult to exist in society, even if not physically harmed and still able-bodied. The criminals also like to manipulate the people around a victim to start acting unreasonable. People that they bully into homeless are often afraid to go home, because they have dangerous people connecting to them, who are making the homeless victim afraid to be around the ones they love, along with a fear of being around people that they meet in public and on the streets. Often, it is the person or people

connected to them having nervous fits, anxiety, and dangerous thoughts towards other, and the victim's actions are being performed by the people causing the extortion. It is possible for the criminals to have caused the victim's loved ones to abandon the victim and throw them out by manipulating their actions, too.
Agent Orange might have been a fail-safe if they were caught and then accused of attacking Vietnam veterans.

They can also cause body oder and pit stains.

The murder scene in Gleaming the Cube conveys what might happen to someone finding incriminating information about the Vietnam War, with the murder taking place in The Stovall's Space Age Lodge, retitled the Atomic Age Lodge in the film, which is next to Disneyland, and the park being seen out the window of the room the murder takes place in: the murdered having had discovered inaccuracies in numbers involving shipments of supplies to Vietnam for a fictional anti-communist organization. The film also gives the notion to remain clean-cut in appearance to help solve crimes on a political level.
Both J.F.K. and Khrushchev were backing each side of the Vietnam War, as if they were betting on horses, while they were still fraternizing and being friendly with each other, claiming that it was a matter of capitalism versus communism, which was just a ploy to rid people of their taxes and to profit from war.

About three weeks ago, I was going home and I started to be bullied by people using masers, having a static pulse pushed against my head while some crazed young woman talked angrily in my head to me, and also experiencing a half-feeling of relayed signals from the nervous system of what a drug-user on bath salts probably feels. The moment I got home, all was turned off for a moment, and I calmly greeted my family dogs who were in the backyard, me feeling completely normal again, and then the moment I went through the threshold of my house they turned the half-feelings of a person on bath salts back on, and the manic young woman began verbally harassing me in my head again. Because I also was in control of my motor functions, I just got a drink and went to my desk to watch things on YouTube for a while.
I considered it a demonstration that the criminals are the ones often responsible for family annihilations, but the people on the other end always just leave me in the dark.

All religion is a scam, grift, and extortion racket rolled into one with a sole function to protect dangerous criminals and persons, and to keep these harmful criminals and persons in existence.
Monotheist religions have a God who is both omnipotent (all-powerful) and omniscience (all-knowing) and therefore He knows all outcomes and is responsible for all outcomes. This standard of existence means that God is responsible for all crimes, including each time a child and anyone else is raped, tortured, and murdered, bringing his own status to that of a child pervert, a serial rapist, a sadist, and a murderer, because no matter what he is aware of what will occur and what will proceed after, so it is impossible for him to be "testing" a person, and instead he would be using a person as a doll, working evils himself. All fates that result in a person becoming a rapist and a person being raped are then prewritten by him, so he destines people born for failure and agony, and there are no choices in the path of life, and a rapist is not capable of choosing a right path, and a person who does not follow unto his church was made not to follow unto his church by him, so the person is made unable to be "saved." He has people born to be in Heaven and born to be in Hell, even from a standpoint of him being aware of their eventual path in life and not just it being innate to the people, and there is nothing his victims to these circumstances can do about it, because he designed them that way. Even if he decided to change their circumstances and eventual outcomes, he is aware that that would happen also, so again there is no point. He also designed Lucifer and the fallen angels to betray him, resulting in them being bred for failure, and he is responsible for them harming others.
He is also responsible for rapes that result in pregnancy, and he is responsible for the proceeding abortion.
They teach that existence on Earth is a test to see who goes to Heaven and who goes to Hell, and that all will be sorted out in the afterlife, but this is all a scam to keep dangerous criminals and persons in existence, as religions and the religious force people to keep harmful persons around, who are supposedly capable to eventually will themselves to a good and righteous state of being, but in all actuality, Earth's population should be rid of terrible persons in order to make existence a lot more bearable.
Religions and the religious pull a grift in which criminals do terrible things to other people and then the religious groups say to forgive the criminals and to love all people, when, in reality, everyone should mistreat and destroy every dangerous person alive. This makes religious persons dangerous themselves, because they

are trying to preserve the criminally minded. They also have these dangerous criminals
often perform extortion for their religions. I call this method of grifting "the eudaemon and the cacodaemon," where those involved in a religion pretend themselves benevolent and the good of the world by preaching love for everyone, protecting those who are evil that are amongst everyone, so those who are evil can remain in life and further commit their crimes: both sides being evil.
The religions do nothing but preach that there is no innatehood in a person's personality and behavior, and that a person has a soul and can choose good over evil, which is most definitely not true, and they are well aware of it. They pretend to not fully understand that some people are born criminals.
The religions all teach of a paradise greater than life itself that is able to be gained after one perishes, but ironically those continuing the religions are often working with more effort to stay alive and have a fear of dying greater than anyone else's. They are apparently afraid of the ultimate paradise they preach of, and even if they fear of going to Hell instead, they must be a terrible person to worry of such an outcome. So, all they really wish to do is make people try to tolerate criminals and other socially dysfunctional people creating a Hell on Earth. This is why a focus on "worldly matters" always is taken in a negative view in the Bible, as the criminals want a person to only focus on gaining Heaven in an afterlife and to not worry about what occurs in life.
They always talk about people having urges and to avoid their urges, such as for the opposite sex and towards children, and this also leads to believe that they have had sexual desires for each themselves sometime in their life, as many people do not experience such a thing, making them on the status of a possible rapist, or someone who has a strong sexual desire for all humans of any age or sex.
They also teach of saving oneself for marriage, which is just a tactic to want to pair a person in a life-long commitment to someone who is either sexually dysfunctional, socially dysfunctional, possibly physically abnormal, possibly has no sexual desire, and, or, possibly has no sexual desire for the gender of their partner. Confession was more than likely just created to gain information for means of extortion.
They often extort good people and persons with a kind disposition into joining their religions, so to pretend that choosing God and a holy path is the reason that those people act that way, so to not have the people and their kind dispositions and behavior be understood as innate to their being instead. They also want these people handing over portions of their money to the religion, mostly in tithing, in exchange for them not being hassled by the religion's extortionists. This all falls under the term of "human trafficking."
The religions also desire to impoverish and waste the time of others, making those who have to provide money to a religion work harder, causing a distraction to hide the religion's criminal behaviors.
They also like to discover people who are being kind and charitable without being attached to any religion, and then get upset that a person is naturally doing a nice thing, and then attack them and human traffic them.

The religions are basically gangsters coming around and selling future real estate in the clouds and crooked insurance against bad luck and demons.

Criminals want nothing but to waste people's time and money more than anything else, because it causes a diversion to crimes. It's nearly their sole purpose in existing.

I think many African Americans are working enforcement for religious groups, especially to protect criminality, and I'm certain that they actually caused the George Floyd murder to occur, killing one of their own, so people would turn against police and support criminals, because the criminal maser users can alter and numb out natural sensations in the body and there is no way that an officer would be comfortable having his knee to the street for so long with another knee on Floyd's neck, all while balancing with his hands in his pockets, and it’s very possible the officers' decision making was tampered with, because there also had to be room in a police vehicle to place Floyd.
The C.I.A., who most certainly are known to be corrupt, have been working with drug dealers for decades, as I wrote before, releasing large amounts of drugs in African American ghettos, and the film Candyman (1992) uses subtext to support that they are using masers to assist in the crime, and the George Floyd incident also could have been wanting to inspire a defense of criminals committing crimes on drugs, as Floyd was said to be on fentanyl. What the film Candyman used subtext to express about the dumping of drugs in African American ghettos was not divulged to the public until 1996, and the reporter who brought forward the information was fired from his job, and later in the early 2000s committed suicide with an unlikely two bullet

shots to his head.

A problem with the Trayvon Martin case is that he had his cellphone supposedly hacked when it is highly doubtful that his parents would still be paying for service on it and that anyone would be keeping the phone charged, which both those two things would make it extremely difficult to be hacked by anyone, and the hack led to photographs of his more wholesome character being contradicted by pictures of himself smoking weed and wearing grills.

The field of psychiatry is a pseudoscience that was originally created mainly as a fail-safe to replace religion, attempting to make religious values and claims seem scientifically plausible, such as a belief in medically altering a dangerous person's criminal-mentality, while protecting the criminal, and also arguing against an innatehood in their behavior, although it is attached to their personality, but, more importantly, they human traffic people, so it is just another extortion racket.
Again, therapy and sessions were created for the same purpose that religious confession was, to gain material for extortion. Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, often claimed very disturbing things contrary to any innatehood of a person's character, such as every male in a two parent heterosexual household subconsciously having sexual desires for their mother during a point in their childhood that would lead them to worry of their father wanting to castrate them out of jealousy, and that the male child desires to castrate their father, too, which all would be more of the characteristics of a demented, perverted, and paranoid child at most: this being a part of what he dubbed "the Oedipus complex."
Just as religion does, psychiatrists often claim that most human behavior is based on imitation, where, in actuality, functioning on imitation alone in behavior is the sign of a true sociopath, as what a person only imitating others is performing is not done out of instinct or feeling, but just out of being socially accepted and blending in.
Also like religions, they continue the concept of a person developing through their mind alternative personalities and having their brain producing voices (not through the use of maser instruments) in a manner similar to a demon controlling a person's body or speaking to them to do evils, never good.
The concept of "childhood schizophrenia" was likely invented to cover-up the event that a criminal using masers to attack children errored and either made a mistake that caused a child to become aware of what occurred, or the child was intelligent enough to understand something not right was occurring to them, or the criminal just didn't appreciate and was spiteful of the child's intelligence, or the criminal was just plain careless in their actions, lacking all stealth, and so the criminals started to target and tamper with the child on a regular basis in worry that the child would divulge incriminating information, wanting the child to appear to be having mental problems.
They have been causing arguments and problems between family members and with other people in social interactions that have been resulting in therapy being sought, and the therapist most often does next to nothing. Many of them more than likely human traffic people by having a person experience a painful event and then they use the maser instruments to "pour salt into the victim's wounds" and often stoke the event in a victim's head themselves. They can record a feeling and make a person remember and feel painful things about the event over and over. It is even possible for them to be feeding someone else's painful feelings that they recorded to a victim's head, such as a person thinking that they are feeling the sadness of severe loneliness, when in actuality they are being fed the feelings and depressive signals of a mother who tragically lost her child instead, all with the criminals making the victim believe themselves lost in loneliness.
It's also possible that prescriptions on drugs are so heavily regulated because if certain drugs, such as antidepressants and antipsychotics, were over the counter, the human traffickers would have a more difficult time keeping track of who they are human trafficking, and average people would take the drugs and realize that they do nothing to change them mentally. It makes it more worrisome that former nazis were involved in putting up the maser satellite equipment and a large shell drug company called IG Farben was involved in the Holocaust. Plus, the regulation of marijuana and the rise of prescription drugs occurred at nearly the same time just before World War II, and the amount of people considered mentally-ill raised drastically from around 7,000 cases to 140,000 cases during the 1940s.
The maser instruments can correct a person's mood and emotional state also.
They like to bully people out of entertainment, as it usually helps a person relax, but they also have a history of claiming that it motivated some tragic event and was responsible for a person's behavior when committing a

crime, when the reality is that it was just either the person's own mentality that caused it, or they were tampered with by masers, possibly by the party later blaming the entertainment. In no way does entertainment or any other media change a person's personality, although the release of information possibly found in a piece of entertainment, if conveying a crime against them or others has a possibility of resulting in violent anger towards other people, but that is the fault of the criminals.
They have also "black bagged" and technically abducted people that are contrary to them and other criminal parties, desiring to remove all credentials of someone offering incriminating information, with them wanting the victim to be considered "mentally-ill."
The only things believable about assisting those who are having mental problems are attempts to calm a person and reason with them, and then the use of sedatives and sedation.
These psychiatrists, likely all of them, are assisting in huge amounts of welfare fraud also, directing people to receive FMLA and welfare payments.

Most times it is likely a person goes to a mental hospital because they are feeling pain, harassment, and are being abused through the maser instruments instead, and not just mental pain, but actual physical pain.

If a person ever tries to get you into a nature versus nurture argument, wanting you to choose one or the other, just realize it's a fallacy of choice, and the situation is it is always both together, and there are grades to a person's behavior and personality, and some individuals are just born terrible persons. For instance, if a child is a thief out of necessity and, or, ignorance during their childhood, but is later remedied of their thievery through education and it stops, then it was in their nature to do so. But if the child continues to be a thief, knowing it wrong and that there are better ways of living, then the child has it in their nature to do such things, especially if the behavior continues into their adolescence and adulthood.

Heterosexuals have a history of not liking it when someone of the same sex makes passes at them, but true violent animosity towards homosexuals by religious groups and the field of psychiatry have been motivated by criminal reasonings. Homosexuals making the valid claim of themselves born to their sexuality has likely been a large motivation in the animosity, as the claims create the idea that all sexuality is innate, and therefore even a child pervert and rapist are born to their disposition. In earlier times what is considered sodomy, especially between heterosexual couples, was the best form of birth control, so the religions claimed it a sin and against the law, but all that they truly wanted to accomplish was to have their followers breed, giving the religion more money and power, while also many of them had the possibility of just being plain child perverts wanting more children to exist.
The reason that many of them preach the dangers of pornography, even just nude depictions of a person, is because a person realizes very well their own sexuality and that they are either only attracted to the opposite sex or completely not. Child pornography is also very damning evidence that a person is born to the status of a pedophile, because there is plenty of legal pornography with adults available, and yet a person goes out of their way to either produce or obtain materials involving children that are not only highly illegal but are extremely socially damning, placing a person's life into complete ruin if found making or owning it.

Attacks on scientists through the ages were the result of worry by religious groups and criminals of the scientists teaching about either the innatehood in human behavior or abilities to detect fraudulence in what the religions or criminals claim through scientific reasoning.

Because religious groups have been attempting to make their teaching scientifically plausible, I think that the concept of humanity evolving from apes in Africa, who then dispersed themselves throughout the world, is not scientifically correct, and that religious people wanted to make the story of Adam and Eve still plausible. I think that at least what was or would become humanity was dispersed throughout the continents
even as they broke apart, and that people were even on the continent of Australia when it once was attached to Africa and it swiftly went east. Displays of Australia's movement on maps showing how Australia drifted often have the continent near or colliding with Antarctica, but if it did go so far south, the flora and fauna upon it would have been killed off, which did not occur, as Australia has some of the most unique animals upon its land, including most the world's marsupials, which would have needed the flora to survive, and also reptiles who would have not have survived the cold. Furthermore, I think that black skin is and was evolution taking

place. Both black Africans and the indigenous people of Australia lived for a long time beneath the equator in the southern hemisphere of the Earth where constant sunlight occurs, and their glands appear to have genetically and naturally begun to produce more melanin, which the human body produces to block out UV radiation. All human skin usually produces melanin when a person's skin tans. The glands are not located in the palms of the hands and in the soles of the feet, so it is likely that black people once were white in skin, and had the opposite occur where long years in being in such a lighted environment had begun to evolve their skin to better counter it. India is also speculated to have once been much more south but then drifted into and collided with the continent of Asia, which likely explains why many Indians have darker skin than other people. There is even an island southeast of Indian called North Sentinel Island that are mostly left alone, and are occupied by the Sentinelese, who are people that are African in appearance and left to live in a more archaic state, them said to be belligerent and dangerous to those who approach the island. The earliest cave painting are also found on the islands of Indonesia, but one would believe that cave paintings would have occurred far prior to people inventing boats in order to get to the Indonesian Islands, so their islands likely broke off with people on them as well.
I like to say, "They didn't just swim there!" when speaking of animals often found on islands and island nations where animals that wouldn't have been imported are located, such as salamanders perfectly ecologically matching to their environment. It is likely that Japan just broke off mainland Asia, along with many of the animals that are found on it, such as the giant Japanese salamander, and the Japanese macaque who are known to bath in hot springs. This counters thoughts on the story of Noah and his arc, too.
The whole two continents of North America and South America completely contradict the story of Noah.

Criminals do not like the concept of euthanasia so much that they do not allow it to be used in any case, whether that is to time a terminally ill person's death so their family can be present, or to put down a child born nearly braindead because the umbilical cord almost choked it to death during birth. They do not want people to be able to do it, because it might be realized that society can do it for any hopeless case, including someone born criminally-minded, and it causes people to waste large amounts of time and money in many cases again.
I believe that both Helen Keller's and Stephen Hawking's cases involved both fraud out of a desire to inspire others to keep around a person in such a hopeless situation, giving people false hope, although maser instruments could have helped the situation: both in the fraud and in assisting people sharing their disabilities by a long way, such as allowing people to see and hear through another person to begin with, and also connecting a person's mind to a speaker.
Helen Keller possibly had a slight bit of sight and, or, hearing still, or her abilities were highly embellished, because she lived until the late 1960's and someone would have definitely recorded film of her communicating with other people in audible conversation to display her abilities. Instead, the films only show her supposedly conversing with another person while a narrator explains what is happening.
Stephen Hawking's computer equipment to speak would be mostly software, and it would have been applied to the average person's technology, as it claimed to be able to sort through the over twelve thousand words of the English language with merely a single button in around an average of fifteen seconds to construct a sentence for him. It doesn't even appear that he is ever pressing anything, and even when they traded the hand button for an instrument reading his cheek muscle below his eye, he never moved that either.
I also think that they were using Stephen Hawking as a premier scientist focused on space, so the criminals could filter information through him both planned and slowly without getting caught in a lie about fraudulent space travel.

Criminals are also very anti-democracy, as they want to have a government run by a low number of people, who they can put there and make sure are either corrupt or able to be extorted in order to protect themselves and their abilities to commit crimes. The current governments also want to make certain to protect their own government crime and assure their ability to work crimes through the government. Right now, they are basically a corrupt and unhelpful union of people not assisting the public in any form. The situation of having a low number of people holding government power is also able to produce heteronomies where a person, people, or corporation are possibly working another country's government through a person or a small amount of people put there on behalf of them. The maser instruments also allow a person or a small group of people in the government to be controlled by outside parties in order to run another country as they wish.

Our U.S. government is a false democracy, in actuality, but it couldn't be helped back when our country formed its representative democracy, because they were forced to send representatives instead in due of asking the public to constantly vote would have been extremely cumbersome back then. But now technology can remedy that situation and work to have true democracies.

I wish for our country and every country worldwide to become true democracies through computer voting on personal computers.

For the U.S., this would involve just taking popular votes on federal issues and statewide popular votes on state issues. A person would be able to vote on any state issue in any state that they are paying enough taxes in. I wish to have a government tax website that connects to the voting website that not only works as a tax program to calculate a person's taxes and files a person's taxes for free, but also makes certain that a person is qualified to vote, because a minimal amount of taxes would be necessary to vote for the year, unless a person is a fulltime student, is a parent with a dependent child and has a spouse providing income while in good standing, is retired while in good standing, or has been made too disabled to work while in good standing. As a guess, the necessary amount of taxes to vote would be the amount of taxes taken from a minimum wage, average-hour, part-time job over about ten months in a state where the person resides. The tax forms will also ask if a person has had a recent brain injury that has impaired their ability to think or if they are suffering from dementia, which would restrict their voting. It will also ask if a person has felony offense, which would also restrict voting. Anyone would be able to view the voting website, but a person would have to have the legal right to vote for the year to participate on the website, such as writing comments, bringing up issues, and, of course, voting. I imagine that the voting website will work similar to Reddit in its upvoting of issues, and also Wikipedia in its bill creation, with adjustments and amendments to bills being upvoted also.
I would also like for people to have gained a high school diploma or G.E.D. to vote, while also having people given a one-time reasonable, fair, and balanced voting test in order to make certain a person is capable of critical thinking. If a person recovers from brain damage that impaired their judgement, they would likely have to take the test again.
Voting test are looked on as bad because of a previous targeting of African Americans in 1964, as they were given unfair tests only directed at them, but I assure you that this was a scam in order to make testing every person to vote appear bad. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was just recently put in place at the time, which offered all citizens of any race the same educational benefits as anyone else, so there was worry by criminals and white supremacists of education evening out or significantly raising the number of African American people and those who were sympathetic to African Americans in Southern states who could vote, overpowering those with criminal and white supremacist opinions and attitudes in elections and on issues politicians actually allowed them to vote on, if a voting test was applied to all voting procedures.
I would also like to have all voting issues capable of having a person change their vote if they wish before a deadline is up, in case they change their mind on an issue, and then update their vote online: the website also having a history of how a person voted.
All of the bills being voted on would be made to be displayed in different languages, in case a citizen able to vote has English as a second language and understands the information better in their first language.

The three branches of the U.S. government are mostly unnecessary now, especially both the judicial branch and the legislative branch, while also most the executive branch. Two main positions of the government still necessary would be elected economists and treasurers, who both have veto power, but only to check if the country or a state are doing something financially irresponsible or impossible, and if they veto a bill or government action, it is necessary for them to provide a written message breaking down why they did so, also using mathematical information. These economists and treasurers will be made to work from home, and they will be given a computer and cellphone for business use that can be monitored by the whole public, and they are not allowed to use their personal computers and cellphones for business purposes.

A new position will be professional government website moderators who make sure to clean up anything vulgar or inappropriate, and they will also disallow for bills to have items attached to them that have no relativity to the subject. It is actually possible to have the website disallow for any vulgarity or slurs to be used by just making it so an attempted messages trying to be posted are stopped from going through and then

asked by a person to clean it up before trying to post it again.

There is a situation I like to call "The Domino Effect" where if we were made allowed to vote at our computers at home, people would start to realize how easy it is to vote on all issues using their computers, laptops, and cellphones, and eventually the public would conclude that the state representatives and senators were not doing what the public wanted on their behalf, so everyone would want to start voting on everything themselves, and this applies to all supreme court decisions, too, and then the state representatives, the senators, and the supreme court justices would be outed, as their occupations would be considered obsolete.
For instance, if we were allowed computer voting when the senate made to vote on the Iraq War, I guarantee that the public would have voted against it. Aid for Hurricane Katrina would have been maneuvered and made possible by the public, too. And if the public running the government through computer voting began to function really well and issues were taken care of by far quicker, which I am certain would happen, all those senators, state representatives, and supreme court justices would have been accused of doing nothing, performing passive-aggressive behavior, working at a snail's pace, and incriminated by the now better functioning government. So, they have been making everyone function on an archaic form of government for their own benefits and the benefits of outside parties and organizations who placed them there.

The issue of gay marriage would have definitely been resolved faster if they just took a popular vote by the public, either making it a federal issue or making it statewide issues, and I believe that the politicians were just using it to pretend themselves doing something, watering down government action on legalizing gay marriage over decades, state by state.

They also pretend themselves concerned with the well-being of children by pretending themselves critical of things in entertainment while also doing some of the most harmful things to children imaginable, including ruining their futures.

Regarding the Supreme Court, it should also not be up to a very small group of people who were not even voted in by the public to decide whether abortion rights should be available to all women within the country, but it should be up to the public to decide.

I want party politics to never exist, especially when it comes to voting, because the parties were just used to apply valued opinions and, or, ideas to an individual person or party, making one accept all of their ideas together at once, even if one disagrees with one or more of the person's or party's ideas in whole, so, instead, it is better to divide the issues and vote on them separately. As of right now, it is often just one single stance that caused a person to vote in a certain way for someone or a party they did not agree with.
The political parties purposely divide topics and political action into being involved with certain parties and members of the party so nothing is achieved, with this being an actual scam, and they water down topic and political action for years and years when public voting could have easily divided the topics and agendas up, removing any necessary parties, and then having individual voters decide what is in their best interest, voting on topic and political actions one at a time.
Having individual voters deciding on topics and political action through their personal computer devices at home will allow the majority to gain what they wanted to occur, making the public happier and society doing what is considered right by them.

The same goes for bill creation where items should never be tacked on to a bill if they have nothing to do with the issue and be removed from any bill creation if they are attempted.

The U.S. government knew very well that splitting the vote was a tactic for them to place in who they wished in office, because it could have been remedied by simply having a voter vote for as many candidates as they like. I would like future elections to always have the voting process involve having a voter vote for as many candidates as they like.

I would also like for trials that have gained a large amount of public interest to have the jury default to the whole voting public, who must pass an online test to prove that they paid attention to the trial when court

proceedings have arrived to the need of a verdict, giving a short hour window on a Sunday night to pass the test that includes a limited amount of many randomly given questions about the trial. If a test is passed, then a voting person of the public can act as a juror and help make the decision based on a popular vote.
This method of performing trials will hopefully be more likely to avoid riots, as the public has a say in the matter, while also having people making public action online instead.
The need to start broadcasting and recording the entirety of trials will be necessary, too.
I also want to have double jeopardy no longer stopping a criminal from being pursued for a previous crime that they were found innocent in court of, but later found to be possibly or actually guilty of again.

Having the public given power through a voting website will also make it unnecessary to have unions and to pay union dues, as all worker grievances and unfair business practices can be solved by the public.

The online profile names for the website would just be given numbers followed by the initials of the state or states the person last filed their taxes, updating the state or states each year filed, and it will be illegal for anyone to demand to know your profile number or a person's actual name connected to a number, unless they are the authorities and you did something illegal over the website, such as placed in a threat.

I think that defamation laws should be removed, because there is a difference between harassing and bullying a person directly to them and making public accusations, especially when a person making the accusations isn't even designating themself a valid news source. I believe that the laws are just protecting criminals instead, because they make it a lot more difficult to make accusations, especially when a person believes that another person, persons, organization, or organizations have committed a crime. And if defamation laws are removed, a valid news source is then capable of making opinion segments that can avoid defamation claims also.
Both Japan and Germany have made very strict online bullying laws, and it is likely they just made them for the benefit of their governments. The Japanese government claimed that they were spurred to strengthen their online bullying laws after Japanese professional wrestler Hana Kimura committed suicide from online comments based around a reality show she was on, but it is possible they made her appear to commit suicide with maser instruments. The occupation of a professional wrestler involves experiencing all kinds of negative feedback from wrestling fans, and it is necessary to have "thick skin," so they might have tampered with her in both body and mental state.
They extort and bully people with hidden technology, so they are involved in much worse again, pretending themselves innocent by pretending concern about the happening that they had every possibility of causing.

Incriminating government leaders further, it is possible for them to have made an effort to collect the D.N.A. of every person within the country, and also the world, creating an international D.N.A. database to track down criminals, especially rapists, but they do not do it. I want to have a D.N.A. round up where everyone's D.N.A. is collected, and all babies have their D.N.A. taken upon birth, and hospitals and doctors' offices are provided information whether a person's D.N.A. is on file or not, and it would be law to refuse a person medical service until their D.N.A. is on file. The same can be done for travel visas and passports, not providing one unless the D.N.A. has been recorded.

It is possible to reduce crime immensely by getting rid of physical currency and going completely digital by having people obtaining only debit cards through banks to use, and it would be easy to accomplish as well. It would also be important to get rid of checks, money orders, and to illegalize crypto currency, too. I believe that crypto currency was just made as a fail-safe for criminals in case people realized to get rid of physical currency, so criminals could have harder to trace currency, and it is already used in many illegal transactions as of now. By doing this, people and businesses will stop getting robbed for cash, because all funds will be digital, and even if a thief attempted to steal through a transfer of funds, those funds would be easily traced to another account. Many other perks come with the transition to only using debit cards, such as cashiers not losing their job by miscounting and people not misplacing or losing their money. Best of all, it is possible to expand the field of forensic banking, and have forensic banking law enforcement officers in every police station and parole and probation office capable of looking into all banking accounts within the country, for any reason, in order to discover criminal transactions and behavior, having no person in the country immune to

their ability to inspect their accounts. With this tactic, it is possible for a forensic banking officer to discover a possible tree of criminal financial transactions, such as finding out if a drug dealer is making payments to a drug trafficker, who in turn is making payments to another drug trafficker, who is then making payments to a drug manufacturer. This will also make it easier to go after drug dealers, drug traffickers, and drug manufacturers rather than punishing simple users, as an officer can inspect a user's financial transactions and see that they do not make transactions of sale to random people regularly. It will also make it easier to find missing persons and to track down criminals. A forensic officer is also able to freeze the accounts of a wanted person, so deposits can be made to their accounts, but nothing goes out of the account. A tactic that can be also used is to send the wanted person an email notice that if they do not turn themselves in, their account funds are going to be frozen and possibly used in order to find them.

The bail system that we have now is also very terrible, and by having the forensic banking officers available, it is possible to have a person sprung from jail quickly if their crime doesn't make them a danger to anyone, and they have a mortgage or large amounts of funds in their account that can be used as collateral, so the person doesn't lose their job being in jail for an unknown amount of time.

The "debit system" could easily be made ready in under a year, such as by having businesses only allowed to accept physical money for six months after the announcement, and then having people place their personal physical funds in a bank up to nine months after, and then all physical currency would not be accepted after.

The "debit system" can also be used to lower illegal immigration immensely by having all banks in the country made through law to be connected to a social security number, and for all businesses in the country to only accept cards connected to a bank within the country. For visitors to the country, it is possible to have passports and work visas come with cards similar to a debit card that is connected to a bank within their home country, and then a bank within our country can place a temporary secondary account onto it that only functions for an allotted amount of time, having the time frame triggered by the first transaction by security swiping the card at an entrance point to the country, and then the accounts ability to function stops when the time frame has ended. This first transaction at our country's entrance point could also be perhaps two or so dollars, guessing, and can also help pay for border and homeland security officers. Then the only businesses allowed to accept foreign cards in our country would be travel agencies and food courts connected to them, in all hopes that a foreigner who has overstayed their welcome in our country deports themself. If a person is illegally in our country and obtained by officers, all attempts can also be made to use the foreign person's own funds to deport them also. Many officers involved in Immigration then could also be transferred to forensic banking instead, which will work in the same field as illegal immigration.

It is also possible to make refugee visas, which also works similar to debit cards, so to not automatically consider a refugee a U.S. citizen, but then restrict them to a state, having the very state printed on their refugee visa, and electronically only functioning within the state. Immigration can also choose what state the refugee lives in, such as finding a state with a low cost of living and where employment is needed.

Parole and probation visas can also be made, again restricting a criminal to a state and only allowing them the card as their only form of bank account, then having parole and probation cards being able to inspect it for any reason. This will also help navigate a criminal to parole and probation better. They can also be better expected to compensate victims to their crimes and pay fines given by the government.

I think that a government Law Enforcement Bank would be a good idea to create also.

Admittingly this "debit system" would be hard on homeless people, but vagrant visas can be made, restricting them to a single card at one bank without them having to provide an address. The bank would be made to never be allowed to be over drafted. This will also help them to possibly get a homeless person better employed, as they can be found by the transactions on their bank account if an employer finds that they have done something wrong.

People can buy card scanners or use cellphones to exchange funds with other people. Banks would also need to make transfers more common and able to be performed.

Tariffs can also be removed from imported items, and instead a company can set up a contract to bring the goods into the country paying flat fees, and then have their drivers and transport crew provided with commercial visas that work like debit cards, just taking a penny transaction to allow them into the country for a short time. If something inappropriate or illegal is brought into the country the company who set up the contract can be held liable for it, and either their fees are raised, or they risk losing the ability to import items. These modern tariffs that we have now are making everything more expensive for literally everyone.

It is possible to set up a Department of Population and make it law to get a license to have birth, like a fishing license, that can be obtained before or after conception, but not after pregnancy, and allows for a single pregnancy, so a license would have to be obtained each pregnancy. What this department will mainly do is have a forensic banker use the "debit system" to make certain that a person has valid funds in their account and keeps steady employment to provide for a future child, while also making sure a candidate does not have a criminal history and does not have traces of illegal drugs in their system. They will also make sure that the candidates have a proper place of living in order to have a child.
If a license is not obtained, the parents risk paying a large fine and having their child temporarily placed in foster care with them expected to pay child support as well for the foster care.
I would like for birth control shots to be tax paid for anyone with ovaries who wants them, and pills also paid for, but only if a person is planning to have an upcoming pregnancy.
I would also like for a pregnancy shot that lasts around six years to be given to all students with ovaries entering junior high school, while also providing information that they do not protect from STDs. Surprising, such shots are not very expensive and are even under $150. They also block periods and stop PMS, so feminine supplies are rarer to be necessary to purchase.
This will stop teen pregnancies from occurring by a large amount.
The Department of Population will also monitor population growth, and in the case of over-population they can restrict couples to one or two pregnancies, and in the case of under-population a reduction of taxes can be made for couples willing to have children.

The reason that these religions and especially our politicians want people to simply use abstinence is so teen pregnancies and more children do occur, and they have pedophilic tendencies, so that is a cherished desire of theirs.

It can be made law to place solar panels on every new house and building while also trying to make them even more affordable. Trying to make solar vehicles as cheap as possible would also be very helpful. The solar panels are made mostly out of the second most abundant element on the planet. The batteries are the only problem.

Because of the extreme amount of problems that have arrived from the oil companies, and the fact that they were aware of their profits inflating with every war, and the fact that some or all of them were involved in 9/11, I would like the public to take ownership of all oil companies and oil reserves in the U.S., along with the natural gas. This means that all the oil companies will have their executives and owners removed, and oil company workers will become federal employees, and after they are paid, all other profits will go to the federal government to reduce federal taxes and fund federal programs. United Arab Emirates is run like this where the public pays no taxes. The federal government should have been run this way for a long time, in my opinion. It would also make it less likely that the public would go to war just to raise the price on the oil, because they would risk having to send one of their own children to do so.

I also wish to reduce taxes on wages gained by certain occupations that are necessary but dangerous, which includes many oil field and oil refinery occupations, coal miners, and also first responders, law enforcement, jail and prison guards, and military personnel who are placed in combat.

I would also like to have taxes reduced on the wages gained by all workers who assist in producing food crops, which includes meat and dairy farmers, along with possibly fishing occupations. This will hopefully lower the cost of food prices.

I think the White House will no longer be necessary, and that the Smithsonian Institution can be allowed to take whatever it wants from it, and then the building can be abandoned. Maser instruments can be used to protect a person that is wished to be kept safe as they live in their own home anyways.

Another government website that I wish to have set up would show the U.S.'s bank account of taxes and government funds, also showing the transactions of how they are spent, along with those of each state. An

elected and publicly trusted federal treasurer would be in charge of how they are used for the country, and then a state treasurer would be also elected for each state.

I would like to have hemp crops used for paper goods rather than tree crops, as the hemp crops provide more paper per acre and are easier to regrow.

Another idea that I have is to have traffic lights in certain rural and suburban areas flash red on weekday nights between 1 PM and maybe 5 PM on weekday nights, but not on weekends. This will to allow people to simply just use a traffic light as a stop sign between these hours instead of having to wait for lights to change.

I wish for all cigarettes to have their dangerous ingredients removed, and then bars again allowed to decide whether they desire to be a smoking establishment or not, but only if the property owner and bar owner agree with each other. I believe the only reason bars were made unable to have patrons smoke is because cigarette smoking was correlated with the use of marijuana. That is why the government didn't bother to regulate what they put inside the cigarettes and instead made it illegal to smoke in establishments instead. They probably wanted to continue harming cigarette smokers and didn't want non-smokers catching the secondhand smoke.

Marijuana should be made legal to any adult who wants it. It is just necessary to plant it in a backyard or concealed area and not give it to children. This will make the cost of it go down immensely. It's just basically a sedative. All it really does is causes a strong mellow and relaxing high, so drug companies did not want it to be available, as a plant someone can simply just grow is highly financially damaging to them. It has no side effects unlike their drugs, and is far safer than alcohol, both bodily and about impairing a person's coordination and decision making. It would be more of a deterrent rather than a steppingstone, as has been claimed, especially if it were cheap and available to anyone: this also includes it being an alternative to alcohol. It's actually from China in origin, and it got a Spanish name possibly in an ill-intentioned desire to have it linked to illegal South American drugs rather than China: a country known for their herbal medicine. Most cigarettes all come from China, instead of the U.S.A. where one would assume, as tobacco originated from the Americas, and they are now manufacturing the far more harmful cigarettes with extra dangerous ingredients added.

I think they orchestrated everything involving the Manson Family in a desire to make the peaceful, war-protesting hippy lifestyle appear dangerous. Charles Manson does not come off as a properly manipulating person in interviews, as he was often claimed to be, and instead seems like a beatnik saying off-the-wall things. Susan Atkins and Tex Watson were both athletes at their schools, and I think they controlled them so to show the drug-using hippy lifestyle capable of destroying what once was a life heading in a proper direction. All Roman Polanski's misfortunes can be attributed to their tampering also, and it was all possibly spurred by him being one of the only Jews in Hollywood directly harmed by the Holocaust, and criminals didn't want him in the country. It was supposed to be a coincidence that Roman Polanski and his wife Sharon Tate moved into the house that the Manson Family attacked, as the attack was over a dispute about Charles Manson's music with the previous occupant of the house, but they murdered Sharon Tate and her baby, and then the next night attacked and murdered Rosemary LaBianca, with this all being a reminder of Polanski's film Rosemary's Baby. Polanski also could have had his mentality, his libido, and his actions controlled by outside parties through maser instruments during the incident with Samantha Gailey. Those who placed the satellites up were involved with the Nazi Party, and indications show them also involved with pedophilia, so it is possible. Also, Charles Manson was incarcerated with Danny Trejo who claimed that Manson was hypnotizing other prisoners into believing themselves feeling the effects of drug use, which the maser instruments can give a person the neurological signals of being high. When he was released from prison before creating the Manson Family he didn't even want to leave.

It is possible for the maser instruments to have a person suddenly alter in mentality, such as a person never having one racist thought in their head changed quickly to have the mentality of a white supremacist all at once, making them detest every African American and Jewish person, which is a white supremacist or insane person's own thought processes arriving at the speed of light to the victim's brain.

I have come to the conclusion that criminals want people to be racist or prejudice, because they want a person to be angry at another whole race or ethnicity, so a person is shown as unreasonable while bringing race into the matter when attacking a criminal or criminals, because they want an accuser attacking the whole race or ethnicity in hopes that their race or ethnicity defends them. Racist people are most often a discredit to their own race, such as white supremacists who get involved in drug dealing and robbery and all sorts of other crimes, and then toute how superior the white race is, despite being the lowest example of a white person. Racist people also tend to attack innocent members of another race, rather than targeting criminal members of another race, unless incarcerated, especially members of another race attempting to better society, because they actually want society being in squalor to appease their own criminal needs.
I have been making a reasonable argument against a criminal of another race in my head before, and had someone strongly, but partially, interrupt the signal in my brain with their racist thoughts to make my accusations towards the criminal seem unreasonable. If that doesn't work, they like to throw in disturbing and, or, embarrassing thoughts into a person's brain in hopes of the thoughts being a diversion by agitating a person or making a person appear disturbed.

The first time that I realized that my body was being controlled I was walking into a Walmart, feeling a slight bit of unusual tension in my legs and moving them.

Literally every time that I have gone to the Chipotle nearest to my house, right when I get to the restaurant and out of my car, I have been made to feel half the feelings of some form of psychotic or deranged person as I calmly have made my order, got my food, and, after, took it home to eat. The feelings literally make no sense to my character and current mood, and I don't even know the people in the restaurant, nor have any of them ever wronged me, nor has the restaurant chain ever wronged me. The feelings have been insane people, from some overly nervous person who you would probably find in a mental ward having difficulty even communicating, and possibly wanting to strike someone, to a person psychotically upset and angry for something unreasonable. This happening at the restaurant is used to display people getting their way through bullying and extortion, so it is better to ignore them instead.

Recently, I worked at a nearby Home Depot for about two and a half years. While I worked there I was made to feel literally every form of harassment, both physically and mentally, by maser instruments, all sorts of forms of psychological abuse, while also constantly feeling half of what some criminal, sociopath, psychopath, and various forms of sex pervert feels, talking to other people in my head about entertainment and politics, coming up with entertainment and political ideas, having people telling jokes in my head, having my brain blocked out, having my mental capabilities dulled, having the thoughts in my head divided several places, having people acting like or being a complete degenerate in my head, sweating profusely and feeling fatigue, which the masers can make a person experience, having the masers chafe me, having them cause me digestive issues, having the static causing just plain physical pain, all while doing my job and being courteous to customers and my fellow employees. I was also often running on poor to little sleep quite frequently, people constantly waking me up in the middle of the night, likely even with harassment and bullying. I considered it people trying to show that there is no excuse for criminal behavior and if criminals were decent people, they would have gotten a real job, and I also displayed that our politicians do next to nothing, not even lifting a finger to help others, and the average person can do every politicians' jobs while also having an actual job, also while being preoccupied with so many other things.
They also made me concerned that a portion of my right hand had received nerve damage, because it has a numb feeling in it from the side of my palm to my pinky, which I thought just masers doing it, but they were also either making or inspiring me to drink large amounts of energy drinks, so I worried that I was getting diabetes that caused the nerve damage.
When I first began there I also had a rolling ladder drop on my foot so hard and painfully that I was limping around for a few days. I used to take a book to work and read. I read through Proust's Swann's Way and Within a Budding Grove and some books on poetry, including a full volume of all Emily Dickinson's poems. I was actually losing weight, but then they inspired a change in my diet where I was eating tons of snack foods, fast food, and the energy drinks that I just wrote about.
Over time, I was made to be trained on every piece of moving equipment except the pacer, and I was using them all frequently with everything happening to me. I started in the garden department, but also became a

part of the deliveries team, working both.
I was made late and absent too many times back in January because of outside parties controlling me, and I was let go for a total of six months, and I am given the option to apply for my job back again this month. I was courteous to my manager on duty when he let me go. The days I called in absent, I was driving around Salt Lake City discussing space fraud and politics with people in my head for hours.

Happenings at Home Depot and the people and customers there would often use metaphors, similes, and coded speech and events to convey to me that people were aware what was happening in my head. This happened at most workplaces that I have been at. For instance, I was discussing with people that changing a tire and jumping a vehicle should be taught in driver education at one time during the previous day and explained a physics concept that I had come across while researching the speed of various radiations late that same day. The following day, I was in the outside garden with a fellow worker, who is a young woman, and I was made to notice a flat tire on riding mower that was out there, and then I was told to help assist this woman in flagging her with the forklift, and she was still timid on it, so I had to direct her on things to do, such as happens with new women drivers that are learning. While using the forklift, she needed to place a pallet of mulch in its home, and she ended up pushing the mulch a little too strongly against another pallet of mulch, compressing it, which matched the physic concept I arrived at. The physic concept involves the thought that all radiation particles actually possibly move faster than the speed of light, because all radiation moves at the speed of light, and waves within the radiation gain more frequency as if they are compressed, where radio waves are the less compressed and gamma rays being the most compressed, and the reason for the compression is because particles within the radiation are attempting to go faster in distance than what the vacuum and speed of light allows them to, but are being pushed back, and the particles that are waving back and forth are actually still moving faster than the speed of light in their course. For instance, if you had two racecars on parallel tracks, and one racecar on the left headed in a completely straight direction, while a racecar on the right waved in a zigzag manner back on forth on the track, but both racecars achieved the same exact distance over time, the racecar zigzagging back and forth would have had to go incredibly faster than the one that headed in a straight path. Those particles are therefore zigzagging back and forth, while still reaching the same distance that the speed of light permits them to, and they are possibly going faster than the speed of light, each faster numbered wave frequency meaning they are moving quicker than the next.

Another instance of this, I was discussing in my head is how it would not be possible to keep air quality and quantity in a space station or space ship, because of the constantly varying extreme temperatures, moving from extremely cold to extremely hot, the need for constant airflow, the need for constant air pressure, the need for a constant air volume, and the need to constantly keep creating oxygen. I often assisted in many of the other departments, and, following day, a man who worked in air-conditioning was leaving indications to this conversation while discussing his occupation in the plumbing department. I like to bring up that all ISS videos do not show a constant airflow, especially with their female astronauts having their hair standing upright, but not moving, nor can any fans be heard. It is impossible for those on the ISS to claim that the station is naturally just cooling and heating itself without any air movement. Plus, if they were able to achieve the creation of oxygen that they claim is occurring on the ISS, it would have been applied to nuclear submarines. Nuclear submarines have to constantly pull water from its surrounding waters in order to produce oxygen for its crew, and it takes about seven liters a minute to produce oxygen for just one person, and the ISS is claiming that enough water is being sent up to them and stored in order to achieve the same happenings upon the nuclear submarines.

Once, I had a baristo ask me, "What is the craziest thing that you have ever seen at Home Depot?" after I told him that I worked there. I told him that one time a pallet of paint dropped and broke all over an aisle, but I knew that he was giving me an ironic question by the behavior in which he spoke it about what was occurring and involving myself at work.

They also gave me the idea that they were using me to train people how to feel other people's terrible thoughts and feelings when connecting to them with masers to discover dangerous criminals.

I have lived in a suburban subdivision most my life that has its streets named after The Lord of the Rings. An

L.D.S. church building down the street from my house was built when I was in junior high school and has a window above its door that is like the Umbrella Corporation logo in the game series Resident Evil, which the first installments of the game came out near the same time of the building's creation. My neighborhood is in an area on the western side of Salt Lake City that can be described as having a lower middle class to poor population. My thoughts are that people have been working to show criminality has no excuse for over decades, using me for an example. I often experience half or more of what some terrible person experiences in their body and their own thoughts and motivations, and it is very similar to Frodo and Gollum, where I, as Frodo, do not have the same problems that the person, Gollum, does, despite experiencing what they are experiencing, and I always return to normal, so hopefully this is all an act similar to taking the One Ring to Mount Doom and throwing both it and the terrible person and persons into a volcano: all the world's dangerous criminality.

I was writing a novel titled Nanahee that was a lampoon on religion, especially Mormonism, along with the U.S. government and the space industry, and I use to blame this for why they started attacking me daily over a decade ago. I wasn't aware of the masers, the organized crime, the human trafficking, and the space fraud at the time, so I was just making fun of how idiotic they come off through the story, while also trying to show that religions are based on complete fiction that could be made up by anyone.

I'm trying to write this as fast as possible, so it's written pretty badly, and I'm also trying to cover as many bases as possible at once. Plus, my mind is being dulled while I write this to show it's possible to still communicate such incriminating things while be extorted at the same time. Plus, my imagination is partially shutoff, so I'm showing others connected to me that I'm not using my imagination to come up with this stuff.

As I feel their awful feelings, but then I just return to normal each time, this counters known thoughts on mental illness, concluding it likely being the person and their own behaviors, or someone tampering with them with maser instruments. This is true even if a person considered mentally-ill has deteriorated in their mental state, as they were unable to handle situations in life. This applies to crimes, too, when a person reacts to a situation violently or unreasonably. It is still how the person and the personality and temperament that they were born with dealt with the situation. People have temperaments, just as dogs have, and some people are born with a violent temperament, some with an average temperament, and some with a temperament of weakness. I would have to describe my own on the average scale.

I liked to bring up to them the fact that an older person with a kind disposition who was suddenly sexually assaulted or victimized by someone, but survived, would never ever become a sexual degenerate or criminal because of it, attacking and abusing their grandchildren with no past instances of doing so.

Towards the religious, I also liked to bring up that someone who never heard of their religion and was kind and gentle to others the most of their life, even into old age, were believed by their criminal religious leaders that the person's lack of finding their religion placed them in a purgatory or Hell in a cruel bureaucratic manner. The bureaucracy of it all is, of course, a criminal's persuasion to gain followers and money.

I thought up a comedy segment where God is in Heaven with a woman who is watching her daughter from Heaven, and the woman notices that her daughter is being raped by someone on Earth, so she asks God to help, but he says that he has a plan and everything is going to work out, but then her daughter seeks revenge on the rapist, killing him, and then she is put in a dangerous women's prison where the other women sexually attack her, and after a while she is murdered in prison and then goes to Hell, where she meets her rapist that she murdered and the demons of Hell, then is raped by him again and also tortured by the demons, which leads to the woman in Heaven being really upset at God, and wondering why he designed such a plan for her daughter, calling him a creep and an idiot.

Before I worked at Home Depot, I was placed in jail for about 9 or 10 months. I was both fooled into and controlled to stalk my ex-girlfriend, who I didn't expect to have acted the way she did and she had me arrested, when all I wanted was to be in a relationship with her again, and they were giving me the false sense that they would start leaving me alone and stop watching me. The people connected to me were trying to "kill many

birds with one stone" again, and they wanted to show that I was able to still act reasonable in jail despite having all the things that I described at Home Depot also happening to me then; while also having had it happen to me over a decade. They were also using me as a criterion for problems with criminality involving criminal sexual and relationship issues. Because she had gotten a restraining order, they used this situation to mirror "To Catch a Predator" scenarios in which I still could control myself, despite everything that was happening to me, so there are questions why a person would seek out illegal sexual relationships with someone and what should be done with such people, especially with maser instruments available. I think that the predators are very dangerous and should be euthanized except for cases where it involved a teenager nearing adulthood and the person did not seek out the relationship or the two people were closer in age. I think that those who assisted in creating the laws purposely rounded all sexual predators together in their punishment of being registered as sex offenders to preserve them, making it so an offender who had genuinely mistaken or was lied to about an underage person's age has to experience the same dilemmas as a child pervert or rapist, attempting to make people sympathetic to all offenders, even though the offender either just didn't check the person's age or they knew the person nearing adulthood and thought that they could get away with it. They also like to make me think that it is my ex-girlfriend bullying and harassing me through my head most the time, which may or may not be true, all in an attempt to cause a domestic dispute and have me break my restraining order, or to see if it causes me to have criminal urges and desires in my mind start developing towards her. This began occurring even before the incident in which she put me in jail, and over a long course of time.

Sometime before I was placed in jail, in one of the acts that was later considered stalking when I was just trying to see if she was with her than boyfriend still, I saw two guys that I didn't recognize sitting in her backyard in lawn chairs who looked like child perverts.

My ex-girlfriend gave me a picture of her rubbed vagina sometime before being placed in jail. It was still in my phone when I worked at Home Depot, and all of the problems that I was having, the painful bullying, random thoughts being forced into my head, distractions, conversations with people in and out of my head, trying to complete my responsibilities, coming up with entertainment ideas, feeling other people's sexual thoughts and feelings, feeling other people's psychotic thoughts and feelings, and even writing poems with marker on blank sticker tags, I didn't pay attention to the photo and could sexually control myself. Some people in my head started to call it a "toilet voyeur" photo, and they wanted to see if I had any sexual desire to go into the woman's restroom to voyeur or to masturbate at work in the bathroom, which neither desire occurred.

Most people have arrived at the conclusion that toilet voyeurs should not exist either.

Most places that I have worked have had many LGBTQ employees also working there, and at Home Depot I had three transgender people, along with at least one openly homosexual man, and it is possible that these people were human trafficked to work there, but either way they kept testing to see if I had any sexual desire for them.

Because they like to test for rape urges, even towards gays, and they have done nothing but constantly get between me and ex-girlfriend, they like to pretend that homosexuals are bullying me through the masers, saying to me, "This is what gays had to go through!" and "How would you like it if you just had to use your imagination!" all in attempts to make me angry at homosexuals. When we began dating and began a sexual relationship, she left little indications in conversations that, in retrospect, and with I now being aware of the abilities of maser instruments, made me believe that she was possibly sexually abused through the instruments during childhood.

I've been forced to not hold a job for a long time because of outside parties, and instead they have made me play video games for hours and hours each day, all while my bank account kept draining and once use to hold more than $20,000 in it, and I was well aware that they were forcing me to do so, me being harassed and bullied through everything every day in various ways, and when my bank account went well into the red, my ex-girlfriend called me again, came over, and then gave me a hug. A few days later during the night, people were forcing me to masturbate to sexual thoughts of her, always leading me to think it possibly her controlling my body, and then she called me while masturbating. She told me that she had gotten a night job cleaning a nearby bank that was the same branch in which my drained account existed, all to convey that she was supposedly the one that cleaned my account out. After she hung up, and thinking for a moment, I stopped masturbating without finishing, decided to see if she was over at the bank branch, which she was not, and had my thoughts monitored for any angry thoughts or rape urges towards her, which there were not.

This concludes to many people that rapist do not deserve to live.
After this, she would later give me the photograph of her masturbating by phone message.
They like to attempt to throw other women into my head, some of who I have liked or had a crush on before, which I do not like them doing, and I usually reject and ignore their thoughts.
When I was in jail, I kept telling people, including the officers, about space fraud and the abilities of masers, but it usually was ignored. They considered that what I was saying was crazy, and then my lawyer, on behalf of people experimenting on me, had me directed to two forms of mental health ward. The first was supposed to ready my mind for possible trial, but it was extremely more depressing than the regular jail pods where people at least knew how to play cards and movies were played often. The people in this ward varied from having a low intellect to being easily upset, or both. After playing a few card games with them where they didn't seem to understand how to play, I mostly stayed in my cell reading. After an interview to check up on my mental health, I reduced my amount of maser talk, trying to get myself placed in a regular pod. This interviewer then again declared me more incompetent for trial, and I was moved to a mental health ward somewhere near Orem. Many of the people there also were just easily agitated, acting stupid, having a low intellect, and, or, just pretending themselves mentally ill. One inmate I believed a little that he had some form of cerebral dysfunction, possibly on a physical level, because his brain would attempt to bring up concepts while speaking that were similar in notion, but not exactly correct, but maser instruments can fake people's chosen dialogue, too.
This ward was a little less depressing.
They eventually released me, but upon orders I was supposed to keep taking my Zyprexa, which had no effect to how I acted, because pain relievers for painful static electricity would have been more practical, although I would not have desired to take them. I was taking them, though, knowing well that all my problems were made through maser instruments instead.
My ex-girlfriend, who filed the restraining order on me, would contact me when I was released some months later, and we began to make out, although someone in my body, not myself, was making it so I didn't really feel very enthusiastic about it. She told me a few times that she was doing this so that she could think of me masturbating to her later, making to convey that she was watching me with maser instruments.

When I began to work at Home Depot, right after getting off work each day, the people would sexually harass me as I drove home, hoping that I would find any need for pornography out of frustration, which I always proved not necessary, as no formal of arousal was occurring with what they were doing. What popped up on my general YouTube videos when I got home would also include various sexual videos, sometimes even having things YouTube would never allow, such has females showing their pubic hair and other acts, along with clips from some random anime films or television shows sexualizing underage girls. They were all from channels I did not subscribe to, nor ever would.

This term might be a bit offense, but "social retards" is actually the best way to describe some of the people that they have connected to me: these are people with absolutely no tact, no respect for others, they are easily agitated, and just have no social skills.
I once went to a comic book shop to show the people who work there an interesting and valuable comic book that I had gotten, and only one of their female workers was there, and I either forgot to or they made me leave the comic book in the trunk of the car without bringing it in, and, when telling her about the comic book, I had a person connected to my body begin to try to invite her out to my car to see the comic book in a very creepy fashion, and I had to fight and correct them in order to tell her that I was going to go grab it, bring it in, and show it to her.

I have been often made to half feel what they are feeling and they actually have a rapist visual perspective where if a child, young teenager, or a woman even jumps into the side of their vision, their mind actually goes straight to sexual feelings and a desire to touch or have sex with those they could possibly see.

I often feel them panicking and getting upset at what I am doing, thinking, and saying in speech through my head, as they know many people in the world are going to want them to no longer exist. I compare their behavior to me, with their sense of panic and their desire to live through any means necessary, along with their attempts to pervert and mentally change me, to a group of idiots drowning as I swim towards a sea shore,

wanting to cling to me and drown me also.

I think that the extortion rackets like to find people who would normally wind up in prison, but then are given the maser instruments to attempt to use them in order to fulfill their sexual desires in a covert manner. They are then trusted not to divulge their existence to others.

I have had the local Secret Service called on me before by a friend that I use to be close with. I kept telling NASA and Donald Trump through the internet that eventually they were going to have people turn on them for their criminal behavior. They came to my house, checked things out, and then interviewed me, and I told them about the abilities of masers and their dangers, but they then ignored it again. After they left, I wondered if they were even actual real Secret Service agents, because one of them was a younger woman in her early to mid-twenties.

The criminals, especially the L.D.S. Church's enforcers, also like to make people think that the porn industry is attacking a person, which may or may not be true that they are doing so. The enforcers like to make couples repulsed and disgusted with each other, and they do actually want people to utilize pornography instead of having actual sexual intercourse with a partner.
It is possible that nearly everyone that a person could view in pornography was actually human trafficked, even bodily controlled in their movements while having their mentality and sex organs manipulated through the maser instruments.

The film Gozu (2003) makes indications that the yakuza is involved in using maser instruments for human trafficking in order to invade the lives of women and then have them work for them in the porn industry.

The film Debbie Does Dallas (1978) was also likely a mano nera film indicating the space industries voyeurism and invasion of other people's bodies, hence why the film even became popular, especially and mostly only in name.

Deep Throat, with their name also matching the infamous 1972 porn film, might have been used as the name of the informant for the Watergate scandal in order to possibly threaten actual informants that they might end up voyeured and sexually assaulted.

The Devil in Miss Jones (1973) was likely another mano nera pornographic film, attempting to indicate that drug use can lead to a person constantly being manipulated by others with maser instruments for such possibilities as being human trafficked into pornography. It was based off of the author Jean-Paul Sartre's 1944 play No Exit, and the play has other possible translations to its title, such as In Camera, No Way Out, Vicious Circle, Behind Closed Doors, and Dead End, attempting to convey to not be involved in drug use or else other criminal happenings might occur to a person.

The three just listed films were a part of the "porno chic" era within the Golden Age of Porn, which likely occurred because people in the entertainment industry were trying to give hints to happenings without getting themselves extorted or murdered themselves, so these pornographic films were unusually brought up in cultural discussion, despite a film like "Debbie Does Dallas" having no significant difference from any other pornographic film being produced at the time, and it just was being used in name to hint criminal occurrences happening.

I have had idiots connected to my brain claiming abuse causes criminal behavior, but this is far from true. Holocaust victims didn't become criminal in behavior after their ordeals, and women abducted and tortured over a long time also didn't become criminal, demented, nor psychopathic. The same thing happens to children with the same results. Again, it's either just the person, or they were tampered with by maser instruments.

Also, some men, me not one of them, actually naturally get erections out of anger, frustration, and a sense of justice, and therefore are naturally born rapists.

I have natural opinions for a desire of an ordinary and healthy relationship with a woman, and I've felt the disgust and anger towards my thoughts jump into my brain from various possible criminal parties, because nothing outside of myself and their behavior towards me has done anything to remedy these thoughts. They have naive, delusional, desperate, and criminal feelings and ideas towards life that they are extremely adamant of maintaining through any means necessary, and this includes a fictional ability to mold another person's personality and temperament towards their desired outcomes of another criminal individual. For a long period of time, I have had people who were obviously conversion therapists, and people of their ilk, who have connected to me in attempts to display that their methods can just as easily be used in reverse working a heterosexual into a homosexual, only to be confronted by complete disgust from me and what they were doing, and this involved the maser instruments with the persons connected to my head and attempting to manipulate the signals in my brain with outside signals in hopes of my brain changing to naturally accept homosexual desires, and possibly much worse of an outcome. I have felt so many terrible things because of them.

I know for a fact that these individuals and parties are mainly sociopaths. They have even tried constant sexual harassment, sexual assault, coercion, and bodily control on a daily basis over several years.

As I wrote, I thought it was just the novel that I was writing that made them start their blatant attacks, because all of their premier attacks just involved bullying and sexual harassment, but then I realized that it was my behavior towards my then girlfriend that upset them so much. They were upset that after over more than two and a half decades of celibacy involving me utilizing large amounts of most all forms of entertainment - video games, movies, books, comic books, music, sports, pornography, paintings, pranks - combined with just plain loneliness, just sitting and thinking for hours when I was a child and throughout my life, just driving around aimlessly often, just studying - I still was courteous, kind, tactful, loving, and respectful, especially sexually, to my then girlfriend.

The first time that I felt like something was off was when I was reading The Trial by Franz Kafka on my couch in my rented apartment at the time and while I was reading my thoughts began to interrupt with sexual thoughts of her, which came out of nowhere, and in no way would what I was reading inspire me to suddenly have my mind alter that direction.

They like to throw sexual thoughts of her into my head out of nowhere and then attempt to quickly switch them with a random child, or possibly a younger version of her that is near her early teens, in which each time I act in a similar fashion to hitting the brakes in my mind out of repulsion, and they have literally been doing this over years in a very desperate, idiotic, and disrespectful fashion.

They also like to claim that my ex-girlfriend looks like Paul McCartney, which she kind of does, but believing it possible a desire for a man instead; another person that they would claim they purposely used her to look like is Julie Louis-Dreyfus, referencing the character Elaine Benes, and claiming that viewing through my eyes was considered a “show about nothing” that was legal for them to watch; they then switch to claiming she looks similar to Shelley Duvall, as a reference to The Shining, hoping I gain psychotic urges; and then sometimes they claim that she looks like my mother, all in a hopes to justify Freudian claims, in which I have replied before that I am the one that looks like my mother. As of recently, they tell me that my ex-girlfriend looks like a female Sylvester Stallone, which is also kind of true, but I had never considered it, possibly wishing to refer to Rocky (1976), desiring me to have punched her in a subconscious manner, as if a boxer in a ring, because of the film. Or this referencing his role Sylvester Stallone’s early role in softcore porn, as they were both viewing her naked and feeling everything when I was having sex with her.

Back when I use to go to the gym, many of the basketball players would oddly resemble other people and characters, such as Piston Hondo and Don Flamenco from Nintendo’s Punch-Out. Another person always playing there was a man with a large tattoo of the head of Disney’s Goofy on his upper right arm.

While I was with my ex-girlfriend she would suspiciously and kind of obnoxiously keep saying the, “…That’s what she said!” line from the office, making me think someone was helping her to do so. Later, I would wonder if they were using me for ideas to make sitcoms, as I worked in an office with her, and especially because she has a diverse family and the show Modern Family had just began a few years earlier.

They also liked to ask, "Why would you want her back?" in regards to my ex-girlfriend, because they voyeured the two of us together and experienced at least everything that I did in a tactic that desired to make me hateful towards women, often placing the blame on her, so to hope that my own sexuality altered. They also tampered with our coitus when we were together, such as making my penis go flaccid and me not

climaxing, making my testicles feel painful to see what I did after, which I didn't understand was them doing it at the time, because I had no knowledge of the masers.
They also would use the song “Tainted Love” by Soft Cell, and its name, to rub in my face that they illegally entered my love life with my ex-girlfriend, knowing everything about it, and then broke us up. They would also claim that my ex-girlfriend slept with all my friends, at first not indicating that they did it though masers, especially when they bullied me on the phone at the FedEx call center with her insight, such as saying that a person that I was friends had sex with her by having a customer have the same name as him, and using coded speech and subtext.

When our relationship was having difficulties and really cooled off, they made me think that I was going to get her back, had us possibly going to meet up that night, she flaked out on me, I was with some friends later, a picture of her at a party with another man showed up on my Facebook feed, they made my heart rush with static, I did nothing but shirked it off, me and who I was with went to a bar, and I tried to enjoy the rest of the night, and then went home, and when I woke up someone was really angry about everything, controlled my body's movements, I slept at my parents’ house instead of my apartment, threw my computer away in the garbage before leaving my house, broke an extreme amount of traffic laws to get to my apartment on the other side of the city, went into my apartment to kill myself, cut my arms with a broken plate, downed a bunch of pills, and then sat in my running bathtub with all my clothes still on. The person controlling me was really put out, and there was no tears or sadness from me, so I don't think that it was me, and just someone really upset. I then threw up the bills and asked for a neighbor to call an ambulance when I gained back my motor functions. Plus, with the traffic laws that I was violating with nobody concerned about them, it seemed like they were entirely controlling the situation.

They can control conception and induce labor, and my birthday is July 17th of 1983, which, again, is the anniversary date of the opening of Disneyland. My ex-girlfriend's birthday is on Halloween. So, with this, I have thought that they were trying to liquidate us both in a John Wayne Gacy Jr. fashion after we were unknowingly made child sex slaves through maser use, because our relationship was going well, but then she started doing passive aggressive things attempting to agitate me, which often did not work out as I think they hoped it would: I not being violent towards her. This all being something a libertine or satanist would be interested in doing.
The people working the extortion side of religion like to make themselves known as satanist, but they don't actually necessarily believe the religion, and they more want to just human traffic people to religion, because religious practices help hide that they were born criminally-minded and terrible people.
We were also together on her birthday one Halloween and I think that they made her create a costume of Disney's Mary Poppins, a magical nanny, so to indicate that they were wanting to clean traces of their own criminal abuses and tampering.
Before I met her, I had collected several seemingly accidental scars on me, mostly on my arms, and a small scar on my left arm even somehow came to look like her first initial. After the suicide attempt, the broken plate left permanent scars on my arm, and, although the cuts were made capriciously, the marks on my left arm from it made an underlined Z that they probably purposely put there, because the first time I kissed her we were watching the film Amelie (2001), and the main character appears as Zorro in the film, marking a door with a Z in a scene in which she considers herself to have dealt justice on another character.

Besides puppeteering a person, they are also capable of creating a line of connections where a person who seems to be the very person you think it is is communicating to you in your head, but another party is puppeteering the person that is connected to your head also, making you think that the puppeteered person connected to your head is behaving in a strange or terrible manner.

These are definitely people who would claim no value in human experimentation, but then perform it in secret on another person, while also knowing that if people discovered what they were doing and that it was natural to them, they would end up wanting the public to human experiment on them in every painful way possible.

They also can mess with the male genitals so they feel like you are walking around aroused, possibly having it feel like its experiencing post-coitus, them wobbling around even though they are not, have them feel

pressurized or feeling pressed against, having them feel touched, feel like you are being stroked, and, in the opposite, they can compress it so its momentarily smaller than usual, and I already previously said that they are able to cause erections, Of course, they can also just plain use static on them.

Ninja Scroll (1993) is an interesting anime film in the fact that it is a gauge in a person's behavior towards sexual degeneracy while also conveying that a decent person is sexually respectful to others, especially women. The film has very disturbing qualities to it, featuring scenes of rape and sexual assault, but also has a hero that does the opposite, and does not even think to take advantage of a woman when it is even a matter of life and death. From what I know, most people naturally are just not aroused by rape, even having it discomfort and upset them when viewing it depicted in entertainment at a young age, so something the film does is see if a viewer is aroused by the rape, sexual assault, and even bestiality to some degree while not understanding the overall message of the film; and in its end climatic fight it even states that a world run by devils will only have devils left, so instead send them to the Hell they often claim a belief in and love to create.

There is a conspiracy with Japanese entertainment where many of those creating it are trying to normalize child perversion, especially towards young teenage girls. There is a phenomenon in Japan called Galápagos syndrome where DVDs and Blu-rays in Japan are very expensive and instead people are expected to rent them from rental stores, and I think this was made to deter people from owning and watching live action films on a regular basis, desiring them to read manga, watch anime, and to play video games instead. Film makers would make much more money on their products if they lowered the cost of their movies, so anyone could afford to buy them, and plus they are usually a cheap disk and plastic packaging, so it doesn't even make sense that they would gouge the Japanese public for them. Furthermore, live action films hardly ever perform what occurs to teenage girls in manga, anime, and video games. If an adult or a teenage boy in a live action film did what occurs to young teenage girls in manga and anime, with the girl said to be around 14 in age, the viewer would immediately think to themselves, "This is gross!" and "The people who made this are child perverts!" as a young girl is sexualized and possibly groped. They also likely make their female manga and anime characters curvaceous or matured in figure while also claiming them between 13 and 15 in hopes of giving people a false sense of what a girl between those ages actually looks like, which is a person still partially a child and hardly developed.

Splatterhouse is actually a mano nera video game, mostly starting in the middle game: Stage IV: the player, Rick, a student of parapsychology and a character similar to Jason Voorhees, Jason a character who likes to bully to death people only concerned with their sex life, fights with himself a few times and goes to church. Most levels end with a jump scare, but this one seems odd, because all he does is sit at the church alter for a while, but it is the jump scare: he found God and became Christian; Stage V: he is told to take a seat for his girlfriend, fights a bunch of disembodied hands, finds his girlfriend with some creeps, and then discovers that his significant other keeps altering to a hideous monster on and off, all at the signal of a monster, trying to dig her nails into him, and then she disappears after Rick gets in a fight with her several times over; and, next, Stage VI - "The Abortion Level": Rick fights to stop a large number of monster fetuses from being born, who will catch up to him and latch onto him otherwise, because he ends up finding the heart of the matter; finally, Stage VII - sick of everything, he just wants to burn it all down, and when he faces that demented and evil God that they made him worship, he is going to punch him in the face several times.

I think people get human trafficked to straight edge, as I have lived around straight edge most my life and have never had a desire to claim it myself, even often attending hardcore music shows. I lived the lifestyle without ever saying I was straight edge, and never even really tasted alcohol until I was 27 in age. Straight edge might have been made as a punk form of religion, as the MacKaye brothers had both their bands The Faith and Minor Threat: Minor Threat being a double entendre for a person who is considered a minor threat, possibly being an ironic name, and also meaning a threat to minors, as in a person dangerous to minors sexually. Their father was also present in a press bus following J.F.K.'s motorcade when the President was assassinated, and his specialty was religious reporting.
I believe that people are born also with their like and dislike of drug use, which is also attempted to be obscured through both religion and being involved in groups that are supposedly deterring a person from

partaking in drugs, although people just naturally do so.
The reason that Salt Lake and Reno straight edge were known to be violent and marked as a gang was likely due to the L.D.S. Church not liking the possibility of straight edge being competition to them and tampering with people involved in straight edge.
Punk rock and its fashion sense might have also been the results of maser tampering desiring to make those against the government and how it is functioning bizarre in appearance while taking down a contrarian person's credibility. The Sex Pistols were highly involved in popularizing the punk rock look, and Johnny Rotten later made Public Image Ltd., and the band's name is a statement about how his former manager for the Sex Pistols Malcolm McLaren only cared how the band looked and were dressed.
The cover of Minor Threat's album Out of Step even has a Christian tone to its art where a flock of sheep has a black sheep, that is a simpler creature in its creation, who has gone astray.

The film Killer Klowns from Outer Space is very similar to the remake of The Blob, which came out the same year. There is a side character who looks like a goth vampire version of Ian MacKaye that is caught drinking with a friend in the park, likely conveying that MacKaye is not who he says he is and assists in maser instrument extortion in a vampire-like fashion. The fact that this MacKaye looking character is arrested for something contrary to what MacKaye is known for reflects his other band name Fugazi, which is a term meaning "fucked-up, got axed, zipped-in," so the killer Klowns from outer space, who are probably a reference to the K.K.K. and NASA combined as one, had to end up killing him for getting caught. The shower scene of the lead actress, shown edited in segments, also conveys that they are making people take too long of showers and are voyeuring people while doing so. Fugazi also has song called “Public Witness Program” giving more indications to this.

Andy Moench, who was interviewed in a news report involving Salt Lake City straight edge, was placed in prison for a violent crime that the L.D.S Church had every bit of capability of setting up and performing themselves through both parties, and the news report where he was claiming to be violently for the cause of straight edge was not even shown on television yet before the criminal incident occurred, which they tacked on information about the crime to the end of the news segment.

There is a black sheep conspiracy that I think is occurring where, sometimes the eldest, but most often the youngest member of a family's children are being highly tampered with by masers in order for the criminals to make the child act similar to them in behavior, all in hopes to create sympathy for criminals.
I myself am an example of this, my ex-girlfriend seemed an example of this, I have cousins who have been an example to this, and I think that they even caused an incident where one of my cousins caused serious burns to herself when she was young, her being the youngest of her sisters, with the criminals either understanding that she acted differently than her sisters, making them to desire to obscure that her innate personality was the result of her burnt skin instead, or they wanted to tamper with her whole life and have her burnt skin claimed the reason for her social difficulties in life, or both.

These criminals even get upset if all your closest friends have tattoos and you have absolutely none, again, because they do not like that what is socially outside of yourself is not effecting your decision making.

Counter intelligence is being used by some people within the entertainment industry and elsewhere in regards to an underground war:

My name Davyn Peder Andersen might have been assisted in its creation. Although my grandfather's name was Peder, which is the Danish way of spelling Peter, my name could be interpreted as "Davy 'n' Peter," which is a reference to The Monkees and two of their band members, Davy Jones and Peter Tork, and literally every early straight edge D.C. hardcore band covered the song "(I'm Not Your) Steppin' Stone".
Why the allusion to The Monkees with their song was created is possibly because people watching and studying me were worried of people taking and using information and ideas from my thoughts and creating things, such as films or other forms of entertainment, and using them to make themselves successful, so to not make myself a stepping stone for themselves. Most my closest friends throughout my life were straight edge and hardcore kids, along with members of the L.D.S. Church. Most of them went away after I began to get

attacked, often through subtext by several parties, even including by themselves. For instance, they began using subtext in what they wrote on Facebook indicating that they knew what I was doing at the moment, what I did in bed with my girlfriend, what was happening to me; and then at my work, where I worked at a call center for FedEx, the entirety of my inbound phone calls became harassing and bullying with people coming up with false businesses to send a truck to, such as sexually harassing ones like The Pink Space on Red Pole Lane in Bend, Oregon (Oregan being phonetically similar to organ), and the person would use a fake name also, such as Dick Sexton, or they would place hard inflections in how they spoke, like saying their name is Lisa, but roughly and obnoxiously, so to be calling me a know-it-all in a bullying manner, making a reference to Lisa from The Simpsons.

The thought of a person having their brain continuously tapped for ideas that could result in people taking and making themselves successful off of them can be liken to the act of a chop shop, so it would be an intellectual chop shop.

I think that the fact that the U.S. mainly used monkeys and apes for space tests while the Soviet Union used mostly dogs was going to be a fail-safe in case they got caught in regards to the abilities of the maser instruments and the satellites, and when asked why they found it necessary to voyeur and attack the world's public, they were going to claim that they got in a nature versus nurture argument, as monkeys and apes indicate "monkey see, monkey do," for nurture, and dogs are a product of breeding representing nature. The Soviets were just basically writing folksy humor with the events of space flight involving their dogs, such as a dog whose name meant "brave" running away before it was supposed be shot into space and then replaced with a random stray dog that they found. The Ronald Reagan 1951 film Bedtime for Bonzo helps this thought with it being focused on a nature versus nurture study on a chimpanzee that concludes nurture the determining factor: how appropriate to have the criminal Ronald Reagan involved in such a film.

But, where the government leaders and organized crime put up the satellites for criminal reasons, they still got real people involved in a nature versus nurture war who could keep a secret, and these people actually took it seriously. So, an actual underground nature versus nurture war began, which I like to call "The Seed War" or "The War of Heredity."

Films beginning in the 1950s leave indications to this war's beginnings, including Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956). I think criminals with maser instruments were responsible for the death of the three main stars of Rebel Without a Cause (1955): James Dean, Sal Mineo, and Natalie Wood. Natalie Wood's last film before her strange death was called Brainstorm (1983), and it was about recording signals in a person's brain, which the maser instruments can do. The film title Rebel Without a Cause is a hypnotic suggestion, and the title was adopted from psychologist Robert M. Lindner's 1944 book, Rebel Without a Cause: The Hypnoanalysis of a Criminal Psychopath but had nothing else to do with the book. The fact that a man named Donald Turnupseed killed James Dean in an automobile accident probably was a reference to Donald Duck, and they were likely making fun of James Dean's acting in the yet released film, especially because he was throwing tantrums in the film similar to the character Donald Duck, while also connecting to Walt Disney Co.'s involvement in his death and their desire to produce criminals, and his "Turnupseed" last name probably was meaning "turn up bad seed," as in trying to make people appear to be born bad, with the book The Bad Seed being released in 1954 and having a story designating an innatehood in sociopathic behavior in a normal looking little girl. The author of The Bad Seed William March died of a double heart attack around the same time of his book's release. Sal Mineo had the nickname of "The Switchblade Kid" because of his role in Crime in the Streets (1956), and he would later be killed by being stabbed by a knife in a random attack by a mugger in 1976.

Adventures in Babysitting (1987) was a Seed War recruitment film. The film begins with a young woman who skips a date to babysit some children instead, indicating to a recruit that their job takes priority over anything else. The film's opening segment has her in her room alone singing along and being enthusiastic to a heterosexual song, which confirms her heterosexuality. The children who she babysits are a teenage boy younger than her and a little girl who oddly has an infatuation with the Marvel superhero Thor, which would be more indicative of a young boy. The babysitter's friend then calls and says that she has gotten in possible danger, which explains to a recruit they will need to be both able to assist who they are babysitting and their friends at the same time. A pornographic magazine that has a centerfold who looks like the babysitter gets discussed in the story, but is later discarded, although it will later become important. Before they left the house, a small glimpse of the television screen shows that they were watching the film Halloween, which

gives hints that the little girl is being inspected for any form of serial killer behavior being produced in her by the entertainment that she is given. A series of adventures then occur regarding domestic disputes and theft. After meeting a kind car thief, they are led to a chop shop where people take items and use them for their own criminal means. Another copy of the pornographic magazine is then discovered and has key evidence that is important to everything within it. The group escape and then find themselves in an African American club where they are made to perform. This tells a recruit that they must be willing to adhere to the behaviors and customs of African Americans. The people in the club assist the group of young people to get away from the criminals in the chop shop. The group of youths then find themselves on the Chicago subway between two warring gangs, which tells a recruit that they might get found between to fighting groups of people. The group of youths have other situations occur, including coming across a "section 8," a crazy person who resembles Thor, but most important of all is that the organized criminals wish to get back the pornography, because the pornography leads to their incrimination, and, in experiments regarding sexuality, proves most everything when connected to another person's mind and viewed through them. It is also important that the centerfold looks like the little girl's babysitter, because if the little girl grows up to not have any sexual feelings arrive from images in the magazine and had not gained any sexual feelings for her once caretaker, then she was innately born heterosexual.

The Driller Killer (1979) was a Seed War recruitment film. The film was made in attempts to find people that could withstand over-obnoxious and terrible behavior and surrounding elements in order to see if they altered another person mentally, especially sexually, possibly changing a person into a serial killer or someone that would "drill" other men.

Repo Man (1984) explained that simply being a part of the punk and hardcore scene and going to punk and hardcore shows had the possibility and high chance of leading a person into being involved in a government conspiracy. The film's ending also indicates that finding oneself in these conspiracies, a person winds up doing strange activities with some dirty and greasy creep who is interested in voyeurism, rather than them being in a relationship with a person.

The 1979 novel Flowers in the Attic and its 1987 film adaptation is a fictional story used to divulge the happenings in an illegal experiment focused on the heredity of incestuous behavior that truly occurred. The film adaptation of the book stars Kirsty Swanson as the older female in a group of four children, two sisters and two brothers, who after their father, who was their uncle as well, dies, is forced to move into their zealous and religious grandmother's mansion with their mother, where they are then placed inside of the attic, all in a belief that the mother found her grandchildren to be the result of sacrilegious behavior, but hides, even to its viewer, that an experiment on incestuous behavior was actually being performed on them as the result of them being of incestuous birth.
The work is even known to be often speculated on true events that occurred.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer (1992) was about recruiting people that fell victim to maser attacks and experimentation in order to harm those who caused it. Key indications of this are in its casting, having Kristy Swanson placed in the role of the vampire slayer in training because of her previous role in Flowers in the Attic in which she played a character being experimented on, Donald Sutherland was placed in the role of the vampire slayer's mentor because of his role in the 1978 remake of Invasion of the Body snatchers and its title referring to taking control of another person's body. Rutger Hauer was placed in the role as the main antagonist, a somewhat sexually creepy looking vampire lord, because of his role in the 1982 film Blade Runner, conveying that he is a person programmed the way he is, such as his android character Roy Batty is in Blade Runner, and Paul Rubens was placed in his role because of his notorious pornographic theater incident in which he was found masturbating in public by authorities, and his vampire character loses an arm to say that victims of sexual deviants connecting to their body and masturbating through them creates desire to tear off the arm of the person who did it. Other items of evidence in the film include worrying about looking like a voyeur yourself in the process of using maser instruments against them, such as being in a locker room designated for women when a person is male or possibly appearing a lesbian because it involves connecting to other women. There is a scene in which the character Buffy arrives into her school gym wearing a flannel shirt, denim shorts, and boots, uncharacteristic of her, followed by being interrogated by her friends, showing

her coming off a bit more like a lesbian and her friends wondering what is going on with her.

The 1991 novel Ringu by Koji Suzuki, which spawned sequels and also the horror film series The Ring, was about illegal human experimentation using the maser instruments producing visual imagery from a person's mind, even on older recording formats, and the possible leek of the information resulting in attacks by maser instruments. The novel is pretty different than the films, and its antagonistic evil spirit is a girl who was both born male and female organs who is sexually attacked by the doctor performing the experiments, which is attempting to be covered up, resulting in the recordings of her mind being possible of killing a person if witnessed within a biblical seven day week.

Heavenly Creatures (1994) was about a true crime case of murder where two girls with lesbian tendencies murdered one of their mothers. What I believed occurred in the actual murder case that took place in Christchurch, New Zealand on June 22, 1954, is that religious people with instruments were making early attempts in the Seed War to make lesbianism seem mentally ill and would result in an unhinged person that could possibly commit criminal behavior. Afterwards, one of the two girls involved in the murder, now having changed her name to Anne Perry, would convert to the L.D.S. Church and wrote a large number of mystery novels.

Midnight Cowboy (1969) was about a low-intellect targeted victim of experimentation in the Seed War, his study, his recuperation, and his retirement, all ending in the death of a criminal-minded and low-life person he was made to share a part of his life with. The main character Joe Buck often has a small radio near his head with the item signifying maser use, he is travelling from Texas, the home of the space program, to New York. Within the film he has flashbacks of being attacked and raped by a group of cowboys for being with a woman and had previously experienced sexual abuse from his grandmother. When he gets to New York, Joe attempts to prostitute himself but fails, and then he meets a person named Rizzo who first tries to connect him with a supposed pimp that ends up being a religious fanatic instead, which Joe runs away from. To make money, Joe starts trying to prostitute himself to men instead of women. While prostituting himself to a male, he pictures a woman instead. He finds Rizzo again and is invited to live with him in his squalid apartment. They have other happenings within the film involve Rizzo not fitting into the world and Joe exploring New York's art scene. In the end, Rizzo's health starts to worsen and on a bus ride to Florida, the retirement capital of the U.S.A., Rizzo dies on the way there.
Everything that occurred to him did not alter him from being a heterosexual.

The 1957 "Boy in the Box" murder incident was likely a group of deranged and desperate people with maser instruments desiring to cut to the chase, hence why the body was left in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, to see if a child could be manipulated and tortured into believing themself the opposite gender.

In & Out (1997) was about deceiving illegal experiments on the innatehood of homosexuality being used to fool L.D.S. members given maser instruments into believing that a straight male was permanently altered into a homosexual by using a homosexual man born gay but in denial. I began to make fun of those who believed the alteration, saying that they began to claim to themselves and others, "It took like diabetes!" which is a reference to Wilford Brimley, who was born in Utah, L.D.S., worked as a bodyguard for Howard Hughes, had diabetes and made commercials on the subject of diabetes, and starred in the film In & Out as the main character's father. The criminals involved in the illegal experiments were made to believe that homosexuality was permanent after a person is altered to the status of being a homosexual, like how diabetes is not curable. I first thought that the film was directed at me, as they attempted to create conditions surrounding me that would nurture me into being homosexual, such as people being accepting if I was one and entertainment seemingly bullying me and expressing that I was a homosexual, despite myself always behaving the opposite, but I realized what must have really occurred, and that the criminals seem to be experimenting and tampering on a large number of people.

I believe that criminals keep pulling a scam where they recruit people for illegal underground experimentations using maser instruments, although they well know what the results will be and were from previous tests, showing that innatehood is by all means the stronger factor, but wish to continue to have it

believed that the argument still lives on and is being further researched. As for the L.D.S. Church, I think that this was well understood clear back from their illegal control and confinement of Howard Hughes, their attacks and experimentations on him, and his unchanging nature in his sexuality.

I once read an article stating that Utah had the largest amount of people subscribing to and buying pornography, and there is a few schools of thought to the reasons for this claim: 1. The L.D.S. Church is extorting its members and making them buy pornography, because it makes payments to organize criminals that they work with. 2. The L.D.S. Church's enforcement involved in extortion pretends that pornography is necessary to them, when they are having sexual relations through other people. 3. Many members of the L.D.S. Church have maser use and pretend it a necessity to have pornography to cover-up that they genuinely are extorting the rest of the world. 4. Members of the L.D.S. Church respect their partner and do not want their spouse used by the organized criminals in their own sexual desires, so are utilizing the pornography instead. 5. The article was planted to obfuscate that they do not utilize pornography as often as said, because they are human trafficked to show themselves not sinning, or naturally just have no desire for it. 6. The article was planted just to make them look hypocritical.

Sometimes when speculating on things many schools of thought occur. I was watching this video that included interviews with Richard Ramirez and his dialogue was scripted, so it was necessary for him to look at his notebook to reply to the interviewer's questions. At the 5:05 mark of this interview he responds to the interviewer: "Serial killers do on a small scale what governments do on a large one. They are a product of the times, and these are bloody thirsty times. Even psychopaths have emotions if you dig deep enough, but, then again, maybe they don't."
This is the video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MC5huwZoPZA
The two schools of thought are: 1. They wanted him to speak the truth about the government, making people aware that he is correct, and those running the world's governments behave like he does. 2. They wanted a serial killer stating this truth in order to make it seem like he was saying something insane, when he was saying something true.
With his statement about psychopaths having emotions, he was talking about himself and also those running the government, because often he is seen as having no feelings and also creating a view of himself through his behavior that he is somewhat of a "bad boy" and that he never has any other side to him, but this was all a public image of him as a serial killer, and there are actually times when he emotes, and is tired, sleepy, sad, and upset, such as one he is found woken up in his prison cell and having to sit inside of it by himself. Many public personalities have a public image that they have created, especially politicians and U.S. Presidents, and there has to be times when they are furious, upset, and frustrated, displaying a different side of them, but what the public gets is a man that is always usually smiling and pretending himself nothing but confident and kept together well.

Idle Hands (1999) is a mano nera film explaining the dangers of what is occurring in the world with the use of the maser instruments. The film is conveying that because of criminals with masers, anyone is now able to have their hands or parts work without their control, groping people, causing harm to others, and especially attacking unsuspecting others involved in coitus or because of sexual reasons. The film has someone trying to track the culprit of the strayed hands, tracking it back to Utah for a reason.
It is quite possible that not very many people desire pornography, and that organized criminals are forcing people to use it by connecting to the bodies of others, making it seem like a legitimate business performing a service, when actually it is just an easy way for them to obscure through the pornography that it performed a needed service, leading a victim to believe that they paid for such services.
The L.D.S. Church and other religions like to pretend that they and their members have chosen a righteous path, and when the rest of the world is not following or obeying them, they wish to have such people not drawn into their extortion racket be seen as sinners and people who have chosen a life of sin.
With how often violence, disputes, and crime occur with and between pimps or prostitutes, the current situation has dangerous people that are or on the same level of these pimps or prostitutes just criminally violating the privacy and bodies of people across the globe, invading their homes and doing things that are unbelievably wrong in every way.

Gustav Elijah Åhr, also known as Lil Peep, likely had maser instruments tamper with him throughout his life and might have possibly been a child sex slave for organized criminals. He had both his grandfather, and his two parents attend the prestigious school of Harvard, but wound up not entirely intelligent, but rather a care-free unintellectual person with dual feelings of both being overjoyed and happy to bleak and suicidal.
So, I think that they were using him as a case of good breeding and human eugenics not existing. Key evidence to this arrives from his choice in tattoos: he has a poorly drawn crying Mickey Mouse on his right arm that says mood underneath it, which shows maser tampering of feelings itself; then a know-it-all Lisa is crying for her Mom on his throat, perhaps symbolizing his desire to be intelligent like the rest of his family, and found complaining about it; a tattoo of Pink Panther is found on the left side of his neck contemplating, and the character is connected to the Inspector Clouseau, so to possibly convey that someone from the cartoon industry, Walt Disney perhaps, is inspecting him; and he had a skull placed on the side of his head, which, although singular, he explains in the song "Red Drop Shawty" that he has "demons in his mullet." He was also born on Halloween night. His birthday of 1996 is written in Roman numerals across his fingers as MCMXCVI with an all-seeing eye between the M and the X. His stage name also oddly indicates him being watched over with maser instruments.

It is often hard for me to move, unless I am made allowed to the purpose on why it was performed. I watched a news interview with Richard Ramirez and it seemed like it dialogue was scripted, because he had note pad in front of him, and when asked by an interview a question Ramirez would respond with a response that he found necessary to look at his notebook to answer, and how would he know that something in his notebook that he wrote down would apply to the questions he asked.

Those watching me have had me research the validity of conspiracy theories for over decades while connected to my brain with masers, while also attempting to discover other crimes and conspiracies also. They have literally been watching me day and night for years. It is one of the only reasons that I think I can write this right now, but, as I said, they still leave me in the dark most the time. When I first began gathering strong pieces of evidence that resulted in what I am writing in this text, I was completely as confused as could be to what I was finding but resolved all confusion as I was placing things together. They also had me look into conspiracies regarding the Rothschild Family, which are often considered antisemitic conspiracy theories, but often also come from conspiracy theorists not motivated by prejudice in their accusations, and this is what I came to the conclusion on:

World War II was entirely about war profiteering and protecting criminals, and the world leaders involved with the Rothschild Family were the ones who engendered it and planned it all out, including the Holocaust.
People often say that the Rothschilds funded World War II, especially white supremacist accusations, but the real problem is that they forgot how all funding worked, and did not appropriately fund the war on any side, especially when it was Judaism's most dire time of need, and Jews were already being harmed, imprisoned, and stripped of their rights by Germany.
For one, every country in the world forgot what a refugee camp was, especially the U.K., even though the British and U.S. government were assisting in building Israel at the time, and were supposed to be navigating Jewish people to populate the area, some who were already there, so they could have just have made some refugee camps and then sent those Jewish people to the area of Israel later. Even if the refugee camps were illy provided for out of provisions, it was better than the concentration camps that they ended up at, and documents show that they the U.S. government claimed to become aware of what was happening in the concentration camps in 1942 and did nothing to remedy the situation after. It wasn't until 1944 that a refugee camp was set up for just under a thousand Italian Jews in New York, but back when the internment camps were set up for Japanese U.S. citizens, it was a matter of only two weeks that many of the camps were created, so there was a large lack of effort there.
The Rothschilds had knowingly sided with the countries that their banks resided in during World War I, even those opposed to each other, claiming that the countries their portion of the family and bank branches were located in forced them to assist the countries. Baron Rothschild of Germany had all of his assets seized by the Nazi German government, having kept a large amount of his fortune, enough to fund war, in the country of Germany, which was growing more and more antisemitic, and he was then placed in custody in a lavish hotel for a year, when he was supposed to be who the Nazis claimed to detest the most for impoverishing the

country, and when he was released after his family members paid the largest ransom ever recorded, their family did nothing to fund other countries to attack Germany: not to avenge their relative, not to assist the Jews being obtained, mistreated, and killed, and not even to just make a profit off of it. Furthermore, because of the Treaty of Versailles, the moment that Germany began attempts to arm themselves again, they had already broken the treaty, and all nations had a right to declare war against them and invade. Instead, they left Germany alone to rearm, because they wanted to have a large war result. The leaders of the countries were purposely running things terrible on the inside, and this is why France rolled over in a matter of only six weeks, which is a ridiculously short amount of time to surrender for a country that not only was considered to have one of the best armies in the world, but was also facing a country who had been attacking all of its surrounding countries, who would have had them trapped on all sides otherwise.
The Holocaust was kept secret because the German government didn't want to hurt the war effort against itself. There existed antisemitic sentiments by many people in the world's public before World War II, and the U.S. was even speculated to have about two-thirds its population having such views. If Germany just began opening fire on any Jew that they found in Europe, it might have deterred any desire whatsoever by the people with antisemitic views in the allied countries to desire to enlist. This is why they had Japan attack the U.S. to enter the war instead. Many people get the misconception that Japan attacked out of nowhere, but the attack was provoked by the U.S. cutting off all oil supplies to Japan, while freezing all Japan's U.S. assets, and most of Japan's oil was arriving from our country. Prior to cutting off the oil, the U.S. government had no problems with how the Chinese and the rest of eastern mainland Asia were being viciously attacked for several years, but then Japan crossed into an area of Indochine, and the U.S. government declared that they went too far. Following this, the U.S. government actually didn't bother to tell the base in Pearl Harbor to be on the lookout after cutting Japan off, because they wanted the attack to happen in order to have the U.S. enter the war.
The only railroads leading from France into Germany were owned by the Rothschilds, who didn't make efforts and requests to have them bombed or destructed themselves. The government leaders and the Rothschild Family wanted Germany to end up being discovered to have performed their atrocities against the Jews, because they were afraid that if their own history of crimes were discovered what happened to those Jews would happen to them, so they wanted to never have such things happen to any criminals in the future, being very manipulative in creating a sentiment to not do terrible things to actual criminals. Medical experiments were performed on the Jews by the German Nazis, and the Japanese were doing the same to the Chinese, but these "medical experiments" could be described as having no possible medical value, because they were more tests of pain. They did this because they did not want any positive medical information coming from actual medical experiments, allowing people to understand the benefits of doing medical testing on an actual dangerous criminal who had wronged others. Genuine medical experiments on dangerous criminals would actually be a very helpful way for someone who has wronged others or society to make it up to those people and society, as they can result in breakthroughs that save many people's lives for years to come.
They have also trained people to hate the word and concept of eugenics, when, in actuality, eugenics is a good concept if you do not focus on race and ethnicity, and, instead, make sure that dangerous criminals are not prospering and breeding. Every act of supposed eugenics has been a con performed by criminals targeting a race, races, an ethnicity, or ethnicities in a desire to make eugenics look bad, wanting to be discovered as terrible people after the event occurred. Considered medical experiments that have been performed on African Americans before, again, were not even trying to cure anything, but still being claimed medical experiments, giving diseases to the African American victims with no treatments being administered.
Ted Bundy, for instance, might have not have been responsible for his crimes, but they executed him anyways when the least they could have done was given him HIV in attempts to cure it.

I believe that cacogenics have been being practiced with the maser satellites, because they desire for criminals to exist, and for society to be ensured run by criminals.

With the information of France being poorly ran on purpose during World War II, it is possible that the early Rothschild conspiracy of Nathan Rothschild swindling the British Stock Exchange is actually very much worse than what was previously accused of occurring, and that they had France purposely lose the war so he could pretend Britain lost, having people ditch their stocks, and then he had those stocks boughten up. The British government itself could have participated in this, too, in a desire to financially oppress its own country's public, placing the country in a debt to the Rothschild Family. Tactics to make France lose likely

involved poor military strategizing, insufficient weapons and ammunition, and possibly a low number of soldiers than claimed deployed. This is why they did not have Napoleon executed but instead had him sent to an island in the center of the Atlantic Ocean guarded by British ships, because Napoleon did a criminal favor for them. Napoleon even once ran a more than useless military campaign against Russia and Alexander I, who he once used to kiss, which resulted in the deaths of many French soldiers and could not have been expected to win. I think Napoleon's portraits depicting him as an all great and world emperor was a joke to him, other leaders, and those assisting in war profiteering, and obscuring the fact that he was in no way serious about ruling the world. The same thing happened with Adolf Hitler.

I started to call a situation where war was purposely started for reasons of war profiteering a "humperdinck," because of the novel and film The Princess Bride, which were both written by Jewish author William Goldman. The story highly involves a character named Prince Humperdinck who would rather trade the marriage and life of an attractive woman for wealth gained by war profiteering, himself having it set up that his wife appeared murdered by an opposing country.
The Princess Bride was also likely inspired by someone like me who after thinking that he would die several times over and then facing extreme amounts of torture still preferred a woman to live for and would not give her up for all the corruptions and benefits of a fortune that come with it.

We also started to joke that both Germany and Japan had such a bad war strategy for what they accomplished attacking everyone surrounding them, including equal and extremely large countries with huge populations, and wearing their forces thin, that they got a Mike Dexter personality from the film Can't Hardly Wait (1993), claiming, "I'm going to kick everyone's ass in this room!"

It is often properly speculated that bankers purposely engendered the stock market crash in 1929 that led to the Great Depression, and I believe this valid, too. Investors were being allowed to buy stocks at a margin, so they would buy the stocks without paying the total value of them, but if the value of the stocks declined, the stockholders would be demanded to pay more money for the stocks to further invest, which should never have been allowed. Several large entities then pulled the rug out from everyone, selling off their stocks quickly, causing stockholders with margin stocks to demand more money in excess, and then the whole stock market crashed. This was done to not only impoverish and place the U.S. in debt, but Germany, who was already extremely poor, plummeted further into poverty. To make up for what they did, F.D.R. would then place in the welfare system to even out the earnings of people who still had jobs to those who didn't. I believe welfare should be given to those who really need it, but it should not just be given to anyone because politicians financially and economically attacked the country, and those who caused the crash should have been financially harmed themselves, having their wealth divided to those who needed it. It was their fault for running things in such a way for the problems to have occurred and they deserved to be punished for it.

I think that the Holocaust was spurred on by the criminal leaders and bankers out of worry that advancements in sound and film recording, plus a rise in public education, were catching up to them, and that they would eventually be discovered by their own criminal errors, followed by them being more than just attacked by the public.

I conclude a lot of the information that I am providing to be the computer age catching up to the criminals worldwide, because information is so easily available now, and videos can be cleaned up and researched way more easily over and over again.

The guillotine itself might have been placed into use out of worry by French royalty and aristocrats that they would die a painful death after having wasted large amounts of people's taxes on themselves while people of the French public were starving, and the French public was fooled into believing that the guillotine was needed to execute the criminals as swiftly as possible, even after those running the country had caused them such pain and problems.

Because the U.S. was said to be aware of Japan's eventual surrender, I believe that the criminal leaders set it up that the nuclear bombs would be dropped on both Hiroshima and Nagasaki for two reasons: First, in due of

Japan's atrocities and attacks, they wanted to make sure Japan could also claim victimhood in the fog of war, having had two completely civilian cities attacked, and many of its people murdered and harmed. They could have found a Japanese military target to attack, but, instead, they targeted two larger cities that were farther away from Japan's more central western cities. This is where the second motivation comes into play. They just wanted to scientifically test what the bombs were capable of on a very populated area. After the incident, they had people from both the U.S. government and the Japanese government study victims of the bombs, not giving the victims any medical treatment in anyway, but instead making certain nothing unusual came up and no anomalies occurred. They could have possibly even destroyed a smaller city or even dropped it near land and insight of the Japanese people, making them realize that they were up against something that was too powerful to fight against. Harry S. Truman is documented the least educated U.S. President in U.S. history, having had only gained a high school diploma, and I think that they had him placed to replace the dying F.D.R. in order to blame an unintelligent leader for making the decision.

It's also possible, as Charlie Chaplin's character The Tramp and Adolf Hitler both were the only two people to wear such a mustache, Charlie Chaplin wearing it first, that if Hitler was caught being a faulty leader, they were going to claim him just an actor they threw into the position, attempting to make it appear that faulty leaders running their country poorly on purpose do not happen.
I think the assassination attempts on Hitler's life were fiction also, as it was possible for the conspirators to try to assassinate him and attempt to get away with it, such as by sniper, rather than acting as suicide bombers.

It is possible to get D.N.A. from a jawbone, and Hitler's relatives' remains are available to see if they match. Plus, Hitler is supposed have relatives that reside in New York who are still alive, last time I checked.

I think that the reason that human cloning is not made allowed to be performed is not motivated exactly by ethics, but is more based off of a criminal desire to hide that a cloned person just resulted with the same person in personality and temperament, and likely even in their way of thinking.

People in my head helped me come up with a comedy film idea where a bunch of people clone Hitler in a controlled experiment in order to see if he behaves the same, even pretending to have one giant war that he is the leader of one side on, and the people who work for him keep acting incompetent to upset him, and eventually the location where he is directing his nonexistent army from is attacked by supposed enemy forces in final loss for the country he is in charge of, and he flees on a jet ski driven by one of his supposed soldiers, pretending to try to get him to safety to live elsewhere in secret.

It is also possible to clone the Japanese dog Hachiko to see if he was as loyal of a dog as has been told. His pelt is on display at the National Museum of Nature and Science in Tokyo.

I think that these same criminals are attempting to start a large war in Asia. The Biden Administration recently gave Taiwan a large sum of money for defense against China, but all this money has every possibility of being China's own money just borrowed and circulated through the U.S. government, as our country has borrowed a large sum of money from China. And because our debt is mostly owed to China, the money that we gave to Taiwan is practically China's money anyways. Plus, China keeps having materials for weaponry supposedly snuck to North Korea, and it would probably be very easy to manage their boats. The boats shipping fentanyl also can be easily controlled, but I think that the U.S. government wants those boats going to Mexico and to the Cartell, not only to have drugs imported into our country and waste people's taxes, but to upset us towards China. They might have purposely had China engender covid-19, again wanting to upset people towards the country. Japan has one of the largest debts of any country in the world, and I think that their government has been borrowing money from other countries and then forwarding it to the U.S. North Korea's missiles have been said to be funded by advanced North Korean hackers gaining large funds by hacking the accounts of people and businesses, but the country has next to no internet or computer capabilities given to the majority of its people, so it seems that it would be unlikely that such a country could produce a superior variety of hacker, and, instead, I think that people are either handing them the money and pretending it gained illegally, or doing the hacking for them, or masers are causing the hacks to appear legitimate. The people who do have computer access use a system that is just an imitation of OS. I think that

they made Taiwan become a democracy, although a false democracy, so the U.S. has an excuse to protect them. Regarding China again, no country has ever truly been run on a communist system, unless North Korea was at one point, which is doubtful, and all countries actually end up running on capitalism anyways, so it is often used as a tool for oppressing the public and starting wars, and the Chinese government is very disingenuous about their fondness towards communism. What often happens is a supposedly communist leader place in a few social programs run by the government that do not work well, such as rations for food crops to be dispersed to the public, and then people result in not having enough food given through the rations. China can be considered even by far more oppressively capitalistic than the U.S. Communism can work on smaller levels, such as a restaurant having all its employees gaining equal wages, including its owner, but then someone not pulling their own weight - a parasite - always occurs.

World restaurants that pay through tips and expect their employees to equal out their nightly tips between those in their restaurant are actually far more communistic than any country claiming to be communistic has ever ran and look how often it gets complained about but never fixed. These restaurants paying through tipping are working on a very broken communist social format where the restaurant's leaders and higher waged employees are capitalistic and receiving a large amount of income while the restaurant's employees running the location are communists working for a low wage and then dividing nightly tips between all their employees equally. This way of running a business on tips should not be legal, and instead the employees should be given decent earnings that fit a standard wage, while then also allowed to gain tips, either dividing up tips between the employees or kept by an employee who gained the tip.

Of course, China, Japan, and Russia are also running fraudulent space programs, too.

China claimed to have taken pictures of the back of the Moon with the Earth in the distance, but if it were possible to be a person on that Moon in the photographs, the Earth would appear gigantic to you and would take up the whole horizon from some perspectives. In reality, if it were humanly possible to see the Earth from the surface of the Moon, it would be about the value of three and a half Moons
in the Earth's sky, both horizontally and vertically.
Here are the Chang'e 5 spacecraft photos that I write of: https://slate.com/technology/2014/10/chang-e-5-photo-of-moon-and-earth.html

I think that drug trafficking into our country should be considered a terrorist attack on the country, especially with all the problems and damages the drugs cause, so it should be dealt with by execution. Maser instruments can be used to make certain that the person or people trafficking the drugs were well aware of the situation of having the drugs in their possession.

I think pedophiles, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths began to popularize the slogan, "No person is illegal!" because they wanted people to utilize it in all manners of behavior towards others, so to include the said type of criminally-minded people, even though the slogan was believed meant towards the treatment of illegal immigrants. Because each of these four types of people that I just mentioned like to cause problems and crimes as diversions, they also want a really relaxed border, or no borders whatsoever, to allow criminals and illegal immigrants to gain access to the country in order to distract law enforcement from their crimes being noticed.

The masers can actually euthanize a person pretty efficiently, painlessly, and quickly, and can be used in cases where a person has yet committed some terrible crime, but was born a terrible person, such as a child pervert, a rapist, a sociopath, or a psychopath.

With the idea of having electronic democracies worldwide it is far more likely that a country's people will be more reasonable to other countries than any leader could ever possibly be, hopefully; especially perhaps accommodating whether the people in another country are in need of something.

Someone last night brought to my attention that government websites often have pretty terrible design and appeal to them, and now that is a conspiracy with everyone.

I was made to look into the J.F.K. assassination. I came to the conclusion that it was because he was responsible for spurring on the U.S.'s effort to go to the Moon, and that they wanted the maser satellites, as I said, but also they were foolish enough to think space travel still possible, despite lying and faking events regarding it, such as the Venus probe that he claimed to had been sent in his "We choose to go to the Moon" speech. The sniper, who shot two bullets, was likely a professional, and not the person known as Lee Harvey Oswald, and the woman known as Marilyn Sitzman shot the fatal round in plain sight. Reviewing the restorations of the original Zapruder film, J.F.K.'s head and body movement is more of "left and to the back in swinging motion" movement, and not the "back and to the left" movement that was hypnotically suggested. All the players in Dealey Plaza were involved, and it was a very clever tactic of them to have those present and documenting the assassination on film be involved in the conspiracy and later giving false statements. Zapruder kept a steady camera on J.F.K., despite what was occurring, and Marilyn Sitzman was probably a very professional shooter, making a hip shot. Suspiciously, Marilyn Sitzman was the only person not interviewed by the Warren Commission, despite being among the best witnesses to the event, and no public interviews occurred with her until many years later, except for a completely muted black and white one following the event of the assassination. When Governor John Connally exclaimed, "My God! They are going to kill us all!" to J.F.K., he really did mean it.
All of the Dealey Plaza players have strange names that can be applied to the events of the assassination:

Abraham Zapruder was referencing Abraham Lincoln and his famous assassination, and Zapruder is a Ukrainian word for "ditch," as in the object, but it still applies, so his name means Abraham Lincoln ditch, as in an assassination.
Marilyn Sitzman is a reference to Marilyn Monroe, who J.F.K. was notoriously involved with and died the previous year, so her name is basically "Marilyn sits, man!" as in Marilyn Monroe is waiting up in Heaven for him.
Jean Hill has a full name of Norma Jean Lollis Hill, which again is a reference to Marilyn Monroe, as her real name was Norma Jean, and so this woman's name means "Norma Jean Lawless Capitol Hill."
Mary Moorman was a reference to Mormonism, and her name meaning "A merry Mormon."
Orville Nix has a name that can be misheard as "Our ville nix," as in Texas decided to nix the President.
Mark Bell has the footage that he captured have a line of people running towards the grassy knoll as if children out of school at the "mark of the school bell."
Mary Muchmore was just adding in a "merry much more" amount of footage with her film of the events.
Jim Featherston has a name referencing Galileo's experiments in gravity with the faking of the Moon landing, as they would have to "Jimmy rig a feather and stone" falling together at the same speed.
Lee Harvey Oswald is probably a reference to Robert E. Lee, as a civil war might have occurred because of what J.F.K. did, Harvey is a fictional rabbit in the film Harvey that is invisible and spoken to, which maser instruments can cause a person to be appearing to be doing, and Oswald is another fictional rabbit who was once owned by Walt Disney before Mickey Mouse, but Disney lost the rights to the character,
and he risked the same regarding his business and park with the criminal behavior he was involved in.

The shots being fired from the Texas School Book Depository also have symbolism in the fact that they would now need to monitor scientific text books to make certain that contrary information didn't show space fraud: most U.S. textbooks coming from the state. Jean Hill makes an interview where she bizarrely claimed a little white dog was between J.F.K. and his wife, and she was told to say this, because it is in reference to Pushinka, which was a puppy born of a Soviet space dog and gifted to J.F.K. by Khrushchev, and it was claimed that he was spurred on to place space efforts and a trip to the Moon as a priority because of the dog. In Mark Bell's film there is a pan back to where Abraham Zapruder and Marilyn Sitzman were standing after the President's vehicle drives off, and you can see both Zapruder and Sitzman walking nonchalantly in opposite directions, attempting to appear casual, although they seem more like two people in a store who accidentally dropped and broke something and are walking away from it.

Usually written reports would not have such emphasis on how long they are, but I believe that the criminals put an emphasis on the page count of The Warren Commission Report at 888 pages as both a hint and hypnotic suggestion not to read it, because it would be a waste of time, as it is just filled with misdirection, so

it goes on and on about nothing important, and the 8 is a vertical infinity sign indicating it as having a tediously long length.

The film Blow-Up (1966) helped me come to these conclusions, because it was inspired by the J.F.K. assassination and uses subtext to convey what was occurring in the world. The film's ending especially conveyed what occurred, where the protagonist has not solved the crime and has given up on it, him not even responsible for solving it in the first place, and a group of street performer mimes arrive in a military vehicle. The protagonist then plays along with the mimes, who are keeping silent, because there is nothing else that he can do and then is watched through the camera from above.

The song "Bullet" by the Misfits also strangely states exactly what happened, even indicating the use of maser instruments on others with the "masturbate me" lines. It was supposed to be released on a full-length record called "Static Age", but then they released only the "Bullet" seven-inch record instead, and, probably for proper reasons, decided not to release the already recorded full length record. They later released “Static Age" in 1996. It's unusual that "static age" is a better way to describe the "space age" with the electro-magnetic fields and static electricity that the maser satellites produce. The Misfits mascot The Crimson Ghost is also a symbol of maser use in the fact that the old serials in which the character appeared involved him coveting a dangerous ray that could stop all electrical equipment from being used.

The emo band Texas Is the Reason is both a mano nera band and their album Do You Know Who You Are? is a mano nera album. The name of their band is a reference to the lyrics of the Misfits' song "Bullet", and the album title is, of course, a reference to people invading the bodies of others through maser use. The album also makes several references to the Kennedy assassination.

Joy Division and their album Unknown Pleasures is the same in both being a mano nera band with a mano nera album. The name Joy Division is a reference to the name of a group of Jewish sex slaves for German soldiers during World War II that is referenced in the 1955 novella House of Dolls, the Unknown Pleasures are a reference to people accessing the bodies of others illegally through maser use in order to sexually gratify themselves, and the album's cover is a map of radio waves recorded from a pulsar star.

My guess on the Lee Harvey Oswald assassination is that it was recorded prior and shown as live news footage. In the raw NBC footage, there seems to be a dub in the film when the interviewers start focusing on a Frenchmen relating what he saw. One of the interviewers asks twice, "Where did he go?" and his lips do not match what he is asking. Before this, a European looking man behaves disingenuous in his behavior as he arrives at the camera's frame to the left and whispers to another man. The end of the Frenchman's interview also seems scripted and acted out, as he kind of just mumbles off, and the interviewers lose complete interest. They had Lee Harvey Oswald be a patsy, so he could authentically claim to be a patsy. They said that he got in a fire fight with Officer J.D. Tippit, but Tippit has a bullet wound directly to his temple, which would be unlikely to occur in a fire fight, and Tippit was likely killed in a hit-like fashion out of nowhere to help cover-up Oswald not being the true assailant. They then had Oswald get beaten up in the theater, which he was willing to have them hit him to produce the black eye. When they filmed Oswald's assassination, he probably thought that they would hide him later, but once they were done filming, they killed him, but not on film. When he is shot there is a weird close-up framing that occurs, which would seem to be edited, and in later photographs his hands are not bloody, even though it is natural behavior to hold one's own wounds.

I think Roger Craig, who was a Dallas police officer that arrived to Dealey Plaza immediately after J.F.K. was assassinated, was confused and messed with the most of the rest of his life. They would pretend that they were trying to kill him, although it could have been easily performed. He also could not hold a job in due of their maser tampering, and, because of them, committed suicide either by his own hand or theirs. His sole focus and accusations for what occurred were on the Dallas Police Department that he use to work for, blaming simply their racism for the incidences of the J.F.K. assassination, as he was the only non-racist person on the force.

I think the Kennedy Family did something to Rosemary Kennedy through maser use that motivated them to

silence her with a botched lobotomy that was performed by their father himself. They possibly sexually abused her in some way.

Criminals were responsible for the "Kennedy Curse." The reason that Ted Kennedy was left alive is because it would have been too coincidental that all three of the brothers died so quickly. They then decided to extort Ted Kennedy instead, first with him surviving his airplane crash, and then him being in that bizarre vehicular homicide where the woman with him died when they drove off a bridge. They probably controlled him through the maser instruments to not tell the authorities and then reminded him how easily that they could make it look that he was responsible for her death and could place him in prison. He then replied that he would play ball with them. They then made sure he was still a political figure and even used in a presidential campaign. This is why in a news interview he could not even responder to an interviewer's question to why he wanted to be President of the United States of America.
I think that they also messed with Robert Kennedy Jr.'s throat, so he was not a desirable President in due of his speech abilities.

There's edited footage in the Apollo 11 launch footage that was shown as live footage that only was capable of being edited, as a camera at such a ground distance would not have been able to follow and keep a steady frame of the rocket as far as it was in the sky, so the rocket footage was cropped to make the rocket appear to be recorded live in a tight frame.

There is also a "correction chain" that I discovered:
I think Martin Luther King Jr. was placed in the position of a leader by organized crime in a desire to make certain that African Americans were, became, or stayed Christian, and I think that they also placed Malcolm X in his leadership position wanting to navigate African Americans with racist values towards Islam, as Malcolm X preached to separate black people. So, when Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated, I think that criminals got upset about it, and connected James Earl Ray to Governor George Wallace, because Ray worked for Wallace's campaign in California, and they either discovered or figured George Wallace was involved in King's assassination. They then had Arthur Bremmer attack Wallace. There exists footage of Bremmer clapping and smiling in the crowd at close range, which is too much of an unusual coincidence that they were able to get such a shot of the would-be assassin prior to his attempt in the large crowd. Wallace would then be placed in a wheelchair after his attempted assassination. The film Taxi Driver would then come out, based on Arthur Bremmer's diary, and a moral of the film conveys to forgo attempting to assassinate a politician, as Arthur Bremmer did not do, and instead to go attack some pimps, or someone similar, and then maybe you will get that woman you have been pursuing. Then the Reagan assassination occurred, and John Hinkley did the opposite of what Taxi Driver conveyed to do, and attacked the politician and U.S. President Ronald Reagan, believing that it would gain the young Jodi Foster's admiration, in an act that conveyed: "You would have to be a pedophile to physically attack a politician." Another person then was left in a wheelchair following this attack, James Brady, who upset Ronald Reagan after Brady started making fun of Reagan for stating that trees create as much air pollution as anything else.

After I discovered this correction chain, out of nowhere my ex-girlfriend contacted me and came over, and I think they were trying to instill in my mind that what occurred in Taxi Driver could happen to me if I follow their rules, hoping I should desire to go and commit a crime against some criminal of the sort.

Technically, all politicians are responsible for crimes by how they run things, so they are just as good, and far worse than, a pimp or drug pusher most the time. It's one of the reasons they usually blame entertainment for criminal behavior when poverty and education are their department, and a lack of both helps produce crime, and it’s their governing of things causing more problems than anything else.

I think that Martin Luther King Jr.’s assassination attempt by Izola Curry was to send a message that a person would have to be mentally ill and lacking in intelligence to be against him, because Curry was said to be a mentally ill and having a low intelligence and she attempted to stab him in the heart with a letter opener, and the letter opener being used was “sending out a letter to everyone.”

It is actually impossible for The Catcher in the Rye to have conveyed any secret meanings to Mark David Chapman, unless the meanings somehow biographically matched or conveyed through subtext portions of his life to him, which is extremely doubtful. He likely just became upset at John Lennon's anti-religious sentiment in the song "Imagine", along with other religious people. It is possible to have him try to explain the secret meanings to other people with the book in front of him, but I wouldn't believe him unless he could explain certain subtext that told him to murder Lennon. Either way, even if he were able to do so, he had no excuse to perform the act of shooting John Lennon just because a book told him to. If a book blatantly said, "You should shoot John Lennon, reader!" would you do it?
I think that he and others also wanted to make it appear that only an insane person would read into and find hidden messages in a work.

The F.L.D.S. and Mormon polygamist sects are said to use the tactic of taking away a person's spouse in order to punish them, and the L.D.S. Church does the same with the maser instruments instead, so to hide that they run with the same tactics and intentions, but sophisticated in technology and much worse.
I think that something happened between the L.D.S. Church and Ray Combs, who was an L.D.S member, a comedian, and host of Family Feud, and whatever occurred between them inspired them to cause his misfortunes, his divorce, and his suicide. His final episode helps me in this argument in the fact that he once had a Vietnamese contestant return to the show to help him once, a Vietnamese family was in the final episode, a coincident occurs where the contestant in the final round got entirely zeroes on every answer, which never happened before, and Ray Combs gave him a kiss on the cheek, unusually walking off the stage at the end of the show, which he never did any other time. This leaves indications that the program was being written and was rigged, which is dishonest, and maybe Combs didn't like what was going on, and didn't want any part of it. Combs once brought his children on to a late-night talk show with him to help him perform comedy, so it seemed like he was really a family person who liked his children. After his show went off the air, the comedy clubs that he owned started failing, and his wife left him. Despite his failing business, I doubt he would have killed himself under any other circumstance, because he still would have had the ability to see his children, and, instead, he was being tortured with maser instruments, and people controlled him in his suicide, making him slam his own head against the walls of his house, and then having him hang himself.
As I said, all games can be rigged with the maser instruments, especially game shows. Ken Jennings is also famously Mormon and possibly had maser instruments causing him to become one of Jeopardy's greatest champions, despite being from a religion often not condoning materials and restrictive of what information their members are able to view. Of course, he is now hosting the popular game show program. He was sometimes seen on The Chase, and The Chase actually is very easy to rig even without maser instruments, as the chasers can simply just be given the answers to the questions ahead of time, including both the choice of the A and B questions chosen by the final contestant or contestants.

I think that the CleanFlicks employees were tampered with and possibly extorted through maser use. They were cleaning up films that most L.D.S. members were told by the church not to watch because of their adult content, and then CleanFlicks' business was not only lawfully attacked by the film industry, which is understandable, but the business owner and an employee was accused of sexual relations with underage girls, and supposedly they had a large amount of pornography discovered in their backrooms. It is strange that there was a documentary made about the business that actually recorded the events as they unfolded, and not created after the fact.

The film Soul Survivors (2001) conveys the events of having your significant other and friends taken away by the L.D.S Church, even using a character similar to Bob from Twin Peaks near its ending, Bob being a character that possesses others and commits rape and other crimes through people, and then a blessing-like operation in Soul Survivors' finale remedies everything. Eliza Dushku was also raised L.D.S. Another character in the film is a more masculine looking lesbian who is meant to appear similar to Gozer from the Ghostbusters series, saying that a church's blessing will "ghostbust" her and make her go away.

Final Destination (2000) is a mano nera film focused on a child sex slave through maser use stopped by criminals from travelling in an attempt by others to remove him from the U.S. to France to relay what he had experienced, and the masers can do most things within the film.

When I was a young child, my family use to be involved in the L.D.S. Church, but one Sunday as we were driving home my siblings and I were asked by our parents, "Do you guys not want to go to church ever again?" and me and my siblings began saying, "No!" really glad and cheering about it.

Throughout my elementary school and junior high days, sometimes on Sunday afternoons I would sit in the drive way burning black ants with a magnifying glass, even as friends of mine walked to church, which, again, upon past inspection, was symbolism of their maser use.

I think all human traffickers should be euthanized, because they are dangerous people and an immediate threat to the public.

A favorite tactic of theirs is messing with other people's anuses, causing them to sting, feel unclean, making them unclean, and messing with a person's digestive system. They can also contract, tighten, or dilate a person's anus. They use this to deter sodomy, too.

I've come to understand that objectification is a sign of a true sociopath or psychopath, as they tend to treat others as objects. There is a difference between sexualizing a person and objectifying a person, which has much to do with a person's perspective. Two people can see the same sexual image and one can view it differently in the fact that the sexualized person is nothing more than an object while the other just views it as erotic and stimulating while not treating the person as an object and being able to still respect the person as a person. A sociopath or psychopath tends to do whatever they feel like to a person, seeing them as an object that can have anything they desire done to it.
I actually thought of George W. Bush and his joy and mistreatment of the people in the World Trade Center buildings when I arrived at this thought: him lost in happiness that the first airplane had hit the North Tower.

I started to call all these criminals and people defending criminal behavior "rat people," because they want to create and live in social squalor. I also use to refer to them as human flies, because they love bothering people, filth and garbage, and have a sole focus on sex. Many of us started to call them peckerheads also, because they are both bird-brained and have a penis for a mind all at once.
Even "lizard person" conspiracies have a purpose. It seems they were invented and adopted to create a euphemism to convey that a person is or was born "cold-blooded," like a lizard is, but meaning it in terms of the person being ruthless and heartless, without the accuser being attacked or sued, as the accusations come off as ridiculous in due of them being taken literally.

Conspiracies about the satanic Denver Airport also even have some validity in due of its location: Denver is both well inland and high above sea level, and it would be one of the most reasonable places within the U.S.A. to escape a large nuclear attack or if the polar ice caps started swiftly melting. Speculation on its artwork is also reasonable, especially as the artist Luis Jiménez unusually died upon finishing the Blue Mustang that sits at the entrance way to its location, having likely been murdered by maser instruments through his own art piece, which had a segment of it fall upon him, and doing such a thing would fit the character of our now libertine leaders.

These terrible people have absolutely no respect for other people and their bodies, and they have no sense of personal space.

They like to use the shame of rape to hide things and get their way.

I believe that criminals have been raising children into public persons and politicians, so they do not speak ill of them or their organizations. As I said, there is evidence Barack Obama was raised to be a U.S. President: they probably sent him to Indonesia between ages 6 to 10 out of worry of his behavior and possible unintelligence as a child, making it so he was still in school, but was in classes with children who couldn't understand him and vice versa. He also has claimed himself that he can't speak any language but English, but then contrary information states he can speak Indonesian. He seems to have fabricated stories of his teenage

years. All his higher learning facilities skewed what was considered a high achieving student when he attended them, and after he left, they changed the qualifications back. There are speculations that he did not write "Dreams from My Father" with the wording and style matching another author's work, and in a speech about the book at the Cambridge Public Library, which he had never once been in before, despite him claiming a love of books in his speech, he kept getting things wrong, such as Ralph Elison's Invisible Man being "Invisible Men". Obama has too much of manicured look, manner, voice, and vocabulary, too, which further shows that he was taught to act and speak that way to eventually be placed in his political seats.

The L.D.S. Church has been highly involved in placing these public persons and politicians into their positions using the maser instruments, and also raising some of them from a child:

Many of the people involved in the films that I am going to bring up possibly didn't know there was any such meanings in them, possibly not even understanding that they had placed the meanings in them themselves because of maser tampering, either that or they could have been facing extortion.

The film Rain Man (1988) was based off a mentally-handicap Mormon man who lived in Utah named Kim Peek, who was said to have his brain developed differently and making him a megasavant. He even came to my elementary school - Twin Peaks Elementary School, which was not near my home, but on the eastside where I was bussed to as a child - so to give a demonstration of his abilities once at an assembly. I believe that his abilities were likely a lie and that maser instruments were doing the work, and that the L.D.S. Church were trying to inspire and give false hope to those who birthed a mentally-handicap child, so they believe perhaps some extraordinary thing might occur to their child despite their disabilities. His father took care of him his whole life, and said that he didn't appreciate Kim's ability until Kim predicted where the Skylab space station would fall in 1979, which was outside Kim's abilities, and why would his father not appreciate his superior memorization skills when he was said to be able to fully read and memorize books at 16 to 20 months old. Rain Man is not fully about him, but based on him, and the film is a road trip film in which a mentally-handicap man with gifts is taken by his brother to Las Vegas to use his skills to work a casino. Kim Peek's displays showed him able to read the number of items accurately and immediately, and, as I said, the maser instruments can perfectly count and stack playing cards as a person desires. He tended to memorize phone books, and one of his displays was also speaking people's addresses. In his later life, he was said to have gained the ability to play the piano.

The film Casino (1995) had a Mormon casino accountant named John Nance who assisted in skimming from casinos and delivering the money to mob bosses, and was based on a real life figure named George Vandermark.

The film The Wizard (1989) completely ripped off The Rain Man in its story, being a road trip film where a brother takes his debilitated but gifted younger brother, both of them from Utah, to a video game championship in California, and again, though not well-known and not officially indicated so, the movie was based on the life of a Utah Mormon child named Jeff Hansen, who was a Nintendo champion at a young age and even acted and looked similar to the character Jimmy Woods in the film. Jeff Hansen likely cheated and was made to win through maser use, as he was supposed to be a superior player of Super Mario Bros., even beating the Japanese champion, explaining in a news interview, "I practice about an hour every day," which is a dubious amount of time, and the film The Wizard even makes indications that Jimmy Woods cheated to win, such as him being back stage unlike the other players in the championship before the finals started, and him miraculously understanding where the warp whistle is secretly hidden in Super Mario Bros. 3, which had yet to be released, along with his female travel companion Haley Brooks being aware of it also.

The film Little Monsters (1989), through subtext, is entirely about raising children to protect criminals, desiring to find children who show intelligence for positions as public figures, politicians, and engineers. The criminals want to build sympathy for themselves, wishing the child to both understand them and empathize with them, but not to have the child become one of them. The film's star is Fred Savage and his character's father is played by Daniel Stern, both who were involved with The Wonder Years, which had begun in 1988, and the television series had Daniel Stern act as a narrator voice, as if inside Fred Savage's character Kevin

Arnold's head. Fred Savage's character Brian suspects that a monster is messing with him, and he uses some intelligence and ingenuity to build a trap to catch the monster doing it. After this, the monster, Maurice, wearing a jacket that states "BORN TO BE WILD" on it, shows him his world, and displays to Brian how they like to tamper with children to make them look like they are misbehaving by sneaking into their room at night through magical means. Such as in life, if light is shined on the monsters they disappear. During a scene in which Brian and Maurice sneak into the room of Brian's crush Kiersten, a continuity error is purposely placed into the film to convey a sexual desire to see girls and women defecating. Kiersten is wearing a screen-printed shirt that has a cartoon woman balancing a toaster on her buttocks, with the toaster shooting out bread, attempting to convey that they want to see "a piece of loaf" shooting out of a female's backside. The image on the shirt flips from Maurice's view to Brian's view, meaning they made the shirt specifically for those reasons, printing at least two versions of it, and it is impossible for the continuity error to have not been purposeful. The film ends with Brian and the rest of his non-monster friends avoiding becoming monsters themselves and finding themselves in California: symbolizing that Brian is going to be a big star someday.

The film Super Mario Bros. (1993) was created to obfuscate that Nintendo is involved in performing the opposite of what the film's messages and tones convey. The film's story has lizard people who evolved from dinosaurs and other people who evolved from apes. The lizard people tend to have a lack in social behavior and enjoy a more sordid culture within squalor unlike those evolved from apes. Within the story President Koopa is a display of a lizard person U.S. President, and he uses technology to either make his minions or people more intelligent, or de-evolve them if they display kind qualities, while also de-evolving other characters. The L.D.S. Church and Nintendo, connected with each other through the film The Wizard, are likely actually placing in sociopathic U.S. Presidents to fit their criminal needs, and they are attacking the U.S. public with maser instruments, harming a person's mentality and attempting to distract them, so they are less educated and more ignorant, while also trying to educate criminals to assist them. The film has its heroes attempting to combat such a situation, despite the actual creators of its source materials desiring to have such outcomes occur.

The film The New Guy (2002) is about raising a pedophile for a leadership position, wishing to toughen him up for his role, making him a well-liked and a better president than usual, and then exposing his past. The beginning of the film shows the main character Dizzy Harrison being driven to school with his friends by his father, who is played by Lyle Lovett, wishing for a desire for the viewer to mistake him for Jerry Lee Lewis: Lewis being a notorious figure for having married his thirteen-year-old cousin. When Dizzy and his friends get to school, he approaches a girl he likes named Tina, who is played by Rachael E. Stevens. They hired this actress because she looks like Brook Shields, who is notoriously known for having been sexualized since an early age, as far back as ten, appearing nude at that age in the magazine Sugar and Spice, Shields then was sexualized in various medias from then after. Dizzy pursues Tina, and then he is found to have an erection by bullies while talking to her, which Tina finds disgusting, and he is laughed at by everyone, and after his erection is harmed by an authority figure at the school, who considers his penis a weapon, and causes his penis to be harmed: this all being subtext for him getting an erection over a young Brooke Shields, being discovered for it, and having his penis nearly castrated in due of it. He is then placed on drugs because of the incident. The story then has him toughened up by criminals, while also involving the help of celebrity figures, and he is relocated to a new area where he can become popular and lead everyone to freedom in a Brave Heart like fashion. Afterwards, he is found for his humiliating past, but is forgiven by others with help from the criminals, and after the bullies having been dealt with, his love interest, who is played by the former Mormon actress Eliza Dushku, accepts him also.

The film Napoleon Dynamite (2004) was written by the Mormon brothers Jared and Jerusha Hess, being directed by Jared Hess, and starred the also Mormon Jon Heder. The film's story involves characters who of many appear to be the type of person who would end up on a sex offender registry, and they are involved in wacky, humorous, and pathetic happenings. It's title character Napoleon Dynamite meets a young and timid Hispanic teenager his age and helps him to become the president of his school, all with the help of entertainment and gangsters. The film uses subtext to convey a plan to raise a Hispanic male for the role of the U.S. President, but first teaching him to be a skinhead and then concealing it, the title Napoleon Dynamite, first used by Elvis Costello, might be a reference to Napoleon and his corrupt leadership of France, while

"Dynamite" could refer to Alfred Nobel, who became rich after inventing dynamite and also created the Nobel Prize, meaning that they were going to give this Napoleon-like character the Nobel Prize in the future. A sequence following the end credits has a pathetic song that touts a love for technology, while also lyrically asks, "Why do you need me? Why do you love me?" and then has Napoleon showing up on a horse.

The Disney film Wreck-It Ralph (2012) has very pedophilic tones and themes where a video game villain involved in causing destruction and damage to things, especially people's homes, while a contrasting character knowingly desires him to do so to maintain his occupation, wishes that he could be someone else, so he attempts to be other people, but does a bad job at it, even causing one large disaster, but still attempts to be awarded for it anyways, and then begins a relationship with a glitched child that is cheated to win over everyone else in a vast land of plenty of "candy," which is ruled by a person who is not who he says he is, and no one wants the glitched child even around, but eventually the protagonist video game villain helps the child to be accepted by others by training her and helping her defeat the false leader and remedying a problem caused by himself, which is a fast and suddenly growing dilemma that will be assisted in being stopped by a military leader, a military leader who will become romantic with the video game villain's contrasting character in due that they both share a status of depending on the video game villain causing problems to keep their jobs, although there is worry that the glitched child winning a race will display that the game is broken, which would result in her getting killed, so she can rule over the land, and she well understands that he has a terrible mind, but is still a hero to her, because he believes that she belongs in the world, while the video game villain also accepts that he is the bad guy, and she is still very much a glitched person cheating the game in the end, and the populous celebrates him, despite him causing them all of their troubles, as he watches from afar the child he helped plant to win achieve glory in an erroneous manner, and he asks himself, "How bad can I be?": the film's two main characters each being modeled to resemble as if they were characters from two Nintendo franchises, Donkey Kong and the Mario Kart series.

The Disney sequel film Ralph Breaks the Internet (2018) has the video game villain who ruins people's homes and the glitched child leader in a close relationship with each other, and they realize that a new and modern era of technology is occurring, so, as the glitched child is now a leader, the video game villain has the glitched child take those of the public who like her into a difficult and problematic direction that they do not want to go, which results in the game being broken, so the youthful public looks for modern methods to renew the game, but the older and business running public wants to use older tactics while possibly scrapping the game completely and salvaging what they can from it, and everyone is found displaced and lacking somewhere to live, including the leader herself, who no longer has a land to lead, and the video game villain's contrasting character and the military leader, and probably all who are like them that depend on problems to occur, as good Christians, adopt too many of the displaced children, and the video game villain looks for modern ways to renew the outdated game with recent advancements in technology, and the older and business running public is also figuring out possibilities in doing so, too, so the video game villain and the glitched child that he placed into office start exploring and studying the internet where the public is frequenting, and the public is bombarded by many different websites while indications are being made to them that they can discover new thoughts and ways of doing things, but the video game villain and the glitched child former leader want to make sure that they can buy control of the game with modern methods most of all, and others are also looking to do the same, and they would try even using money that they don't have to do so, and they might be able to purchase control of the game, but it would take a lot of money, so they look into and seek crooked and shady ways to achieve the money, but find themselves in a society of crime and social squalor, so they are going to have to do a lot of criminal work with dangerous criminals, including ones with celebrity appeal, such as the criminal leader, who might even want to kill them, to achieve what they want, while the youth of the public are extremely distracted and are going to be taken off guard with what is occurring, and are also emulating the criminals, and even criminals might have a moment of sympathy for those who are being taken advantage of, so the video game villain needs to use deceitful methods in order to have the former leader gain what they want from the criminals, which is a sleeker and more advanced way of running a race that also kills people in a society of squalor, but some of the criminals might try to bully the future leader off of their course, especially a criminal leader with attraction and appeal who has the ability to race herself, and they likely will end up racing with each other, so they need to start assisting each other, and the video game villain needs to use new ways to entertain the public, and they are running out of time to achieve what they want, and they

need to also be able to work online media in favor of themselves, and also keep the public distracted as much as possible by constantly doing stupid things, and the video game villain fears of also growing apart with the glitched child and losing control of her by other people, and she gets directed to be highly involved with Walt Disney Co., so to not appear a criminal running a violent race, and with Walt Disney Co. she uses the company to advocate the video game villain's behavior, and the glitched child former leader will become considered a "Disney Princess" herself, and attitudes of various princesses of the world will become more relaxed because of her, and, in conversation with people involved with Walt Disney Co., she has to worry about accidentally speaking metaphorically her true desire, which is to have the control back of the country of "candy," and the video game villain might end up trying to produce too much content, which would likely turn out to be inferior, and having the public turn on him, but at least he will have gained enough money and distracted the public to gain what he needed, but the glitched child will realize that her true desire is to live in a dangerous society of crime and squalor, just as the rival criminal leader also enjoys doing so, although she has to still consider what the video game villain desires, and the video game villain uses technology to eavesdrop on her and realize that that is her desire, although she is aware that he wants everything to remain routine and the same, but, as a glitched child, she wants to be involved in regular crime, and he doesn't want her to do that, so he wants to get rid of the society of squalor in hopes that she will not make it obvious that she is a criminal, and he might discover a virus in order to do so, which might also need help from electricity, the maser instruments, being used to attack the criminal society, finding defects, criminals, in order to kill them all in a serial killer manner, hoping to make life more boring in the game, all while the glitched child former leader gets involved in genuinely transparent criminal behavior, and she remains reminded of the video game villain's abilities with maser instruments and his intentions, so she needs to check herself in what she is doing, and her status as glitched person could culminate in a possible dismantling of everything, which will wind up killing her, and the criminal leader and video game villain will have to help in saving her, and she will come crying back to him, but then she might get upset if she finds out that he caused the epidemic to occur, and she also might cause the public to become aware of his faults, which will lead to a widespread disaster of all things, and he might then have to end up mindlessly attacking the entire world, even dismantling the whole internet through a virus, and he will still attempt to have her side with him, pretending he doesn't know why it is occurring, and people running the search engines and internet will be aware that he was responsible, but they will still offer a solution to remedy it, pretending he assisted in fixing it, and he and the glitched child will pretend themselves once again to be saviors to the problem that they caused happen, combatting the virus through help from internet savvy people, even though it is likely just maser instruments caused all of the problems, and perhaps the video game villain will allow the glitched child former leader to be able to remain a criminal as she desired, along with help from Walt Disney Co., and the video game villain will become coupled with Walt Disney Co. in the future, and they will appear to be knowing and helpful people after remedying the situation, and then they can be friends forever, despite having to publicly exist in two different worlds, but, at least for them, the old system will have been renewed, though it is not the same, as the stars of the game are unable to be so transparently obnoxious, and the Christian parents seem to have a hidden key to better parenting, and the video game villain will have to begin studying to maintain his duel nature, and the video game villain will continue to use technology in order to keep in touch with the glitched child former leader, and she will still understand that he was born with a rotten brain, continuing his work wrecking people's homes, and, even after everything, he will continue to try to disturb children with an unhealthy overabundance of video games, along with his behavior towards them, and maintain to troll the entire world.
Given the date of the film, this makes it possible that covid-19 actually had maser use involved in the virus killing others. I actually received COVID-19 before, and it didn't really harm me very much.

Criminals often end of up learning to use coded speech and subtext out of necessity, so they can avoid getting caught, even if they are not using it as part of the entertainment industry, but to communicate to other criminals ideas and happenings in average criminal behavior. Even in my previous explanations of authors using it for good in a country with an oppressive leadership, the author would have been considered a criminal by their unjust government. People of a different sexuality have a history of using coded speech and subtext in order to function on behalf of their sexuality, because it was deemed criminal, as can be taught through homosexuals having to do so when they were much less accepted; but pedophilia, on the other hand, has a history of never being accepted on a large social level, not even in ancient Greece where the word originated,

because even then it was described as men with teenage boys, but never complete children. I believe that Christianity and their logic of placing in leaders caused the fall of Rome and its representative democracy, and restricted democracies from occurring for many centuries. Often, law enforcement becomes eventually aware of some new form of code or communication that they are using to make criminal exchanges with each other to commit crimes. These criminals are using subtext for their own selfish good, and not a societal good, to communicate with others their intentions and desires, which is maintaining an unjust, criminally bias, and undesired form of government that protects sexual degenerates and pedophilia. In this case, subtext is being used in works by leadership and criminals wishing to convey things between those sided with themselves and also to threaten their enemies in order for them to hide information from the public instead, where the public would definitely desire to not only oppress them if their criminality was discovered, but harm and eradicate them in an act of justice also.

Point Break (1991) and The Fast and the Furious (2001) almost have the exact same plot and story structure, and for good reason. Point Break features an undercover cop named Johnny "John" Utah moving to a new state and taking up a local custom, all to investigate the Ex-Presidents, who have been involved in numerous robberies. What is conveyed in subtext here is that people wanted to send a John Doe to Utah, not knowing he was investigating the L.D.S. Church himself, have him take up the local custom of Mormonism, all in hopes to find out if they are responsible for placing the previous U.S. Presidents in their positions, as they seem to focus on performing criminal behaviors, stealing and wasting large amounts of tax money. Keanu Reeves was being typecasted before the film and often portrayed as an "airhead" or "dunce," expressing this unknown real-life person would not understand what was happening. A briefing at the beginning of the film during Johnny Utah's first day of work at the L.A. Police Department explains: "You know nothing. In fact, you know less than nothing. If you even knew you knew nothing, that'd be something, but you don't." This real-life person would have a point of contact who is part crazy, as was conveyed in the casting of Gary Busey, who is an actor notorious to be considered part crazy himself. The reason Patrick Swayze was chosen for the role is because he had just appeared in the film Ghost (1990), expressing an ability to act as a ghost with the maser instruments.
The motivation for The Fast and the Furious being basically the same film is because it was conveying that the L.D.S. Church were already blatantly doing criminal acts in public anyways, and that they were confirmed just plain criminals. Paul Walker was raised Mormon, and his character Brian O'Connor gets first accused of being a possible serial killer because of his alias Brian Earl Spilner.

Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure (1989) was a mano nera film made to relay messages between criminals who were worried about future politics pushing popular celebrities, especially liberal musicians, into political control, and despite them being somewhat unintelligent still desiring to correct injustices, and while doing so causing the public to discover obvious criminal acts in the past history of the world, so the criminals now need to make certain that musicians they were raising adhered to what history taught them to believe, because historical figures were so far off the level that they would have run into serious future trouble. The phone booth was a symbol for maser use, as even receiving voice signals to a person's head is somewhat similar in manner. They likely put George Carlin in his role as a trainer to the duo of characters, because he was a popular and very political comedian who was precise and unique in his perspective on issues that he spoke on, him not even being aware of the film's subtext, and were worried they would learn something from him that they shouldn't. They therefore used him to obfuscate historical views on these past figures. Napoleon only existed in his position for reasons of war profiteering, and was the worst of the group of historical figures found in the film, so they left indications that they needed to have him be avoided in being discussed to these future celebrities more than any other, having him off on his own through much of the film's story, him just seeming a silly and buffoonish character not to be taken seriously; and Abraham Lincoln, too, was very untrustworthy in his political position, as was Sigmund Freud.
Abraham Lincoln, though spending many years in the U.S. Senate, could have just genuinely been an actor that was placed in his political role as a U.S. President, because they were aware slavery would eventually have to end well in advanced of the Civil War breaking out. They likely wanted to continue to use the practice of slavery and its labor for a time, but realized how many black African people, who were sold often by their own African people for being criminals, were being largely imported and overpopulating the country. They understood that the logistics of everything would not hold up in the future, having too large of a population

of black African people within the U.S. population expected to do all the manual labor, and possibly overpowering the rest of those living within the U.S. Just because a person was an abolitionist didn't mean they necessarily were sympathetic or compassionate to the plight and wellbeing of African Americans. So, realizing a war would eventually occur, they made certain that an actor, portrayed as a very kind person, would lead the North to victory, but they also had to make sure that he would take the blame if by some rare misfortune, such as famine or disastrous weather, had caused everything to go "south." You see documentaries about the Civil War, and you get messages from supposed honest abolitionists communicating of their desire that all men should be equal, but history after the war shows African Americans mistreated, and lied to and segregated for an exact number of one-hundred years, as if people were writing the events up to the Civil Rights Movement. Even the promise of giving them forty acres and a mule was not fulfilled, and during the time the government was even giving away much more land than that to anybody, if the person who desired it promised to properly tend to it. The reason that Abraham Lincoln was shot in a theater by an actor was likely indicating him an actor and theater person himself being given a proper send off from his role.

Those connected to me and I have thought it possible that segregation was performed to sell a larger number of plumbing installations and supplies, along with aiding in more architectural work on buildings being needed, because utilities, although not as advanced, were not desired to be segregated previously to the creation of segregation even during slavery.

Gremlins (1984) was about people, even those trying to make it as inventors, having their lives destroyed by the very cute thing from Asia that they brought home one Christmas, and even having those that made it sabotage and destroy all other forms of invention not arriving from them. There's a reason that both Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956) was featured in the film and all the gremlins who become eviler and larger in population are seen first as mogwais playing a miniature arcade of Donkey Kong and then also watching and loving the Walt Disney film Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1937) later. The word "mogwai" actually is from Chinese, and it literally means a "demon ghost."
Gremlins 2: The New Batch is the same, but entirely focused on corporate sabotage.

"Death to spies!" has been often used in countries wanting to eradicate any threat to the country, but a more updated version could be: "Death to trolls and gremlins!"

Donnie Darko (2001) has a writer and director, Richard Kelly, whose father worked for NASA on the Mars Viking Lander program, and the film mainly conveys that attempts are being made to research wormholes and time travel in order to cover-up the discovery of criminal behaviors by other people, and this film once again uses Patrick Swayze because of his role in Ghost: this time him being a self-help guru who is a pedophile, and him having a religious quality to his work. Even if the solar winds weren't a problem, it would take more than the power of many nuclear bombs constantly going off to send a signal to the Earth from outside of Earth's magnetosphere, which blocks out radiation, and this being extremely true if it had to go through Mars' weaker magnetosphere, as well. I like to compare the thought of the Mars Lander as the same thing as sending a regular remote controlled vehicle bought off the shelf in the toy aisle of a supermarket from California to New York, and sitting in California and pretending that it is driving all over Time Square.

The Sopranos final episode had Journey's "Don't Stop Believing" in it, conveying to people to not cease their belief in the abilities of the space programs or religion, because gangsters need to be themselves, hence why it also showed the song "I've Gotta Be Me" by Tony Bennett as one of Tony Soprano's possible choices after. They are warning that if you lose your belief, your show might just abruptly end.

I think that Tommaso Buscetta was used by new world organized crime figures, having him become a pentito, in order to incarcerate the old world bosses for them, not killing the old world bosses, but wanting them kept out of the picture, as they may have begun taking over everything with the maser instruments, allowing Buscetta to live in the U.S.A. unharmed, too.

Most first installments to horror franchises often are mano near films. Halloween (1978), for instance, expresses the idea that NASA is raising children to be serial killers for them. Michael Myers comes off more

like a government agent in the film, driving around in what looks to be a designated government vehicle with a seal on its side, and a classroom scene within the film has him standing by his vehicle looking into the classroom while the class has a discussion subtly focuses on the topic of nature versus nurture and about other people determining a person's fate through maser use. His mask, which was originally going to be a Richard Nixon mask, is actually a William Shatner mask dyed white, and the symbolism in this can be interpreted as a man acting like he is involved in space travel was told that it is impossible to be in space and then turned white, and after went on a very slow-paced killing spree.

I started calling NASA the National Association for Sexual Assault.
It should be noted that during Operation Paperclip over sixteen-hundred Germans from former Nazi Germany, who were already from a background of human rights violations and human degradation, were imported to assist in the space program, both the German government and space program proven focused on concealing fraud and protecting and nurturing criminality, and every single one of them a possible child sex offender through valid evidence.

Before people started blatantly talking to me in my head, all the people around me began to act terribly, both passive-aggressively and obnoxiously, literally everywhere that I went. One day, I came home and asked myself if I was living in Salt York City, because everyone around began to act extremely rude to me in an old New York City fashion. I know that people with maser instruments were attempting to instill a misanthropic attitude in me, hoping to show that everyone is self-centered and only concerned with their own wellbeing, so I might as well not care about them and stop trying to correct things and be helpful. I've thought that they were trying to raise me for a presidential position, but then they would suddenly change to claims of trying to raise me to be a serial killer, but I became aware that is it the same thing. I also consider everything that has been done to me possibly just being one big "To Catch a Predator" trap, trying to take a large number of the child perverts and rapists out all at once.

I think that Fight Club could have been inspired by me, whether Chuck Palahniuk was aware of it or not, as the masers could have tampered with him while writing the novel. Every day for the last decade I have been at least two people with many other people connected to me. The other person, who is likely a tradeoff of people, controls my motor functions half the time. Sometimes I am technically three people at once: I am still very much aware of what is happening, but someone controls my motor functions and everything else while I am also feeling half or more of a third person's nerve signals and thoughts. When this occurs, I have been made to feel a person's awful ideas, feelings, and disposition while someone else manages my body's movements. The novel Fight Club ends with the attempted destruction of a nearby national museum, but the film has the better ending with the narrator successfully erasing the world's debt. Because of the maser instruments, any person could have been made to rack-up large amounts of debt against their will, because they were controlled or extorted in their decision making. Plus, all these large bankers have been performing extreme amounts of criminal acts, and everything that they own has been obtained through corrupt means.
I also use to go to many hardcore shows, which can be considered similar to a fight club, and there are indications that Tyler Durden is a anarcho-primitivist, such as his desire to have cities with abandon highways in which people hunt venison, and those found in the hardcore communities are often sometimes similar in thought, although vegan.

I would like to make it so criminals never get to keep what they have gained through criminal behavior, including all funds.

I believe the L.D.S. Church and people involved in the field of psychiatry were responsible for the Aurora theater shooting, and that James Holmes was tampered with and focused on since childhood by criminals, and, as embarrassing as it is to say, that the film The Dark Knight (2008) was partly inspired by me and the events surrounding myself, and probably the two other installments in The Dark Knight Trilogy also.
My thoughts on the Dark Knight are inspired by the casting choices most of all: Christian Bale is most notoriously known for his role as the psychopath Patrick Bateman in the film American Psycho (2000), and I, being unaware that I was constantly being watched by masers at the time, especially by the L.D.S. Church, was intended and believed by many to have or would have had my social environment and behaviors towards

me turn me into a psychopath of the same manner, but, instead, all my intentions were counter to criminal behavior in such a manner as the character of Batman. Heath Ledger was placed in his role because he was previously in the film Brokeback Mountain (2005), so he was known for acting as if he was a homosexual, symbolizing that Joker was a psychopathic enemy known to pretend himself gay, not even understanding how to apply his make-up right, and attacking myself, represented by Batman, and others. Aaron Eckhart was chosen for his role as District Attorney Harvey Dent, who would become Two-Face, because he was raised Mormon, and his character pretends himself for law and order, but also has a darker side to his personality, which later is revealed with his misfortune, and he partners with the Joker, a character who has even harmed him, therefore the film conveys that he is a two-faced Mormon willing to assist a dangerous criminal, showing himself a criminal, and an enemy to others and myself, again being Batman.

Some instances in the film's story also reflect things possible of my thoughts and the study of my behavior, such as incriminating extremely wealthy and corrupt Chinese bankers in a country that is supposed to be communistic, and also the two boat social experiment by Joker reflects an actual reality to what is occurring as of this moment, which is the question of what should be done to criminals when immediate danger to both innocent people of the public and those possibly harmful is present.

I believe that they killed Heath Ledger, not only simply for once playing a homosexual in a role that empathized with suppressed homosexuals, but because they and others claimed that his role as Joker and his passion as an actor motivated him to delve into the character and psyche of a criminal mad man, knowing how such a person thinks, and that he couldn't take it and overdosed on pills: this all being religious and psychiatric criminal logic that a person is fragile-minded and unable to even pretend themself a dangerous psychopath, or possibly a homosexual, for fear that their mind will be harmed by the occurrence. This claim also tries to scare away those with maser instruments to desire to enter the mind of a criminal in order to survey their thoughts, and, again, even just a homosexual, and find innatehood in their behavior while also discovering the truth in matters.

James Holmes supposedly had a trouble childhood involving mental problems, including claiming "nail ghosts" were in his room at night, and he even attempted suicide at the age of eleven, which makes me believe masers were being used to attack him as a child. After the shooting, he explained that he chose the midnight showing of The Dark Knight Rises (2012) because he didn't want children present in the audience, and he was also courteous enough to tell authorities that he had rigged his apartment with bombs, showing that his mentality or personality might have possibly shifted after the event. He was also studying neurology, which would be something criminals connecting to the minds of others through masers would be having a person do. It is perhaps that criminals involved in the L.D.S. Church and possibly the field of psychiatry were upset at the previous film trilogy's installment, and possibly this more recent installment at the time, because of the fact that Batman displays his ability to heal himself and bring himself out of a dark place without any assistance within the film's story, as I have never had a desire for psychiatric help and pharmaceuticals, often just innately not worrying about what has occurred to me after. These criminals might have wanted to also hurt the film's success in theaters.

The first installment Batman Begins (2005) involves Batman battling against a psychopathic and criminal psychiatrist that enjoys scaring people, and is played by Cillian Murphy, who had a role the same year as a terrorist in Wes Craven's Red Eye, subtext for Freddy Krueger, and the very terrorist organization that trained Bruce Wayne to become Batman, which turns out to be led not by the Japanese man who he assumed was making him play all those ninja and fighting games, referencing all of the times I've sat and played video games since my youth, but by the very person who spurred him to do so, the true Ra's al Ghul played by Liam Neeson, an actor known for playing himself a philanthropist doing good for society and collecting individuals of a religious group to save them, a reference to Neeson's role in Schindler's List (1993) while also being subtext for the L.D.S. Church, its leaders, their claims of salvation, and their fraudulent behavior, with both the two villainous parties in the film and in reality attempting to turn Batman into a killer, again me, and to make the population entirely insane instead on behalf of a secret society of ancient conspirators, which is also true to life.

I don't believe that there exists ideas that are sociopathic or psychotic thoughts, but rather that there are three criterions for whether a person should be concluded a sociopath or a psychopath by how they think and their ideas, and that is their intention, arousal, and aversion based on their thoughts and ideas. Often, a person is afraid to state or claim an idea about something sordid or disturbing, because they worry that they will be

treated as sociopath or psychopath by others, when, really, all that they are doing is either imagining possibilities without necessarily wanting them to occur, or they are being investigative of possible outcomes or occurrences that will, have, or had happened. Not having any criminal intention in a person's thoughts, a person is just using critical thinking and exploring possible things that could, had, or have happened, and they should not be bullied out of them. It is completely necessary in investigation. If a person intends to murder another innocent person for thrills, or they are aroused by murder, then they should be deemed a sociopath or psychopath in their thought processes. Aversion in no way makes a person a sociopath or psychopath, but if they are averse to odd things, such as innocent people wishing to be unharmed, free, and happy, a child who has never wronged them smiling, unknown people to them having food to eat, than their aversion is a sign that they are either a sociopath or a psychopath.

Despite viewing a large number of films and even finding information about actual crimes in them, there are only a few films that I have ever considered psychologically dangerous, and those are The Game (1997) and Cemetery Man (1994). The latter could have had subtext directed at me, once again:

The film The Game has a wealthy business become involved in a game where he seems to have really dangerous situations occurring to him, which the maser instruments can easily make happen or one believe, and, to spoil the ending, he is driven to believe that he is genuinely committing suicide by a group of players by jumping off a building, and it turns out to have all been planned with him safely surviving the fall, but the other outcome could be achieved where he was just fooled into ending his life.

The film Cemetery Man is about a cemetery watchmen named Francesco Dellamorte who resides in a cemetery with his somewhat pedophilic and mute man child friend as they watch over a cemetery that keeps having its dead walking about. Dellamorte runs into a beautiful woman, but occurrences keep happening where she dies and is reincarnated over and over, at one time becoming even a zombie herself, and she tends to be very trolling to him, often doing things to hurt his feelings. Eventually, he gets fed up with everything and starts to shoot the residences of his city, who, for the most part, do not even care that he is doing so, with even an inspector looking into the cases just shrugging off that he was responsible for them. Again, the maser instruments could make this all occur. In the end, he tries to leave the city in which he lives with his mute man child friend but finds there exists no road out. Dellamorte's friend takes his gun and throws it off the broken cliffside road and finally actually speaks. The film then pans out to find that they live in one large snow globe. This character's surname literally translates to both "of love" and "of death," which is appropriate to experiments on sexuality where certain people might need to no longer exist. It's the fact that no one would care after a person commits a crime, especially a murder plain to see, and displays all apathy towards it, that I find psychologically dangerous in thought about the film.

Drive (2011) probably was inspired by me also, because I always have to exist and travel around with a metaphorical scorpion on my back, often performing things similar to stunts and sometimes involving escorting criminals around, all hopefully resulting in the death of many dangerous and organized criminals, and overall not simply desiring their money.

Nirvana's second version of a music video for their song "In Bloom" is a mano nera music video, along with the song being a mano nera song. What was attempting to be conveyed through the video is that normally most musicians would probably look clean-cut and normal, but the L.D.S. Church is tampering with everyone and attempting to drive the public insane, so they wind up altering out of nowhere to unhinged people, and key evidence to this notion is the set decor is meant to look like The Great Saltair with astrological objects floating above it: the building being an abandoned amusement park on the coast of the Great Salt Lake that was featured in the previously mentioned mano nera film Carnival of Souls, which is used as a concert venue sometimes as of today. The song's title refers to maturation, which also might be directed at my own very study, and its lyrics involve the notion of people appreciating a song without understanding its meaning, especially a possibly intolerant and ignorant person, while such things as its premier lines bringing to mind a person being poor, so they have to sell or give their own children sexually to someone, possibly a pedophilic church, in a form of extortion, so they can maintain a job, because others are claiming their own criminal activity can result from such things as the weather, so when spring arrives who knows what a person

is sexually capable of, even rape. After the chorus another short verse conveys that the public can be told again, likely by religious people and those in the field of psychiatry, that all people are born promiscuous and sexually uninhibited in all directions, so people maturing are now being abused before adulthood, prior to their tender age of maturity when they will become sexually awakened. The switch to dresses in the video also expresses their desire to cause sexual confusion.
This information also leads to a belief that these criminal parties likely were involved in Kurt Cobain's death, too.

Hopefully, all this brings actual problematic societal situations to become aware to the public in reality and not just fiction.

Also, this hopefully will help people argue that someone used subtext against them in a criminal fashion, because it is used quite often to threaten people in a covert way in order to hide criminal intent.

Religions like to make you think that they are the good of the world, when in actuality they are one of the most terrible things to the world and humanity. I like to call them social viruses, along with other supposedly generous foundations and businesses, because they only function to propagate themselves and to make money while also harming others either or both physically or financially. Pink Ribbon has been described as doing this, because they pretend themselves taking in money for charity that will assist in future breast cancer research, but what occurs is that they pay their employees and owners, and the extremely small percentage left over is given to a politician who claims that he is for further studies in breast cancer treatment. This results in women with breast cancer not being able to be given better treatment, for
none of their money was given to where it claimed it would, and their organization just made money for themselves, harming someone thinking that they were being generous financially.
Everything good about being alive naturally occurs without them, so they are most definitely not all that is good in the world.
A problem is the religious belief systems and their tactics of maintaining members causes its members to become similar to an obsessive compulsive person where they worry that if they do not do what a church organization asks of them that they will have their life go astray, become unhealthy, and end up in ruin.

On the thought of sickness, through everything that I have been through, pain, fatigue, sweating, induced colds and flu, people constantly talking in my head, and people purposely making attempts to upset me, I have never once experienced a hallucination. The only time that I have ever experienced hallucinations is from fever dreams that I had as a child, which were very few.
Audio hallucinations do not count. The film A Beautiful Mind (2001) might have had ill-intentions in its creation, as its subject matter, Nobel laureate John Forbes Nash Jr., was said to have suffered from mental illness, but also claimed after the film's release that he never suffered from visual hallucinations. I think that the economist was extorted most of his life, often experiencing audio hallucinations from the masers, because criminals wanted an economist that could be possibly claiming something harmful to them be considered mentally ill. The film's display of his Nash equilibrium is also ill-intentioned, for it a question of quantity and quality, and quality should be desired more than anything over quantity, but one should strive for both together at the same time. The explanation within the film only considers immediate satisfaction, where one should desire a constant satisfaction, and so it is concluded in what he is saying that one should always lower their standards to achieve momentary success. If he really thought the blonde the best possible outcome, he would have approached all the women together and made to see how everything played out in hopes that they even connected well together and that his abilities to charm her were fortunate; so, instead, not looking for the momentary satisfaction, but looking for longer lasting success.
Talking to people in my head while working at Home Depot, I compared this thought to the undeservedly lauded Finnish school system, which has absolutely no standards and a large success rate because of it and students not only go to school less hours but still have no homework. True success can be gauged by the successful people that the school system has produced in the world, which Finnish people are not really heard to have modern professionals acclaimed for their superior knowledge on things. They have chosen quantity over quality, likely for criminal reasons.
There is even a news report showing that the Finnish have been given murderers homes, an ability to travel

outside of them, and an ability to gain an education, all on the bill of their taxpayers, but the report failed to state what the murderer, Matti, had been placed into custody for in detail.
This is the video that I write of: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l554kV12Wuo

The film The Haunting (1963) is very similar to Black Christmas in that those being haunted are made so by sounds, but also warping pieces of a house, all of which the masers can perform, and some unknown person is again found inside the attic, slang for a person's mind, and this unknown person winds up causing a harmful vehicular crash in the end, killing the protagonist.

The Finnish have free internet, which I believe is a good move by them. In the U.S. we have had our taxes used to create satellites and to place in fiber optic wires, but then a company, who possibly had workers place in the wire, yet who could have still paid them with tax money, charges for an internet connection when the public paid for it. I would like it looked into to see if mostly tax money was used, and then have the public just buy modems, followed by everyone being able to have free internet and WIFI.

Regarding video games, I believe that many Japanese video game companies are assisting in running extortion, not just Nintendo, for various groups of organized criminals, and they were assisted in being set up by the U.S. government, NASA, and the L.D.S. Church, which are now basically the same thing. The "damsel in distress" trope most definitely exists for a reason, too. Many early successful video games from a famous company give indications to extortion and tampering in the lives of others:

Taito's Space Invaders (1978) has a name conveying that they are invading a person's personal space and having their signals coming from space.

Nintendo's Donkey Kong (1981) is a reference to one of RKO's most famous films King Kong (1933), and features a character similar to King Kong, while also another character, who is often said to be similar to Ron Jeremy and would become Mario, named Jump Man is also in the game. King Kong is often used by the Japanese as a mascot for maser use. Donkey Kong, in name, can also be determined as "Ass Kong" and has an ape constantly stealing away the main character's girlfriend.

Donkey Kong Jr. has Mario now being the villain of the game, and Donkey Kong's child is now working to release Donkey Kong from his incarceration.

SNK's Fantasy (1981) involves a man constantly having his girlfriend taken away from him by the rest of the world, including King Kong type apes.

Capcom's Vulgus (1984) has a name that is Latin for "common people" and involves a space ship flying over the Moon, entirely leaving indications that they were making all attempts to distract people, maintaining a person's status in the lower class while also keeping them ignorant, and their game company's name Capcom was even first used by NASA.

Ghost 'n Goblins (1985), with its Japanese name being *Makaimura* and meaning "Demon World Village", a possible reference to Salt Lake City, begins with Arthur in his boxer shorts sitting by his girlfriend Prin Prin in a graveyard, as if about to be involved in coitus, and then the character Satan steals her away. When the game is thought to be finished, the game trolls the player into playing all the levels in it over again.

Enix, which would later be merged into Square-Enix, had a premier game called Lolita Syndrome, which was release October 31st of 1983, and the game was just basically violent child porn that featured a female child either undressed or murdered in several ways.

Atari itself was actually founded by an L.D.S. man named Nolan Bushnell, and the company was doing very successful, but then was likely purposely crashed by the L.D.S. Church, because they wanted to place the entirety of involvement in extortion through video games overseas and clear from possible retribution by the U.S. and world's public if they were caught, while also maintaining a distant enemy who would be harder to

reach.

There were situations such as Gamergate where people wanted others to choose sides, but in actuality a better choice was to choose neither: it is better to not like misogynistic gamers and deranged and creepy incels; it is better to not like people saying that the video games are teaching people to act dysfunctionally through content, or that they are being taught to disrespect others when a person has a personality making them function in such a manner, or motivating them to choose to imitate something a video game; and it is better to not like the creepy video game companies, who now are likely involved in organized crime, producing disturbing content, harming people on a direct physical level, and who have no concern for others.

A code Adam, which you hear anytime that a child is missing in a store, is based off Adam Walsh, who was standing with some other children at an Atari kiosk when he was abducted and murdered. His murder was claimed to be Ottis Toole, but had every possibility of still being Jeffrey Dahmer, because Dahmer was also in the area at the time. But, when asked if he did it, Dahmer said that he admitted to everything else that he had did, so why would he lie, but he still might have considered the fact that he murdered a child possible of him getting murdered in prison, which did end up occurring anyways. The maser instruments could have majorly assisted in finding his guilt to other crimes, but people, even with maser instruments, are being deterred from "entering the mind of a mad man," as I explained.

The D.C. sniper attacks were likely performed by criminals with masers instead, as the date of 2002 matched with the location of the attacks was likely acted out in a desire to deter African Americans from Islam, which Islam was a central target of animosity at the time, because the killers ended up being an illegal immigrant black Jamaican teenager who converted to Islam in 2001, and who was led by an older African American Islamist, all which conveys to not follow Islam. Most people were surprised to find that the serial killers were black. Again, maser instruments would have helped to find tampering in this situation.

The notorious Ian Watkins case could have been performed simply in order to have his band's name used to threaten others, as lostprophets is a double entendre that can be understood as either "lost prophets," meaning forgotten or abandoned prophets, and "lost profits," as in a loss of financial profits, and, Watkins, who was the singer of the band, was found to have committed several sexual crimes, including the sexual assault of children and the possession of extreme child and animal porn, so now his band name and their music can be used as a symbol and for subtext threats in order to convey not to tamper with the money flow and state of religion, or else risk them controlling a person to do what Ian Watkins did.
The whole message from them being: "Lost prophets equal lost profits, so stay out of our business or else you might be made a sex criminal!"

A large motivation for the masers being kept secret by the L.D.S. Church is because their church leader claims to have his presidential position instill in him the power to be the speaking voice of God, having him even communicating with God and him telling their church president what to say, and upon connecting to his brain with masers one would realize his thought processes, building opinions and ideas from his own life, and realize that the inside of his head is nothing but a sociopath using his position of power to manipulate others to accept those opinions and perspectives on life that belong to him, which likely involve fraud and other criminal behaviors.

Nintendo, and other possible parties, likely had their former employee Gunpei Yokoi murdered in what looked like a traffic accident. Nintendo had just created two large failures at the time, the Satellaview and Virtual Boy, and the latter was designed by Yokoi before leaving the company. Yokai was a large asset to Nintendo, because he designed several of their famous products, including the Game Boy, and I believe that Yokoi became motivated to sabotage his own company, so he designed the Virtual Boy well understanding that its red lighting would be very unpleasant to the eyes, and then left the company, having had his departure even harm Nintendo's stocks. Yokoi then became independent but also went and began working with Namco to design a much more appealing handheld video game system the WonderSwan, which would never make it out of Asia upon its release. Yokoi would die the following year of leaving Nintendo, after thirty-one years with the company, having been involved in a traffic accident that could have been murder instead. Yokai was

within a vehicle that had rear-ended a truck, and after exiting the vehicle to inspect the damage, he was struck by a man named Gen Tsushima, a member of the tourism industry, and perhaps Tsushima and his occupation were a message that Yokai was going to divulge Nintendo's criminal behavior, seriously harming how the world views the country of Japan.
The Satellaview is a suspicious product itself, it having never left Japan, and it involved a satellite receiver allowing a person to play video games at designated times in a method similar to broadcast television, and some of its games had BS in the title, meaning "Broadcast Satellite," but I'm certain that they were aware of the English abbreviation, making such a game as BS The Legend of Zelda possibly exactly as it sounds. Digital magazines that were available on the Satellaview also are notorious for having odd materials, such as a comic where Mario finds that Princess Peach has slept with Toad, and then Mario kills them both.
Pokémon itself is a sign of criminal acts of perversion being performed, as its name means "pocket monster," which is also slang for human genitals, and the series head mascot is Pikachu, which is phonetically similar to "peek at you," and the creature is a rodent, an animal known for sneaking into houses, that has electrical powers, as maser instruments also have those abilities. Ash Ketchum is evidence that Pikachu's name is meant to sound similar to "peek at you," because his name is meant to sound phonetically like "catch 'em." This would all make those assisting in the game's creation have the mentality of child perverts.
Something else that never left Japan was the game For Whom the Frog Tolls, which is a reference to Ernest Hemmingway's novel For Whom the Bell Tolls, and I believe that this game, again in name, was being used to indicate to others that they didn't appreciate the artwork of others, and were either stopping a person from making certain artwork or sabotaging another person's artwork. Ernest Hemmingway had a real simple style to his writing, and I think that Nintendo and other video game companies didn't want to have people aware of the simplistic nature of their games. A frog's croak is often used in comedy to show that a person is performing lackluster art in the same manner as a cricket's chirp is.

Again, because these parties have a child pervert's sense of consent, they believe that even a person's thoughts on something are a form of consent. Say, for instance, if you were thinking of a video game idea, they could consider it a brain storming activity and, as members of the professional video game industry, they see it that they have the right to be connected to your body and to survey your thoughts, even if you are most definitely doing something that you do not want them involved with, and especially not wanting them in your life.

I have a large collection of huge amounts of folders that have their titles being brief sentences that I remember most the concepts of and are focused on entertainment ideas regarding books, video games, movies, art, and plays, and each of the file folders rarely filled with any other information. All though there are many, one was for a game that I originally called Super Mario Shellboader that would be a Super Mario video game in the main series, even though it sounds like a sports game, which I was inspired to create in my head from my like of using a turtle shell in a skateboard-like fashion in Super Mario 64, but hated when it would suddenly disappear when Mario crashed into a wall. This game would have had Mario team up and befriend a good Koopa Troopa that allows Mario to use him like a skateboard, and Mario would be able to hold the shell beneath his arm in a skateboard-like fashion while performing his regular parkour, too. I then evolved the game that the turtle shell can be used for every form of board sport that there is, including surfing, wake boarding, snowboarding, longboarding, etc. Mario would also be able to throw his Koopa Troopa friend at enemies, and this Koopa Troopa friend would always return to him, even whirling and flying if he fell off a ledge or cliff. As I created these thoughts, someone would always start being belligerent and then start bullying me out of nowhere in my head. I would still carry on making them after they stopped, feeling awkward and embarrassed at the person's behavior.
One day, I got really extremely upset at Nintendo, lost complete faith that they were decent people, and then started to evolve the game differently where an unknown character would befriend an unusual shark, called a deco shark, who is capable of being used in every form of board sport as a board and again can also be held beneath the character's arm while performing parkour. The shark can also be thrown at enemies and when hitting a target begins to bite at them.
My mind was then tampered with, making me forgive Nintendo, and then I changed it to Super Mario Sharkboarder in my head and began fleshing it out again with Mario befriending the deco shark instead, and also other forms of deco shark, including a saw-nosed deco shark that can saw down pillars and surfaces when ridden on them and grinding on edges, and a bull deco shark that can ram into things really hard, along with

other varieties of sharks like a lantern deco shark that can light up areas.
They then started bullying me in my head again as I came up with ideas.
Finally, someone who seemed to match one of my oldest, closest, but estranged friends started bringing up in my head in conversation Japan's entertainment and its obsession with preteen girls, refreshing my memory and thoughts that I even had created myself out of disgust with them, and I realized how much I detested them, and we then started making fun of them together, both of us claiming that Nintendo's earliest arcade game ideas involved breaking into people's houses to steal panties, and was called "Panty Thief Break-In", and also another game about a man sexually attacking people with octopuses called "Octo-Rapist".
Much of this occurred while I was working at Home Depot and walking the floors.
At a later date in my mind, I changed the video game's title back to Sharkboarder: Presented by Sunny's Restaurant, because I have an idea for making a series of video games that pretend to advertise for restaurants or products that don't even exist in a comedic manner, making them false advertisement games, and the mascot for Sunny's Restaurant is an anthropomorphic sun named Sunny, who likes to surf and wear sunglasses. The main character would either be Sunny, or a person that is navigated by Sunny, and they use the deco sharks that they meet to perform every form of board sport, along with parkour being in use, and the deco sharks having the ability to be used as an attack weapon. At the beginning when the first deco shark is met, the deco shark explains that his ability to be used in every form of board sport, including skateboarding, is because when viewed through a microscope his shark scales partly resemble skateboard trucks with wheels.

I once was walking inside from out of the outside garden while working at Home Depot and, between conversations, was discussing in my head with others how Scorpion from Mortal Kombat would be applied to a Super Smash Bros. game, really easily explaining it with visuals in my head, and then some person began bullying me and causing me physical pain, and after a male voice with a Japanese English accent explained to me, "Don't you realize that they are trying to kill you inside?" I then ignored him and carried on though still being harassed.

Many people that shoot up a place or are the participants of mass murder seem to believe themselves doing something important and amazing rather than them being sad or any other emotion than either angry or happy about what they are performing. The same can even be applied to Islamic terrorist. They believe that their actions will be glorious and have them noted in a divine history. Those who go on mass killing sprees also believe that their actions will have them well remembered for a long time.

I went to the fighting game tournament EVO once, in 2016, and the three-day event again included my birthday of July 17th for its final day. I was made to play Super Smash Bros. Wii-U over a long course, gaining large information about the game, even though I likely would have been doing something else. I was then led in a desire to attend the tournament down in Las Vegas, which I travelled to be myself. Prior to the tournament, I had been making claims to others that both Barack Obama was a fraudulent U.S. President and that, again, most people seem to feel "pumped-up" about shooting up a place. As I drove down there, the masers caused my seatbelt to constantly irritate me, I was harassed with static, I had static touch me everywhere on my buttocks, and people were bullying me in my head. When entering Las Vegas, I needed gas, so I stopped at a gas station, and three African American men needed my assistance, because they had no jack to take the tire off their vehicle. While I filled up my tank, I let them use my jack, and one of them reminded me of a Mormon person that I use to be friends with, although he was Caucasian. This person talked to me about a love of God and other religious things, which I mostly just nodded back politely, not really liking the subject. I then found my hotel and slept the night. Nearing the convention center the following day, I had what was being broadcasted on the radio more than able to be concluded as pump-up music, such as Eminem's " Lose Yourself" playing. I parked, got out of the vehicle, walked to the convention center, and outside its doors was a disheveled man yelling into a megaphone that Barack Obama had "raped us all and this country." I passed the man and entered the building. I then found the long lines to get my three my pass, sat in them, and I quickly noticed that most attendees, guessing about around over 95%, were all males. I then had a voice interrupt what was already being spoken in my head, stating to me, "Why don't you try and cure everyone in this room?" which I then ignored. I had entered the Super Smash Bros. Wii-U tournament, and my first match was against an African American Smash Bros. player who had a few videos online. I found my spot where I was going to fight against him, and as we were readying for the fight a voice said to me in my

head, "You're going to wipe the floor with this guy!" while I was still being harassed in many ways, and I replied back in a very skeptical, sarcastic, and unbelieving way in my head, "...We'll see!" This other player had an awkward personality and was wearing an Affliction shirt along with pants that had an embroidered heart on them. When we began to play, my controller immediately began to be tampered with, along with the frames and physics within the game. My opponent kept beating, of course, and he had a friend who was another African American male behind him, cheering him on. My opponent's sister then approached him, who turned out to be a brunette Caucasian female still young, but around her later teenage years, and she reminded me of my ex-girlfriend, who also has an African American half-brother, although this person could have possibly been my opponent's stepsister instead. After losing, I didn't throw any tantrum, but then just thanked my opponent and walked off. I viewed some of the other games being played, and then played against another African American man who was playing BlazBlue: Chrono Phantasma, and as we played against each other, he was doing superior moves and combo chains while also appearing as if he was not even working his controller in such a way, and after being completely defeated I then thanked him and left. I played with a few other players, but not really against any other African American people, and then got tired of being there, left, and made to leave Las Vegas instead of staying for the rest of the tournaments. As I left, I was not paying attention and accidentally rear-ended a Hispanic man in a vehicle before me, which was probably performed on purpose. The man was upset for a second, but no damage was done, and he didn't care to file a police report. Again, while leaving Las Vegas, I was harassed the whole way home.

I met my ex-girlfriend while working with her at a FedEx call center, and when our relationship soured, I kept being bullied mainly verbally and by subtext in person, online, and over the phone by people, while also covertly stalked by strangers, and I think that they were also attempting for me to consider using workplace violence, which never occurred to me to do so. We would always constantly have workplace safety meetings, along with fire drills. During one fire drill, I was sitting on a curb reading the novel Baron Munchausen while my ex-girlfriend was distant and speaking to other people that we worked with. Later that night, she bothered to text me, but after I texted back there was no answer. I think that people were attempting to convey to me that if I started acting sick or mentally ill, such as what occurs with Munchausen syndrome, that they would give her back. Or they were just trying to upset me that she didn't reply. One meeting at this call center had my head manager give a presentation that explained ways to better oneself for work in the morning that also matched signs that a person is mentally ill or a psychopath. She explained to wake up to a cold shower, as a warm shower would make you desire to go back to sleep, and to keep repeating your own address in various ways, such as forwards and backwards on the way to work to help get your brain working. I believe that the latter advice, which is very stupid advice, wanted me to stop using my imagination in my head, which I liked to do while driving to work. For instance, I once thought of a cartoon series while driving to work that would involve a senate of funny talking animals that pretended themselves cute and adorable to their nation, living in a land of candy, but were actually very warring, and liked to send cupcake tanks that shot gumballs out to enemy countries, all to attack a terrorist funny animal goat, who claimed to attack and be mad at their country for serving too decadent of breakfast pastries. But, again, it was possible that my manager's presentation was also attempting to have me discover that maybe someone else was creating the thoughts in my head also, by having a thought arrive from nowhere when I was doing something else, or possibly have the cold showers discover their presence by their reaction. There are two schools of thought regarding this happening, and, either way, it could have all been a fail-safe created by criminals, if one or the other thought was considered.

I was also attending the University of Utah at this time. I was studying film and animation but also took one entertainment arts course that involved designing a video game during its semester. I had worked my way through the Salt Lake Community College, not yet having obtained any degree, and although I began to be physically and verbally harassed by the maser instruments, the courses were actually very easy for me, because I already considered myself an intelligent person who liked to read, think, and study. One of my instructors at the community college was an African American woman that I use to work with for about two weeks at a Guitar Center call center, and she was teaching a very unimportant but mandatory course on how to prepare students for their learning experience at the college. When I worked with this woman, I remember that she had just moved to Utah from Louisiana in due of the damages caused by Katrina. She told me and other people being trained to work the phones that the L.D.S. people here seem very nice, and I informed her that sometimes some of them believe that black skin is the "Curse of Cain" or the "Curse of Ham."

I often went to the Marriott Library to use their computers for my courses, but I began to teach myself how to

use programs such as Final Cut Pro, Coral Paint, and Adobe Flash in order to animate without any course asking me to do so, nor was it necessary as of yet. Often, masers would cause what I was illustrating on the computer or tablet to create what was not properly desired, such as making a line go off course, and many of the programs would be tampered with and disallow their proper use.
In the EAE course that I took, I was paired with four other students, and we all had to come up with a pitch for a video game to our group with one of them being chosen to be made. I pitched a game about a microscopic robot named Zoa that is part amoeba, who is placed in a petri dish to fight against germs, including alien ones, and the game play would be similar to a combination of Gremlins 2: The New Match, The Guardian Legend, Gauntlet, The Legend of Zelda, Mega Man series games, Metroid series games, and Dark Souls series games. Throughout this course, three out of four of my fellow students were not very helpful nor enthusiastic in the project, and me and a single fellow other student did most of the work. I created most of the game design, the characters, the music, the sound effects, and then animated most everything in the game while my other fellow student programmed and placed together everything within the game engine Unity. I tried a bit of programming in Unity, but the program would be tampered with when I used it, because simply cutting and pasting code, which should have worked, would not result in a desired outcome. Often, I was controlling my own motor functions during class, but, through maser use, I would feel grope urges directed towards two female students in my group from some outside party, which were very unpleasant. One night, I was taking the UTA TRAX train home and one these fellow students was coincidentally, but not coincidentally, also doing the same. The train was mostly empty, and we talked about video games, and she even had tattoos from a video game series that I had never played myself. Nothing occurred, and I got off at my proper stop, got in my vehicle, and then drove home. Our game was reviewed positively upon its completion by our fellow course students, and we were made to present it to other EAE students at larger gathering that demonstrated the U. of U.'s other games being made by students. One of the other students in the course had made a game similar to a concept that I had created in my head and drawn characters for, with a title of either "Bullet Fighter", "Shoot Out", or "Cap Gun", and was a fighting game where Bubble Bobble-like characters would use mostly projectiles against each other, and it would be a bit of Smash Bros. clone, but without any pits to fall into, and defeated characters would have their bodies remain in the area, able to be used as shields and thrown a projectiles. His game did involve pits and falls and was very similar to Smash Bros., and its fighters were shooting in a run 'n gun style. I played it for a bit and didn't like how the controls were placed, attempting to give him pointers on how to make the game play better through the control scheme. The scans of my drawings for this game were placed on an old Facebook profile that I had.

The game's class presentation and demo was placed online by our group's lead programmer and can be found here: https://doughtnerd.itch.io/zoa

I also began creating other music in Final Cut Pro at the Marriot Library while entirely harassed and in pain, often using untraditional instruments and just sounds recorded on a handheld voice recorder. I would often visit Guitar Center and play and record instruments there in the store right on the spot. Many of them were inspired by the thought of poltergeists, the word poltergeist being German for "sound ghosts," creating music together using random items around a house as instruments.

Those musical compositions can be found here, along with music from the game demo:
https://soundcloud.com/housebreath
I composed the music for the Zoa game demo using an online music sequencer found here:
https://onlinesequencer.net/

Poltergeist (1982) is a mano nera film that conveys a person, especially a child, can be kidnapped or held hostage for extortion, yet be in plain sight or heard at the same time and still within the house of their loved ones, perhaps just being made to watch television. This is true even though it is inspired by a 1962 Twilight Zone episode called "Little Girl Lost". The film conveys U.S.A. as an entirely cursed land where people have housed themselves over the lands of its ancient ancestors, and, so, "television people," perhaps news personalities, politicians on the screen, and celebrities, are communicating through static and are able to hold a person hostage. This is probably why they used the word Poltergeist, a sound ghost, for the title of the film, because the maser instruments can speak to the victim without them being insight.

I have speculations that The Poltergeist curse occurred because of this.
Upon making speculations about the Poltergeist curse, my ex-girlfriend, had contacted and arrived to meet me in my driveway to give me a hug on Christmas night, all while I was still researching the JonBenét Ramsey case, too, for her to give me a hug and talk for a little bit. Poltergeist's young star Dominique Dunne was murdered in a friend's driveway by her jealous boyfriend, who received a very light sentence, although he was even belligerent during moments of the trial towards witnesses give testimony to his character. When my ex-girlfriend arrived to my house, I walked down my driveway to greet her, but had some terrible person also threatening to headbutt her, motioning my head a little forward to frighten me into thinking that they would do so.
Heather O'Rourke would die in 1988 into the production of the third Poltergeist installment by a bowel obstruction that caused her sepsis, and the maser instruments are very capable of causing such a thing to occur. I have speculation that the film was being broadcasted unedited, as it was rated PG, which is a low rating for its content, and perhaps those "television people" got upset that the film was genuinely scaring children away from the television and hurting viewer ratings and then were motivated to take it out on the young actress. Some of the set decoration in the film actually leaves that something unusual had occurred with the ratings board, such as the children having a poster for the rated R film Alien (1979), which is doubtful that they would have been able to watch, and the happenings in the film Alien further indicate that the children have something evil being planted inside them, as the aliens in the series are known to do.

One of the reasons that they had Hillary Clinton be adamantly opposed to video games, her even describing them as "worse than pornography," is because they didn't like it deterring from television programming, the news, and coverage of them doing their political acts, for they are very similar to just entertainers, although causing many extreme amounts of problems, often extremely upsetting people, more than anyone or anything else, themselves.

I think that the events regarding Anthony Weiner were just manufactured to make a theater out of politics for entertainment purposes, as him having sent a picture of his still clad genitals while having a last name that can be connected to the happenings all seems contrived.

The crime of entering a person's body through maser instruments without them knowing can qualify for a huge number of crimes: invasion of privacy, voyeurism, home invasion if the person is within a private residence, trespassing if done to a person on private property, duress, kidnapping, harassment, stalking, espionage, physical and sexual assault simply through the connection, theft of intellectual properties, framing if a crime is committed through another person, additional laws involving minors, hacking if secured technology is involved, sabotage, rape if a person gains access to another person performing sex acts on a sex partner, date rape if sexual acts are performed on a person under another state of mind, and possibly many others.

The character Godzilla, whose original name is Gojira in Japan, is a reference to both R.K.O., its character King Kong, and a possible threat of maser attacks, as the name outside of Japan Godzilla is a portmanteau of "God's" and "Gorilla," so he is "God's Gorilla," meaning that masers, believed originating from R.K.O., could be capable of attacking the U.S. public at any time on behalf of God. In a reverse fashion, Gojira is a portmanteau of the Japanese words *gorira,* meaning "gorilla," and *kujira*, which means "whale," which is a threat of maser attacks on Japan by indicating that R.K.O.'s King Kong mascot could make it by water to Japan with an ability to swim like a whale, attacking Japan through masers. All this conveying that organized criminals are having their extortion rackets' enforcement arriving from people outside of their countries. The character was actually first planned to be some form of large ape.

Along with King Kong, Mickey Mouse, cartoons, and video game characters are often used as mascots and symbols for criminal maser use.

Hausu (1977), often titled House, is about possible reasons why a girl might be attacked or tampered with by criminals through maser use. It is often said that Walt Disney's seven dwarfs are each a symptom of cocaine use in name, and each of the seven girls in Hausu are reasons for a person to attack a girl in name: Gorgeous is because a woman is beautiful; Kung Fu is because she is athletic, sporty, or possibly "cool"; Fantasy is

because she is imaginative; Prof is because she is intelligent; Mac is to make her an American consumer, referencing the American fast food chain McDonald's and its Big Mac; Melody is because she has singing talent; and Sweet is because she is nice and kind to others. The film has been described as "Mario Bava meets Scooby Doo" by many, which is a good description as it is violent, but has many cartoon qualities to it, probably as a way to place in tones that express American cartoons actually have a disturbing quality and history to them, because of Walt Disney Co. most of all.

Fleischer Studios' Bimbo's Initiation (1931), which is a cartoon featuring their famous character Betty Boop, begins with the character Bimbo minding his own business on the street when he falls into an open manhole in which the character Mickey Mouse opened up, Fleischer in no way having had any rights to use Walt Disney's character, and Mickey Mouse locks the manhole cover upon him, all to force Bimbo into a secret society no matter what, probably conveying that Walt Disney Co. forced them to adhere to a secret society of animators and film creators into doing what they desired.

Other Fleischer Studio cartoons involving Betty Boop give indications of worldwide corruption, such as "Betty Boop's Ups and Downs" where people are being forced from their homes for economic reasons, and the world is sold to a very Jewish Saturn, although the Fleischer brothers were Jewish themselves, Saturn being a god of wealth, and then Saturn decides to pull the rug out from everyone by removing Earth's magnet, causing all real estate to go up in the air. "Betty Boop for President" again shows corrupt situations occurring in politics where voters were being motivated in voting for a more alluring and entertaining U.S. President, while other possible candidates who had better intentions were being treated with complete unimportance, and the more popular candidate resulting in such things as prisons attempting to turn dangerous criminals into homosexual rather than executing them.

The animation studio Laika could have possibly created their name out of knowledge of the first space walk by the Soviet Union and the second one performed by the U.S. being both stop motion animation, as their sole focus is stop motion animation, and Laika was a famous Soviet space dog that was declared the first animal to orbit the Earth.

Possession (1981) is entirely about Japan's extortion through maser use. It involves a secret agent arriving home to find his wife wanting to divorce him, seemingly possessed, and within the film's story she has an affair with an octopus that grows into a humanoid person, and she also has a violent miscarriage. The octopus has a history of being depicted as having sexual relations with women in Japanese art, and the film makes note of such things. Plus, it was once common to place tentacle rape scenes into anime.

I think that Michael Jackson was attacked by maser instruments the most of his life, especially possibly by perverted criminals from Japan. He was made a very famous child star in the late '60s to early '70s, and, with a group of pedophiles being involved in the space program and having maser instruments to use, it was likely that they targeted for their sexual perversions. Many videos of his would incorporate Japanese items or people, and he did guest vocals on Rockwell's "Somebody's Watching Me", with the song's title possibly conveying the matter to be true, and the song's music video begins with a Chinese newspaper being picked up, which is close to being viewed as a Japanese newspaper, but perhaps the creators were afraid that a Japanese newspaper would be too obvious at stating something. His appearance was molded to likely mirror what a human anime character would look like through the years, and the video for his song "Scream" with his sister Janet Jackson is a key piece of evidence that what I am writing is true, as it shows them in a space ship, watching anime, playing rudimentary video games that are made to look futuristic, and at one point Janet Jackson has seemed to forgotten that she is not male and attempts to urinate standing up. The lyrics to "Scream" also state that others are causing pressure on them and making them feel agitated, all because of the political atmosphere.
Michael Jackson's history of child abuse could have been possibly pedophilic criminals attempting to use him to normalize the abuse of children and pedophilic behavior, as if it were something possible to happen on a standard, and, in their hopes, desiring to have a talented and well-liked celebrity assist them in being accepted. Many other African American celebrities, and celebrities in general, could also have been victim to this, including the once thought wholesome Bill Cosby and Cuba Gooding Jr., and also the actor made politician

Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Entertainment is not exactly the worse thing in the world, but I think that it is often used to purposely distract people by criminals from things that they can just as easily do themselves, such as have the public run the government with modern technology. Most yakuza have a priority on pornography, and I think that this is another reason why they troll and tamper with the relationships of others around the world, wanting someone to both utilize porn and video games rather than a person having a life and finding a partner.

The reason that I advise to send this message out to as many people as possible is because if you attempt to seek violent retribution yourself for anything that I have written about any of the criminals involved, they will definitely make all attempts to cover up what occurred, withholding what information is given to the public, distort motivations, and likely make you look like you have done something criminal instead of them, despite it might be that you are actually committing an act of self-defense. They also like to troll, harass, and tamper with people, possibly making you think that someone else is committing the crime, so instead do absolutely nothing except exchange this information with other people so others are aware of the situation, and hopefully the whole public becomes aware of what is occurring, and then the people can be dealt with.
I have worried that they would start calling anything that I wrote a "manifesto," so it has negative connotations, but, as far as I am concerned, all that I have been doing is gathering large amounts of evidence over the years.

With how criminal both the space industry and U.S. Congress are, Gabby Lee Gifford's assassination attempt would have been justified except for the fact that Jared Lee Loughner shouldn't have shot anyone else, since Gifford was a House Representative and is married to an astronaut; but another important point to make is there was no live footage of Loughner's trial shown. I wonder if it was possible to have had the maser instruments protect her brain to gain sympathy for both the government and the space industry. Maybe her, her husband, or both did something wrong and the other criminals that they were involved with maneuvered the attack. Or, perhaps, the masers faked her own injury.
With both the James Holmes and Jared Lee Loughner cases, I could not care less if they were saying crazy things or word salad, I still would have wanted to know what their story was from them in both police interrogations and news interviews.

I think that Ronald Reagan faked that he received a bullet wound during his assassination attempt. I think masers might have assisted John Hinckley Jr. in avoiding his correct target, and instead striking James Brady and others.

I think that Teddy Roosevelt did the same when he was campaigning and was attempted to be assassinated, having his speech papers pre-shot prior to giving the speech, then having his assassin shoot a blank at him, and after the attempt he gave the very speech that supposedly protected him, all in a desire to make him a masculine and brave presidential candidate to the public.

I once watched a video that had the claimed fears of former and current U.S. Presidents listed in it, and all of them were rudimentary and stupid, such as spiders, but if they were honest in their answers, each one of them would have listed that their biggest nightmare is the public discovering their crimes and wanting revenge on them.

King Charles, with his lack of reflex, likely knew of his own safety during his assassination attempt in Sydney, Australia.

I think that Madmax (1979) had ill-intentions. Solar panels were around at the time, even placed on the White House while Jimmy Carter was in office that same year, but rat person Ronald Reagan had them removed when he took office, correcting the mistake of having them installed with his innately criminal perspective: not that Jimmy Carter was honest either, as he probably did it for show, him later working on houses, but not realizing the value of the panels and being outspoken of the importance of their use. Australia is not only in the Southern hemisphere with plenty of sunlight, but their government lacked in a desire to fix the fuel

economy of their vehicles, having the worst fuel economy in the world over the years and a strong value on oil. The film in its story misleads people that fossil fuels are such a necessity and all society had broken down without them.

I think that people involved in running the U.S. oil industry, and possibly the U.S. steel industry, destroyed Detroit's auto industry on their own behalf, and purposely made the manufacturers not advance their style of vehicles to produce cheaper vehicles with a better fuel economy, so people kept using more gas and oil, and then the corrupt politicians who favored the oil industries kept using everyone's tax money to bail out the U.S. auto industry over and over. There is also the thought of criminals from Asia working to have their vehicles perform better and tampering and extorting others through maser use to not be able to compete with them.

With gun control, I think that people should be allowed handguns, especially in areas where they are outside large cities and need protection, but if people want to regulate more powerful and dangerous guns and have them bought back, gun parks should be set up with the bought back weapons, and they would be areas where the guns are kept very secure and they can be rented for use, and larger gun parks can make visitors able to even possibly use types of guns that were not even legal for public ownership before.
I think people should be officially trained and licensed by government regulation to own and operate guns, and possibly have licenses to use more advanced types of weapons at a gun parks.

Apparently, political leaders also don't understand how to use political reasoning to defeat that of leaders in other countries, too, even in countries where a disagreeable leader or enemy leader is in charge.
I was watching the news recently, and Donald Trump placed in all of these terrible tariffs that are causing price hikes on everything internationally, and the news had Former Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau speaking about the tariffs, just complaining about how unfair they are over and over, instead of actually offering solutions that would put Donald Trump on the spot while also helping to establish criminal wrong doing in his actions, such as him purposely desiring to help financially harm the U.S. public through the tariffs instead of finding smarter methods and cheaper ways to both monitor the border and still pay people to do so. I started to call them the "anti-boat rockers union," because they do not like trying to rock the boat of other world leaders or fellow politicians to show one of their members are involved in criminal wrong doing in their political methods, or have another world leader giving better ideas on how to run another country to assist that country in functioning better, possibly fully usurping that foreign leader's position of power on a social topic within a different country.
George W. Bush often claimed to the public that Saddam Hussein was an evil-doer to his own people, so his logic was to attack the very Iraqi people he claimed to be liberating rather than attempting to communicate to the Iraqi people that Saddam was a terrible leader that was holding onto the country's oil for years, and then stating that they should allow his removal for a new leader while also giving political advise to better the country. Saddam himself failed to even have a U.S. or world reply to the U.S. declaring war on the country that he was leading, but he could have even made the argument that those running the U.S. were just after Iraq's oil to the world's public, which would have even gained sympathy with many people of the U.S. public who were figuring the same.
If the U.S. and British leaders were on the level, this tactic could have been used during World War II in attempts to negotiate the removal of Jews from Germany to populate the country of Israel that they were working to create while also offering reasonable solutions to remedy Germany's financial woes and remove restrictions which had been placed on the country that assisted in impoverishing them and hurting them economically.

Often, when an enemy leader is being spoken of, they still treat that enemy leader with respect, especially towards their intelligence, as they do not want to criticize them and possibly bring to light things they are not even doing in their own country. When a leader of another country does become an enemy leader, they usually claim that the person is intelligent but just chose evil as their excuse to why they are a person that began attacking a people or country wished to be protected.
They do not like for people to understand that unintelligent leaders exist. It is also another one of the reasons all of the other leaders allowed for the space fraud to maintain and not be checked when J.F.K. made his mistake to declare the U.S.'s efforts to travel to the Moon and it was later realized impossible.

The U.S. public even called the effort to go to the Moon a waste of money, dubbing it "moondoggle" when it was declared.

In the future, I would like to have the public of all countries to have an open communication with each other, even during times when they are at war with each other, through an international website that connects countries together in conversation, so to replace the United Nations, which is a corrupt current world organization, and the average tax paying and voting public can build and create messages from their country between countries.

Most leaders are not intellectuals. I think that they force those who are intellectuals into appearing as an eccentric, unhinged, insane, or irresponsible person, so, despite the intellectual person being far more intelligent than them, they claim them unfit to run the country based off their personality. Most of the leaders do not have interesting or imaginative thoughts, and if they produced entertainment that was able to convey messages through metaphors and subtext, they would prove themselves more understanding of political subjects, for they had to design a story that assisted in conveying their opinions and points as valuable through what would be their own cleverness.
I think both George W. Bush and Adolf Hitler were claimed painters at some point in their life in hopes to display them as having intellectual qualities, despite them having the opposite, so in an attempt to make it seem to the public that an intellectual person is a bad choice to lead a country. Painters can convey things with symbolism, along with other types of artists, but a highly intelligent novelist and writer, even a screenwriter, poet, or lyricist, is better than any of them, and if they did not follow through with their positions and attitudes that they had made through their writing, the public would be aware that the person was a fraud, or that their leader was being extorted or tampered with.

On this note, I think that poetry should be added back into the Olympics, but maser tampering would have to be dealt with first to make all Olympic events on the level.

I like to imagine that the only books in Barack Obama's homes are copies of his and Michelle Obama's books, and a copy of the children's novel The Lightning Thief. He also has a Nook with texts of speeches not written by him that he needed to memorize, and then once again a digital copy of The Lightning Thief. I think that the only reason that he admitted to others that Michelle Obama did not write her own memoir is because he doesn't write his own books either. I think that ghostwriting a book should be illegal, and the true authors should be placed on works and then it claimed that the true author interviewed the person to gain the material. These public people have books ghostwritten, so they do none of the work, they do not have to show the public that they cannot write themselves, and they can then gain the majority of the paid amount of money for the work, including royalties.

I worked for the Salt Lake County Library for a short time, entirely bullied and harassed the whole time that I worked there. I was a shelver and had to work the desks. Book titles that I had to shelve would often be used to convey something to me by the people connected to my head. I would often work at the Kearns location but would take available positions at other libraries if they were the only ones available. The Kearns Library was still at its old location when this occurred. Like my job at Home Depot, while working the library I was often around a variety of people, including children. One time, they had a young boy who went to the nearby elementary school and was in earlier grades come up to the desk and he started talking to me in an manner as if he thought himself more grown up about his girlfriend and his troubles with her.
I think that they were testing whether under complete duress I got upset at the child, because I never had an actual girlfriend until the age of 28. I just made polite conversation with the boy and helped him with his books. Sometimes they would make me feel grope urges towards the female and male staff, and they have a tactic of making me feel a half-second jump of some dangerous person's bodily desires towards others, which then immediately stop, and I, in pain, but still myself, keep composure, despite what I just felt was entirely terrible.
The day before Halloween, someone started making me reminiscent of a person my age who use to live in my neighborhood who had a sister with a rare condition that caused her to be born with cat-like eyes. I, liking to

look up information about things, already was aware that being born with such a condition comes with a second physical feature where the person has a warped anal tube, which I mentioned to others connected to me in my head. The next day, I was working at the Kearns Library, and they had an event where candy would be handed out to trick 'r treaters, and I was placed outside, sitting on a blanket while children in their costumes came by, and giving out candy to them, but also the person who once lived in my neighborhood, his sister, and his wife, a person who was a brunette and at least a bit similar to my ex-girlfriend, were there and stood exactly right behind me in the parking lot as a dispersed the candy. As I sat cross-legged, having children come by, having those three people in back of me, because of the maser instruments, I felt the most terrible and awful things from another person going through my body, and was also being sexually harassed in my head and on my body, and, in spite of this, still maintained my composure.
It actually helps to sit down, as I have claimed and shown people, when you are feeling awful and have some terrible person causing you pain and awful feelings. Sometimes at Home Depot I would have to sit down on the orange flat carts for a couple of minutes, because someone else's feelings were going through me, and I felt pain in my body because of them. I worked with a person in a wheelchair, and I even sometimes envied that he could sit in it all day, because it really does help.
I was let go from the library a little while after this, because they had told me that I miscounted some money at the register, which I didn't recall doing, and was not performing my job duties as desired.

The most recent Thanksgiving, I went to my uncle's house with my family, and as I sat at the table with my plate, I kept having the partial feelings of some idiotic and nervous person attempting to move and get up, as they had their nerves completely rattled. On the way there, me, my mom and dad, and my brother had a discussion about politics, and I told them that J.F.K. was a terrible person, that it didn't matter whether a person voted for Kamilla Harris or Donald Trump, because the government was going to run just about the same, that the Electoral College was going to decide who the U.S. Senate wanted in instead, and that politicians were not even vocal about certain important positions when they were given such a large soapbox to be outspoken on. The feelings from the other person were about the same as the person who was connected to me during Halloween at the library, but not as sexually focused.

I think that educational systems should have junior high schools and high schools teach six major mandatory classes and a seventh additional class in junior high one year, and all other courses and classes will be optional and used to better a student's chances at being more successful in life and attending higher learning facilities. Those six courses for the U.S. school system would be English and Writing, Math, Economics, Science, Cultural Studies, and Criminal Justice and Law. Each course would branch off into various forms of the subject each semester. One course involving Criminal Justice and Law would teach perhaps a year focused on scams, grifts, and cons that are possible to occur. Criminal Justice would happen through junior high school, and then Law would occur in high school, hopefully matching college level law courses.
The seventh course would be a Basic Paramedics class at the beginning of junior high teaching students how to treat wounds and handle injuries.
All other courses besides these seven would be tax paid, although still optional, and to fill classes would be performed online and students would be handled by teachers who work for the whole entire school system that are given a minimum amount of students to handle. Even the six main courses, besides the Basic Paramedic course, can be performed online also in the future, which would help students to not get distracted by each other, have conflicts come between them, and assist in not having to deal with travel to and from schools. Plus, online classes allow for a better dispersal of students to teachers.
Elementary Schools would need to run just as they are, because they work similar to a daycare and an educational facility together, but text books need to be updated to include more proper and better information.
In order to have tax paid higher education, a higher education entrance exam, or baccalaureate, can be performed in order make sure money is not wasted on a student that does not take their education seriously. The reason that student loans were handed out was to waste tax money, along with a person's own money, and a person should prove themselves deserving of those taxes paying for their education. If a person passes this entrance exam, goes to a higher learning facility, but then begins to fail their courses, they will likely be cut of their funds, and removed from the higher educational facility. The optional junior high and high school classes are the same in which if a student starts to fail them, they are cut from taking optional classes.

Scholarship will be reserved for those who are not exactly the best student, but are excelling in certain subjects in order to allow them a higher education without passing the entrance exam, but they are forced to take courses that involve the type of scholarship that they were awarded. If a person who is awarded a scholarship wishes to study something else, they can try pass the entrance exam, and, if successful, their scholarship is given to a runner-up.
I think that colleges and universities should have a general Sports course that focuses on various sports subjects for athletes, such as Sports History, Sports Economics, Sports Communications, Sports Medicine, etc., and a sports scholarship will allow that to be an athlete's focus, but other courses need the entrance exam to be passed.

Since people are raising children to run the government for their criminal purposes, I think in the future that it would be wise to raise what I call auxiliary politicians, who would be children of various backgrounds that show empathy, intelligence, imagination, and problem solving abilities that are voted in by the public for the role, and then are given one of the best educations that a person can get, and in their role they have no ability to vote, nor do they hold any power, but instead are used to help investigate and educate on matters and give a wise, trusted, dependable, and valued opinion, having also trained to have the public survey their thoughts. Nepotism regarding these individuals in this matter would be avoided at all costs. This idea will be a lot more viable understanding all child perverts, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths no longer exist.
They would have their finances regulated and be kept existing at a middle class level, and how their funds would work is that they would get about $200,000 for the whole year upon adulthood, adjusted for inflation and deflation, and the next year their funds in their bank account will fill back up to that $200,000, so people save on taxes just refreshing the funds to the full amount from what the person has not spent. I call this "capping." They receive no money whatsoever from any other source than the funds that they are given, and their relatives are made sure to not be doing anything suspicious and receiving privileges on their behalf. They would also not be able to accept gifts within reason, such as some expensive form of bribery, unless it is being used to test something. This cap and refreshment of their funds will happen the rest of their life. Because they are unable to accept any other funds, anything that they create that makes a profit will have its profits go to the tax fund. If they have anything that retains value, such as a house, they are allowed to sell it in order to buy a different one and trade-up on items.
I think of Leonardo di Vinci when I bring up this idea, because I imagine that when he was a young age people were certain that he was gifted, and helped nurture his gift as a painter, giving him supplies and a great education. I also think of Olympic athletes, too, because they mainly are nurtured in their gift at a young age.
It is possible to cap a different higher-up government official's finances in order to make sure that they do not receive bribes while also capping their received funds at a negotiated amount, and then if they desire a raise on their cap, they can make a request to the treasurer, who then asks the public to vote on it, and if it is the treasurer themselves are asking for the raise, they just have the public vote on it also. This form of capping their funds wouldn't have to involve refreshing the funds but instead letting them keep what has been paid to them for the previous year, but again they would not be able to receive gifts within reason and no other outside funds are to be given to them. They then are capped on what they can receive for the rest of their life.
I got this thought wondering if any of China's government workers equal out what is paid to them when claiming to be communists. I also thought that how governments often run should be reversed where leaders should not be rich, privileged, and powerful, but middle class, modest, and lacking power, while also it is the government who should be monitored and regulated to a reasonable degree instead of its public.
This idea is not communistic, but it is a form of avoiding bribery and corruption and making certain a person in a political or important government position is there because they want the country to run properly. The rest of the country can then run on complete capitalism, but just not in an oppressive manner.

I think that the country will take perhaps a low economic dip, but then recover to a by far better state if the criminals all get outed from running the country, and the country begins to be run by an educated and tax paying public. Because our currency started to lose value in the 1950s and 1960s, I believe that their criminal behavior started to really harm the value of the U.S. dollar and hurt the U.S. economy. Many of the public's businesses and its workers were trying as hard as possible to make a great economy, but had it been blighted by the very people running the country. Removing the pyramid scheme that is Reaganomics and making sure our taxes are not wasted and spent on unnecessary things, then making people financially pay for their own

crimes, and also making every attempt to lower taxes as much as possible within reason will allow for people to have more money to spend, and with that ability it will raise an economy to a better state, keeping funds flowing instead of stagnating.
One of the most harmful things to an economy is simply crime itself, and it really doesn't help having criminals placed in power.

I have an idea for cases of theft that involve a criminal paying for a product that they attempted to steal, even if not successful, along with a large fine that goes into the tax fund, while also paying an hour of a business' security wages for each security worker if the theft involved a business. If the criminal does not get away with the item or items, they have to pay for them once, and they do not get to keep the item; if they get away with the item or items, but they are recovered, they have to pay for the item or items twice without keeping them; if they get away with the item or items and they are recovered, but are opened or damaged, or not recovered, and insurance had or has to pay for the item, they have to pay for the amount of the value of the item or items three fold, while also having to possibly pay the difference of insurance fees if the caused a business' insurance costs to rise.
Cases of damages can be handled the same, paying for the replacement of damaged objects and goods. Theft of funds also can be managed the same, having double the funds expected returned to a victim or victims. Forensic auditors will help determine costs and how much a criminal must pay, and, also, they will manage that the criminal's payments are given to the person or business that was attempted to be stolen from. The "debit system" will all help to make sure a criminal makes their payments. The payments would not have to come from the criminal themself but can be paid by anyone. Only straight funds and no credit can be used to make the payments. Even if a criminal's payments are made, they would likely still be placed on parole or probation and be reduced to only having and given a parole and probation visa card that an officer can monitor. This is a form of debtor prison where a criminal can still be free, but expected to pay for their crimes, so to have a prison possibly attempting to mold them into a harder criminal, which has been complained about for many years.
If a person is not making payments on their criminal fees, they risk being incarcerated, so it would be beneficial to make work farms that give a criminal a fair wage while also being incarcerated, so they can make payments and prove themselves trusted again to be paroled. Trying to find businesses wanting to pay fair wages to criminals for work would be important to doing this.
In cases where damages are caused to an irreplicable and expensive object, or a person is accidentally harmed or killed because of negligence, a criminal can possibly be expected to make payments the rest of their life, with a necessary given amount placed for the damages by the government that must be paid, but the victims are allowed to decide whether those who caused the damages are forgiven or not and can cease their payments after the given amount is paid if the victim or victims forgive them, or lowered amounts can be negotiated. Debt can be very punishing, as many innocent people who have not even committed a crime are often made aware.

This all helps to make sure that there is no money in crime, that the public is not paying taxes because of someone else's problems and mistakes, and life is a little less frightening if a person actually makes an accidental mistake, because they no longer possibly are incarcerated for a large amount of years of their life and are free to still be a member of society, but still paying compensations to the victim and the government.

If a criminal attempts to hide funds before or after a crime with someone that they know, that money is still available to be retrieved from the person they made to either hold it or take ownership of it. The "debit system" will help in achieving this.

In instances of white collar crimes, such as where a person has performed insider trading and completely damaged the financial well-being of stockholders, those holding or once held the stocks can actually possibly be compensated in percentages of the stocks that they hold or once held by having the criminal attempt to pay them back the amount of each stock prior to their drastic drop through what the criminal has gained by committing the crime, along with the criminal's own personal fortune and possibly the liquidation of their possessions, which may not adjust to compensate a betrayed stock holder fully, but at least the person will not have gained anything from their crime and is expected to make all attempts to reimburse the betrayed

stockholders to some degree. The liquidation also includes ownership of a company.

In a matter similar to reposing possessions, a criminal who is expected to pay back the government or victims of crimes, can have their possessions taken away and sold off in order to make up for the crime financially.

I would like to have a government website for the retrieval of criminal records where an employer is made by law to check a record for a future employee, and failure to do so can result in them being fined. The employer would be able to set up an account on it that holds information about what type of business they are, and instead of just stating that a person is a felon or not, the Criminal Records Bureau will have a person review the past crimes, and declare that a person has committed a crime that places their job position as a risk of them committing it again, not necessarily telling an employer the person cannot be hired, but warning them it might be a bad idea and also giving the employer the case report or reports of their crime or crimes. There would be instances where they can tell an employer that their prospective employee is not legally able to be given the job position because of their crimes, such as a person arrested for causing damages for drunk driving not being able to legally hold a job as a taxi driver. The employer can expect a possible future employee to pay for their own criminal record retrieval, too.

When I was working at Home Depot, I was later told near the end of my occupation there by the people in my head that I was showing that criminals had every chance of getting an actual job and had no excuse for seeking crime as their source of income. Although I was harassed and often made to be in pain, it is still nice to have a job and income, and to be sociable with other people rather than causing people harm and problems with dishonest and criminal acts. People wanted to make sure criminals had no legs to stand on in an argument for why they performed their crimes other than they were born to commit crimes or were controlled by maser instruments to commit them at some point but should have been able to correct their behavior after the crime if they were innocent.
One day, I was just blatantly displaying that jobs are fun to have to those watching and experiencing what I experienced, feeling upbeat, willing to work and to help people, and having self-esteem because of my honest work and what it had supplied me in funds and experience.

With a desire to not focus on drug users and instead manufacturers, traffickers, and dealers, it is possible to then release a person caught simply with the possession of a controlled substance and deemed not a seller, creating a criminal record for them that states that they are not to be given employment at a pharmacy, or any location including a pharmacy, and also any location that manufactures or ships drugs.
The current government made it more difficult for users to approach law enforcement and inform on their dealers, so the dealers and other criminals involved in drugs were less likely to be caught. It would be better if a user was able to inform on their dealers without any repercussions, even supplying the authorities with the given or purchased drugs, other than that they cannot receive certain employment involving pharmaceuticals and the delivery of them, as a criminal record is created for the person indicating them involved in drug use.

I would also like to have a government website where people can report stolen vehicles and place their VIN number in it, and all businesses that work with vehicles - autobody shops, paint shops, emissions locations, auto yards - have to register a VIN into the website for all vehicles that arrive to their location to make sure the vehicle is not stolen. A notification will then be sent to the authorities if a stolen VIN occurs.

Mortgages should be able to be negotiated and sold to other people that prove to the bank holding the mortgage that they are able to handle the mortgage upon its transfer to them. A house appraiser would important to the process, so an appraisal on a house can determine the value of it, seeing if the value has decreased, stayed about the same, or has increased, and then a person wishing to buy the mortgage is mandated by law to be able to know both the house's appraisal, how much the house was originally worth, and how much has been paid to the bank on the mortgage already. It would be needed to have an appraiser help calculate inflation and deflation on a house and then correcting and renegotiating a mortgage to make up for that inflation or deflation. A second mortgage would not be able to be sold to another person, but the first mortgage is still able to be sold if a second mortgage has been taken out. A person wishing to buy another person's mortgage can either make enough of a payment to the bank holding the mortgage, probably

about a year's worth of payments, to make the transfer of the mortgage immediately go through, or else they can make successful payments over a year to have the mortgage completely transferred over to them. A person should also be able to abandon the mortgage to a bank if an appraiser shows that the house has the same value or more. The mortgage holder will then receive no financial reward for the house, and the bank can then take the house and sell it to someone else for whatever they desire. In the situation that the mortgage holder has already made a large enough amount of payments, but has fallen behind on them for several possible reasons, and the house still has about equal or more of the same value, abandoning the mortgage to the bank should allow someone whose credit is being harmed by non-payments have their credit drastically improved, because the bank has taken a large amount of their money already and can ask the total price of the property, so the bank is making a financial gain off the transaction. The person who then abandoned the mortgage to the bank will be assisted in being able to find a cheaper living situation with their credit showing more on the positive side by the transaction.
If a person passes away before paying off their mortgage and the mortgage is given over to a relative or relatives, those people are allowed to get the house appraised, and then they can either choose to try to sell the mortgage to another credible person, or, if the house shows the same value or more, decide to abandon the mortgage to the bank if they just do not want to deal with it. The bank, again, would just pocket the money from the already given payments, and then they can choose whatever price they want to sell the house for.

I think past and current methods of banking regarding mortgages were made to help financially oppress people, and the tactics above will make people's lives financially easier. The methods above will also make it less risky to buy a home, which will help the housing market.

I started to compare modern banking methods, late payments, and foreclosures to the act of some idiot gangster needing the $10,000 that you owe them, you offering him the keys to your extremely expensive sports car that is still very much taken care of and is in great condition, telling him he can have the car with no questions asked ask long as they consider their debt paid, and him getting upset and slapping the keys out of your hand, saying, "I don't want you sports car, I want my $10,000 dollars!" not even bothering to consider how much money can be made off of selling the vehicle instead.

I also think that it should be made that there are public laws what a person can do to their home in owning and remodeling it, so a neighbor does not drastically devalue their home and the value of nearby houses.

The main international law that all countries must keep are that no child perverts, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths are left living. Some people bring up sadists, but I figure the status of being a sadist that seeks pleasure in harming others would arrive from having the disposition of the four named types of people, unless the victim is a person who genuinely deserves it. It is possible to be sadistic to a criminal who has wronged innocent others without being aroused by it, and not treating innocent people with such behavior.

I think that when people die they either just cease to exist, or they randomly become some other life form in a random lottery of life forms without any bureaucracy to how they are reborn, perhaps even finding themselves the closest existing available life form brought into creation, including even microscopic life. The biology of what life form that was produced determines how they act, so they would not even understand that they were previously something else nor transfer a personality in anyway. The person reborn as something else would not even realize what occurred, and they would not even care to understand such a thing occurred, living whatever life they were given until dying again and repeated. It's not necessary to declare something not proven as a true finite answer, so a person can consider more than one possibility until proven otherwise. The universe is supposed to be an infinite and chaotic thing, and nature could evolve things on other planets throughout it in an infinite number of ways, so just every unique and plausible type of life form is being created from the chaotic environments that produced them. Another thought is that if the universe is infinite, somewhere else in the universe, despite being vastly, extremely, and very rare to occur in it is another version of yourself either living out the exact events that you are, or perhaps slightly or largely delayed or occurring later, or perhaps this alternative version of yourself has one slight difference to them, or had one slight difference happen to them, even outside of themself to occur, such as being even as miniscule as a quark within a nearby atom slightly being off. They could have also, of course, chosen some different path in life,

from the slightest movement to a completely different choice in direction. Or, they could be some person like yourself, but also drastically different in appearance and behavior, but having things that mirror your life occurring to them. This, of course, would be occurring over and over, repeatedly. I often compare this to all life being events of entertainment where every life constantly has interesting things happening and occurring to them, and they die and then are reborn to have some other interesting things happen to them.

I created a thought because of this, that, "Life is a cherished joke that keeps getting retold in several ways."

Another thought is: "All things are funny from some perspective, point of view, or understanding, but it just shows a person's character at what they laugh at."

I also like to consider fine artworks more valuable than anything produced in the universe, because they are extremely less likely to occur again, unlike things such as diamonds and gold. In an infinite universe, it would be unlikely that such a thing as Geoffrey Chaucer's The Canterbury Tales would ever be produced exactly as it is again in such a manner, and the same goes for William Shakespeare's plays, although if anything is possible of occurring once, it is possible for it to occur again. The author Jorge Luis Borges and his short story "The Library of Babel" helped me with this thought.

Basically any planet that has a protective magnetosphere and a number of different elements possibly has an ability to have life on it, as they create controlled environments for a repeated cycle of life to exist, as nature makes animals that are able to be produced even under very harsh conditions that evolved them to withstand, say such as a life form with an abundance of acid on its planet having animals that just swim and function in acid, or a planet with extremely strong winds producing a life form that functions within the winds. An animal is just a random system that was created to reproduce itself repeatedly and slightly differently.

Contradicting the thought of an all-knowing God, I have brought up to others in my head, that it is literally impossible for this God to keep track of all things, especially on microscopic levels across an infinite universe where God supposedly knows and needs to know the placement of all of the atoms, and the particles within them, in a geographical manner at all times, along with understanding and keeping track of all life, including microscopic life across the universe. This contradicts the bureaucratic manner in which God judges others in the afterlife, too, as God would in no way be able to keep track of the happenings of all things, including people, in a vast and infinite universe.

I have also created a paradox where if there was a finite meaning to existence, learning this finite meaning in existence would defeat the need of one’s own existence, so there really is no finite meaning to existence, but people and all other life just go about their natural lives in a desire to survive and procreate while finding their own meanings in their own existence, which is usually making oneself comfortable and happy, and this concept does produce a form of a finite meaning in existence.

I created another thought inspired by this, that, "The things that keep you guessing, keep you living." This meaning that you do not know what is going to happen next, so often people keep on going in a desire to know. This fits into the thought of life being a series of entertaining events.

Another paradox that I created, similar to previous notions that I wrote about, is that if there was an all-knowing God, and this God was aware of all outcomes, this God would never have any form of entertainment for itself, and would not find any need nor desire to exist, but would rather find itself similar to an unchanging program holding all information to all things.

Giving strong universal importance to events is a bit myopic and based on what is important to a person's immediate perspective and existence. Again, if a universe is infinite, all close events will be eventually forgotten somewhere along the line or retold the same way or differently somewhere else. In an infinite timeline, everything will keep moving forward and some event considered highly important would have happened eons ago and no longer find any importance in it by anyone. When explaining this, I have used the example of Jesus Christ being martyred, which is often found to be highly important to people, but, even if a

person was placed into a never-ending Heaven following their life, they would exist for so many ages that the event of the crucifixion would have occurred so extremely long ago that it no longer is valid and other events in your own existence would have occurred and found new importance.

In an infinite universe, it is unnecessary to consider any land holy, especially because of its random geographical location in an infinite area where there are so many other objects in it. One could still consider them cherished, but there is nothing metaphysical to them.

The Earth is supposed to be able to exist for an extremely long amount of time, over millions and millions of years, and yet we have people claiming that it is necessary to find ways to travel through space in order to save humanity, but they either are or work for people constantly causing environmental damage, depleting resources, and harming people. If some devastating event does not happen all at once, people can live upon the planet for an extremely long amount of time, evolving to adapt to the slowly changing environment to be able to survive, even as the Earth very slowly gets closer to the Sun. The human body even contains metals, such as iron and calcium, and perhaps could become more durable to heat as it alters to different life forms over time. There are sea snails on the ocean floor that have adapted to be around the volcanic activity found in their environment and have metal found in its shell and body. I think it even possible that an animal living in a depleting atmosphere could survive the harshest conditions of space, having gained a body that is strong and durable, perhaps having electrified gases working with their blood flowing through their bodies, and withstanding the heat of the Sun.
As a bonus to the criminals involved in committing space fraud, people from the oil industries continuously have the public buy and use their oil, causing large amounts of pollution when alternative power sources were available, so the claims of future space travel were used to pretend that eventually it will counter their negligent tactics of maintaining large oil consumption and profiting off of it by having the public believe that they will one day live outside and off the Earth. As either coincidental or not a coincidence, these criminals were also using the oil consumption to cause large amounts of pollution over cities, desiring for stars to be blocked out, hiding a realization in falsified space footage that no stars exist in their photography. Also, again either coincidental or not a coincidence, air pollution may lower a person's intelligence, which would be desired by those committing fraud.

I have considered that the French film Martyrs (2008) was inspired by the happenings with the L.D.S. Church and people like myself, since the film involves a woman looking mentally unhealthy because, after escaping from people that abused her over years, she attacks and claims that a normal family in appearance, even wholesome and healthy, was responsible for kidnapping and harming her, which ends up being true, and this family belongs to a cult attempting to find metaphysical truths prior to dying through their abuse of others.

Returning to the subject of Brainstorm (1983) and its story in which others have the ability to record thoughts and sensations in the brain, it seems like its creators were also referring to these happenings with the L.D.S. Church, as the scientific experiments lead to a metaphysical ending, including a sight of Heaven and the angels. They possibly helped create it, as the film falsely gives a notion that constantly orgasming would cause a person to have their mind destroyed in a sensory overload, which I doubt would be true, and would only result to possible problems on a physical level if one kept ejaculating. They either wanted to deter from hedonism, or were trying to hide the fact that they were connecting to the bodies of others and masturbating through them.

It is possible that they are also building what I call an A.I. pyramid that has recorded all of the thoughts and feelings of other people, attempting to find unique signals and happenings in the lives of others through voyeurism and manipulation. I call it a pyramid, because of the ancient pyramids in Egypt being created through abuse and slavery, and this collection of A.I. is being produced in the same manner.
I think that they want to create programs and entertainment in a method of keeping alive child perverts, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths by having them perform their sensory needs through neurotainment in the future, hoping to make a future society where people would not need to eradicate them for being dangerous. I have advised to destroy it, if I am correct.

Solipsism doesn't really exist anymore in the fact that a person can experience everything another person does, although they still keep their very existence as a unique person. All reality is shared, being one thing, and a life's perspective is just a divided existence in all reality.

Another thought that I made is: "Time is the path of possibilities divided." This meaning that every moment a person is given every possible immediate option to choose from in a chaotic universe and in choosing their direction in their life removed all other options, leading to new outcomes where more options are produced.

The concept of the big bang might have also been created in order to validate religious beliefs in a seemingly scientific way. The concept is similar to the "Let there be light!" found in Genesis 1:3. It is even claimed that objects in our universe are older than the universe itself, such as the star Methuselah, which is contradictory that something would exist prior to existence.

This reminds of NASA's claim that the top of the Earth's atmosphere, the thermosphere, has an upper layer that is both extremely hot, but cold at the same time simply because of how much the gas particles are divided. It makes sense to say that the atoms are becoming extremely hot with heat and radiation, but a person would end up just as heated and radiated.

I titled the current political state of having to step around space fraud and possible extortion by maser use either “The Unseen Curtain” or “The Invisible Curtain.”

I have created a large list of methods how space fraud can be identified in various ways, but they are all in titles for file folders on my computer.
Here are a few:

The Voyager probes have time lapse videos of them heading right for several planets, but it is actually impossible for them to head straight for the planets with how fast the planets are moving around the Sun, and, if it were possible, the probe would have to intercept the planet instead.
Here is a video of Voyager I approaching Saturn, which the planet moves at 21,637 miles per hour:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3WcY7hZIn1Y

Technically, if it were possible for a ship to escape Earth's gravity and magnetosphere, and again the solar winds were not present, because of how fast the Earth and Moon are heading around the Sun, which is 67,000 miles per hour, a space ship would make it to the Moon in somewhere around three to three and a half hours, and not the three days claimed by NASA on their first Moon missions, and the Moon would actually be able to arrive to the ship without the ship moving, having the Moon coming at them at 67,000 miles per hour.

The human body and everything inside of it is actually dependent to Earth's gravity and its air pressure, so our bodies are only formatted for the Earth. If a person was able to escape Earth's gravity without exploding, which they would explode, everything in their body would lose tension and pressure, dysfunctioning, especially their circulatory system and its heart. Also, if this were to occur, their whole body would just go completely limp and unable to move about, floating around in zero gravity with no tension able to allow their limbs to move on their own accord, completely loose in every way.
I started joking around about astronauts in a science fiction story being supposedly on a planet with heavier gravity, because the gravity would be pushing down on a their brains, the organs in their center would be pushed entirely downward, their blood would flow to the ends of their limbs in their hands and feet that they are unable to lift and be stuck there, and their eyes would press down to the bottom of their sockets and their tongues would be stuck to the bottom of their mouths.
Deep sea angler fish are a good example to why an astronaut’s body would explode attempting to escape Earth, because the angler fishes need the pressure of the deep sea to stay alive, and their insides either implode or explode if attempted to be moved to a higher location in the ocean.

Gravity not working on a person’s insides and pretending that a person would survive not having it, atrophy would be worse than thought and would start occurring in what would be a very short time. Even within

Earth's gravity, a person suffering from atrophy has it begin to take effect in just a matter of a week and a half to two weeks.

This thought of gravity causing tension also allows to scientists to question how gravity works on other celestial bodies. If the gravity is not causing tension, perhaps low gravity would not result in a golf ball being able to be struck ridiculously far, because the lack of tension would not allow the strike to occur very hard, so the lack of tension and pressure with low gravity perhaps equals everything out or makes things much worse in being able to be moved. There has been signs of volcanic gravity at a time on the Moon, but because low tension, low pressure, and low gravity are present, the volcanic activity does not spew volcanic matter out all over into space like one would expect, but instead the volcanic matter just seeps out and stays close to the surface because of a lack of tension and pressure.

Rocket propulsion would not even function outside of Earth's gravity, because once it escaped gravity the rocket would no longer be working against gravity's force, and the rocket would just spew fire out of its end in a ball-like manner, while tumbling, as gravity was maintaining its equilibrium, resulting in the rocket blast not effecting the rocket's movement.

If any of the world's space programs were capable of what they were claimed that they are doing, they would have provided a constant live feed on most everything, especially on the ISS from several angles.
If there existed dust and dirt on the Moon, even disregarding normal solar winds, somewhere in human history a solar flare would have created a large dust storm moving in the opposite direction of the Sun on the Moon and then had it recorded by the world's people that witnessed it.

Another aspect to space fraud is that science fiction films gave the creators of the falsified footage bad representations of how lighting in space would work. If a film such as Star Wars had correct lighting, depending whether the ships were close to a star or not, the ships would just be either struck with hard light on one side facing the star, and in complete shadow on the side facing away from it. But if no star existed in sight, the ships, along with large objects like the Death Star, would just be complete shadows blocking out clusters of stars behind them.
I think that Stanley Kubrick used the film Last Year in Marienbad (1961) as an inspiration for The Shining because its scene in which shadows were painted on the ground in a hotel's garden to create a surreal illusion that only the people are seen casting a shadow on not the bushes conveys NASA's footage has impossible and incorrect shadows in a like fashion.
I have claimed that if I was in charge of faking everything, I would have had all the pictures blown out in their lighting, making the astronauts white and luminous silhouettes with a huge amount of small points of light behind them representing stars, and I would have had the astronauts claim that the event was the most frightening thing that they had ever experienced, worrying every minute that they would die, still having nightmares about it, and feeling extremely hot the whole time when they were there. Depending on where they were claiming to be at on the Moon, straight and long dark shadows would have had to have been made by having a row of parallel lights giving off hard light.
Star Wars describes itself as a space fantasy instead of science fiction, and many science fiction works involving space travel can now do the same.

Many years ago, I was once trying to write a fiction novel that was a semi-autobiographical roman à clef about everything that was occurring to me, but I was controlled and bullied to destroy it with many drawings that I made and collected, burning them in a box in my driveway. The novel was called The Numbers, which has many reasons for its title: first, a many number of people were attacking me; second, because it was a roman à clef, I was giving people designated numbers for names as I brought them up in topic; third, there was many private people who I was acquainted with that I was going to write about, and it would take too much work coming up with a fictional name for each; forth, I was both attempting to and successfully doing numbers on other people's lives; fifth, my character would be worried about money and running his own business; sixth, I would bring up finances and business, especially regarding crime and fraud; and seventh, I was adding in a fictional portion to the story about valuable comic books, their issue numbers, and the main character represented of myself working to illegally obtain valued comic books during nights from an elementary

school's 1940 time capsule where they were rumored to be held in, uncertain if the rumor given to him was true, and only expecting Detective Comics #27 to be one of them. I, as a narrator, the fictional version of myself, and the premier character, designated myself Zero in the order of numbers. Because I wanted to explain that people were attacking me for a novel that I was writing, which in real life would be Nanahee, but I also wanted to keep Nanahee as a separate work, I came up with a fictional novel to use in the book that also lampooned the space industry and the U.S. government as their motivation for attacking me, which I titled One Way into Space, but I later thought even this could be a sole and separate work.

One Way into Space would be a comedy about a U.S. President that faulters so bad on public television, incriminating himself in massive fraud and wrongdoing, that the whole public desires to kill him, but the public still trusts the remainder of the government. So, NASA, who is also performing massive amounts of fraud and wrongdoing unknown to the public, convinces everyone that they should let the U.S. President be shot one way into space to test the boundaries of space travel, saving him, with them claiming he is a true patriot that made a mistake and would be willing to help the U.S. in the study of future space travel. They are granted their desire, and so they pretend to ready him for space travel and then fake that they shot him into space, having him give updates to his situation in his space ship, although he is actually at an undisclosed government location being treated luxuriously, although growing his beard out to show a hermit-like appearance in the space footage. He claims to be on a broad regiment of pills to keep him sane while alone and flying through space to the outward of the solar system, but he was and is humorously and scoundrelly not even taking pills to keep him emotionally level and sane for the fact of many of the rest of the world wanting to kill him. Throughout his fictional journey into space, he passes by the planets including Mars and Jupiter showing viewers himself watching out the window as he passes by them. That is as far as I have the story developed.

I thought up the fictional occurrence with the valuable comic books being in an elementary school's 1940 time capsule, which would not be opened for a hundred years, from an actual happening where I went to a famous magazine and book shop downtown in Salt Lake City that has existed along time. I went there originally, because the owners use to keep a large storage of comic books in a room there, which were issues that they made to keep one of from their newsstands, and I use to go there as a child to look at and possibly buy some, always wishing I had the money to buy a copy of X-Men #3 from them, it being the first appearance of the marvel character The Blob and wondering if they had any copies of Caliber Comic's The Crow. I used to read Wizard Magazine frequently, having a subscription, and one time while having ten dollars, bought an issue of The New Mutants #98, aware from Wizard Magazine that it had three different first appearances in the issue, including Deadpool, and Domino considered at the time. Returning to the store as an adult, I was seeing if they still had 1950s issues of Playboy for sale, which I saw there previously, and wondered if I could flip some of them for money. The owner said that if I was interested there was a backroom containing several issues and other men's magazines if I wanted to look through them. I took up his offer, even to risk getting a parking ticket. In the backroom, feeling terrible static and being bullied in my head, I looked through the magazines to find every 1950s Playboy Magazine that still looked in good condition, not concerned with any sexual intentions. When I was finished finding many ones I wished to buy, I sat down with the owner, bringing up the comic books that he used to have in the store, and he told me of a story of one of his former employees secretly swiping them, so he removed them from the store and sold them. He also told me other stories about comic books be gained in a means to make a profit that were a bit wrong, such as a man who found old EC Comic's Tales from the Crypt plates, began producing his own copies of comic books from them as if they were fresh copies, and later being sought by the authorities for doing so. He then finished by telling me a story about a woman who use to buy and read comic books that she probably hid from her husband by placing them into issues of Life Magazine, and these issues of Life Magazine with the comic books inside them were sold to his store, only to be discovered that they include valuable fresh comic books inside of them, such as important issues of early Wonder Woman. After listening to his stories, I purchased the large stack of Playboys for around $400 dollars, walked outside and discovered I received a parking ticket, drove home, and quickly discovered that his story about the woman and the Life Magazines was attempting to convey to me that an issue of Playboy having its pin-up removed drastically decreases its value, which many of them were missing the centerfold. I didn't get angry at this but instead was upset at myself for making the error and kept the magazines.

So, in this fictional story with the time capsule, I was going to have the narrator character do about the same that I did, but another story told by a store owner had him explain that a man once told him that he went to a

nearby elementary school with another boy who had once been coaxed to give his comic books that he brought to school to a time capsule, having the first appearance of Batman included in the stack of them, and the teacher wrapped them up and placed them inside of it, which is located in a center courtyard block in a wing of the elementary school built during the time. This boy grew up to later be killed in the Korean War, so he does not go about attempting to claim the comic books, realizing their current value today. After hearing the story, the character then goes to the nearby elementary school, pretends he was student at one time, and is made able to look around the place during its non-school hours, casing the place for cameras. He discovers that the enclosed courtyard has no cameras facing one of its walls, and during the night starts using a ladder to climb upon the roof, take the ladder up, place the ladder down in the courtyard, and then can inspect the time capsule. He starts doing this every single night while being bullied in his head and harassed by static, working away to open the time capsule, thinking people were possibly just messing around with him to inspire him to go about this endeavor, while people, including a friend he used to be close to, bullies him by saying in his head, “You like breaking into a little kids school, don’t you pervert? Don’t you get it! Ladder goes up and ladder goes down, right dickhead!” and the man ignores him, chipping at the time capsule’s cement with a chisel, then hiding the chipped away pieces with loose putty.

The reason I bring up the topic of the issue of The New Mutants #98 is because Deadpool was not very popular during the time, not really matching the character he is now, and this development of the character might have been inspired by me and my purchase of the comic book, because experiencing the thoughts in a person’s head is somewhat similar to breaking the fourth wall, and I usually always mentally return to normal no matter the situation, as if self-healing.

In the novel The Numbers the narrator character Zero would claim that he survived a large psychological attack by many people out of nowhere by claiming himself expecting of the worse in people to begin with and being able to both humiliate and debase those wishing him harm, making fun of them in his head, realizing them very lowly people with many faults and weaknesses of their own to exploit.

We joke that I spent a large amount of my childhood kicking dandelions, which I did, because I was busy thinking to myself while doing so. I would also sit and throw a small plastic basketball against the wall of my bedroom while sitting on my bed for hours each day, as if a prisoner in a cell, although I did not realize it mirroring the act, but instead just enjoyed thinking for a long time. Sometimes, instead, I would take my baby blanket and spin it like a pizza while also doing the same thing.

A thing that I have often thought throughout my whole life is, “What is everyone’s problem?” because for some reason people would just start acting unreasonable, not realizing that they were making life difficult, causing problems that in no way were necessary to start existing.

Me and many people who connect to me like to poke fun at For All Mankind (1989). The astronauts are so cornball it's ridiculous:

The beginning of the film starts with J.F.K.'s "We choose to go to Moon" speech, and the clip of the speech leaves out a part where he claims that the rocket to the Moon will return to the Earth coming in as half as hot as the Sun.

At the 17:08 mark, you get a stop motion astronaut with his head and helmet turning like a fly's head. The Earth in the distance is kind of an egg shape also. (This was probably a part of the production of the first U.S spacewalk.)

At the 19:35 mark you can see that most the NASA modules have handles on them, and we like to joke that they had them installed in case any of the information tried to blow them away.

At the 20:08 mark the Earth's curvature bows back and forth in opposite directions: I like to call them half pipe Earths when they bow downward in some recorded space footage.

The 20:45 mark gets a good look at some pseudo-information that they are viewing.

The 23:38 mark you get a picture of The Blue Marble, and this is where I first noticed how disproportionate it was.

The 26:54 mark you get film of the last living neanderthal.

The 29:47 mark it is claimed that the view from space was black and not filled with stars, which is stated also later in the film, so it is not the cameras and their apertures failing to capture the billions of stars in the galaxy like is claimed.

The 33:00 mark you get members of the Klu Klux Klan without their hoods and robes on.

The 38:44 mark shows a large portion of the Moon lit up by a rocket emission, but with the area being shown it would take a nuclear bomb blast or more to illuminate the area, so it is a model being lit by a lamp instead. There's footage from the Kaguya satellite where the satellite supposedly leaves the Moon's shadow and it is like someone hit a dimmer switch for the Sun, although this time it's computer animation.)
The 39:56 mark shows an Earth-rise, but, as the Moon rotates around the Earth always with the same face towards the Earth, technically Earth-rises don't exist, and a ship would have to travel to make the Earth appear to be rising occur, but the camera view looks pretty stationary and from a ship that is not moving fast at all. Earth-sets are the same. (Kaguya Satellite footage shows a very stale, overly detailed, unrealistic Earth doing both.)
This is a video with the Kaguya capturing a stale Earth-set and a dimmer switch Sun:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YOdoeVzMaWg&t=34s
The 49:39 mark has impossible shadows and lighting for what the Moon provides.
The 50:42 mark has a demonstration of gravity based on an experiment by Galileo, but, subtracting the solar wind, the Sun's heat and radiation would have burnt that feather to nothing, and the wood of the hammer also. (Technically they would all burn up.) Apparently feathers can survive strong heat and radiation in space.
The 54:13 mark has a wire connected to the camera of the lunar rover that looks made of plastic that would definitely melt.
The 55:20 mark is stop motion again.
The 58:59 mark shows the lunar rover in action, and giving their stipulations and pretending dust is on the Moon, everything is functioning on Earth's gravity in the footage, and if it were functioning on the Moon's gravity, the dust and dirt would actually fly really far, projecting outward swiftly. Also, the fact that the dust clouds dissipate means that the dust molecules are combining with air molecules.
The 1:03:43 mark has the astronauts start singing and skipping along, and even under their stipulations of what occurred, what they were doing would have been one of the most dangerous and frightening things imaginable, so their behavior is very off.
The 106:10 mark there is another narration describing how black the sky was on the Moon, again contradicting the existence of stars, and even emphasizing it.
The 1:07:01 mark shows an astronaut on the Moon with no protective visor and his face showing, and the Earth's magnetosphere and atmosphere protects from large amounts of UV and other forms of radiation, while also the top of the Earth's thermosphere, which is protected by the Earth's magnetosphere, is said to get anywhere from 932° F to 3,632° F.
The 1:12:38 mark shows a lunar liftoff in which they actually use confetti in the blast, which was probably some form of pressurized air shooting it out everywhere, and the pieces fly and curve every direction. There's a continuity error involving the flag placing also.
The 1:15:59 mark shows another Earth-rise.
The 1:16:58 mark shows what is now a model.

This video of Neptune and its Moons is really fake looking and missing Triton:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?app=desktop&v=4T6rV_GD2W4
I'm just judging by various videos, but I think that it is possible that Triton is even bigger than the Earth. I think many people are being forced to adhere to NASA's standards on simple sizes of astrological objects, because they falsely claimed to have had satellites view the objects closely, so no corrections are able to be made if any information is found different. Pluto was first estimated to be about the size of Mars, and now it is smaller than our Moon, and I don't believe that Pluto would be able to be spotted from such an extreme distance if it were the size of our Moon, not that Mars is that much bigger. Plus, some of Pluto's moons are claimed to be less than the size of some of your average U.S. states, and I doubt those would be visible, so this helps my notion. These are just guesses.
I think the Moon is probably extremely hot in temperature, too. Way hotter than what is claimed. The Moon is actually constantly experiencing every form of radiation hitting it, so I believe that its entire body would be far worse in radio activity than the center of any possible nuclear disaster.
Humanity should not have let them get away with them displaying and explaining that the Earth is like a geographical globe in appearance from a distance where all the continents are plain to see. Our gaseous atmosphere is pretty thick, and I believe the planet is possibly all blue or red from a distance in appearance,

and if it is blue it might have a reddish orange-pink ring vertically around its center away from the Sun and near its shadow, and it is hard to perceive and understand that the ring is there from our perspective, as the UV light stretches out across the long path of its frame. The reason I think this possible is because of the sunrise and sunset, and the fact that reddish light gets projected onto the Moon during partial and full lunar eclipses. The blue in our sky is just caused by the scattering of UV light. Either way, the ISS always fails to capture sunrises and sunsets. The perspective on the ISS's view is way off, too, as the curvature is always misshapen, because they always stretch it or use a fisheye lens on it, and it terminates abruptly, and coincidentally is more flat-looking and plate-like in appearance. To capture the curvature of the Earth it would take a colossal camera with large lenses, so I like to pretend a "god camera" is in use that is humungous and even bigger in size than any U.S. state. Views of Earth's globe from a distance always show huge clouds on them that would result in a whole continent or two possibly experiencing strong and unnatural overcast, which doesn't really happen, and most clouds are actually pretty relatively small to the scale of the Earth.

The film Night of the Living Dead (1968) conveys that if the U.S. government and NASA were caught in due of some error happening with their satellites and the maser instruments abilities were discovered, that they were likely going to try to blame everything on wealthier people involved in incest and also African Americans. During the film's beginning, it has a coded incestuous couple of a sister and a brother, who are adults and neither seem to have a life outside of each other, driving a long distance to visit their father's grave, which they do every single year, and they speak to each other in the manner of being a couple, and eventually the brother becomes a bit of teasing to his sister, almost in a flirtatious manner. They then get attacked by some unsuspecting person that seems very upset with them. The brother is killed, and the sister runs away. She finds an old farmhouse to hide in and makes the acquaintance of an African American man having the same difficulties. The film's title cleverly indicates that they are actually the living dead, as people want to kill them for the discovery of space fraud, and those people are so dumbfounded and upset that they approach and move in a very slow, but are aggressive, and also include such members as a nude woman who realized that she had been being voyeured. The only explanation that the film gives to why the happenings are occurring was that some Venus probe collided with a meteor sending radiation to the Earth. This both could be in reference to J.F.K.'s claim of a Venus rocket being sent in his "We choose to go to the Moon" speech and the thought that a maser satellite malfunctioned and caused people to be aware that radiation was attacking them. It can also be interpreted by the two parents in the basement that they worry that their already possibly harmful child that they keep locked away in a cellar is going to get attacked for eventually becoming a monster, a social menace, so she is assumed born a serial killer, and people were going to claim such parents at fault for trying to hide the facts about the space program. This would still hide the true intentions of the secrecy of the space program that people are born pedophiles and rapists. The younger couple could have either been made to be seen as just average people that became victims caught in the chaos of it all, or perhaps sympathizers to the others in the house. The sister ends up disappearing, because her now stupefied and angry brother appears and drags her off, and the African American man survives the night, having hidden away. When the authorities come around, who are people who have not been deranged by the occurrence, they are managing all those who have been rioting and attacking people, those assumed zombies, and see the African American man inside of the house, who is still worried of his survival, but hoping they help him, only to have the authorities shoot him in a belief that he caused the problems.

I think that NASA placed the African American women Katherine Johnson, Dorothy Vaughan, and Mary Jackson, who were underqualified for what was being asked of them, to work NASA's calculations so the U.S. government and space program could better claim that African Americans were at fault. They might have had the women actually working genuine mathematical equations, but did not seek a vastly more qualified mathematician out of worry that this topnotch and scholarly person would have a broader range of knowledge, including being aware of certain scientific truths that contradicted the information that was being given to them.
Brownian motion is a scientific concept where chaos and particles are unable to be fixed in their exact calculations because of their random movements, and this concept applies to the idea of sending satellites and other items into space, especially with space debris, gravity, magnetic fields, and the solar winds all being very unpredictable, so the fact that the space program claimed to have had sent a space probe to Venus prior to

a declaration to go to the Moon already shows their fraud, as no mathematics can calculate and predict the travel.

Sometimes odd numerical figures are given when researching information, such as the solar winds being said to move at a low of 0.87 million miles per hour in a desire to make the figure seem smaller, even though this is another way, though deceptive, of stating that they move 870,000 miles per hour at their lowest. The same thing often happens where units of power are explained, where scientists breakdown units of power to simplify a math equation, for instance, so they are not a long number of joules or watts but are the smaller looking number of a larger abbreviated unit that the average person is unfamiliar with, but then they are placed in scientific explanations to seem very small for ill reasons.

The film series' sequel Dawn of the Dead (1978) explains in subtext that news workers and police officers working African American and minority tenements and ghettos were becoming aware that something suspicious was happening involving the people inside of them where the people would suddenly become zombified and belligerent to their spouses, their family members, other people, and to the officers themselves. Those who already committed crimes were attempted to be held onto by their loved ones, despite that they had already become murderous and dangerous to others.
Having figured this out, later in the film those officers and people that formerly worked for the news symbolically get less dangerous jobs as security guards and workers in a mall instead, but realize that people are being taken over by maser instruments and trafficked to malls in order to be forced to waste time and money there, wandering around and purchasing products from the mall stores.

I like to call these people that have worked to keep the maser instruments hidden, along with pedophiles and rapists existing, the PRTV community, standing for pedophiles, rapists, and toilet voyeurs, while also noting the fact that they criminally work public relations constantly to keep themselves alive. They are very spiteful and resentful to the rest of the world, despising the happiness of all other people, while also attacking people who are acceptably and not criminally born different.

The film Us (2019) is about criminals, including pedophiles and rapists, connecting to people and attempting to imitate functional people in society, working to keep themselves alive in a Hands Across America manner. Just like Poltergeist with its inspiration originally claimed from a Twilight Zone episode, so is this film, this time being from the episode "Mirror Image". The theme park in the film is supposed to be bring up thoughts of Disneyland, and the film's dangerous rabbits residing underground who have become people being reference to Walt Disney's Alice in Wonderland, where a rabbit hole leads to a world of problems. The film's beginning, though simple, is rich in symbols, showing VHS copies of the films The Man with Two Brains (1983), A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984), C.H.U.D. - Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers (1984), and The Right Stuff (1983), which is a film about the choosing of the early astronauts, while a commercial for Hands Across America is being broadcasted on the television. The croquet ball likely is either referring to Stephen King's novel The Shining where Jack Torrance uses a croquet mallet rather than the axe found in Stanley Kubrick's film version of the novel, or, more likely, it is a reference to the film Heathers (1988), referring to the film Heather's story having characters making people appear to have committed suicide, and those criminals connecting with masers to others probably doing the very same act, having gained job information from a victim and then desiring to use the information in order to make themselves appear proper members of society. The Tethered, the underground rabbit people, are a combination in what they wear of both Michael Jackson, a prison convict in a prison jumpsuit, and Freddy Krueger, each using scissors in their attempts to attack the person they were connected to, meaning that they are making attempts to cut all ties with the victim that they were voyeuring and studying. The Rubik's cube to the right of the croquet ball expresses to solve a puzzle about everything being displayed. The film The Goonies (1985), which is also on display, has a plot that one could swear began as a joke about pedophilia where a young group of boys desire to find "One-Eyed Willy's rich stuff" and even use the term "rich stuff" a few times when the story's character Mikey desires to gain it to solve all of his money woes. Each of the Tethered, having gained some ability to mirror their victim in action, always put a dark and criminal twist to how their victim behaved in due of their criminal personality and their desire to also bring acceptance to their criminal behaviors, such as the son of the main family even having a double that took his love of wearing monster masks too far and burned his

own face.

There was an original ending to the film Little Shop of Horrors (1986) that was cut from the film after negative test audience responses, although it, and the musical number that accompanied it, were in the original stage production. The song is called "Don't Feed the Plants" and I believe that Alan Menken and Howard Ashman purposely put similar snippets of "My Sharona" by The Knack into the song. The film version is more extended, including in its use of the snippets. I think that the song has meanings in it that, matched with film's original ending, conveys pedophiles are placing "plants" in higher up positions in the government and taking over the U.S.A., ruining and destroying the whole country, and the reason that they used a similar moment of "My Sharona" was in due of the song's pedophilic lyrics.
Here's a little lyrical portion of "My Sharona":

Never gonna stop, give it up, such a dirty mind
I always get it up for the touch of the younger kind
My, my, my, I, yi, woo!
M-m-m-my Sharona

And here is a link to the original Little Shop of Horrors ending:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ELXwWg8qxuY

Here's a lyrical portion from "Don't Feed the Plants":

Hold your hat and hang on to your soul
Something's coming to eat the world whole
If we fight it we've still got a chance
But whatever they offer you
Though they're slopping the trough for you
Please, whatever they offer you
Don't feed the plants

The criminals like to make you believe that action is taking place to counter and correct themselves, so literally just keep forwarding this message to others even if its seems that something is in action.

I told the criminals connecting to my head several times in the past: "Instead of going through all this criminal behavior of extorting people and making all attempts to fool others into thinking that you have any importance and should be alive, just realize that you are a terrible person and a complete burden to others and just kill yourself."

THEY WILL WEAPONIZE THEIR SEXUALITY AGAINST OTHERS!

They like to try or accomplish to destroy and break the mentality of victims to them to cover up what they did.

Criminals like to create "no win" situations for others, and it is proven that they would do the same thing to a person in every situation, and where if they wanted another person eradicated, they would not hesitate to do so given the opportunity. During the Twentieth Century they claimed that we moved into an "age of enlightenment" where we did not find execution necessary, yet had those very same politicians, as the worst of all criminals, being responsible for severely harming the public and even killing and financially ruining many of its members. It is necessary to do to them that which they would do other people.

They are just terrible people! There is no excuse for them!

I believe that the song and music video "You Get What You Give" by the one-hit wonder band The New Radicals was mano nera entertainment. The band was trying to convey that a positive song with a great political message could be produced for mainstream radio when mostly dark, skeptical, and pessimistic music

was majorly being broadcasted, including music celebrating criminality, which oddly began appearing during the late '80s to early '90s, especially in the rap community with gangster rap. Within the video, their lead singer wears a Mickey Mouse shirt inside out to state that he was against was occurring with Walt Disney co. and its maser use. Blur's music video for "Song Two", released the previous year, has their singer wearing the very shirt correctly to show that it was not for legal reasons that The New Radical's singer wore his shirt turned inside out while further stating that Walt Disney Co. was responsible for what their lyrics were conveying. "Song 2" has lyrics about criminals tampering with children, such as, "I got my head done, when I was young, it's not my problem..." which means that someone was attempting to disturb and screw his mind when he was a child, likely with sexual thoughts, and it was the criminal with problems and not him.
A partly sang and partly spoken word verse is delivered at the end of "You Get What You Give", sputtered off and seemingly out of nowhere, which is:

Health insurance, rip-off lying
FDA, big bankers buying
Fake computer crashes dining
Cloning while they're multiplying
Fashion shoots with Beck and Hanson,
Courtney Love and Marilyn Manson
You're all fakes, run to your mansions
Come around, we'll kick your ass in.

This was plainly saying that the health insurance companies were ripping everyone off and stopping universal healthcare from going through while the pharmaceutical companies were doing the same, and this was all because of corrupt and criminal bankers running everything to financially burden people, even creating fake stories of all of the computers crashing with Y2K, which were motivating people to buy new computers, which hurt the economy in due of that money being able to be used in order to go out to eat at a restaurant, and they were getting in the way of even cloning to show a person cloned produced an exact person innate in personality, and that they were practicing cacogenics to produce more criminals while this was occurring. The final lines were probably both to just obscure what the previous lines were and to bring controversy to the song, or were genuinely claiming the musicians named were given their radio success because they were being used by the pharmaceutical companies and the field of psychiatry in a desire to bring about fraudulent emotional changes and supposed mental-illness in victims of the public, such as severe depression.
The song also expresses that a person has "the music in you", attempting to indicate that radio waves were being used to manipulate how a person was feeling, and to avoid suicide no matter what you felt. The band's name is actually a reference to free radicals that have to do with chemical reactions in the body.
The song's title is a good mantra to live by, too.

I came home from work at Home Depot after a day of being covertly abused to watch a rally for the presidential race for Kamilla Harris and I kept picking out stupid logic and unsettling claims within what was being stated by both Michelle and Barack Obama, Michelle Obama claiming that she hated politics, yet was placed in the position of First Lady and was there to discuss politics on a higher level, which she has been made to often do, and then Barack Obama in his speech claimed that he never even watches the news, because it makes his head hurt, which is a pretty insane thing for a person who was placed in charge of the government to claim, because he apparently had no interest in what was occurring, along with no problem solving capabilities. I considered that they did this to defend themselves in future court, claiming ignorance or duress in their political positions.
I think that the Obamas are actually both amoral and apolitical, and their sole concern with politics is the desire to make money and to make certain that them and other criminals were not discovered in their criminal acts and behavior running the government.
Regarding headaches, if one were to ask me how many times I have taken a pill for a headache outside of having a cold or flu, I could claim maybe about thirty or forty times in my life, and probably be correct. I make note of this, because I believe it possible that masers are being used to even create the headaches and the desire for pills to remedy them. I.G. Farben had Bayer, famous for its aspirin, in its organization of combined companies, and after World War II, it split from I.G. Farben and went back to its original state of being its

own company, removing all criminal fault from itself, followed by former Nazis being involved in the U.S. space program and placing the maser satellites in orbit. Bayer now owns Roundup, after acquiring it from the notorious company Monsanto, with Roundup's products being accused to possibly be causing cancer. The company Dupont also was placed under I.G. Farben when Germany seized all of its assets, and several legal cases have arrived from their products, including Teflon having PFAS in them that are known to cause illness and stay in a person's body for the rest of their life.
Being in the garden department at Home Depot, I often told customers to stay away from the Roundup products in due of this information.

I went on vacation a few times when I use to work for FedEx Freight - I went to New York, The Caribbean on a cruise ship, Paris, Iceland, and places in Japan, completely alone while travelling to the latter three. Things that occurred to me on vacation, in retrospect, were attempting to convey situations to me. In France, I often was helpful and kind to black people that I came across there, such as laughing when a round African French street dancer started dancing up on me when I was in front of the Basilica of Sacré Cœur, assisting an African French mother with a baby in a carriage down the Metro stairway steps with her carriage, and thinking it cute when an African French mother's child was jumping puddles at the Palais de Chaillot with the Eiffel Tower in view. Later, I would have a group of more African looking men on the street trying to sell some weird finger string connected to a line, which I think was an attempt of robbery. Another instance, while riding the metro, a group of black teens dressed in the same colors entered the train, and my heart jumped out of fear, though I doubt it was me, and they asked for a cigarette, which I didn't have. Sometime during the trip, an elderly Caucasian near the hostel I stayed at the whole time was walking her French bulldog while it was raining, and a bunch of crows were making a lot of noise above, and I smiled at the dog, because I had a French bulldog also, and she looked up at the crows, saying, *"C'est la guerre des corbeaux!"* meaning, "It's the war of the crows [or ravens]!"
All of these happenings were people showing that racist people were just rotten people. They were showing that people did not act differently on vacation, and that I was naturally just kind to another race without thinking about it, and to show that I was not naive, I didn't trust the African robbers, and I didn't feel sexual feelings to the child. They wanted to also show that some people of African origin are just evil and causing problems for those of their own race who were not criminally minded like them. Because minorities are always a smaller group, they are likelier to have a criminal person belonging to their race performing crimes, which causes others of their race to get racially profiled and discriminated against more often based on ratios, so they do not want criminals even resembling them being around anymore.
Similar things happened in New York City and Japan: at a Japanese capsule hotel there were two young African British women that I met who were explaining how many black British people do not suffer a lot of the same problems that American black people do. In New York City, me and a group of friends were riding the subway to find a White Castle location, and an African American man working for the train station redirected us to get back on the train, because he said that were entering a dangerous neighborhood at night that we shouldn't go to. This was met with skepticism by one of my friends.
I and my family have owned two French bulldogs, both black brindles in coat, and when people started speaking in my head, they would call it my black baby. The first one was named Legion, or "Legion I'll Be Damned!" referring to the biblical daemoniac filled with spirits. We named him this because he reminded us of a vampire bat, but it was understood to mean more later. I originally wanted to name him Birdie, after the Street Fighter character, but my mother checked me on this and wanted the other name. He often had health problems, which were likely made by maser use. When he died, my brother, who loved the previous dog, which I bought with the little money that I had, bought our family a new one. This new one we named Rowdy, although I added that his full name was Rowdy Rooster Raskolnikov. The first name was after Rowdy Roddy Piper, because of his role in They Live (1988), which the film's story involves subliminal messages and has themes of aliens hidden amongst society controlling the public, and it is anti-conservative in its notions, desiring for African Americans to stop voting for Republicans; Rooster was because of John Wayne's role in True Grit, along with the fact that my dog had feather-like patterns in his fur and a rooster-like tail, with the tail being an undesired trait; and Raskolnikov was because of the character Fyodor Dostoevsky's character Rodion Raskolnikov from Crime and Punishment.
In Iceland I watched a film at a theater about Monsonto ruining crops in India by forcing farmers to use seeds produced by them that were genetically altered in order to produce less cotton, which would result in bad

crops, and many of the Indian farmers would hang themselves. Considering this situation and based off of this film, I thought that it would be a good idea to set up a Department Against Biological Terrorism to combat such things as people using cacogenics in all ways, including producing bad seeds for crops, and bad seeds, as in people.

I think that people were also desiring for me to permanently leave the U.S.A. Before I left for Iceland, I thought up a story where a male tourist in Iceland is touring an Icelandic beach with large ice chunks on it, and he kicks around an ice chunk, which he then realizes is a giant diamond that must have been brought to the surface of the Earth through volcanic activity. The diamond is larger than any other anyone has ever discovered, and he wishes to keep it, even though he doubts the legality in doing so, worrying to even try to leave the country with it. I titled it "The Diamond Squatter". Coincidentally or not, the food in Iceland tasted amazing. I thought that maybe they were giving me finer chicken that I ever tasted as incentive to want to move to the country, but I also realized that they do not use mass production of foods as much in the country with its low population and therefore were likely raising and producing better chickens and cheeses. They even had a restaurant producing top notch pizza.

During my Caribbean cruise I was with two friends. One night, I was alone on the deck looking at the pretty night ocean, and I saw a young man and woman there, and the man seemed to be hitting on the woman, because he was asking her many questions. I thought she was pretty, and something always makes me desire to try to attempt to "snipe" a woman from other men, as in steal her from them. I started to speak to the woman as well, and I managed to be more interesting to her than the man, who was partially drunk. He disappeared, and me and the woman walked around and talked for a while. The whole time, I was a gentleman, even inside my head. We left each other at the end of the night kind of awkwardly, because she placed her hand out in a way to kiss it, but I just kind of shook her hand instead. After this, I never saw her again, despite being on the ship for several days, and I was even looking for her. On the final days of the cruise, my friends, who are brothers, had their mother and step dad with them, and this step dad got drunk at the casino on the ship, had casino staff throw him out for being belligerent, began yelling at their mother and both of them, and I even got involved by telling him what I thought of him and his unnecessary behavior while using an expletive. On the plane ride home, their stepfather was placed in another seat away from us, and their mother divorced this man immediately after the trip.

When I went to Japan, my ex-girlfriend had basically left me, and people kept bullying me on the phone at work and through subtext. The bullying stopped when I was in Japan, and would begin again when I returned to the U.S.A. FedEx gave me three weeks' vacation, and I used it all while there. I walked and travelled around with no criminal behavior occurring, except an occurrence where I somehow failed to scan my train pass correctly, because of how the train system was designed in an area, which was discovered, but they let me go; and, also, I could have been found publicly drinking a few times. One of the most important things that occurred while there is that I travelled to Mount Fuji and hiked it. When I got there, I had either a large can of Kirin or Sapporo beer that I comically began drinking at the start of the trail. I was only wearing shorts and a T-shirt with a button-up T-shirt to combat the unexpected cold, although it was Summer. While hiking the trail, in a contrived manner, I met to Japanese girls from the University of Utah hoodies that I began talking to. The night started to make everything cold, and somewhere along the mountain the two girls helped me book a night at a shelter there where I slept under a straw mat on the edge of a bed next to men lined shoulder to shoulder in rows. Many of the hikers along the way were dressed in gear that were based on Walt Disney characters. When I woke early in the morning before the Sun had risen, I made my way to the top of the mountain, and many of the people dressed as Disney characters were checking maps and speaking with each other. Another tourist also didn't prepare for the hike and had not received shelter the previous night, so he was shivering and freezing cold. The afterthought to all of this was that they were trying to tell me of Walt Disney's fraud involving the space program, and that the temperatures regarding space travel were off.

I went to Kyoto, too, and upon the bullet train I met two young women from Texas, who first told me that they had received a tourist pass before entering the country that cheaply allowed them travel anywhere in the country for a flat price, which would have really helped me financially in my travels, and they were likely seeing if it angered me, which I was more just disappointed that I didn't realize such a thing existed. I went with these women for a moment, helping them to find a shop that made handmade wooden Japanese combs, and departed from them after finding a comb shop. I later realized that they were trying to hint to me to look over everything with a fine-toothed comb. Other than that, I just mostly visited manga, anime, and video game stores frequently. I got a fashion magazine to give to my ex-girlfriend, because the Japanese model on

the cover looked like her in an overcoat, like a detective, but Japanese. I gave her the fashion magazine while at work when I returned home, which she began to inspect and clip pieces out of while sitting at her desk. I also got one wooden handmade comb in Kyoto, and a tortoise shell lacquered one, which was expensive, that I bought from a shop right by Ueno Park, Tokyo, who stated that their business as comb makers began with their ancestor who was no longer needed as a samurai had to find a new trade. I planned to give them to her if we got back together.
Years later, I was leaving gifts at her house in her mailbox, and these combs were amongst them, which led to my stalking charge.

Later, people bullying me in my head would constantly harass me with the fact that I was followed on vacation by them.

The people in other countries were probably using me and situations involving me to show dilemmas and things that need fixing in their country. France makes its people often pay to use public toilets, and in Paris I came across a large spill of diarrhea on a stairway to the Metro once, and I almost entirely messed myself while going back to my hostel another instance. The country invented the bidet, but they do not have them installed as of today, but Japanese modern toilets are a hybrid of both. I think most toilets should function as a bidet also because they do get a person cleaner and use less toilet paper. I believe religious people kept referring to it as a "whore's toilet" to deter sodomy. Toilets would not need to be paid for if less toilet paper was in use.
They also make people pay for a soda drink, usually in the form of a bottle, and get upset when people ask for water at restaurants, which just helps soda businesses rather than genuinely helping people get a larger tip. They should start using restaurant brand water purifiers and icemakers, while also having soda drinks on tap. I got a glass of water at a restaurant within the Louvre, which I visited the museum four of the days that I was there, and the waiter was not only put out about my request, but the water tasted really bad because it was from the tap.
I have only been to a strip club once in my life, and it was a located near a Konami building in Shinjuku, Tokyo. It was a comedic occurrence where the inside of the club was like school desks, and a man near the stage kept shaking a tambourine. The strippers were fully nude, and I kept listening to the song "Faint" by Linkin Park while walking all over Tokyo, and one of the strippers was dancing to it.
What was being complained about here is that the Japanese government regulates pornography to censor out genitals, but people go to strip clubs and view what occurs in life. They can also just pay a person for uncensored pornography or have a partner give uncensored pictures, too. There is also the thought that I was trafficked there, and people are saying the same thing is happening to them with online pornography.
The happenings in France could have also been trying to say that most people can hold their bowels if they needed to defecate, so why do rapists suddenly feel the urge to attack someone out of nowhere and not check their sexual wants, thinking them needs.

Environments sometime give different feelings, especially foreign ones, and it is possible to have the maser instruments make one feel like they are in California, New York City, France, and Japan. It is probably the humidity causing much of it.

St. Elmo's Fire (1985) is basically a comedy film to myself and others. The film's director Joel Schumacher is a noted homosexual in the film industry, and the film makes it seem as if the happenings are romantic for these heterosexual people and couples, but they are quite the opposite, and the film is a mano nera film attempting to convey religious cacogenics is being performed. The group of young people had just graduated from the oldest Catholic higher educational facility in the United States Georgetown University, and they were preparing for the next steps in their life. They like to hang out in a bar called St. Elmo's Fire, and St. Elmo's fire is an electrical phenomenon where luminous plasma is a produced by an electrical field on an electrical conductor, such as a ship's mast, and St. Elmo himself is the patron saint of sailors. What is trying to be conveyed in the film is that these young people who were readying for adulthood were being checked out through maser use to make certain they were romantically dysfunctional before being able to go out into the world. You have one character who is already married, but will sleep with most anything, two characters involved with each other, but the male desires to constantly stray and, despite being in politics, shows no

political allegiances, while a character who is close to the couple has no interest in sex, nor love, but wishes to only have sex with the woman of the couple, or possibly the male, a mousy and frumpy female character does not know how not to dress like an elderly woman, another male character is performing acts of stalking and obsession on a woman he hardly knows nor seems interested in him, who oddly condones his behavior, and the last of them is a woman with drug problems and a fanatical celebrity obsession with Billy Idol that finds herself in situations that are possibly dangerous. The film ends with Rob Lowe's character, a saxophone player, giving the mousy woman of the group who does not know how to dress very well, who also works at a welfare office dispensing checks while being well-off, a long and creepy sniff of her hair before he departs town on a bus, and then the rest of the group decide to stop going to the St. Elmo's Fire bar, which metaphorically means that the maser instruments have thoroughly checked them out by the Catholic Church and accepted that they are now prepared for adulthood as characteristically and romantically dysfunctional screw-ups.
Robe Lowe's character Billy wears a bat-covered shirt in the film during a saxophone performance on Halloween, which likely connects to Joel Schumacher's following horror film centered on vampires, also well known for a performer solely focused on playing the saxophone. One other item found in the film is a Mickey Mouse telephone in the background of Kevin's apartment, again conveying maser use.

When my ex-girlfriend and I had our relationship with each other start to become troubled, resulting in it falling apart, other women kept attempting to try to entice me or come into my life instead, despite that I only wanted to get back with her, and I was confused why all these other women began to try to attract me all of the sudden, or have me go in a different direction.

When I was going to the University of Utah, I used pencils to draw out a proposition for a game that I sent to Capcom's press email box called Makaimura: Destiny Couple. Instead of trolling the player by making them play the game over again, the video game would keep switching from Arthur as the player's character on a left-side of the map to Prin Prin on the right-side of the map, and they both work their ways to the center of the map to defeat a final boss, who is a two-headed demon causing all of the problems and named Liar-Pair. The scans of the drawings for this game are on an alternative Facebook profile that I no longer have access to.
Facebook stopped allowing me to use it after I was reported for what I was writing, which some of it is not very friendly to homosexuals, and I was purposely made to place it on there. I was made to add a bunch of people I didn't even know when I was writing everything, and I wrote a conspiracy regarding Chuck Palahniuk that had many homosexuals and LGBTQ, who I did know, start getting furious at me, one even messaging me and telling me to commit suicide. To give an update to this conspiracy, I still think that Chuck Palahniuk's father had criminals plan, design, and carry out his father's murder after his novel Fight Club had been being prepared to become a film, but it wasn't necessarily him who was involved in it. For all I know he got along well with his father.
Also, before getting kicked off the profile, I both personally sent a message to a friend's wife, who I never even met, but was aware of her activities through Facebook, a question that I then later posted for everyone to see. She is married to a person who is straight edge and was also involved in the hardcore community, she worked for a Catholic homeless shelter, she was involved in the Democratic Party and ran for a local senate seat, she expressed her opinions in bettering gay rights, and she, of course, is a female. The question, to paraphrase from memory, was:

"What if everyone you trusted were the very people sabotaging everything that you were trying to accomplish?"

Gangster rap was likely popularized beginning in the late '80s and early '90s, because the government was having illegal drugs dumped into ghettos, and they wanted the public celebrating criminal behavior, although the criminals were harming others, so to protect themselves by having the public also unwittingly protecting those committing crimes. Again, returning to the film Friday the 13th VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan, the criminal government's tactic of using seemingly supernatural means of cleaning up crime with the maser instruments could have been applied everywhere, making sure dangerous criminals were eradicated across the country, but, being criminal themselves and having ill-intentions in cleaning up New York City these tactics

were not applied elsewhere. The film Jason Takes Manhattan is an unusual installment in the series, as he is displaced in the locale of New York city, and ignores a large majority of its populous, mainly attacking and scaring criminals on his path of following and attempting to kill a mostly random couple that he came across.
I was watching a televised talk with the then President regarding a what was once a recent case of police brutality followed by gun violence against police, and again I was picking things out and came across the then U.S. President Barack Obama claiming that his mother-in-law lived in the Southside of Chicago and that she could hear gunshots from her house, but she was actually living in the White House with the Obamas. He gave off the information with an impression that there was nothing he could do about it, when there are political options to stopping gang violence in the area, such as having zero tolerance to the existence of gangs and organized crime. Barack Obama would constantly claim his love of the Southside of Chicago while also not assisting throughout being in the Senate and as U.S. President. During speeches he would often find ways of bringing the location up, even placing plants within an audience to do so. I was watching a video of him once speaking to the Nevada public, and he kept picking out members of the audience, and coincidentally one member had their mother sitting in a chair behind him, and another person chosen from the audience had their question appropriately able to be answered by a member of his staff with him, but he was still acting as if the people from the audience was chosen at random.
I'm certain that the television show Breaking Bad designed their character Gus Fring after Barack Obama, although the actor is Hispanic, in order to convey that the U.S. President was involved in allowing border policies to permit drugs to get in, and he was basically working for organized crime. They were also expressing that Barack Obama had the capabilities of being a fast food restaurant manager at best through the character. I like to think of him as just a crooked health insurance salesman myself.
It is possible to place in a zero tolerance policies for drug traffickers also.
The Democratic Party actually use to be exactly like the Republic Party, even having the Ku Klux Klan support them, but during the 1930's and The Great Depression everything supposedly flipped, where the Republicans, who were for government regulation on businesses, became for big business, and the Democratic Party who was for laissez-faire economics now became about government regulation. Again, I believe that they were just hiding that the Democratic Party was involved in some of the most hideous criminal acts and behavior imaginable by rotating the party's support of policies. Some seals of the Democratic Party until the 1960s even had White Supremacy placed on them still.

The term that I borrowed to label media that have signs and knowledge of crimes occurring was from Mano Nera, which is an early extortion racket that occurred in the late 19th Century and early 20th Century in U.S. where criminal Italian immigrants would kidnap children for ransom, signing their name with strange or morbid symbols or a black hand, and they often targeted their own fellow Italian immigrants for extortion. I have explained to others that government and law enforcement should have begun a tactic even back then of just finding those criminals involved in the extortion and simply executing them, no matter how small their role was in committing the crime. I would like this applied to all forms of criminal gangs, organized criminals, and terrorists, who are all just usually terrorists performing acts of terrorism on smaller to larger levels. I have a concept that I call "the mano rosa," meaning "the red hand," where a person from one of these criminal groups has committed a murder on behalf of their group and that member often takes all the blame for the murder, despite their whole group being responsible for it and even directing it, but it should be that the whole group is responsible for committing a crime all together and given the very same punishment, even in retrospect. They banded together to commit crimes, so they are all responsible for each of the crimes equally.
A good reason to call it terrorism is because they do group together to terrorize other people in communities, and crime immensely hurts an economy, as I have explained, so everything in an area begins to dysfunction, especially businesses, and a poorer area has its more honest members of the public finding it difficult to live and find a job, because most the businesses around them close down. The schools in the area also do not function, because the teachers are dealing with dangerous students, many of whom should not even be there, nor exist, as they make other students not wish to attend school in the area, but the students desiring to learn do not have the opportunity and ability to go to a distant school. The criminal students even wind up destroying the schools, damaging its property, along with buildings in the area.
Criminals who are racist and prejudice, even possibly to their own race or ethnicity, actually sometimes work with those other criminals wanting to harm their very race or ethnicity in order to create social dysfunction in which they can strive.

I have illustrated this point through fiction in my head to others using a horror comedy television show that I had an idea for called Post-Mortem. The main character, who is an immortal living ghoul host to a horror anthology television series treated as normal person in Hollywood and sees any woman, even if they are pure evil or terrible, to mystically keep himself immortal through sexual intercourse with them, is dating a teacher for an intercity public high school who must tend a math class including many gang members and criminal students. Two of the students are very suspicious in the fact that one is an African American teenage delinquent who wears a shirt that has a heart framing the word RAPE on it, and the other is a Caucasian white supremacist teenager with a swastika on his shirt that reads beneath: "THIS IS HOW I GOVERN!" and these two delinquents seem to be the best of friends, slapping each other five and trading hand gestures of approval, despite what would seem to be the opposite expected to result based on their look and character. This show's episode would comedically parallel the film Class of 1984 and be blatantly heavy-handed in its social commentary, purposely hiding continuity errors in the school's large display of graffiti on its walls, having things written on the walls update in the background of framed shots to messages like: "We don't belong in the schools! We don't belong in the streets! We don't belong in the world!" altering in cuts within a single scene. Later in the episode, the delinquent teenage gang in her class has somehow become real tech savvy and is using '80s computers to bully teachers and other students in ways an '80s computer would not be thought capable of and, also, they would after look to have gained some unknown technological devices while wearing futuristic punk clothing.

I have also noted to others that racial and discriminatory attacks tend to be towards either a person of a race or ethnicity who is attempting to better society, or towards a random person of a race or ethnicity, and they rarely tend to attack a criminal of a race or ethnicity who has severely harmed others as a form of justice for their victims, unless inside of a prison setting based on personal matters between criminals.

During the Lindbergh baby kidnapping event the criminals involved likely borrowed a stillborn baby or a baby's corpse from a cradle death, which was a lot more common back then, or the Lindbergh's actual baby itself was thrown into the woods on the side of the road, so to have it found dead a month after the kidnapping was reported. When the body was discovered, a thing occurred that should not have happened where Charles Lindbergh took possession of the corpse and incinerated it, with the decomposed corpse being claimed validly that of his child because of its toes.

Why they did all this, including waiting to release the table block confession, was for either the reason that they wanted the Rothschild Family to be able to claim that the NSDAP was using extortion to gain funds for Germany's eventual war if the public were skeptical of their claims of extortion, and that Baron Rothschild of Germany was a victim to the extortion of the NSDAP also; or they were going to use the kidnapping and the discovered table block to motivate the U.S. public to either attack U.S. German immigrants, or to desire an attack on Germany when most the public did not want to get involved in the war. If the U.S. public were being adamant about not enlisting, I believe that Charles Lindbergh's position on being an isolationist was going to publicly flip, and he was going to be outspoken about going to war, hoping to inspire other people who once did not want to go to war to desire to enter the war also.

In 1954, an American psychiatrist named Fredric Wertham released a book called Seduction of the Innocent that condemned the comic book companies and comic books for his claims of teaching children criminal values, which led to government inquiries about comic books that ultimately created the Comics Code Authority disallowing what could be included in a comic book, such as showing victorious villains and vampires within a comic books stories. The reality was that they were worried that comic books were teaching children about crime, scams, dishonest people, and those with criminal intent to others, and educating a future population that such occurrences do happen and how to be weary of them and the people that would perpetrate them. The whole business of needing to censor vampires by the government and psychiatrists indicates that they were likely involved in maser use and seducing the innocent themselves. This can also be applied to the fact that they were attempting to leave people ignorant to criminal activities, as well as being possible pedophiles. EC Comics' William Gaines strongly fought against what Fredric Wertham claimed and the creation of the Comics Authority Code. An odd thing that occurred during this time, though, is EC Comics censored one of its covers, which was The Vault of Horror #32, released in August of 1953. The original cover had a man with an axe in his head stepping through a door to another man surprised at what he is seeing. Instead of creating a new cover before publishing the issue, which would have been easy for them to have done, they removed the axe from the man's head and published it with a glowing white area on the

man's head where the axe used to be, and the other man still surprised at the sight of it. This was a mano nera comic book cover attempting to convey that people can view what is inside a person's head. Wertham would bring up that too many of the advertisements were sexualizing people, and after EC Comics disappeared, they would take their comic book MAD and turn it into a unique magazine that ran with not one single outside advertisement in any issue for over a long number of decades.

This motivated in thought that students beginning in junior high school do need an education in criminal justice and law, which would be necessary for all students to achieve to gain a high school diploma, which especially would include courses focused on discovering scams. Some believe that this will teach students how to be criminals and scam others, but, again, I know the opposite will occur where students taught about crimes and scams will be able to counter themselves against them in the future. I also had the thought that most politicians have a background of either business or law and pretend that the fact that they are educated in law allow them to be proper candidates for political seats, yet do not have a rounded education showing them wise in any other matter. If all students were made to study law in high school, this will reduce the impressive nature of being a person supposedly wise to the laws of the country, which is not as impressive as it once was, in my opinion.

Sometimes people either help me create entertainment ideas in my head or tell offensive jokes, possibly making a comedy segment that could be used in a television show, to see what I consider socially and artistically appropriate and protected by freedom of speech, possibly wondering if I would want to censor it, but at the same time I would never spend my own effort fleshing out the idea and making it an existing work. Another concept to this is wondering why politicians are always so worried about censoring smaller things that really are not that socially harmful and usually occur on a social level in public anyways. For instance, the British government had once censored Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles to be Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles worrying that the word "ninja" was too violent. There is also the matter of people depicted smoking cigarettes and cigars or drinking beer in children's literature, cartoons, and comic books being censored when people just blatantly do such things in front of the children at home, and people can be found smoking on street corners at any random time, so they are just censoring what people see in life.
For instance, one idea would be a play called N—'s Blood, but written out in full, and even not worried about having it written out on the marquee. This play would be about a gay man with AIDS in San Francisco during the AIDS epidemic whose health has seriously declined, and, in his condition, he has become seriously upset and racist towards black people for believing them responsible for giving him the disease, claiming himself that he now has n—'s blood running through his body. I'm usually not worried about the proposed work and would be tempted to write it if it were characteristically something I would be interested in.

Another idea that I had ran across was a series of absurdity novellas that fit a pattern of having the word n— followed by the name of a character. For instance, one would be N— André. Nothing of these novellas are really worked on except for one story having an African American woman who owns a number of restaurants in New York City and gets in a legal battle with the state of New York because she has suddenly gained the desire to change a number of restaurants' names that she inherited to variations of socially inappropriate names that vary in a similar manner to the Famous Ray's locations in the New York City. For instance, one restaurant would be called Super N—'s, and another would be Silly N—'s, followed by another titled Hongry N—'s, and finally one that is titled Stoopid N—'s. The novellas would be inspired by Samuel Beckett and his short absurdity works, while also matching in length to John Steinbeck's novellas. Killing two birds with one stone, the people in my head are making aware that they have read the same works that I have read, which might upset a person, in this case Samuel Beckets' trilogy of novels. I, again, am not worried about it.

I was watching the trial for the Stonewall Douglas High School shooting, and in statements presenting evidence to what Nikolas Cruz wrote online, the person kept censoring themself, which I think they should not be doing in a court trial, because it softens the blow of what was truly said by not saying it. For all we understand, he did use "n word" in his writing, censoring himself, rather than writing the whole word out.

One idea for a film is Holy Flying Frog F—! This film would censor itself in its posters and title on services in the same manner that I have written it but show the uncensored title in the film. This comedy film would be

about a man who has a problem with getting extremely upset at everything to the point that he starts hallucinating that a life-like larger variety of frog with tiny angel wings is flying around him, speaking to him, and attempting to calm him down in the manner of a therapist with a soothing voice. Again, I'm not worried.

A video game idea brought up to me would be a comedy beat 'em up game with stat building called Punch Mouth Kids, which I did help work on a little. This game would involve dot-eyed cartoon boys that drink a variety of different mixed punch drinks to give them a variety of stats before each stage round, also giving them a patch of color around their lips that changes in increments of tint to what color of drink they have used to build their stats. They then go to areas of their neighborhood and its surroundings, such as schools and parks, to fight a large variety of imaginary enemies, such as monsters, robots, cowboys, ninjas, etc. The stats given by the different varieties of drink colors would also grant them different powers and abilities in the game. Because I was helping to build this myself, of course I was not worried about it. A social statement for this video game is that boys tend to do violent things in their imaginations anyway, not exactly socially violent or meaning harm, and video games showing such violence are about the same. In the game's ending credits, it shows that the boys were not fighting anyone or anything at all, but instead were looking ridiculous, tumbling, kicking, and punching the air, but not in the fluid martial arts manner seen throughout the game, but a real awkward manner.
A similar video game idea that I had made previously to this, which I titled Stick, has a child walking home from school when he finds an ordinary branch on the ground and begins to fight a large variety of enemies using it. This again shows a banal situation becoming a large adventure that was only imagined.

Another game idea that I created in my head with a bit of help was titled Fruit Wakeup's Tiny Bites in "Morning Bowl Blast", which would be a 3D world platformer game in the series of video games that I previously mentioned that falsely advertises for a restaurant or product that doesn't exist, in this case a breakfast cereal called Fruit Wakeups. The game would a bit like SpongeBob SquarePants: Battle for Bikini Bottom and a 3D world Super Mario series game, but with the ability to fly always available. The player's character is the Fruit Wakeups' cartoon cereal mascot Tiny Bites, who is a fruit fly always after a bite of the breakfast cereal. This character was first introduced with the cereal product in the 1950s, but had a different appearance that was slightly racially offensive, being a simple-figured completely black cartoon fly that had a cluster of round cartoon eyes in its two eyes, round grey lips with spaced out teeth, tiny round wings, and he spoke in a bit of a comical African American stereotypical voice that was a bit raspy, vocally constricted, and painful sounding. The character was altered several times over through several decades until its most recent iteration, which the player begins with, but they can unlock every other iteration of the character in the game to play as. Some of the character's other iterations would also be bizarre, such as a version of him that looks like a literal tan and red-eyed fruit fly that is only slightly cartoonish in appearance, and a more house fly looking version of him with an emerald center. The player would make him fly and walk around several 3D areas looking for a bowl of Fruit Wakeups, and each time he finds one, perhaps after a boss fight, he is always swatted into a flattened and bent up mess of himself and unable to partake in it, and then a cereal slogan is read out that explains that he will never get a bowl of Fruit Wakeups, which he then replies something like, "Dang!", "Shoot!", and "Gosh!" just like in the commercials featuring him. Vintage cereal boxes and television commercials for the product can also be discovered and unlocked in the video game, and a history of the cereal product and its mascot would also be found somewhere within it.
This video game and its supposed advertisement is meant to be extremely absurd, especially that a brand breakfast cereal with a name that is possibly using a pejorative term for a gay man and the act of sleeping with him kept using a fruit fly as its mascot, which is all very unappetizing, and the character's origin began a bit racially offensive, but also that the cereal was able to survive for over a large number of decades as a popular breakfast item, reimagining its mascot character over and over, because he was considered that special to the product, and also that the makers of the product had him appear in a modern game to advertise for it.
The idea for this video game and the joke of its fictional product's creation evolved from a possible conspiracy occurring in the Seed War in which breakfast cereals in the late 1950s began to appear that were well over 70% sugar, and it might have been attempted to see if nutrition was causing social disfunction in children, along with a high amount of sugar administered to them, because one of the cereals that appeared was Trix with its cartoon mascot the Trix Rabbit, who was often told when he wanted some of the cereal, "Silly rabbit, Trix are for kids!" and this might have been a hypnotic suggestion to restrict the product to children.

Another thought to the game's concepts is the fruit fly is possibly represented as a criminal who will do criminal things to get what he wants, not caring or possibly desiring to be caught, put in prison, and then sexually assaulted by other inmates, and wanting his "fruit wakeups;" but this is a possible coincidence that the game reflects this notion, as it was not my intention when I was thinking up the concepts, and instead I was just thinking it funny that a cereal would have a very unappetizing cartoon mascot with an offensive name, but still be successful. Further symbolism would be that the fruit fly Tiny Bites is an African American child with criminal tendencies being hinted at to not eat the cereal, because it is being used to see if the excessive sugar in it is causing criminal behavior, and the child is being hypnotically suggested to take "tiny bites" at most, or being stopped in trying to eat the cereal if caught with it. The game's title "Morning Bowl Blast", although assuming it to mean a blast as in a party, with this party happening at breakfast time and involving cereal, is also meant to indicate toilet use and possibly hint digestive problems occurring from eating the cereal product. The fact that they would keep changing the fruit fly in appearance, even to grosser and more unappetizing looking flies, probably having a glow-in-the-dark evil alien comic book looking fly iterations of Tiny Bites put into use, created in an animated '90s television commercial where he is shown being transformed that way by falling into nuclear waste, would also show that the breakfast cereal company is attempting to work to have the popular product stopped being purchased by people by the company itself from the inside without running into legal troubles by just discontinuing it. The breakfast cereal in its explained history in the video game would also relay an instance where the breakfast cereal company attempted to update the recipe to the cereal to make it taste worse, retitling it Fresh New Fruit Wakeups, but a public outcry with petitions demanded for them to return the product to how it originally was.

I like to create fictional restaurant and businesses, but also sometimes wish they existed. An example of this would be a coffee chain called Brew-Ha's, which would have a witch logo, that treats everyday as if it were Halloween and therefore autumn, so it is constantly pumpkin spice season there, and they sell Halloween themed foods and snacks, too.

The premier game in the series of advertisement games for nonexistent restaurants and products would be a game called Bro Dog in "Patty's Pizza Skate Party Peril" and it would feature a fast food mascot dog named Bro Dog for a restaurant called Patty's Pizza who is an ordinary dachshund who wears hip skateboarder gear and skateboards, while only able to slightly talk in barked out and gruff words, and uses the word "bro" instead of actual barks. This character was introduced as a mascot to the fast food chain in the mid 1990s to advertise hot dogs being added to their menu, which the restaurants formerly only focused on selling pizza and hamburgers, along with other sides. The video game would have Bro Dog as a mostly regular dog, except only slightly cartoonish and having round cartoon eyes, and he would skateboard in the manner of a regular dog with its four paws down and using a leg or two to kick the skateboard forward, but then he would gain speed and do over-the-top and professional skateboard tricks a dog could never do. Extra items can be found, purchased, and unlocked in the game, such as new hats, jackets, and other items of clothing for the dog mascot, skateboard decks, too, and also clips of the earliest television commercials in which Bro Dog appeared, such as his first commercial in the mid 1990s where a customer is ordering a hot dog at a Patty's Pizza restaurant order counter has Bro Dog as an actual dachshund, dressed in a denim jacket, black t-shirt, and backwards hat, ollie on a skateboard in through the drive-thru window, lip grinds on the order counter, snatches the hot dog that the customer ordered off the customer's trey, all to the worker and customer's surprise, and then kick flip off the counter and skates out the restaurants side exit just as customers are opening the door to allow him through. After a voiceover explains the new hot dogs added to the menu and how much they cost while showing a food display of them, a '90s human skateboarder in rad neon-colored threads asks Bro Dog, "Whatta ya think of the new hot dogs, Bro Dog?" and Bro Dog replies in his barked-out dog voice and wagging his tail, "They're rad, BRO!"
When I came up with the though making this games for fictional products and restaurants, I was explaining how often in the past respected video game companies would be contracted to work on games to advertise movies, television shows, and other products, and they would end up pretty respected and fun games sometimes, but then concepts unique to the game would get attached to them, and the company would be unable to use them in the future, such as SunSoft's Batman: The Video Game for the NES, Capcom's DuckTales for the NES, and also their game Yo! Noid for the NES, which was altered for the U.S. market from a Famicom title Masked Ninja Hanamaru. Also, sometimes advertisements previously in a video game

are removed from future releases of a video game, such as Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Arcade Game where once the game had many Pizza Hut advertisements in it.
These video game ideas for the restaurants and products that don't exist would also often have expired advertisements for deals and coupons for the restaurants or products in the game's title screens or load screens and in the environments of the games.
I also had the idea of making an April Fool's Day NES style pixel game for the film Child's Play that would be first thought a joke, but then the game would actually appear as an actual fully built game to play on their eShop that day, and the game would be a bit fun to play, but also somewhat poorly made, in the same manner as Friday the 13th for the NES. The game would feature a contrived story where Chucky also placed a voodoo curse on many other toys, so they would come to life, so there is an excuse why the game has other enemies in it. The player would play as Andy, and sometimes Chucky would swiftly run up or fall from above to surprise attack Andy, and a quick cut is made to a black screen where Chucky's disembodied hand wielding a knife moves randomly back and forth at different speeds above the screen, and Andy's disembodied hand is on the screen below having to catch Chucky's knife wielding hand at its wrist when it drops to the bottom of the screen also at random in order to stop the player from taking damage. If successful enough times Chucky scurries away and Andy is left safe.
I began making other April Fool's Day video game release ideas that are a joke, but have an actual game made, which would be a tradition to do, and many of them are unique ideas for game not involving other people's intellection properties, such as a game called R.A.D. – Roller Assault Dudes, which would be a game where tough '90s looking guys on rollerblades and protective gear wield specialty super guns and gain momentum and slide in a manner worse than RoboCop is found doing in the NES game RoboCop 2. This game would be pretended to be directed and produced by a Japanese extreme sports athlete named Blades Kurotori, who presents the video game in a Nintendo Direct fashion while wearing a business suite and protective rollerblade gear and rollerblades. He would make blatant claims of being an extreme sports hero, who participated in many extreme sports challenges, such as having once defeated a group of kids on the Devil's Backbone from the film Airborne (1993), and the Demon's Tongue featured in an episode of Teen Titans Go! He also claims to have extreme kayaked in many convenience stores worldwide, referencing the 2004 film Howard & Kumar Go to White Castle. One of his most noted claims is that he successfully completed the Ozaki Eight, having been a disciple of Ono Ozaki, which are both extreme feats and a mentioned character in the film Point Break (2015).
We started to joke that everything that I was performing at Home Depot was considered a new form of the Ozaki Eight.
R.A.D. – Roller Assault Dudes, in turn, spawned off and evolved from the idea of making a video game that purposely finds as many bad video game qualities as possible and putting them within a game, such as having an item needed to be located and a code punched into continue the game, as found in Adventure Island for the NES, and placing in long passwords with possible mistakes on whether an l is a one, or a an o a zero, and having shops within the game where passwords are needed to be purchased for in-game money, and having some frame perfect jumps needed to be performed to get to another platform ledge as found in a moment of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles for the NES. This game would be a statement on cacogenics and what is produced by performing acts of finding bad qualities to implement.
I think people purposely did not create the word cacogenics in hopes that people did not understand their existence and that only eugenics existed, which was corruptly worked to be a bad concept in the public's mentality. The only thing needing to be understood is not to produce a person with criminal qualities, and all other aspects, again, are not important. I think that criminals had the Nazi Party be so focused on even not desiring birth defects, such as an outie belly button even being a birth defect and having an unordinary bodily physical abnormality to make them appear and be extreme in their eugenics and unreasonable when proper eugenics should focus always on criminal personalities and behavior.
Even the production of kidney stones is a hereditary trait, and so are ingrown toenails.

Often, when I have been bullied, such as feeling awful and painful static pushing on the top of my head while my brain is slightly dimmed, followed by a cease in it occurring, I feel normal again, and I compare this to a time that I had a seriously painful ingrown toenail that I went to the hospital to have removed. Once they removed it, they showed me the large and jagged piece of nail sticking inside the side of my toe. They gave me a prescription of painkillers, which I immediately purchased, but I quickly realized that my toe felt

extremely better without the jagged piece of toenail sticking it, and there was no need for the painkillers because of this. I told a friend's dad about this, and him being a large man with a bad back, said he would pay me for the bottle of painkillers, but I just let him have the bottle for free, not wanting the money.

Again, the politicians working to censor others had ill-intentions and were likely just pretending to care for the wellbeing of people's kids by not condoning smaller vices yet participating in secret worse vices themselves. Artists and entertainers mostly just need to worry about hurting their own character most the time. Naturally, repercussions socially occur on their own.
Some people claim that they are suppressed in their views and what they can write, but often a publisher or company that works in such fields as books and entertainment would not even want to touch the materials even if they desired to for how socially backward it comes off and the likely social backlash that would occur, so authors do need to read social situations and follow what is socially correct and acceptable.
I have considered the thought that censoring true hate speech meant to encourage actual social hatred in a work is a good idea, but workarounds occur where an author could just have an ignorant or villainous character stating racist and offensive ideals while the author's motivations are meaning to disperse those ideals through the character, so it is a little pointless to attempt to do so.

Because of the significance of the date of December 7th, 1972 being the thirtieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor, it is possible that someone purposely botched the incorrect proportions of The Blue Marble photograph while also indicating the date it was taken in order to begin a war against the criminals responsible, and war against dangerous criminals worldwide.
Some people likely might have wanted to pull the rug from underneath them all.

Pale Blue Dot, claimed taken by the Voyager 1 in 1990, is a very stupid picture. Not only would a satellite bombarded by very strong forms of radiation be unable to send a radio signal, but constantly flowing gas from the Sun makes outer space not the vacuum they claimed, so the radio signal would not move towards the Earth at the speed of light, such as it is said it would in a vacuum, and there is absolutely no reason why the camera would be able to pick out the Earth as a single light in what would be a large amount of lights in a universe of "billions and billions of stars."
Carl Sagan was either obfuscating or expressing the criminal situation in the world with his quote about the abundance of stars, and with his book title The Demon-Haunted World. He might have also been naive about the abilities of the out of orbit satellites.

Here is the Pale Blue Dot image:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pale_Blue_Dot#/media/File:Pale_Blue_Dot.png

I think Boeing helped plan the attack on 9/11, because it was their airplanes that performed each of the attacks, and they are and have continued to be one of the U.S.'s largest war contractors, and Boeing had purchased Hughes Space & Communications in 2000, which included Hughes Laboratories.
Boeing would have understood if their airplanes were designed strong enough for the attack, the maser instruments could have and likely did control the attackers, and, even then, the airplane itself could have been controlled remotely. A few years after 9/11, it was divulged that Boeing's airplanes were able to now be guided by remote control. They have also been involved in the space industry for a long time.
The politicians and defense contractors have been embezzling large amounts of tax money through the defense fund for over decades, overpaying for items in huge percentages of what the items were worth. They were giving the embezzlement the euphemism "a misappropriation of funds." It was possible to have the defense contractors create a finite amount of what was desired and return any tax money, but they didn't.
This is likely why Blur used the lyrics in their song "Song 2": "

I got my head checked
by a jumbo jet,
it wasn't easy,
but nothing is, no…

I believe that cruel and unusual punishment should be removed for criminals who have committed a very harmful crime, and, in a "you get what you give" fashion, an Ironic Punishment Division should be set up to disperse appropriate punishment and poetic justice to criminals that have wronged others, making certain a criminal's crimes reflect or return what they performed to a victim, which can also be assisted by members of the public, and also will help to deter crimes from occurring. I think that it would be therapeutic to a victim or victims of a crime to be allowed revenge upon those who victimized them. I call it a "Never Let It Happen Again" policy, which I direct especially those in government who have been especially harming the world's countries, including their own.

I like to bring up the ending of the film Seven when I speak of this, because, spoiling the ending, the antagonist of the film has committed several heinous crimes, including one large and surprising one against a detective attempting to find him, and within the social justice system that he exists all that is allowed for him to revenge himself is to kill the perpetrator immediately when a reasonable social justice system would allow him to perform any acts of revenge that he desired against him for however long he wished. Maser instruments could be and are helpful in making this capable.

Someone connected to my head, who seemed to be a friend I was once close to, said to make it fun in a style like the show and films of Jackass to not feel as much as you becoming a serial killer about the situation. One thing that I learned about the maser instruments, too, is that they can produce severe charley horses, which are extremely painful without even seeming to permanently hurt a person.

An aspect to this concept of treating them in such disrespectful manner of a person forced to be on Jackass is that many times criminal politicians being executed or imprisoned have been given classy treatment when they have been doing some of the most unclassy and disrespectful things to people, and they really do not deserve to be treated with any manner of class in the least.

I have even considered it possible to put on a television show every Tuesday night called Super Tuesday where crooked criminal politicians are used in a game that involves the players needing to find wrong answers for multiple choice questions, rewarding failure, in order to gain money and head to rounds in which things happen to the politicians, such as shooting tennis balls and baseballs at them, possibly as they spin around on a wheel, also allowing for more money to be gained. Celebrities can also be brought on, such as a professional baseball pitcher, who could throw rotten apples at a politician's head while they are in a stock. Another idea is to hog tie the politician, connect them to the back of a four-wheeler with a rope, place down a large slip and slide mat with water, and then have the four-wheeler drag them around, trying to send them off a ramp and into a pool of broken glass. I thought up one where they are made to wear underwear or clothing made of entwined firecrackers that are then lit. Others have said to make them physically fight each other for bottles of kerosene to keep their cold cells warm.

Another thing that could occur is superficial experiments on them, such as giving them bad tattoos and then trying to use experiments to better remove a tattoo from off their skin. This could also involve tattooing one of their eyeballs to see if the pigment can be removed or replaced. If an eye is tattooed, it is better to only do just one, so they can still see what is coming out the other. Experiments in correcting damaged sight can also occur. I had thought it funny to give them embarrassing tattoos all over their bodies, even giving a tattoo apprentice the ability to practice, or just some random person in general, and having such tattoos as a penis placed above their eye and a tattooed drop of semen from the penis or a teardrop by their eye and below their eye would read the title of the Bad Brains' song "PAY TO CUM"; or a tramp stamp that shows Garfield riding a dolphin jumping out of the water in a beautiful Hawaiian ocean sunset setting, but he is holding a semiautomatic rifle and looking angry, and has a thought bubble above his head that reads: "I'm going to show the office tomorrow how much I hate Mondays!" Another superficial skin experiment could focus on reversing vitiligo patches to stimulate the glands beneath the skin to start producing a correct amount of melanin. There could also be friendship tattoos between George W. Bush and Barack Obama that is a heart with its tip forming an arrow pointing downward, and one on Barack Obama is above his penis, reading "BUSH", and the other is on George W. Bush above the crack of his buttocks reading "OBAMA."

Another thing to do is to give them the stupidest wardrobes, like a pair of short daisy dukes for their bottoms, and a Twilight shirt with cut-off sleaves that asks, "HAVE YOU VOTED?" and then shows two framed pictured of both Edward and Jacob with boxes beneath it, and the box for Edward has been checked.

I have also thought it a great idea to place the criminal politicians in a prison-like museum where they are viewed through an internet feed all day long, and comedic guards sought and found perfect for their roles in the prison-like museum are allowed to pull pranks and mess with them whenever they desire, just not killing

them, even constantly shooting them with BB guns, pellet guns, and possibly rock salt rounds. This museum would also allow members of the public to request visits or situations wishing to occur to happen to the criminals, so a person can mess with the criminal politicians in person.
The guards and people visiting could also use whatever language that they want towards them.
It is also possible to set up prisons where such things occur to regular criminals who have committed a heinous crime with the guards just expected to mess with the inmates, but it also contradicts the ability to use medical experiments on the criminals and help society find solutions to medical problems.

A note on clothing, the masers are able to make it so clothing no longer fits and is binding or uncomfortable, or has shrank, often leading to people feeling the need to buy more clothes.

There have been occasions where I went out for a while and had those tampering with my body experiencing much more than half of what a socially dysfunctional person feels, but I was still in control of my mental state, although it was highly dampened, while also in control of most my motor functions. I had a low intellect during these times, at least for myself. I drove to go to Ruth's Diner in Emigration Canyon, saw a line, parked, got out of my vehicle, through the masers felt terrible and almost like a serial killer in my body, figured there was too many people there when I approached the door, turned around, walked by two women a little bit younger than I was while feeling these awful feelings, and then drove to find somewhere else to eat. Because of the scientific method, I again was made to go to Ruth's diner feeling these awful bodily feelings, but went in this time, sat down, and ate. When I was there, I had workers and other patrons mirroring other people in my life and characters based off my thoughts. One woman at a table by me looked like a Polynesian woman that I dated for a short time and had a daughter, which this woman had a daughter the same in appearance with her also. Another person there was a Hispanic woman that could pass off as Native American, and I had been speaking of a horror story idea in my head about a darkly beautiful and evil skinwalker witch, who turns into witch animals, which I titled The Skinwalker Dilogy. I began eating, having the hamburger that I was consuming and my own behavior remind me of the scene in Pulp Fiction (1994) when Jules asks the man in the apartment building if he can take a bite of his hamburger, all while people kept bullying me in my head and I had extremely low brain functionality, along with the feelings of someone else's body. One of the voices of the bullies in my head was someone who either was or was pretending to be Ian MacKaye. Often when this happens, I have learned to both ignore everything that is happening while also not making any sudden moves. After I ate, I got up, still stiff in body because of the maser instrument, and then I asked in polite conversation if the young Hispanic woman working there was Native American when paying my check, which she then clarified that she was not, but often is mistaken for one. I then left with no criminal behavior occurring by me, not even in thought.
I went on my second date with my ex-girlfriend to Ruth's Diner and perhaps that was the motivation in this.
I once went to the Apple Store at the Fashion Place Mall to get a new laptop, a place where Ted Bundy had once committed a crime, and I walked in feeling terrible discomforting things through my body while I found the store, passed by a mother with a baby that was similar in dress and almost appearance to the zombie baby in Peter Jackson's Braindead (1992), also known as Dead Alive, and then waited in line to be assisted by an Apple rep. This rep. turned out to be a pretty, young woman who assisted me in getting a new laptop, and my body felt stiff and partially dead the whole time that we were conversing with each other, followed by me buying a laptop that she showed me. I then left the mall, having many people around and passing me with no criminal behavior having occurred by me.
I believe that Brain Dead, A.K.A. Dead Alive, is a mano nera film where a man helplessly the offspring of a deranged murderess who killed his father is forced to have several people barge into his life, involving many groups of people that far worse than he is in the first place, who just wind up the walking dead, or the "dead alive," so he can prove that he is worthy of having a woman.

If a dangerous person is kept incarcerated, they better be making it worth people's tax money to be kept alive.

I honestly cannot remember if I already brought this up at the moment, society should have been medically experimenting on serial killers a long time ago, even if someone committed their crimes through them instead, because their body is just going to go to waste and they are going to die anyways, so they should be made to help others in the future. I am mostly innocent, and yet people similar of their sort covertly perform the same

on me, so there is no excuse in their desire for an avoidance in their pain and discomfort, except the fact that they want to be treated well after causing severe damages to other people. I would even not like them to receive a final meal, as their victims were not given the same. Our politicians are on their same level, so they wish to be treated the same if discovered in their status as being another serial killer. Instead, even these convicts are not made to donate their organs. If the criminal was forced to become an organ donor, it would help immensely, because all organ transplants regarding them can be timed, so those at the top of the organ donor list are able to travel to the location and prepare to receive their needed transplant.
The majority of these criminals are terrible and self-centered people who have no consideration for others and have no desire to better society, and have already caused others suffering.
Future medical devices and procedures can be performed on the criminals prior to their death, especially beneficial ones such as exchanging a criminal's heart with a possible manufactured heart, made from either organic or non-organic materials, as a criminal is being put to death. The ability to fix a paraplegic person's back can also be experimented on a criminal, breaking the criminal's back, and then either attempting to fix it with the masers, or trying to create the device that I explained at the beginning of this writing, which I imagine an artificial spine bone that has maser instruments in it and relays nerve signals to once severed places.

Regarding surveyance of a person's thoughts, it is possible for people connected to another person's brain to catch even within just a fraction of a second another person's thoughts, as I would know.

I think that it should be mandatory for all citizens to be organ donors. A dilemma occurs where people believe that they will have the plug pulled on them on purpose just to create an organ donor, but it needs to be made clear that it is only performed under the consent of their family members.

I also think that a person who has lost the majority of their mental functionality, especially the elderly, should be able to be decided by their family members if their loved one should be euthanized. If an elderly or disabled person of the sort has no family or no one wishing to claim them as family, and is living in an assisted living home, those at the assisted living home can file to have the person euthanized, waiting a period to see if any family responds in consideration to them. If no one comes forward desiring to claim their family member, the euthanization will be performed on the individual.
Also, if a family member has a mentally-handicap member that has low mental abilities and is unable to communicate or move around physically through their own abilities, members of their family can decide if the person should be euthanized if they desire to do so. This also applies to mentally-handicap people in assisted living facilities, too. An assisted living facility is also able to file to have a person in such a condition euthanized, first attempting to reach the person's family, and if there is no response, the euthanization will follow through.
To avoid tax money persisted to be used in both these cases, it will be mandatory to request for the euthanization to occur in an assisted living facility where taxes are used instead of personal funds upon the person being considered to no longer have functional communication abilities and movement.

Because of a desire to get vagrants off the street and have them able to seek employment, especially with the vagrant visas, I would like to have all-night bathrooms and showers with laundromats set up around homeless shelters, so they will no longer have to use the street to perform their business. These bathrooms would be smaller rooms made to only fit the necessities within them for homeless people to hopefully not reside in them, stopping traffic inside the rooms. The toilets would be equipped with bidets to save on toilet paper, and the showers would be designed to only run about a minute when pressing a button, needing the button to be pressed again to make it run again, so to make sure they are not wasting water. The laundry cleaner and driers would not necessarily have soap available, so they would need to possibly buy it or get it from the homeless shelter the room is connected to.

I would also like for homeless people to start filing their taxes, being able to just simply claim themselves a vagrant and that they have no income nor taxes to report. I would also like tax forms to be able to report that a person is living within a vehicle, with the form asking for the make, model, and license plate of the vehicle. This will make it so they are able to have universal healthcare assist them with proof of citizenship. Computers can be also set up at homeless shelters for the homeless to use. This will also help in finding

homeless people who are missing or possibly those who have committed a crime.
I wish for all U.S. citizens to at least report their taxes by law. If a person is mentally incapable of doing so, they still will likely be given treatment at a hospital, but other tax forms can be provided to workers at locations, such as assisted living homes, hospitals, and homeless shelters, who are able to simply report the person is mentally disabled and unable to fill out their own taxes with no income or taxes to report.
The free government run tax website, which also helps calculate taxes, will help with all of this.
I think the current politicians actually wanted to deter people from filing their taxes, because they were just going to waste them anyhow, so they actually did not want them, and desired for a person to not file them in order to have the law come after them for avoiding paying their taxes, resulting in more taxes being wasted on incarcerating the person. This is why they made it cost more to file taxes immediately through electronic tax programs, even usually costlier than sending them by mail, although a tax clerk would be able to record, handle, study, and look over the electronic tax information easier. They also wanted to have people keep buying tax programs every year, so people in poverty could not afford them, nor wish to buy them.
The tax website could also be made to set up a personal and business profile, so a person is able just to give an employer their name and matching profile number and have the employer send the prepared tax forms to their employee's tax profile, so the information is just applied already to their tax forms.
This harms the U.S. Post Office a lot, but it is extremely more efficient. I think that the politicians also had ill-intention in creating the U.S. Post Office's large pension fund, so to make private shipping businesses more successful by raising the prices of shipping through the post office, while again wasting large amounts of taxes both paying those retired from the post office and the post office's current workers, and even making people of the public waste their own personal money with larger prices on shipping from the service. This all could have been worked out by outside shipping companies who assisted in placing the politicians that created the large pension fund in office.
The tax website will also make it easier for accountants, tax auditors, and forensic auditors to retrieve information.
I would like most receipts to be able to be stored electronically also through the tax website, possibly having the website receive receipts straight to it through debit purchases, refunds, and payments, dividing the three up to be viewed separately. This will help in reducing paper use while also making it unnecessary to have physical receipts that can be destroyed or lost.

When I was working for the FedEx Freight in its call center, I am certain that I was being attempted to cause workplace violence through bullying. I was also living in an apartment on Isom Way in the Salt Lake Avenues, and my landlord was an older man named Mike with busted kneecaps that claimed he used to work for FedEx and their airplane deliveries. I considered that Isom, being able to be interpreted as "ice 'em," along with his kneecaps being broken as in an extortion-like manner, meant that they had been trying to kill me, and then FedEx would claim both incident and dead peasant insurance. But I was also wondering why the people at my work were bullying me through subtext wanting to incite an incident also. I was wondering if my coworkers had been fooled into thinking that it was some form of experiment, and if it actually did result in workplace violence, my naïve coworkers would have been made to keep their mouth shut after, them being tricked into bullying me.
Giving an example: there was a Hispanic girl named Maria who sat behind me, and once everyone began bullying me, she used inflections in her voice, gestures, and behaviors to indicate that my ex-girlfriend was telling everyone at work that I had a small penis while using a Twizzlers and stating that, "Sometimes these come REAL small!" I just ignored her and carried on with my work. Another time she brought. Another time, she brought in *Niño envuelto,* which is cake that has a name translates to "wrapped up child," and she was making indications that they were either trying to turn me in a serial killer or pedophile, or both combines, again while I was bullied on the phones and direct manners were being used by her. I considered that she was doing because she was Catholic.
For reasons, I continued working there without understanding that the masers were causing me to go into work each day, although the workplace was very hostile to me. After a few months, while on break I spotted an unplugged headset to make phone calls in the ground level lobby of the building that the call center was housed in, to symbolize that no one was even listening to my phone calls that were all fake businesses and people bullying me through subtext and manners. So, when I went back into work, I literally just started hanging up on every single phone call that arrived on my phone. The phone would beep, a phone call would

arrive in, I would say, "This is Davyn with FedEx Freight, how may I help you?" some obnoxious person would reply, "Yeah, this is LISAAAA..." and then I would just hang up. I kept bothering to say my scripted phone answer, and then have the fake customer begin to answer in their bullying inflection and manner of speaking, but then would cut them off by hanging up.
This went on for a few days with me not even bothering to answer the phone calls, and I eventually didn't even speak my scripted answer either.
When a month went by, and I was always being monthly reviewed by my supervisor, she said absolutely nothing about my unanswered and probably large amount of cut-off phone calls, just finding actual ones that I performed in the past.
One day, I went into work, and the fake customers on the phone were all people pretending to have the manner of speaking of male homosexuals, and I was humoring them for a bit, but then would just hang up. My ex-girlfriend, who still sat at the end of my row where my cubicle was in a corner of the building, has a homosexual father, who divorced her mother, who her mother than married an African American man, and I was thinking that they were trying to turn me gay also. Prior, they had me get upset after a day of bullying on the phones and at work, drive home to my apartment, write a long note on Facebook that explained our relationship while also using an upset vocabulary uncharacteristic of me, about people upsetting me and bullying me, and somewhere I mentioned her homosexual father in it, Her brother was friends with me on Facebook, and the next day we got in a fight at her cubicle, and she said that her and her family were really upset at what I wrote, and that he brothers wanted to use
violence on me, and I replied to her, "Maybe they should!"
I was also given ideas that those at the call center were testing for sexual frustration and rape urges in me. My ex-girlfriend, near to my cubicle and who stopped speaking to me, had an unusual and long stock of tall grass that she plucked fixed on the frame of her cubicle, which I was given the notion much later was supposed to be a phallic symbol, and, as she stopped seeing me, and I was being constantly humiliated and bullied, and sexually harassed all at once, that they wanted to see if any anger gave me an erection that I would desire to use on her. Sitting at my desk, I would sometimes think sexual thoughts of my ex-girlfriend, making me aroused, but every time that I got up to go to break or leave they would go away and nothing criminal would occur in my thinking or desires. Prior to this, I had utilized a pornographic film involving a man and woman performing coitus upon an office desk with each other in an office, so with what was occurring to me, the thought arrives that the average person does not lose the ability to use common sense just because of some form of entertainment, even in an extremely harsh environment, especially even with a woman whose sexual boundaries were consensually crossed before by myself previously and who was performing passive aggressive behavior to me, and trolling me, on a daily basis.
There was one time at the call center that my thoughts were made to remember a time when I was a child and had burnt a dear fast food kid's meal toy to me of the Mr. Men character Mr. Greedy in my driveway with a magnifying glass. They made me believe that this was a sign that I showed no empathy to others, and then they controlled me into following my ex-girlfriend on her break into the breakroom, where I began a dialogue stating that I lacked empathy as a child, all unwitting to the abilities of the maser instruments. This being false, and I am usually the opposite. They have also performed this through my parents, having my parents claim me lacking in empathy simply because of some recent problem that occurred.
Sometimes when I was with her, she would unreasonably get upset that I did something kind for her, such as waking up next to her and moving her vehicle from outside of a location in the Avenues where she would have either been booted or ticketed.
I once went to see the film Drive with her when it was in theaters, having seen the film before, and, my understanding it was a strange question to ask, on the drive to the theater I said, "Do you like Rated R movies?" and realized how stupid the question was, as I had even sat nude in bed times before with her watching a Rated R film on my television.
I have also thought that if they achieved me becoming a violent or sexually dysfunctional person in my head, they would have stopped bullying me, and if I did not commit a crime, but stayed dysfunctional they would have tried to recruit me for positions to assist them in their criminal acts and behavior, especially in some form of leadership role. Around this time, I was also being given articles explaining that sociopaths make for the most successful people. I have even made fun of them in regard to this thought to other people connected to my head, imagining a happening where I became sexually deviated, and then them suddenly ceasing all forms of bullying, and stating to everyone after pathetic years of them bullying me, "See, he has now shown deviant

behavior and it is not innate to a person... Now, let's discuss some of the political topics that he has come up with in his head..."

While the bullying was occurring at work, a male new hire that was employed the same time as my ex-girlfriend had been placed in the cubicle by mine. He kept bringing up Diablo III in conversation with a desire to convey the extortion of video game companies through maser use on people not wishing to be a part of the L.D.S. Church and religion, taking away their partners and making them to play video games in their free time to make up for not giving them money and time to the church. One time, I was helping him jump his vehicle, and he produced a copy of Zelda II: The Adventure of Link, which I considered one of my favorite video games at the time, so he was trying to hint that people were aware of my thoughts. I considered that he was attempting to extort me on their behalf, them using him in attempts to convey what they expected of me, because he was obviously L.D.S. and told me about being involved in the L.D.S. Church.

After the attempted suicide while I worked at FedEx Freight and before I discovered to had had been manipulated to attempt it by maser instruments, I was in a mental ward for two to three weeks, and when I arrived back to work, I arrived to find that they moved my ex-girlfriend's work cubicle to across the other half of the building, and that her previous cubicle now was occupied by a new employee who was an older woman that was somewhat repulsive looking to me in her style and dress, having a somewhat "white trash" appearance to her, who liked to smile at people.

Over many months where I was bullied at work, having broken up with my ex-girlfriend and still sitting near her, each weekend I would oddly be compulsive in saying, “Have a good weekend!” to everyone as I left and passed by her desk, as to act in a passive-aggressive manner to her.

During my stay in the neurological ward at the University of Utah on that occasion, I had book copies that my parents brought me of Charles Dicken's Great Expectations and Herman Melville's Moby Dick, and I was sitting in my room when a Hispanic male, who seemed criminal in behavior and had many scars up and down his arms, asked me what books I had. I replied to him the titles, and upon hearing the title Moby Dick, he replied to me in a sentence about the book, "I like the story of the WHITE WHALE!" with a hard inflection and emphasis on the word "white whale," which was a term that me and my friends often used for a woman who one longs for, but will never be achieved: this reflecting my believed reasons for me being in the neuro-psychiatric ward. I discovered that a person that I was went to high school and sometimes hung out with oversaw the ward as a worker, and he often wore a pink shirt, which mirrored an episode of The Simpsons in which Homer is sent to a mental hospital for simply having his white shirt miscolored to a pink hue. Sometimes they would allow us privileges of going outside, and on one occasion I ran across two women smoking outside who were patients in another part of the ward, each both looking like troll versions of my ex-girlfriend and her mother, having poorly applied make-up and gapped teeth. They talked to me about the concepts of dissociation. While this was happening, other patients arrived in a vehicle wearing glittery gold clothing as they checked themselves into the ward, which the troll version of my ex-girlfriend described as probably being heroin addicts, and that they looked heroin chic. During this time, I considered the film Trainspotting (1996) to be one of my favorite films, having its many characters being heroin addicts and its characters using thick Scottish accents and slang that one would have to watch the film several times over to fully understand each sentence of it. Despite this fact, never, ever, in my life have I had a desire to use illicit drugs, especially heroin, although I watched the film probably over thirty times, and this leads to the thought that the entertainment was in no way motivating certain people to seek drug use, again making the quality of desiring drugs unique to their personalities. All of the characters also get involved in criminal acts and behavior, which I again have no desire to do myself.

Another character within the ward was a man named David, who was intimidating in his sexual behavior alone, because he behaved as if his mind erotically desired all men around him, and my friend that I went to school with who worked there said that for some reason he became extremely involved in his genealogy work for the L.D.S. Church and went insane. This might have been a reference to a fact in which a genealogist for the L.D.S. Church had led the genetics of the Native Americans back to the early Mongolian people, who crossed to the continent of North America on a believed ice shelf during the Ice Age, which contradicted the L.D.S. Church's teachings, leading to fraud, and this genealogist was later excommunicated for his findings. The Native Americans, especially Innuits, even superficially look as if they originated from Mongolian instead of the Hebrew people who were said to have arrived on the continents of the Americas in submarine like boats as explained in the Book of Mormon.

I think that dead peasant insurance should no longer exist, especially because it is possible for a company to be motivated to cause or nurture such incidences or the death of an employee or employees. An employer would not receive the same thing if an employee, especially a low level or average employee, just suddenly quit out of nowhere or was unexpectedly wanted or needed to be fired.
I thought it possible that an incidence of highly reported workplace violence would also work as publicity for a corrupt company wishing to show itself as victims mourning a tragedy, gaining sympathy and possibly more customers in the wake of their misfortune.
I have considered the Kyoto Animation arson attack as possibly being an instance of a company doing this, having the company later claimed in the news to assist in such animated movies as Studio Ghibli feature films, which Studio Ghibli has connected itself to Walt Disney Co. in the U.S.
I have thought of an idea of having an employer able to withhold and keep money from a final paycheck for hours already worked by an employee who was supposed to work, but the employee did not show up without any notification and had no hours for time off, or suddenly quit, or purposely caused an incident in which they needed to be fired and left the business hanging and attempting to make up for the employee's lack of being present and working, also possibly causing their employer to pay another employee overtime to make up for it. The purposeful destruction of business property could also be made to be reimbursed.
I think that proven timecard fraud should be paid back in double and possible multiples.

A long time ago, when I was back in high school, I had a sharp pain in the side of my stomach keep occurring. I was with a friend at his house in Murray and decided I really needed to go home, driving myself from Murray to Kearns with the pain continuing to happen in my side. When I got home, I dropped on the floor and told my mother to drive me to the hospital, which she did. At the hospital, I sat in pain in the waiting room, and they eventually got me into the emergency room, because I needed an appendicitis. After I woke up from the surgery, I was sitting in bed in my hospital gown and a group of doctors and students arrived into the room, talking to me for a brief moment, and then they lifted up my hospital gown to show the area of where the surgery was performed on me while I also inspecting my genitals.
When I got home, I was able to remove the medical patching from the side of my stomach, expecting to see stitches, but the wound had been cauterized to my confusion. I brought this up to others, and they said there is a new procedure that was created where a machine could cauterize an area that once needed stitching.

After quitting FedEx one day, getting up from my desk in the middle of the morning work day, as if I was made free in my choice to just leave through not being tampered with by the masers, I wound up living back at home at my parents place for a long time. Immediately odd happenings would occur, such as me setting up a video game upstairs and away from my basement room, so the television that I was playing video games on faced out the living room window. As I was playing games one evening, a girl next door in her junior high years decided to start doing aerobics in a smaller two-piece swimsuit outside the window and across the street with her friends, and I understood exactly what was trying to be done at the time, me having no sexual desire for the girl. Another time, I was home on Halloween giving out candy to the children that arrived at my house, and this girl that lives next door and her friends arrived, and one of her female friends had somehow found a sexy Minnie Mouse outfit that fit her as her costume. Through the masers, I felt the half feelings of someone else's arousal at the sight of her, causing me to feel unpleasant and disgusted myself with whoever it was. This is when I discovered that if a person is not an active member of the L.D.S. Church, they have people from the video game industry in Japan trade the religion for their video games in an act of reducing a person's money, wasting their time, and creating a diversion to their criminal acts and behaviors, all for reasons of extortion, too.

There was a night when I kept being bullied by the pulse of the maser instruments, walked around my town a bit, having people speak through me in a cliche fashion of a drunk or a downtrodden person who was having problems while wandering around town, making my way quite far from my house, and then going home. After being sexually assaulted when I got home, I went to the L.D.S. Hospital to get a CAT scan of my brain to see if they were giving me a tumor or cancer, but I also claimed that I might have had some form of technology placed in my head to see through it. They gave me a CAT scan, but they found nothing. Because of what I said, they held me against my will, although I had not harmed myself nor claimed that I would do so. I got upset that they were keeping me there, because my vehicle was parked in a bad spot in the Avenues

that could not just be left there. After waiting, they had me picked up by an ambulance and then driven to a psychiatric ward for a few days, all of time with me telling them to let me leave. One of the mental health workers there told the authorities that I had been "medicated by telephone," because I told her how I kept being stalked, harassed, and bullied at my work at a call center, but never used the term in which she claimed. After this event, people bullying me in my head would keep bringing this woman case worker up and what she said to bully me further, attempting to make me violent towards her, the L.D.S. Hospital, and to other people. After I was released from jail, they again would do this with another case worker, who was a younger man that looked similar to a cousin I have and strangely wore a bracelet of Japanese prayer beads on his right arm. One of the other case workers for my lawyer looked similar to Elizabeth Smart in appearance, but with Batman-themed tattoos all over her arms. This made me think that this woman was purposely made to get these tattoos in due of her looking like Elizabeth Smart in order to have her being a walking subliminal message wanting to state that Elizabeth Smart is a hero.

I was made to unsuccessfully commit suicide a large number of times over, each time it being them, and me always returning to a normal mentality. It happened so many times, often involving me leaving the house, that eventually I began to ask them where they were taking me instead. On one of these occasions, I was maniacally being driven to the town of Copperton after having picked up a number of sleeping pills and NyQuil, had either their driving or the maser instruments result in one of my tires being blown out completely, had me ditch the vehicle in the town, and then walked me into the fields west of the town. I used the NyQuil to down the pills and kept walking back towards Kearns. I was expecting what I had swallowed to eventually kick-in and to start to kill me, but it never did, and I kept walking passed Copper Hills High School, by several neighborhoods, through main roads, all the way passed Airport Two, and then home on what was a long walk there. While walking and being bullied in my head, masers kept kicking up dirt on the path beside me, as if I was walking with a ghost. This mirrored something that I came up with for a ghost story where a man believes that the empty highways outside of cities are the last places on Earth where ghosts still exist. When I got home, tired from the fatigue and the long night instead of the sleeping pills and the NyQuil, I fell into bed and went to sleep, expecting to possibly die. I did not even sleep that long when my dad knocked on the door and asked where my vehicle was. I told him that I accidentally had a blowout over in Copperton and had left my vehicle there. He then made me go drive with him to retrieve it.
On another one of these attempts, I had taken several pills of my father’s Zyprexa, crushed them up, put it in water, and drank it all, with absolutely no effect occurring after.
I think this was all both a sadistic and valid statement about prescription drugs, human trafficking, and the need for the pills to be over the counter if they truly work.

I would like it that a person can sign a waiver at a hospital if they desire to leave, if they are not claiming that they will harm themselves or anyone else and have not already done harm to themself. As I have said, just being held against a person's will can ruin a person's life in just a small matter of time, especially on a social and financial level. This also should apply to accidents involving police and paramedics. If a person can provide any form of driver license after an accident, even if it is expired, they should be able to deny any medical services if they desire. I was once just mostly bumped by a car in back of my truck when I was sixteen, and the vehicle pushed bumped and pushed into mine without causing damage, and the authorities made me park my truck on the side of the road and then forced me to go to the hospital even though I didn't want to.

Another thing that can be done with the medical industry and the creation of the "debit system" is that nurses and medical workers will no longer be forced to keep a patient who has possibly committed a crime at the hospital, as long as they do not seem dangerous, and as long as the staff has gained their personal information. The "debit system" will allow them to be released, especially if they are mere drug users desiring to escape, as the hospital or medical office can then provide the authorities with the patients social security number, which is connected to their bank accounts, and if the criminal is a possible drug dealer, drug trafficker, or drug manufacturer, or some other form of criminal, their accounts can be easily just frozen along with an email sent to the criminal telling them to turn themselves in, only allowing small amounts of funds to be used from an account in order to be able to drive themselves to the nearest police station. All inbound funds to the person's accounts can be accepted and kept on the accounts, but unable to be accessed. A person

considered a mere drug user then can either face fines for avoiding the authorities, or just have information placed on a criminal background check that they are involved in drugs, so an employer will not be able to hire them at a pharmacy or any other location involved in the legal distribution of drugs.

This ability of freezing a wanted or sought person's account will help authorities in many other ways, and it will be also very helpful for the authorities to have accesses to a person's email to send messages to them, too, which would either be found through their bank accounts or through the website in which a person is made to register their living locations, which can be read about later in this text.

I have idea for an internet browser and search engine that would be a universal marketing search engine, along with an app, that sellers can set up an account on, and it is similar to Google Drive with its storage system, and the seller would be able to set up a profile to sell items on it, just paying flat fees for different amounts of data storage, and the search engine will bring up the items that people are selling by various filters, first starting with the cheapest and most recent listing for the item. It would search by the name of the product, and one could also be able to search any known SKUs for the item. Stores would also be able to set up accounts in the search engine that list their product and the price of it, giving both their store websites and locations if they are close by, along with the store being able to update their store hours store by store, if they wish to change them. Filters will also allow a person to have the closest sellers to them appear, along with the cheapest shipping prices.
I have told people in my head that I did not care whether it was Google itself who set up such a search engine and browser. Those percentages taken by both Amazon and PayPal are very financially damaging to online sellers and to businesses in general.

While working at Home Depot, I, the other people in my head, and even some people bullying me were making fun of Jeff Bezos' quote that he wanted, "...to get all people off the earth and see it turned into a huge national park." The logistics on this thought are unbelievably naive and ridiculous. Even if space travel was possible, a person would have to be able to create their own atoms and build molecules to create the necessities to both travel to a long-distance celestial body while also maintain themselves when there. This thought also would involve sending over eight billion people into outer space. We and those in my head started to wonder if criminals gave the idea for Amazon to a simpleton who had no business skills otherwise, all in hopes of having his company run to oppress other businesses through unfair business tactics and also through taking large amounts of profits from sellers in percentages.
Elon Musk is very similar where his original business PayPal takes a large amount of percentages from sellers, and there has to be methods in which banks can easily make electronic transactions between accounts without having to have the third party coming between them. He also had no business sense when buying Twitter and to change it to X, when the brand name Twitter was just fine how it was, and he felt it necessary to turn it to a simple letter, because he thought it sounded cool. I have reviewed many of videos regarding his reusable SpaceX rockets, and I am certain that many of them had faked footage added to it. The SN11 rocket designs would show the rocket falling horizontally, but the rocket fuel had to have been heavy, and I'm certain that there exists no way that the fuel would have shifted, and the rocket should have been very bottom heavy on the side in which the rocket emission would fire out. When it lands, it is on the level of a CGI scene from The Avengers (2012) while showing the rocket reaching ground level, then shifting vertically, and releasing what looks like an unnatural light from its fiery emission. When the chopsticks were applied in their tactics to catch the rocket, cameras on the rocket would also show strange grated squared sticking out from its side that would sometimes change in position or be missing on the rockets, and then ultimately be shown at the rockets top point, which seems capable of being easily damaged when maneuvering towards the chopsticks, and the rocket is far too precise in landing with the grates not being bent by the chopsticks. I have wondered, though I am not saying that I am correct, whether some form of drones or drone technology is involved in the rocket being so precise in its landing.
Even if I am incorrect about the more recent reusable rockets not being on the level, the rockets are being made for an impossible endeavor, other than placing satellites in orbit.
I have also thought it a possible true conspiracy that Tesla purposely makes expensive solar powered vehicles, to make it appear that the fact they are solar powered is causing them to be expensive rather than their designs placing a necessity on speed and protection. I think it possible that maybe solar energy vehicles could be

produced at a cost lower than $20,000. I once read of a manufacturer attempting to make low priced and affordable solar power vehicles expected to be priced at $17,500, but, for some reason, their project fell through. One thing that I despise is finding myself nearly out of gas and needing to fill up a tank at a gas station, which an affordable solar power car will allow a person to avoid, as the keep driving while also collecting power from the Sun all at once. It might be possible to make a vehicle that can continuously run for days, weeks, months, and possibly years, even placing several batteries in a vehicle storing energy from the Sun at once.

I read a more recent article about Iceland wanting to be the first country to place a stationary satellite that gathers solar energy from the Sun and then beams it down to a power station to convert it into energy for up to around three-thousand homes. This again would be masers doing such work to focus the radio waves and make them hit their target. I think solar energy panels on homes is the better way to go, although the country does receive less daylight during winter times. Solar panels can gather a lot of energy even though the Sun is not entirely out. I think every Hawaiian home and building should have them, and the whole populations of all Polynesian islands should do the same. They will also help people in all remote areas not be dependent on power lines making electricity available, and, also, large electrical towers will no longer need to be erected. This is the article that I read: https://www.space.com/iceland-space-based-solar-power
Another item of why I think that I was attempted to be enticed to seek a new home in Iceland is because I kept seeing news articles in my Facebook feed around before and after I vacationed there about Iceland becoming so atheistic that they declared religious behavior to be a form of mental illness. The internet now completely contradicts this. Even after I arrived back from France, a wife of one of my friends, who the woman I was not close to, told me that she thought I would never comeback, making me later think that they desired to have me there instead.

I think many people who write for the news and magazines are or cater to criminals who have been sexually assaulting the public through masers. They often propagate very unscientific and false information about sexuality, such as an article many decades ago that claimed men think about sex every amount of just a small number of seconds, and during the latter half of the Twentieth Century many articles in magazines became completely focused on sex, often directing people on things to do during coitus to be better at it.
They already show that they have been functioning on behalf of criminality regarding space fraud and failing to discover and cover criminal actions by the government that are now obvious, but, as I said, they have been facing duress, too. Internationally, they once also appeared to fail to spread information about certain events, such as the Holocaust, not only seeming to have failed to understand that Jews were being placed in inhospitable internment camps, despite being possibly within the European press and surrounded by the situation, but even denying the story given by two Jewish internment camp escapees. Another strange thing happened during World War II's era when Charlie Chaplin made his film The Great Dictator in 1940, prior to the U.S. entering the war, and its story involved Jews being placed into internment camps, but following this all films and media internationally stepped around the subject, not even mentioning it, only having about seven or eight films making a slight note of it, including the movie To Be or Not to Be (1942). Magazines focused on economics have also been failing to report or criticize on faulty economic practices throughout the modern era, especially on the pyramid scheme design of the U.S.'s economic system and tax brackets, aware it has caused a large disparity in wealth, resulting in less than one percent of the U.S. public owning the U.S.'s wealth. Given all this information, previous information about the press harming, killing, and oppressing others of the public to make news that then creates other medias involving entertainment in a scheme I call Killer Clown Economics (noted in the subtext in beginning of the 1974 film The Texas Chainsaw Massacre), and the fact that our U.S. space program involved a large number of members of the Nazi Party imported from Germany, their lead member even involved in violent Holocaust labor, I believe that those working for the news and magazines have definitely been both voyeuring and sexually assaulting the public while also suppressing valuable information if discovered.

I also have come across nothing but actual and entertainment news articles online that have nothing but attempted to waste a person's time in how they were written, having the articles able to immediately get to the point of what the headline stated, but instead designed to make a person scroll through the entirety of its texts in order to see what the headline was indicating.

In order to illustrate a point on why criminals should be no longer living or treated as less than people, I have explained to others the economics of crime where those involved in crime are harming others both physically and financially, and properly harming society all together, and then using the money that they gained from committing those crimes to buy themselves items and food that people created and produced through honest and good means and intentions, which induces an upsetting thought that criminals are even eating.
I often correct myself when stating that a criminal is worthless by updating it to the more factual state of them being less than worthless and only harmful to have around.
Again, this makes it clearer that criminals had the Holocaust performed so such things would not happen to them, scapegoating innocent people.

I would also like a website where a person is made by law to inform the authorities where they are residing, which is privileged information only for the authorities, even if it is just a vehicle in which a person is living or a homeless shelter or two that they are frequenting. "Find People" websites will then be made illegal. This will help to allow authorities to find missing persons, along with the “debit system” helping also, but it would be controversial to divulge to a relative a person’s whereabouts if they do not desire to be located by them, but at least the authorities can claim they are still living.
In cases of a person illegally not paying their child support, it is possible to have the authorities use the “debit system” to remove funds from the person’s bank accounts to make them pay their child support, and to go before a judge to make accommodations to better assist their financial needs in paying them, if they need to lower their payments. If they are avoiding making payments by keeping their accounts empty and living with another partner, significant other, or possibly a roommate or roommates, they might cause those living with them and paying for everything to have funds taken from their accounts instead. This method will make certain that the person not paying their child support gets an occupation or two to make their payments, rather than people paying for them to be incarcerated where they make no payments of any sort. Fees will be added if the authorities are made to force a child support payment by them. This will also help avoid welfare payments being given to a person who should not be receiving them simply because of their irresponsibility. If they do get incarcerated, this person will be expected to work in a debtor’s prison to keep making payments.

I think that the musician Grimes might have even been human trafficked in her relationship with Elon Musk. I had an idea for a television cartoon series where people, who would otherwise live in a utopia that they created through solar energy and the regulation of birth, keep attempting to destroy a satellite in orbit, which is also a robotic angel in appearance, and it was placed up by religious fanatics, who used AI to design it to purposely find, harm, and destroy random people's lives through its maser instruments. The satellite can gain solar power from the Sun and then use boosters to correct its orbit, so it continuously stays within Earth's orbit, while it also destroys anything attempting to attack it. I just titled the animated cartoon idea Utopia. It was originally a book in my head, which I have a folder dating it back to 2019 in a sentence description on my USB flash drive as a novel. Awhile after a video for Anyma & Grimes for a song called "Welcome to the Opera" appeared online, showing a robotic female satellite angel in space who is also pregnant, and it made me think that what was trying to be said is that the masers caused her relationship with Elon Musk and her to become the mother of his children. This likely occurred to better his public image with him being involved with a hip and popular musician that appeals to many fashionable people.

I also have another idea for a feature length horror film called The Naked Soul that places both Carnival of Souls (1962) and The Naked Kiss (1964) entirely entwined in story, having a prostitute escape a city, but nearly dying in an automobile accident, then travelling to a new home where she cleans up her act, becomes both a nurse and church organist, keeps being haunted by an elderly man and other people, finds herself becoming romantically involved with a richer man who seems to also show unsettling behavior and perversion to others, the rich man desires to marry her, she discovers that the old man and people haunting her are the rich man’s dead relatives and that the rich man and members of his living and deceased family are pedophiles, she kills the rich man, finds herself in jail for it, but is later released upon proving the rich man’s pedophilia, and then finds herself continued to be haunted by the ghosts of both the rich man and his relatives.

Another film idea that I thought of, having had someone in my head help with it, is a film called Happy Feelings where a dystopian society has electronics often altering the feelings of its public, such as causing people to be happy, friendly and studious when entering schools and government buildings, and desiring to buy items and, again, happy when entering stores. I didn't really work much further on it in my head, though.

As I stated, technically electronic devices using masers can assist in calming down and changing a person's mood when they are feeling emotionally distraught, making them feel in an ordinary mood, causing a lesser need for pharmaceuticals and even illicit drugs.

Ghostbusters (1984) has indications to knowledge of pharmaceutical companies and psychiatrists haunting and trafficking victims to use their products. The film was originally claimed that they wanted "I Want a New Drug" by Huey Lewis & The News for the film's theme, but were denied it, they then had Ray Parker Jr. create a song entirely similar called "Ghostbusters" for its theme, which might have all been in a desire to convey a message about the situation of criminal maser use.

The song "We Didn't Start the Fire" by Billy Joel, which is often said to be one of his least favorite songs that he made, could have been simply made to mostly use the term "Ben-Hur space monkey mafia" within it, hidden in its random but chronological historical terms and figures, and then possibly the line, "J.F.K. blown away, what else do I have to say?" which kind of breaks from the pattern of the song's lyrics.

I often like to compare the fact that these religious people gained such sophisticated technology through the means of extortion as being the same thing as monkeys being trained to use guns. These people and most politicians I doubt would even be able to build such items and weapons as masers and neurological instruments involving them in a million years, even if a diagram was given to them on how to make them. They get placed in charge of how things run, despite not being at all intelligent, and then they desire to use items built by intelligent people, such as satellites and guided missiles, to cause havoc and monkey around in the lives of others. They complete this all through extortion and gaining large funds from criminal behavior, when if it was not for their extortion, they would be some lowly person with a history of crime involving physical or sexual violence to children.

Sometimes, in many of the situations involving the current state of the world and the presence of criminal maser use, along with the happenings regarding myself, it is fine to say "either way" in most cases, such as criminals possibly attacking me and wanting me to commit a crime or people proving things by experimenting on me pretending to be criminals, or people trying to remedy a problematic situation with good intentions or bad intentions, because "either way" what is needed proven is occurring.

I think the manga comic Naruto was inspired by me, along with the Harry Potter series, each of which I had both read through, which are similar in quite a few ways. Naruto is a child raised from a baby with a demon inside of him his whole life, a fox demon, and foxes in Japan symbolize good luck, and he lives in a village in a mountain valley, which Salt Lake City basically is, that also has monuments like Mount Rushmore on its mountains that are the profiles of their previous leaders. Naruto eventually has main adversaries travelling around in twos, like L.D.S. missionaries, that work in bringing about a secret plan involving the demons within Naruto and other children born to such a fate to eventually control the world. This secret plan, The Eye of the Moon Plan, involves magically turning the Moon into an eye that sees and controls the world public in all its actions. A member of this group of conspirators called Akatsuki is a man named Tobi with a beehive mask, Utah once proposed to be titled Deseret for a word for "beehive" in the Book of Mormon, while also still used in many Mormon entities today, and he comes off like a silly and goofy character who doesn't know what he is doing, but he is extremely dangerous and intentional in his behavior. Naruto's surname Uzumaki, also translates to "whirlpool," which leads indications in a desire to flush the crooked political happenings all away. Harry Potter, on the other hand, has its eponymous child character raised from a baby and having a main dark and evil adversary Lord Voldemort technically connected to him and being a part of him, because of a spell casted on him desiring to kill him as an infant. This spell left a lightning bolt scar on Harry Potter's forehead, which can be considered to symbolize the electromagnetic connection of a maser, while Voldemort, which is a name not to be spoken of, can be read in French as "*vol de mort*," meaning "flight of death," but is

also phonetically like "*volt de mort*," meaning "death volt," which calls to mind the thought of aerial objects, not to be mentioned of, having masers that can attack the public.

Another game that I was designing in my head for over many years, even coming up with similar concepts to it in junior high with its characters, would be a puzzle action game called Sansukumi-ken. The game would be similar to as if Nintendo's Captain Toad: Treasure Tracker and Capcom's Sweet Home were combined as one, where a team of nine ninjas, named Rock, Paper, Scissors, Frog, Slug, Snake, Hunter, Fox, and Village Head, who also have a pet hawk or eagle named Bird, would work their way through a haunted forest and evil village with a fortress castle in order to have the group's leader Village Head defeat the evil leader there. The game would have an environment filled with puzzles, enemies, and deadly traps. Each of the ninjas would have unique abilities and characteristics: Rock, who would be the largest of the group, would be made of stone, unable to jump, and moves slowly, but is very strong and immune to the dangers of most traps; Paper is very weak, but he is able to make himself thin and slide through vertical and horizontal cracks in the environments, such as beneath doors and through spaces in walls, while he can also glide through the air like a paper airplane; Scissors is a pretty female ninja with a perfectly cut bob haircut, and she is able to cut through items and enemies; Frog is a very round girl ninja, who is able to jump very high, swim, and she can spit streams of water at enemies and fire hazards; Slug is the youngest of the ninjas, being a girl who is able to create sweat that is sticky, causing enemies to be slowed down or stuck, along with doing so to some of the game's traps; Snake is a morbid-looking tall and thin ninja, who is able to poison enemies with her fang-like daggers, and is able to slink along and up poles and trees, curling her lanky body around them; Hunter is able to walk upon all grounds while automatically not setting off traps by the player, having him walk over them, and he has a bow and arrow able to shoot at enemies and triggers in the environment; Fox is a pretty kitsune woman who the enemies do not attack, her being a fellow monster, unless they see her attacking enemies or are attacked by her; and, finally, Village Head, is a leader and powerful fighter with his katana, and his main purpose is to be navigated by the other ninjas towards the game's bosses in order to fight them. Their pet hawk or eagle Bird would be used to transfer items between the members of the team of ninjas.
This game also takes inspiration from the manga Cyborg 009, while also is inspired by the thought of an alteration to the Eight Devils of Kimon from Ninja Scroll (1993) to them being good instead of evil and not sexual deviants.
The reason that I bring this game up is its obvious themes and reflection of attempting to guide a person to a political seat through covert means, but the themes and origin of the game also create mixed feelings in which I begin to believe that criminals with ill-intentions are trying to hint to me their agenda instead, despite that I know for a fact that I designed the characters, thoughts on game design, and premise myself without much help from other people, almost making it coincidental. Sometimes others like to twist what is being created and thought in your head to give it an unpleasant perspective that would not be desired. They like to create "thought bombs" in a person's head in doing this, attempting to mentally harm a person in what a person thinks and has created in their head, such as an instance when this game was brought up in my head at Home Depot with them twisting it to have me perceive that sexual deviants were and are attempting to guide me to a political position to protect themselves, and then having a little girl wearing a fox costume walk by with her mother outside of October and nowhere near Halloween, mirroring a kitsune with the proposed game's character Fox, while I was distracted helping a customer with some grills in front of the store as people fed me gross and awful half sexual feelings towards the girl, which I found very disturbing, and them also making hints that they would work on my game if I become similar to them.
I use to flip video games for a living for a few years after working at FedEx, which my brother has been capable of very successfully doing for a long time, and I would often have surprising and valuable video games that I would find on clearance discovered within a store that I drove to, which I considered were video game companies trying to train me to take advantage of gamers, not worrying if I made a profit off of them. While watering Home Depot's inside plants, knowing that I was the explaining this, I was discussing to the people in my head that video game companies would actually make a large profit off of going completely digital, because they would stop losing money to game's being clearance by stores instead of themselves, people trading in games and others buying the games at a cheaper price, and the costs of manufacturing and shipping games. A game creator then would be able to reap the entirety of a game's profit, even if marked down, except for the electronic shop taking percentages. I suggested to go completely digital when making games, and then making rare physical copies, if desired to make a valuable collector's item.

Making sure a console has plenty of digital storage space upon purchase would be important to this.
I also have had a video game console idea of making a hybrid of a console and a laptop, although it would be a bit expensive, functioning as both, having the capabilities of being used as a regular laptop and able to play games on Steam, and then also having the laptop being the sole place to be able to play exclusive games from the company that made the console laptop hybrid, along with third party exclusive games from other developers, the system having a unique electronic game shop on it. The hybrid system would be made easy to attach to the back of a television, it would have a keyboard within the laptop with a standard practical keyboard design, and the system would come with at least one controller and a mouse.
Another idea I had was making official physical copies of older games for older consoles, such as Konami making an authentic and official physical release of their arcade game The Simpsons for the SNES, and adding in a whole new level of the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant before the final boss fight with Smithers and Mr. Burns, similar to how they added a new level to the SNES port of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Turtles in Time with its Technodrome level added. They could also then release a digital copy of this version of the game, too. Sometimes I just make things in my head for fun, even though current world situations are contrary to what are likely to occur on the discovery of the abilities of the maser instruments.
Another idea for a retro video game port that I came up with would be the Capcom arcade game Black Tiger ported to the NES, and then having official physical copies of it released.

Video games, especially puzzle games, do teach problem solving capabilities and game theory, but no one needs a person to force them to play them. I think that Hellraiser (1987) and Clive Barker's book it was based on The Hellbound Heart were items of mano nera entertainment that convey the possibility of some "pinhead" sitting in your body and playing with a toy or game all day, such as a Rubik's cube or a video game, hence the puzzle box being important to the sadomasochistic cenobites in the stories.
Game theory is important to both politics and economics, so it is an important thing to learn how to design a functional and user-friendly game. I created an idea for a game called U.S. President, which was first made for a comedy segment in my head, but then thought it would make a funny comedy game, where the player is a current U.S. President placed into their position by criminal means, and the key to the game is to make as much money for corrupt businesses, the medical industry, the pharmaceutical industry, and the news, while also trying to dump off as much taxes as possible, all while the player needs to make certain not to screw up in public, give indications to fraud, and not being killed by either a disgruntled person, a disgruntled mob from the public, or the organized criminals that helped put him there. On a display screen in the game, it shows how the corrupt U.S. President is doing, and silhouettes of people are shown above the screen weeping teardrops with money signs in them, showing where the public's money is being dispersed to through corrupt means. The game would probably involve many multiple-choice responses.
There is a genre of game that I like to think exists that you often find physical copies of it in CD exchange stores on a shelf, and the game is far too difficult for most people to figure out without an instruction booklet or directions, which they usually do not come with. Games within this genre include Dr. Chaos, Milon's Secret Castle, Legacy of the Wizard, Deadly Towers, Rygar, Karnov, Athena, The Battle of Olympus, The Guardian Legend, Crystalis, Hydlide, Dragon Warrior, Faxanadu, Blaster Master, Castlevania II: Simon's Quest, and Castlequest. Games like The Legend of Zelda, Zelda II: The Adventure of Link, Metroid, Kid Icarus, and Final Fantasy would fit this genre if it were not for them being more user friendly and popular video games. These games are difficult to figure out and take expert problem-solving capabilities, helping to teach a brain how to remedy difficult problems more successfully.
I thought up an idea for a modern pixel art video game idea that ups the problem-solving capabilities by being an action RPG that has leveling and stat building within the game, but the only text within the game would be the title screen, the game company that made it, and the credits at the end of the game. The game has a working title of Nebulus. I even thought of having the game have no title, and it is just displayed as a question mark, but that might be a little too lazy. The game would make certain to have good gameplay, so people would desire to play it, even thought it would be extremely puzzling. I imagine it being like The Guardian Legend and Gremlins 2: The New Batch. Even the item menu, the item's names, what items do, and how they alter or change the player is not listed in the game. Not even numbers are displayed in the game. The player would be an unnamed hero in an unnamed world of unnamed enemies on an uncertain quest with a vague story shown in confusing cut scenes that possibly gives an indication to what is occurring within the game's narration. The game's music would also have no titles. The HP and MP bars would appear as red and blue

rods on the left bottom corner of the screen, and levels are noted through sound or visual effects to have occurred, but no change is made to the length of the rods, and, instead, a player needs to notice that the chips of power or magic are being removed in less increments when attacked or used. A shield bar that would be green could be added also. The stat building would possibly be decided on what the player is wearing at the time, such as some weird item, medallion, or armor, or else stats can be gained through item use. Unnamed weapons and relics in the game would do unique things, but it would be for the player to test out and realize and understand how they could possibly be used. Keys would also not be blatantly keys, but odd objects that unlock passages or trigger events. The characters in the game would also be probably unusual looking and not able to be described as anything certain. I thought of altering the University of Utah game demo Zoa: The Microscopic Hero into this game. I already considered changing Zoa to be about a creature on a very tiny planet about the size of a wrecking ball with a very strong electromagnetic field around it that crashed into the Earth's surface, making a crater that it rotates in the air within.
If the game wound up good enough to have a fan base, I would think that the players and fans would begin to name everything in the game.

I discussed in my head making publicly dispersing bad medical advice and financial advice illegal, following giving others information about South Africa's Head of Medicine claiming that sweet potatoes would cure HIV and Barack Obama claiming nutrition would counter lead poisoning, and then what occurred at the British Stock Exchange regarding the Rothschild Family. I think that it should be illegal to have dispersed faulty medical advice, but financial advice is a difficult subject to deal with. A person should not be able to direct the public on a wide level that something medically harmful will have benefits, and if a person believes contrary to current teachings on medicine, they can privately investigate it, and upon finding otherwise publish the results and claim publicly what they are stating is true. Financial advice, on the other hand, can be a gamble and is chaotic in nature. A person can give advice on stocks, unaware what will occur, and have it end up disastrous with no fault of their own. Unfortunately, this supposed third party giving financial advice could have also been given the information by an inside party out of ill-intentions, possibly having their decision making tampered with by masers or forced under duress to do so. If a person has made an extreme and large financial gain that seems suspicious, just as a casino floor worker gets concerned if someone is too fortunate, then a person can legally have it investigated using maser instruments in the future.
The thought of publicly dispersing bad scientific information is also a bit of grey subject, where it is good to let people explore if something is incorrect in a scientific manner, but a person should not be able to just claim anything being true, especially when it involves metaphysics. People should not be able to claim metaphysical happenings that are unproven as scientifically correct, especially with a now understanding of their criminal intent. If a person believes something scientifically contrary, they can again privately investigate, and, if found otherwise, they can publicly disperse the information. What the space industries have done with claiming things scientific fact, despite physics books even showing otherwise, should not be tolerated, and their tactics of using extortion and human trafficking are inexcusable.

I have thought the Nintendo game Earthbound had good intentions in its creation regarding its qualities as a mano nera video game but then accepted that it was meant to obfuscate in a means to pretend that they were working against the criminal happenings of religious organizations and the space industry instead of assisting in the extortion. The SNES game, originally titled Mother 2, being a sequel to Mother and named after the John Lennon song, takes place in world that is a comical take on the U.S.A. and its Western name Earthbound leaves the thought of space travel not being possible. Within the game's story the character come across a cult who believe a religion called Happy Happyism. The cult looks suspiciously like K.K.K. members, having the letters H.H. on their head, which often is used as an abbreviation for "Hile Hitler!" but assumed to mean Happy Happyism. The cult also worships the color blue, painting everything blue, meaning that they like to turn everything depressing. They also have as the central figure a golden statue called the Mani Mani Statue, which in name is believed to either be formed from the word "manipulate," or to phonetically be similar to the word "money." I believe that this was meaning to be directed at the L.D.S. Church, K.K.K. members, and also NASA, having their fascist qualities made fun, and pretending that they were doing good for the world, although ruining people's lives and making people unhappy, contradictory to the cult's religion of Happy Happyism. The statue also can be a reference to the golden angel Moroni found upon L.D.S. Church temple buildings. The names Mormon and Moroni were also likely created by Joseph Smith to indicate his desire to

gain fame and fortune through a religion, and his worship of greed. Mormon could have been his play on the word Mammon, which means "greed" and is often depicted as a demon of greed in name, and Joseph Smith decided to fuse the greedy word of "more" into it, producing the name and word Mormon. When a follower of Joseph Smith was asked what Mormon means, Smith replied that it was a reformed Ancient Egyptian word meaning "more good," which would be quite a coincidence that this Ancient Egyptian word matched the same word in modern English of "more." The angel Moroni is just as its sounds, meaning "more own I," and shows intentions of Joseph Smith's greed, too, while also having a swindler's path of thought in also possibly being interpreted as "Moron I," as in a person who moronically was swindled by him.
Earthbound was created and directed by author Shigesato Itoi, who could have had genuine and good intentions while making the game and its meanings, while the company Nintendo had other intentions, using the game to appear working to stop the criminal behavior occurring.

Me and some friends in my head were working on creating a comedy film called The Power Corps., which would help teach about obfuscating performed by criminals and worked by companies to appear to be having justice in motion. The story involves an evil corporation like Monsanto claimed to be involved in criminal wrongdoing, although they are never sought justice for it by the U.S. government. Eventually, a group appears called The Power Corps. who likes to make spectacles of themselves inside and outside of the evil corporation's building, being goofy-looking middle-aged men roller blading, bicycling, and skateboarding around, waving flags and yelling to stop the evil company while also getting in conflicts with the evil company's workers and its security. The Power Corps. are often shown on the news demonstrating against the evil corporation and making statements about them needing to be shutdown, further also creating other public demonstrations that gather people to protest the evil corporation. A documentary is eventually made where The Power Corps.'s leader, a man often seen rolling blading and wearing protective gear in the evil corporation's lobbies, is interviewed throughout it, with him explaining that he came up with The Power Corps. one night when he was really upset at the evil corporation, having read an article about their criminal dealings, and he sat down to watch the 1994 video game adaptation film Double Dragon, and saw a group called The Power Corps. causing havoc in the lobby of the villain Shuko's building, and the evil corporation's corporate leader is named Zuko and is slightly similar in appearance to Shuko, so the leader of The Power Corps. put two and two together and decided to round up some guys to do the same thing that occurred in the film. The Power Corps. members begin to call the evil corporation the "corpse-peration," because one of The Power Corps. head members kept yelling and misspeaking the word corporation as "corpse-peration" during an invasion of the evil corporation, as he waved a flag and rollerbladed around, which wound up creating a news stir with its recorded footage of the event. The group then uses the word "corpse-peration" for the evil corporation in claiming that it is going to wind up one day a corpse of a company. The Power Corps. continues to receive praise from people, but eventually someone starts to spread a rumor that their leader and some of his friends also running The Power Corps. were registered sex offenders. It is first denied, but then the truth comes forward that the claim is true, and the evil corporation and the U.S. government used their political power to hide the status of The Power Corps.'s main members being involved in previous sex crimes, having contracted the registered sex offenders to protest the evil corporation in stunts to confuse and make it appear political change was occurring and justice was being sought for the evil corporation's misdeeds, when actually all political effort was not being made.
Greta Thunberg made me think this possible, too, as apparently the world could only find am angry young girl as their main political voice against global warming instead of an educated adult more knowledgeable on the subject, not the corrupt Al Gore either, and all her political efforts involve sit-ins and confrontations with police rather than reasoning and bringing forward damning evidence against politicians.
This again applies the term "leftist elite" to these people. It also recalls the space industries and the oil corporations' dealings with each, claiming space travel will cure the situation through space travel of the continuous overuse of fossil fuels.

I have a mentality towards the many entertainment ideas in my head, which I consider similar to the poet Pushkin when he gave Nikolai Gogol the idea for Dead Souls, that there is no way that I can even do anything with them, especially over my lifetime, so I again expect nothing of them and do not mind if other people take them.

I think it should be made possible for a business to be able to get a restraining order on a person if they had committed a crime on their property and all the business' other locations or had criminal intent to commit a crime to the business. This includes shoplifters. If a business does catch a person that they had received a restraining order for on their property, they can expect the person to pay for an hour of each of their security personnel's pay checks along with a large fine. If the person commits a crime to the business while having a restraining order, such as shop lifting fines could be made to double.
If the intent towards the business is for political reasons, there is no need to commit a political crime against the business, because the electronic democracy will allow legal action against them to seek justice instead, if what the business' wrongdoings are found legitimate.

When I was at the University of Utah, I suddenly got attacked by people because I had determined that it should be illegal to gather and protest outside the vicinity of a funeral, and any protests can be held elsewhere away from the funeral out of respect for the family and friends of the dead.
Afterwards, my French bulldog Legion, who was old and suffering from physical problems, had died and I buried him in the backyard in a blanket that he liked while people were viciously bullying and harassing me through the maser instruments. Following this, I sat in my room crying about his passing as they continued to show no empathy or respect while I also was strumming on an acoustic guitar and making a written down but now forgot guitar song that was a little similar to "At Your Funeral" by Saves the Day at moments called "Black Bulldog Requiem" in which I struck most the strings all at once.
Even before this, I proposed that the people protesting the funerals of gay people and soldiers were perhaps pedophiles actually desiring to strip away all sexual norms instead by making themselves as ignorant as possible to the public on behalf of God, hiding that metaphysical reasons were not their true motivations through being represented as religious, because they wanted people to think all sexuality should not have to deal with the harassment of others. They obviously show signs of sociopathic behavior in their lack of empathy and respect, and their harassment of others.

While I was attending the University of Utah, I came up with an extremely large amount of unique novel, video game, film, cartoon, and television ideas that I considered valid, quality, and possible future works, along with future ideas for works involving the intellectual properties of other companies.

I created in my head the idea for a 3D world environment video game called Mountain of Monsters, which would often be used by others in symbolism to convey that there are many monsters in the world who should no longer be existing. In my head and noted in files existing in my USB flash drive, my previous game idea Sansukumi-ken would have been a sequel to this game in a series of games called the Mountain of Monster series, which would include other sequels, such as Monster Mountain: Mountain of Monsters II, which would take place in an abandoned and haunted mountainside amusement park, and Mouse Maze: Mountain of Monsters III, also possibly retitled as Muscipula: Mountain of Monsters III, which would be about a genetically altered highly intelligent mouse in a very large and elaborate laboratory mouse maze with hamster tubes connecting various areas, as it avoids traps and fights genetically altered animal creature monsters with advanced weapons that it finds, all because the evil genetic engineer scientist that produced the mouse was testing the mouse's intelligence and being sadistic. The original and starting game in the series is about a hero climbing to the top of a mountain peak above the clouds to eradicate the powerful monsters and their minions that live there. This game would be like a combination of Captain Toad: Treasure Tracker, The Legend of Zelda series games, Souls series games, Dragonslayer series games, Wonder Boy series games, and Resident Evil series games mixed as one, having an aesthetic of almost being a cutesy and haunted house mix of Dark Souls and Resident Evil most of all. The mountain peak environment would have unique locations within it consisting of ice caves, volcanic caves, castles and stone structures, rivers and lakes, and other locations. This game would be entirely an action RPG, but how it would be unique to the RPG genre is that there would exist a finite number of enemies in the game, like Resident Evil, and, with this, a finite amount of experience that can be gained in total. The game's bosses, except for the final boss, can be fought in any order, and these bosses highly determine enemy placement in the game, along with their defeat changing the game's environment, the available enemies, and how strong the proceeding boss is, because bosses gain more strength after one is defeated. Two of the bosses in the game change the available enemies in the game so much, because a defeated enemy will come back first as a zombie version of itself, which can be defeated for

experience, and then a ghost version of itself, which also can be defeated for experience, one boss causing zombies to appear, which would be a boss called Corpse Spider, and another boss causing ghosts to appear, which would be a boss called Bad Luck Curse. If any of these two certain bosses are defeated, the zombie or the ghost versions of the enemies in the rooms and caverns will stop appearing, resulting in a large loss of available experience in the game. In my head, I had transferred the bosses from my game pitch of Makaimura: Destiny Couple into this game, and, to explain how bosses change the environment of the game when defeated, a boss such as the Ice Witch lives on the left side of the mountain where it is snowy, cold, and ice caverns exist, but if she is defeated, it stops snowing and begins raining on the right side of the mountain, the enemies change in their existence, and a fiery and lava area where the boss enemy Hell Bug resides in the right side of the mountain is altered by the rain to cool areas of lava from existing. The game would hopefully contain an extremely large number of secrets, such as the location of special weapons, armor, and magic in areas in the environment only being available at certain times. It would be possible to defeat every enemy in the game, but one would have to find the right path to do so, defeating the bosses in a correct order to make all enemies in the game available to defeat, including their zombie and ghost versions of them. The main character would possibly have with him a mixture of a frog and a treasure box, that is a friendly mimic box, who follows him area to area, and holds all his possessions in it, and can be accessed like an item box in a Resident Evil series game. Like the Capcom game pitch, the main adversary again would be the two-headed demon Liar-Pair who lives at the top of the mountain peak. Once the final boss is defeated, the hero, his wife, and the people of his village decide to live atop the mountain, guarding the mountain so it never happens to be populated by monsters again, and their offspring become bears, explaining the origin of the creation of bears, and their nature of living in the mountains and inside its caves.

I also thought of making this video game idea into a verse play instead, altering it to be more classically respected, which would be titled Urson and the Mountain Nest.
Another verse play that I thought of would be called The Ear Witch, and it has couples being attacked by a witch who likes to turn into an earwig, so to climb in the ears of members of couples where she then whispers secrets about their infidelities and unfaithful behavior, as if they were true, hoping they fight and possibly kill each other.
These are just two in several other verse plays that I have ideas for.

Another possible game in this Mountain of Monsters series would be called Shipwreck Island, and it would be a 2.5D Metroidvania game where a small chibi dot-eyed pirate arrives on a raft to an island with destroyed boats littered all over it, and the game would be meant to play as if Donkey Kong, Donkey Kong Jr., Ghost ‘n Goblins, Pirate Pete, Arabian, Legacy of the Wizard, The Goonies, The Goonies II, and Castlevania: Symphony of the Night were combined together. The player’s chibi pirate character would have play physics that are like Donkey Kong Jr.’s in his eponymous early arcade game, but the fall physics would be like that found in Legacy of the Wizard combined with Dark Souls where falling a longer distance would cause physical harm, and more harm is caused the higher the player falls.

Muscipula is a found in the scientific name for a Venus flytrap, and it literally means in Latin either “mousetrap” or “flytrap”. I was imagining that the game would have the final boss that the mouse fights at the end be a large genetically altered monster flytrap plant with various unusual abilities that is guarding the piece of cheese, which is the mouse’s goal. Like the frog-like treasure box that holds the hero’s inventory in Mountain of Monsters, the mouse would find a hamster friend who follows it around that impossibly holds the entirety of the mouse’s inventory in its stuffed cheeks.
It could also be changed to be a standalone game, not considered with the series, having its subtitle removed and simply just called Muscipula.
I have also thought that people have been attacking and extorting certain people, such as myself, to motivate the person to figure their way out of their situation, so to arrive at new methods of doing things and discover ways to remove the system that placed them in such a predicament, hence why I keep getting attacked.
I also thought of making a film or short story called Muscipula instead, where a sociopathic but intelligent teenager keeps buying mice from pet stores to have them run through an elaborate mouse maze that he designed with several snaking hamster tubes, deadly mechanical traps, and predatory animals like frogs and

snakes, but he eventually buys a mouse that unexpectedly and strangely keeps surviving everything, including dodging the predatory animals.

“Mouse” by Davyn Andersen

When the wilderness sneaks into the habitation
A small animal who belongs to feral creation,
This thief brings with it the fear of the uncivilized,
And terror viewed through its tiny black eyes:
For constant alarm is the mouse’s disposition,
Because in the wild and the civil it is a victim
Wanted dead in a mouth or a well-laid trap,
Knowing it either dies or evades in a snap.

People get worried about being scientifically racist in their own head, with them concerned of being attacked or bullied, even if their mind is just being speculative using scientific observation and historical information. As I stated, I believe that black skin color was a result of evolution taking place, having people with such skin found in the world’s Southern Hemisphere where the Sun is constant and UV radiation also. I also explained that I believe that people were well dispersed throughout the continents, and did not originate out of Africa, like has been claimed. But I also believe that people also innately think differently because of how the climate forced them to do so over many generates of existing within the same location, meaning even a person’s way of thinking can be innate, although not stating it makes them a lesser person or innately criminal in anyway. Racism does have to do with a thought of one race being superior over another, but even if one considered a race superior because of advancements performed by members of their race, these claims are not exactly true, because it was just individuals often making those advancements, and a large sum of most the rest of their race usually is not as capable of doing such things as that individual, but rather took the advancement and began using it like everyone else.

It is my observation that people who originated in the Southern Hemisphere are innately insufficient in inventing utilitarian tools and items compared to people originating from the Northern Hemisphere, and it again has to do with the weather, especially the seasons within the Northern Hemisphere. This includes black African people, black people found in and around Australia, and Polynesian people. These people lived in areas of constant Sun and tropical weather, where it was always comfortable throughout the seasons, and there never was necessity to advance their living situation to adjust for harsh weather conditions, except for rains, monsoons, hurricanes, and earthquakes, and possibly volcanic activity. They had no need to form better housing to keep them warm from snow and freezing cold weather like the people in the Northern Hemisphere, and this happened over many centuries. Polynesian people were and are excellent mariners and understood how to make boats, hence why they were able to get island to island, especially all the way to Hawaii, which was likely formed by volcanic activity rather than breaking away from off lands elsewhere, but they still had no desire for any other advancements in making their life more comfortable in their tropical setting. Their islands are also relatively small, which caused the advancements in boats to avoid overpopulation and seek lands elsewhere, making it a feat performed out of necessity.

Most every inventor has arrived from people originating from the Northern Hemisphere, including modern advancements, so they were all feats of necessity to make less harsher autumns and winters. This includes Middle Eastern people, who are known for early human advancements in the world, who are in the Northern Hemisphere and experience harsh desert conditions, including very cold nights. Peoples of the Northern Hemisphere were and are just faced with more challenging weather conditions and developed better living situations along with general agriculture to survive them. Peoples of the Southern Hemispheres, on the other hand, were always hunters and gatherers, and especially fisherman in the case of Polynesian people. So, with this, it is my scientific theory that the invention of agriculture caused by climate conditions in the Northern Hemisphere caused the existence of strong economic activity and variations in occupations, which then gave the time and ability to create and advance the living situations of the Northen peoples, because members of society were made to hunt and gather less often, or not at all, leaving them less preoccupied and able to work on other possible ways of bettering methods of their occupations or create better ways of living.

Populations being clustered together in large groups also has to do with advancements in human living, because economic activity is higher, along with the existence of many varying occupations, and people are able to trade work and services for food, having gained an occupation through learned skills, rather than growing food or having to find it, which would be very preoccupying to have to do at the same time otherwise, although growing food is less time consuming. Agriculture and economic growth are basically the same and vastly assist in the ability for human advancement. Most every successful civilization has been a group of people existing in the Northern Hemisphere and who conglomerated around rivers, creating a high population in the area, including the Mesopotamian people by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, the Ancient Egyptians by the Nile, the French people by the Seine river, the Indian people by the Ganges River, and the English people by the Thames, with their near rivers allowing for easy access to fresh water and no need to migrate elsewhere. This theory of harsh autumn and winter weather conditions and populations restricted to an area also explains why English people, and those elsewhere in the United Kingdom, along with people who genetically originated from the area, are often producing more inventors than a large amount of the rest of the world, because they are not only very north on the globe, but the islands that there people collected had to develop various forms of agriculture to survive both being in a highly populated area and very cold winter seasons, and the agriculture, economic activity, and inspiring cold also allowed them to build better and stronger housings for themselves, while also those who were poor in agriculture or not skilled at an occupation were more likely to get wiped out by the harsh winters.

I once found an article about the aborigine people of Australia, which I thought was ill-intentioned and incorrect, claiming that the English people first discovered the aborigine people in Australia creating crops, which I highly doubt, as the crops would have made them skilled in occupation that could produce an economy, and I think that those English people would have took advantage of the situation, either getting them to work on crops or performing trade for food by making those crops. I think that they were strictly hunters and gatherers, as they are often seen to be, and that they possibly would not have been treated as poorly as they were if they were agriculturalists, but, instead, they were treated as animals often. Plus, another crooked aspect involving them and their existence in Australia also gives bad numbers are how many of them existed on the land, stating there were anywhere from 300,000 of them to over a million of them, with the low numbers of them helping the argument that they migrated to the island, also aiding claims made that the story of Adam and Eve was factual, instead of the aborigines having existed on the land for very many centuries, drifting with the large island land mass when it was once possibly nearer to Africa.

The Native Americans are an exception to people from the Northern Hemisphere becoming advanced, because they were highly nomadic people that originated from Mongolia, who focused much of their time on hunting and gathering again, and, plus, they discovered two whole large continents further along in human history, finding themselves spreading and populating the lands rather than simply having existed there for many centuries and not creating large civilizations in areas like the people found in Europe, the Middle East, and Asia, but some still developed some more impressive civilizations in Central America and Southern America. The large land area, the spreading out of their people, the fact that they practiced hunting and gathering from their beginnings, and, in this case, the cold winters, caused the Native Americans to not be as advanced of people.

Giving the weather conditions in the Southern Hemisphere, the black African people, the aborigines of Australia, and the Polynesian people were likely motivated throughout centuries to prioritize sports, art, music, dancing, hunting and gathering, and politics, which is what they often are found to excel at, and are fitting to their cultures. Politics are universal in all cultures.

Often people would motivate me to bring up and explain my thoughts on this subject in my head by bringing up the song “Skin Like Winter” by the Christian metalcore band Zao. I think I arrived to this thought that people were altered in appearance by the weather conditions and their style of living a long time ago prior in my youth, but it was contradicted when I told other people about it, but others probably made note of it.

I think that even current climate conditions cause a person to act and look differently in just a single generation being born or raised at a young age in a different climate, as people are often able to tell a person is black African and not first generation African American by their skin tones, the texture of their hair, their skin quality, and even their behavior in appearance and towards others, although it could be a matter of superficial living conditions, including availability to products and different housing. This even sometimes occurs with Mexican people being able to be realized as being raised in childhood in Mexico rather than the U.S., again just being able to gauge them in appearance and behavior, but also it could just be the culture.

A person born of immigrants also never gains and even foreign accent and even behaviors of their parents, despite how thick their accent is, and I think it possible the climates alter how a person speaks, including possibly the humidity or arid quality of their surroundings. I thought that it would be a good experiment to create an isolated British town in the central U.S. that is only accessible by British people to raise children there to see if their way of speaking alters, possibly only having access to British television and pretending itself within the U.K. This could test how well it economically functions, too.

Regarding Native Americans and their reservations, many of their population are extremely poor, lacking in electricity and water within their suburban houses, and, criminal behavior is quite common within the reservations, including rape and building meth labs, so I think people should be able to investigate them with masers, gauge them for criminal behavior, and if lacking in such a mentality, give them the opportunity to move to a more populated location where they can be individually given money over a period of time to set themselves up there, with them expected to receive an occupation and maintain themselves after the given time. I think many of the reservations were purposely located in lands that no one would desire, unable to even create agricultural endeavors upon them, and instead were made to make the Native Americans there suffer. It is a form of segregation that they are choosing to live or are being put through, and in this modern society it is a bad choice to segregate yourself, especially because of the lack of economic growth it creates. I even thought this true if African Americans desired to make a nationalist state or area in the country that it would largely lead to disaster with the current governing of the U.S. I think it possible that tribe leaders might be pocketing money and keeping it for themselves instead of dispersing it to those in the tribe, because apparently many of the tribe's people are not getting utilities. This is even possible on lands where a popular casino has been set up, and some of them are financially gaining from the casino, but others are still in poverty. Plus, the success of the casinos does not seem to have those running them brining in businesses and job growth, so they are making no effort to make sure that other people in the tribe have employment and a living, building an economy on their land.

After expressing these opinions in my head, I had people assisting me in the thought that they can make Native American locations within larger city limits, just as many Asian people like to do. They can also get assistance from Asian businesses needing help. Also, if Asian people desired, they could help assist in areas that have a thriving casino, bringing in business, as has already occurred before. The Native America people of the tribe can also keep equal ownership of the land, unless oil is found on it, which I want the whole U.S. public to take ownership of instead of them.

It is possible that these people on reservations are being attacked, especially because of both Christian and L.D.S. teachings, such as Adam and Eve begetting everyone, yet a whole two continents were filled with other people, and the L.D.S. Church's beliefs from the Book of Mormon stating that the existing native people of the Americas were cursed in both their skin and behavior to be evil.

I speculated during my second Christmas working for Home Depot while on the floor that if Barack Obama had tried to eradicate hate groups that most of the public would have been fine with it, but if he claimed that he desired to create a nationalistic black state within the U.S., people would have then held back on it. Many African American Islamist desired to do this. Malcolm X, who I in no way agree with, desired to have a black nationalist state created, in an act of "separation, but not segregation," which I would think would result in a situation worse than segregation, and this was all in a desire to remove African American people from the U.S. to get them back to Africa, where he also claimed he wanted the U.S. to give them agricultural equipment after doing do. Malcolm X would also state to a Neo Nazi leader that they shared many things in common. I think the expectations on this were terrible. Many African people would not want them arriving back at Africa in mass, and they would not like their land taken away. Plus, this tactic is all very racially motivated and possibly has just racist people working for it to occur out of hatred. As, I wrote, I think Malcolm X was just working to make sure racist African American went to Islam instead of Christianity, as their two given choices. This probably motivated his departure from the Nation of Islam, him stating and claiming the information of their then current leader Elijah Muhammad being a rapist of underage girls, and then him being eventually shot to death by members of the Nation of Islam.

I think that the C.I.A. had a hand in even making the African American U.S. form of Islam, because it gives attached stories of black racial superiority that include a black scientist with a giant head named Yakub, humorously depicted in illustrations, using what was considered eugenics, although with what is being claimed occurred cacogenics is the better word, to make both the evil white devil and the Jews, who also eventually lived in caves in Europe. This is just many bizarre stories involving him, such as white people

forming into gorillas and an origin story of the world where a god-scientist blew up the Moon that black people were living on. Reading the tone of the story, I believe that it was made in humor by racist white people to show many black people being equally racist. The Nation of Islam's founder Wallace Fard Muhammad was a man who kept his identity unknown, and forensic researchers would find him as several other people, often somehow pulling off being considered a Caucasian, a Middle Easterner, and an African American.
As of today, Nation of Islam is considered a hate group, especially for its constant preaching of white people being the devil, along with stating Jews as conniving people.
When Barack Obama left office a picture suddenly showed up afterwards, which I believe was planned in its time of release, showing Barack Obama with current Nation of Islam leader Louis Farakkhan, and the motive in this was to try to show Barack Obama possibly too black, an untrustworthy amount of black that would have lost him the election, although this was to obfuscate that he did absolutely nothing for African Americans.
I have thought it a good idea to study African people's abilities in engineering, finding intelligent African Americans that have academic success willing to be interested and put through the highest quality engineering school, like MIT, to see how they perform and if they produce results, such as properly creating efficient new industrial machinery. It could be provided government paid for a company to allow an African American graduate of the program to attempt to create new industrial equipment for a company who also has a backup engineer working for their needs, too. This might be a bit offensive, and I kept discussing this in my head with people, who I tried to make it as polite as possible, but I also said to not sugar coat, because there is an actual problem where, if researched, the majority of inventions and industrial equipment patents, although possibly under a company, would have had someone or people originating from the Northern Hemisphere being responsible for inventing it. I also explained how Africa is the most impoverished continent on the planet, and they really are not exceeding both economically and industrially. I also speculated that it was possible information, including technical trade manuals, were not being allowed to largely black populated countries.
Africa is viewed as quite a dangerous place by most the world, both politically, criminally, environmentally, and pathologically, and I would like to have criminals and religions removed from it, so to see if it could start economically functioning well, because there is a lot of prospects in the land, including oil, gold, and diamonds, which are all poorly being handled. After making sure the country is safe, it would be proper to place businesses within the country helping more efficiently work their resources, paying workers fairly, and aiding in economic growth. As of now, celebrities do not even like stepping in the continent sometimes, even musicians who are African American not tour there because of the dangers and the lack of money from the constant poverty found there.

Again, regarding race and ethnicities, criminality and people born with criminal personalities is the main problem in the world, and I think that criminal individuals of all races and ethnicities do not like that a person's race or ethnicity can show them innately thinking differently, meaning a person was born with a different mental state, even criminals with their mentality.
Terrible members of a race or ethnicity with criminal personalities always place good members of a race or ethnicity in jeopardy and in social dilemmas, and it just shouldn't be allowed for them to exist anymore.

I also have an idea for a possible continued food source of stone crab claws, just keeping them bred and living in enclosed fisheries, breaking a single claw off and then letting it regenerate the claw to be broken off again.

Conspiracies involving Lady Gaga became further possible now that she is connected to two falling deaths and mirrored a falling death in her music video for her song "Paparazzi", which could have been performed through maser use, also she was visiting and seen with Joe Biden, showing favor for the U.S. President, who is involved in several criminal acts, and she was advertising for the prescription migraine medicine Nurtec OTD in commercials for the pharmaceutical product, which the maser instruments can human traffic victims to feel a desire to purchase. She has been speculated to have caused Lina Morgana's death, because the two were involved in working in music together, and her video for "Paparazzi" mirrored the death, and then fully tattooed Canadian actor, model, and musician Rick Genest, known as Zombie Boy, who appeared in Lady

Gaga's video for "Born This Way" died in a falling death also. Lady Gaga would later tweet that he committed suicide, but it was clarified that it was an accident, and then she later erased the tweet.
Several times while I was working at Home Depot and being bullied, I would be above on the electric ladder and have someone claiming that they were either going to make me fall or slip off, and even sometimes they made me discombobulated for a moment through the masers. They would bring up that I was making fun of her and her Nurtec OTD commercials, because I claimed, with sound music business advice, that you would have to be pretty old and washed up to be a musician and get away with being in such a commercial. In no way did she even need the money for those television advertisements. I also joked that she must have been hanging around Tony Bennett too long and forgot her age, thinking that she was well into her senior years and had her career and life already nearing its end like him.

I think that Pearl Jam and criminals involved in maser use, especially connected to news, where involved in Jeremy Wade Delle's death, in which their song "Jeremy" is claimed only partially about. Eddie Veddar is very bullying to Jeremy throughout the song, because he committed suicide in front of his class using a gun, but he did not hurt any of his classmates. In later interviews he would claim that he was inspired to write the song because the occurrence of his suicide just became a small article in the pages of a newspaper, and he should have "proved himself" to others rather than killing himself. What is being complained about is that Jeremy did not shoot members of his class instead of killing himself, which would have created larger news in the fact that he had committed mass murder. Eddie Veddar claims that he wrote the lyrics to the song based off Jeremy Wade Delle's death along with a boy that he went to school with, but I believe that this was used as an excuse for when he was asked why he was bullying a boy who killed himself, claiming portions of the lyrics were directed at this person instead. He also seems to be bullying Jeremy for being heterosexual and claiming that the child in question was innocent, and the bullying did not lead to violence, but instead he maintained heterosexual behavior.
A lyric from his song Jeremy is:

Clearly, I remember picking on the boy
Seemed a harmless little f—,
Oh, but we unleashed a lion,
Gnashed his teeth and bit the recess lady's breast.
How could I forget?

There are other instances of him being fraudulent in his behavior, such as him complaining about Ticket Master's concert fees, having them control his band's concert ticket prices, but he could have easily had controlled his band's concert fees and taken his music performances elsewhere if he was so adamantly against them. His band's name could have also definitely been a euphemism for sperm as a joke to them, which they deny, claiming it a Janis Joplin reference.

The film Powder (1995) was directed by Victor Salva, who was a registered sex offender at the time, and it was released by Walt Disney Co. while its distribution company was called Buena Vista Film Distribution, and the film purposely casted an actor that looked like Eddie Vedder as the role of the bully in order to convey that people who are born different and unique will be protected from people like Eddie Vedder through the maser instruments.

The deaths of Chris Cornell and Chester Bennington most definitely could have been these criminals with maser instruments, and some conspiracy theories involving both their deaths have possible validity.

I started giving music advice in my head on the floor of Home Depot based off an occurrence that happens with hardcore bands. A hardcore band, especially a popular older hardcore band like Gorilla Biscuits and Youth of Today, can make a living simply only by touring without releasing any new music, despite having just anywhere from one to two full-length records worth of songs. Even if the popular New York hardcore band Project X was listed on a bill, they would pull in a large crowd, despite them only releasing an extremely rare seven inch pressed with only five-hundred copies and containing only five songs. Bands these days make the majority of their money off of touring rather than record sales, especially because of modern streaming

services, so one of the only purposes for releasing a record is to keep the band fresh in the mind of its fans and possibly gain fans, while appeasing the desire to fulfill a creative output for the artists, but a problem is that the record could end up terrible, poorly reviewed, and disliked even by their fans, actually hurting a band or musician's reputation and ticket sales while touring. Plus, many bands who have become popular already have a long list of songs in their repertoire desired by their fans to hear live, and when releasing a new album and having it poorly received or even just considered average and boring, the musicians could have created worry that the band will want to play many of the new songs live rather than focusing on their already liked set list. So, instead of doing this and possibly hurting their ticket sales, what I had begun to suggest is to only make singles and extended play records to lower the risk of creating a large amount of harmful and disliked new songs, while only releasing the music if it is deemed worthy of the band's live set list. Doing this, the musicians can keep their modern act and band formation around, keep themselves fresh in people's mind by releasing a good single, not harm their tour sales, and then start side projects as creative musical outlets, such as a supergroup or another artistic endeavor that deviates from their expected sound either slightly or drastically, making appealing new music that is not considered average, and even if it ends up not liked, at least it can be abandoned and not expected in the original band's set list.

I started to bring up that classic music composers usually got better in their musical output with age, often having their final symphony very appreciated, but popular music usually ends up having an expected sound that can only be taken so far before it possibly gets too redundant and unappealing. In a double-edged sword, the fans of the music have expectations for what the band must sound like while also those expectations are causing unsurprising and boring new music.

I have often singled out Metallica as an example of this. Metallica is an extremely popular band, but they release modern music that does not get well received, and they already have a huge set list of songs that people already like and expect to hear live, and so they possibly fill much of their set list with their way less appealing and undesired new tracks of musical output, and large amounts of people will still see them live, but they are there to hear mostly old songs in their set list, and those fans probably do not even want to hear the most recent songs. But if they just released singles or short extended plays instead under their band, sure in themselves that the single or songs on an extended play were worth listening to, they would stop any worry of disliked portions in their set list, and then members of their band, or their entire band, could start one or more side projects under different names, possibly even releasing an entirely extreme metal album with an extreme metal vocalist, showing their skill as members of Metallica, but having a unique and different sound from their renown band. Keeping their existing band around and touring while starting such a side project will also not upset fans, fearing the band disbanded to focus on other music, and they would still exist as a band to play their older music live. It will also make their tours a rarer thing to occur and more appealing at the same time, them focusing on side projects for a brief time.

Also, some musicians are one hit wonders who can live off the money from their royalties gained from their one single song that they made the rest of their life, so that shows the worth in just releasing singles. Plus, starting a side project that releases a possible popular single, even if the side project is considered a one hit wonder, would result in financial gain and the ability to add the popular song to the former bands set list, perhaps as a surprise, knowing it to be a liked song.

Members of Blink-182 have done this with such side projects as +44, Angels and Airwaves, Box Car Racer, and The Transplants each releasing albums with at least one popular single.

On the other hand, a one hit wonder with only one liked song has only the possibility and gamble of releasing a good new full-length record that is well praised.

The record company is just making money from a possibly bad record instead, risking hurting the band on their label in the process. Contracts are likely forcing a record out that the artists are not even prepared to make, and the artists likely could lack the desire to even try to phone in a record. They need artistic freedom, and no force or pressure placed on them to produce new music. Many of these early and popular hardcore bands were just releasing underground records at their own freewill, for the most part, even using their own money. It is possible to make it illegal to expect in a contract to force more than present artistic output, but an artist might not receive an immediate larger amount of money for a contract of several expected number of record releases from a label in advanced, but, if the artist does well, they can either haggle or shop around for their next release as a more successful artist with their current record company or another record company. Technically, they are just being forced to settle, gaining an immediate satisfaction, and gaining less money if they are successful. Also, sometimes a record company drops a band from their label, voiding a contract, but

they would sue a successful artist if they did not produce the expected number of records otherwise, so I think making such laws would be the proper thing to do, releasing one record at a time, and not hurting the artist when touring.
This music business advice, like financial advice, is a gamble, but I think it to be sound advice.
These thoughts on contracts apply to all forms of artistic endeavors, including films, comic books, and all forms of written works, including novels and poetry books.
This method of doing things can also apply to sports, having a contract only last a season for all players, and it will motivate a player to do better each season, so they are a more valuable player who will be sought to be bought for a larger contract.
Another type of stipulation that can be put into law regarding contracts is that a publishing company can only ask for an equal portion of the creative rights to a work between all parties who created it, and that is the most they can demand.

While on the floor at Home Depot I was having my thoughts attempted to be contorted that hardcore and extreme metal bands were purposely attempting to make political messages seem crazy by having political lyrics placed to crazy sounding music, which does happen and seems somewhat understandable, but I countered that I likely would do the same, writing such lyrics and producing such music, if I had the artistic abilities and opportunity to do so. I write matching poetry sometimes, and most my early artistic written output was inspired from reading lyric booklets, especially including those of hardcore bands, mimicking them often in style. Again, there are a few schools of thought: first is that the person is correct that the political messages are placed to insane sounding music and possibly making the opinions seem insane in doing so; second is that the political messages are being placed in obscure music to get the messages out there; third is they want the lyrics possibly reviewed in the lyric book rather than understood immediately by a party they do not want reading it; forth is that such political messages fit the music and the people who desire to listen to it; fifth is that it is being used in forms of counterintelligence, such as having a person being permitted to make such insane sounding music and making the lyric's messages seem insane, too, although the political messages are valid and important, tricking those who allowed them to release it into spreading the information; sixth it is being used to make political people with such opinions appear insane. There might be some other aspects that I missed.
I often think that the band Eighteen Visions might have been doing this. There early and very rare record "Yesterday Is Time Killed" only had a thousand copies issued on CD on a record label that had only so few works released, and the lyric book, which I love the art within it, had its lyrics written in a scattered, chaotic, and crazy mess, both handwritten and typed with what would seem a broken typewriter, and having torn pages sewn and stapled to each other in the artwork. A song within its number of very dark and disturbing other songs gave me an interesting thing to ponder on and realize it to be correct, though. In the song "The Psychotic Thought That Satan Gave Jesus" the lyric "God is his own Anti-Christ!" ends the song. They would later rerelease the song on their album, "The Best of Eighteen Visions", although maybe considering it able to be released with no harm. Once in an interview that I read, their singer James Hart would be asked about the lyric, and he would reply that when he was writing those lyrics, he was just attempting to say some of the craziest, darkest, and most controversial things that he could imagine. I also think that they took such an odd creative direction after their album "Until the Ink Runs Out" to have their earlier music looked over by some but still have the band relevant and the earlier works investigated, but I might be wrong. I liked their albums more when the band's music was insane and all over the place, reflecting pure chaos, even in their album artwork. One of their last unique creative works reflecting their chaotic nature rather than the fashioncore band that they would become was a seven inch record with a painting of bees and using their vampire stake logo: this perhaps symbolizing either the beehive state, Utah, the act of being attacked like a swarm of bees when trying to correct corruption, such as indicated in the film Candyman (1992), and the stake representing trying to remove the world of harmful maser users acting as vampires.
Some of my friends and I drove all the way to Boise from Salt Lake City to see them once, because they often refused to play shows in Utah, except for one after "Until the Ink Runs Out" came out with Throwdown at Kilby Court. We watched them headline and play with Misery Signals, and once they began playing, we were all hoping to hear their older songs after each of their newer songs kept being played one after another, but no old songs were found in their set list, making them put on a bad and very awful show. Finally, near their sets end, they started playing the intro to one of their songs "Prelude to an Epic" and the crowd got really excited

and moving, people in the mosh pit thrashing about and pantomiming hearts breaking with their hands in their air, all with the song being expected to lead into “Flowers for Ingrid”, but immediately after the into came to its end they transitioned into a new song to close out their set.
I didn’t realize at the time, although I understood how terrible it was, but I was trying to be taught, along with others, about the awful state of being trolled and becoming the victim of passive aggressive behavior.
A person there not with us, but familiar as being a straight edge person in the Salt Lake City hardcore scene got so upset at this that he began to punch a member of the audience. We immediately ran out of the show after this, but were being followed through a nearby park, with the person following us yelling for us to stop. When we did turn around to hear what he had to say, the straight edge guy with us was asked the young man, “What do you want?” and the man began to say, “I was just wondering why you started to punch my youth minister?” and then began to awkwardly still question him after the straight edge guy with us told him to go back to the show. He didn’t take the hint, and as he was still speaking the straight edge guy with us punched him straight in the mouth, knocking him on his bottom, where he then dizzily made to get up, stumbled upon his feet, and then began to run away.
We left Boise immediately after, having picked up a few other people from Salt Lake City that we didn’t know would be there. During a conversation, a person with us that I knew said that he was uncircumcised, having a father who was directly from Poland, and I responded, “Huh? That’s weird?” after describing the status of his penis, and he, slightly upset, asked, “Do you have a problem with that?” and I, not very confrontational on small matters, replied, “No. No problem.”
I had the CD album “Yesterday Is Time Killed” once, desiring to have it after my neighbor showed me a copy of it and I saw the art inside of the booklet, but then traded it into a local record store, which I often did, and then gained it once again, studying it again, only again to have it traded into the record store.
For a short time, I worked at my aunt’s laundromat in junior year of high school, and I would bring art supplies, including a typewriter and yarn, attempting to make artwork like that in the lyric booklet with original lyrics that I wrote myself for a nonexistent band, but my artwork was not as successful.
The album’s title is also a statement on people wasting people time and lives.
Chaos is important and better than anything, having occur the unexpected.
People with maser instruments might have had a part in a friend of theirs committing suicide. Al Slack was a singer of a Salt Lake City hardcore band called Lifeless. Eighteen Visions would sometimes cover their song “Darkness”, and their first extended play was named Lifeless after the band. He was considered an eco-terrorist because he assisted in bombing a mink farm. Afterwards, he would suffer legal troubles from the occurrence, a car accident that crippled him coming back home from Denver, and then he would commit suicide in his garage by means of his vehicle exhaust. They probably got that upset at his criminal behavior towards the mink farm in Utah being attacked.
Mink is just made for wealthy people, and hunters at least catch and make their furs, often eating the meat after, but I don’t think mink farms should exist because they just imprison the creatures and then skin them. I don’t think experimentation on monkeys should exist anymore either.
Often, I would buy hardcore albums, mainly metalcore albums, because of the artwork on them. I would constantly ask the bass player for the band XClearX if any copies of their extended play “The Sickness Must End” was available at the record store he worked at, or if he was willing to sell me one, because I loved the expressionistic character on its cover, and he would always say, “No.” I also began listening to the Christian metalcore band Zoa’s album “The Splinter Shards, the Birth of Separation” and “Where Blood and Fire Bring Rest” because of their album covers, and I really liked the poetic lyrics for the latter, despite their Christian themes, and also their song “Skin Like Winter” and its artwork for their split with the band Training for Utopia. Solid State Records had great cover artists working for them. Later, this concept of enjoying messy artwork would also apply to albums outside of hardcore music, such as Stanley Donwood’s art for each Radiohead album, especially Amnesiac, in which he is highly praised for. I constantly always tried to make similar art of my own throughout and after high school that matched its chaotic nature.
One band I really enjoyed and was obsessed with the music of in high school, was a Canadian screamo band called New Day Rising, who also had a split with another great band called Hourglass from Buffalo, New York. New Day Rising was very political in their messages, and I really loved their lyrics. I once had to take summer school for a failed class in high school. They made me take it at a different high school that I had to drive a short way to get to. One day, I was asked by another student in the class if I wouldn’t mind driving him home in my truck. I said, “Yes,” and then I drove him to his house that was a bit near mine. I was

listening to the New Day Rising and Hourglass split recorded, and the song "Poster" was playing. A moment in the song has a break with no instrumentation but just vocals from the lead singer and a backup singer, who are each screaming the line, "I wish it all away!" The other student I was driving home then asked, "Don't this stuff give you nightmares?" I would later realize this to be like a line given to the lead character in the mentioned Utah filmed mano nera horror movie Carnival of Souls when she explained that she was not religious and didn't believe in any of it.

I was a huge underachiever in high school, often leaving school while it was in session to go do something else, such as going to a restaurant or a friend's house to play video games or watch movies and never caring to do homework. On one of the final days of my senior year, my biology teacher told me that he gave me a B, and I asked if I could leave class with my friends, because I already was given my grade, and when told that he would mark me a whole grade down, I left anyways and he did just that when I got my report card. My report card was most always just above a 2.0. I once took a math class, and my one and only motivation was to be better than a fellow student at math, and that was it, which gave me very positive grades. When I had to take math classes at the Salt Lake Community College, I really enjoyed them and found them fun, and my friends, who attended college when I didn't, had to take several classes over, but I didn't, despite masers and bullying occurring to me while I was taking tests. I think The Common Core State Standards was designed to sabotage students, just like the No Child Left Behind Act was. The math is especially unsound.

I was showing in my head to people that there are easy ways to mentally solve math problems by breaking down large numbers to make them simpler, say if a person was given a problem such as 21688 divided by 4, you separate it into 20000, 1000, 600, 80, and 8, and then divide each of the three round numbers by four, resulting in 5000, 250, 150, 20, and 2 and then you add the results to get 5422. That's how I think while doing math problems in my head. I also did this while working at Home Depot. When coming home from work I would find math videos on YouTube that people would have me look at because I was criticizing and investigating Common Core while also proving myself still sane. I concluded that most math problems can just plain be written out better while also the older methods of math are better and correct in how math scientifically functions, especially because math problems can be read like sentences or music.

There was a viral math problem of $6 \div 2(1 + 2)$, which people were saying had two answers, and it is kind of true that it does have two answers because of faulty math providing alternative methods, but there is an exact answer. Most people use the modern method of doing PEMDAS in an order left to right for multiplication and division, which I find incorrect. Giving the left to right order, the equation is performed with the parentheses first $6 \div 2(1 + 2) = 6 / 2(3)$, and then the divide is accepted as being the next proper step $6 \div 2(3) = 3 (3)$, and then multiplication occurs with the remaining equation $3 (3) = 9$. But the old way would be taken in a literal order, except the addition and the subtraction need to be performed left to right. This would be $6 \div 2(1 + 2) = 6 \div 2(3)$, then multiplication $6 \div 2(3) = 6 / (6)$ and then divide $6 \div 6 = 1$. This one is the correct answer because of the distributive property in math. Because of the distributive property, the equation has other things that can be performed before PEMDAS, because the equation had already had a number technically removed from the parentheses. Before PEMDAS this can be performed $6 \div 2(1 + 2) = 6 \div (2 + 4)$, because the two was distributed back into the parentheses, and then PEMDAS can be performed, parentheses first resulting in $6 \div (2 + 4) = 6 \div 6$ and then $6 \div 6 = 1$, which is the proper answer. To appease a teacher, a student can show both the new and old answers, and how they worked them using both methods, with the new way, the Common Core way, being the answer in the teacher's book. An important thing to remember is that the division sign is just as good as a divider line in a fraction, so the problem $6 \div 2(1 + 2)$ can be viewed as a fraction instead as $6 / 2(1 + 2)$ where the 6 is above and the $2(1 + 2)$ is below. This again would make the answer 1, because the top portion would be left alone, and the bottom portion would be performed as $2(1 + 2) = 2(3)$ and then $2(3) = 6$, so the fraction will be $6 / 6$ and then performed as $6 / 6 = 1$, because it becomes a whole number. The fraction of $6 / 2(1 + 2)$ can also be reduced as a fraction prior to what is in the parentheses being performed, again, resulting in 1 being the proper answer, with it worked as:

$6 / 2(1 + 2) = 3 / (1 + 2) = 3 / 3 = 1$. I say the proper way of doing things is to always read a division sign as a fraction divider, and then follow PEMDAS in literal order, except add and subtract are read left to right, because of how multiplication works. Properly reading an equation such as $6 \div 2(1 + 2)$ has a demand of the $(1 + 2)$ having 2 of it. Multiplication notes how much of several of something is needed, so it is always done first when it is clustered together, making PEMDAS literal for multiplication and division. Altering the amount of a sum needing to be multiplied makes the equation incorrect, because the number loss the proper

number of times it needed to be multiplied. This is why in PEMDAS the E for the exponent is before the multiply, as the exponent is also stating in the equation how much an exact number needs to be multiplied by itself, which is very important to solve first. If you had an equation 2 with an exponent also of 2, you would do it first and it would equal 4, it being read 2^2, but it can also be read as (2 x 2) and as a multiple in parentheses instead, equaling the same thing, and the exponent version is just a simplified way of stating it. It's just easier to write, say, 3^ 4, rather than (3 x 3 x 3 x 3). The exponent is just a multiple simplified.
I concluded that there are more precise ways to write out an equation for what is expected, such as using parentheses to always indicate what is needed to be done first, such as 6 ÷ 2(1 + 2) being written as (6 ÷ 2)(1 + 2), which would be correct in resulting to 9. It kind of makes an equation look ugly, though, because of constant parentheses everywhere.
Another method of proving this is to write out the math problem in words, so 6 ÷ 2(1 + 2) in words would be written out as: "Six needs to be divided by what two multiplying what one plus two equals." Given this, six would be divided by two multiplied by three, so six would be divided by six, and that would equal one. The specified amount needing to be multiplied is stated within the problem's sentence.
You might think that by my logic one would have perform multiplication before an exponent if they are both considered multiplication, and the exponent is just multiplication expressed in a simpler form. This would not be scientifically correct again if you just write the problem out as a sentence. Give the problem 15 x 3^3. Written in a sentence it would be: "Fifteen needs to multiply what three multiplied by itself threefold equals." Solving this, it would be fifteen needs to multiply twenty-seven, which would equate to four-hundred and five. Although an exponent is multiplication, it also represents exponential growth, which is an increase in number proportional to its current value in quantity.
ALWAYS DO MULTIPLICATIONS CLUSTERED TOGETHER AS THEY ARE SHOWN BEFORE DIVISION!
Scientifically the reason why the A for addition and S for subtraction in PEMDAS needs to be performed together and varying from left to right in order is because the amounts keep fluctuating in what is being said needing to occur. Give an equation 6 - 5 + 4 – 2. This is stating: "Six needs five subtracted to it, then four added to it, and then two subtracted from it." So, six subtracted by five would be one, and then four added to one would be five, and then five subtracted by two would be three. It is demanding that amounts be either added and subtracted in the order that they arrive, and you would not do addition first in the order of operations when subtraction was shown needing to be done first, simply because it possibly will create an inappropriate and incorrect amount demanded to be subtracted from in the beginning number.

People performing large amounts of fraud, especially in the government, do not want you to learn to be great at math.

We began calling Barack Obama by several funny nicknames, such as Poster and T-Shirt, in reference to his Shepard Fairey posters and t-shirts with HOPE written on them, and they are ironic, because we believe they do inspire a form of hope unintentionally. I started to call him Costume, because he was just superficially worn by others to present and accept contrary political actions or inactions that were unknowingly against the liberal and democratic cause that people thought he was to be working on behalf of, and others thought Costume was a proper nickname, too.

I had expressed my opinions in my head to others that Bettye LaVette and Bon Jovi's cover of Sam Cooke's song "A Change is Gonna Come" during Barack Obama's inauguration celebration now, in context, was seriously extremely offensive with what superficial change occurred and how much things politically stayed the same, while also the fact that Barack Obama was placed in office to commit crime and fraud using both his race and his supposed former occupation as a civil rights attorney and behalf of people who could care less about racially equality, and them using the song and its political meaning for their corrupt purposes.
We began to make a repeated comedy segment in my head where a punk or hardcore song keeps getting used in a soft and slow renditions of themself during a U.S. President's inauguration, always performed by Bon Jovi and another singer fitting to the new U.S. President's supposed cause, and Bon Jovi always slowly creeping and rhythmically stepping in to perform the song, but then after the inauguration what is expected to occur doesn't, and the expected even gets worse in the opposite direction, because some member of the Senate always plays in a bill contrary in expectations.

For instance, one of these comedy segments would have a vegan U.S. President put in office, and during the inauguration a slow and soft rendition of "Uproar" by the hardcore band Gouge Away is then performed by Bon Jovi and Paul McCartney, who McCartney is a well-known celebrity for Animal Rights, and because of the song and its statement against laboratory experimentation on monkeys, it is assumed that action will be taken to cease experiments on monkeys, but after the vegan U.S. President performs no actions for such a cause, and a U.S. Senator places in a bill successfully that makes what can be performed on a laboratory monkey even worse. We also joked to have "Firestorm" by Earth Crisis used instead in different results. Other versions of the joke in the series of comedy segments include "Suburban Home" by the Descendents during a housing crisis, "Unity" by Operation Ivy used during wartime, giving false hope of stopping a war, and then also "Straight Ahead" by Straight Ahead when people really need a helping hand in cleaning up and aiding displaced people after a large number of natural and industrial disasters occurred, always resulting in no actions being made or becoming worse.

I would claim to those in my head that the criminals running the governments are not paying attention that their passive aggressive and criminal behavior is breeding cultures that despise them. Literally any concert attended when George W. Bush was in office, no matter the artist, unless they were country, and, even then, sometimes when they were country, had musician after musician telling the crowd how much they hated the U.S. President and how the government was running, and the audience more than often agreeing. But then U.S. Presidents and politicians would succeed him and treat him kindly and fairly, despite supposedly being liberal, not considering that many of the public hates the person that they are being cordial and friendly to. A thought that I had is that most people love their country, but they hate their government more than anything, and this is happening worldwide, so it is better to have the people that love their country run the government, and then maybe as a people running the government, the government will become to be liked again. Everything is culture within the world's countries, even if it is crass and considered not classy, but it is important to understand and be fully aware of all cultures despite trying to appear to have some form of class. That is what is important to being cultured, and not just understanding what is considered refined and classy.

I think appearance contracts should not be legal to allow for anyone to be restricted in what is said to a person. I considered this to be why politicians were allowed to be interviewed on talk shows, pretended everything to be level with them, when an interviewer could have brought up a subject they did not wish to be asked about, such as George W. Bush appearing on several talk shows, yet not questioned about 9/11 in anyway.

The South Korean film Oldboy (2003) could have been inspired and directed at me, because its story, although based on a Japanese manga and varying from its original work, is about a man isolated for several years by captors, training to avenge himself for it by watching and studying entertainment, and is released after around fifteen years, which all turns out to be motivated by a wealthy person who was harmed by the man's actions of spreading a rumor when the wealthy person's forbidden sexual desires and perversions were discovered by him. It is the middle film in Park Chan-Wook's Vengeance Trilogy, and his third film Lady Vengeance (2005) has a woman who, after years of imprisonment on a serial killer's behalf to aid her situation, singles out the serial killer that she assisted, who is now pretending to be an honest and kindhearted educator to young school children, but he is also filming himself murdering children, too. For reasons of revenge, this woman kidnaps him and has the parents of his child victims slowly torture him to death.

One time, a long time ago, I was just sitting at my house during the late evening doing nothing while people kept talking to me and bullying me in my head, and I kept complaining to them that I wanted my ex-girlfriend back and for them to get out my head and leave me alone. So, after probably being furious at them and their behavior, I was just looking at regular things on my computer for a while and suddenly someone connected to me got upset and antsy, looked up the nearest cathouse by Salt Lake City, which was called The Swallowtail, had me rush out the door, and then drove me towards Elko, Nevada to go to that cathouse there, although I had never been to one, but was just aware of their existence. It was the middle of the night, and I doubted that it would even be open if I even got there and then desired to go in. Passing through Magna towards the highway that leads to Nevada someone kept flashing Holocaust images in my head and was angry about it. It had become night after I had passed by The Great Saltair and Tooele, and I was listening to music on my iPod through the radio, and Grimes' album Visions was playing, which I never had a problem with listening to

before, but the person connected to my body treated it with embarrassment, such as with the feelings of listening to a song that is a guilty pleasure on accident in front of other people. I drove all the way to Elko, had construction in the streets directing me in unusual directions, and then came to my senses, gaining back my motor functions, and drove back home. I guess that, with the feelings of a guilty pleasure and the construction to Elko's roads, they were saying that some things regarding an embarrassing situation about what was occurring with extortion, voyeurism, sex trafficking, and pornography needed fixing.

Studying conspiracy theories and criminal behavior, I was once watching a death row interview with Ted Bundy where he largely claimed that pornography had caused him to do what he did, and that after seeing some pornography he became addicted, and then began looking for something more extreme. Later, he let slip out while speaking during the interview that you cannot show a person of his sort that form of entertainment, for it will give them ideas, and then cause them to seek criminal behavior, which gives a strong impression of his innate personality being responsible for his actions and not the pornography itself.
I have also brought forward the concept that if pornography is claimed to damage a person mentally than actual sex would completely result in destroying a person's mental state to a further degree, them performing the acts depicted in the pornography, even if it is with a person that they are married to, so this would make it an ill-intentioned claim, and those making the claims are likely doing so for criminal reasons, including hiding an innatehood in sexuality.
Some people just naturally do things either way, for better or for worse.
Though I have stopped using pornography completely over many years, I have had an on and off opinion about it, often thinking that a person who wishes to eradicate pornography being possibly a pedophile wishing to hide their disposition, and a person who finds it necessary to live being a possible rapist in their disposition, so moderation is necessary instead. I am then attempted to get bullied out my thoughts on this in a desire to make my stance incorrect, even believing it possibly someone or people from the porn industry doing the bullying. I have also thought that people are trying to leave others ignorant about sexuality and what is considered appropriate behavior in a sexual relationship, intending to create naïve sex partners who are unaware that another person's bed manners are actually unusual and possibly dangerous, which is a double-edged sword in the fact that pornography is capable of doing the same in making a person believe that a strange sexual situation or action is appropriate behavior.
The same can be said about movies depicting relationships and a person being able to discern whether they find something appealing or not in either a healthy or a dysfunctional relationship in a story.
While working at Home Depot I would have customers leaving me hints by wearing Playboy shirts that they desired more regulation on pornography.
Returning to Hillary Clinton's claim of video games being worse than pornography, she never even attempted any regulations on pornography in her years as a politician, despite saying it a terrible thing.
Most politicians these days never try anything.

There is a thought and quote from the film Scream (1996) that I agree with where the character Billy Loomis states, "Movies don't create psychos. Movies make psychos more creative!"

Back when I lived in the Avenues, I had two apartments there, and following the one on Isom Place, I lived in another one on First Avenue next to a coffee shop, which a friend of mine would explain later was an apartment building that Ted Bundy once lived in. I was going to live in one on North Temple, but I was scammed out of money on a deposit for an apartment located on the street, having had the landlord pressure me into giving the deposit for the apartment in advanced to a young Hispanic woman who met me at the apartments that did not let me see the inside of my apartment before I both gave over the money and signed the lease. Upon showing me this apartment, the taps did not properly work, and it was not as I expected on the inside. I desired my money back, and the landlord refused. I wanted to take him to court, but it really was a hassle to do so at the same time. This, over everything, made me want to desire to break the guys knee caps and to use violence against him, which money taken by a stranger in a scam tends to make people want to do.
With the government website for voting, people will be able to regulate shady landlords and slumlords so they are unable to continue pulling their crooked behaviors and scams, having a person live in an apartment rent free until a problem is fixed, or having them forced to payback money they had gained through pulling a scam in double.

I use to be at almost perfect physical condition and health before all the bullying began, as I often exercised and jogged long distances around the Avenues, usually going in a circle either including Memory Grove, the Capitol Building, passed the L.D.S. Hospital or the Children's Hospital, around the Salt Lake City Cemetery, and then I would loop back around to go back to my apartment building. Half the time I would go the opposite of the route in direction, and jog either around or through the cemetery to begin with. I would then return home and do around five hundred sit-ups and five hundred wide-positioned push-ups.

Post Malone was probably trafficked towards his rap career. He was going to join a Texas-based metalcore group called Crown the Empire, but during an audition he had his strings breaking, which were likely the masers. He is often found in Utah as of today, and he claims that his named was randomly generated, but this was also likely them manipulating that the computer generated the name, and it is a reference to Karl Malone, combining his surname with that of the basketball player. His music video for "Psycho" is a mano nera music video. He is shown in an anti-werewolf military vehicle hunting for werewolves in a desert area where it still is known to snow, which is somewhat unique in the United States to Utah. They were trying to keep werewolves, people suddenly changing in personality, at bay while around me, seeing if I developed psychotic thoughts, and they were making certain that nobody tried to tamper with me otherwise.

It is really actually quite easy to ruin someone's music career with masers, making it so their vocals give out and that they just are no longer able to sing, while also changing the pitch and delivery. Many musicians that can be accused of saying strange or incriminating things are able to be checked on what they were saying, if desired, which does not happen very often with musicians who people are aware of. All through high school, I would practice metalcore screams in my vehicle by myself, but my voice would usually end up giving out, and I often wondered how hardcore singers were able to maintain delivering vocals for their band each night on tour, despite that I even taught myself to deliver them from my diaphragm with a bit of rasp. I would also try several times to start a hardcore band with my friends, attempting an operatic sound to my vocals like Zoli from Ignite, but often I would be off and not understanding how to time the vocals right, and my friends' instrumentation would not match it well. Obviously, later it was discovered the masers, again.

Often, for me, this tampering of art was performed against me to use passive aggressive behavior and frustration to turn me psychotic. It involved several different forms of being creative. They were hoping to crush all my dreams, so I would become angry with life, and something I learned to do was just to expect nothing. You literally just ignore anyone trying to contort your thoughts in your head, especially when you understand it is not you. Ignoring people changing the path of your thoughts is the best defense. Even if you desire to emotionally react to the person or people, again just ignore them. They are likely the one that is changing your thoughts and making you emotional, too.
Ignore, ignore, ignore...

I stated that I was making poems at work while at Home Depot, building them in my head and writing them on blank shelf sticker tags, all while experiencing the bullying, harassment, other people speaking in my head, customers eventually arriving and being communicated with, too, and also doing things necessary to my job. These poems showed that I was keeping a reasonable personality and mentality despite what was going on, and me not placing psychologically dysfunctional or unsettling thoughts into them.
Three out of quite a few of them are the following:

“The Heart” by Davyn Andersen

Four gushing chambers push and pull
The air-touched blood to the whole
And the leaving breath out the lungs:
Out our mouths and over our tongues.
Rushing in the sight of love and fear,
The center pounds when either’s near,
So the heart is the symbol of fondness,
And feels broken when love is dismissed.

A drum of crucial pulse in several beats,
Circulating warmth to our body, it treats
Us to blood for the limbs and the head,
Reaching skin when blushing turns it red.
A clenched fist squeezing since birth
Will keep pressure till a return to earth:
At an end time ceasing its swift rhythm
That counted out the total time given.

“Birds” by Davyn Andersen

The feathered creatures of variety
Live within their culture and society:
A class based on nature and its laws,
By beaks, wings, legs, and talon-claws.
Swimming, walking, but mostly flying,
Birds are known for chirping, crying,
Warbling, too, to find a mate in due:
A fertilized egg made when through.
Much avian life eats worms and seeds,
Others feed on rodents for their needs.
The smallest of birds sip on a flower.
Toothless, most use grit to devour.
Winged, the majority is free to fly.
A number are known for their eye.
They are all part of the world’s chaos:
Plumages molt and then are lost.

“Ghoul” by Davyn Andersen

A fiend of gone flesh and flies with tickling legs
Seeks out graveyards and its tombs for its dregs,
Desiring to feed on both the living and the dead,
Loving the thought of keeping its belly fed.
A feeder upon carrion, and an eater of life,
Using teeth and tools, such as a saw or a knife,
Taking from bodies piece by morbid piece,
Fulfilling a craving that will never cease.
A hideous thing that is fond of gore and death,
Disturbing the dead from their eternal rest,
Gnawing on the meat and bones that are left,
Having the smell of decay upon its foul breath.
A malicious rummager around burial plots,
An expert at avoiding being spotted and caught,
So to fulfill its taste for corpses and their tissue:
With a proper body found feasting will ensue.
A monster of cemeteries finding what is within,
Prizes of skin, muscles, and skeletons it will win,
Then pierces the meat and crunches on the bone,
After, making the corpse’s plot a temporary home.

The reason that I included the final one out of all of them is because it is one of the darker and longest ones that I wrote, and despite it having morbid themes and imagery expressed, I don't consider it to be psychologically disturbing.

Months after I was let go from Home Depot, people led me to find that the song "Bleeding Orange" by Snapcase was about their singer working for the company, which I found humorous. They actually paid me well, but the singer declares in the song feelings of them doing otherwise for him. The lyrics include the lines, "Why, do I work here? Eye, electric eye on my back," and I would wonder myself if the store security would eventually report me when I worked there, because I often had to sit down or lean against things for a while, because I was feeling terrible and in pain. Often when this happened, even if I was actually on a legitimate break, the moment that I got up or started to move around again, someone connected to the other side of me would get nervous and upset that I was functionally moving about with no erratic behavior and no criminal desires, which I could partially feel in their body.

This also makes me think of Snapcase's other songs, such as "Zombie Prescription" and "Harrison Bergeron", which the later was named after the Kurt Vonnegut story in which a society makes efforts to handicap others on behalf of mediocrity, including placing devices on intelligent people that produce distracting and obnoxious sound to distract them from thinking.

Another tactic of theirs is doing something awful to themselves while connected to you, such as rubbing their buttocks, so you feel molested by the person connected on the other side. I often probably unintentionally deal the same to other people connected to me just going about my business.

They were also using a tactic of having me think of some form of entertainment and I wanted to work on it, but then they would have me leave the house, controlling me in doing so, and then start bringing up ideas and allowing me capable of making ideas in my head in regards to the main entertainment idea that I was thinking of, or had thought of sometime prior, so to upset me that I would possibly not be able to remember or was not made able to write down certain connected ideas to it later, or they would disallow my ability again to think or control my motor functions after, so I was unable to even doing anything in regards to it.

People like to claim that things permanently scar a person for life, especially during their childhood, which I do not believe is exactly true. Once I went to Flaming Gorge Reservoir in Utah with my family and many of my relatives and wandering around by myself, I got lost and could not find my way back to where they were in the area. Eventually, an unknown family found me wandering around and crying and picked me up, and they thankfully just brought me to guard gate entrance to the park, so the guard there could find who I was with. I was then returned to my family. Later, because of this event, and probably assisted by someone, I developed a crustacean-like humanoid demon in my head named Worthless, who I tried to adapt and use for different stories, that was claimed picked up while wandering in the wilderness alone as a child in the southern deserts of Utah.

When the television adaptation of Stephen King's It aired on television when I was around seven, I saw the very first scene with Pennywise grabbing Georgie and opening his teeth and I was frightened at it, but I kept watching. Not realizing anything to possibly later be stuck in my head, I began to imagine out of nowhere at times while lying in my bed Pennywise possibly appearing from behind the headboard and possibly causing me to die of fright. I would also keep having nightmares about Pennywise, such as me talking to my mother in the basement, me heading up my stairs with my mother following me, and then my mother being Pennywise instead. My heart would then race and make me wake. One time, it was being reshown on television and my neighbor friend, who was younger than me, came over to watch it too, but it was in the middle of its second half, right on the scene where the adult Ben Hanscom is kissing Beverly Marsh in his hotel room, but it turns out to be him kissing Pennywise, and the clown saying, "Kiss me, fat boy!" and I suddenly got up and said, "I can't watch this! It's scares me!" and so I turned it off and he went home. In my recent years, I have been made to watch it several times over, possibly over thirty times, and it has become funny to me in most of its entirety. A joke that someone helped me develop and I would later right as a comedy segment for a possible comedy show, is that a child similar to Ben Hanscom meets and becomes affectionate towards a girl at his school, goes home, seems to be writing some form of poetry on his bed while imagining her, and getting inspiration in his writing at the thoughts of her, but then his cousin arrives into his room, and begins bullying him, saying, "Ooooo, what are you doing, writing poetry about a girl?" and the boy writing the poem replies, "Leave me alone!" The cousin then says, "Let me see it!" and nabs it away, and then starts reading it, but the poem that the Ben Hanscom-like child is writing is just highly insulting to his cousin, claiming and expressing his cousin to eventually grow up to become a future child predator. They had me watch the newer two film adaptations to It several times also, but I again find humor in them. We started to write materials for a

possible Scary Movie reboot that would be highly focused on the television adaptation, the two more recent movies, and the novel It, while also likely adding in references and elements from Killjoy (2000), with its evil supernatural clown character being named Pennyjoy the Fiscal Clown.
I also started to make in my head an RPG game based on the novel, having an original iteration of Pennywise different from both the two film versions, and possibly utilizing ideas from the book better despite being a video game, such as the young Mike Hanlon being attacked by the giant bird. I thought it to have a perspective like Golden Sun at one time but also thought it better a top-down pixel game similar in graphics to the Final Fantasy Pixel Remasters. I then evolved this to be possibly a unique RPG game being inspired by both It and The Goonies, although Stranger Things is already a bit like that thought.
In junior high, I once even forged a book report based off the television adaptation of It, claiming that I read the whole novel it was based on at the time.
What occurred with me at every job I worked at while being harassed and bullied was expected by some to scar me, especially everything at Home Depot, but it always has the opposite occur where a person can be stronger about the situation instead.
After realizing that I was watched through the masers for a long while, I wondered why FedEx even hired me. I would express in my head and to others how much I hated driving on the same road as freight trucks, despite understanding them a necessity, but then received a job mainly dealing in sending them to pick up locations, and my mother is the one who navigated me towards the job. When I began there, I was seriously nervous about answering the phones, not knowing what I was doing, and often getting customers agitated, especially not liking dealing with New Yorkers calling me and having a surly behavior on the phone because of something that I was not doing properly. Sometimes I would come home just angry and frustrated and even tell my mother how much I hated my job. But then I began to get better and more proficient at it, and I even gained a habit of just playing a JavaScript chess game and looking up Old English words online while also dealing with customers well enough. Later, I would gain a better ability then anyone to deal with the customers while doing multiple things at once, including reading and making art at my cubicle.
I evolved the character of the Demon Worthless to either be an animated cartoon, a comic book, or a written story pretending it to be a verse book within the Bible which would be titled Worthless. This character would be a scavenger in the lower depths of Hell where all the demons and devils speak a large number of different demon languages and they do not understand each other, miscommunicating as they go about causing damned souls to suffer and attack each other, temporarily damaging each other, such as smashing each other with rocks, later healing from it as immortal demons, and they have no sense of pain. In the story, Worthless finds his way to the bottom of Hell where he discovers the tip of a luminous spear that once belonged to an angel. Upon touching it, he feels an extreme amount of pain from its holy properties. He takes it all the way out of the bottom of Hell to his home where he then studies it. He keeps having it deal him pain, confused at the feeling. While messing with the spear, he sees other demons brutalizing damned souls and causing them pain, and he scientifically connects that the spear is causing him as a demon the same sensation that the damned souls are feeling. He eventually shows some demons his discovery causing the demons around him harm with the spear tip, and they begin to understand that perhaps they should not be harming the damned souls. A philosophical movement then occurs in his parts of Hell where damned souls are no longer mistreated but left to go about there still miserable existence, and the demons begin to accept the same language that Worthless speaks. It comes to knowledge that God made them evil and to do evil, and their biggest defiance of God is to not mistreat others, but to help in every way possible the misfortunate people that God places in such a terrible existence. Worthless and his followers perform this, but higher demons work to stop them, stating that they are demons and should only work harm to others. The demons wishing to not do God's will of torturing the damned battle the higher demons, attempting to have them locked in the bottom of Hell, along with the Devil, and they are successful until the Devil asks for God's assistance, in which God answers, eradicating the demons not wishing to perform torture to the damned, along with Worthless, removing the luminous spear tip from Hell.

When I graduated high school, which was the beginning of the summer of 2001, I felt like my mind and my imagination suddenly dulled. Having no plans for a higher education nor employment, and I would often drive around aimlessly just pondering to myself listening to music. Sometimes I would get really depressed and start crying for no reason, other than I thought it was loneliness. I would listen to album by a hardcore band called "Red Roses for a Blue Lady" that had very melancholy music, which I would think assisted in my

feeling down, despite me continuing to listen to it. When September 11th came around, I was sleeping in my bed when my mother knocked on my door, told me to turn on the news, and said, "America is being attacked! We're probably going to go to war!' I then woke up and began watching it on the television. Later, during the night I was again driving around aimlessly, and a constant route of mine was around Airport 2 near my house. I watched as people kept scouting its fields with flashlights, making certain that no one was desiring to highjack the military and personal airplanes located there. Later and more recent, in retrospect, I would wonder if I was made to drive around for years with a slightly dulled mind and imagination out of worry by our politicians and the criminals monitoring me that I would catch something on the news and scrutinize it, incriminating one of them. Often, so many times when I am poking fun at something, what I make fun of tends to have a profound truth to it, discovering something surprising. I was watching Barack Obama's farewell speech while eating dinner with my family with my family, and in it he advised people that if they do not like how the government is running, to go get a clipboard, start getting signatures, and then to run for office yourself, which I immediately just expressed in front of completely democrat immediate family, "Stupid!" I have been often told by people in my head that I sometimes have a personality of the character Susan from The Simpsons episode "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Springfield".
This driving around would occur for several years. I began doing it in high school, just driving nowhere with no direct course in where I was heading. I was close during my junior year with a senior girl, and I would sometimes hang out with her. After graduating, she moved into her sister-in-law's house's basement and there was a backdoor to immediately access her bedroom. I wound hang out with her a few times, but nothing would happen. While in high school together, she would tell me of a story where she would often drive around going passed houses of other boys in school that she liked. So, often I would drive passed her house but not stop, just out of a compulsion. I later figured that perhaps I was being made to see if my mind wandered to deviant behavior, perhaps as a dangerous stalker. One time, she and a friend caught me driving by her house around midnight, and I didn't know how to react, so I braked, and started talking to her, but it was very awkward. I told her that I was just driving by, and she explained that I could have just kept driving. After this, because of how unpleasantly awkward of a feeling it gave me, I would no longer drive into her neighborhood if I was near it. Before this, I wrote a poem about her:

"Eyes" by Davyn Andersen

Her eyes are blue framed in white,
They always interpret nice,
Just like during days of winter,
When snow encircles the ice.
And I'm the fool that fell right through
And never came back up.
That's where I found no love of mine
Could ever be enough.
And I am blue bathed in black
Swimming towards the light,
Just before my strength gives way,
I give up the fight.

I also would do this to several other girls that I liked, perhaps developing a bad and compulsory habit, including often driving by a girl's house that I knew since junior high, who had bleeding hearts planted outside of her parents' house. Another girl that I liked, who did nothing but reject me, was a Mormon girl who lived in a circle, and being far too obvious in entering the circle, I would drive passed it instead, but not in it, although only to a few times. One of my other friend's was seeing her briefly and an occurrence happened where he was having trouble with her, waited for her in front of her house to come home, and they had a real awkward conversation that led to their breakup. I once emailed this girl and told her my feelings towards, explaining that I felt like a masochist in trying to keep winning her affection, and she sent me an email back stating that she would never be attracted to me, and when I read it this strange and nervous sensation entered my brain, which I would later describe to be a feeling of having bleach injected into my brain. People would often give me odd stories, such as a happening where a boy at my school left Polaroid

pictures of himself along with his blood dripped all over them on the front porch of a girl that he liked. This Mormon girl would also be often around me and try to pursue another friend of mine who was L.D.S. One night I did drive her home by myself, but I didn't try anything after dropping her off. My friend who she was pursuing instead of me would go on an L.D.S. Spanish mission to I forget where, but after starting to urinate blood clots from what was considered from a lack of "cleaning the pipes," he was sent home early. I thought all this nothing but the work of criminals with maser instruments much later.

Back to the thought of me constantly driving around, I would start to think interesting things, being philosophical, often like usual, such as coming up with my paradox that an exact meaning of life would create no meaning in life after its discovery. I would also ponder if a circle was a divine shape, as so many things originate from circles, such as the spherical planets and their path, along with eggs and ovum, and atoms. A system is also based on a repeated happening in a cycle.

Eventually, one night, I had a been listening to Nine Inch Nail's Downward Spiral on my vehicle's CD player, which is a pretty disturbing album, and my CD player started to jam out of nowhere and reject the CD, and not very reasonable or characteristic of me, I started to try to slam it back into the CD player, angry that it would not accept it, scratching it so it was unplayable. I would much later deduct that the person was upset that the album and its disturbing qualities were failing to disturb my mind while I drove around far into the hours of the late night on empty roads with no criminal behavior entering my mind and no psychologically disturbed qualities to my thoughts.

Sometimes I would be trolled, likely to gauge my reaction. There is a golf course that runs through a neighborhood near a library to the south that I would sometimes find myself in, and one time some kids were hiding in nearby bushes and egged my car. I also wondered if people often had trouble with their windows being broken in the neighborhood because of the golf course running through it, which they likely connected inspired the occurrence of the egging. I was feeling depressed at the time, and I just got out of my car upset and defeated, and a man nearby helped me to clean it off. Another time, I was driving next to a neighborhood by a Smith's close to where I just mentioned and a group of young teenage girls had one of their members flash me, which brought no criminal feelings nor sexual desires. Another group of girls, very late in the night and all alone, pulled up to my vehicle and started laughing at me, despite having no obvious reason to, which was upsetting, and I displayed a middle finger to them, but no criminal intentions grew in my mind. I was driving near State Street and 5400 South on an occasion, early in the morning, but still dark, and a man didn't stop completely, rolled his vehicle into my bumper, upset me, drove around me when the light turned green, and I followed him, wanting him to explain himself. He pulled into Murray Park and we both got out of our vehicles. I then asked him, "What's your problem, man!" and he was extremely tired, rubbing his eyes. He said, "I'm sorry! I'm just tired!" I then inspected my bumper, saw there was no damage, and said, "Okay. I don't think that harmed happened." I then just let him go without getting any information. One time, I was depressed drove around beginning in the evening to the early night, and then went to my friend's house, had his only diapered baby hug me while I was on his couch, and then felt comforted by his hug. I would sometimes often drive around in weather conditions that I really shouldn't have been, such as having large amounts of snow falling, and I was navigating unplowed roads of thick snow in the city's outskirts, where lamp lights would be spaced out. This was in a small 1988 Subaru Justy that had four-wheel capabilities.

I would often be found on the outskirts of town driving around the area of Bacchus Highway. One time while driving on the highway, it had just barely rained previous, and in a puddle in a baron field near a crossroads and very singular cloud was just above a pool of water collected in the dirt, not that far from ground level. Sometimes I would be given imaginative thoughts that I thought were mine, such as a disturbed man in a location upon this highway pulling to the side of the road, leaving their vehicle, communicating with a giant rattlesnake that came out of the darkness, and it telling him to kill people, which I would consider an interesting fictional story idea, and place it aside. I would also be given an idea for a story where a scientist with ill-intentions lives in a utopia, gets board, and wishes to wreak havoc out of boredom using a robotic angel. I again placed this aside as fiction, and I thought to later possibly make it a story, which then developed into Utopia. Occurrences would happen that I further foolishly did not notice, such as people saying random lines in my head like, "Davyn is dead," which would put a bit of a sad emotion in me, but I also just considered it in the manner of "punk is dead" in what was being said. Sometimes I would try to use what was said as poetry instead, such as the line "Get yourself a noose," used as a moment in a song.

Ending all this driving about for years, for the era and for the most part, I was driving around depressed and sad about my romantic life during a severe lightning storm, and, as if out of nowhere, on Bacchus highway,

watching pretty flashes of lightning going off everywhere in the clouds, suddenly the depression and sadness abruptly stopped and I felt normal, along with me starting to laugh loudly about how stupid all this behavior was. I more recently thought to write some form of poem about it, only writing down the title for now as, "Clarity in the Storm, Then Laughter", which I wrote down as a file folder in another file folder titled My Poetry, Plays, and Long and Short Poems Ideas.

This girl who caught me driving by her home in the basement of her sister's house had and was very known for having very large blue eyes. They were a bit bug-eyed, but not to a repulsive looking extent. Thinking of all this in retrospect, I believed that Japanese people, or at least people into anime with its large-eyed characters, were directing me to try to be with this girl, but, they also were attempting for me to learn criminal behavior, so they could trust me, and were trying to teach me to be a dangerous stalker, sexual deviant, or just a plain criminal.
I one time was at her sister's house with her alone, and we were watching The Iron Giant (1999), and, instead of thinking to try any moves on her myself, I sat with my hand open upward between us on a couch, hoping that she would suddenly grasp and hold my hand. Another time, when she first moved in there, I was at a party that her family was throwing, and her brother's name was Doug, and I started to do the vocalizations from the cartoon Doug, and he got extremely upset at me. Plus, I kept following her around everywhere in a clingy matter, not socializing with anyone else. I one time attempted to ditch two of my straight edge friends to go hang out with her, and, upsetting to me, they ended up following me there without me being aware, so they could hang out with us also. I would also sometimes call her and either have her brother-in-law or her sister tell me that they would tell her to call me back, but then she wouldn't. She also began dating a guy who was a guitarist and singer in a Metallica cover band, and me and my closest friends all watched them at a large indoor playground designed for adults, called Some Dude's Playground while he did covers from The Black Album. Eventually, after the all this, and when I was back in school and in my senior year, her best friend, who also graduated, showed up to see her younger sister, this younger sister who I once also thought to get romantic with, wearing a sweater that was grey and rat-like with pink lines on it, and I immediately said, "That is a rat sweater that you're wearing!" Both this best friend and her younger sister got agitated with me. Later, after school I called this large-eyed girl, and I asked her what she was up to. She, also agitated with me, started chewing me out about her best friend paying a lot of money for the sweater that she was wearing. It then got awkward, and I just said, "B—h!" then hung up the phone and stopped contacting or trying to hang out with her. When I was in sophomore year, I got in a fight with another student out of nowhere, notorious to my friends for having somehow jump kicked and punched this other student at the same time, but then had him kind of start knuckling the top of my head in a headlock, and then a police officer grabbed me from behind by the straps of my backpack and I was dragged through the front hall passed this large-eyed girl and two of her friends, having known her a little already, and her waving to me as I was carried by her and me waving back.

Since I never use pills, prescription drugs, illegal drugs, and hardly ever any legal drugs, I brought up the fact to others that many celebrities often probably do the same, also uncaring in some public occurrence that would likely turn some neurotic person to feel anxiety, such as possibly Justin Bieber, Kendall Jenner, and maybe several stars in the porn industry are not even using prescription drugs, each of them being in the public eye and having something humiliating or degrading happen to them. This, again, showing such things as anxiety being able to be learned to be ignored or just being the person's personality naturally not caring or ignoring it. Maybe these celebrities do take prescription drugs, but perhaps not, and I have my doubts that they do.
I know for a fact that a person can learn to stop being depressed, nervous, paranoid, or anxious. Some people worry about being before a large crowd, such as needing to be a public speaker or public figure that has a high profile, but then they keep doing it and it stops being a problem: the commonality of it being practiced.

As all of this bullying was occurring over the years, I would watch for years political news coverage, and I would see the politicians making speeches, travelling the globe to give ineffectual speeches in some other country, placing in faulty policies, and this still even occurred while realizing their complete criminal acts, behavior, and a history of criminal acts by previous politicians to them.
I often consider and have claimed that politics causes more violence and crime than anything, as, previously stated, the politicians blame entertainment, but corrections to this also explain that it's because it is impossible

to mentally fix the personality and mentality of the person committing and causing the criminal acts and behaviors.
One instance, I would have to often wake up very early in the morning before the Sun even came out to go to work at Home Depot, and even at previous jobs I was made to do this also, only for me to be met when I rolled out of bed in my waking hours with people bullying me in my head and attacking my body with irritating static, only to look at my video feed on YouTube to find some ridiculous video that had been made explaining Barack Obama's routine when he was the U.S. President where he would wake up at about seven in the morning, get ready for the day, have breakfast, exercise, and then be given a briefing of events, and eventually go to bed early at around nine or ten at night with what could easily be considered as him not having accomplished anything all day.

I started using lines in the song "End of August" by hardcore band This Day Forward to explain that people are working really hard at a job they do not even possibly like to better their children and their future while these politicians have been taking all of everyone's money, which should have been used to not only better but make more decent and valuable higher education and healthcare, so the politicians could cause wars, get people killed, make themselves rich, and use passive aggressive behavior against the public.
The lyrics are:

I die every day for you so you can live, so you can leave it all behind
I die every day for you so you can live, so you can live
For you I'll die every single day

I also then started making fun of and criticizing their need to throw balls and galas to celebrate themselves when they have been doing a completely harmful and terrible job at what they do.
Military personnel are often overseas and dying and putting themselves in actual harm's way while criminals are back home ruining the country and harming the public as an antipathy to what the soldiers are trying to accomplish, even if the soldiers are led there through deception.
Having taxes pay for all medical expenses and giving money to students who have proven worthy of it for higher education will allow the public to find it unnecessary to have a large college funds saved for their children, unless they wish to pay for their housing, and rather can set up trust funds or use the money on other important or unimportant things that they wish for themselves or their family.

It is a large waste of money sending these politicians, ambassadors, and diplomats all over the globe, especially when maser use through a person can give immediate and better diplomacy than anything. China has a serious amount of problems, and I was watching Barack Obama give a speech there and it was completely fluff that accomplished nothing politically, as, even if he were a politician on the level, he would be attacked and held by the Chinese government in what would likely be considered an act of war for speaking actual incriminating information about them. Diplomats also tend to do many illegal things in a country, such as get in drunk driving accidents, or are caught disregarding the laws of the country in which they are in, which makes me believe that they were likely placed in their occupations to try to cause more problems between countries than fix them.
I would like for all diplomacy between countries on a direct level to be performed through knowledgeable people by maser use who have no biases or ill-motivations in their thoughts, such as the auxiliary politicians that I previously wrote about.
We kept making fun of this speech in China of Barack Obama's in my head while on the floor at Home Depot, saying all he talks about is banal and common things such as sports in his speeches in other countries, like his central points of Yao Ming and ping pong being something shared between the U.S. and the Chinese.
Inspired by this, I made up a comedy segment in my imagination where bags of garbage and plastic bags of vacuumed out matter from a septic tank are tagged as government officials, given seats in personal jets, driven in limousines, and delivered to foreign stages before large crowds of people to have displayed to the audience the contents of what is inside of the them, claiming them an important politician from another country.

Barack Obama's Nobel Peace Prize was given to him for diplomacy, but they really should have waited to see how his presidency would turn out. He could have been transparently the worst U.S. President in history. The

Nobel Peace Prize is not given by the normal prize committee, but by the politicians in Norway. Most other categories for prizes involve a person having to do a lot of work to receive their prize, and possibly even then they do not achieve it. Barack Obama was not a diplomat nor an ambassador and had yet to even communicate with other countries to better diplomacy between them. When his gifting of the prize was announced, many people argued whether he deserved it or not, but my main concern was that he was being gifted a prize for peace and diplomacy when the country that he was put in charge of was at war with two other countries. During his speech he seemed to only speak of the value of war in creating peace.
Both Al Gore's and Jimmy Carter's Nobel Peace Prizes were very fraudulent, too. Al Gore literally did nothing to better the situation of global warming and environmental destruction during his years as a politician in any political seat, and the fact that he began speaking out against the oil industry during the Iraq War was likely to cover up that the war was highly motivated by oil, because he did not blatantly take the stance that the war was based on oil. Jimmy Carter was given his Nobel Peace Prize during the time, too, which was claimed deserved for his advancements on democracy, although he was once in charge of a country running a false democracy that could have been made a true one very easily, and its public in no way was given a choice in voting for the military campaigns against Iraq and Afghanistan.

As I came up with the idea that a future politician or important government official can ask the public for a raise through the treasurer, it is also possible for the public to decide that they can also have the amount of money they receive yearly lowered for doing a bad job. I often think of police chiefs and city planners when arriving at this thought with them possibly making a bad decision that caused several problems. On the other hand, they could make good decisions and have the public happily give them more money to a reasonable degree. This all fits a capitalist system where incentive is used in hopes of people doing a better job.

I have often advised that a good leader, one deserving the public's respect, needs to be willing to risk their own life to have things run correctly, even if they might get attacked for their positions. People often must do this when they are working for reasonable rights that would better both society and stop social injustices. This often happens to people martyred for civil rights reason, who showed much more bravery than any political and world leader often would. I have directed this thought towards our current world leaders, but I also understand that technically they are risking their life to run things wrong, so their political positions are that society is running in the way or direction that they desire it to right now, but in no way is this necessary courageous of them. Validating my thought, a person would not call a carjacker courageous because they had the nerve to steal someone's vehicle at gun point, but people would rather call them an idiot instead; and the same would be said of a pedophile who dared to touch a child because they thought they could get away with it. A while ago, I was complaining that perhaps the people placed in government had no courage to take any position, so they were either showing cowardice or were just corrupt, which brought up this thought.

I think that it is very ridiculous that the U.S. President has been elected and made Head of the Military in their position when they likely and possibly had no previous credentials to show them a proper military leader, having no military experience, and their background is just in something as simple as law, and this person could have come out of anywhere to rise to this position. I, again, think that people should be raised to be military leaders and strategists because they were found to show promise in their position at a young age, and the public would be aware that the person is being raised for the position and voted in to do so, just as my proposition for auxiliary politicians. Even if military occupations become scarce from lack of war, the person can assist in Homeland Security.
I arrived at this conclusion because of Barack Obama, the Iraq War and Afghanistan War continuing under him, and his pretended confidence and skill in his position, despite not having a military background. I made accusations that he possibly never even played the board game Risk before and yet was placed as our Head of the Military.

Homeland Security, Immigration, and Border Security can also use the maser instruments to survey a person's mind who is wishing to legally immigrate or seek refuge in the U.S., helping to make the process easier, as they can avoid having a dangerous foreign person existing in our country.

I wish to have all medical debt and student loans completely eradicated. I'm not certain how to handle the

medical debt, but the student loans can just be entirely ignored with no payments given to those companies that were created to collect the loans, because the criminal government had them created to make higher education extremely more expensive and even punishing to those wishing to seek it. Student loan forgiveness is extremely terrible also. What should have occurred was that a future student of higher education needed to be tested to make sure they were worthy of the given tax money, and then the higher educational facility would have been paid for courses and everything would have been done with financially, but instead these taxes were given to anybody who desired them, placing those people in debt in most cases, and then the debt was given to these third party student loan companies to pay their owners and workers, and very little of money was returned to the government in taxes, so they were just creating unnecessary jobs, and having people paying in multiples for everything when considering taxes. This applies to the insurance companies, medical billers, and debt collectors for medical bills where people are just paying in large amounts of multiples to what should have been paid for their medical treatment. When debt forgiveness is performed these third party companies that were not needed in the first place receive another large amount of tax money to their company, which is more than likely in all situations a gigantic sum of money compared to what a simple once payment to the college or university needed to be given, so again they are just wasting large amounts of tax money.

I think that the state of childbirth is corrupt where people are paying a large sum of money to have a child in a hospital, often around $7000 and up, for what is supposed to happen naturally, even if there were no complications and no shots given during labor. I think they want to make certain that a child is born to poverty or a low-income household. The hospital stay is often likely unnecessary also.

Despite North Korea and China being countries that are lacking completely in religion, they have leaders who are not advocating and making available birth control, because they want the population to overpopulate, give over their taxes, suffer, and ultimately go to war with other countries.
I created an idea for an absurd comedy action video game based on this called Baby Commandos where politicians have ran their country in a manner to create overpopulation, eventually to gain more from war profiteering, and are sending babies holding tactical assault weapons to fight foreign babies, having the player control a baby in a baby walker wielding an assault rifle at the game's beginning.
In the event of stopping a war before it begins, regulating couples to one baby each can reduce a population in numbers by generation continuously in halves, somewhat like a reverse pyramid where two people keep producing just one person.

I created in my head a secret plan and tactic to demilitarize and liberate North Korea from its leader and its politicians, which could possibly work for other future countries, which I dubbed Operation Diplovision, but it does not seem as secret as it once was. Diplovision is a portmanteau where the "diplo" stands for diplomacy or double, and the "vision" stands for television. Because North Korea has very limited and dependent broadcast capabilities, often having had gained internet and broadcast capabilities from Germany and then Thailand from the two countries' satellites, plus a huge portion of North Korea's people are restricted to only having televisions and radios, the idea was to take over all public satellites of the country of North Korea, displaying to them as many broadcast television channels throughout the world while also allowing them their regular North Korean broadcast channels to show the we are not trying to suppress their own country's information, giving them an extreme amount of channels, while also displaying a message in Korean about the current situation with their leader, and the problems being caused to their country by him and other world politicians, and the world's public not having ill-intentions towards them if it was not because of them. This would also help them to see what they are missing out on and being restricted from in their isolated country. I had arrived at this thought because of George W. Bush's claim that Saddam was an evil-doer to his own people, and, if that was so, communicating to the public of Iraq that we solely had a problem with their leader and did not mean them harm otherwise would have been the better method to go about things. Regarding the Iraq War, the U.S. attacked Iraq for what North Korea was doing, which I consider having probably been an inside joke to our politicians and those in other countries. They had North Korea sanctioned at the same time of the Iraq War, when the U.N. supposedly found no weapons of mass destruction and the U.S. should have been sanctioned for declaring and making war on Iraq, them having no valid reason to have declared war, as our politicians claims of WMDs had been found false. Meanwhile, North Korea with a very tyrannical leader

to its people were gaining and creating WMDs with assistance from outside parties. I believe that North Korea's WMDs were set up for them to have, so the country and all countries making war with it would be claimed as being at a standstill from worry of a nuclear holocaust and reduced to having its armies fight directly with each other through personal military assaults. This is why both China and North Korea's leaders purposely made to have their countries overpopulated to fight in a war.
The people in my head would often bring up the song "500 Channels" by the band Choking Victim to bring the subject of Operation Diplovision up.
I consider what is happening to my head already being a tactic of diplomacy worldwide, making it basically Operation Diplovision occurring, people being able to see out my eyes in an act of receiving a double or second vision, notifying the world public of the truth of the matter on these corrupt dealings.
A second thought to this was to use the maser satellites to destroy any nuclear bombs that the country possessed from the inside, subtly breaking their computer chips and their triggers, so the missiles would appear intact, but malfunction if attempted to be used, failing in all guidance and direction and not exploding.

Some people have brought up to me in my head the worry of an educated, tax paying, and voting public given power through an electronic democracy having some of its members attempting to legalize criminal acts or open all boarders completely. I have noted that an economist and treasurer will be able to check this by vetoing it, even if a majority votes for it, because allowing anyone into the country and for them to seek an occupation will destroy the economy completely, especially with crime and overpopulation being so harmful to the economy, because available occupations and needed employment become very scarce. This includes checking criminal acts attempted to be made legal by citizens if it is proven historically, mathematically, and statistically to cause large harm to an economy.
But, more important, in my opinion, is it is often claimed that a public given power will let crime run rampant, when I know that the opposite is the case, especially being aware how criminal world politicians are currently. The truth of the matter is that a public given power will be far tougher on any criminal who did something terrible or heinous to another person or people. Just remember the last time that a criminal or criminals were reported in the news to have done something extremely upsetting and realize how angry people got towards the person or people, wishing them to have everything bad in life occur to them.
Most of the public really hates criminals and crime.

A person connected to another's body can use memory triggers to discover possible things inside of a person's head when their mind is free and wandering, including have such events expected to create a person to reminisce occur. For instance, if an investigator was connected to a person's head that they suspect committed a crime, they could manipulate the person's body to either visit the scene of the crime or see a story about it in the news, hopefully bringing up what occurred in their head. To find other crimes, they could have the person use some form of entertainment perhaps mirroring the events to see if the person's mind wanders with their own thoughts about what occurred.
I have been made to believe that I am training people to handle such investigations, or that I will one day be found performing and helping in such investigations myself.

Although I think that an actual version of a Department Against Biological Terrorism should be created, I also came up with an idea for a science fiction television series, while probably being assisted in my thoughts to the idea's creation, called The Department Against Biological Terrorism. The television series would begin explaining that the department in question first started out very humble in the present day, just focusing itself on making certain farmers were not given biologically altered poorer seeds to plant in a form of cacogenics, but then it advances to the future where the department deals with illegal biological alterations and experiments on people and animals. One of their main characters would be a man who was illegally altered by his parents during conception in a test tube to be part electric eel, and, coincidentally, this not only allowed him to distribute an electrical shock to others, but also an ability to survey how another person is thinking and feeling simply by being near or touching them, which, with the damage done on his illegal being, the department trains and hires him to assist in their investigations. The society in which they live has become so unusual that people even use genetic alteration to pick the color of their children during pregnancy, even having skin pigmented to strangely unnatural colors of any possible variety in the color spectrum, as if choosing house paint. A side character would be a woman who was legally altered into being half a plant,

which has never been done before, having green chlorophyllic skin and hair like dead leaves, who is able to nurture herself on sunlight and water, and is being studied by scientist to see how well a human plant hybrid functions. They give her a pet Kodiak bear that has been genetically altered to stay around the size of its cub form all its life. If the television series was created, it would probably be like if Hellboy (2004), Blade Runner (1982), and The X Files television series were mixed into one.
This evolved in my head from an idea that I had for a film adaptation of the Capcom video game Strider where I pictured Strider Hiryu as an ecological ninja in an organization of them in the future, fighting all forms of biological destruction, especially against that of Grandmaster Meio. I used to think of this film sometimes when I worked at the FedEx call center.

Regarding paint, I came up with an idea for a children's book that I further developed with help in my head at Home Depot and teaches children the importance of proper tax use, taxation without representation, the importance of honest leadership, consequences of committing crimes, and criminal punishment. The book would be titled The King of Colors. It would be about an old-fashioned king who wears a crown and a regal suit and robe from a previous era, and he lives in a very old and large stone castle that is surrounded by modern cities and suburbs. This king likes to throw large balls and soirees for himself in his castle quite often, inviting his aristocratic friends to his castle and using taxes to pay for them. He also has laws regarding how a person can color their house, having low taxes paid on people who wish to have their houses colored pink and brown striped, because that is the color of their country's flag, and if anyone wishes to have their house painted any other color than the striped combination of pink and brown, they have to pay higher taxes. Occasionally, he has the people have a large vote to decide whether certain colors should be lowered in the amount of taxes paid if people wish to color them that way, but it is only to see if the king will consider having the taxes lowered. Despite the people of his country living in a modern society, them having computers and cellphones, the king, as directed by their country's earliest laws of governing, has set hours during the day in which servants to him arrive to certain areas on luxurious horses to pick up votes drawn on paper from the subjects of the land. Every time that votes such as these occur, it is a highly reported on, televised, and long-lasting event. Despite the large event, the king almost always decides to not grant the people lower taxes on any color, stating people have chosen to be nationalistic, wanting the colors pink and brown stiped on everyone's houses. Eventually the public realizes the ability for their computers and phones to make the vote run much smoother but also discover that the king's brother owns the paint factories in the land, and that pink and brown are their poorest selling color. The public then decides to seek retribution on the king and those aristocrats sided with him for wasting their time and money, dunking the king, his brother, and the aristocrats he is friends with naked into vats of various paints, and then in a similar fashion to how he had the public vote, horses are used to stroll them around town nude and painted, and anyone who desires to can throw smaller rocks and objects at them, or hit them with switches as they pass, and also allowing them to be shot with BB guns, but the rule is that the public must not kill them. In the books final pages, it tells that all the country's people were voting for the colors to be lowered in taxes, having the paper votes discovered hidden away in a room within the castle's basement ready to be burned.
This thought evolved from a comic book that I have, Wow Comics #14, where a character named The Rainbow King is found within the comic book's stories involving the character Mary Marvel, and I was also researching political fraud at the time of reading it.

They also like to bully me through claiming that I need to earn the artwork that I create, if just in my head. A video game that I had thought of creating clear back while at the University of Utah and had even made very simple pixel character designs for of its protagonist and antagonist, with the art inspired by Daisuke Amaya's video game Cave Story and Kero Blaster, is a Metroidvania game I humorously titled #1 Super Spy vs. Dr. Monster. Although cute in appearance, this game would be designed to be extremely difficult in the fact that it has ultimate consequences for dying, making the player genuinely needed to be an ultimate super spy to win the video game, which would have multiple endings. The game would have a constant save feature that remembers every single instance within the game, even the placement of a projected bullet by the player or enemy, so a player can turn the game off if they need to go about their life, but if the player dies, the game completely ends with a bad ending, erasing all progress on the player's save file, except, perhaps stars indicating how many times the player has won or lost the game in various ways. Even the game's tutorial does not allow the player to die and will erase all progress if the player dies. The story involves a super spy,

simply named #1 Super Spy, who is placed on a mission to defeat a man named Dr. Monster, who lives on an island and uses experiments in attempt to turn regular people into super monsters. The game would be a mix of Cave Story, Metal Gear, Maniac Mansion, Dr. Chaos, and James Bond 007 for Gameboy, having the island contain a finite number of enemies, along with a finite number of weapons and ammunitions upon the island that the player can find or steal off the enemies. If a player leaves the game, the constant save feature remembers the placement of everything up to exiting it, and when the player returns to the game, the title screen is found, the save file discovered, and upon loading everything, a short countdown allows the player to get ready to begin, seeing what is on the screen paused in place and them being able to prepare for what is coming at them.

As I went to work at Home Depot bullied and harassed each day without turning into a criminal, the symbolism was that I was stopping a psychiatrist from extorting others and claiming people had been turned into killing machines, because the reality is it was either them controlling a person through maser tampering or the person was born a terrible person.

Often at work, I would have people show up as customers that reminded me of things in my life all while being put through terrible obstacles, such as feeling awful static and pressure on me while running across people that resembled celebrities that I made fun of or discussed, or people that supposedly wronged me. Somewhere in the final months that I worked there, there was a gauntlet where I was in pain and doing my job at the same time as I ran across a person that looked like the father of my ex-girlfriend's children, then a man with friends who looked like Stephen McDaniels, who had a news interview incriminating him for his behavior and who I had often brought up in conversation in the study of discovering and catching criminals, and then another man who looked like Machine Gun Kelly, who is popular, but controversial in his public messaging for a claim of liking underage girls. I also kept expressing my disgust and hatred for "rat people" at the time, having people who seemed to resemble those supporting criminality showing up to my work. Around Christmas, one of my ex-girlfriend's brothers would come in twice also, once while I was in the grill aisle, where I asked him if he needed any assistance, in which he replied, "No," and then I left him alone without saying anything further, and then there was a second time where I was behind the customer service desk and he passed by, all while I was communicating with some of my fellow workers who worked the desk and the deliveries. My fellow employees were discussing a situation at the time in which I could have brought up the fraudulence of the ISS using an explanation of its reverse osmosis machine creating air but didn't. It would have been opportune and not lacking tact because the conversation by my former military fellow employee was discussing nuclear submarines and recent politics. Because of the restraining order, I am disallowed to communicate to people that my ex-girlfriend is close to, such as her family and friends, and even under these circumstances I still obeyed. When I was in the forensic mental health ward near Orem, there was a convict there that I was certain was faking his mental illness, often doing contrived and stupid behaviors, such as crouching upon chairs and sticking his tongue out like a lizard. When a worker at the location was using her phone, he once asked in a ridiculous, pathetic, and odd manner, which I would later laugh at, "Can you contact my ex-girlfriend and tell her that I love her!" Later, I was watching television in a large social room, and this inmate did get a naïve and innocent African American worker just above being a teenager to help him contact his ex-girlfriend over Facebook with his assistance, although the worker's behavior also indicated that he was aware that he was doing something wrong. The worker was reprimanded in front of me later afterwards.

Another video game that I thought up an idea for at the University of Utah, which I again made a little pixel design for a possible main character, was called Baby Swordfish. The game would be a nontraditional bullet hell game, possibly with both scrolling side views and top-down views, where the player is a cute little baby swordfish that battles fish and other animals in an ocean-themed environment. Unlike most bullet hell games, though, the player would never use one single bullet, and instead is very minimalistic in its attacks, simply either running its sword into the enemy in a poking manner or using a dash button to dodge or dash forward quickly for a stronger sword attack. The enemies would release large amounts of bullets, perhaps that are bubble-like, or else try to crash into the baby swordfish avoiding its sword. When an enemy fish dies, a death animation would occur showing the fish enemy turning belly-up and floating upward.

This game was used in symbolism to the thought of one killing their enemies, or criminal businesses, by making them go belly-up with a simple jab, or a joke. People would sometimes twist in my head that the game symbolizes a person employed by a company and involved in sexual harassment or sexual assault could

cause the company and other companies to go belly-up, because the swordfish is attacking others with its sword prick, such as a male person would wrongly do in a sexual misconduct case.
I had another idea that I did not intend for it to have symbolism, but it coincidentally did. I often had my chihuahua and dachshund mix jump upon me, and his legs would sometimes jab me. I then came up with an idea where a small chihuahua dog has dagger-like legs, and, despite being cute, he likes to either trip or jump on enemies to walk upon them and stab them with his sharp legs. He also has whiskers that make his snout cactus like. The game would have a working title of Dogger, and the character would be named Spiky. This game would often bring up in symbolism to convey that a person is letting an evil little dog walk all over them. I after expanded this game in my head when I was making a possible sequel to this game featuring a burning hot dachshund who likes to cuddle and be friendly with people named Hot Dog. I then decided maybe both would be combined as the same game, and it would have other dogs with special abilities that are inspired by their breed of dog. Another dog I added would be named Feng, and he or she would be a pug who lets out toxic gas. Further, I thought up another dog, probably a teacup chihuahua, who is a very round, fat, male dog named Teapot, and he releases boiling hot urine. An unnamed character would be a papillon that uses its ears to fly. There would also be an unnamed bulldog that rams into thing very hard, as if a charging bull. Some people would arrive at Home Depot and give inspirations for dogs to add, such as a whippet puppy that can snap its body like a whip.

Often when a game idea is evolving in a person's head there are oversights and aspects to it that the person making it did not realize. I was thinking up an RPG video game that would have some of the most impressive modern 3D world graphics yet possible, but the game would be ridiculously minimalist and somewhat retro in gameplay for what the extremely impressive graphics show. This game would be called Onibi, and the player would be a small onibi, also known as a will-o'-wisp, that appears as a burning eyeball that can fly everywhere, and also walk around and push on things with flame-like legs and arms, in an Edo period ocean village and its surroundings that is filled with many very eerie and scary yokai, although the game's character is somewhat adorable looking. I had a strong admiration for the video games Ys Book I and Ys Book II for the TurboGrafx-CD, which has an antiquated form of action RPG where a player runs into the enemies to attack and fight them instead of hitting a button, which is called bumping mechanics. As of now, an updated version of the two Ys games are the only games on my phone, except for maybe Bad Piggies. I had a real fondness for most other such games that work with the bumping mechanics. Originally, I pictured Onibi as a platforming game that reverses the common occurrence in video games of the enemy running into the player to harm the player, but this original version had the player trying to run into the enemy to hurt them, while the enemy attacks or shoots projectiles. This idea I set aside in my head as a unique video game. This 3D world Onibi would be a bit similar where the only controls necessary on the controllers would be the two control sticks and the right front trigger button. The game would a third person perspective and the left stick can move around the camera angle while the right stick controls the onibi and pushing the stick button down to cause the onibi to fly. The right front trigger when pressed would cause the onibi to dash, and if held down the onibi speeds along, never tiring and speed along as much as desired. This character would run into 3D world enemies, hugging onto them and burning them, with most the enemies attempting to get them to stop. The game would have both leveling and item discovery to strengthen the power and defense of the onibi's flame. The environment would be very dark, and the onibi lights the area where a large variety of yokai exist and are often hideous and scary in a horror manner, matching depictions found in classical Japanese artwork. Where I made an oversight is that the player can make the onibi attack an enemy's private parts, which could give a viewer the wrong impression, especially if the player uses the character on a female character in a somewhat perverted and inappropriate manner. The game would also take a lot of animation and the creation of reactive surfaces all over the enemies and game's environment. To remedy the thought of possible sexual assault by the player with the onibi against an enemy, I thought it possible to have some enemies quickly react to stop it from happening. For instance, if a player was battling a yuki-onna, which is a snow woman, any time that the onibi approaches the woman's breasts, crotch, or buttocks, the yuki-onna would quickly stop everything to batter the onibi away from the area with their hands. Most enemies attempt to get the burning onibi off them when it attacks, and even if it was attacking the yuki-onna's legs, the enemy eventually would kick or batter it away, along with if it was attacking her face, the enemy would try to swipe the onibi away. Again, this would take a lot of animation.

The game would even allow the onibi to fly over realistic night beach tides and over an ocean to fight more dangerous large and powerful yokai that could easily put out the onibi's flame, such as an umibozu. If the player attempts to go too far out of bounds of the game's map, the screen swiftly dims, and the player is found heading back in the direction within the game's map. The goal of the game would be to strengthen the onibi's flame as much as possible, so to revenge itself on those who caused it to die as a person, so it then can better burn enemies, and some enemies even laugh and are unharmed if the onibi tries to attack it with low-leveled flames, such as oni, and also nurikabe, which are wall yokai.

I kept making several games where the player takes on the role of something an enemy would normally do. For instance, I have a game with a working title of Wind Game that involves the player creating strong winds and gusts to push enemies into walls, off cliffs, and into hazards, which are often the enemies found doing such things in platformer games. This game would be a 3D world game, and it would feature a very luxurious woman in fancy and ornate gowns who uses either giant magic fans or feathers to create gusts and strong winds. The wind would also be used to solve puzzles within the environment.
Another video game created at the same time as the Wind Game that I thought up would a 2D platformer where the player would use magnetism to push and pull objects and enemies to or away from them in every direction, using the magnetism to attack enemies and solve puzzles.
There is also one game idea that I had called Arijigoku where the player is a monster antlion making traps in the ground and waiting for enemies to fall into it.
There was another idea titled Skeleton Bat Hell, which the game idea's title was lifted from an enemy in the MSX video game Goblin. The player would be an evil bloodred vampire bat that takes over skeletons by perching upside down in their rib cage, resembling and acting like a new heart in the skeleton, and then it causes blood veins to grow all over the skeleton, fangs to grow in its mouth, a shadowy magic cape to form attached to its neck, and lights to grow in its eyes, bringing the skeleton to life as the vampire's new body. The vampire then makes to attack other monsters and villagers, and if the skeleton is destroyed, the bloodred vampire bat heart needs to evade before being destroyed also, looking to find a new skeleton to bring to life and reside in, continuing its existence and fight against its enemies. This game would be styled as a 3D world game with a fixed slightly angled top-down perspective.
I coined an art and video game term in my head called "cutesy tough" where something considered tough or fierce is depicted in an adorable, small, or compact way, such as military vehicles found in the Metal Slug series or monsters in the original Ghost 'n Goblins arcade, and Skeleton Bat Hell would have cutesy tough characters within it. I considered Ghost 'n Goblins arcade to be one of my favorite games for its minimalist early arcade gameplay, taking early arcade game design with a mix of what would become modern action games, making the game a hybrid of both, but became aware of possible corruption from those who made it. The Famicom game Challenger is similar at moments mixing an action game with early arcade game design.
There is a page in my drawings for the Ghost 'n Goblins series sequel idea game called Makaimura: Destiny Couple that shows a final boss gauntlet at the end of the game that makes the player use both Arthur on one side and Prin Prin on the opposite side to fight all the final bosses from the previous game installments in the series. I was using this page, along with my two boss design pages, to make an untitled game idea in my head where the player is a cutesy tough evil lord, similar to Sauron from The Lord of the Rings and Voldemort from the Harry Potter series, who rules over an army of many varieties of cutesy tough monsters, to attack opposing armies in a desire to plunge the world into darkness and rule it with evil. The 3D world game would have a fixed and slightly angled side angle where a large amount of cutesy tough characters would chaotically fight using large amounts of RNG to determine their behavior. I was also imagining Bokusoku Wars if it were depicted as a chaotic 3D military game, which is where this thought evolved from. Again, those Makaimura: Destiny Couple pages can be found on my older Facebook profile.
Because I was often trying to study or do something else, but often made to play a video game instead by people controlling me with masers, I came up with a character called Mega Mickey-O, who is a composite of Mickey Mouse, Mario Mario, and Mega Man together, and I was going to use him in a novel that I had made many pages for called Cardboard Country, explaining him as a character who laser warps into random houses, attacking people trying to study, shooting electrically charged lemons at the back of their head, bothering, annoying, and bullying them, forcing them to play video games instead. Cardboard Country is made in handwritten scrolls on six inch by three inch paper, which also included mostly painted chaotic artwork on the

very same type of paper, and I made some illustrations of Mega Mickey-O that can be found on my locked alternative Facebook profile, too. The novel was claimed covertly written by a person named Our Writer. I scanned most the pages to Cardboard Country's first four scrolls and electrotonically kept them filed on an external hard drive, but I made a fifth scroll that had Our Writer divulging many film pitches to explain subtext and foreshadowing to its reader. Before being able to scan them, in both an act of trust with those connecting to me and a desire to get back with my ex-girlfriend, I left them on my ex-girlfriend's front porch in cookie tins, which was considered gifts that I gave to her in my stalking charges, along with a large stash of cartoons and drawings that I kept in small boxes, mostly all drawn on the same six inch by three inch note pages. I started using these note pages because FedEx would have them in their office supplies and I would constantly take them to draw on. I discovered that Office Max sold them and then began buying them in bulk to write and draw on.

I started to come up with Cardboard Country with some help from who seemed to be my once close friend in my head, because, one day, I was sitting cross-legged in front of my bookshelf wanting to read my books instead of playing a video game in an act of protest, and my close friend said in my head, "We're in cardboard country." I then I understood what he was referring to, because on the previous day, I started to make fun of Barack Obama after watching a speech by him, stating that a cardboard cutout of him could have performed his job, and I imagined a cardboard cutout of him in various situations, including a group of African Americans with a woman carrying him as a cardboard cutout walking together in a political march on a bridge, and him as a cutout being used in a talk to sooth victims of gun violence with a tape recorder behind it. After I was told that we existed in Cardboard Country, I started to imagine the title Cardboard Country as a possible book title on the spine of a book on my shelf. After, I was allowed to read a book from my shelf, and my choice was Lawrence Sterne's The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, which my writing style would make to imitate when writing Cardboard Country.
I came up with a huge list of topics for Cardboard Country to write about, which I messily diagramed on several sheets of paper. From what I was designing to write, I thought it would fill large amounts of several volumes, having so many things that I wanted to include, but also desired to just get the information out and then abandon the project. A funny thing that I was going to claim, not certain of it to be true, but using my imagination and making fiction of it, and even claiming that I was trying to anger people about hidden maser use to people in my head, was that the film Wish Upon a Star (1996), starring the L.D.S. raised actress Katherine Heigl, released by Walt Disney Co., being just another film mirroring Freaky Friday in its story, which was filmed in Utah at Hunter High School near where I live, was based on a true story where two sisters in an L.D.S. family kept getting in fights with each other, so their maser instrument using family forced the two sisters to live in each other's bodies for a day, choosing who goes first using rock, paper, scissors, and had the eldest one show up to the school messing around with her younger sister while connected to her body, and then the next day the younger sister resided in her eldest sister's body connected by masers and paying her back twofold.
Also, I think that the Utah filmed television series Touched by an Angel, possibly only in title, was a maro nera television show possibly having ill-intentions to fool a person into believing metaphysical occurrences were happing to them when a person connected and tampered with them through masers.

I 've been creating video game and comic book thoughts since I was a child. I often take them and evolve and make them become more sophisticated ideas over time. For instance, I created a cartoon idea in kindergarten that I called Balloony Tunes, playing off the name Looney Tunes, which had plain party balloon characters talking. In first grade, I had a teacher that used a redheaded ventriloquist dummy in her teaching and made us sing a song that she wrote called "My Balloon" and the only portion of lyrics I remember from it are:

My balloon, my balloon,
Won't you sail to the Moon?

More recently, people in my head would play a game asking me, "How are you going to make it up to them?" and I would come up with an idea involving the person or happening that they have me reminiscing about. In regard to this teacher, I thought of a game titled My Balloon where the player is a regular floating party balloon, their choice of color, with a choice of funny markered face on it also, and having the player able to

draw their own desired face or drawing on it, and the player uses their balloon and its string to solve puzzles and fight enemies, such as having the string pick up a key to unlock something, or for it to find an object to strike an enemy with. A humorous image in my head of this game has the red balloon in a factory with a goofy unibrow face and an open mouth with gapped teeth markered on it, roping its string around a machine lever and pulling on it in jerk motions to get a machine running.

I was known to be great at drawing by my fellow students in my elementary school classes, and I had thought that I wanted to be a comic book artist when I grew up. In a later grade that I can't remember, possibly fourth or fifth grade, I drew a picture of an ambulatory tree with sneakers on its roots and shirt vest on around its trunk, and then I had one of my fellow students who I was friends with color it. Again, "How am I going to make it up to him?" was asked of me in my head in my more recent years. I thought of an occurrence where I looked up some of the people that I went to elementary school on Facebook, having lost all contact with them going to junior high school near my house, and I found a picture of many of them at one of their weddings and I found it amusing that they were still friends with each other after all these years. So, given this, I thought of a film where an elementary school is very near the edge of a forest and one day, while a first grade class is in session, a living sapling, who has no eyes, no mouth, and is mute and unable to speak, walks up to the elementary school, taps on the window, and the children and teacher are surprised at it, but realize it wants to join the class. The sapling is then given a seat in the class and is taught how to read and write as its main form of communication. The sapling becomes close friends with other students in the class, but begins to rapidly grow, so his later grades have their classes performed outside. The film then shows the happening of this tree and his friends as they grow up, grade by grade, and then go to college, followed by marriage and adult life, and eventually the death of his friends occurs, mostly in their old age, but, as a tree, the once sapling lives on, expected to live for possibly centuries.

A few days ago, I thought of a happening where I slept over at this friend's house once in his father's apartment in elementary school, and we were playing with a BB gun, shooting it at a carboard box in front of their front door that had a target on it, and, despite knowing I aimed correctly, a BB somehow shot high upward and lodged in the wood of the door, which in retrospect must have been the masers being involved.

I use to draw stick figures fighting or cartoon characters using the blocks of my elementary school crosswords as platforms, and remembering this, I thought of a funny game that had militant stick figures fighting each other using dotted line bullets, and sometimes found in rudimentary and childlike line drawing trucks, tanks, and helicopters, also fighting crayon drawings of monsters, and other such childish things. This game would be called Doodle Warrior.

In junior high, I was no longer at my eastside school but at a school near my house on the westside, and, unlike my elementary school, most of the school consisted of poorer L.D.S. children and gang members. On my first day of junior high, I was attempting to find my first period class and a fight broke out between a Caucasian skater and an African American student, and the skater ridiculously pulled out his chain wallet and attempted to fight with it.

I would meet my closest friend for many years in a typing class that year. He sat opposite to me on a row of old fashion typewriters, and, comedically, being a typing class and all, he would have obtained an injury while rollerblading, placing his hand in a cast and making his abilities to type less capable. Every week he seemed to obtain some new injury from his hobby. This friend seemed to be like me throughout our years, including into adulthood, sharing similar ideas, but his thoughts on entertainment, which he had many that he would share, would always be more comedic than mine.

I had to question whether this story was true or not, because I was not there, but he, hanging with straight edge kids though not straight edge himself, got in a fight with a group of kids, and after chasing one down, cornering and interrogating the person, this friend of mine supposedly ran up to this cornered person and told him, "I'm sick of this! Pull down your pants and let me suck your dick!" scaring the person and this friend being adamant about it. It was his sense humor, so it was likely true. In high school, some other friends and me had a group of kids being aggressive towards us, and it was likely going to end up in a fight, but a large group of people that went to my high school showed up, along with my friend, vastly outnumbering these other people, and when we told this friend about it, he said, "Where are they! I'm going to suck all their dicks!"

I made an idea for entertainment that could either be used in different video games several ways or made into a horror comedy film, which I titled Hex Doll, where a small voodoo doll has been brought to life, and it wanders about attaching its aura to its enemies and then attacks itself, later to make repairs to itself, like sewing its cut off arm back to itself, or making a new arm to attach, because it burned one of its arms off. How it could be applied to a video game would involve having the main character or an enemy be a hex doll, which then attaches its aura to others and then attacks itself. I thought of it at first making for a game like Super Meat Boy or Celeste, where an enemy is attacked by the hex doll players aura, and then the player tries to find ways to properly harm the hex doll they are controlling. Another adaptation of it would be a 3D horror game, where the doll with a small stature is seeking revenge on people, sneaking to attack them with its aura, and then finding ways in the game's environment to hurt itself, later to repair itself. At one point, I thought it would make an appropriate 3D world Super Mario series game enemy that looks like a voodoo doll of Mario, and it projects its aura at Mario, and if the wobbly aura projectile attaches to Mario, the voodoo doll Mario then stiffly moves and hobbles as it attempts to throw itself off of a cliff, or into lava, or into spikes.

I started to call games like Super Meat Boy and Celeste that have a lot of action, little or no focus on attacking, and often have a main focus on figuring out how to maneuver through situations a genre of called an "action puzzler."

Fitting the theme of a player being able to fly anywhere they want, I thought up another game idea titled The Omnicar. When I was young, there was a sitcom called Get a Life where an episode involved the main character, played by Chris Elliott, having sent away for a two-man submarine that was advertised in a magazine when he was a child, and in his adult age it finally arrives. I was inspired by this episode to create in my head to a video game idea in which a character owns a one-man personal submarine that he uses to attack enemy armies having larger and impressive advanced military machines. Updating this game in my adulthood, I pictured a game where a boy is the only assumed survivor on a series of tropic islands after a large devastating storm occurs. He then uses his omnicar, which is an egg-shaped, altering, all-purpose vehicle, to find if others are still present on the island and to clean the devastation. How this game is unique, is the player has to work and there are fetch quests, but the player is given literally every possible weapon, tool, and ability from the very start in the game, all as utilities to his omnicar, which has the ability to go anywhere he desires in the large 3D open world, because the vehicle is able to act as regular car, an all-terrain vehicle, a boat, a submarine, a helicopter, and an airplane at the players whim. His surroundings are often populated with enemies, including his island, but there would also exist enemy sky and sea people, who the sky people are like both birds and insects, and the sea people are fish-like people, both the parties having advanced weaponry that they use to battle against the player's character. I got the idea to have the player start with every single weapon and tool from the game's beginning, because every Metroid game involves Samus not having her discovered items still equipped on her. I also think it would make for a fun game to have the player give a large variety of tools and weapons and then having them figure out how and where to use them. I also sometimes compare this video game idea to Blaster Master meets a modern Mario Kart series game, with Blaster Master being the first video game that I ever owned, and it would also be inspired by Ghost in the Shell for the original PlayStation in the vehicle's attack weaponry and climbing abilities.

Another game that I thought up in my head was titled Castle Mechanic, and the player, again, would also begin with all the tools necessary. This game would be highly inspired by Milon's Secret Castle and Legacy of the Wizard, having a mechanic enter a dreary, dark, and dilapidated mechanical castle full of monsters in which its machinery has been made broken, rusted, and nonoperational. The player's character the mechanic would have a large bag of tools and uses the many of them to both work on machines and fight the monsters in the castle, such as using a hammer, wrench, and screwdriver for both a tool and device. He can also throw his tools and enemies, if desired. But he can also lose his tools, having to find them, or leave tools on machinery as he is working on them, such as leaving a monkey wrench tightly on a valve. The main objective of this game is to get everything working within the castle again, and then once the castle is operational it also transforms into a mech fighter that he desires to fight a very large demon with.
I came up with this idea because I really like the fact the Milon's Secret Castle had put a lot of gameplay into a tiny and cute castle and wished to think up a game that would do the same. I also was once looking for a

tool outside my house, and I found it lying in the street on the ground for some reason, and losing and finding tools is a common occurrence, so I thought to implement it into a video game.
I also started to add symbolism into the game where the mechanic finds slime monsters within the castle, crushes them, and them scoops slime into a grease canister, so to use the slime's grease to either case objects to slide or to oil machinery that needs oiling, and this symbolism conveys to pulverize slime, bad people, in order to make things function again.

Many of these ideas can be adapted or changed in their originally desired entertainment format in various ways, such as being made a film, an animated film, a television show, an animated television show, or a children's book.

I kept giving people advice online and in my head to never start building a video game with intellectual properties that do not belong to them, especially fan games, because, even if they are so fanatical to create a fan game, it is a waste of time to make it when it is just going to be removed or sought for legal action against it. So, instead, I told them to make an original game inspired by the properties or not inspired at all by any properties, finding other people interested in making games also, such as game designers, character designers, and programmers, and then if the game ends up being good, their time will not be wasted and they can make a profit and possible living off of making the game and future games.

I was once quickly watched a recap video of a Nintendo Direct on my cellphone while on the floor at Home Depot and it announced the release of The Legend of Zelda: Echoes of Wisdom video game, which I then watched the full preview for immediately after. I swiftly realized that the game matched two video game ideas in my head and had written down in sentences in file folders on my computer, having ideas and their game design combined into the new The Legend of Zelda series game. The first game idea of mine was called Monkey Bin, which would have the player be a very powerful monkey wizard named Bin who uses his magic and his wand to control the happening in his jungle forest, such as conjuring small rain clouds to make plants grow. I first imagined this game as a very early arcade style platformer game, but then also considered it a modern 3D world game instead. The idea for this game came to me when I was reading a Fantomah story in Jungle Comics #16 where a wizard turns himself into a monkey. The second is a game and television series combined that I had an idea for called Swoops Songbird, which first began as a children's television show in my head but also evolved into a video game. The idea was to make a children's show that hired mostly little person and dwarf actors dressed in life sized puppet costumes, and the show would be highly inspired by H.R. Pufnstuf, the McDonaldland commercials, the Japanese commercial for the Nintendo video game Mother, the Japanese commercial for the video game The Legend of Zelda: A Link to the Past, The Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers, the film The NeverEnding Story (1984), and Jim Henson Company works involving explosions, such as their Wilkins Coffee advertisements and The Muppet Show. The main character would be a small and strange bird that does not have a beak but a mouth, but he does have a flute for a nose that could be considered a beak, and he is unable to fly very well, but can glide, having arm like wings. I designed this character thinking of combining a McDonald's Chicken McNugget with their other character Birdie while I also noticed that the H.R. Pufnstuf character Freddy the Magic Flute never was used to perform magic or music but instead just talked. Swoops Songbird and his flute nose would be able to make items and objects appear out of nowhere if he played a short melody on his nose. The melody to bring the item about would be learned by him, because he can study an item and listen to it performing a song in itself, he then remembers its tune, and then he plays the small tune to make the item appear out of nowhere, or he makes to change one item to another. This is like how Zelda in The Legend of Zelda: Echoes of Wisdom learns Echoes to make items and enemies appear. Swoops Songbird would also have an evil nemesis who is a cat wizard very large compared to him, which would be named Cut-Eyes, and he would be inspired by Ganon in The Legend of Zelda: A Link to the Past's Japanese commercial. I have a quick drawing that I made of Swoops Songbird with rough depiction of Cut-Eyes behind him that I placed on my inaccessible alternative Facebook account with a written description that dates to 2019. I started to make the idea into both a video game and television show almost immediately, having the character in a 2.5D world with a plain similar to a beat 'em game, such as River City Ransom, and also being similar to a video game called Woody Poco, and the player would gain objects in an inventory menu to recreate through song, similar to how the game Minecraft has an inventory menu, and the player can change objects through song into other objects, giving the game puzzle elements,

such as turning a hanging weight into a feather through a melody, causing a chain connected to the altered weight to drop what is hanging on the other side to the ground.
Once again bullied and harassed with maser instruments on the Home Depot floor and having watched this Nintendo video game trailer for The Legend of Zelda: Echoes of Wisdom, and the people connecting to my head aware of what I realized about the new The Legend of Zelda series game, someone said in my head that the L.D.S. Church made them do it. I just ignored it, because it was just one of the large number of ideas that I had come up with, and someone also tried to convince me that they used my concept from R.A.D. – Roller Assault Dudes for their presentation, having a person humorously and fictitiously claiming to have directed a video game that they didn't in a Nintendo Direct.

I often liked to joke in my head that I was the worse worker at Home Depot, although knowing it not to be true, because I really did try to help out all the customers and my fellow workers as much as possible, but I would also be highly distracted with what was going on inside my head with interactions with people through maser use while also meeting people that arrived into the store to convey things to me through similes, metaphors, and subtext.
I had come up with an idea for entertainment that could be adapted three different ways, either having it made a unique live action film, a sequel to A Nightmare Before Christmas (1993), or a stop motion animation similar to the just mentioned film, which all have the same title of Landon, the Worst Elf at the North Pole. The original idea for this came from two instances in my youth: first is when I was very little and inexplicably and uncharacteristically to me drew a picture of Santa Claus getting his penis cut off with an axe, which my oldest sister would tell on me for, and I would later in retrospect blame on people using maser instruments; and second is that I knew a short, stout, and strange looking other student in high school named Landon, and when I was making a video called "A Totally Metal Christmas" for Christmas in my television production class, I asked him to do a quick snippet in the video where I filmed him smashing an acoustic guitar outside of my high school while yelling, "I am The Metal Elf of Doom!" which my friends and other students would start calling him "The Metal Elf of Doom" from then on out. Our high school "Z News" 2001 video yearbook's VHS cover would also have a drawing of an evil looking Christmas elf with a sword in one hand and a full bag slinged over his shoulder. Suspiciously, our television production teacher would have a name of Mr. Treseder, or Mr. T., and his password for his computer, which most students were aware of, would be "Red Desert", this teacher's name backwards with an added D, which is also a name for a film by Michelangelo Antonioni starring Monica Vitti and he also directed the mentioned mano nera film Blowup. Most the students involved in Z News, our morning student television program, and television production in general, during my senior year were also involved in hardcore and straight edge.
The live action film would have Landon, a really stout and small elf at the North Pole, not really liking his job working on the toys at the North Pole, always wearing earbuds and listening to either hardcore or extreme metal music while not listening to others, having dyed his elf work uniform black, and, out of some hatred for Santa Claus that he cannot explain himself, always feels a desire to cut Santa Claus' penis off. He is surrounded by other elves that are his size who are much jollier and happier than him in the factory. While listening to his earbuds, the film would have a soundtrack that strangely has the music Landon is listening apply to the current situation in the film's story, such as him being reprimanded by a manager in the North Pole workshop for having dyed his red elf uniform black, and he was just listening to the Converge song "Color Me Blood Red". Somewhere in the film, he would enter the short and stoutly made breakroom for the elves, and, listening to his earbuds instead of what is being relayed on the breakroom television, the song "12/23/93" by Poison the Well is playing, but on the television a man is trying to convince people on the news that Santa Claus once sexually assaulted him when he was young, explaining that it was on Christmas Eve Eve of December 23rd of 1993 when the incident occurred, having had Santa Claus enter his house that night, as if Christmas came early, and Santa Claus then molesting him. Middle-aged women elves in the breakroom then express their opinions that the man on the television is lying and Santa Claus would never do such a thing. Almost throughout the film Landon would hardly even listen to anybody but the music in his earbuds instead, not even some friends that he runs across, such as a metal and monstrous but kind Abominable Snowman and a Krampus. Eventually, he incidentally comes across information that makes him aware that Santa Claus is actually a child pervert and violent rapist and the reason he gives out toys every year is to cover up his status as one, pretending himself a kind and giving person, and he considers that the gifts are payments for his voyeurism and sexual assault of the world, making Landon's intuition to want to cut Santa Claus' penis off

validated. This leads Landon on an agenda to stop Santa Claus on Christmas Eve and brings his crimes to light, stopping Christmas for the good of humanity.
The sequel to A Nightmare Before Christmas version would feature an elf at the North Pole who is blue-skinned and wears a black elf uniform and works at Santa's workshop, disingenuously acting happy and friendly too other workers, but in private his smile becomes evil with jagged teeth and his large, round, cute, black irises contract and become thin slits, making them cat-like and evil. While working in Santa Claus' workshop, this version of Landon likes to secretly harm and break the toys while no one is looking, such as sometimes pulling out a beloved knife that he carries to slightly cut the seams of a stuffed toy or cutting a button eye off a teddy bear before it is shipped. He also likes to take his breaks alone and in a hidden area where his eyes contract and he eats from a lunch box filled with gross things, such as dead animals and bugs. The other elves at the North Pole accept him as an elf but also understand there is something off about him. When he leaves work at night, he strays far outside of town in the snowy cold to a small wood shack only containing a bed, which he does not sleep in, but instead goes into a hole beneath it that leads into an icy cavern that contains jagged rocks that he sleeps on instead, and perhaps he shares it with an abominable snowman. It is eventually discovered by other workshop workers that he is destroying the toys, that he is probably not an elf at all, and Santa Claus believes that he came from Halloween Town. Santa Claus takes the evil looking elf back to Halloween Town, delivering him to Jack Skellington and the other characters there, considering it one of the town's other residences, which Jack Skellington does the same. The evil looking elf then acts as one of Halloween Town's characters briefly but also understands that he doesn't belong there, escapes and starts wreaking havoc on all the other holiday lands, such as getting in a fight with Uncle Sam in Fourth of July Town and getting in another fight with leprechauns in St. Patrick Town. It becomes aware that the evil elf is not a member of any of the Holiday Lands but is an evil demon that just wishes to cause problems in the world, and, in one large climatic fight with all of the characters of each of the Halloween Lands, the elf grows into a giant demon that they are all doing battle with.
The origin film was released by Touchstone Pictures, and not Walt Disney Co. in name, but, because Touchstone was one of its properties, they later considered it a Walt Disney Co. film when it grew in popularity after its release, doing poorer than expected in theaters.
The third iteration of this entertainment idea, created because of my recent findings about Walt Disney Co., would strip away the A Nightmare Before Christmas elements and attempt to salvage the ideas from it, keeping it an animated film or stop motion animation only inspired by A Nightmare Before Christmas, and still having the evil elf pretending to be good in Santa's workshop, but resulting in it being discovered in its evil and trying to destroy Christmas and all other holidays.
The Landon that I went to high school with would come into Home Depot once while I worked there, grabbing a bunch of conduits from the electrical section. When I was friends with him on Facebook, he would often share videos about disappeared people, hoping to find them, and videos of himself playing guitar. He would sometimes be at hardcore shows that I would go to also after graduating from high school.

I've been a pretty good worker at most jobs that I have worked at, despite my mother and father constantly claiming to me the opposite. When I worked for the FedEx call center, I began to gain more sales leads than anyone else in the place for many years, likely gaining a large percentage more than any other person gaining sales leads. The call center made its workers ask new customers if they would like to be contacted to set up a tariff for shipping in the future, and people most often said no, and then a onetime discount for shipping would be applied to the shipment that they were requesting. After the new customer said no to setting up a tariff, this customer would often call back wanting another shipment, and then expecting to have the onetime discount applied again, which were told not to do, and sometimes they would bully us into applying it anyways, and eventually the new customer would complain to manager or a billing clerk about not getting the discount on shipping, and the manager or billing clerk would get them the discount, and then send them to a sales representative to set up the tariff, all in one large problematic and time wasting hassle. So, what I developed to do, was when I set up a new customer's information and gave them a quote on shipping, instead of asking if they wanted to be contacted to set up a tariff and be more than likely responded with by a no, I would ask, "Do you do a lot of shipping?" and if the customer replied yes, I would tell them I was going to have a sales representative call them to set up a shipping tariff for free so they can get lower costs on shipping in the future, giving them the onetime discount on their current quoted shipment. My sales leads in the call center every month were always probably around over 400% higher than any gained sales leads from the other highest

producers of sales leads in the building, and ridiculously high compared to the expected number of sales leads to be gained monthly. I developed this method of doing things after getting sick of the problematic procedures regarding onetime discounts, and they even had me explain in a meeting to my other workers this method of doing things, but my coworkers still didn't correct to start doing calls this way, having all other workers in the building still at low or not making their sales lead numbers.

After working at FedEx and then learning about the maser instruments, I was certain that my fellow employees at the call center were using my mind as an intellectual chop shop and training center for entertainment ideas, because between phone calls all I would do is read, write, draw, or wander off in my imagination in my head. When I started there, they made me sign an agreement that anything that I made on the job would be their property, but I did not consider it possibly involving my entertainment ideas and that they would be monitoring my head with unknown maser instruments. Sometimes people in other cubicles would mimic something I did to, such as I often liked to use office supplies to make art on cardboard backings to notepads that we had, and I started to use Wite-Out often to do so, and while sitting at a coworker's desk to assist and listen to her phone calls, she was making a picture of a house covered in snow with Wite-Out on a cardboard backing. I came up with many ideas, including books, cartoons, television shows, movies, and art ideas while working there. One was an RPG video game that was similar in button scheme and gameplay to Tecmo Super Bowl that I thought they wanted, where the players put in secret inputs to cause characters in their party to perform certain moves to either counter a spell or place an attack into motion. The video game would have the player have a party of possibly up to eight characters, and each of the characters would be assigned to a button, for example, using a Switch controller, which wasn't around when this occurred, a character would be assigned for A, B, Y, X, R, ZR, L, and LR, and each of the characters would also have eight commands from a large variety of attacks and magic to set to them however the player desired to the character, so when the button for a character is held down, the player presses either up, down, left, or right on either of the two joysticks, to cause the character when available to perform one of the possible eight commands set on them. The button direction pad could also move around a party character on the top-down battle screen by pressing down the button assigned to a character and then directing them where the need to go. This makes it possible for a player to control all eight of the party members while they battle, and it was allowed for PVP to be available in the RPG game. There also would be the availability to perform counter spells, and not just defensive spells, such as using a water attack spell to counter a strong fire spell being performed. This button scheme could also be very helpful and fun to use in a 3D world action RPG where the player has a large freewill party and can direct party members to perform moves. I thought it was a large motivation for their psychological attacks sometimes. Another was a cartoon short called Yokai Vacation that involved Japanese yokai going on vacation from Japan to Hawaii on an airplane, which I also considered to possibly be a hint to convey that I was being followed by people through maser instruments while on vacation. Another short animated film would have a baku-like creature, a Japanese dream beast, who lives in a park and likes to eat people's happy reveries as they pass by, but never their unhappy ones, and after the creature fails to eat an unhappy thought of a man wanting to blow up a nearby bank with an explosive, which he does accomplish, the park is unfrequented and when people do come by they have unhappy thoughts, so the creature starts to starve, but it learns to eat bad thoughts, too.

At Home Depot, I started to claim that the criminals in the government were not even very good at being criminals, conmen, and swindlers. I started to explain in my head that even most organized criminals know to look a bit charitable, including those involved in organized religion, because it helps to obscure the fact that they are committing crimes, but the criminals in government seats in the U.S. government barley lift a finger to assist others, not even for publicity, so to make it appear they are not criminally running things. Sure, they sometimes set up foundations, but those are often other workers doing things, and who knows how the person owning the foundation is supposedly better helping the public through it. I was bringing this up about Barack Obama not helping Katrina victims in the slightest while in the U.S. Senate during the crisis.
I also gave opinions that if I had been involved in planning Barack Obama's placement and switch to the presidency to prolong the Iraq and Afghanistan Wars, I would have made certain that the con would have involved George W. Bush and Barack Obama publicly disagreeing and hating each other, rather than showing them the best friends and close couple that they are today. What they really needed to do is to pretend in a classic grift that Barack Obama arrived in office despising how George W. Bush ran things, removing unfair

and disagreeable policies that he placed in, making George W. Bush look like the terrible person he was further, not having the government work to reprimand him for his faulty governing, but still having him avoid any future spotlight and generally being disliked but tolerated as a once U.S. President. This is the "you don't know me, and I don't know you," tactic of scamming people. They could have done this with the No Child Left Behind Act and The Patriot Act, but they placed both those in for crooked motivations, so they wished them to stay existing. No Child Left Behind was to attack the knowledge and intelligence of a future generation of the public, attempting to purposely reduce all students to the level of the lowest performing and least intelligent students in a school, and, in having to do so, showing a school having low performance rates and cutting funding to programs for higher achieving students. The Patriot Act was put in place to monitor the public for anyone becoming wise to the crooked behavior of the government and not to find actual criminals and terrorists. It is never reported that the NSA has even ever caught one dangerous criminal or criminal organization because of it, such as drug traffickers, drug gangs, and child porn rings. Instead, they are criminals themselves just voyeuring everyone and making certain no one brings up damning information about the government. Still, the criminals could have had the George W. Bush administration put in other ridiculously terrible policies that they could have had Barack Obama pretend to get upset about and work to remove to hide the fraudulence of their actions and criminal behavior. Instead, Bush and Obama are just best friends, and Obama makes to think him a great U.S. President who did a fine job in office.
I also like to point out that no modern U.S. politician even brings up the George W. Bush administration and becomes critical of how terrible it was because of the highly criminal behavior being performed at the time. The public gets Barack Obama, Kamala Harris, and Joe Biden complaining completely about Donald Trump's presidency, saying that Donald Trump was a terrible U.S. President, but never George W. Bush. I think that they placed Donald Trump forward to the office of the presidency just so that he could play the bad guy, and with his role as a bad guy obscure how terrible of a bad guy Bush was by having supposedly liberal and knowledgeable politicians complaining only of Trump and not concerned with Bush. This is likely why the Electoral College voted Donald Trump into office when Hillary Clinton won the popular vote by around 60%, helping to agitate people more that a person most the public didn't desire to be there was placed in office. For some reason when I look at internet information about the election now, the percentage of votes were updated to show them more even, but she still won by over two million votes according to them.
It is incriminating to these politicians and the U.S. government that they avoid the Bush era in discussion, because they therefore wanted the policies placed while he was in office still active, even when the whole entire public was complaining about their existence from their beginning.

At Home Depot, I started to make ideas for sarcastic feature films that are intended to be made for comedic reasons, but only in context, and the film is genuinely attempted to be acted in a serious manner. One of these films was titled Katrina, and it would have a story claiming to be based on true events and pretending that George W. Bush and Barack Obama were very helpful during the Katrina hurricane crisis, flying down to Louisiana to personally assist victims, attempting to encourage people to assist also, and giving aid and cleaning up the damage. The film would be a very dramatic where Barack Obama as a U.S. Senator was especially asked to help, because of him being an African American and the victims being highly African American. This film, if made, would be first suspiciously released to odd foreign markets, as if the film had ill-intentions trying to cover-up their criminal behavior with a false history of what occurred.
In the future, if a disaster like Katrina occurs, it is possible to give large tax deductions to those willing to help by recording the information of those who arrived and assisted.

Another sarcastic film would be called Street Demon. Sometimes I have a title before anything else, and I took the title from a line in the 1994 film The Crow, "Don't any of your street demons have grown up names?" wanting to use it as a future title. After watching a drug P.S.A. where a drug dealer becomes a gangster street man, someone assisted to develop a story matching the title. This was also matched by a though I had on the floor of Home Depot that I had skepticism that an African American teenage girl who has a kind disposition and knows better placed in a dangerous school would more than likely just hate everything going on around her and want no part of it. This was motivated because it seemed that I had an African American person or people attacking me in my head. Street Demon would be a story about an African American teenage girl with a naturally kind disposition in high school having her parents murdered in the crossfire of gang violence, and she is forced to move from her comfortable middle class suburban life into one

of the worst ghettos in the world with her aunt, and to also attend one of the worst high schools in the U.S. Despite this girl knowing better and naturally being a kind person, the film shows her molded by her environment to become a common street criminal involved in drug dealing and gang violence, turning her to a coldhearted criminal. When she first arrives to the ghetto, she is completely afraid to go outside during the day and especially at night, except to go to school. At school, which is a high school building covered in graffiti, she is surrounded by thugs, gangs, and low-performing and violent students. One night, she is at home and is forced to go outside to retrieve her younger cousin when she hears a whisper while standing on a street corner that says in a demonic voice, "Street." She then befriends another girl at her school the next day who is named Snow White, despite this girl being African American, who claims that her parents were coke addicts, which inspired her name. This girl begins to slowly bring her into being involved in gangs and drug dealing. As the film progresses and the protagonist's criminal behavior becomes more frequent, her skin becomes darker and darker. The actress playing this girl would be subtly or drastically terrible in her acting performance and speaking street language very disingenuously and awkwardly, like, "Yo! Lez light these niqueurs up!" saying the n-word as if it was said like the word "liqueur" when it is spoken to sound pronounced like the word "door," or possibly even ending in "core." In the film's climax, having the police after her, she has evolved into a literal street demon, having pitch black scaley skin and horn-like burs all over her face and body. She gets surrounded by police, who she exchanges gunfire with, and the police keep striking her with bullets, her puffy coat exploding with holes of fluff everywhere as she maniacally laughs, and the bullets do not harm her to the police officers' worry. The film ends like the Japanese film The Sword of Doom (1966) where mid fight with the police the camera pauses on a frame of her in demon form, looking evil, angry, and a threat to the audience, and the credits begin to roll.

Another film idea that was very assisted in being made in my head at Home Depot was a very sarcastic comedy film titled The L.A. Driving Instructor. The film would be about a middle-aged African American driving instructor meeting his timid and meek older teenage female driving student, named Sophia "Sophie" Learner, at a driving school to begin teaching her proper driving, so she can later get her license. On Home Depot's floor I wrote down an extremely large amount of material for this film, placing it in many emails to myself in my cellphone, all which could equate to possibly anywhere from two hours to three and half hours of story materials for the film, even having an almost complete though still disordered structure to the film, including its beginning, ending, and credit sequence. Many of the film sequences would be very expensive, too, especially because of several vehicles being destroyed, and scenes of vehicular chases and mayhem. The film idea evolved from a comedy skit that I thought up where a driving instructor goes way too far to make sure that his student driver was prepared for driving in the future, such as having a man hiding behind bushes release a cat in the road before the car, forcing the student to either not notice or brake hard to avoid hitting it. I got the idea for the skit, because when I was doing my final test in getting my driver license, a cat ran out in the middle of the road in front of the student driver vehicle, and I jokingly asked the driving instructor if he set that up. This film completely takes the comedy skit idea to extremes, and, in its sarcasm, pretends that people are taught how to be terrible people on the road and while operating a moving vehicle. The yet named driving instructor takes Sophie Learner in his student driver vehicle on the road with her driving, and him having a clipboard that has a large amount of paper checklists clipped to it. The scene with the released cat would be in the film and one of the earliest occurrences in its story, having a man hiding behind bushes release the cat, and Sophie Learner narrowly avoid hitting it with the vehicle, followed by the driving instructor checking off the happening on his check list. Darker and stranger occurrences, but still funny and comedic, involving driving would occur after, such as getting in a road rage incident, getting in both a pedestrian and vehicular hit and run, being a getaway driver in a robbery, picking up a possibly dangerous hitchhiker, blowing through school zones while they are operating, ditching drugs and hiding open liquor bottles in a vehicle because a police officer is following, etc. The film would be very bipolar in its acting, having several incidences attempting realism but then returning to a regular comedy film, such as the driving instructor showing Sophie Learner how to properly be a driver during a vehicular hate crime by the driving instructor hitting minority people over the head with empty beer bottles while hanging out the passenger side window, as he also yells rabid and vicious hate speech and slurs while doing so, even hitting another African American person over the head and yelling racist slurs to them, and then followed by the driving instructor explaining in a professional and calm manner certain aspects to remember while driving during such an event as a vehicular hate crime, checking his papers and making notes as if nothing criminal occurred.

The cinematography in the film would also alter frequently at moments, such as going from average film cinematography to artistic cinematography conveying beauty or drama, handheld guerilla camera work during scenes involving confrontations, and then cinematography found in an intense moment in an action film. The film's end and final credits would show the driving instructor telling Sophie Learner that she is on the way to receiving her license, but still needs to work on a few things, he leaves her, goes into the driving school, goes to sit down but is called into his boss' office, his boss is looking over his previous notes and claims that he is really lacking in his performance, he promises his boss to do better, is told to go out and make the payments, he leaves his boss' office, goes to his desk, grabs a file bag, leaves out the front door to the office, and literally every person who appeared in the film is waiting for him in the parking lot, which is a large number of people, except for Sophie Learner and the people working for the driving school, the credits start rolling, and the driving instructor keeps individually handing everyone five dollar bills, including people he committed a crime against, such as the people he broke a beer bottle over the head of and yelled hate speech at, a man he made Sophie Learner strike with the vehicle, gang members he shot up the house of performing a drive by, and a junior high kid getting out of school that he propelled an apple at from the moving student driving vehicle, hitting the child in the back of the head. Many of the characters and extras just act like it was a normal happening, taking their five dollars for performing their part, but others convey and speak things to the driving instructor as they get their money, like the man who released the cat on the road in front of the vehicle, holding the cat in his arm, says to the driver after collecting his five dollars, "You said that you would give me another for the cat!" and the driving instructor gives him another five dollars. I had the many emails notes for the film The L.A. Driving Instructor in my starred email folder, but people had me throw it all away in what was considered an act of trust, although my memory is all right when it's not blocked out, and I still remember many items of it, but some notes of long dialogue I could in no way remember exactly how it was written again. They were having me do the same to my USB flash drive, having me deleting most everything except a folder of ideas for long and short poems that I had and wanted to focus on, leading me to believe I might be able to work on them after, and they told me to let them just have the information in the folders. Because I really have no choice in the matter, and my motor functions and mentality can be altered to do so anyways, plus, I cannot in anyway be so naïve to believe I could work on the vast number of them myself, I just began to delete all the other folders on my USB flash drive, which was being processed before I went to bed. When I woke, I looked at my computer, and, although the deletion was finished, all the folders were still there, except for some of them, such as "My Business Ideas", "My Restaurant Ideas", "My Food Ideas", and "My Evidence and Explanations to Why George W. Bush and the World Governments Were Behind 9/11". When I tested to see if another folder would delete, the information remained there again. Items in some of the previously mentioned folders included: A large list of Criterion Collection suggestions; an entirely vegan and vegetarian McDonald's restaurant tested out in Portland, Oregon; Lays potato chips that have Red Curry, Chicken Tikka Masala, and Saag Paneer as flavors; a Ben & Jerry's black liquorish flavor and an Ed Currie hot pepper ice cream flavor; an idea to make Korean fire noodles that keep their flavor, but are mildly hot;x creating a revitalized form of Technicolor film to make films on; creating silent film era film and cameras to attempt to reproduce the qualities of the era; investing money in several Salt Lake City restaurants; a list of several no longer active, defunct, and low release video game companies that Nintendo should purchase the company and, or, properties of, including Irem, dB-Soft, Bit Corp., Naxat Soft, Fun Project, Culture Brain, SETA Corporation, and all of Pony Canyon's and Casio's video game assets.

Mentioning McDonald's, I think the lawsuit between them and the elderly woman that spilled hot coffee on herself was performed by outside parties with maser instruments, perhaps to cause a news topic of lawsuits gone mad. It was believed a frivolous and stupid lawsuit, but the elderly woman whose crotch was burned actually did get unusually severely burned by the coffee, causing loss of skin to her thighs, and the masers instruments could have either blocked out feeling in the worker's hands who gave her it, the cup could have been caused to not tightly seal because of the masers, and the coffee could have been not as hot as thought, but the masers performed the burns instead. The elderly woman was financially compensated by McDonald's, and the restaurant had to make several updates because of the incident.

I would like to have future lawsuits taken up personally with the parties immediately involved. There exists a scam where criminals purposedly get jobs within a large company and can cause an incident to occur with a

customer or another planted employee who they pretend are not affiliated with each other, such as sexual harassment or purposely causing a damaging error, and then the whole company is sued for a large sum of money, despite higher ups not even being aware of or able to predict an incident. This would most likely occur on a managerial level where a planted manager does nothing to correct the incident, such as letting the employee or employees who caused the incident to be immediately fired, and the planted victim sues their large employer for the behavior or problems that continue to occur. All the parties in the lawsuit fraud then find ways to compensate each of their plants in the company, such as by laundering the money through legal means. So, what I would like to occur is that a chain of command is investigated through maser instruments, and those immediately involved are discovered throughout the company having to take the blame for the incident. Lawsuits involving companies instead that could not predict the incident occurring cause the business to have their prices go up, a possible reduction to employees, their business to begin to fail, and other problems. It is also possible for a business to sue the employee or employees for causing the incident because it harmed their reputation also.

I think most lawsuits directed towards larger entities are motivated by greed instead.

I was watching a news video that showed a principal who allowed one of his students to pull a planned vehicular prank in their school parking lot with principal's knowledge it was going to occur, and this prank ended up unintentionally harming severely harming another student. This injured student was then suing the school system for the incident, and not the principal, when those running the school system could not have predicted it, and the school system is using people's tax money to probably eventually pay out this student in compensation. With the "debit system" and maser instruments, it could be shown if the principle was purposely planning the event to occur, maybe even have criminal intentions, and if he is found clear of any criminal intentions, payments can be set up to compensate the student.

I was also disgusted by the extreme amount of $261,000,000 that was awarded to Maya Kowalski and is now being appealed by John Hopkins All Children's Hospital in St. Petersburg. It was claimed that her mother committed suicide because of the hospital's negligence in dealing with her daughter, with the hospital speculating that abuse to her daughter might have occurred by the mother and father, who seemed to act oddly in their behavior around her and during visits. The most important thing in this case is that Maya Kowalski's mother seemed either a weak, fragile, disturbed, dysfunctional, and, or, possibly physically ailed person in the first place, because if she was so upset at her still living daughter being in a hospital where they were attempting to treat her, even if the mother was highly concerned about the efficiency of the hospital's workers dealing with her daughter, that she killed herself, she must have had problems herself, possibly even medical problems, not living to see the results of what happened with her still living daughter. The fact that she committed suicide also shows her own lack of care in seeing her daughter in the future, which is what the hospital supposedly was trying to work to achieve. I also think that the sum that was awarded is very grotesque, and in no way should be that large, possibly being more like around million dollars, if this truly was a valid case of negligence. That huge total causes medical prices to rise, and it is possible that the case was just created to do just that, harming others financially, not just the hospital, but patients who would now have to likely pay more for medical help. And, even if paid by universal healthcare, it is possible that the medical specialists involved were trying to raise the cost of medical treatment in hopes that they could get paid more for their services. Lawsuits and the possibility of them occurring are one of the largest reasons why medical costs are so expensive. I would like the incident investigated with masers as well. I would also like to start putting caps on what money can be received in a lawsuit, so they are more reasonable in what is awarded.

Another thing that I would like to occur, because I expect a criminal record to be checked by an employer before hire, is that lawsuits, especially involving sexual harassment, can show up on a criminal record. This will help an employer to be able to manage their risk in hiring the individual, and the business who possibly hires them not desiring to place them in any form of managerial position.

I also think that it should be illegal for a customer or outside party of a business to sexually harass an employee while they are working, which, if the sexual harasser's identity and information is known or discovered, they can either be sued and, or, fined in court for performing the sexual harassment.

There's a concept that we started to refer to as "sadness forever" where the news shows a segment having a person who seems to be a victim of circumstance not being allowed to escape their unfair treatment by a person or small group of people, but with the public in power, the situation could easily be decided to be remedied through a vote instead of the person or party that made the decision. For instance, there was a report that I was watching where a female teacher lost her job simply for posting a vacation picture in a bikini online

in a social media website, and the head of the school board would not allow her job to be given back to her, and it was conveyed as a very sad situation, but a public vote could just allow her to no longer be a victim of circumstance anymore. There is also the question if the event was just manufactured to just make news to be upset about. Many news segments involve this situation of "sadness forever" occurring, and the reasonable public should be able to counter the decision makers' faulty or possibly bias reasoning.
Again, a public vote found to be economically unsound using math, statistics, and financial reasoning can be vetoed and countered to be an unwise decision by credible, elected, and trained government economists, who also must provide the mathematical work for their veto to the public.
Another thing that needs to occur is that medical patents need to work outside of regular patents, because they often have an inventor who created a necessary device, which would be extremely helpful for anyone to produce, but then sole holders to the device are maintaining that they hold all ownership to it and the ability for it to be recreated. There needs to be incentive for a person to make such devices, possibly having a one-time large flat cap of money for its creation, but then others should be able to produce the item as well to medically assist others worldwide.

Nearing the end of my employment and after working at Home Depot, we started making a trilogy of anti-art comedy action films in my head, which would be called The Crime Land Trilogy: The first, titled Nine Lifers, involves an African American man and an anthropomorphic cat named Bad Cat forming a two-man street gang called the Nine Lifers that takes out all the other most deadly gangs in the world, which are ridiculous gangs that include fantasy creatures in them, and a main evil character inspiring and creating all the gangs to exist is a tiny black leprechaun named La Pre Shawn. The second, titled Partied Out, has a girl leave a neighborhood house party drunk and high, and she winds up on a fantasy adventure at the end of the house's driveway, taking her on a mystical quest, again involving fantasy characters. The third, PSYN, is about a young African American gang member named PSYN, a name he created for himself combining the word "psycho" with "sin," being brought back to life from Hell and having demonic powers, him having clownish or sports fan-like face paint on, and he is told that he must destroy all humanity in a matter of five days, or else he faces an eternity of being tortured by a demonic force.
The only one of them seriously fleshed out to some degree is Nine Lifers. The main character is coaxed into being in a gang called Gold Pot Posse by La Pre Shawn at the films beginning, who promises him and other people he gathered, including Bad Cat, who he never met prior, that they will be rolling in wealth, money, and gold if they join his gang. Later, La Pre Shawn double-crosses him with another one of their gang's members named Unicorn, who is an actual unicorn that can change his hooves to hands and feet, to form a gang called Crystal Fantasy. Gold Pot Posse and Crystal Fantasy fight, which results in most of both gangs being wiped out, leaving the main character and Bad Cat without a gang. Him and Bad Cat then form their two-man gang Nine Lifers, because they realize they cannot trust other people and want to get revenge on La Pre Shawn. Nine Lifers is named because they realize Bad Cat, who can only meow, purr, and make vocal sounds like a cat, has nine lives, him having lost one of his in the fight with Crystal Fantasy and the man witnessing one of Bad Cat's lives appearing like an angel of Bad Cat floating to heaven with a 1 lettered on its robe. The man and Bad Cat put themselves through a gang initiation that somewhat mimics the extremely dangerous nature of the Ozaki Eight in Point Break (2015), but this time it being nine feats and tests of extreme bravery, and, having completed the initiation, they successfully form Nine Lifers. As a result of the man and Bad Cat being involved in illegally attacking other gangs, killing many of rival gang members, they keep getting thrown in ridiculous super prisons that are claimed no one had ever escaped from. These prisons include a prison of pure iron, a fully electrified prison, a prison filled with spiders, Hell itself, a digital prison of the mind, a floating island prison, a deep ocean prison, etc., and he keeps finding very simple and stupid ways to break out of the prisons.
One prison is in a floating arctic iceberg, and the iceberg prison has a literal iceberg tier of how dangerous the prisoners are inside of it, with the main character and Bad Cat being placed in its very lowest tier with the most dangerous of criminals. The ridiculous and many other gangs that the Nine Lifers keep getting in fights with include a gang called Cloud Crack Crew, which have their gang look like a mix of modern day gang members with old time sea pirates, having puffy black coats, eye patches, hooks, peglegs, bandanas, and frilly shirts, and they speak a mixture of both modern street slang and pirate lingo, saying things like, "Arr! Ya scurvy sea doggies! What ghetto ye plunderin' today, homie?" This gang ends up secretly controlling the government from the White House, having its leader Crack-en, who is a many-tentacled stringed puppet of a

large Kraken that holds guns and crack bags at the end of its tentacles, taken over the U.S. presidency and sitting behind the desk in the Oval Office, also having vampire and Frankenstein gang members guarding the White House's perimeter. Another gang that the two-man gang get in a fight with is called Get Woke, and the gang consists of violently woke people who will commit extreme acts of violence if gender pronouns are disrespected, including a scene where a boy in a convenience store with his mother and sister shows him express the incorrect gender of what a transgender member of their gang's proper gender is assumed to be, and their gang hold the boy down and cut his penis off. Each of the gangs have their own gang signs, and initiations, and the gang sign for Get Woke is to form a "G" with their right hand and a "W" in the same sign for "Westside" with their left hand. A long scene shows the Nine Lifers get in a battle with Get Woke at a gay rights parade, shooting at each other from slowly moving parade floats that are very disturbingly put together, like one float showing a large open corpse of a man with its stomach contents spilling out. Two other gangs are The Farmland Drug Gang and The Psych Party Pimps, who are connected to each other, and film scenes show The Psyche Party Pimps human trafficking normal looking people as if they were prostitutes into drug pharmacy stores to buy over the counter and prescription drugs.

Other gangs in the film's story would be named after serial killers, such as BTK, Sons of Sam, The Hillside Stranglers, The San Francisco Zodiacs, 22 Caliber Killers, T.K. Bombers, Cleveland Torso Murderers, DC Snipers, and The Nightstalkers. Gangs would continue to have humorous names, like BYU, meaning Bad Youths United, FDR, meaning Forever Down Raiders, JFK, meaning Just for Killers, IBS, meaning Innercity Ballers Squad, NFT, meaning National Fools Together, FMLA Soldiers, meaning For My Leisure Activities Soldiers, CHC, meaning Cost Hikers Club, and then further other ridiculous ones like Lucky Clover Four, The Rainbow Riders, PEN 15, Hentai Nosebleed Gang, Meat Rocket 8, and HPV, still actually meaning Human Papillomavirus. Some gangs would be taken from other films such as The ButterCream Gang from their eponymous film and Los Locos from Short Circuit (1986). Other lifted gang names could be from the video game River City Ransom, such as The Generic Dudes, The Frat Guys, The Zombies, The Internationals, and The Plague. The dance team from Michael Jackson's "Bad" music video would also be a featured gang.

Every time the main character and Bad Cat break out of a super prison, they immediately go home to stay at the main character's mom's house where they live. He often finds packages that he ordered waiting for him, which mostly consist of various magic knives that he keeps ordering, collecting, and testing in the house's garage out of sight of the film's viewers.

Throughout the film, Bad Cat, though skilled in battle, keeps losing lives and only has one left towards the film's end. Each time him and the main character get thrown in super prison, the main character can take the situation better then Bad Cat, such as them being forced to lay on electrified beds in the fully electrified prison, and Bad Cat being in far more pain. Bad Cat would be portrayed using a rubber puppet and CGI. The design of Bad Cat would be inspired by the rubber cat puppet used in the lake skiing scene in Ruben & Ed (1991) and somewhat borrowing the character from the video game Bad Cat.

The symbolism in the film using the video game Bad Cat, preferably the DOS port of it, would be that a person has a terrible game to play, or that they have been given a terrible game in life to play but continue to do so. This is a statement that there are people with plenty of problems and have been put in a bad position in life, yet they still do not act with criminal intent to others, and many criminals do act with criminal intent, despite them having an able or comfortable position in life, so there is no excuse for their unreasonable criminal behavior. Plus, inspiring this thought, I wrote down an idea to make a new Bad Cat Remastered video game release.

In the film's ending the main character and Bad Cat show up on motorbikes that fly, the man on a bullet bike and Bad Cat on a large custom chopper that he is using hand and feet stilts to steer, each with large flapping Pegasus wings on them, to a fight against La Pre Shawn and Meth-use-a, a meth using Medusa, who have put together a brand new gang, TAG, Titans of Awful Government, attempting to destroy all good in the world and make sure only criminals exist. The Nine Lifters fight the gang defeating most of their group except Lap Pre Shawn and Meth-use-a. The main character takes off his hoodie before getting serious about fighting La Pre Shawn to reveal he is entirely strapped with magic knives, which La Pre Shawn gets nervous at seeing. Each of the magic knives are symbolic to reasons why space travel is fraudulent, and that the space programs are involved in large amount of criminal activity. As the man wields each magic knife, he states the name of the weapon and explains a bit about it. Many of the knives do not work, such as the Blade of Varying Shadows, and he keeps going through each knife with none of them being effective to kill La Pre Shawn. Meanwhile Bad Cat, wearing mirror shades, is distracting and fighting Meth-use-a. Having gone through

several magic knives, the main character pulls out a magic butterknife he bought off eBay, and it was said to be The Butterknife of Stop Motion, but while practicing with it in his garage he could not figure if it even had any magical abilities or not. He keeps trying to stab La Pre Shawn with it, but La Pre Shawn swiftly dodges. Meth-use-a takes notice of the main character using the knife and goes to attack him, but Bad Cat strikes at her just before she is about to deliver a deadly blow, and then the main character, guarding his eyes and swinging, stabs Meth-use-a, turning her into a stop motion animation figure. Having choppier motions, Bad Cat is then able to better fight her. The main character and La Pre Shawn keep fighting, but La Pre Shawn knocks the magic butterknife out of the main character's hands. The main character then pulls out a knife called The Comet's Tail, which constantly has a long dust and plasma tail that always faces away from who it is intended to attack. Bad Cat kills Meth-use-a but is also wounded himself. The main character manages to pin La Pre Shawn down by one arm with The Comet's Tail, but the black leprechaun keeps squirming and using his magic abilities to attack back, the main character then pulls out the Blade of Impossible Curvatures which stretches out for eternity when wielded and attempts to stop La Pre Shawn's attacks, but it gets knocked out of his hand. He then pulls out the Moon Dust Blade and stabs it down, finally pinning La Pre Shawn to the ground by both arms. Just before La Pre Shawn tries to speak a magic spell to escape, Bad Cat wounded, limping, and dying, tosses the main character The Butterknife of Stop Motion, the main character catches it, and then stops La Pre Shawn right in the heart with it. He doesn't die, but he turns to a slow-motion figure that is stiff-bodied and choppy in motion, slowing his abilities down. They continue to fight, and many other daggers are used, and the main character manages a severe blow with the Tumbling Dagger that causes La Pre Shawn's movements to become helpless as he tumbles around in midair unable to move. Considering that he has already won, the main character pulls out one last knife, The Dagger of the Arriving Moon. He sets it from several feet away in the direction of La Pre Shawn tumbling in air, releases it from his hand, and the blade slowly makes its way floating through the air, point first, towards its target of the black leprechaun. While waiting for the blade to arrive, the main character gives him lectures on the evils that he has committed, and, helpless in all his actions, the tumbling stop motion black leprechaun La Pre Shawn cannot answer back. The Dagger of the Arriving Moon finally strikes its point into La Pre Shawn's center, piercing him through, and a magical explosion occurs across the land, resulting in people who were formally dressed as gang members and scum bags to suddenly look clean cut and normal in wardrobe, people's wallets and pockets begin exploding with money, and people suddenly begin remembering things important to them that they once forgot. La Pre Shawn's tiny, dead, shriveled, and skeletal leprechaun body then hits the ground with the dagger still pierced through it. In a sad ending, the main character notices that Bad Cat is about to die. The main character states to Bad Cat before his death, "You were my best friend, Bad Cat! I love you!" choking back emotion. Bad Cat's final and ninth life leaves the cat's body, floating upward into the sky. A narration by the main character then explains that the deeds of the Nine Lifers will live on written in the stars for all eternity, as it shows shots of outer space, having the film display graffiti formed by nebulae and stars of key moments in the film as Bad Cat's several angel-like nine lives fly around what is being shown, and a final one shows the main character and Bad Cat graffitied in nebula formations, along with NINE LIFERS written in graffiti letters below them.

The film then cuts to the main character sitting in his mother's kitchen with an ordinary house cat version of Bad Cat near him, drawing with pencils, pens, crayons, markers, and water color at his kitchen table, and he narrates, "At least that is what would of happened… if I left the house [blank] ago" stating the run time of the movie up until that point, as he looks at his closed front door, takes a sip from a mug of coffee by him, and continues to draw on the paper in front of him, with surrounding papers around the table containing simplistic pencil, pen, crayon, marker, and water color pictures of the stories' characters in action.

The motivations for the film and its production will be inspired by the fact that many mano nera films that express important information and evidence to crimes in them are pretty low budget and crass, having a pretty stupid story also, and the film Nine Lifers would imitate the ridiculous and stupid qualities of these important mano nera films, having fantasy characters portrayed in bad puppetry, but also still implementing high quality effects, and also using a high budget to make the film.

We also started to work on a film called Blomoland. I was looking into pedophile symbols a long time ago on an F.B.I. website, and I brought up to everyone in my head the fact that a former transgender employee at Home Depot born physically female was wearing an earring that matched one called a BLogo, meaning Boy Love logo. I was thinking this was to see how I would react to it while being harassed and bullied at work,

possibly unreasonably causing a physical altercation, but I remained calm and unconcerned, but I also later sent in an unanswered tip to the F.B.I. about the employee.
Often, at Home Depot people would still imitate jail and prison situations involving me, and when I was in jail there was a man who looked like Joe Biden in my pod that supposedly was a repeated sex offender, being incarcerated for sexual offenses over and over, and in no way did I act unreasonable or desiring to foolishly physical assault the man, which is something that often occurs to people incarcerated for being a sex criminal. I was adamant that the laws need to be changed and work for change rather than acting with criminal behavior that would get a person in further criminal trouble. Even then, I would not have probably struck the man if it were lawful. One time, I was being escorted to perform a video court, because COVID-19 caused all court cases to be performed over a video broadcast stream, and I was placed in a small cell with this Joe Biden lookalike sex offender with other inmates, and he sat completely opposite to me, and even hinted at him to punch him in the jaw, leaning his head forward towards me and saying something like, "I should have shaved before court," pointing towards his jaw, I harassed by maser instruments again.
At Home Depot I would have such things as African American people around me after some person was having their racist mentality broadcasted to my mind for a short time, and then I would again make no unlawful actions towards them or permanently accepted their perspective on life. One time, assisting customers in the garden location, I had a man who looked very much like Bill Cosby pass me, well in my sight and able to be gauged for his appearance, coming into the building from the outside garden, again with no criminal intent desired of me, but instead I asked him if he needed any help finding anything.
I think that they should just segregate the sex criminals into pods of their own in the first place or locations of incarceration of their own, but the problem is there might not be enough of them at a single time, and a few sex offenders cannot be expected to fill a large pod of their own simply because of the crime they committed.
We started to joke about people using the symbol frequently, it being a swirly symbol in a triangle shape, and other groups using variations of it, such as a group of pedophilic satanists making a BLogogram, which would be a five-pointed upside-down star in a circle that has its points as BLogos instead. Another symbol that pedophiles use is a butterfly having two wings in four segments, where the two top segments of the wings are large hearts representing adults, and the bottom two segments are smaller hearts representing children, so to show a love between adults and children. The hearts are also either gender blue or pink representing the gender of the adult and the gender of the children preferred.
I was driving to pick up pizza near my work to bring home to my family, and someone started to put in characters and a cartoon in my head that matched '80s cartoons in quality, such as The Care Bears television show, and the main characters were a male butterfly with heart-shaped gender blue wings named Blomo and a girl butterfly with gender pink heart-shaped wings named Glomo, each with line and ball antennae on their heads, and they called the animated television show The New Adventures of Blomo and Glomo. A few nights early, someone kept using the term BLogo in reference to a person instead of a logo, and I figured that a proper update to the word would be BLomo to represent a pedophilic person instead, meaning a Boy Love homo. So, I assumed that this person placing their imagined cartoon in my head was referring to and based on this. I started to help the person think of a joking moment that would appear in such an animated television show's episodes where Blomo and Glomo are trying to help a boy fallen into a river by flying to help him, each of them grabbing him by the legs, thinking they successfully saved him, only to have his denim jeans slip off of his body, sending him falling down a waterfall bare legged in his white briefs underwear.
Often, people put things into my head, and I have learned to just write them down and use them for material, even if they might be extremely offensive to others. I have a folder on my USB flash drive labelled My Jokes full of many of these jokes, comedy segment ideas, and thoughts.
For instance, someone thought up an idea for a comedy segment where an ill-intentioned t-shirt salesman is at a concert and selling shirts that he made himself, and a young African American man comes up to the t-shirt salesman and says he likes his shirt designs, with one having a BLogo on it and even stating the word below the symbol. When the young African American man asks what it means, the t-shirt salesman replies that it means, "Be capitalized 'Lit,' or get out!" The young African American man then replies, "That's cool!" and he buys a t-shirt and places it on. Afterwards, it shows many people wearing the shirts around and taking up its presumed meaning of, "Be capitalized 'Lit,' or get out!" but the F.B.I. starts to believe that they have a large pedophilia operation growing in due of the shirts instead. Afterwards several people start to incorporate the symbol and its slogan into the Black Lives Matter movement, altering the slogan to "Black Lives, or get out!" using it during rallies and placing the symbol and its slogan on signs.

Given the information in my head, people started to call astronauts “BLogonauts” and “dildonauts” instead, which I also wrote down in my My Jokes folder.
Having been given the idea of The New Adventures of Blomo and Glomo, I thought that the fictional cartoonist and animator who animated and created the cartoon for it might make for a good side character in a film that I already thought up called The Froozles, which has to do with the downfall of a popular cartoonist. We then later thought it possible to be involved in its own unique film.
This comedy film Blomoland would involve an online community of people attempting to gather a large amount of evidence that a large and powerful film company called The Blomo Company was involved in pedophilia and wrongdoing. This company, of course, would mirror Walt Disney Co., and its main character would be Blomo, who is a representation of Mickey Mouse, and he would also have his girlfriend Glomo, like Minnie. This online community would keep bringing up moments throughout the animated film company’s history that seemed far too sexually inappropriate and possibly attempting to convey perverted things to children, such as a new animated adaptation of Don Quixote having the knight fall off his horse, and a ribbon flowing off of him in a cloud of dust seems to read “SEX” in cursive, along with the dust cloud possibly making out a topless woman in its billowy nature. This portion of the animated film is later shown in an online video with a social media influencer bringing up the moment in a trailer for the film also, then adding that several other moments in the trailer are also coming off as having sexual messages, such as a part prior to the mentioned fall of Don Quixote in the dust, showing him getting in a fight with a windmill that has its turbine blades appear to have ornate penises illustrated on them, making it seem like the turbine blade that struck him down was a giant penis doing so instead.
Other speculations would arise such as the large company’s founder and creator of Blomo and Glomo having early hand drawn and inked patent designs for his characters including erased pencil marks that explain after the character’s names that they mean “boy love homo” and “girl love homo.”
We also thought a funny portion of Nine Lifers would involve the large theme park called Blomoland seen in its eponymous film in good quality shown now abandoned, wrecked, squalid, and graffitied everywhere, and being a hideout for a creepy group of gang members still violently loving the cartoons of The Blomo Company called the Blomo Boys, who each are wearing caps made by the park that are supposed to be the top of the character Blomo’s head, but instead they look like durags with wire and ball cartoon butterfly antennae sticking out of them.

We also joked that eventually the BLogo unnoticeably became incorporated into several things, such as Common Core math books being focused on BLogonometry, which is a new style of Trigonometry that focuses on the angles of BLogos. We thought it funny to incorporate or make it into a comedy segment for a comedy television show.

In a folder labelled “My Art Ideas” I placed in an idea for a graffiti design that would be a new NASA logo, which would be a combination of existing logos form elsewhere, and it would show the words NASA as block letters with a rocket blasting off into space behind it, but the rocket is a Jesus fish with a rocket blast shooting out its tail, and a window or eye on the rocket fish is a circled swastika, and the cloud of smoke caused by the rocket is partly making a pedophile butterfly symbol, while the light from the blast is causing the block letters to cast a shadow that reads NAZI instead, and faintly behind everything is a triangle-shaped BLogo with an eye at the top, making it an all-seeing eye, too.
Another graffiti design that I had an idea for is a Mickey Mouse skull with its nose cavity being an arrow pointing upward to the sky, and letters below it matching the Walt Disney logo read “What Dismay!” instead.
Another similar graffiti design that I had an idea for would have a Mario skull with a nose cavity that is an arrow pointing downward, and below would be the Nintendo logo, but instead it reads “KIDENDO”.

Nintendo has always been presumed by many who are aware of their affiliation with the yakuza. They are a very old company who first created hanafuda cards. In the 1960s they entered both the Japanese and U.S. stock markets because they started producing cards for Walt Disney Co. The etymology of the name yakuza is in reference to the worst hand a player can get in the card game Oicho-Kabu, which either uses a kabufuda or hanafuda deck. The numbers of the drawn cards are 8-9-3, which is pronounced ya-ku-za in archaic Japanese. I began to make the joke, which is definitely true, that they gained the name in due of them being born with the worst hand in the deck of life: the status of innately being child perverts, child rapists, and

genuine all-around rapists. They are gropers and people who would have sex with their own mothers, too. Nintendo's name also means "leave luck up to heaven."

The mentioned film idea The Froozles would be a dramedy film that involves an animator for an extremely popular television show about a cartoon family of anthropomorphic fruits called The Froozles being found to committed several acts of child abuse against his own children in live videos, using violence and homophobic bullying on them, and then he is also found to have courted several underage girls. The creator and animator's cartoon show would be like SpongeBob SquarePants mixed with The Simpsons, along with other cartoon family sitcoms, and the family would consist of a banana father, a pear mother, a plum daughter, a strawberry son, and a grape baby. The only two characters that I have so far added character to is the plum daughter and the strawberry son. Despite the rest of the family coming off as mostly Caucasian, the family's plum first daughter would be obviously African American, and the character's voice actress would not even try to hide that she is a middle-aged African American woman, such as having her character claim things like, "I'm a forty-two year old African American mother with two children in a sixteen-year-old plum girls body! You wouldn't understand how I feel!" The middle child that is the strawberry middle son of the family is a complete nerd with the seeds on his flesh being considered pimples. He has a nerdy voice and is often weak and allows people to bully him, while also liking computer games.
When the story's creator gets into trouble, it is because his ex-wife and mother to his two children got extremely upset at him one day and then leaked home videos on the internet of him pulling what he considers pranks on his young two boys, but what he doing is actually pretty vicious, and he keeps using offensive terms for homosexuals throughout the videos. In one video he uses a head camera to spy on his two children digging a hole in their backyard from over a fence. He then asks them, "What ya guys doin'?" and the boys look up and reply, "Diggin' a hole!" The famous animator then says, "Oh, that's nice! Have fun!" It then shows the animator go get a powerful pellet gun from inside his house, walk back out of his house, and then peer back over the fence with it. He then starts shooting at his children, yelling, "You little f—gots! 'You bein' gay with each other again!" and the kids run away, screaming and crying, seeking protection from behind a shed. Once there, they get in a verbal exchange with their father, pleading in screamed voices, "Don't shoot us!" and their famous animator father yells back, "Maybe if you two were not playing with each other's buttholes I wouldn't have to!" Many other videos like this were placed online by his ex-wife, including a video where he pepper sprays one of his sons while the child is hiding under his bed, because the child's father was claiming that the boy considered it his "gay club" under his bed, and another shows the children playing at their kitchen table when the father, who hid a secret camera in front of them, runs into the room and, although still has some sports shorts on, violently and excessively "tea bags" the back of one of his son's head, as the child screams and cries, and the father yells, "I'm tea baggin' the s—t out of ya!"
CGI would help to create these videos in the film to make them appear real home videos.
Following the release of these videos, the world is disgusted by him and what he has produced, having people burning and destroying the animated show The Froozles' merchandise in mass. All the actors for the show are really upset and continuously publicly apologizing also. The film would focus on the animator and the former cast members for the cartoon, along with the network and company that produced it, while they deal with the fallout from the happening. Later in the film, the animator is brought to trial for his actions against the children, and eventually for his actions toward several underage girls, too.
I came up with this idea based off a friend that I had in high school who use to work at Subway and had a woman come into his store and keep questioning him if they still had any "froozles," and him getting in an exchange with the woman because he never heard of the product, nor had the restaurant ever had any such product to his knowledge. She was likely asking for some form of fruit drink. Afterwards, when he would go to the drive-thru of fast food restaurants, sometimes with me there, he would like to ask the person working there if they had any "froozles," and troll them about it afterwards. This would later be joked at as being a part of the "cycle of abuse." Later, this same friend would physically assault a homosexual student who he used to be close friends with on the final day of our senior year in high school, almost out of nowhere, for being gay. He would be arrested and put in jail because of it. We later speculated that perhaps he got upset at this other person for trying something homosexual with him, but who knows? If the film were made, I would use this exact story for how the animator came up with the name and idea for the cartoon show The Froozles, but without the incident of assault being included, the animator picturing a family of fruits living mixed together.

There's another genre of entertainment that I like to pretend exists, especially in film, called "mixed emotion" where its story attempts to induce several emotions all at once in its viewer, and I am often fond of such films that I consider them to fit. These are workers that are often considered subversive. They usually bring about variations in humor, joy, sadness, disgust, and confusion, possibly with two or more all at once in many of their scenes, and the story also involves political and social reasons why the film can achieve such a range of induced emotions. Films within this "mixed emotions" cinema genre include: Gummo (1997), Trainspotting (1996), The Beaver Trilogy (2001), The Rules of Attraction (2002), Another State of Mind (1984), Blue Velvet (1986), River's Edge (1986), If… (1969), City of God (2004), Cemetery Man (1996), Boogie Nights (1997), and others. Gummo would be considered a quintessential film in the genre.

The current U.S. politicians basically match any of the adult figures in the film Gummo, along with Jack from the film Sideways (2004), but at least the character Jack doesn't come off as a person who would sexually abuse and would have sex with a child.

I also came up with large number of ideas for other trilogies, sometimes adding in films to them that I already had the idea for, including another film trilogy tilted The Drug Trilogy. This set of films would consist in titles: Dodo, The Whole Drugola, and Being Mindful of Others. Dodo would be a dark dramedy film about a man who is on a long drug binge, spending all his life savings on drugs, wanting them to eventually kill him. The Whole Drugola has a father that trades manual labor for drugs being at his drug dealer's house on the Fourth of July when, while smoking in the backyard, rival dealers enter the house, shoot up everyone inside, they look for a large amount of stashed drugs within the house, are unable to find it, leave, and the father enters back into the house from the backyard, knowing where the drugs are, and takes them, travelling in various ways home with a large bag of drugs, walking and riding buses, while fireworks are constantly going off all over the city. Being Mindful of Others has a woman drug addict get high, but then is immediately raped, and she makes her way home on foot and bus, rambling with pressured speech to herself all her thoughts and everything that she sees, upsetting everyone she comes across.
I also had an idea for a trilogy of Japanese films titled the Lonely Gamer Trilogy. The three titles in the film trilogy would be: Abandonware, Wingman, and Werewolf Tower. Abandonware is about a Japanese ludologist and content creator who discovers an online ad for some very old and used computer games being sold, buys them from an old woman selling them with her explaining that they were her son's, he takes them home, finds a bunch of hentai games in them, sees some unmarked disk demo games, plays one, finds that the game is basically violent child porn focused on both boys and girls, wants to know who made the game, so he keeps playing it, but it is a difficult game and possibly has no ending, but he achieves an ending to the game, and then he finds in the game's credits that two creator nicknames belong to famous video game makers, who are now important corporate heads for a third party gaming company. He then makes an online video about the discovery on his channel, but, after, it seems like all the technology in his life is haunted, and the viewership of his video content seems very dubious. The film Wingman is about a very asocial and unpleasant male gamer becoming obsessed with a dating simulator and bullet hell video game hybrid called Wingman, and he learns to actually pick up women by using what the game taught him, aping what is performed in the game to be kind and court women, but he is genuinely a sociopath, so he mistreats the women he gets into relationships with. Werewolf Tower is about an innocent man playing a video game called Werewolf Tower in most of his free time, not aware that he is being watched, and the game's content is more extremely violent and sexualizing females than usual, but the video game has good gameplay, the game having a story that involves a werewolf attacking a tower filled with enemies, violently tearing enemies into guts, gore, and pieces, to save a very huge amount of female captives, who are all almost nearly nude in their depictions, and the werewolf is attempting to find his true love amongst them.

"Werewolf" by Davyn Andersen

The lunatic with the feral and fearsome features
Joins the night as one of its many creatures,
Hunting and murdering any living thing found:
Many of victims are killed and are downed.

It is a curse that has made the full moon a danger,
For blood and gore can only fulfill a demon's anger,
Tearing to pieces those who are unfortunate,
Mauling, clawing, chewing, and eating an opened gut.
A silver death is the beast's only means to cure,
And without this demise the person will stay impure,
Keeping a mortal problem within their existence,
Becoming a fanged monster with no other resistance.

I had the idea of turning both Wingman and Werewolf Tower into actual games prior to thinking up these film ideas. One of my favorite video games, especially arcade video games, was Konami's Sexy Parodius, which I was fond of for its mix of comedy and sex appeal, along with great game design within the shooter genre. It was only released in Japan, though. Another game that I thought was funny is a Konami Japanese arcade game called Daisu Kiss, which is a dating simulator. When I was drawing my character ideas for the game idea that would be titled either Bullet Fighter, Shoot Out, or Cap Gun I made a sheet of possible character designs and one was a Japanese superhero and fighter pilot hybrid that I did not use when drawing up the other characters and what moves they would do in the game. I decided to take this character and to call him Wingman, because I had already made a file note to make a dating simulator called Wingman. I then thought it possible to mix everything together, having a game inspired by the two mentioned Konami games, a dating simulator mixed with a point and click adventure, and then have a man on a quest to find love in the local dating scene, often assisted by the chibi little character Wingman acting as a narrator and guide, along with him being involved in shooter games that moved from both top down and a side view where he is in a cutesy tough fighter jet that shoots hearts at his enemies and obstacles, sometimes using ribbon wrapped chocolate box bombs that explode with mouth bites. I also thought it possible to make a sequel to Sexy Parodius, with or without the character Wingman, called Daisu Kiss Parodius, which would feature many of the often found characters to choose from in the Parodius series, but also add in some new ones with their bought Hudson Soft intellectual properties, such as Master Higgins from the Adventure Island games riding upon his pterodactyl friend, throwing rock hammers and shooting both regular and fiery boomerangs at the enemies. The character Bomberman would also make a good character to add to this. Studying large amounts of video games from literally almost every single released console and older computer, I was being made capable to download emulators and literally every game that I could possibly find on them, except a few. I would later be forced to delete them all. (The same thing happened with me owning a large amount of free downloaded music from online, along with music that I legally borrowed from the library and had copied to my computer.) When I tried to gain the emulators and game ROMs again, I was made disallowed to do so, showing that they could have easily had me unable to gain them in the first place. I then messaged Konami on Twitter to request them ot make a Parodius series game collection, as they have been doing with their Castlevania Anniversary Collection and Contra Anniversary Collection series games, because the Parodius games never came to the West for the most part, while I said to also make a collection for the Ganbare Goemon series, also translating the games for the western market.

I wrote down Werewolf Tower as a possible game in my file folders, because many years ago after I had been broken up with my ex-girlfriend, people started to give me sad and emotional dreams while I was sleeping, and one involved me as a werewolf in a video game as a pixelated RPG character navigating a huge and vast tower that contained an extremely large amount of unique princesses, similar to the cartoon series Adventure Time, but taken to an extreme degree, and then after fighting a few enemies on the first floor of the tower, I went into a room to find a Sock Puppet Princess that I was enamored by in a messy and average young woman's room packing herself up in a suitcase to leave me forever, representing my ex-girlfriend leaving me and not coming back, and possibly just being a puppet through maser use, and I quickly woke up after, feeling a bit sad about it, but then went about my business.
Inspired by this, I would also think to make a children's show having a Sock Puppet Princess as its main character, just an average white sock puppet with googly eyes, a crown, and a pink princess dress on. I also combined this with a happening when I was a younger teenager and my mother and I went to pick my sister up

from a Tori Amos concert downtown, and, while doing so, Tori Amos left the concert in her tour bus, having a sock puppet she was using being the only thing sticking out a bus window in the sight of a crowd of her fans.

Because Konami now owns Hudson Soft, I also kept bringing up an idea called an "ultimate hybrid game" involving the game Princess Tomato in the Salad Kingdom, which would be a sequel to it. This sequel would still be a point and click adventure, although using more modern tactics to navigate the game's screens, but the game would also keep varying in genre and game design, all while having RPG and item discovery elements. For example, there would be shooter and bullet hell stages in the game where Princess Tomato is magically flying through the air in a top down view, shooting stars from her forehead at enemies and using other magical abilities, but then later Sir Cucumber would be found in a hack and slash platformer where it is necessary to choose the correct sword attack to defeat enemies who like to guard themselves, and then in other stages Percy the Persimmon would be found performing in early arcade style games. Other moments in the game would involve run and gun levels with the characters and turn base RPG fights.

Another game idea in the shooter genre would be a Nintendo game called Luma Shooting Star, which would be a spinoff to the Super Mario Galaxy games where a Luma is on its own, flying around between planets and galaxies to defeat masses of enemies, shooting star particles at them, having assistance from other Luma, and pulling objects into its gravity to orbit around it to later toss them at enemies and objects. This game would be a variety of different shooters in one, having the Luma viewed from a top-down view at one point, then changing to a side view, and then switching to a behind view like ones found in Kid Icarus: Rising, while also having an angled third-party viewpoint, as if bombarding enemies below. After such instances of a self-scrolling traditional and nontraditional shooter the Luma would find itself on Mario Galaxy variety of floating bodies that can entirely navigated around in their bodies in a planetary manner, fighting enemies, shooting star particles at enemies, and again using gravity to have objects orbit it, to later throw or use in puzzles.
I got upset and began hating Nintendo again, because it seemed that they were being passive aggressive and bullying me again, so I started to salvage and alter this game in my head to a game featuring a fat and round little star man also shooting star particles, sunbeams, and using his own gravity to gain items in his orbit later to be used to throw at enemies or objects, or solve puzzles.
I also thought up a sequel to Nintendo's Game Boy game Solar Striker, keeping it minimalist but modern.

Returning to the subject of Konami video games, a long time ago when I was just beginning to live at home again and had been continued to have people acting strange, passive aggressive, and bullying me through subtext, I kept asking how all this was happening, and if all these people doing this were being paid to do so. I thought up some rich person just dishing out money to have people act terribly towards me. I then thought up an idea for a video game titled Buy the World where a rich man like Mr. Monopoly was in a run and gun game like the video game Contra just travelling the globe and shooting money at people existing in various world cultures who are angry at him and at life, and when enough money is given to these people, who are the enemies in the game, their eyes light up with dollar signs, and they walk off screen having been neutralized in their desire to attack.
Later, in my head this game would evolve to be an untraditional Ganbare Goemon series game titled Ganbare Goemon World Gold Dispenser that would be a fully run and gun game that resembles Contra in its entirety, having Goemon, who is known for shooting money at enemies in the first place, and his friend Ebisumaru travelling the whole world to dispense gold to it, after some terrible and evil person hoarded all the world's gold, causing a dark cloud to form over it. Again, the enemies would be various cultural characters throughout the world, angry and attacking Goemon and Ebisumaru, and then they would neutralize after receiving enough money. An example of what would happen in a level for this game would be a Paris, France level where the player first are attacked by various typical, and possibly stereotypical, French characters like mimes creating invisible walls and boulangers throwing baguette javelins or croissant boomerangs, and then a final area in the level, possibly after a visit to the Eiffel Tower, would be a tour of the Louvre where the final boss in France has a large portrait in the museum split into four pieces to reveal it secretly is a mech robot fighter, who, when shot with enough money, has its robot eyes turn into dollar signs, neutralizing it, and then having it fly off. A move used to defeat all the enemies on the screen at once or perform a larger attack on a stronger enemy would have a large bag of money thrown by Goemon or Ebisumaru, which would explode with cash everywhere.

I had an idea for a sequel in the Yie Ar Kung-Fu series, simply called Yie Ar Kung-Fu 3, which would feature characters from the previous games, including both the arcade and Famicom version of the first game, the second game on the MSX, characters from the arcade game Kicker, Mikie from the arcade game Mikie, and likely characters from other Konami releases. The video game would be a 2.5D fighting game with 3D character models and environments, and it would have a traditional fighting game side view, but the players and fighters would be able to expand the screen and distance themselves from each other like in Waku Waku 7. Inspiration would also be taken from the game Far East of Eden: Kabuki Klash. The game's characters would be cutesy looking cartoon martial artists with compact and stout bodies but made in a modern 3D character fashion. Both the opposing fighter characters would fill up the screen pretty well when they are near each other, but distancing themselves from each other and the screen expanding it would show them to be pretty small and compact in stature. A game that is alike in having small compact and compact characters is Flying Dragon 64, but the characters and background would match the colorful graphics of the Yie Ar Kung-Fu arcade game still, along with early Konami arcade games in general, while it would also have better production in their 3D characters, like the characters and bright graphics found in Nintendo's Splatoon series games. Some of the characters' faces would look in cartoon style like the characters found in the title screen and intro to the arcade game Hard Head 2, especially Oolong from the original Yie Ar Kung-Fu arcade game, and Lee from Yie Are Kung-Fu for Famicom and Yie Are Kung-Fu 2 for MSX. Despite the game being very adorable, bright, and cartoonish looking, the martial arts action in the game would be very complex and sophisticated like a modern Street Fighter game, while also being like Pocket Fighter. The button scheme for this game would be very interesting in the fact that it would have a punch button, a kick button, an arm parry button, and a leg parry button. The game would have parry special moves and counters that can be performed with special inputs using the directional pad and the parry buttons, often causing counter attacks to be performed, such as follow up punches, kicks, grabs, throws, stuns, and knock backs. The balancing in the game would have to be highly tested to make sure it functions well.
Ideas for known characters within the Yie Ar Games, Shaolin Road, and Mikie, besides the already mentioned two of Oolong and Lee, would be Bishoo, Blues, Buchu, Han Chen, Hoi, Jin, Lan Fang, Lang (Star), Li Chen, Mei Ling, Miyabi, Mu, Po Chin, Tao, Toru (Mikie), Wade, Wanpyou (Kicker), Wen Hu, and Yen Pei. Characters from other Konami games, who could be available or unlockable characters, could be from the games Crime Fighters, Dragon Heart, Martial Champion, Raging Fighter, Rakuga Kids, Vendetta, and Violent Storm. Any character from Rakuga Kids would definitely make for a good hidden character in the game. A new Rakuga Kids game would also be a good idea.

I also thought of a comedy fighting game either called Bug Fighter or The Killing Jar. I made this game idea when I was very young having the thought of making a game that had insects for fighters with children pitting them against each other. The NES had very little traditional fighting games on it, with few exceptions, such as Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Tournament Fighters, and I wished that they released more of them on such a minimalist system and its two button and a direction pad controller scheme. Games of the sort would often appear on the Game Boy released by SNK most of all. Given these thoughts, I developed in my head the idea of a modern pixel graphic fighting game that would have a ridiculously large character roster of small, compact, cute pixel character insects, spiders, worms, grubs, caterpillars, slugs, and snails, and the game would have absolutely no concern for fighting game balancing, but rather make character after character, adding moves and special moves fitting to the variety of small creature that they are, including having some a bit repeated, but having some form of variation in their move sets. In my head, it is like if Legacy of the Wizard and Kirby's Adventure were mixed, while having pixel graphic quality of the Final Fantasy Pixel Remasters but only featuring small level variety of actual creatures in the game, and several could battle at once. My fighting game idea for Bullet Fighter is also a bit like this.

I have an idea for another game called Towering Fighters, which I began to develop as a joke, but then started to evolve it into an actual game in my head. This game would have gameplay that would be like if Sugoi Hebereke, Captain Toad: Treasure Tracker, a Smash Bros. series game, Dark Souls series PVP, and a Power Stones series game without its items were mixed as one, having a third person perspective with an adjustable camera view. The reason I write that this started as a joke in my head is because the title would have three meanings in the fact that the game would humorously feature not towering really small and stout chibi fighting

characters, who are very powerful, they would each be found fighting atop tall towers or high areas, and throughout the fight they have the ability to keep towering in their abilities, strength, and power.
I began to draw some of the characters for this game, including a small, almost goldfish looking, chibi martial artist man named Rowdy, his sister Duckling, their father Broom, a drunken and unorthodox fighter named Beer, a beastly goblin man named Wrong, a larger and taller, but still chibi, fighter named Coo, and a second to last boss of a dragon man named Wormish, and a final boss that is gigantic spider ogre named Gumikumo. Although chibi and moving around like Captain Toad in his game, but able to jump and double jump, the characters would have strong special moves like that of an SNK fighting game character or a magic ability move found in Dark Souls. The fighters would have an energy gauge that would deplete upon taking damage. The areas in which they fight would be like the top of the tower area where Captain Toad fights Wingo in Captain Toad: Treasure Tracker, but, of course, different in appearance. If a player falls off the tower or tall area in which they fight, the player does not automatically lose and they do not have stocks like in Smash Bros., but instead they lose about twenty percent of what their original power gauge amount was, and the character is guided back up to the top of the tower by different means, such as a bird carrying them up there to attempt to get back on the tower platform, or a jetpack, or a an airplane, etc.

Researching PC-88 games, I came across a fan made game, or doujin game, that was a text mode remake of Truxton titled Doujin Kaizokuban. I immediately loved that the title screen was a man bowing and offering a flower. I then began to think of ideas for other text mode games that had a romantic, kind, or giving quality to them that reflected the game's title screen. I eventually began to develop in my head a game called Doujin Super Mario in Japan and then Super Mario Love Letter in the U.S., which would be a text mode Super Mario game built in a sophisticated and modern 3D game engine, having several flat plains in the foreground and then some in the background, and the game purposely would attempt to imitate bizarre ideas that fan made games usually try to place in their games. This game I would not have made, but desired Nintendo to make it instead, finding the thought of Nintendo creating its own text mode fan game a fun thought.
This game again would involve the same idea of a dark cloud being over the world, and all the enemies would be so upset at the situation that even Mario cannot stop them, such as having a text mode Goomba attempted to be stomped by a text mode Mario, but the Goomba is so agitated and angry that he pushes Mario upward and off of him. So, instead, Mario finds gifts to give the enemies to neutralize them, such as teddy bears able to be thrown at them, or chocolate boxes that have a finite number of chocolates to throw at the enemies like how fireballs usually are, with the items either plucked from the ground or found in question mark boxes. The game's story would have Mario also attempting to deliver a love letter from a female Toad to her husband that has gone missing in the angry and darkly clouded world. The game would have Mario clearing up the dark cloud over the world in individual stages, and the game would have a very positive quality to it, even having the music unusually upbeat positive electronic music about love, which would try to be like Galantis' "Peanut Butter Jelly" and Sigala's "Sweet Lovin'".
Doujin Kaizokuban can be found here: https://www.myabandonware.com/game/doujin-kaizokuban-7xa
I thought of other possible text mode fan games made by Nintendo themselves, such as a text mode top down The Legend of Zelda series game titled The Legend of Zelda: Code of the Knights of Hyrule, and then a Metroid game that would be modelled after the original NES game titled Metroid: Datamine.
I then also thought it possible to make Super Mario Love Letter a regular 2.5D Super Mario series video game or have it a game within the Paper Mario series.

While I was coming up with ideas for Super Mario Shellboarder, or Super Mario Sharkboarder, I was also coming up with another Super Mario series game title Super Mario Firework. When I went to the University of Utah, I would always play a 3DS on the way there, bullied and talked to in my head with maser instruments every single time. Two video games that I would mostly play on it on the way there were the Nintendo game The Mysterious Murasame Castle and the shooter Summer Carnival '92: Recca. I loved the name of the title of the latter game for its invocation of thoughts of summer and its festivals. I thought it would be a good idea to make a game that also incorporates such themes in it. So, I eventually began to make ideas for a Super Mario 3D world series game that would involve fireworks, explosions, summer feelings, and the sights and views at summer festivals. I first started to develop the thought of having the game have sky fireworks constantly shooting off everywhere in its background in a night scene that causes the area and platforms to be illuminated, while also having platforms made of ornate origami that if a spark was found to hit would slowly

burn up, turn to black ashes, and then fall apart, creating a death drop. I started to make other additions to what would be included into the video game, such as all of the bosses in Super Mario 2, which is known as Super Mario U.S.A. in Japan, with the U.S.A. in its title making me think of the Fourth of July and fireworks, such as Clawgrip being fought by Mario on a night beach where sky fireworks are constantly being set off. Some of the enemies would be origami also, and these thoughts were being made well before Paper Mario: The Origami King with its origami characters, and if a spark or fireball would hit an origami enemy, such as an origami shy guy, the fire would cause the enemy to slowly char black. This burnt up black enemy would then still attempt to attack Mario, but upon striking Mario, a wall, or an object, it would just fall to ashes. Because the game would include sparks and fire, another enemy would be a corked bottle of water that is also a dog, who when it spots Mario, the cork would shoot out its snout, and then it would start barking out water creating spots in the environment that will not burn up. Mario would also be able to find a gorilla costume in the game that would cause him to have large gorilla hands drag along behind him as he walks, and he can then use the arms to grab enemies and either slam them against the ground or throw them far into the distance. The gorilla costume can also help climb in places. At a moment in the game, Mario would use the gorilla costume to fight with Donkey Kong as a boss in a room of explosive barrels, throwing them at each other. Another feature in the game would be a dynamite fruit able to be picked and thrown or kicked at an enemy with the fruit item exploding with seed shrapnel everywhere. An enemy that I thought could be in the game would be a pinecone that when fire hit it, such as when a spark causes the origami platform to burn up, would cause the pinecone to explode and floating enemy seeds would disperse from the exploded pinecone, trying to follow and attack Mario.

Before I went to jail, the video game Paper Mario: The Origami King was announced, and it was to be released on my birthday of July 17th, 2020, and I thought that they got some of the ideas from me, or that they were possibly being passive aggressive making a different game than the one that I had been making in my head, and seeing how I reacted. Before this game came out, I was arrested for stalking my ex-girlfriend in June of that year, and I even spent my birthday in jail when the game came out.

I worked on the game Super Mario Firework again much later while I was working at Home Depot further developing that Mario would be found in many Japanese festival settings, especially involving the Aomori Nebuta Matsuri with its glowing parade floats, and Super Mario-themed parade floats like those found at the popular Japanese festival would appear in the game. I also started to think most enemies in the game would be firework versions of standard Super Mario series enemies, such as having a Blooper who is a hybrid of a firework similar to a cartoon rocket firework with a pointed top, also having smaller firework Bloopers following behind it, and they would shoot and zip in uncontrolled directions out of the water as rocket fireworks in attempts to attack Mario and quickly explode. Cheep Cheeps would also be found to be a hybrid of a firework, having them jump out the water, land on platforms, flap around, while a fuse on them burns out, and then they explode in a firework manner. The normal Bob-ombs would also explode in the manner of a firework rather than the usual simple blast.

I also thought that it would be good to create a remake of Summer Carnival ’92: Recca.

If Super Mario Firework were released, I also thought to have its physical copies looking like fireworks, having the packaging wrapped in red firecracker paper and having a square paper firework-like label upon its middle showing a Super Mario series Fire Flower, the game’s title, and possibly characters framing it.

I was also making a game in my head that would do the same in its packaging, even being a sister game to Super Mario Firework, perhaps made by Capcom, that would be about a child ninja who collects fireworks as weapons, with the game resembling Sekiro mixed with Yokai Watch, the character having similarities to Capcom’s character Masked Ninja Hanamaru also. This child ninja would run about a Japanese suburb and its surroundings, fighting ninjas with fireworks and his toy plastic sword, jumping and running along houses and buildings in a 3D world while using a third-party perspective with an adjustable camera view. He would also collect cards in a game within the game to play against other children found in his hometown, somewhat like the game Kamen no Ninja Hanamaru’s boss fights, which are just strategic card games.

Before my close friend in my head made me realize my old and bitter thoughts about Nintendo on the floor of Home Depot, I had thought that it would be a good idea for Nintendo to release For Whom the Frog Tolls using the very engine, graphics, and character designs that The Legend of Zelda: Link’s Awakening was made in, because For Whom the Frog Tolls is a sister game to Link’s Awakening, having a shared character of Prince Richard found within both, and it was never released in the west. I thought that they should both

release a remake of the game internationally, while also making the original Game Boy version translated and able to play for an international crowd also. This was well before they announced Echoes of Wisdom. Another thought that I had was to make either a sequel or remake to The Mysterious Murasame Castle that would also use the same engine, graphics, and character designs of Link's Awakening's Remake. If a sequel was made, and possibly even a remake, I thought it could have the very same difficulty of the original game, while also making it an entirely open world game with exploration and item collection. The original game that never made it as a physical copy to the U.S., was a sister game to the original The Legend of Zelda, so I thought that another good idea would be to release an actual official physical copy of the game for the NES by Nintendo.

Even when Nintendo released the Link's Awakening Remake, I began to tell people in my head, "How can they expect a full $60 for a game that they put no new game design in, no new materials other than a dungeon building area in it, and the game just basically had better and more appealing graphic qualities. Another game of Nintendo's during this time Kirby Star Allies only expected $45 for it at its original cost, and that game put in much more work."

Based off these thoughts, and when I was trying to look up the original price on Bloodborne when it was released, I also thought that it would be a good idea for Wikipedia to start showing in its pages the release price of items on the day of their release, including theater tickets. Bloodborne with its price of $20 without the DLC, and $10 extra for the valued DLC, was extremely great priced for what the game offers, so I wondered what the original price of the game was, and I still can't find it to this day.

I also began to explain that Nintendo has terrible online deals on their digital games, and that their games at least used to usually wind-up having the reissues of it be around $20 for the physical copies, but they would not adjust the price of their digital editions. People would just find them for much less used anyways.

Another Super Mario series game that I thought up would be called Super Mario '81. This game play and have the exact style and physics as the 1981 Donkey Kong arcade game, but it would attempt to implement as many things from the entirety of the Super Mario series games as possible. It would be a 2.5D and it would have levels that you would find in such games as Super Mario 3 and Super Mario World, along with more recent games, but they would be fit to have the gameplay and design of Donkey Kong arcade, having the characters very small and resembling 2.5D versions of the games characters. Unlike Donkey Kong arcade it would not have a death fall from dropping too far, though. The levels would fit inside of possibly two lengths or less of screens on a person's television. Implementing items from other games, Mario would be able to gain items throughout much of the game series, such as gaining two types of feathers, a red feather from Super Mario 3 that would give Mario tanuki ears and a tail, allowing the tiny Mario to fly when running for a brief time and to float, and a tan feather from Super Mario World would give Mario the cape, performing flight similar to Super Mario World. It would try to incorporate as many enemies from the game series as possible, having them cute and dwarfed to how they usually look, and fill various themed levels with them, having a very adorable and minimalist level design. The game would even attempt to put a Donkey Kong arcade style on Super Mario series 3D world video games, such as having Mario gravitate to a 2.5D planet and able to circle around its frame.

I started to make games that would be a collaboration between companies. One of these games would be a collaboration between Nintendo, Hal Laboratory, and Konami, and it would be a Castlevania: Symphony of the Night parody game starring Kid Dracula and titled Kid Dracula: Comfort of the Nightlight. The game would be a Metroidvania game that would have Kid Dracula wake up after the Sun has gone down, see that his nightlight has gone missing, and then goes to look for it all thought his castle. The reason that it was desired in my head to be a collaboration is because I wanted to use the Konami Castlevania properties while also having the game include superior 2.5D character and environment graphics produced by Hal Laboratories in their 2.5D Kirby series games. The game would have resemblances to both Kid Dracula for the Game Boy and the Famicom, both being two different games with the same title, while also being modern and having very smooth graphics and gameplay. Kid Dracula is actually supposed to be assumed Alucard. This game would involve leveling, item collection, and item drops, but have unique qualities and twists to its gameplay. For instance, Kid Dracula's main attack would be his fireball, and he achieves new attacks with the fireballs to choose from like in the other Kid Dracula games, but he also gains weapon and armor drops, and the weapon drops are more considered to be auxiliary. As an example to this, a weapon drop would a flyswatter that

functions in the manner of the Crissaegrim in Symphony of the Night but dealing lower attacks than his fireball. He would also have several of Alucard's abilities, such as turning into a bat or a dog with Kid Dracula's head on it, or a mist cloud with his face on it. The high jump would not be in the game, and instead Kid Dracula can reverse his gravity any time he likes after receiving an item to do so, turning upside down and walking on ceilings. Because the game is a comedy game, areas of the castle area are made to be humorous, such as the Coliseum being the Gymnasium instead where enemies such as Basketball Wolf, as a parody of Teen Wolf are found, along with Fear Leaders resembling evil zombie cheerleaders. There would also be a carnival area, and a normal top right portion of the castle would have an entrance beam to a parked alien U.F.O. with cute Contra-themed enemies existing within the U.F.O. Konami Man and Konami Lady would appear in the game as NPCs, or else possibly unlockable characters for another playthrough. Funny familiars would also exist in the game based off the Parodius series, including Tako, Vic Viper, Michael, Popolon, Hikaru, Mambo, Koitsu, Ivan, and TwinBee. Like Symphony of the Night, a bad ending would be able to achieve in the mid-game, resulting in the first castle only being explored, but, if secrets are discovered to open a second mirror castle, it would appear from the clouds, but it would then drop from the sky on its side, and the second castle would exist and be explored sideways. Bosses in the game with also be comedy based, such as a parody of Pennywise called Scary Clown, who first flips through the air to a chest, switching out the masks that he wears, and pretending himself the monster that the mask represents, followed by him being thought defeated only to change to his true form of a dorky looking spider with boxing gloves on the ends of its legs. The final boss in the game would be a Dracula version of the Konami penguin character Pentaro, who claims that he stole the nightlight because he comes from a land where it is always dark and that it has made his heart and icy, so he wished for Kid Dracula to experience the same dark that he must go through. The Dracula Pentaro sits in a thrown room, and before he fights Kid Dracula, he throws down a plastic juice cup with a clunk, and then says, "Have at you!" Both installments of the Kid Dracula games are very difficult, and this final boss would be very difficult, too, possibly extremely more than usual of any other known game. The player can use several potions and healing items to get through it, though. The reason why this would occur is because the Dracula Pentaro takes a 2.5D Pentaro version of every single form of a Dracula final boss throughout every installment of a sideview Castlevania game that Dracula has appeared in, and it would be very literal to them. This would even include smaller transformations, such as a Pentaro version of the cluster of heads found in Castlevania III: Dracula's Curse. After defeating all of them, the game would return to the throne room, having the Dracula Pentaro appear exhausted, and he tried one last attack with his flippers, which must be defeated to win. Upon completing the game, an unlockable character to play through the game again would be a smaller Cat Dracula with a cape, who looks like Koban the ninja cat from The Legend of the Mystic Ninja and shoots mice with bat wings on them at the enemies instead of fireballs.

I even thought-out the control pad scheme. The game scheme for this title would be as followed using a Switch controller: B is the jump button, Y is the fireball button, X is used to change the fireball, A is to use the equipped auxiliary weapon, R is to change into the bat form, ZR is to change into the dog form, L is to change into the mist form, and ZL is to alter Kid Dracula's gravity. The lower single directional buttons on the left could cause allotted item consumption, like potions.

The cover for Kid Dracula: Comfort of the Nightlight would also parody the original Ayami Kojima artwork for the game, pretending itself serious, and have a Kid Dracula appearing more like a young Japanese boy dressed as Kid Dracula surrounded by monsters and characters within the game, including Garamoth, Konami Man, Konami Lady, and the Dracula version of Pentaro.

Noting this, I also had an idea that game console video game display when downloaded should be able to have its cover switched to optional different covers for the same game, making it have more than one cover for the game, which the player decides from.

For some reason, Konami did not include Kid Dracula for Game Boy in their Castlevania Anniversary Collection, and I wished some companies would correct such errors on already released games.

I also thought that a Nintendo NES and Famicom port of the MSX game Penguin Adventure starring Pentaro with official physical copies of the game would be a great idea, having the Nintendo port of the game changed so it has a variety of bosses in it, and not just the single boss repeated, and possibly an actual final boss.

Because of Kid Dracula for the Game Boy, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Fall of the Foot Clan, and a Snoopy game for the Commodore 64, which I retitled as Snoopy's Laser Dodge, I had the idea to make a

video game that would involve the player controlling a character that has a large character sprite in an action game with a side-view that has either 2D or 2.5D graphics.

By watching many speedrun videos, I came up with a game making design idea to always have the player's character always able to move or run forward faster than they can roll or backslide, so players and speedrunners are not constantly rolling, dodging, and backsliding through games.

A collaboration between Nintendo, HAL Laboratories, and Capcom that I created in my head more than a decade ago is a title called Mega Man Rainbow, which would be a regular Mega Man series game altered to have a Metroidvania format to it. The game would have occurrences like how Mega Man has gained a Robot Master's ability in Mega Man 7 to open up a new location, although there are other examples of this occurring in the game series, but this would happen frequently throughout the game to open new areas of a large and connected map of stages that each have a Robot Master within it, along with mini bosses. The map would only allow the player to choose from four different Robot Masters at first, but would expand as Robot Masters are defeated, abilities are gained, and they are used to find new areas. This game would up the ante of how much unique Robot Masters occur in the game, which is a standard of most often eight, and would triple it by having beyond twenty-four unique Robot Masters. The controller scheme is an important feature to this game. The only unalterable buttons in the game, using a Switch controller, is Y for the Mega Buster, which would always be equipped, B would cause the player to jump, and A would call Rush, having had the Rush's abilities chosen on a menu screen. All the other buttons in the game are used as desired to set a Robot Master's awarded abilities however the player wishes to allot them. The reason for this, other than it making it easy to design the player's gameplay as they wish, is because there would be a large number of secret combinations in the game of Robot Master abilities to use at once in the game, such as possibly Mega Man producing a tornado gained from one Robot Master, but then adding a fireball to it from another Robot Master to make it a flame tornado. I arrived to do this because of the secret combination moves in Super Metroid, which I thought were a good idea, but hardly ever appear elsewhere in many video games. Some of the Robot Masters would also grant more than one ability based off their theme. This constant use of Boss Master abilities also inspires the title to the game Mega Man Rainbow, because each time an ability is used by Mega Man, a flash of color runs across his whole body, turning him the appropriate color designated for the ability in use, and it would likely happen constantly. The original Mega Man games also had the Japanese working title of Rainbow Rock Man.

The game would have a Robot Master choice screen, but it would be based on a map that keeps opening area by area. At any time, Mega Man would be able to open the map and laser warp to designated points in the game. Laser warp points would always include the location of where Robot Masters were defeated, and there would be an item in the game that the player could set up laser warp point to quick return to later. Unusual to most Metroidvania games, death by falling, death by being crushing, and death by hitting spikes, which Mega Man games are known for, would still exist in the game. There would not be extra lives and instead the player returns to a previous discovered save checkpoint that they came across.

My first inspirations in building the idea for this game in my head came from Mega Man's appearance in Super Smash Bros. Wii-U. I liked his appearance and how they designed him so much that I wished for a new Mega Man game to resemble it in ways. I then thought it possible to have HAL Laboratories and Capcom work to create a game together that would be a vastly superior new Mega Man title with fresh new features add to the Mega Man game series.

I began to think of new Robot Masters who would appear in the game, along with their areas in the game. From a list of file folders I have, the Robot Master ideas would be: Airplane Man at a robotic airport, Arachnid Man in a robot jungle, Armor Man in a robotic museum, Atom Man in a robotic nuclear research facility, Bug Man at a robotic landfill, Dagger Man at a robotic circus, Dinosaur Man at a robotic forgotten land, Dragon Man at a robotic stone castle, Firework Man at a robotic amusement park, Fish Man at a robotic fishery, Ghost Man at a robotic haunted house, Glacier Man at a robotic glacier fortress, Health Man at a robotic hospital, Jigoku Man at a robotic Hell, Lantern Man at a robotic dark mine cave, Lightning Man at a robotic air fortress, Mirror Man at a robotic funhouse, Missile Man at a robotic military test range, Monster Man at a robotic secret laboratory, Ninja Man at a robotic Japanese castle, Ocean Man at a robotic underwater city, Ooze Man at a robotic sewer, Turtle Man at a robotic zoo, Vault Man at a robotic vaulted bank, Volcano Man at a volcanic research facility, and Zombie Man in a robotic graveyard.

There would also be three super boss Robot Masters in the game in very secret areas that are hard to get to, and each of these bosses represent the three ways Mega Man immediately dies in the Mega Man series games, which would be Cliff Man, Crush Man, and Spike Man.
Other bosses would appear in the games outside of the Robot Masters, including a version of the always popular Yellow Devil boss.
Many of the bosses would do surprising things unexpected in the game, such as having a second form after being defeated or having their energy recharge. For instance, Bug Man, and he would appear as a round green bug robot with red round mesh eyes, four arms that end in grabber like hands, and then two legs, and he would release egg sacs that break open and hop out tiny offspring versions of himself from them that attack Mega Man, but once he is defeated his lifeless robot body sits hunched on the ground, and suddenly a second version of himself molts from out his first body's back, looking like a completely different bug form version of himself, winged and capable of flying, having a replenished and full energy bar. Health Man, on the other hand, resides in a robot hospital turned evil, and he does not have a second form, but is able to repair himself, sometimes even replacing his body appendages to more dangerous appendages, and he keeps building his health back up. Monster Man would exist in a research facility beneath a robotic graveyard that is Zombie Man's stage, which would be inspired by the Ghost 'n Goblins series, and Monster Man's area would be a reference to the Resident Evil series, having the secret laboratory beneath the graveyard be where zombie robot experiments were once occurring. Monster Man would be half inspired by Resident Evil Tyrant enemies in appearance, and, in battle, despite having his energy bar at zero, he would keep existing and revitalizing, having a special tactic needed to be discovered to defeat him.
The bosses in the game would slightly be inspired by Souls series game boss designs, there tendency to have interesting things occur during their fight, and an occurrence of them having different stages.
The game's story would have Dr. Wiley assumed to be behind the happenings of the evil Robot Masters once again, but he really is locked away in a deep prison, so the culprit is unknown. Mega Man, while inspecting the games areas, keeps coming across a small, stout, tiny robot named Geek, who is very kind but standoffish, that claims that he is rummaging for parts when Mega Man first meets him, often found doing just that to defeated mini bosses and other enemies in the game. Eventually, Mega Man begins to be suspicious of him after running into him too many times, and, acting nonchalant, pretends he is grabbing something for a moment, and then attempts to attack Mega Man using a very giant controlled robot suit, resulting in a boss fight. It turns out that Geek was programmed by Dr. Wiley to carry on his work in destroying Mega Man, and, as a robot, that is all he is concerned about and is doing a better job than the person who made him. He is a kind and timid character, but he is just programmed for evil. I thought up this character Geek based on the personality of my eldest sister. Someone just today, as I write this, made me remember that she once sent a drawing into Nintendo Power Magazine that was a contest to design the appearance of a Game Boy, and she drew a really detailed illustration of a Game Boy that looked like a cobra, which now, in retrospect, I guess was attempting to convey something about Nintendo. The name Geek came from a game idea that I made in backyard when I was in junior high. In elementary school I created and drew a knockoff character of The Crow and an Image Comics character, who was a knockoff of The Crow also, named Hellshock, who I titled Bloodlust. I accidentally left a clipboard of my drawings of this character once on a bus, and a younger grade student asked if he could keep them, and I declined to let him, because I was creating the character at the time. This character Bloodlust I would use as the main adversary in a video game that I titled Techno Geek, which would be about this evil kind of gothic dark lord Bloodlust, who has a thing considered a mere toy and is able to destroy the whole world. I was probably assisted in creating this video game thought, again in retrospect, especially because I didn't consider it very appealing, especially because where he was shown to exist in my head seemed too much like the final area of Secret of Mana, but I kept it in mind. Because the character Geek would be in my mind small and a bit toy like, I would name him Geek.
This game Mega Man Rainbow would have taken a lot of design, but it would have been worth it in the end.

Because many of Nintendo's most popular intellectual properties never had an arcade release, I thought up an idea to have a series of new arcade games released that are entirely styled after Nintendo's early popular cabinets, Donkey Kong, Donkey Kong Jr., Donkey Kong 3, Popeye, and Mario Bros., each having original early arcade game design, but still attempting to appeal to a modern audience. Cabinets in the series would include original new games for The Legend of Zelda series, the Metroid series, and the Kirby series. They would have art attempting to resemble that of the early Nintendo arcade cabinets, along with having their very

frame and design. I also added ideas of an early HAL Laboratory game called Butamaru Pants, also known as Pig Mock, to a possible game cabinet, too, having new but retro game design added to it. I then also added original games to possible cabinets, including one called Ms. Charming featuring a female spy that shoots hearts at enemies, causing them to be temporarily debilitated with bashfulness, so she can reach and steal a secret dossier; another one called Donguri, which would feature an acorn-like sumo wrestler named Donguri struggling and pushing the enemies that he comes across; and then Monkey Bin, which I previously wrote about, featuring its monkey wizard Bin. A final cabinet in this series, although thought likely socially unacceptable, would be a game either titled Drinkie or Tipsy, which would feature a top down view of a drunk man in a bar of patrons as he tries to keep getting drinks and avoiding crashing into people and objects, and a frame on the game screen would warn of an upcoming physical path that the player's drunk character will be forced to make, blinking, but when it stops blinking, the path will be performed, so the player has to make sure that they are able to prepare for it, so to not crash into anything or anyone. This game could be placed into bars. A censored version of this game would have a clumsy chef or waiter trying to disperse pies or food instead, possibly called Clumsy. I thought of adding a more sophisticated version of this game to a 3D world game, such as Vincent from the game Catherine attempting to drunkenly make his way home through crowded pedestrian streets, having the frame warning of unavoidable movements that he will eventually make. My inspiration for the game arrived from the Commodore 64 Bozo's Night Out, because after I played the game, I desired to make a game like it that would much more fun.

All these thoughts originated from a desire to make a new but retro style arcade cabinet game that would hopefully be a very appreciated RPG game, despite being an arcade cabinet. I had an appreciation for a very rare occurrence when an arcade game would surprisingly be an RPG or have permanent item discovery although being an arcade game. Games that do this include Cadash, The Goonies, Wonder Boy in Monster Land, and the game Tower of Druaga, which helped inspire the original The Legend of Zelda for the NES. I was also trying to make a fictional arcade game in my novel Nanahee, which would be extremely popular to the universe in which the characters live. The game that I thought up would be titled Fantasy Castle, and a false history of this game in my novel is that the game company had arcade cabinets with a design scheme that would have a control panel only consisting of two buttons and two control sticks, with one button being a white start button to start the game, a red button in the center of the panel as an action button, and then a left control stick for a righthanded person and right control stick for a lefthanded person. This fictional game company would try to make a more advanced game using the cabinets, so they removed that the right control stick was for the lefthanded player to work and move the player's character in any direction but instead would cause an item select menu at the top of the screen to choose from various magics and items that the player could discover and choose from. The choices in the items would be on a linear horizontal bar, like Tower of Druaga, and pushing left or right on the stick chooses the items. Pushing up or down on the control stick causes the magics or items to be used. The action button would then have the player strike at enemies with a sword. Fantasy Castle would have an open world, but early arcade game design, and it would be like if Tower of Druaga, The Legend of Zelda, Wonder Boy in Monster Land, Milon's Secret Castle, and a lesser-known Sega arcade game titled Monster Bash were mixed.

This game design would later be thought to work for a retro The Legend of Zelda cabinet, having the exact control scheme of the start button, action button, the left directional stick to move the character, and the right directional stick to choose and use items and magic. This is when I began to think of other Nintendo retro cabinets also being a possibility. Because the title The Legend of Zelda was already used for the original NES game, I was using the working title of either Hyrule Legend or Hero of Hyrule for the game's title, but then I thought fans would get upset that the name Zelda was not in the title, so possibly Zelda would just simply be the title for it.

The control scheme for the Metroid retro arcade would be a bit similar, having the right control stick pushed left or right to choose from discovered items in Samus' inventory, but pushing down on the stick would cause Samus to jump and pushing up on the control stick would cause Samus to fire. The action button would then have Samus turn into a morph ball. This Metroid game would have graphics to appear a retro arcade game, but again it would be more sophisticated in the fact that it still has an open environment to explore. I have not considered what the game would be titled. To have the arcade game not left idle midgame, an occurrence would happen in the game like in Bubble Bobble where an undefeatable enemy spawns that causes the player to die when struck, bringing up the continue screen and its countdown.

Overall, I was trying to design as much advanced gameplay with item discovery with a minimal number of controls on an early style arcade panel.
This two joysticks and an action button arcade game panel design scheme would also work great for an arcade RPG game with a top-down view and having bumping mechanics in use. I was trying to think of an advanced RPG arcade game with retro graphics that could be defeated in anywhere around forty-five minutes if the player understood everything within the game. I was given a dream while sleeping once after, and this dream gave me visuals involving a game with Tower of Druaga or Fire Emblem map sized pixel characters working on bumping mechanics, and then collecting magics and objects to use, somewhat exploring an area similar to if an early industrial area stage in the NES game Ninja Gaiden had a top-down perspective instead.

I started to think of a sophisticated and modern Metroid cabinet booth with a chair and two fighter pilot-like control sticks, too. I was simply titling this game idea Metroid Arcade. The control sticks would have several buttons doing various things, such as switching inventory, firing, turning into a morph ball, and jumping. The game would have a first-person perspective like the games in the Metroid Prime series, and the left control stick would move Samus in direction, while the right control stick altered Samus' perspective and angle of view in most every direction. The game's story would have Samus on a volatile planet that is ready to collapse, and when entering an area ADAM would give how much time she has in the area before the area collapses. This would match events to the finale throughout much of the game series where a timed escape is performed at the game's end. The game would still have fun and interesting exploration and item collection, but item collection would not be necessary to achieve and instead helps to direct the player in different branching paths in the game. For instance, the player could possibly discover a hidden Ice Beam and then freeze an enemy allowing them to discover another path by jumping on the frozen enemy that they would not discover otherwise. The paths would have unique bosses not found if another path was discovered and chosen. This all would add several different possibilities of playthrough and cause a player to want to replay the game. My inspiration for this game arrived from both the branching paths found in the Darius series games and the item discovery in the arcade game Wonder Boy in Monster Land.

I kept playing the arcade version Splatterhouse on my PlayStation 5, and I thought that it would be a good idea to make arcade worthy pixel graphics of Splatterhouse 2 and Splatterhouse 3 and then release them on the console. I hate micro transactions in games, but someone in my head helped me to develop an interesting transaction process that could work for video game consoles, acting as a modern arcade or modern console coin-op. This would involve a game with arcade qualities and no save feature being available to have a person pay a quarter through debit card to play a game on the console, and then they are expected to do it again if they lose. The player then can play and test the game before purchasing it also, but the game can still be purchased in full. Another aspect to this is that the player can make enough quarter payments on the game to just consider the game purchased at its full price, and then the player won't have to pay any quarter transactions anymore. Technically, even if a console game didn't have arcade qualities and had save features, being a very modern game with long gameplay, this thought of playing a game through quarters while still saving the game could be applied, eventually purchasing the game if enough quarter transactions are received. I also thought that a new arcade modern pixel graphic Splatterhouse game could be made for consoles, designed not after Splatterhouse 3, but having a quality like the first arcade game in the series with modern gameplay elements. Another game, also based on a Namco title, that I had an idea was an open world pixel graphic sequel to the Tower of Druaga games that has graphics like the original arcade game, but often having large creatures that do not need to fit the map frames in the original arcade game. This game would take place on a large island and the game would be like if Tower and Druaga was combined with Elden Ring in my head, having a large amounts of secrets within the game, just as both the two named titles already have also.

When I was in elementary school, I would play pinball games on the NES and Game Boy, like Nintendo's Pinball and Revenge of the Gator, and I would like the game, but get upset that the game would allow the ball to still drop without the player being able to help it, just as a physical pinball cabinet. I then started to design a game without drops but the player would be a little star-shaped pinball robot with flippers for arms and legs and the game would involve using the arms and legs to either flip the ball that landed on its flippers or kick it with a flipper if it neared. I drew up with the pinball robot would look like in one of my elementary school classes, but I was also designing the robot with a pinball head, too. After drawing it, I thought that the pointed

head and its eyes made it look like a K.K.K. member, so I switched the head out to be nub that the player could have placed a flipper tilted up, having the ball rest upon its upward flipper arm and head. The game would have bullet hell elements where enemy robots would shoot at the robot, having to avoid the bullets and blasts to not be destroyed, while also having to attack enemies with the ball. The player can choose to travel to different stages of the game through portals in the side of the lower pinball area where it currently would be located. Another pinball video game that I would later think of and design in my head would be a traditional pinball game with no death drops in it, and instead the game would have a large amount of levels, and the player starts out at a lower level, but there exists a whole hell and purgatory of levels below that if a player drops into, is difficult to get out, but is achievable to do. The game would also involve using gained points to open paths and areas in the game, such as boss levels, and it would probably take inspiration from the TurboGrafx-16 pinball game Devil's Crush. The higher that the ball gets would be a divine area, and like Devil's Crush the game would have an ending.
This idea of modern pinball games for home console was being used by me to others in my head to symbolize the current state of voting, going to locations to do so when a person has a far more advanced computer at home that could perform much better things to politically. I would compare the voter booths to physical pinball machines where people were expected to drive all the way to some location at fixed business hours to use the voter booths and then possibly wind up in some argument, dispute, or problem there, or wait for someone to stop using it so they can use it, and it would all be very time consuming, and the whole system would be rigged in many ways, especially for everyone to lose money and eventually not win with everything that is going on. I would also bring up politicians just tilting a pinball game to cheat at winning, again as a metaphor for voter booths.

Similar to the concept of Nintendo intellectual properties not having early arcade games, I also thought it possible to make retro games of Splatoon and Luigi's Mansion, with a Splatoon game being modeled after and appearing like a late generation NES video game, and a Luigi's Mansion game either doing the same, or being made into an SNES video game, each having official Nintendo physical releases for the NES, Super NES, Famicom, or Super Famicom consoles. The Splatoon NES game would have the player choosing either a male or female Inkling, and then the player would find themselves in side-view platformer levels where are fighting various forms of Octolings by shooting them with different styles of guns. Painted areas would be found on the back walls that the player can press up on the directional pad to climb, while also being able to jump to make it quicker. When entering a pool of ink, which can be found about places, the player can press down in them, and gain ink ammo back.
The Luigi's Mansion game would be either like Mario 3 or Super Mario World in game graphics and appearance, depending on if it was made for the NES or the SNES, featuring a Luigi more like his appearance in Super Mario 2 exploring a large mansion and the area around it, looking to capture ghosts. If this game was made for the NES, it would have a minimalist button scheme, so the scheme would be designed as follows: the A button would cause Luigi to jump and when held down to dash, the B button would cause the Poltergust to suck inward, and the directional pad would of course be used to move Luigi around, but holding upward and pressing the B button would cause Luigi to use his flashlight instead, illuminating areas and placing ghosts available to sucked into the Poltergust. If the game was designed for the SNES, obviously, the game would have a larger button scheme and easier to plan out.

I thought up the idea for a 2.5D parody game in the Metroid series that was titled Metroid Cute-sion. I was playing the Game Boy version of the Sunsoft video game Batman, which is much different from the NES version, and features an adorable tiny Batman in run and gun game with a setting that is a mix of Super Mario Land and an industrial area. I really liked the minimalist game design of it, and it reminded me of a joke in The Simpsons where Milhouse asks comic book writer Alan Moore if he will sign a fictional, commercialized, and poor tasting comic book formed from his ideas that he created at DC Comics, that were made outside of his creative control, Watchman Babies: V for Vacation. I then thought of making other cutesy games that made the characters in a chibi fashion, such as an X-Men game titled X-Men: Fall of the Cute-ants, a chibi The Incredible Hulk video game titled The Adorable Hulk, a chibi The Amazing Spider-Man video game titled The Amazing Spidey Man, a chibi Vampire Hunter D video game titled Vampire Hunter D: Cute-Mush, and a chibi Batman video game titled Batman: Cute, which would follow the Batman: Hush storyline. During this time, I kept creating in my head and designing a huge number of Smash Bros. series possible roster

characters, using actions that the characters would perform in their game series and applying them to Smash Bros. game design and mechanics. I thought up a whole many characters prior to Super Smash Bros. Ultimate coming out, calling the new game before the announcement of Ultimate, proper to the spirit of the words "melee," and "brawl," Super Smash Bros. Frenzy. Within these many characters, I had thought that it would be funny to add Game Boy themed versions of characters, such as a Super Mario Land slot, a Super Wario Land slot, and a Return of Samus slot. As a funny aspect to these characters, the Game Boy having small depictions of usually larger characters in their games and all, the characters would be highly dwarfed in size, existing at a stature around Olimar's size, and they would have various Game Boy tones applied to their different colors. I first thought of how Super Mario Land's dwarfed and adorable Mario would differ from Mario and Dr. Mario by using abilities found in Super Mario Land. His neutral special would not be the fireball but would be the Superball and would bounce off the ground in front of him and continue to bounce off surfaces. His up special would have him suddenly appear in a tiny airplane that heads upward, like how Wario produces his motorcycle, and while in the tiny airplane heading upward that attack button can be pushed to make it shoot little round projectiles. I then began to think how a dwarfed Samus would appear as Return of Samus, and I imagined that she would be unique to the regular Samus, using an Ice Beam that can be charged, but has a shorter shot range, and then she would have a tiny version of Hatchling following her that would help her attack. I then also started watching a video of the original Metroid II: Return of Samus, and I realized how large of a sprite she created on the screen, and that the original Metroid NES game had a much more adorable version of her, but it didn't stop me in thinking that the dwarfed Game Boy inspired Samus was a good idea.

Perhaps with a little help, I then started to think of an original game with an adorable Samus in it, and then what it would be titled. I then came up with the game idea, first jokingly, titled Metroid Cute-sion, and I also jokingly made what the game's intro and story would involve, inspired also by Konami's once habit of making funny parody games of their properties, such as Parodius and Kid Dracula. This game's intro would parody Metroid Fusion and have a normal-sized Samus flying around space after completing a mission, and suddenly she notices a heart-shaped planet that should not be where it is on the side of her ship. The planet then suddenly explodes with hearts, and she is lost in the explosion's brightness. She then wakes up in an adorable existence where her and everything are made to look cute. The adorable scientists around her explain that she and everything else have been fused with cuteness. She is then told to explore a near planet that possibly caused the problem. The game would then attempt to place in as many possible fan-liked characters and instances in the series as adorable enemies and happenings, especially things found in Super Metroid and Metroid Fusion, such as an adorable compact, although still slightly relative to their size, Ridley, Kraid, Crocomire, Draygon, Phantoon, Metroid Mother, Mother Brain, and each of the four Metroid types, and she would also be hunted by SA-Cute, which would be a cute clone of herself that is pink toned and has a heart-shaped helmet window on her head. Somewhere between early to the midpoint of the game, Samus would also be able to find a Metroid egg that breaks open a tiny version of Hatchling that follows her everywhere and assists in attacking some enemies and can dissolve certain crystal blocks found in the game. The usual Metroid series enemy pellets left by enemies would also be heart-shaped, and missile explosions would make a heart shape also.

I came up with another 3D world Super Mario series game idea titled Super Mario Action Golf or Super Mario Star Courses, which would again possibly be assumed a sports game, but it would involve the 3D platforming levels that would usually be found in a 3D Mario game, filled with enemies, obstacles, traps, and everything else, but the levels would also be hybrid golf courses that Mario would have to attempt to get a ball in various golf holes within the course in order to make stars or moons come up from them to collect. He would carry a golf bag on his back that he can either put down or pick up, and he can also switch out the club in his to try to get the right club needed for the job. A button would be pressed around the ball to prepare Mario to set up his shot and have power gauges and the balls possible trajectory line appear I came up with this while playing some golf games, and I realized that the player is always set up for their next shot instead of being able to explore the course. I also thought that it would be great to deal with both enemies and hazards at the same time as exploring a course. After, I began to think of the first level in Super Mario 64 as a possible example to play golf on, and then liked the thought so much that I figured a whole game of it would be fun. Even if a Super Mario series 3D world game did not have the golf as the focus, it would be a good idea to have golf being able to be played in the beaten levels just for more stars and moons, or just for leisure.

Mario Golf: Super Rush would come out some years later, not exactly the same concept, but allowing the player to run around the course and fetch the ball.
I then also created another golf game based off a joke I thought of where if there is minigolf that has obstacles and structures with various themes, and then there is regular golf, then there should exist an opposite end of the spectrum to minigolf that is maximum golf or giant golf where the obstacles and themed structures become huge and extreme to dangerous levels while trying to get the ball in the hole. Because I was playing Bloodborne quite often at the time that I either brought up or thought of this joke, I began to picture a possible parody game to Bloodborne in which a guy is golfing on a large course of various enemies such as robots and monsters, fighting them as they shoot machine guns at him and attempting to get the ball in the whole, which is located on a large boss. The first picture that came up in my mind is to have a large boss that is a composite of a windmill and an evil robot attempting to attack a man carrying a golf bag, scene by the player from a third-party perspective with a moveable camera, and the goal is to find week points in the robot to shoot balls into. How this would occur is like the previous mentioned game, where a button quickly sets up the shot, time slows down a bit when another button is pressed, the player attempts to line up a lined trajectory at the desired targets, and the ball is hit, hopefully reaching the weak point hole in the evil boss. This game would either be called Maximum Golf or Giant Golf, and the latter probably being the better title.
I also made another Souls series parody game in my head, simply with the working title of Cat, where the player is various cats that they can choose from and build stats and gift in the game's beginning, and then the game begins with the player's cat being a regular house cat thrown out their house for finding a dead mouse behind the refrigerator. This seemingly ordinary house cat, incapable of speaking, then goes on a large adventure to save the universe. Parrying would be key to the game, having the parry button be constant when pressed down, causing the cat to bat its paws around, parrying any attack in the game, and then the cat uses scratches to attack the enemy. The cat would even be able to parry the attacks of knights swinging giant sword, rockets flying at it from robots, lasers, and evil magic spells cast at it.

When thinking of society that is too free, I would often think of a regular golf video game allowing its players to wander a course and use a golf cart, and people doing ridiculous things with no repercussions, such as trying to take a golf cart and jump it into water hazards on a golf course. That would never happen in real life where people have no repercussions for their actions, though.

I could keep going with numerous other games that I thought of involving Nintendo properties, including an idea for a 3D world The Legend of Zelda game that takes place in a modern small suburban town that is a little like the township that I live in mixed with small towns in around and outside of Salt Lake City, which I actually had the thought to make clear back when I was in elementary school when it resembled The Legend of Zelda: A Link to the Past, and I would later in life title the idea The Legend of Zelda: Hero of Modern, which would have a local ice rink change to an Ice Palace dungeon location in a Dark World fashion, a local radio tower turning to a Lightning Tower Palace, a local water tower turn into a Water Tower Palace, and a small nearby airport being involved in a floating Air Palace, but I would just be constantly writing for quite a while.
A game idea that I had, which would be similar to the idea of The Legend of Zelda: Hero of Modern, would involve a child in a city like St. George, Utah taking his rifle, putting it on his back, driving his dirt bike to a series of dirt trails outside of town, and attempting to find and kill a monstrous and large dangerous rattlesnake type serpent found in the area. This idea was partially inspired by Esper Dream and Esper Dream 2, because they were early RPGs involving guns as weapons instead of swords and other items.

Sometimes people give me ridiculous ideas or possible titles for a game, and I write them down, perhaps being able to make a game idea from them later. On the floor at Home Depot, someone gave me the video game title Holy Tanuki Balls! and I wrote it down thinking it a possible game with a few images of it in my head, although I didn't expect to make it myself, nor would make such a game my focus. I think I was also being tested if I became offended at it. Developing the game a bit further, it would feature a cute tanuki with his testicles in gameplay showing in a side view platformer game, and, and in a mythical Japanese fashion, he can grow his testicles to be gigantic, swinging them at even powerful enemies, such as giant oni, or smashing smaller enemies with them. He would also be able to use the skin of his testicles to glide places and drape his testicle sack over branches and tori to hang from them with his testicles acting as a counterweight. This

method of using them as counterweights can also be performed to get him to high places, such as by swinging his testicle sack over a wall and having the weight of them pull him up to the top of the wall. He would also use his testicles as a tent and as a protective shield.

I came up with a very unique and interesting game idea that I titled Shiny Plan. I first was making it as a game starring Waluigi or Nabbit, but I desired to make it an original work and it evolved in my head to star a little person who likes to dress as a bird, what could be considered a crow, raven, or magpie and he lives in a small tree house behind an apartment building, where since he pretends himself a bird, some of the only things in his tiny treehouse are a desk with a corkboard over it, a shelf of shiny trinkets, and then a nest made of twigs that he sleeps in. How I came up with this little person dressed like a bird, who also likes shiny objects, is I would be in my backyard thinking to myself and imagining things for hours, surrounded by our family's backyard fruit trees, and me playing basketball on a hoop set up on the grass, so learning better dribbling was not an option. Two of my siblings would mainly be the ones buying video games, so I depended on them to what available games we had, unless I got ones for my birthday or Christmas. My family really loved to play RPG games, and they would get any that came out, but, of all the games they did not buy, which is very surprising, was EarthBound and Super Mario RPG. I once asked my brother why he did not buy EarthBound, because I really loved the clay figure maquettes of the characters that were in a review of the game in Nintendo Power, and my brother responded that the game didn't look any good, and the artwork looked stupid. For some reason, despite loving Final Fantasy games very much, they also would not buy Super Mario RPG, even though I liked what the characters looked like in Nintendo Power again. Seeing Geno in the magazine and not knowing his story, I imagined him some small elf, like the Kiebler Elves, who lived in trees. While playing in my backyard with the basketball and thinking of ideas, I imagined an elf exactly like Geno living in a very tiny treehouse at the top of my peach tree. People played the game of asking me how I was going to make it up to people for that one, and what I was going to do with the thought I had back then, and I connected the Waluigi or Nabbit game to the thought, thinking of a little person living in a tiny treehouse, rent free, behind a very tall inner city apartment building. Not wanting the character to look anything like Geno anymore, and realizing back then that I made his house look almost like a larger birdhouse, I thought to make this little person dress like a bird, act like a bird, and he likes to steal shiny things, as crows, ravens, and magpies like to sometimes supposedly do, because the game possibly involving Waluigi or Nabbit in my head involved them being thieves with one main goal, which is steal a prized item from the museum in the city where they would live. I also more than likely got inspiration from the character Eileen the Crow from Bloodborne, because I really loved the character's appearance and wearing her armor set, and I imagined Shiny only a bit similar, although cartoonish, having a bird head on that has no forward eye holes, but has round cartoon eyes with sclerae surrounding round black irises on the sides of the head, and then he wears a wing-like cape with his arms free and available, also wearing a jumpsuit, darker gloves and boots, and having his color a dark, slightly, purplish, navy blue. This game would be a bit slightly like if the Grand Theft Auto series made child friendly games, having a metropolitan city with an open world while also having its player focused on committing a crime, but not have the darker tones of the Grand Theft Auto series. When I was making it with Waluigi or Nabbit in my head, I imagined Nintendo characters in a museum final setting that had Whomps from the Super Mario series acting as security walls falling on the characters if they inefficiently made to steal the valuable item from the museum, setting off the alarm. The prized item for Waluigi was a large diamond and the valued item for Nabbit was a valuable golden carrot. When I changed it to Shiny as the game's original character, I imagined Shiny as a bird desiring a very large and shiny diamond in the core of the museum more than anything. What made these games so unique in their game design is that the player has one sole thing that they have to accomplish correctly though careful planning, which is to gain the valued museum diamond, but the game would have a very attentive constant autosave, and if caught attempting to gain the diamond, the game will give a bad ending of Shiny being locked in jail, spying and desiring a guard's diamond wedding ring, with them still allowing him his bird costume under his jail suit, and then the credits for the game will roll, and the game forces the player to start on the file from scratch, having lost everything. The main idea of the game is to make the player actually properly plan out a heist. There would be both pseudo and actual stage areas in the game that also has bosses, but if the player loses in these locations, the only punishment is that Shiny finds himself waking up in a gutter somewhere, having RNG determine what was stolen and lost from his inventory, making him regain or find anything missing, again having the main objective of the museum heist the only thing not to fail. The game would have Shiny able to scout the

museum and make plans around it, having the museum give several options of escape, while also finding out things like guard schedules and hours, with the many guards employed in the museum having idiosyncratic behaviors and tendencies. The player would only start with a rock in his inventory, and he can gain many tools to assist him in his goal, such as grappling hooks and walkie talkies. He can also befriend and enlist friends to help him in his museum heist, who are mainly different nontalking raccoons. Shiny himself does not speak and often makes hand gestures to communicate. Another very unique and odd feature to this game is it would not have a monetary system but rather would use a bartering and haggling system with RNG very in use. The store's merchants expect Shiny to offer items for other items, which he finds about the city, likely in alleys, garbage cans, and dumpsters. Sometimes bummed or damaged items are found that resemble proper items, and if the player successfully convinced the merchant to take a bad item for other items, RNG determines sometime after if the merchant discovered the poor quality to the item and the merchant likely would start behaving different either being more demanding in his bartering and haggling, or not wanting to do business with Shiny ever again. A funny animation that would occur when he communicates to a merchant that an item is valuable or good would have the mute little bird man twist the bird head that he wears over his real head with his hands, so to make one of the bird eyes on the side of his bird head seem to inspect the item, and then if determined good, he taps the merchant table with his index finger, and then waves his upturn palm over the item. Everything that Shiny finds in the game can be bartered and haggled. The game would allow for the player to have Shiny attempt to steal the diamond at literally any time in the game, possibly not even having one item in their inventory, even having ditched the rock he starts out with, which can be thrown at enemies to hurt them or knock them out and then picked up and retrieved again. The game would be play tested to make certain that achieving the diamond without proper inventory and planning would prove extremely difficult, only having a player who has studied the game immensely and has become overly skilled at it possibly able to do gain the diamond and escape. The majority of Shiny's preferred weapons would be mere toys, such as a bouncy ball connected to a paddle by a string, a kendama, boomerangs, airsoft guns, jump ropes, various sports balls of different varieties, playing cards to throw, etc., and Shiny is able to abandon, lose, misplace, or barter any of them, forcing him to hopefully find it again somewhere, such as in a trash receptacle, in a merchant location, or discovered within stage areas. The RNG in the game is possible to be so brutal that a player could possibly lost the entirety of their inventory, having lost all energy and having been knocked out, finding themselves waking up in a gutter with nothing.

I came up with an idea for a beat 'em up game titled Scorpion Company that had the ability to have a completely pacificist play through of the game, because as the player moved through the game the enemies would show up and move about for a short time, but, unknown to the player, if you just do not attack the enemies that come along will just go away, including the bosses. The comedy beat 'em up game's story involves a tough guy on his birthday out shopping with his girlfriend when a van labeled with a scorpion logo reading Scorpion Company drives up, abducts his girlfriend, and then drives away with her screaming. The man then follows the van down the street, coming across enemies in clothing with the Scorpion Company logo on them as he goes along. Eventually, he makes his way to the Scorpion Company's hideout in a tall business office, finally reaching Scorpion Company's President, who is the final boss. The game's ending has it revealed that the tough guy main character's girlfriend's dad works for Scorpion Company, and his girlfriend left him a note in his pocket to meet him at the Scorpion Company's building's address, because she was throwing him a surprise birthday party there, and the Scorpion Company employees were just told to distract the tough guy so they could get everything ready for the party in the building. Scorpion Company turns out to be a video game company, who is a very large branch of a larger major video game company called Evil Inc., who mainly produces martial arts and action games, and Scorpion Company's employees often do motion captures of themselves within their own games to animate fight sequences of its characters. If the player realizes or chooses the pacifist path, the game has a good ending where all Scorpion Company throws a big party for the tough guy. But if the player even strikes one enemy, all the enemies begin to attack, and the game has a bad ending where the party is ruined by the tough guy, because he became belligerent with all Scorpion Company's workers, except his girlfriend's dad.
On Home Depot's, I had someone start to help me develop Scorpion Company as a Chinese martial arts comedy film instead, which I thought it possible to do, having it believed a film with a stupid, simple, and cliché premise, but then paying out in laughs well in its end, probably having to be watched more than once to fully get the effort and thought that went into it. This film would have a famous, wealthy, and celebrated

martial arts actor, who I named the "super star" as a placeholder for the name, out on his birthday at a high-end shopping center with his pretty girlfriend. His girlfriend slips him a note that he does not pay attention to, nor is paying attention to her, and she then heads outside of the store they are in. He then notices that she left, goes outside, sees a group of men in a van with a scorpion logo on it that reads Scorpion Company talking to her, he slips the note she gave him in his pocket, the men in the van nab his girlfriend, she screams as she is thrown into the van, they slam the door shut, and as the super star runs to the van to stop them, it drives off and down the street. He then watches as it speeds down the street, looks up and sees clear in the distance a large Scorpion Company sign on a tall building down the way. He figures that they abducted her and were taking her to the location of their business down the street. Making to head down the sidewalk in the direction of the company, he is immediately approached by two men in Scorpion Company t-shirts who get in his way. The two men start making goofy kung-fu stances, as if making fun of the super star. He asks, "Who the hell are you?" and one of the men coyly says, "You'll find out!" He then tries to continue forward, but they then stop him and get in his way. He backs up a little, and they continue to make mocking kung-fu motions. The super star then strikes one of them in the face, causing the Scorpion Company worker to hold his bleeding nose. The other one of them says, "Hey, a—hole! What are you doing?! That's my friend!" The super star then attacks the other one, but the man starts dodging. The three men then get in a fight, and the super star violently beats them up. The super star continues down the street. Two more Scorpion Company employees show up, not having seen what occurred to the first two. They step in the super star's way, hands on their hip, looking cocky towards each other, nodding, and coming off in a manner as they are looking to get in a fight. The super star doesn't even hesitate to attack them, jump kicking one of them in the chest. The other yells, "What's your problem, pal?! as he attacks the super star trying to stop him. The three men get in a fight, and then the super star violently breaks one of their arms in several places and beats the other one up severely also. Again, the super star keeps heading down the street. Two more Scorpion Company employees who were not paying attention, are hiding behind a building corner and are just waiting for him to get in his way. The two men see the super star coming and they jump out from behind it making ridiculous kung-fu moves and stances. The super star immediately attacks, punching one in his throat, so to cause him to choke while he deals with the other one. The other yells, "You f—ing psychopath!" and starts to fight the super star more defending himself than anything. They fight for a good while, and the Scorpion Company employee is pretty good at martial arts, but the super star is better. The other employee stops choking and tries to assist his companion. The super star knocks the first one out after a bit of fighting and then focuses on the remaining one. The super star ends up severely beating the man to a bloody state, knocking him limp to the ground. The super star kneels, grabs the man by the collar, and asks, "Who the hell are you?! Why did you steal my girl?"! The man, front teeth broken out and face smashed in, spits out a reply with a bloody mouth, "You'll see, you sack of s—t! You'll find out real soon!" The super star starts slamming him by the collar against the ground a few times and then keeps on walking towards the Scorpion Company headquarters. This event of two men getting in his way happens a few times more resulting in a fight. They keep making ridiculous kung-fu stances while getting in his way each time. Before one of the fights, he asks, "Who are these clowns?" One man he severely beats is again interrogated after being defeated. The super star asks, "Why are you doing this?" The man, upset, mockingly and resentfully says out his bleeding mouth, "I! Can't! Tell! Yooooooou!" and then falls limp, seemingly whispering himself things like, "Jerkoff!" He starts to get near the entrance to the Scorpion Company building where a group of Scorpion Company employees are waiting for him. These employees are playing fighting with each other, practicing their kung-fu moves, and the security within the building watches them as they play kick and punch at each other for a moment, but then they turn to watch their television monitors. The super star approaches the group, and one of them says, "Well, if it isn't that big kung-fu guy!" The super star stops for a moment and inspects the party, looking at them all in the face individually. They all give funny faces to him, as if they have a big surprise coming for him. One of the men in the group says, "You got something coming for you, big shot!" and the person near him taps him on the belly with the back of his hand and makes a gesture to quiet himself, so to not say anything more. The man who just spoke looks a little off guard but then keeps his composure. One man comes forward in the group. He seems pretty sure of himself and starts to monologue to the super star about the films that he has appeared in. The super star looks confused and agitated as the leader of this group of men speaks. Finally, after a long spill and critique of the super star's films, mostly being positive, the leader of the group says, "I like most your films, but not that one where you starved yourself to fit the role. That film made you look terrible. I bet it was a REAL piece of cake to do as well." The super star snaps and rushes the man, grabbing onto him and

pummeling him. The rest of the party tries to stop the super star, but the super star kicks and pushes them away. He starts to fight all of them, and some of them yell things like, “You f—ing idiot!” and “Get your f—ing hands off of him, man!” Some say, “Oh! Big shot thinks that he can just do anything to anyone!” As they fight, security sees them messing about outside and still thinks they are playfighting. The super star severely beats this party up in a large fight until they are all knocked down. He keeps punching one in the face, asking him, “What floor is my girlfriend on?!” The man just says, “F— you!” The super star looks at the building, surveys the front door worried about how many of the Scorpion Company employees could be in there. He takes a deep breath, focuses, and then goes to enter the building’s lobby. The security guard, a man with an eyepatch, sees the super star arriving, and then yells to his partner by him, “Hey, here comes trouble!” The other security guard then stands up, smiles, and then says, “Yeah, here comes Mr. Big-Movie-Tough-Guy!” The other security guard then says, “Yeah, let’s greet this Mr. Famous!” The other security guard says, “Hey! Do that thing from that movie he was in where that guy assaults him with a taser!” The other security guard then pulls out his taser while his partner sets himself beside him. The super star enters to find the lobby empty and the two security guards waiting for him. They are giving the super star a speculative and ill-intentioned look, possibly planning something. As the super star approaches, the security guard gets in an attack position, points his taser out, and yells, “Hey, this ain’t your block to be in, rice bowl! This thing is gonna fry your eggs for dinner!” The super star nears, gets in an attack stance, and the security guard gets confused, looks at his partner, but then starts acting along pointing the taser at him. The super star knocks the taser from the security guard’s hands, the security guard laughs, impressed, but then the super star begins to assault him, finding the guard angry from being attacked and retaliating quickly. The other security guard says, “You can’t f—ing hit him!” and starts to attack him with his baton. They start fighting, and they pin the super star down, with one of them using a walkie talkie to call for backup. The super star breaks their hold, and the fight continues. The first security guard says, “You think just because you got money you can mistreat a person!” Very quickly, more security starts arriving, and a huge fight happens in the lobby. The impressive fight lasts some time, but the super star, although beaten, survives and wins the fight, victorious in a lobby full of downed and knocked out security guards. Meanwhile, one of the members of the group outside the building is back on his feet and on the phone, he says, “Yeah, this guy’s a problem! We’re going to need some help pronto! You’re going to want to a big crew together, because this guy is insane!” The film cuts back to the super star, he reads on a sign that the office suites are on the top floor, gets in the elevator, and punches the button for the top level. It cuts to the man who made the phone call outside. The man comforts his downed supposed leader to his outside party, telling him, “It’s okay, man! I called in the big guns! They’ll soon be here, and he's going to find out what true pain is!” The President of Scorpion Company sits at his desk in his dark office, mostly only illuminated by the glow of his computers, as he smokes. He is an elderly Chinese businessman wearing a business suit with a withered face and a dark personality. Martial arts tournament trophies are lined up, and numerous pictures framed upon his desk shows him as a younger man, around middle-aged, in a large amount of martial arts pictures, including one with him receiving a black belt wearing a karate gi, and another shows him in a black suit bowing before an opponent on a martial arts tournament mat surrounded by a large crowd watching. He is looking through a magazine on his desk, and he takes elderly shaky puffs from his cigarette as he does. The super star approaches the door of the president’s office. He hesitates a moment, worried what he has in store for him behind the doors. He opens the door, and first peeks in, he sees the President sitting at his desk in the dark. The President, asks, “Who’s there? Who is that?” The super star does not answer, but steps into the office, closes the door behind him, and hesitantly steps toward the desk. The President gets upset, and says, “I told everyone to always tell me their name before stepping into my office!” The super star does not answer. “What do you want? Who are you?” asks the President. The super star says his name. The President gets surprised. “Ah! The super star! Take a seat! Take a seat!” The President advises, smiling with his old, crooked, and decayed teeth. The super star takes a seat. “I was expecting you to show up! This is a great honor for me!” he says. Feeling in the presence of pure evil, the super star asks, “Who are you?” The President replies, “Oh! My apologies! I forget sometimes that I am in the dark. I prefer the dark. It befits me. My name, as you are having difficulty seeing on my personalized name plate on my desk there, is President Shenshou. I’m glad you’re here! I figured that you would soon find your way to me!” The super star asks, “What have you done with my girlfriend?” The President responds, “Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh! Your girlfriend! Yes! She is a pretty one! You’ll soon see what’s become of her…in time!” Hatred and worry appears in the eyes of the super star. “Would you care for a drink, Mr. Super Star?” the President asks, puffing away on his cigarette. The super star replies, “No, thank you, I don’t drink!” The

super star watches the President as he continues to puff away at his cigarette. "You know it's against the law to smoke in here, right?!" the super star says in a cocky manner. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughs the President, "Yes! Despite being a huge part of an Evil company, I still yet am not allowed my vices! Legal or not, I still have my cigarettes, among many other guilty pleasures throughout the day!" Silence fills the room while the super star clenches his fist in rage but still maintains himself. "Tell me, Mr. Super Star, have you ever wished to gaze into the abyss and see what monsters reside within it?" The super star replies, "I'm not getting what you're asking?" "Have you ever desired to find yourself within an Evil game?" asks the President. "No, not really," replies the super star. "Oh! That is sorry to hear! I want you in one of our darkest games yet! A game in which you will be found in a Hell of criminals and violence, damned to fight them for all eternity!" "I don't play games!" responds the super star. "That does not matter! You do not have to play one to be in one! You just must go through the motions in which we desire, and then you shall truly be rewarded by their outcomes!" "I don't like being manipulated, and I'm not going to be a puppet in your game!" "Now hold on, big shot! Don't be so brash! You do not know what is at stake here! This will be truly important to you, and you should not make such quick decisions not knowing what can be achieved through us!" says the President. "F— you!" replies the super star. "What did you say to me, you little s—t?!" yells the President. "I said 'f— you!'" replies the super star. "No, f— you, you worthless, untalented sack of s—t!" The super star gets up, grabs the old man by his business suit's jacket and yells right into his face, "You're going to tell me where my girlfriend is and give me what I want!" The President strikes at the super star's arm with a martial arts move, and the super star reflexively kicks him right in his chest, sending him tumbling backwards in his chair. Stopped there for a moment, knocked on his back, the President says, "I see, you are not a person worth having around, Mr. Super Star! You made an unwise decision, and now I am going to be forced to show you what the price of making such an error will cost you!" The President gets up, moves to the super star, and places himself in an offensive martial arts stance. A large fight then occurs between them, wrecking the President's office with the martial arts performed during the fight. The fight is very skilled, and the super star is surprised that the old man has such abilities, but in one final move, the super star somersaults off the President's desk, doing a handstand off his shoulders while gripping the President's shirt collar, and the elderly President has the leverage of the super star's somersault swing, while gripping his shirt, send him over the super star and flying through the air upside down towards his office window, where he smashes into the window, heavily spiderwebbing it, bowing it outward and nearly going through it, and drops head first on the ground. The President is defeated, but the police suddenly open the door, pointing their guns at the super star and telling him not to move. It cuts to a scene of him being escorted out of the building by the police, and his girlfriend is in a crowd of people watching him be taken away in a police vehicle, which confuses him. In a scene later, he makes bail, having his girlfriend being the one who bailed him out. She explains that she left him a note to meet her at the Scorpion Company's address because her father works for them. The super star checks his pants pockets to find it there and remembers her giving it to him before her being abducted by the van. She explains to the super star that they were throwing a surprise birthday party in one of the larger offices there, and her father and the company wished to approach the super star, him being a big-name martial arts film star, into having his likeness and skills used in a new game called Earth Prison. The Scorpion Company employees that he beat up were just trying to slow him down and distract him while they were getting the party ready. He asks her, "Why would anyone name a company such a thing!" She replies that their company use to be called Micro Bit, but they learned it was a ridiculous and vulgar name in French, and they wanted to be successful in foreign markets, so they changed their name to Scorpion Company, which was a fictional group of skilled espionage agents in their first game Backstabber, which was released before changing their name. The super star then says, "Their President even said that they were a huge and evil company!" The girlfriend is confused at first, but then she understands, and replies, "They are a large and successful branch of the giant video game company Evil Inc.! They are not evil; it's just a name! The company Evil Inc. began only making horror games focused on ghosts and zombies! Their first game was called Evil Core, which had numerous and many sequels and spinoff games!" The super star then says to her, "All those employees that I got in a fight with could have told me the situation!" The super star's girlfriend replies, "The President of their company and my father, who are both their bosses, told them that they would get fired if they ruined the birthday surprise!" The super star takes in what his girlfriend said to him, thinks about it for a moment, feels ashamed and embarrassed, and then looks at her and says, "I'm sorry… How embarrassing! …I'm going to find a way to say sorry to them and make it up to them."

In the end, to make up for the misunderstanding, the super star, being extremely rich, pays for replaced dental work for all the Scorpion Company's employees, giving them big white bright new teeth, and he gives them all new office furnishings and computers, along with many notes and gifts of apology to their employees, while also giving the President a new chair, a replaced window, replaced office walls, replaced office furnishings, and a large supply of his favorite cigarettes to keep in his office. He sends a note of apology with many expensive gifts to the President of Scorpion Company, stating that they can use his likeness in a video game if they wish to with no expected compensation for it. In a montage scene showing that the super star gave the company several gifts and apology letters, it shows that the Scorpion Company employees are working on a new martial arts game that has several of them dressed in motion capture suits and practicing martial arts moves with each other, smiling with ridiculously large and white teeth, giving each high fives and thumbs up, having just recorded martial arts motion capture scenes successfully.

"Tokusatsu" by Davyn Andersen

Masks and costumes for effects,
Every so often having defects,
With fireworks exploding and models crumbling,
Actors and stuntmen arrive and go tumbling,
And robots, monsters, and beast shoot fire,
Along with a charm that is to admire,
As heroes and villains are involved in battles
While the camera shakes and rattles,
And the characters each know martial arts,
And the stories involve having bigger hearts.
The heroes always complete a rescue
Or return a situation to a state like new;
And the villains forever lose in the end,
For they lack the power that comes from friends;
And the credits show images of jollier times
In-between the villains' crimes.

I think that Bruce Lee was murdered through the use of maser instruments for being a popular actor who was an outspoken atheist. He was claimed to have died of possible allergic reactions to marijuana pills causing his head to swell, and this cause of death seemed to be sending out a few messages, such as to not think yourself wiser than the religious, swelling your head while doing so, and do not even think of ingesting marijuana, let alone smoke it. His death would later be rumored that he was attacked by others from China for releasing ancient Chinese martial arts secrets, and the notorious Calgon "Ancient Chinese secret, huh?" commercials were being aired around the same time as his death, featuring a character in a laundromat named Mr. Lee. Based off the casting and story elements of The Crow (1994), and it being a mano nera film because of them, Bruce Lee's son Brandon Lee was likely killed through maser tampering also. Brandon Lee, being the son of an atheist, represents an atheist being trained for maser instrument use to act as a ghost with it and remove dangerous criminals from living, which Eric Daven, The Crow, is a ghost known to murder dangerous criminals; Ernie Hudson, playing a good police officer who would also be interested in removing dangerous criminals from the world, is also more famously known for his role as a ghostbuster in the film Ghostbusters, which also represents the desire to have no criminals having maser use, pretending themselves ghosts; Michael Wincott had been known in his previous role as Guy of Gisbourne in the film Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves, so is a character wishing to cease the liberation of wrongfully acquired money made by criminals from a person wishing to do so, and playing the evil criminal Top Dollar, is the main adversary of the ghostly man seek revenge in the film for wrong doings; David Patrick Kelly was chosen for his role, because of his two previous films, The Warriors (1979), where he played Luther, a gang member wishing to divide gangs in order to make no peace between them, and his role in Dreamscape (1984), where he played a Tommy Ray Glatman, a psychic man, who murdered his father, is able to enter dreams, and is interested in political assassination, making him and his character T-Bird a representation of a gang member and criminal desiring through maser use to do just what his two previous character roles desired to do; and Tony Todd is most notoriously known

as the Candyman, and the Candyman (1992) is already a well-known mano nera film about criminal maser use being involved drug dealing, and a ghostly drug trafficker is what Tony Todd conveys in his character Grange, assisting the head villain in the film's final act. In The Crow's final act, although human and mortal again in reality, lightning strikes Eric Draven, representing the maser's electrical abilities, and he is finally able to offer his lead criminal, responsible for all his and everyone's troubles, a large amount of pain prior to dying.

The Warriors (1979) is a mano nera film also, communicating to have gangs purposely split up and pitted against each other, so to either not have them becoming too powerful, or peacefully existing with each other and not causing crimes, likely through criminal maser use desiring to cause social problems to distract from much larger crimes being performed, especially those done by the government. The film's story mirrors the samurai film Yojimbo (1961) at times, also having a single dangerous gang member being the only one with a gun, except for a female gang briefly in The Warriors, in a city of gang members. Yojimbo involves the ronin Sanjuro pitting two criminal parties against each other to destroy them, and in the film The Warriors, Luther, more of a biker looking character, is the sole gang member with a gun, and uses it to assassinate a gang leader wishing to unite all the gangs. The Warriors somewhat disappointing end scene, instead of having a large brawl breakout between the parties, which would have been more entertaining, had a member of the warriors throw a switchblade at Luther's arm, stopping his gun use, which also is performed in Yojimbo with Sanjuro using a thrown knife to stop his only one gang member with a gun. Furthermore, the final scene has The Warriors return to their home at the Coney Island theme park, which could be used as a representation of Disneyland, and the fact that a Japanese film was used to convey that masers were being used to have gangs fight with each other, also could represent maser tampering arriving from Japan. Even the eponymous gang is not good-intentioned, the narrative showing its heroes as likely rapists, threatening to gang rape a woman, and one of their members getting arrested early in the story for trying to sexually assault an undercover policewoman.

I think Marilyn Monroe was murdered too based simply on a forensic photograph of the body being recorded in its discovered state and a photograph of her in the morgue. The photograph of her corpse in its bed has very dark areas in her hair that look as if they could have been caused by the release of blood, and it would not have been her hair being so unmanaged to allow dark roots to show in her famously platinum blonde hair. The state of being dead alone would not have caused it either. The behavior of the authorities taking the photograph of the scene of her death seem suspicious also, because it is not a normal occurrence to need to point to a modus operandi that caused the death when it likely could have been completely something else on the appearing to be untouched corpse, yet a long arm is jutting from the side and above the picture pointing to the many pill containers on her nightstand. This is unusual, because a person recording any possible crime scene would not do such a thing, such as seeing a knife or a crowbar on the floor and needing an officer to point at it, thinking it's the murder weapon. A morgue picture of her also shows that her hair is wet and has been washed, having it straight and weighed downward with water from her supine position. This death also involved a rumor that she died from a drug-laced enema, which again is suspicious in the thought that these rumors possibly spread as a message to avoid using enemas for sexual reasons, possibly with those that spread the rumor trying to deter others from sodomy.

I was made to look into the hanging munchkin rumor in The Wizard of Oz (1939), and I arrived to the conclusion that there exists two very different shots of first a hanging munchkin and then a second with a bird, because the hanging munchkin and the bird are in different locations in the background of the scenery, and I believe that these rumors were spread by the film's creators themselves. The scene in question was assumed to be shot prior to any of the actors who would play the munchkins being on set, because the scenes involving them were not shot until the final production of the film. The little person actors were provided by contract from a man named Leo Singer, who had a troop of little people called Singer's Midgets. His contract would demand him to provide a hundred little people, but his troop only consisted of around thirty little people, so he had to make the quota by seeking any person who fit the body type of a little person across the U.S., and he was taking in any little people that looked the part unconcerned of their possible poor behavior. When they began to shoot the scenes involving the little people, they would later be reported by one of Judy Garland's ex-husbands that they began to molest her, a sixteen-year-old girl, on the set of The Wizard of Oz. If she or any of those making the film went to the police, the rumors would have hurt the film's release and box office,

having the news of it deterring audiences from going and seeing the film. The creators of the film had already put in large amounts of money shooting the other portions of the mostly completed film, and an extreme amount of difficulty already went into the productions, constant problems occurring, and the news would have lost the studio a large amount of money, and they possibly would been made unable to release the film after, too. They likely went back and shot the notorious scene with the hanging munchkin, having two versions of it shot completely matching each other with the hanging munchkin and then the bird, desiring to use the shot with the hanging munchkin in its release, but splicing in the shot with the bird if needed. The early versions of the film show the hanging munchkin in a space between the trees, while the later versions show a bird lower and to the left of the area where the hanging munchkin would normally be. In the scene, it even appears that when the trio of Scarecrow, Dorothy, and the Tinman are moving down the Yellow Brick Road that Scarecrow arrives at the bend and slightly stumbles looking in the direction of the hanging munchkin, as if he is surprised at the sight of it, growing a little faint for a second, but then carries on not caring at what he witnessed. Those involved in creating the film did not necessarily kill a munchkin actor for sexually assaulting Judy Garland, but they likely help spread the rumor as a message to the little people not to say anything about the incidences, stating that the munchkin seen hanging in the background was motivated to hang himself because another female munchkin jilted him, and munchkin can be used as a term for a child, Judy Garland being young and sixteen, therefore jokingly her being the munchkin in question that did not appreciate the improper sexual advances of the munchkin who hung himself.

I was going to write a whole fiction within the novel Cardboard Country about the hanging munchkin incident in The Wizard of Oz, having his supposed ghost as the narrator, haunting the Hollywood studio sets and seen sometimes hanging within in them. This deceased little person was going to claim his name was Little Will, and he would explain how after him and a group of two other little people with shared interest began to become friends with each other, the incident of the molestation of the young actress occurred while filming. This trio of three male little people, Little Will, Short Chase, and Small Cash would have a banded up mob of people from the studio go to accost the little person trio who were involved in the incident, grab Little Will immediately, have Short Chase attempt to flee but then captured, and Small Cash would be grabbed, then found trying to bargain with his captors that they could keep his money and to just let him go. One man in the mob of people would then kick Little Will as hard as possible, not expecting it to kill him, but results in doing so. They then later hang up Little Will's body, sending out the rumor about the jilted munchkin hanging himself, and therefore also the message to the other munchkin actors to not speak about the subject.
Throughout much of the remainder of Cardboard Country I was going to use many famous figures and celebrities as Shakespearean or Dickensian ghosts, while others would be plain psychopomps. This long list of figures and celebrities had themselves changed into violently hideous ghosts or demons in their supernatural states, and the list included: Peg Entwistle haunting the Hollywood hills, wandering about the area, having torn her own eyes out and not wanting to witness anything again; Walt Disney as a giant Chernobog-like corpse of himself sitting on Bald Mountain's peak and using it as Judas cradle while evil spirits and demons wander about the mountain making art for him; Lil Peep thinking that his road crew ditched him in the desert after getting extremely high on drugs on their tour bus, but he is actually discovered himself a ghost that died of an overdose, who cannot be seen by people, including other ghosts, and had a strange group of colorful variating major color pallet inky demonic skeletons hold him down in a truck stop bathroom, use needles lodged in their mechanical index finger bones to tattoo something on his back over a few days, him yelling help to living people coming into the bathroom that cannot see them, and he now cannot even see what they tattooed on his back himself, because his reflection does not show up in mirrors, and so now wanders around in a purgatory with a constantly bleeding and oozing painfully tattooed back; JonBenét Ramsey would appear as a very morbid ghost always found in her various child beauty pageant wears with her bloody skeleton seen sometimes through her transparent ghostly corpse skin while she haunts both her Boulder, Colorado home and nearby child beauty pageants; and even Brigham Young would have been one of the narrator characters, which his soul would be reported altered in the afterlife into a demon now known by the name of Knock, who is large and has an always erect penis that resembles a forking tree branch with two beehives for testicles hanging from them, and his beehive testicles constantly release demon bees from them as they knock together while he moves, attacking those damned in Hell found in his vicinity.
Many of these narrators and their stories could be made into short stories, novels, and films of their own.

Some of these narrators that would show up would be bizarre and seem to make no sense whatsoever in their use and ability to be claimed a narrator, such as a cartoon bulldog that is a part of a fictional Ivy League university and named Monkey Bean, considered the school's mascot, but often is found more intelligent than its current students, having an almost lost upper American wealthy accent; and then another narrator would have been a group of frozen chimpanzees from an unused MTV promo that was stopped from being aired, who are in the Earth's high upper atmosphere, orbiting there dressed as astronauts, joined in hands together in the manner of skydivers forming a circle, and they have a constant electrical pulse going through them in their joined hands that display a banana always in their thoughts, and there skydiving circle is also acting as a seance circle, channeling physically and sexually violent and evil ghosts from its center, shooting the ghosts down at the people of the Earth, who are being possessed by the evil spirits, causing those that they have taken control of to do various forms of sexual and violent crimes.

I was pondering if a learning game could be made fun, playing the few but not many learning games worth playing, and I started to develop a game called Crayon Learning Hell and another game that was a run 'n' gun with learning elements. I had thought of making a learning game for toddlers and small children that involved a single controller button, a safely attached direction pad or stick that could not breakoff, and a there would be a console menu button that would have to accessed by an adult with a tool. A game that I was thinking of making for it would have cartoons singing and dancing, while also asking the child questions, trying to teach them letters, numbers, words, and how to spell them, along with counting. The idea was to make the game have the appeal of Sesame Street, but with interactive qualities that have a child participate with the actions on the screen to hopefully give a better learning experience than Sesame Street. The project in my mind was called Crayon Learning Jungle, and it would feature singing and dancing jungle animals that are unusually colored, along with human characters. The characters would often sing while teaching and asking questions that are multiple choice, having them use the direction pad to choose the right choice. This idea was also formed from an idea that I had for a children's learning television show called either Crayon Learning Station or Crayon Learning Center. Both would have had different colored crayons as people in suits, but the Crayon Learning Station would have had a train station with people always coming in and out of it involved. I just really loved the name most of all, because I really like the word "crayon."
Returning two the topic of the first two learning games attempting to make learning fun, especially for adults, I was thinking of the best tactic of making something fun, which would be making it action packed and challenging, showing both skill and intelligence. So, I first thought of a top-down bullet hell game using numbers being shot at the player, and the player shooting crayons at the proper answers, while also having them use the proper answer to be able to be harmed by bullets that are the answer. I then thought that it would funny to make it like the Cave Interactive Co. video game company's games but featuring characters that look like they belong on children's television attacking the player on the screen, such as puppets, robots, and the sort. For the characters avatar, since he was shooting crayons, I pictured that the character would be around and plumb version of myself as a child with a bowl haircut, a red, orange, and brown striped shirt, and pair of tan overalls on with an airplane or a stegosaurus depicted on its front. When I was young and in kindergarten, I either saw Maggie from The Simpsons or Tommy Pickles from The Rugrats using their bottle as a gun, and because crayons resembled the bullets in guns, I thought it would funny to make a show with a baby using a gun that shoots crayons instead, which eventually is where I got the idea to use crayons as bullets in this game idea. This round, floating, childlike version of myself in the game would psychically project with its telekinetic abilities a large color variety of crayons at the enemy and have cycled through over hundreds of possible crayon bullet colors in random order would have the game start to repeat them again in a new random order. A possible boss would be a puppet mathematician who would provide math problems and then wrong answers, and single right answers would fly at the player in waves, so the player must navigate to the right answers to not be hit. The game would have two different ways to adjust the games difficulty level but large margins, one being the academic levels of the math questions, and two would be the gameplay difficulty. This would make so the games questions can be very difficult academically, but the gameplay is much easier at its lowest level. The RNG would hopefully provide a never-ending number of questions within the game.
The second game idea has just a place holders in my head, but the game would play similar to Kero Blaster and Contra combined, and enemies, likely robots in the game's areas all have math problems displayed on them, and the players gun can cycle back and forward using the left and right front triggers between from 0 to 9, and the player has to attack the robot with equation with the correct answers, or else the robot gets far more

belligerent for a short time, acting more aggressive in its attacks. Again, this game would have the ability to change the two difficulties of how difficult the problems are academically and how difficult the gameplay is.

We came up with a hardcore music comedy segment while using the name Crayon Learning Center for a band name in it. This comedy segment would have younger grade child at his elementary school passing out hardcore music fliers for his child birthday party, as a small music fest. The bands in this line-up are: One Practice Band, Stay in School, Bird Call, The Bad Guys, Don't Be Like Us, Dinosaur Band, Dad Talk, and Crayon Learning Center. This kid passes the fliers out to many of kids at his school in his class. It then cuts to the birthday, and it is an average looking birthday party, but people are setting up music equipment on a stage near the back fence. The children are all doing normal birthday party things, such as having juice and cake, playing party games, and talking with each other. The first band One Practice Band then sets up. Before playing the singer states, "I hope you guys don't mind us playing. We have literally only been a band for a week, and we were thrown onto this show at the last minute to fill a spot! We only have mostly a few covers at the moment, and a song that we made! Be gentle!" They start playing and begin with a cover of the song "Omission" by Quicksand, and they keep screwing up a bit, even pausing in the middle of the song to get everyone on the same page, but laughing and having fun, and then try again. When they sloppily finish the song, they are just laughing, and then the singer says, "Woah! I don't know if that went so great!" A scowling child sitting and watching them by the stage, as one of the only children who is really paying attention to them, says, "That's one of the worst things I've heard!" The singer says, "Give us a break, kid! We're called One Practice Band for a reason!" The kid responds, "I don't think practice will make you ever be a better band!" The singer says, "Hey, what's your name, kid?" The kid says, "Bud!" The singer then says, "I need a last name, too!" The kid says, "Bud Roberts!" The singer then says, as if not really concerned to lecture the kid, but making sure his voice carries in back of him, "Well, listen, BUD ROBERTS! in the future you're going to need to be more considerate of the feelings of others, or else you're going to find yourself an unpleasant little boy, who people just don't want to be around, and…" It then shows that there is a square looking man on the other side of the fence with a clipboard, hiding in the bushes, and he is searching through the papers which state the name of the elementary school and a list of its children. This square man with black frame glasses and a crew cut then finds Bud Roberts on the list and checks a box with LACKS EMPATHY over it, and another one that has FUTURE PSYCHOPATH on it. The next band Stay in School sets up, and they are a punk hardcore band. The singer starts off with saying, "We don't even want to be here today! We were just going to not show up, because we were up all-night partying instead of practicing, and we have been nonstop partying for weeks! Our guitarist wrote some lyrics to a new song, but I am half illiterate, and he didn't have time to explain them to me, because he works two jobs after he dropped out of school to support his girlfriend and their child! This first song we have for you is called, 'Party Till You're Stupid!'" He then asks his band mates, "Ready, guys!" and then gives a countdown "1! 2! 4! 5!" and the band starts playing off timed and having their members wiggling about and being rockstars with their instruments, and the singer is just saying things about how stupid he is. The camera cuts to Bud Roberts, who is still just upset at the music being played. The band Bird Call sets up after, and this band is all dressed in unique colorful bird costumes head to toe, as if they were children show characters, having plastic beaks tightened to their noses on their bare faces, but most the rest of their bodies are feathered, and the band is just basically Brother's Keeper from their Self Fulfilling Prophecy and Sweet Revenge seven-inches. They are enthusiastically playing, but the children are just going about their business, talking and playing party games, although still watching them play, but not very invested in it. The Bad Guys set up next and they have a group of band members dressed as stereotypical villains. The singer has a top hat, black suit, white gloves, and a curled black mustache; their guitarist is dressed as Johnny Lawrence in his skeleton Halloween costume; their bassist is dressed as a knockoff of Darth Vader; and their drummer is dressed as a character like Blofeld from the James Bond series. The singer states before playing, "You kids seem on the level, but we aren't! We are as crooked as can be, and yet we still somehow managed to be added to this show! I don't know why. Do you kids understand why?" The kids are all paying attention to the band, but they don't answer while the singer shifts his eyes evilly back and forth with a lifted thick eyebrow. The band's singer says, "Oh, well! I'm sure someone will figure it out someday, but, for now, here's one of our slimy hits with lyrics about wanting to steal your parents' money and your futures!" The band begins playing and they sound like a mix of Type O Negative and Rammstein, the lyrics beginning, "Your money is as good as mine! You'll just see in a matter of time!" It then shows the band Don't Be Like Us on the stage, having their band name displayed on the

kickdrum. They look like a typical old school, tough guy, New York City hardcore band, but they are not even playing, because as their guitarist, their bassist, and their drummer are sitting idle as their burly, rough looking, and bald singer sits on the stage with his microphone, he says in his slightly high-pitched but raspy New York accent, "You all listen up and take what I'm saying to heart! You kids do not want to be like us! All we ever did when we were young was goof off, get in to trouble, and it led us to really bad situations that we did not expect nor want to be in! So, you just make sure to listen to your parents, do good in school, go to college or university, or focus on what matters most to you, and just don't hang out with bad people who will get you going nowhere in life!" It then cuts to a snippet of Don't Be Like Us briefly playing, and they sound like a mix of Agnostic Front and the Cro-Mags with the singer making energetic hardcore music stage moves, and a boy and girl are dance hopping with each other hand in hand in circles before the stage, while other kids are just doing awkward child dancing. Dinosaur Band is about to take the stage, having a crew come into set up their equipment prior, setting up lighting, checking sound levels, and there is a sound guy at a large sound board near the back of the house that they keep checking the instruments with. The members then take the stage in a large volcanic eruption of smoke, flashes, and large falling Styrofoam boulders. Their singer is dressed as a tyrannosaurus rex, their guitarist and second vocalist is dressed like a pterodactyl, their second guitarist is dressed like a triceratops, their bassist is dressed like a brontosaurus with a long upward neck to its head, and the drummer is dressed as a caveman with a sloping forehead with wild black hair and a leopard skin tunic. The band members in dinosaur costumes still have their hands free from the costumes so to play. The band is a heavy metalcore band that has the tyrannosaurus rex singer doing low roaring vocals, and their pterodactyl guitarist is performing high screaming vocals, both without any lyrics to them, but just timing their roars and screams accordingly and sometimes overlapping each other. The children are really entertained by the band. The second to last band Dad Talk then takes the stage and there is no theatrics compared to the previous band. They are a bunch of old school hardcore guys dressed as stereotypical dads, having greying hair and mustaches, guts bulging in their button up shirts, wedding rings, glasses sometimes, and wearing awkward fitting denim pants, and their behavior resembles that of a normal middle-aged father's, such as the singer removing their clear maroon-colored framed glasses to rub the agitated space between his eyes. It then shows them playing their different songs in small snippet segments, and the old school hardcore vocals in each song have lyrics of fatherly advice, such as, "Be a good student and make sure to study each day! Choose the right friends! But - don't - let - them - get - in – the - way!" spacing each part of the last portion as a dad would say it, trying to emphasize it. It shows children that are set in front of the stage either standing or sitting crossed-legged, listening and accepting the advice, but also put out about having to be given the information, nodding yes and expressing in gestures that they already know and have been told what is being said several times before. After all this, the final and headlining band Crayon Learning Center takes the stage, and they are just genuinely a very chaotic and impressive mathcore band that is on par with early Dillinger Escape Plan and middle era Converge. The children express extreme surprise in their faces and do not know what to think. Other bands thought to possibly be used in this proposed comedy segment's line-up were Don't Do Drugs, Math Can Be Fun, and Think About Your Future.

The idea for this came from a joke I had created where a band called Hardcore-osaurus X dressed as dinosaurs was marketed for children and playing children's birthday parties. Someone then updated me in my head that Dinosaur Band would be the funnier and better name. This was after I also added Bird Call as a second band for the show. I was making joke hardcore lyrics for very short songs and sending them to a friend despite receiving no replies, and each of their titles slightly resembled band names of Salt Lake City bands from any genre, such as one being "After Meth Have a Brain Wreck" resembling After Math of a Trainwreck, which was a song about supporting a meth user in destroying themselves and ending with the line: "Wreck your brain for all I care!" A follow-up to this song, but not having lyrics yet, would be "Plenty of Grief After Meth" resembling 78 Days After Death. Dad Talk and my explained lyrics in the proposed comedy segment arrived from the lyrics of a song I wrote called "XCheerX" resembling the band XClearX, and the lyrics, although not purposely giving fatherly advice, just were made to sound extremely positive and giving sound guidance. The end of the song, lines ending in youth crew gang vocals, were: "Give your friends a reason not to FEAR! Give your friends a reason to CHEER!" Another one was "Call Your Bets" resembling Cool Your Jets, which had song lyrics about legalizing gambling and making a lottery in Utah and would end with, sounding very serious and upset when said, the spoken word line: "We need a lottery in Utah to fund public schools." Many of these songs would end with spoken word lyrics stating the stance the song was making. One resembling the band City to City was called "Ditty to Ditty", and it was about travelling around singing songs to people. A

lyric from this song was: “We’re playing these songs CITY TO CITY, playing them hard, MAKING THEM GRITTY!” I made a long list of the song titles that resembled bands, that consisted slightly over a hundred of them, but not all the titles had matching lyrics, and I was made to throw it away. Although it didn’t have lyrics, the one for Iceburn would have been “Nice Perm”, and would have been anti-fashioncore. One that didn’t phonetically sound similar but still fit the theme of being inspired by a Salt Lake City band was “Closed Down”, as an opposite of the name of the band Opened Up, and the simple, quick, few second song would have lyrics that ended in gang vocals, which were: “Support local businesses… so they don’t get… CLOSED DOWN!” One of the songs was Turning Up Crazies resembling the band name Pushing Up Daisies, and the lyrics were about people trying to turn other people mentally ill. The song’s lyrics would begin, “It’s hot as Hell, so I’m taking it easy, sitting on my back porch, drinking some iced tea!” which I stole from myself, wondering if I could write Southern metal music lyrics, because my friend was in a Southern sounding metalcore band. One was The Hazardous Project resembling the band The Lazarus Project, and it was about not dumping drugs into slum projects. Not a Salt Lake City band, but a New York City one, Plenty Fine ta Wife resembling 25 ta Life would be a song about a shotgun wedding. Havin’ Fun would be a song resembling Hammergun. The band Climb would form a song titled “Slime”. The band Year of the Mantis would form the song title “Sick of Your Antics”. A band we went to high school with consisting of student government members and did Tonic covers called Chrome Toaster inspired a song title of “Dome Roaster”. Note exactly phonetically alike, the band name Tamerlane would produce the song title “Gamer Pain”. Form of Rocket would form the song name “Name a Pocket”, which would about being a pool hall junkie. I used the band name Gaza to form a song name “Mazda”, which was about finding ways to produce cheap solar energy vehicles that could hold a family of five. “Pair o’ Slacks” resembles the band name Parallax, and I wrote lyrics for it about keeping your pants on, not prostituting oneself, and stopping the existence of the porn industry, which in its entirety went: “Keep your pants on, don’t sell your body, don’t be a wanton, kill the porn industry!” The name Sleeping Giant would be used to make a song title “Weeping Client”. “Cup Giver”, formed from Upriver, would be a song about an NHL team only winning the Stanely Cup because of one player. The band Arkham Asylum would be used to make a song titled “My Name Is Hyrum”. Moshalicious would create the title “Most Nutritious”, and the song would be about good nutrition. A proposed song without lyrics yet was called “I Was Paid to Take a Dive” resembling the band Carcano 6.5. Another again without lyrics was “I Got Caught in this Scam” resembling The Contingency Plan. A song called “Harem” would resemble Cherum, and a song “Wifeless” would resemble Lifeless. I took Donny & Marie Osmond and mixed it with the name of a person that we know Donny Miller, and the song would be Donny & Miller Osmond. The song “Avoid the Callin’” resembles the band Abhor the Fallen. One song inspired by the Utah singer David Archuleta would be titled “David, Think You’re Betta?” The band Steady Machete would be used to make a song title “Ready Confetti”. The band Imagine Dragons inspired the song title “Images Drag On”. The song title “She’ll See Ya ‘Gain” resembles the band Chelsea Grin. A band called Ritual F— I used to form a proposed song that would be titled “Outta Luck”. The band Dogwelder would be used to form the song “Swartzwelder”, after famous The Simpsons writer John Swartzwelder. The final one on my list, as if it were the final song on an album of over a hundred very brief songs, took the band name The Moth & The Flame and would be a song titled “All the Songs Sound the Same”.

I then joked that the name of the band producing these songs would be called XTabernacleX, but then I also thought that the name would fit a hardcore band who only uses mostly youth crew gang vocals that have backing singers adding additional vocals to them. I also thought it funny to release a hardcore album that has over a hundred songs on it, possibly even a seven-inch record.

We also came up with a set of joke seven-inches that would be by a band called XIn Your EyesX, who performs hardcore Peter Gabriel covers. They would have two seven-inches. The first would contain covers of “In Your Eyes”, “Big Time”, and “Sledgehammer” with the backup singers being exchanged for youth crew gang vocals, where in the original Peter Gabriel songs the backup singers say each of the three titles in their songs repeatedly. The second seven-inch would cover “Salsbury Hill” backed with a hardcore version of his instrumental number “It Is Accomplished”.

We also came up with a joke seven-inch from a joke band called Incellica, who does Metallica covers from the perspective of an incel, performing and altering Metallica’s songs and lyrics to be misogynistic and critical of all women, the seven-inch having a song retitled “Basher of Strumpets” on one side and “Shun” on the other side. “Shun” being a reworking of “One” has the spaced-out lyrics in the song’s ending that would normally be:

Landmine has taken my sight
Taken my speech, taken my hearing
Taken my arms, taken my legs
Taken my soul, left me with life in Hell

Altered to:

This whore entered my sight
Battin' her eyes, showin' her goods
Bein' a whore, bein' a slut
Taken my soul, left me with life in Hell

Other misogynistic hits by Incellica, focused on the Black Album, would be the song "Dent Her Can In", which would be an incel cover of "Enter Sandman", "The Gun for Women" which would be an incel cover of "The Unforgiven", "Don't Let Her Be" which would be an incel cover of "Don't Tread on Me", and "The Bod That Failed" being an incel cover of "The God That Failed".
The back cover of the seven-inch would show a full-bodied view of the band standing in some backyard, and they are a bunch of weird looking awkward and angry looking guys with unkempt hair, funny looking facial hair, one with a bowl cut, one wearing pajama pants, and a few of them are wearing socks with sandals. Their eyes have been altered on their faces to make them really small.
I had thought of making a story, though not very seriously, possibly a television series or novel, having a fatherly character, who would possibly be the narrator of it, that does what some fathers tend to do and begins to start showing such disdain for topics and those involved in them that he does not bother to get names right anymore, such as calling Bill Clinton the name Mel Winston instead, and in discussion about his son going to the Panic! at the Disco concert, he instead states that his son is going to the Manic! Love of Dickhole concert. Explaining that his son also likes Fall Out Boy, he states that his son is fond of the band Balls Out, Boy! Explaining that his son was wearing a Joy Division T-shirt, he says his son was wearing a Boy Revision T-shirt.

I had an idea of making "daemo" a subgenre of emo and hardcore, which is a portmanteau of the word daemon and emo, and it's basically dark and evil sounding emo exemplified by the demon-like lighter sung portions of the Converge songs "Zodiac" and the song "Dead", while also being in a portion of the song "The Saddest Day". It can also be referred to as "daemon emo," "demon emo," or "dark emo."

I have a folder listed My Band Name Ideas. Here are a few and what they reference: 86'ed, which refers to being thrown out of a club, and a friend that I had who would use the term all the time, especially speaking of himself or someone else being thrown out of a club; 888 Pages, which would be a reference to The Warren Commission Report; Action Figures, which I thought as a name for the children's party hardcore show comedy segment; Algol, which is a name for the a star known as the demon star, known throughout history to bring bad luck by several cultures; Bone Shard, which is a band name one of my friends came up with in Junior High Schol; Burn the Rat, which is an old Salt Lake City hardcore music message board that people use to anonymously insult each other over all day; Called Out, which was a joke hardcore band name; Cloud of Darkness, which is the female final boss of Final Fantasy III; Crime Lord, which I came up with in due of Cult Leader, as I thought of a different name beginning with a C and an L from Salt Lake City, just as there was Climb and Clear playing together, and cult leaders and crime leaders be alike in ways; Crisis Actors, which I thought was a punk and controversial name for a band that would be fun to use; Days Move By, which I thought of as an alternative name for the Drag My Body comedy segment idea, it sounding emo or old school hardcore; Dealey Plaza, which is a reference to the location of the J.F.K. assassination; Demon Star, which would be an alternative to the name Algol; Devastator, which is a reference to the Transformers character, the fact that many hardcore bands have Transformer names, and I invented the name Davystator for myself in high school for a hardcore kid name, which hardcore kids tend to do; Dying Lion, which is a reference to a story that I made for a comic book, and also a reference to the Animal Collective song Lion in a Coma; English Teeth, which is reference to being completely messed up sounding, as English teeth tend to be messed

up, and I kept drinking large amounts of tea and coffee while doing a lot research at home, and I worried that it was really messing up my teeth; Frame 313, which is a reference to the Zapruder film, and the moment J.F.K.'s head exploded; Homicide Sensor, which is a reference to the bosses of the MSX version of Contra, having several of the more robotic panel bosses being titled a number of homicide sensor; Kick, Cry, Burn, which I thought of driving around once, and possibly had someone assisting me in the name, but I thought it a possible rock star's fictional name, being Kick Criburn; Lovesick, which would be named after the song of the same name by the hardcore band Hourglass; Melon Heads, which is a term that I thought of for a physically unattractive quality in women when they have a convex and bubbled-out forehead; Movie Violence, which I was trying to come up with a hardcore straight edge band name that humorously used titles from low-brow tough guy movies as their song titles, such as Hard Target, Under Siege, Face Off, etc.; No Care Ever, which is a reference to the Lamb Goat message board, and the occurrence where music news would be displayed on it, and several people showing disdain for it or the band it involves would just write a comment of NO CARE EVER; Noble Beast, which I would often call my French bulldog, thinking him to have the qualities of a beast, but a noble one; Poison Pen Letters, which is a reference to a book or movie idea that I had where a secret club at a wealthy all-girls school calling themselves the Poison Pens has rites of highly insulting new members through anonymous hate letters, and also then dispersing them to other girls at the school; Poverty, which I wrote down the name of after seeing a Winsor McCay political cartoon just boldly saying it, but I also probably just plain thought it a brutal name; Problems, which I wrote down rewatching the supermarket boss scenes from the film Ted; Protect Your Jaw, which I wrote down after watching several amateur fights and domestic violence YouTube videos where people just got immediately knocked out because they were trying to intimidate the other party by having their arms wide open and saying, "What? What?" and then getting punched right in the jaw and knocked out, so I advised people connected to me to protect their jaw; Puppies, which is a joke hardcore band name that I put on a cartoon bruiser hardcore kid's shirt that I drew once, thinking it a funny band t-shirt to be wearing; Puppy Kicker, which is a reference to the Nora song, and it seems both very ignorant and offensive; Pushinka, which is reference to J.F.K.'s gifted puppy of a Soviet space dog; Radio Argento, which is a reference to gaillo horror film director Dario Argento, having his first name's letters mixed around to form "radio," and I had an idea of making a gaillo film called Silver Radio, which is what Radio Argento translates to in Italian, and Silver Radio is a good band name also; Ratnose, which is a reference to a character in the Japanese Sonny Chiba film The Street Fighter (1974); Red Lion, which is reference to the former Red Lion Hotel that was located in downtown Salt Lake City, the fact that my cousin's post hardcore band played to an audience of next to nobody but a few of his close friends in its lobby, and the fact that I started to criticize his way of going about making music, and advised him to change his band name to Red Lion, become just an extreme metal band, and then to release an album sarcastically and ironically titled "Roaring at the Red Lion"; Rewind, which I thought of for an alternative to Movie Violence; Rock Fighter, which is a reference to The NeverEnding Story, and the name having a desire to follow in Atreyu's footsteps in naming bands after the novel and film; Scar Story, which comes from the fact that I have quite a few scars, and sometimes people tend to ask others how they got certain scars, and a person explains the origin of a scar in a bragging manner; Charlene, or Sharlene, which is a reference to the name that the character Leonard Lawrence gave to his military rifle in the film Full Metal Jacket; Skeleton Kids, which I first thought up because of Johnny Lawrence's gang of friends dressed as Skeletons on Halloween, and I also thought of the band the Misfits, but then thought up several stories involving a band named Skeleton Kids, and also a group of professional haunted house actors calling themselves Skeleton Kids; Snake Dudes, which is a reference to me and my friends going to a pet store, looking at the animals there, one of them wanting to buy a snake, and my friend stating to this person, "Nobody likes snake dudes!"; Team Awesome, I thought up a long time ago as either a pop punk band or a synth pop band name; The Boneheads, which I thought up as a name for a nonracist skinhead band, which would take influences from the No Innocent Victim album Strength in its sound, with "bonehead" being a derogatory term for a skinhead, and I thought it would be funny to have such a band wear the derogatory term with honor; The Bumping Uglies, which I thought up in high school, thinking it a punk hardcore band, but I thought that it could apply for many different genres of music, including electronic dance, rap, techno, rock, jazz, etc.; The Church Mice, which I proposed for an ironic name of a band that I was in, imagining them extremely heavy, which got shot down immediately; The Dead End Kids, which is the name of a group of New York actors who were famous in the '30s, and I saw a comic book adaptation to their works in a Golden Age comic book Shadow Comics issue; The Grassy Knoll, again referring to the J.F.K. assassination; The Laughter Band, which I thought of because I was writing joke band names down,

and one was titled the Bry— Y— Laughter Band, because I was walking to the store with this Bry— Y—, and he saw a pornographic magazine in the street picked it up, and started laughing really loudly at everything in it, and then I just shortened this joke band name to The Laughter Band; The Little Tough Guys, which is a second name for The Dead End Kids, and I wrote it down imagining a joke beatdown hardcore band entirely composed of dwarf members; Tough Guy, which I thought of, thinking it a possible alternative to Movie Violence or Rewind; VHS, which I ultimately concluded would be the hardcore straight edge band name for the band that would lift the names from low-brow tough guy films, having its initials stand for Vigilante Hardcore Straight Edge, or Violent Hardcore Straight Edge.

Me and some of the people in my head have ideas for comedy television show series that one highly involves hardcore music comedy called Hardcore Show, another would be a comedy show called Video Dailies that pretends itself a hosted MTV or VH1 style music video and musician interview block with mostly only fictional music videos and fictional musicians, and then a third one, yet having a name and not really developed as being unique in its presentation, would just be a plain comedy segment show. The just mentioned comedy segment with the hardcore music fest children's birthday party would be found in the first comedy television series Hardcore Show.

Most of the jokes that the friends I use to hang out with would be hardcore music or general music related, so I figure it would be them in my head making the jokes.

I place a bunch of the ideas in my USB flash drive's My Joke folder, but sometimes I am just writing down many materials that other people give me there, too, and I have some jokes that seem politically backwards and disagreeable, such as one with a repeated instance of two men telling each other homophobic jokes beginning always with a question, and all of them being about homosexuals being serial killers, such as one man asking another "What do gay men consider a jump rope?" and the other man responds, "The intestines of random children that were found using actual jump ropes outside of their houses!" already being aware of the joke's answer, having them keep repeatedly asking each other joke questions, and the other keeps just answering them instead of asking, "What?" already knowing. The reason for this is to test and make sure that I am not trying to censor someone for a joke that is humorous, although possibly highly offensive, with some people worrying about getting attacked, especially by maser instruments, for the jokes that they make, even if they are just in their head.

Another comedy segment from this hardcore music comedy segment would have a group of fashioncore kids in a local hardcore scene just not feeling that their look and wardrobe are provocative enough, so they start researching underground and punk fashion, they come across the concept of Nazi chic, they think that it is the right amount and variety of provocative style that they are looking for, and then they get the poor idea of creating Nazi chic attire to be seen wearing at during the next hardcore show they go to. It shows a montage of them finding Nazi chic images and videos to model their new look after, having punks in the '70s and '80s wearing swastika arm bands and Iron Cross necklaces, along with European and Japanese fashion models wearing Nazi inspired uniforms in modern day settings to conventions. It shows them ordering items from the internet while they also are sewing and placing their Nazi chic fashion clothing together, using sewing machines and laying out fabric on professional fabric tables, drawing out the proper amount of fabric and cutting it correctly. They also keep saying funny things to each other, like when having one of them finish a jacket inspired by Nazi uniforms, he lifts the jacket up to be seen by another one, and the other one responds, "That is so "F"'ing fresh!" and the one holding it up says, "This is going to look so, HAWT!" saying "hot" with a large exhale. Other instances show them sitting behind computers, rapidly typing away, bringing up window after window of Nazi chic images, such as band and show photos of The Sex Pistols wearing swastikas on numerous occasions, and one peeks over the shoulder over the one bringing up The Sex Pistols photographs, and says, "Sex Pistols! That's a fashion look that gets my sex pistol shootin'!" and the other responds, "Uh, fashion!" Another fashioncore kid enters the room, and he sees what the others are doing, smiles, and says, "This is going to blow their minds!" and one of them at the computer rambles off in response, "They're just not going to know what to think!" One suddenly stops what he is doing while he is working, and asks to the others, "Hey, you think we might be going a bit to edgy?" and one of the other fashioncore kids puts a reassuring hand on this one's shoulder, then explains, "It's fashion! There is nothing new achieved by keeping it safe!" At the end of this montage of them ordering and making their Nazi chic clothing look for the next show, it shows them with their wardrobe brought into one of their bedrooms on hangers that are covered with black wraps hiding what the results were. They then look at each, and one of

them, with confidence, says, “I think we’re ready!” They pause for a moment, continue to look around at each other, suddenly breakout in celebration, cheering, congratulating, and hugging each other.
It then cuts to a hardcore show that is already in progress with a likely later, professional band in the line-up already on stage and performing. The show is in a humble venue and its well enough-sized audience watching the band is in an area that is compacted towards the stage but still has an empty area behind them. When the fashioncore kids arrive, only shots of their black boots are displaying them entering the venue. The person watching the door doesn’t even look up and isn’t paying attention when he takes the fashioncore kids’ money to enter the show. The fashioncore kids walk to the empty space behind the crowd, setting themselves up there, posing themselves to each look cool, and the camera then moves to show what they are all wearing. Their look is a proper and bold mixture of common fashioncore fashion and Nazi chic. One has a Nazi officer hat with a skull and crossbones pin on its front, worn tilted and crooked so his fashioncore hair still sticks out from the side of it. Each has on dark eyeliner, but one has sprayed on paint beneath his eyes and sprinkles that are very tiny different colored swastikas splashed across his painted face areas. Each of them is wearing a uniquely altered and open Nazi jacket with different designs to them to make them resemble more modern fashion trends. They also each have a unique red armband on their upper right arms that has things written within them like: COOL, HOT, FRESH, and SASSY. Some of them have on Iron Crosses with plastic jewels applied with glue to them. One of them is wearing a T-shirt that has four of the “like” symbols from Facebook set in a circle to form a Swastika, and one out of four of the “like” signs is blank, while the t-shirt reads beneath it: “THE THIRD LIKE”. Another has a T-shirt on that has two cartoon lightning bolts looking like the Nazi SS bolts, and this one reads beneath it: ZAP! ZAP! The two other fashioncore kids are just wearing regular Joy Division and New Order shirts.
Nobody even notices them because they are in the back of the crowd standing a small distance behind everyone, and the audience just cares about watching the band play. Suddenly, after a song ends, one of the fashioncore asks another, “Think anyone’s seen us yet?” and the other just nods his head back and forth and lifts his hand up in a “I don’t know” gesture. An Asian hardcore kid at the back of the crowd hears their whispers, looks behind him, sees the Nazi chic fashioncore kids, gets surprised, and starts yelling, “Hey, get the f— out of here!” This causes others to look back and see what is happening also and react. The band doesn’t notice and begins their next song, despite half the audience is entirely looking in the opposite direction of the stage. There are arm movements and flailing behind the crowd. It shows the Nazi chic fashioncore kids are being attacked. The band notices and immediately stops with the singer yelling into the microphone, “Hey! Hey! Hey! No fights! We’re a nonviolent band, and this is a nonviolent show! Hey, guys stop!” but what is happening in the back of the crowd continues. The singer then asks, “What’s going on?” and some innocent looking teenage kid turns around and says to the singer, “Some Nazis showed up!” The singer then exclaims, “Nazis?” puts down the microphone jumps off stage, pushes his way to the back of the crowd, sees the audience members fighting with the Nazi fashioncore kids, and then the singer begins fighting them also.
Later, roughed up and having escaped the show, their outfits torn at and ruined, the Nazi chic kids enter an empty diner, talking to each other their views about how people in their scene being idiots, not understanding fashion, and that fashioncore kids need to be treated just like anyone else at a show. While they walk in and take a seat in the empty diner, the minority waiter, who does not see and is not paying attention to the Nazi chic fashioncore who entered the diner, is happy, jolly, and focused on a humorous conversation that he is having with the diners’ chefs through an order window. The ruffled up Nazi chic fashioncore kids continue to speak with each other about their belief on how ignorant other people in the scene are. The jolly waiter turns to go assist the arrived patrons, sees how they are dressed, immediately gets upset, removing his happy mood, and yells, “Hey, you can’t be in here!” One of the Nazi chic fashioncore kids says, “What? What’s the problem?” The waiter swiftly walks to the booth they have sat in, grabs one fashioncore kid and makes to rip him from where he is sitting, yelling, “Get the f— up and take you’re a— out of here!” One fashioncore kid tries to defend his friend by trying to pull the waiter off him. The chefs in back hear the commotion, run out, and enter the scuffle, beginning to attack the fashioncore kids also, leading again to the Nazi chic fashioncore kids being beaten up.
Another comedy segment would have a recent old school style hardcore band named Drag My Body playing a hardcore show, and the show footage at first looks amateur and recorded with a regular handheld video camera, and suspiciously this band has a band logo that looks like the Dave Matthews Band logo of the “Fire Dancer,” but the Fire Dancer looks like its being dragged instead, and, also, oddly their initials are the same as the Dave Matthews Band. The singer also looks somewhat like Dave Matthews. During this show, after

playing an energetic hardcore song, the singer asks, “Hey, ‘you guys wanna here a cover?” and the audience replies, “Yeah!” and a guy in the audience with a funny fat guy voice says, “Yeah, what do you guys got?” The singer for Drag My Body then says, “We got a real classic one for you! This is a little song you might know called… THE! - SPACE! - BE! - TWEEN!”, which he states the name’s title in a yelled hardcore voice. The fat guy audience member’s voice can then be heard saying, “Alright! Chain of Strength! Let’s hear it!” The singer then says, “You got it!” and then gives his band a “Ready, guys?” He then counts to four and the song starts, but it’s the Dave Matthews Band song “The Space Between” and it is being performed just as Dave Matthews Band would perform it. The camera views cut to being like a masterfully recorded live performance with crystal clear close ups of the singer and the band playing, which has been well edited. Suddenly, about a minute into the song being performed, the power to their stage equipment gets cut, just as Drag My Body’s singer is being shown lost in the moment. It then cuts back to the lower quality handheld camera footage view of the band on stage. A moment of silence occurs, and someone’s serious and angry voice sounds from the crowd, “F— you guys!” The fat guy audience member’s voice also then is heard saying, “Yeah, f— you guys!” Other people in the audience also start yelling at them. The singer looks confused and puts his hand in front of him to signal for everyone to calm down and to stop yelling, but then a chair gets thrown at the stage, and what would be made to look like a realistic hardcore show fight breaks out with a scuffle on the stage, members of the band getting punched with shirt collars being grabbed and pulled at, and the band gets lost in a chaos of flailing arms. Eventually, the camera catches footage showing the singer of Drag My Body being pulled across the venue’s floor, being dragged by a single leg posed in the same position as the Fire Dancer-like figure in the band’s logo, to the exit doors to be either thrown out of the place or beaten up in the parking lot.

A further, but brief, comedy segment in the show would have a band called One Song, Then Get Out playing live, and they play a song that seems really popular and the crowd loves it, but then they start playing more songs, and the crowd just completely turns on them, angrily yelling for them to get off the stage, and members of the audience keep telling them things like, “You played your one song, now get off the stage!”

A variation to this comedy segment, also brief, has a band playing and the audience is smiling and listening to them play, but not doing much, and then the band’s song finishes, and the audience claps, and in the silence an audience member starts chanting, “One more song! One more song!” and this audience member starts coaxing the rest of the audience to start chanting, “One more song! One more song!” also. The band’s singer then says in the microphone, “Stop, everyone, stop! That was our second song! We have a lot more songs to come!” And the audience member who started the chant says, “No! Just one more song and then take the f— off!” Everything in the venue is completely silent after.

The comedy television show idea for the Video Dailies would feature a host, hosts, or guest hosts, like noteworthy MTV hosts, such as Carson Daly and Riki Rachtman, but then would possibly have fictional guest celebrity musicians hosting the program instead. The show would often interview fictional musicians and bands while also showing their music videos or the music videos of others fictional artists and have supposedly in studio live performances. The show would mimic the MTV program TRL more than anything, but it also has no concern for what is being played on it, having a mix of teenagers in its attending audience. Giving an example of what would be on the show, the host for the day would explain a music video only slightly but be warning the audience and television viewers of the music video’s extreme graphic content and for children to stop watching or leave the room. The host then says, “Take it away!” The show then has a shock inducing music video by an electronic artist play whose video shows instances of some weird, skinny, pale, gawky looking guy committing hate crimes all over town with his normal looking friends, especially focused on homosexuals, with them seeing a bunch of homosexuals walking on the street, them jumping out of the vehicles, jumping the homosexual men while yelling hate speech, and leaving them brutalized on the ground. The music would be very repetitive, though menacing sounding, in its electronic beat, and with its video would recall other electronic shock videos like Prodigy’s “Smack My B— Up” and Justice’s “Stress”. While the weird looking guy and his friends keep committing hate crimes, odd snippets of other moments involving the strange looking guy would be edited in, such as him inside some commercial business looking church in a circle of people speaking in tongues and praying, having their tongues wiggling about at each other. After one large music video filled with very coldhearted and mean hate crimes, it shows the weird guy dropped off at this house by his friends. He then goes inside, sees that there is blood all over his clothing, undresses to show that he has no penis nor vagina where his crotch is, but then it shows that his penis is growing out of where his anus would be. When the video ends, the normal mix of teenagers in the audience

start clapping, and the host then says they have a special surprise and that the maker of the music video is in the studio. The host then introduces the electronic artist, he comes out on stage, and it's the weird looking guy who was committing all the hate crimes in the video, looking exactly as he did in the video, but now dressed in a hip fashion. The host then interviews him in a somewhat awkward conversation.

A similar music video on the program, not even warned by the host of having sensitive materials in it before it is shown, would imitate the hardcore band Trash Talk's music video for their song "Awake", but where Trash Talk's video shows people committing pseudo-crimes, this hardcore band that sounds extremely alike is committing what appears to be actual crimes, such as having one of their friend's record them lobbing a brick into a store window that reads: "Mom and Pop's Wholesome Street Corner Convenience Market – Helping the community since 1927." Having the store's owner run out and after them in the street, as they run away. Another instance in the music video shows one of them being recorded with a handheld camera sitting on the sidewalk and tying his arm to expose his vein, so to use a heroin needle next to him, and a chain-link fence dividing grass from sidewalk has very young school children wearing back packs behind it, watching the band member about to spike his vein, while the handheld camera keeps moving in view from the drug addict band member to the school children back and forth, as the band member uses the heroin needle and falls in a stupor to the curb. Other instances show them going mailbox to mailbox stealing people's mail. Another instance shows them getting in a fight with an elderly man with a walker. The video ends with a still frame shots of each of the band's members who committed the crimes, listing each of their names, their current addresses, their phone numbers, and their emails. After the music video is shown, the band is there with the host being interviewed. Somewhere in the interview, the host says, "Now, those were actual crimes that you are committing in the music video, right?" and then many of them reply, "Yeah." The host then asks, "And you left your actual information for each of your members at the end of the video, too, right?" The band replies, "Yeah, that was our information." The host then asks, "Has anyone called you, like the authorities, or the victims of the crimes, or anyone like that?" The band responds, "No, surprisingly not. We thought they would, but nobody really said anything." One of the members then corrects this a little and says, "Well, one of the mothers of the school children that saw me shooting up sent me an angry message, stating I was human garbage and stuff, but nothing else really was communicated to us after."

To produce the comedy music for the videos I imagine it possible to often have musicians and bands make stupid knock offs of their own works sometimes.

We also thought of making repeated comedy segments involving a dubiously straight edge band called XWeedX that would appear in both Hardcore Show and Video Dailies that is mainstream, and their music gets away with being considered hardcore, but they can also be considered nu metal in their sound, their appearance, and the band's thoughts on creating music. At Home Depot we would reference in communicating in my head a prank phone call by the band Torn Apart hidden on their Nothing Is Permanent album that is to the person running the label they were on, Dan Gump, that had the person speaking on the phone claiming to be a dubiously straight edge singer named Chris Whitmore for an unnamed Brooklyn-based band wanting to be on his label. There's a part in the prank phone call where the subject is attempted to be changed by Chris Whitmore saying, "But a… But a…" and then he starts talking about his band again, so every time I was talking about politics in my head at work and coming up with political ideas, I would be signaled to bring up some form of numerous varieties of entertainment ideas that I could be working on instead with someone saying, "But a… But a…" and then I would start talking about some entertainment idea we or I came up with. Inspired by this, I started to try to think what Chris Whitmore's band was named and what they sounded like, and the funny idea that their band existed in reality and it wasn't a prank phone call on the end of the Torn Apart album, but they just threw it on the end of the album to make fun of him. I first thought to call them XBrutalX, but then thought to call them XWeedX, and that their music would be nu metal and hardcore mixed together. I then imagined Chris Whitmore being interviewed and having his band one of the many featured in a film about the Brooklyn hardcore scene in a hardcore documentary like N.Y.H.C. The documentary would be faked to make it appear that it was created in the late '90s using film and camera equipment techniques similar, including cheaper handheld video of them playing live. Chris Whitmore would then be interviewed about how difficult it is to be straight edge sometimes, and it would cut away to scenes of his band playing, and he is the only one of XWeedX's members who looks like he could get away with being straight edge, because the other members looks very nu metal, them having or wearing Asian tunics, a modified prison jumpsuit, a torn open straight jacket, and nu metal face paint and make up. The members of the band also make gestures and do stage moves like nu metal bands, such as their bassist having a low

hanging bass and rolling his eyes up in his head to appear insane, and they synchronize repeatedly bending at the waist to heavy moments in their song like a nu metal band would. While they play stickers can be seen on their band equipment that were once giant shroom stickers and a wizard smoking a bong, but the stickers are now poorly covered with straight edge stickers and straight edge band stickers. Titles to the band songs would also match nu metal music song titles also, such as one titled “Bam Bam Boogie Woogie Wet Helicopter Mix (Yeah)”, which is a song that keeps repeating in its chorus “Bam bam boogie woogie!” followed by an immediate gang vocal “YEAH!”. In the Torn Apart prank phone call Chris Whitmore claims that his band is brutal and makes people want to kill each other, so in the faked late ‘90s New York City hardcore show footage it keeps showing ridiculously staged acts of extreme violence in the crowd that would almost match the practical effects in a Troma Entertainment film, having such things as a rabid mosher actually tearing another man’s arm off to cause a spray of blood, then swinging it around at other people in the mosh pit, another instant has a man crowd kill several surrounding people on the side of the mosh pit, knocking their heads actually off one by one and producing fountains of blood, and then another moment has an Asian hardcore kid run off the stage far across the heads of people in the crowd with him obviously held by wires. It would then show that XWeedX’s only released music at the time of the documentary would be a seven-inch with an illustration like that on AFI’s album Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Eyes, but it shows a stoner with a goatee holding a bong pipe, having a plume of weed smoke coming out his mouth and turning into an evil ghost, but the ghost has a Ghostbuster’s styled prohibition sign over it. The seven-inch is titled Terminal Chronology.

Instrumental work in XWeedX’s songs would have constant use of guitar lines having a collection of swift heavy muted guitar strums delivered and followed by a space and then repeated.

The comedy segments involving XWeedX in both Hardcore Show and Video Dailies would keep showing new music videos by the band and sometimes interviews with and about the band and their music. One of the first music videos by XWeedX for a yet named song would show them in a spaceship that is also a hybrid of an Asian pagoda, moving around inside of it wearing space suits that are also Asian tunics, finding Japanese gardens and koi ponds, and meditating and attempting to achieve Zen. It also cuts aways to instances of them playing as a band on the pagoda spaceship while signals send the footage of them playing from their spaceship to large public televisions on the Earth, located in Time Square and in Ball Parks, with mall goth teenagers viewing it, liking what they are hearing, and slow-motion dancing to their band. The music video would take inspiration from the music videos for Michael Jackson’s “Scream”, 311’s “Down”, Linkin Park’s “One Step Closer”, and Crazy Town’s “Butterfly”.

A follow-up comedy segment would have XWeedX explaining in an interview how they had a music video of theirs for a song they made called “999% Evil” pulled two weeks after its release in due of 9/11, because it showed them performing their song on a commercial airplane crashing straight through several New York City skyscrapers, but the airplane shown in the video managed to twist its wings vertical and avoid hitting the World Trade Center towers, flying straight between the two buildings. Lyrics to the video were also unusually coincidental, because they include the lines: “Call 9 1 1, cuz we’re heading straight for ya, enterin’ your world!” The video also begins with the band entering the commercial airplane at an airport, the airplane having XWX written on its side, and a Marilyn Manson looking and sounding pilot gives a flight itinerary over the intercom, saying, "Welcome aboard XWX Flight 999. On today's flight we'll begin with 999% evil, then lots of terror, followed by pain... Enjoy your flight!"

A joke in further follow-up XWeedX comedy segments is that, despite keeping their nu metal and partially hardcore sound, the genre tones and elements in theirs videos eventually stop even getting nu metal right, and they have videos that match pop punk music videos, a Taylor Swift music video, a Creed music video, a Three Doors Down music video, a country western music video, etc. We wrote many file folder titles with descriptions to the follow-up music videos. They do return with one ultra militant straight edge music video eventually, talking about being extremely violent towards sellouts, having the music video reference and be inspired by XRepresentX’s music video for their song “The Downfall”. XWeedX also get in an exchange of diss tracks with another musical group called XSmokeX, who they claim stole their style, and in the comedy segment it keeps showing many snippets of various videos involving the feud that are very out of context in their imagery being shown, but the lyrics are actually directed at the other band, such as Chris Whitmore being at the bottom of a well, dressed as the girl victim from Silence of the Lambs, while other members of his band, who are also only male, are dressed like Buffalo Bill, Hannibal Lector, Clarice Starling, and the security officer victim to Hannibal Lector found hung up in his cell. Chris Whitmore is then shown yelling in a

hardcore voice, up from the well he is stuck in, the lyrics, “Quit copying us and our style, people are going to find out you’re f—gots in a little while!” It then shows a portion from a music video of a returned diss track towards this song by XWeedX from XSmokeX, and all their members are seen in a twisted and dark sepia mental institution as tortured patients, and the singer of XSmokeX is shown in a padded room hung upside-down in a strait jacket while wearing black eyeliner and looking like System of a Down’s guitarist and second vocalist Daron Malakian, him also appearing wide-eyed and stunned, where he then growls in a raspy voice, that he doesn’t even look like he is actually singing, the lyrics towards XWeedX: “Quite calling us f—gots! You guys are the ones who are f—gots!”

The unnamed comedy show would be for ideas and comedy segments that we came up with that do not really work in Hardcore Show and Video Dailies, just having general comedy segments not hardcore music or music related.

One comedy segment in this show would have a man named Roger Jones watching videos online, and a video of a backyard YouTube stuntman in an ICP t-shirt, who is or modeled after the YouTube stuntman Super Humman, is being watched by him, and this backyard stuntman is shown doing an average stunt of him landing butt first on a cheap door covered in cactuses, toy cars, and Legos, dedicating the stunt to all Juggalos everywhere, and after he performs it, breaking the cheap door in half and landing upon the items on it, he starts falsely screaming in pain, “Ow! Ow! Ow! My back! Ahhhhhh!” Roger Jones then starts laughing and says to himself, “What a f—ing idiot!” The video then cuts to the backyard stuntman perfectly fine, and the stuntman says, “Hey, thanks for watching, guys! If any of you out there in videoland wish to see me perform any type of stunts on here, just give me some ideas in the comments below!” Roger Jones, ill-intentioned and not liking the stuntman, then maliciously writes a comment out, stating: “Here’s a stunt for you: build a very tall scaffolding next to a handmade seesaw catapult that has cactuses, toy cars, and Legos on a lowered platform on its grounded side, have one stronger Juggalo swing a smaller Juggalo by his legs around in circles to gain momentum, and then have the smaller Juggalo collide with your midsection, causing you and the small Juggalo to fall from the high scaffolding onto the seesaw catapult’s grounded platform full of the small jagged objects, and then have the Juggalo that swung the smaller Juggalo into you go to the side of the scaffolding where a ramp full of several refrigerators bound together has been rigged to roll down from the ramp and fall onto the seesaw catapult’s higher platform at the cut of a rope, have the Juggalo cut the rope with an axe, then have the bound together refrigerators fall on the lifted platform side of the seesaw catapult, dropping on it very hard and catapulting you, the smaller Juggalo, the cactuses, the toy cars, and the Legos into some nearby powerlines located beyond your house’s fence, having the powerlines then electrocute you and the smaller Juggalo!” A month later, the backyard YouTube stuntman places up a video online, showing him at a high up view from his backyard, and he says, “Hey, thank you guys for sending in your many stunt requests, but I had a really interesting one by a fan on here named Roger Jones, who wrote to me an idea for a very unique stunt, and after reading his comment, I desired to perform it, so here it is! This one’s for you, Roger Jones!” The video then shows the backyard YouTube stuntman is with two other Juggalos, who he introduces by name as Big Wheel and Lil Slammy, on a high up scaffolding platform in his backyard, and they perform the maliciously commented stunt request just as Roger Jones described it, having several other Juggalo’s filming with handheld cameras from different positions and angles, and when the stuntman, the smaller Juggalo, the cactuses, the toy cars, and the Lego pieces get flung into the powerlines, they get caught in the powerlines, electrocuting them in the exact same manner as a famous video of a bear mistakenly getting shocked by powerlines, flashing with bright explosive electrical pulses, causing them to burn and smoke, and then they fall from the powerlines one by one, hitting hard on the ground below, where a cameraman below the powerlines catches them doing so. The camera gets a closeup of the stuntman knocked out on the ground, bleeding, having several smoking burns and wounds on his body, and the smaller Juggalo beside him is completely blackened and curled up in the fetal position on the ground and releasing a large amount of smoke. It then shows a shot of him in a hospital bed, smiling, but covered in large white bandage patches everywhere that also have aloe vera gel spread everywhere around the patched areas, and he says, “That was a fun stunt, and I hope you liked it, guys! Unfortunately, my friend Lil Slammy didn’t do as well as I did, and now he’s in Juggalo Heaven, drinkin’ from fountains of Faygo! Rest in peace, Lil Slammy! WOOT! WOOT! If you got anymore requests that are just as spectacular, leave me some comments below! Especially you, Roger Jones!” The video then cuts to a promotional advertisement of the backyard YouTube stuntman’s merchandise and listed prices, showing different t-shirts: one with the backyard YouTube stuntman midair and about to complete a butt buster on a cheap door held by cinder blocks covered with barbwire, one t-shirt showing a

picture of Lil Slammy in Juggalo make-up with “R.I.P. LIL SLAMMY” written on it, along with his birth and death dates, and another t-shirt of the backyard YouTube stuntman that has him in the aftermath of a stunt with the picture on the shirt showing him pained in the face and holding his back, with it having written below it: “OW! MY BACK!” Bottles of hot sauce made by the backyard YouTube stuntman called Slam Sauce is also for sale.

A repeated comedy segment in the show that would be titled “Sex Offender Negotiations” would have a televised townhall meeting in a government building before a judicial committee, because the majority of the public has taken the stance that they no longer want dangerous sex criminals living, and the sex offenders, who are a large group of sleazy, greasy, and repulsive people, keep bringing up their own ideas on possible alternative solutions to them being euthanized, which are all very infuriating. The sex offenders always put forward the same representative for them, which is a creepy, nerdy, obvious male sex offender with a ridiculous and nasally voice. One of their premier ideas is to remove the present occupants of any of the Hawaiian Islands, so to have them live there in a colony, peaceful with each other, and claiming that they therefore will not be a danger to other members of the U.S. public. Giving this arrangement, they would expect supplies to be brought by boat and airplane for them to survive on, including food, with their representative saying, “This will provide us with out needed sustenance!” The judicial committee, who throughout each of the comedy segments would express verbal and physical anger, always counter their proposed arrangements with euthanization, and after this proposal of them occupying a Hawaiian Island, they bring up a second proposition with the idea that Puerto Rico be annexed as a U.S. state, giving them statehood, and the Puerto Rican people removed from the island nation to the mainland U.S., and then the sex offenders can then occupy the island, once again wishing to have supplies brought to the island for them to survive on, especially food for their sustenance. A follow-up comedy segment in the series would have them proposing to have current U.S. National Park employees replaced in their job by sex offenders, so they can have jobs distant from cities, where they can gain paying employment and supposedly not be a danger to children and others in suburban and city areas, living in nature, not unsettling and disturbing others. In further follow-up comedy segments, their proposals get even more beyond the realm of possibilities into areas of science fiction, including proposing a futuristic ocean city be made for them, which gets denied, and then is proposed a second idea where a futuristic floating city, a “city in the sky,” run on solar energy be built for them to occupy. After being denied on many of these alternative and impossible solutions to their existence, they always bring up that it is still possible to keep searching the celestial skies for alien broadcasts that will provide scientists with maps and instructions on new technology to better travel through space, so they can then build the technologically advanced machines to send them to a new home planet where they can peacefully exist. They keep bringing up that a “Stargate” will eventually come into existence on Earth, and they shall find within its portals amazing possibilities for them to continue existing. After upsetting and infuriating the judicial committee on many of the proposals, the creepy and nerdy representative would often state in his nasally voice after being told to stop speaking and to sit down: “Keep searching the skies!”

A less developed comedy segment, although still humorous and has possibilities, would have a fast food chain still forcing its extremely tattooed and facially and bodily pierced workers to have their tattoos and piercings to be covered up by Band-Aids, so they are literally covered in Band-Aids all over themselves, poorly covering them up, and having them loose and hanging off them often, repulsing all the patrons, even those who use their drive-thru. One of the workers in the restaurant even has his sclerae tattooed black (the white of his eyes), and he usually is told to wear tinted goggles to conceal them, but forgets them one day, and has clear Band-Aids placed over his eyes in crosses while he is working the deep frier.

Another comedy segment would be a fake infomercial for a product called a Rowdy Bear, which is advertised to be a completely indestructible teddy bear. The Rowdy Bear, a teddy bear with bulging, round, cartoonish eyes with also black round irises surrounded by sclerae that look fabric instead of plastic, is shown to be unique from a regular teddy bear in the fact that it is still soft, cuddly, and huggable, but it will also survive any form of damage attempted to be inflicted upon it. It is claimed that the bear was sewn and created from genetically modified and lab created spider silk to be stronger than any known metal or material known to man. After showing a little girl hugging the Rowdy Bear, the commercial then shows boys unattempting to harm the Rowdy Bear, punching it, kicking it, elbow dropping it, and then using it play tug-o-war, but the bear still is undamaged. After this, a mother accidentally spills tomato sauce on it, with the sauce sliding off it, and then a father has his broken ink pen flip ink on it, but the ink still just wipes off. Another fatherly looking man is shown bringing the Rowdy Bear into a garage, hitting the bear with hammers and trying to use hacksaws on

it, but this also results to no avail in damaging it. He then dunks the Rowdy Bear in a pan of used motor oil removed from a vehicle, and the oil begins to just slide off the Rowdy Bear. He then is shown driving his vehicle upon the Rowdy Bear, leaving his tire on top of it, causing it to only be slightly squished, and then peeling out on top of it, causing the Rowdy Bear to fly down his driveway, but the Rowdy Bear is still unharmed. After this, it shows a family sitting in their living room with the Rowdy Bear atop burning logs in their fireplace while they drink hot cocoa, and then the bear is shown lifted from the fire with tongs by the father, cautiously felt for heat by him with his hands, he discovers it not even to be hot but normal temperature, and then the Rowdy Bear is given to a very young girl of the family, who then grabs it and hugs it tightly to her, smiling. The Rowdy Bear is then shown at a gun range, attempting to have several varieties of guns and their ammos, including simple handguns, assault rifles, and shotguns, tried on it from a distance, the bullets striking the bear, moving it and causing temporary dents in it, but then the bullet rounds just fall off it. They then try to explode the Rowdy Bear while it is tied to a propane tank, and the tank is shot at, but the Rowdy Bear just flies spinning high up through the air, drops far to the ground from high above, and then strikes the dirt below hard, but this still leaves the Rowdy Bear undamaged. An amateur home video shows a group of teenagers in a field dumping large amounts of gasoline on and around the Rowdy Bear, they then back away from the location, fling a torch from a distance, and then a large gasoline explosion of fire occurs, burning quite strongly, but the Rowdy Bear is then found intact in the blackened location where they left the unique teddy bear after. The Rowdy Bear is then given to a group of strong looking attack dogs to play with, and they try to tear it to shreds with their jowls, even playing tug-o-war with it repeatedly, but the Rowdy Bear stays intact. It then shows two powerful trucks facing opposite of each other have both their tow lines tightly strapped around the Rowdy Bear's center, the drivers get inside their vehicles, a man outside the vehicles flags them to drive, and the trucks then speed quickly in opposite directions with the Rowdy Bear between them, stopping hard at a short distance, having their tires peeling out in the dirt, and the Rowdy Bear is kept intact, tightened slightly at the waist, but taking the power of the opposite trucks' tow lines. It then shows a monster truck fly high off a dirt ramp and then has one of truck's large back tires land hard on the Rowdy Bear, again leaving it undamaged. A landfill trash compactor is used on the Rowdy Bear only by itself, stopping the compactor from completely squishing it and causing its crushing plate to reverse. The infomercial then shows vehicle after vehicle type running over the Rowdy Bear, trying to destroy it, including buses, cement trucks, and tanks, but the Rowdy Bear remains intact. The cement truck then is used to poor what cement all over the Rowdy Bear, then the cement is leveled and left to dry, broken open with a jack hammer, and the Rowdy Bear is retrieved from the cement unharmed. The Rowdy Bear is then strapped to the front grate of a test vehicle, the vehicle is sped at extreme speeds at a brick wall, the vehicle is compacted and destroyed, but the Rowdy Bear is pulled out of the wreckage in perfect condition. The Rowdy Bear is shown being thrown into a woodchipper, breaking the machine, and being pulled out of it unharmed. It then shows a man trying to use personal tools, commercial tools, and industrial equipment to try to destroy the Rowdy Bear, which includes power drills, sanders, nail guns, chainsaws, table saws, jackhammers, sauntering irons, blowtorches, lawn mowers, riding mowers, pressure washers, laser etching devices, an industrial press, and an industrial shredder, destroying many of the tools or their parts in the process. A Rowdy Bear is then placed on the tip of a lightning rod and recorded being struck several times repeatedly over several instances and surviving undamaged. A Rowdy Bear is shown being hooked to a thick metal chain, dipped in molten metal, pulled out of the molten metal unharmed, but the chain melts, and it drops back into the pool of molten metal. It then shows a Rowdy Bear in Hawaii being placed upon a nearby volcanic stream of lava, attempted to be burned by the lava, still not damaging it. It then shows several scientists in a laboratory attempting to use several forms of acid on it, always having the acids spill off it, and burn holes through the materials beneath it. The scientists then leave the Rowdy Bear in a clear vat of sulfuric acid for a month, showing a time lapse of the acid causing no damage to it over the time frame. A Rowdy Bear is shown then at a military test range, being hit with grenades, missiles, rockets, artillery rounds, and having napalm dropped on it from an airplane. It then shows the military set the Rowdy Bear in a test house with a plastic model family on a nuclear test range with several cameras set up everywhere, and then a nuclear bomb is detonated with the bear within the test explosion, wiping out the house that it was placed in. Footage of the nuclear explosion is then studied, and the Rowdy Bear is seen blasting and projected very swiftly in one piece outside of the destructed house. Military scientists are then shown in hazmat suits exploring and combing the desert area for the Rowdy Bear, and its leg is found sticking out of the ground in a pile of sand and dirt. The Rowdy Bear is then pulled by its leg out of the ground, and it is still perfectly intact. The infomercial then shows an illuminated, sterile white

laboratory where a bunch of scientists have set up a very powerful laser at a series of brick walls lined one after the other. They then fire the laser at the brick walls, creating burning holes through each of the series of walls. A second series of brick walls next to it that are exactly the same but have a Rowdy Bear chained to its premier wall then has the powerful laser fire at the walls, targeting exactly wear the Rowdy Bear is, and the Rowdy Bear jiggles around, having the laser slightly push in its center, but it takes the full force of the laser over several many seconds, with the Rowdy Bear still surviving unharmed. At the end of the infomercial, it says that the unique teddy bear, THE ROWDY BEAR, costs $120 with free shipping and handling.

A repeated comedy segment that we came up with would have black and white newsreels reporting of a new form of Nazism emerging, taking over the U.S., and then being dismantled because it is found that it was only established to protect criminals, especially child perverts and rapist, repeatedly happening.
The first one of these that I came up with had a Femi-Nazism take over and its fully female politicians established that all sexualizing of the female body is illegal, even to the extent of that found in fashion magazines, and all women need to wear skin concealing clothing at all times, no woman should ever be personally treated less equal than a man at all times regarding any subject, and that all women should be considered beautiful no matter the circumstance. In all these repeated comedy segments it has an occurrence happen where banners get unfurled and draped down buildings, and flags placed on streets are put everywhere that show the new form of Nazism is now in rule, with each new Nazi political movement having a symbol involving a swastika. In the case of Femi-Nazism the symbols seen upon the banners and flags is the female sex symbol, also known as the Venus symbol, with a swastika found in its headlike circle. The newsreel then shows that women who were publicly sexually depicted in magazines, commercials, television, films, and other entertainment works were rounded up, put on trains, and then placed into concentration camps. The narrator of the newsreel then explains, while the footage shows actresses and fashion models behind camp fences in striped prison suits that they have tried to make more fashionable, that it was first believed that the women were being starved to death, but it turns out they were just doing it to themselves. It is then discovered that Femi-Nazism leaders, women in uniforms made to always cover the entirety of their bodies, once held very religious ideals and were simply motivated to establish the Nazi political movement to obscure that some men are innately born as rapists and child perverts by never having women sexualized ever again. It then shows a violent downfall of their Nazi political party, followed by mass execution of their followers, and especially their leaders.
A follow-up to this comedy segment would have Black Nazism takeover the U.S. with its unfurled banners and flags having a Black Power fist with a swastika on its wrist, and its political leader is an African American man with glasses shown giving passionate speeches that explain to a crowd, “No African American man is born a criminal, but it is when a man is degraded, belittled, treated like an animal, or placed in an environment that has its outside influences mold him to be a criminal that he does become criminal, just like any other man!” Black Nazism disallows for any person to be considered naturally a criminal, and that all abortions under any circumstances are made illegal, so the developing fetus can be made a person who can be judged on their actions, rather than their possible criminal innatehood, such as being the child of a rapist. It also is preached by the Nazi political movement that all criminals, of any sort, need their second chances at life. It then shows that many men without criminal records were after placed in concentration camps, having their guards and pseudo-scientists attempting to mold the men into criminals through abuse and harsh treatment to prove the stances of Black Nazism. It then is realized that this political leader, a stark religious man, was involved in several forms of criminal activity with several criminal organizations, including ones against the African American race itself, and ultimately his main goal was to protect rapists and child perverts from being discovered born to their disposition by trying to instill a false thought that no person is made criminally-minded. The newsreels always show footage of the child pervert and rapist culprits that helped motivate and establish the Nazi political movement rounded up together and brought to justice, with them being a group of creepy weird looking people with strange haircuts and combovers and wearing weird or dorky clothing. Black Nazism is then violently overthrown, and its leader and high members are then executed.
Those were the first two that I created in my head, possibly with a little help from other people connected to me. I wrote down several follow-up comedy segments to this. These are the brief file folder description titles to each on my USB flash drive:
Anti-Amusement Nazism takes over, and people are disallowed to waste any time for amusement, the party's creed being that all people must be constantly working, unless they are sleeping, as amusement breeds

criminality. (Their banners and flags would have a wristwatch with a swastika on it worn on a clenched fist that has another hand pointing at the wristwatch.)
Anti-Bullying Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling showing a Nazi giving the thumbs up to a weakling boy with a pastel unicorn shirt on, and all forms of bullying, no matter the situation, become punishable by being placed in an internment camp or public execution.
Anti-Suicide Nazism takes over the U.S., and it becomes mandatory to cherish all people's lives, no matter what, even dangerous people, present and future criminals being considered held dear to the public. The banners and flags would have a swastika that has the 1-800-SUICIDE number placed on it.
Behavioral Test Nazism takes over the U.S., and people, especially children, are put through supposed behavioral tests, though they are really all being illegally voyeured and sexually assaulted secretly by the ruling government and organized crime.
Cinematic Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling everywhere depicting a film reel having a swastika on it, and it becomes mandatory to watch two films a day, and to visit a movie theater three times a week.
Eroto-Nazism takes over, and it becomes necessary for all entertainment, including children's entertainment, to have sexuality in it, plus large amounts of taxes go into creating pornographic materials, and monogamy is illegalized.
Fitness Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling with a representation of a person riding a bicycle that has swastikas for tires, and it is made mandatory to be physically fit, have low body fat, and to visit the gym at least once per day.
Freudian Nazism takes over and under a belief that no one is born a child pervert, rapist, or serial killer, the world's dire situation makes it mandatory for the public to all be on psychiatric medications, which causes terrible side-effects on them at the same time.
F— the Norm! Nazism takes over the U.S., and it becomes mandatory to wear outrageous clothing, act out against all tradition, and sexually experiment outside of preference.
Gamer Nazism takes over the U.S., banners with game controllers that have a swastika for a direction pad on them displayed, and it becomes mandatory for public education to be performed through video games, but all the games involve highly sexualized young teen anime girls.
Gay Nazism takes over the U.S., rainbow flags with swastikas on them being unfurled everywhere, and it becomes illegal for straight relationships to exist, and only same sex relationships are valid and accepted in the country.
Industrial Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling with the word NAZI looking like an industrial music genre band logo, and people think it will be about improving industry, but industrial goth takes over, people now focused on golden showers, snuff porn, and electronica.
Informative Nazism takes over, banners unfurling with a swastika above the logos for "trusted" news sources, and all news information is forced by law to go through and be distributed by regulated and approved news sources.
Jerk Off Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling showing a bottle of lotion with a swastika on it, and it becomes mandatory for all men to "clean the pipes" twice a day, in fear of every man becoming a rapist of any variety.
Kindergucker Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling having a pair of binoculars with swastikas on the lenses, and it becomes mandatory for the government and public to be watchful of children at all times.
Literary Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling with a symbol that is an open book with a swastika in it, and a national book club is created that forces people to read a designated book each week, or else a person may risk dire consequences.
Musical Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling depicting four music notes in a circle to make a swastika, and music must be always listened to, and taxes are used to pay for concerts and concert tickets, concerts mandatory to be attended.
Opinionless Nazism takes over the U.S., and it becomes illegal to express an opinion in any matter, for fear of hurting others, especially in the media, with bullying, libel, slander, and defamation laws becoming extremely oppressive.
Pro-Life Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling showing a fetus in the womb with a swastika on its head, and all abortions, no matter their circumstances, become illegal.

Stranger-Arranger Nazism takes over the U.S., banners unfurling showing an altered neighborhood watch sign of a stranger giving the thumbs up and wearing a nazi armband, and it becomes custom to let arranged strangers pick up children from schools.
Pet Positive Nazism takes over the U.S., banners with dogs catching a frisbee with a swastika on it depicted upon them, and it becomes mandatory to own at least two dogs, two cats, and an aquarium, tax breaks offered for each owned, and no limit to how many can be owned.
The size and kind of aquarium determines the amount given on a tax break with saltwater ones giving larger tax breaks.
Eventually, a second form of Nazism overthrows Pet Positive Nazism called Anti-Dog Nazism, leading to the Doggycaust, a mass murder of dogs, where canines of all variety were placed on trains, sent to concentration camps, and then mass euthanization and incinerations of the dogs occurred. After this, it is discovered that many people owning dogs began to understand the dogs were born with their personalities, temperaments, and behaviors, and criminals worried that the dogs were allowing people to understand the innatehood of such things in humans. Again, those who formed and instilled the Nazi political party are then discovered of their crimes and mass executed.

I got the idea for the repeated comedy segments by adapting another work as a comedy segment first. In 1998 Taco Bell released a commercial with their Taco Bell chihuahua that mirrored the film Evita (1996), and it showed their spokesdog, who was named Gidget, becoming what looks to be Argentina's new leader, having their food product "gordita" masculinely chanted. The Taco Bell spokesdog, having a beret on its head, as the country's new dictator, then says to his country's people, *"Viva gordita!"* I then thought that it would be funny to have a comedy segment show the aftermath of his leadership, which turns out to be one of most violent regimes of leadership known in South American history, having the Taco Bell chihuahua's political party, the Gordita Party, violently ruling the country with strong oppression and extremely strict suppression of information. It explains how their leader Gidget had first murdered all his political opponents and all members of parties that attempted to stop the rise of the Gordita Party. Journalists who tried to report the events of this occurring, which often involved secret abductions and murders, also would have their homes invaded by the authorities in the middle of the night, and they would find themselves having a black bag placed over their head, escorted out their homes, and then placed into police vehicles, where they would them become members of the disappeared, or the *"desaparecidos."* Later footage would be snuck out to the public, showing Gidget walking along with his lead military officials near a row of kneeling political prisoners with black bags on their head set up by a ravine. Upon Gidgets demand, a group of soldiers with them would open fire on the political prisoners, sending them tumbling dead into the ravine. Further released videos would show that smaller villages, often found in remote areas and outside of central cities, were mostly abandoned, but would have indications that something violent occurred inside their homes. One video had the person video recording the site of an empty village discover what occurred to those who once lived in the attacked villages, having left further into a nearby forested area to find those once occupying the homes were dead and poorly buried in mass graves within treed locations. The comedy segment would then show violent conflicts between the Argentinian people and the military state that Gidget put in place, them having political signs held up, protesting the leader with pictures of the dog in its beret on them, calling him a fascist, and the protestors would get in violent conflicts with the military, leading to many of the protestors found arrested or dead in the street. Many various guerilla armies would emerge in the country with a desire to topple the Gordita Party and its leader Gidget, resulting in violent military conflicts on smaller levels being performed between the country's government and those opposed to it. After several years of this, Gidget gave over his role as Argentina's leader to a new leader, also exchanging the Gordita Party as the country's ruling party, but the new government showed respect for the previous leader, having him reside comfortably within the country. That is until after a series of violent demonstrations led to several political assassinations; and, on one day, following what would be known as *"Viernes Violento,"* or "Violent Friday", sometimes also referred to as the *"Fin de Semana de la Meurte*", or the "Weekend of Death", Gidget was assassinated by several guerilla fighters in his home the *"Palacio de la Campana que Suena",* "The Palace of the Ringing Bell" on Violent Friday, leaving him dead, but the Gordita Party still functions under new leaderships to this day.

I had another comedy segment idea where a suicide hotline keeps getting called by people who should commit suicide, such as child perverts, rapists, people who have gotten themselves in a standoff with police and have

shot back at them, etc., and the suicide hotline workers keep finding ways to hint that the person calling the suicide hotline should commit suicide instead without being considered at fault for telling the person to just commit suicide.
Another comedy segment that would be similar that we made would mirror the film Pump Up the Volume (1990), where a teenager, probably played by someone beyond an adult, is running a pirate radio show and stating deep insights while making shock entertainment, and he keeps having disturbed people call into the radio show to divulge their feelings and personal problems, such as a middle-aged Japanese man dressed as a neon '90's teenager with a backwards hat with a short brim calling in, him explaining to have problems with his lustful feelings for preteen girls, in which the radio host responds with no concern to what he is saying to the Japanese man on the other line that maybe the Japanese man should kill himself and ways that he should do it, and the radio host quickly goes to a new caller, not wanting to waste any more time with the caller.

Another comedy segment would mirror the end scene of Summer Catch (2001), and a star player to a baseball team wins the big game, gets the girl, but a huge amount of side characters who supposedly were involved in the story along the way and had their own dilemmas needed resolving keep arriving to the star player outside the baseball field, telling the star player of a resolution in their life inspired by him, wrapping up a narrative in their story. One of them is a middle-aged Japanese man arriving in neon '90s street gear to tell the star player, "You know what, man, I decided to take your advice and that I shouldn't exist as a child rapist! I am going to commit suicide! I'm going to do it right after I leave!" After this a woman shows up and says, "That hysterectomy I received was extremely great advice, kid! Now I don't have to worry about possible future children produced by me getting molested and raped by child perverts and rapists!" A local police officer then shows up and says, "Great game, kid! You know what? We at the force are going to start taking your advice! I think we're going to start euthanizing people for only being wife beaters and, or, child abusers, and not just child perverts and rapists, just like you said!" A Catholic priest then arrives and says, "Hey, good game, kid! I think you're right that I was committing massive amounts of fraud and extortion with my religion! I'm surprised I nor anyone else has shot me point black in the side of the temple yet! I'm going to either stop being a person or completely disappear from the public!" The mayor of their small town shows up and he says, "Hey, kid! You were right on the money that a person like me, eating paint chips and huffing gasoline ever since I was a child, should never have been in any political position nor had any power over any other person's life! I'm going to resign from my position as mayor of this town and kill myself with a more devote usage of the very illegal drugs that I constantly use, and that I am already on at this moment!" A perfectly able bodied but crass young woman then shows up and says, "You know what, man! I should not have been on welfare literally ever! I was stealing from the public and doing nothing to earn money, practically having one large government paid vacation while reaping finances that belonged to the hard work of others and hurting people attempting to stop me from gaining that undeserved money, all in one large extortion racket involving welfare recipients as enforcers! I need people to find me and beat me to death with baseball bats, right now! I am going to provide information to where I am located and a confession to my crimes on a social media website as soon as I leave!" Side characters keep doing this, until there is a huge number of people surrounding him outside the baseball field.

All three of the comedy series would be connected by a yellow t-shirt with a cartoon pizza slice on its front always being displayed with someone wearing it, so to make aware that the same people and writers are making and writing the comedy segments for the shows, and the t-shirt would be often found or involved in some comedy segments. For instance, in a comedy segment for Hardcore Show there would be an emo and punk band that forces all of its members to wear nothing but black, but their guitarist decides to wear the yellow pizza slice shirt and a pair of jeans to one of the shows, and they play the show, but the singer and everyone else in the band is obviously giving him stares and looks of disapproval. After the show, they accost the guitarist about his wardrobe, and they are very angry about how he dressed. They get in a verbal exchange where the whole band bullies the guitarist and kicks him off their tour. It then shows the removed guitarist upset, wearing his yellow pizza slice shirt all the way home by bus and airplane, and when he gets home, he just has misfortune after misfortune happen. One incident too many occurs, and he just snaps in his mind, looking very defeated, dark, and emotionless in his facial expressions. He then is shown looking kind of creepy working on his own music, singing while playing his guitar in his room while wearing the yellow pizza shirt. It shows him them put together a band, but he forces each of the members in his new band to wear the

yellow pizza shirt, calling themselves The Banana Band. They start playing shows and getting big with upbeat songs of friendship and being a good pal, but this dejected musician still has an emotionless, dark expression on his face at each of their shows. On tour, they run across the dejected musician's previous band, and they try to apologize to him, but he just says nothing and ignores them. At one show, one of The Banana Band members shows up only wearing black. The dejected musician accosts the insubordinate member, tells him to take off his shirt and put on the yellow pizza slice shirt, but the other band member refuses. They then get in a physical fight, having the dejected musician trying to rip the other member's black shirt right off him, while the rest of his band tries to pull him off the insubordinate band member, and the dejected musician gets abandoned by the rest of The Banana Band, leaving him defeated, on his knees, and weeping into his hands back stage of a sold out show that was supposed to be performed by the band, and was ready to be recorded for a music video.

Another comedy segment involving the yellow pizza shirt would have a kid wearing the t-shirt speaking about a band that they are about to go to a show live while driving to the venue, explaining the band Tunnels, who is from Rhode Island, has a guitarist who is a member of almost every single successful punk, emo, and hardcore band from the state, including the bands Hell's Portal, Pathway, Warp Zone, Secret Lab Mishap, and Miracle Travel. When they get to the venue, his friends and them wait for the bands to play. The kid wearing the yellow pizza shirt then tells his friend that he's going to go to the bathroom before the first band plays. He goes to the bathroom and the guitarist for Tunnels he was speaking of is also in the bathroom. The kid says, "Hey, man, you're really good" while they both use the urinal. The guitarist says "Thanks, that means a lot to me!" The kid asks, "How are you even here, though?" The guitarist for Tunnels gets an awkward look on his face. "What do you mean?" he asks. The kid says, "Your band Pathway was playing in Paris, France last night, we are in Los Angeles, California, and they have it marked on their online calendar that their next tour date would be in Berlin, Germany, and your other band Secret Lab Mishap played one of its beginning tour dates in Tokyo, Japan two nights ago?" The guitarist says, "No, they have some other guys playing for them now." The kid says, "I saw cell phone video of your show in Paris last night and you were there!" As they both go to wash their hands after using the urinals, the guitarist says, "That was my brother. He plays guitar, too." The kid then says, "Your birthday is listed on Wikipedia as yesterday, and your whole band and the audience even sung you happy birthday during the performance using your name." The guitarist then says, "Listen, I got to do a lot of things before the show. We have a commercial jet or something. Just realize that somethings are a mystery, and I don't even understand them myself either." The kid looks confused, standing in place, while the guitarist said all of this while he ducked his way out of the restroom. It shows the kid leave the bathroom, and he tells his friends that, "The weirdest thing just happened to me." He then related to them the story. It shows snippets of other bands playing, and then when Tunnels sets up, their guitarist keeps making brief eye contact with the kid in the yellow pizza shirt in the crowd while he sets his equipment up and keeps trying to see him through the corner of his eye without looking like he is doing so. When they start playing, the guitarist keeps staring forward with a blank and surprised look forward at the kid in the yellow pizza shirt. The guitarist watches as the kid in the yellow pizza shirt looks down, his cellphone lights up, he lifts his cell phone up with it obviously recording the show, and then the guitarist gets a bit wide-eyed. He then backs up to the side of the stage with a pretended enthusiastic guitar stage move and doing a twirl, nears in speaking distance of one of his roadies, and, in slow-motion, it shows him blatantly mouth, "Yellow pizza shirt!" while looking through the corner of his eyes at the kid in the audience. The roadie looks a bit surprised and confused and finds the kid in the yellow pizza shirt holding up his cellphone, and then they trade glances that something grave needs to be done.

A comedy segment in the show that would just be general comedy segments would have an in-depth news report explaining about the downfall of an author Lance B. Roberts that was responsible for producing an extremely popular cultural phenomenon book series, on par with Harry Potter and Twilight, that spawned several works involving it, including a large series of movies, several television series, and a number of video games, along with action figures and stuffed toys, which is called The Mangina Chronicles, which features the story of a tan, well-manicured, woke man named Steve, who always has thick framed black glasses, a nose ring, perfectly manicured facial stubble, a woke pink colored haircut, wears short shorts, expensive sandals without socks, has thin black hair all over his arms and legs, has an extremely expensive gold watch always on his right wrist, and often always has on a yellow t-shirt with a cartoon pizza slice on it; and his sole focus in

the story is to get his woke girlfriend back. In this news report it shows the several book covers to each installment of the eight part book series, and the character Steve is always shown at center in a different photorealistic painting, posed in a dramatic way, surrounded by several unknown characters in the stories doing the same, and the book covers have a sleek science fiction appeal to them, having slightly variating in color technological light glare surrounding the characters, causing light rings, and futuristic letters read out each of the volume titles in a bar across the cover's centers, such as the first volume The Mangina Chronicles: Part I: The Becoming. It then shows bookstores having long lines of people, including children and young teenagers, looking to get signed copies of the books, and their author, Lance B. Roberts, a middle-aged, grey-haired, clean-cut, ruggedly handsome man in a black turtleneck sweater with a perfect white smile, who looks like he would never produce such a book, is gladly signing each copy that is passed to him. It is then divulged how Lance B. Roberts released in a public press conference before the release of the book series' final two volumes that Steve's mentor, Mark Chronoson, who is master of The Guild of Time Magic Machinists, is homosexual, which people didn't even really care about the author's given information. The news report then explains the release of several movie installments of the series, and how theater patrons of all ages were lined up and waiting around the corner, some who even slept in tents, to see the film's several releases. At a moment in the news report, it shows a packed audience in a movie theater, which includes children within the theaters seats, watching a moment in one of the films where the character Steve has a close-up frame on his head and face, and he, a male bimbo, surprised, wide-eyed, nose-ringed, self-centered, bird-brained, and having his woke pink hair wobbling about, explains in a vapid, unconcerned, and common manner to some unknown character, as if having a normal conversation about some recent event at work occur, "F— you! I'm not gay! I need to find and get my girlfriend back so we can f—!" The news report then explains about several popular video games that were released, showing a third person camera perspective game that has Steve as the main character in the game somehow using his very expensive gold watch to shoot magic at various evil pointed-hooded, black cloaked enemies, as he maneuvers around in expensive flip flops, dodging their physical attacks. It then explains several spinoff series involving other characters in the book. It also explains television adaptations to the works. But, after all this, the author of The Mangina Chronicles falls from grace because he publicly takes an anti-LGBTQ stance, involving him expressing in a post online his belief that love is only capable through God between a man and a woman in sacred marriage, which results in severe public backlash, finding his books, films, video games, toys, and plush pillows being destroyed, and also amusement park areas based on The Mangina Chronicles vandalized and abandoned. The author Lance B. Roberts is publicly accosted and verbally yelled at everywhere he goes, too, and he has started to completely avoid all public exposure.

A simpler and smaller comedy segment in Hardcore Show would have an old school four-piece hardcore band playing a show, and they begin to do a cover of Ignite's "Holding On" and immediately after the lyrics in the song, "I can only count my true friends on one hand!" time keeps slowing down and speeding up in the comedy segment. The singer who sang the lyrics then looks at his guitarist slash backup vocalist, who is having fun and playing guitar, and the guitarist winks at the singer, seeing him looking at him also, and then the singer's right hand index finger lifts to count one. The singer then looks at his bassist, who is busy playing bass, and the bass player looks back at the singer, nodding that he understands and that they are friends, and then the singer lifts his middle finger to count two. The singer then looks over to his merch guy beyond the audience, who is selling a t-shirt to some guy, and the merch guy notices that the singer is looking at him over the crowd and at the merch booth, and the merch guy gives the singer a fist pump, and then the singer lifts his third finger to count three. The singer then looks to the side of the stage to some random girl leaning on some speaker cabinets, looking down at her cellphone and typing on it, not even paying attention to him, the band, the show, nor does she even look up, and the singer lifts his pinky finger to count four. Thumb still tucked into his palm with a count of four fingers, he looks over his shoulder, and the drummer is some normal looking guy that is happy, smiling, not paying attention to anything but his drumming, which he is enthusiastically happy and playing, but he is wearing the yellow pizza t-shirt. The singer looks shocked, wide-eyed, and then looks down at the cartoon pizza on his drummer's shirt and then looks back up at the drummer's enthusiastic and happy face as he drums and is unconcerned with anything else in the world. The singer then does not lift his thumb to count five, but instead clenches his fist hard, turns back to the audience, and he continues playing with his band as if nothing out of the usual happened.

I was studying comic books a lot at one time, and I found it funny that EC Comic, once meaning in name Educational Comics, but then later was changed to meaning Entraining Comics when William Gaines inherited the business from his father Maxwell Gaines, had in its earlier days comics that involved in cute and funny cartoon animas in their stories, but upon the change of ownership began producing some of the most notorious horror comics. So, finding this thought humorous, I came up with a comic book idea that combined the two styles of comic book making together, but would take it to extremes, and it would have cute funny animals, such as an anthropomorphic talking mouse named Cheeser, being involved in stories with his friends where they are often attacked by demons that in depiction would match the grotesque artwork found on extreme metal albums, especially death metal albums. I titled the comic book idea The Creeping of Mousetown, writing it as a folder name with a description on my computer, as an obvious reference to Walt Disney Co., Disneyland, their cartoon mouse Mickey, and the perverted, violent, and terrible nature of crimes performed and caused by them because of maser instruments.

Also during this time, I added a random Utah musician to my Facebook friends, and he would constantly write bizarre posts that came off as both mentally-ill and mentally-handicap at the same time, using text speech, emojis, numbers, hashtags, non-sense, and sentences that had poor to no proper syntax, often seemingly to convey philosophical statements that were without understanding. For example, a sentence from him would be like the following: "The world [emoji of Earth] and tha macroverse [emoji of a rainbow] are one and only, tho, and see 0 others forge bonds in their sea of happenings 2 happiness. #FINDTRUTH" I then thought that it would be funny to use text speech, emojis, hashtags, and even just nonsense within speech and thought bubbles in a comic book. I wrote down the thought as a file folder description, not giving it a title.

Later, someone would tell me in my head to combine the ideas of The Creeping of Mousetown and this idea together to further make a statement regarding the criminal happenings with maser use and Walt Disney Co. I then thought it would be funny to make a story that was fine in its art, but there would be questions about whether the story's writer had a very low intelligence or possibly is mentally-handicap.

One day, I had my brain being very dulled and was swiftly scribbling out in drawings with speech bubbles in it a premier story for this comic book where the mouse Cheeser is playing a video game that informs him that he is the bad guy in it, and it gives him the option of either destroying the Earth or the Moon in his quest using emojis, which he replies, "I'm tha bad guy?" and then he continues to play when a demon, who would be very evil and morbid in appearance, seeps into the room through an air vent and attacks him. An alien that then looks like a sperm cell with an eye appears from the future and then saves him by using a microwave, typing in the numbers 666 into the microwave's inputs, and destroying the demon. The alien then tells Cheeser that he must return to the future, but he will "BRB someday!" Cheeser then waxes philosophical because the alien was speaking to him about "LYF", and he says to himself, "THAT WUZ WRD! LYF? LYF IS AN EVENT OF COUPLED EXCHANGES. IT IS ME AND MY VIDEO GAME CONSOLES MATING!" A side story then gets cut to where Cheeser's love interest Star Face has a human fly named Flyball wanting to ask her to go steady with him, asking himself, "I WONDER IF STAR FACE WILL GO STEADY WITH ME?" and then a Mormon character named Mormon Guy arrives and attacks Flyball telling him that Star Face is Cheeser's girl, and he better not even look at her. Star Face, a girl with a star on her forehead, then shows up and says, "Hey LV Em ALONE!" and then explains to Mormon Guy, "IZ NAWT HIZ FAULT HE KILLED MY DAD, so DON'T HURT FLYBALL!" Mormon Guy then replies to her, "FLYBALLZ JUST A TOWNY! HEZ NOT AT UNIVERSE CITY LIKE US! #NOBRAINZ. ANYWAY! CHEESERZ THE PERSON YOU SHOULD RLY BE WITH!" Star Face then says to Mormon Guy while she is aiding Flyball, who is knocked on the ground, "OH! I C! CHEESER YES!" Mormon Guy then leaves, saying to both Flyball and Star Face, "ANYWAYZ U 2 STAY OUTTA MY WAY #TRUE2LIFE!"

After this, I also thought it a good idea if DC Comics had the artist James Jean, who once made covers for their comic book series Fables, along with other DC Comics titles, be contracted to fully illustrate a series of Mary Marvel comics, giving him free reign in what appears in them, even if he creates a story that makes no sense and just resembles his art journals with Mary Marvel found in the illustrations. This could also include speech and thought bubbles with asemic writing in them, meaning that it appears to be some form of written language in them, but it has no meaning.

Sometimes I like to make purposely stupid entertainment ideas that could possibly be considered originated from a mentally-handicap person, such as a video game that I had called Man-Battle that is a beat 'em up

where all the characters are grotesquely over muscular in body, but their heads are incredibly small in proportion to the rest of them, and the game would be expected to be created with skill, although completely stupid, but serious. There is a local band called Baby Gurl that has their musicianship and song writing done well, but the songs are completely stupid at the same time, so I started to call the music style "handi-core." I considered my video game idea for Bro Dog in "Patty's Pizza Skate Party Peril" to reflect this style of creating entertainment works also.

I spent many of years feeling someone's anxiety when I incriminated a religion for their behavior and obvious faulty reasonings that could be scientifically proven fraud and criminal misconduct.
I have a fondness for both characters that have omnipotent and are godlike, while also find it fun to make fictional gods and religions myself. Many characters in comic books can be described as omnipotent, such as DC Comic's Mr. Mxyzptlk, Bat-Mite, Darkseid, and Dr. Manhattan, with the two formers being much like simple cartoon characters within the DC Universe, and then there is also The Beyonder from Marvel Comics. I already began to make my own gods within the novel Nanahee but then started to get bullied out the novel. Studying large amounts of entertainment and having gone to school for film and animation, I wrote down an idea to make the world's first cartoon Fantasmagorie into an animated television series or a film, noticing that the simple drawn clown in it was almost omnipotent in their abilities, which sometimes comedy cartoon characters tend to be. From the novel that I was working on Nanahee, there was going to be a verse play that would be from an equivalent to the writer Shakespeare in the universe that they existed within the novel, which would have been titled "The Riddle of the Thirsting Tomb", which would have been being read by the son main character in its first installment. I began to write pages from this verse play in a tiny notebook that I carried around that was green with a painted trout on it, but I was forced to throw it away by people controlling me with maser instruments. Characters in this play would include a group of travelling knights, one named Sir Kettlehelm, Sir Museauplat, and another, a dark and foreign knight, titled Sir Tenebrant, the Somber Knight of Montaraigne, who the three would also have other characters with them, including a fool character named Fauxruban, meaning "false ribbon" in French. The name Fauxruban came about because I was thinking of the fool in the Akira Kurosawa film Ran (1985), which is a samurai film based on King Lear, and I remembered this fool doing weird gestures with his body, moving side to side, so I thought of fool or jester character waving like a ribbon back and forth. The story of the verse play in the novel involved a group of knights making it home with their foreign knight Sir Tenebrant that they befriended, and people keep dying after they arrive with it being blamed on the foreign knight, but, instead, it is found to be a large sentient demon mosquito named Fursangspira. The only two remaining things that I have from this verse play, other than character notes, is two verse poems with the first being spoken by Fauxruban and the second being spoken by Fursangspira, and the latter was altered to remove personal pronouns. These are the two poems:

Fauxruban:

Choose not fate and it is chosen:
For fortunes fair fickle, feigning failure,
And all are aimed at allocations,
Tempting time towards temporary targets,
Ebbing endlessly, erring existence.

Fursangspira:

Your breath is steam off a well of blood,
Inviting the mosquito to partake your wealth;
It sneaks a tap and harbors its flood
When its stomach is treated by its stealth.
It hangs mothered by your sleeping limb
Like a red grape swelling on a vine;
Once ripe, it plucks itself from your stem
And evades the site with body's wine.

Because the clown with seemingly omnipotent powers in Fantasmagorie had no name, I decided that his name would be Fauxruban in Europe and possibly elsewhere, and then False Ribbon in the West. I also thought perhaps that it would either be an adaptation of Fantasmagorie, or just something inspired by the cartoon retitled Fauxruban or False Ribbon, and having it a unique work, especially because I was uncertain of the animators views on life, and, again, this work also became to be critical of religion very quickly, if not even intended to be. I started to develop this character further with him being rare to speak, and although he has all the power in the universe, him being omnipotent, he is an idiot and doesn't know how to use his powers, just often doing foolish things. This thought winding up a representation of Fauxruban acting just as the Abrahamic religions God does with him being an idiot who has all the powers in the world and doing things in very backwards manners. Inspired by his name, I also thought to have Fauxruban wear a large blue award ribbon on his chest that simply has a #1 on it. Other people in my head started to develop possible moments from this animated show, which often would mimic the style of Fantasmagorie, such as him finding a person with a blown out tire, him assisting the person in replacing the tire, and instead of using his powers to pop a new tire out of thin air or just repairing the existing tire, he curls his body around the connecting place to the axel, having himself used as the tire, has the car's driver accept the repair, he drives down the road a little with Fauxruban as the tire, and then Fauxruban flies off at a curve, causing the car's axel to drop and start scraping, and Fauxruban rolls and falls off a cliff. Another episode moment someone put in my head has Fauxruban playing a pickup game of basketball, and instead of making his more valuable three-point distant shots just automatically go in, he extends his arms very long and starts slam dunking the ball from extreme distances for two points, repeatedly.
Another omnipotent character that I created, liking a line in a poem that I wrote on the work floor of Home Depot and not having it meant to be a character, while also helped by a person to make this character in my head, is The Dancer of Mistuned Songs. This character would be omnipotent, but he would be suffering from dementia and insanity as a homeless person. This is something that could possibly be used as an argument that God exists, but is an insane omnipotent being, who has no reasoning and no desire to help others. I thought of using this character in a verse play or verse novel, and the only parts possibly that would be included within this work would have The Dancer of Mistuned Songs, possibly having a different name, thinking he is swindling a seller out of a live chicken by fooling him into being distracted by a huge amount of stolen gold items that he sets behind the seller, that are obviously much more valuable than the chicken, and running off with the live chicken under his arm while the sellers back is turned to view the many gold items behind him. Another possible part in the work would have him sleeping in the street during the night in a thin blanket, really cold, but he has some ill-mannered men come along, set his blanket on fire, he then lifts his head, sees that they have set his blanket on fire, considers it them trying to keep him warm, and thanks them, then puts his head back down, where he then falls asleep, but keeps saying "Ow! Ow!" in his sleep. Being immortal, he wakes up in mostly ashes, having most of his cloths burned off, leaving him partially naked.

When I was working at Home Depot, preoccupied in several ways, harassed, and still writing poems, some of the poems that I would write would try to make each word used in a line to correspond with a word in the previous line. This following poem was an example to this. I was motivated to write the poem because of a line in the song "God Complex" by Section 8, who are a hardcore band with doom metal influences that I considered to have very well written lyrics.

"Frost" by Davyn Andersen

Crystals of the cold morning settle on the grass,
Eventually the Sun is going to meddle in, at last,
Receding and melting all of the early frost
That leads to destruction and new blossoms lost.
Frozen dew of the dawn acts as if it were a blight,
'Goes into the green lawn, 'attacks in the cool night,
Damning flowers so their stems will lose their buds,
During hours, mars and tears them worse than grubs.
Icy drops that are the chilled vapors opposite of day,
Spring stops, so far, when blooms taper and won't stay.

Wetness turned to glass in the shadow of the earth
Sets in, then it casts its whitened dew upon the turf.
Ice-thorns that grow during the day's dark times
Work forms to show, stirring what may when shines.

Here is another poem attempting to also have all the words corresponds to previously lines.

"Crab Spider in the Stairwell" by Davyn Andersen

Eight-legged life that lost the sea,
Now landed rife the cost and free,
Awaits prey—the smaller of living things—
Whose sating way is to lure on giving wings,
A shape of a crab with fangs and not claws:
An ape—a stab—in grips, the caught draws,
Innards to innards flow intruders' insides,
Inward and inward go in cruder lives' lives,
Eight-eyed sight mocks a jeweled crown:
Weight lied right hocks the fooled found.
On its abdomen is colored a surprised face:
In fits, have all men hollered at spiders' race.
Echoes common of a stairwell will ring with speech:
It knows, while dumb with a stare, those sting in reach.

I also would make poems that I would call polyrhythms, borrowing the musical term, because they would attempt to have a rhyme scheme that has a beat of several rhyming words throughout a line, that results in a single word that would eventually be rhymed again in a single beat in a following line in the same manner. Here is an example:

"Curse" by Davyn Andersen

Invisible weight, ghostly hate, is there to irritate
The cursed.
A horrible fate, an infinite wait, for those who initiate
Hex-verse.
Words sate a demon mate to become irate
At its worst.
Pain will elate, or originate from, Hell's primate
In a burst.

Reading through the book The Makin of a Poem by Mark Strand and Eavan Boland, and became aware of term assonance for when several words in a poem share the same phonetic sound, I wrote this poem:

"Zealot" by Davyn Andersen

The-mastered-through-mind tend to find
Those-of-mine-own against a heavenly home
Without a sign known and no need to atone
(The-fine-with-no-tome-of-lessons-to-bemoan,
Of ole time — heavy as stone, thick as bone,
Lines grave in tone in a spine that is sewn)
For fear of time alone, a life is simply a loan;
A world in which one is condoned to roam,
Until it is shown that there is nothing in the unknown,

But, perhaps, a next life without a holy throne.

I had been writing down several ideas for verse plays, often with a Shakespearean influence, and one of my ideas would involve another fool character, and he would be the focus of the story. The title of the verse play would be called Seriously Not Serious. The story would be about a court jester to a king, who rules over the entirety of the fictional country that he lives, discovering that his king, who has had his whole family perish from tragedy and no longer has a desire to live, is not desiring to properly fight another country that wishes to declare war on their country and invade. The court jester then goes home to his wife and explains the kings desire to no longer run the country properly, resulting in its eventual downfall, and he after schemes with others to have it run right and properly defend itself if needed without having his king declare him to have usurped him, committing treason, resulting in their execution. I got the story idea from a few lines in a local Utah musician's song, while also using the term "seriously not serious" for the title based on a concept that I thought up to describe the actor Crispin Glover's acting style, where it seems like he is always not taking his role in films seriously while also acting serious about it at the same time.

Throughout these many of years in the last decade, there has been occurrence where people keeping giving me the feelings to nuclear strike several places that I have been to or presumed wronged me, having some agitated psychopath's thoughts stating that they are either going to nuclear strike Japan or Iceland in a very reasonable manner. They also keep claiming a desire to nuclear strike Texas and Utah, despite me living in Utah, because of the situation with the space program, the L.D.S. Church, and criminal maser use. I have had my own concerns that the discovery of what the L.D.S. Church is doing would result in a nuclear strike on the city that I live with me forced to stay within it and ending up dying from the explosion. When I was in junior high, the northside of our building had a fine view of the center of Salt Lake City far away, and, looking out the window of one of my classes, I would imagine on several occasions a nuclear blast just going off in the center of the city, not believing any importance to what I was thinking. A more recent dream that I had placed in my head by outside parties also displayed this nuclear assault on Salt Lake City occurring, having me experiencing the blast formed from the nuclear bomb's powerful reaction flowing towards me, and getting caught up in it from the distance of my home, also dying.

When I had an abundance of Facebook friends added by me, who were a many of people into and involved in the extreme metal community, who I was controlled in adding, I had placed up my possibly incorrect conspiracy about Chuck Palahniuk and then had many people in the gay community turn on me. When I ignored it, I just went about my business. Some person that I befriended then posted about crust punk, I believe, and I told him that a new subgenre like crust punk could be called "scab punk" and it would involve having extremely low tuned strings attempted to be played in the fast style of punk while also being accompanied by harsh sounding punk vocals, as if the vocalist was choking up blood. This person that I replied to then replied to me something along the lines of, "Hey, you're that creep that was posting all those anti-gay things on here! F— you!" I then just said, "I have a lot of friends on here, and I don't keep track of them." This was also after the girlfriend of a girl that I went to high school with kept telling me to commit suicide through instant messages. Another person whose profile said that he was from Salt Lake City, but was living in Thailand, wrote to me in a message, "It's sad, pathetic f—s like you trying to get everyone still living in the stone age!" During this time, I also kept going to shows that involved a strange clique of Utah homosexual musicians that were half making screamo and hardcore music and the other half making experimental music for the most part. I was even making fliers for their shows, along with the fliers of well-known hardcore, punk, and music acts, including one for Deicide, one for Integrity, one for the Bouncing Souls, and one for Cult Leader, putting them up at coffee shops and at the University of Utah. I created by hand the art on the fliers myself. One of the members of this gay clique of musicians would sometimes be dressed in drag while I was talking to him about music. Again, I was being harassed by maser use the whole time this occurred. When I was putting up the fliers that I made for the Deicide show, it was at a club that put on mostly drag shows one night and metal acts the next night. This club was in the middle of nowhere. I put up a flier for the show at the venue where the show was at, and had a homosexual man likely involved in a drag show stroll by me and I just politely said, "Hey!" and he said, "Hey!" back. I kept giving Salt Lake bands, especially in this clique, musical advice, probably overstepping my bounds. I advised one of them in a screamo band in the homosexual clique of musicians that a good and ironic name for one of their bands would

be Hate Mail. I also thought that several types of genres of bands could get away with the name Hate Mail. One solo band, who had several pictures of himself dressed as Dracula, had serious and pretty sounding music that did not fit what his appearance in the Dracula photos would expect it to, so I messaged him that he needs to get rid of the Dracula stuff, so people start taking him seriously. He then replied, "Why don't you come to one of my shows so I can pee in your mouth!" One of the bands involved a person that I well knew recorded most the music and albums for people throughout Utah. I told him his old band, in which he was the drummer, had music that was put together well and had skill, but the tempo to it was so terrible, and needed to just have the tempo raised somewhat. I started telling a lot of people this, with it being valid advice, and even claimed that I gained the ability to notice it simply from watching That Thing You Do (1996). I saw him later at the Cult Leader show standing outside and talking to other people on State Street and he gave me an unpleasant look. I sent a group message involving him and members of Iceburn, telling them that some shady business likely possibly occurred between them and Victory Records, because the album Firon's vocals were in back of all the instruments, and if the record had a better sound quality and leveling, they probably would have been considered an underground version of Megadeth, so they should think about rerecording the whole album. One band playing frequently with the homosexual clique in Salt Lake City had members that I was once closer to and use to hang out with often in my group of friends, but they all started bullying me online following the breakup with my ex-girlfriend, and this bullying would include both subtext and just blatant messages, so I was supposed to be extremely hateful to them. I went to the show, which was a proabortion rights benefit show, talked to one of them for a bit, him asking how I was and what I had been up to, I had the other very well notice me there and give me a blank look, and then some person connected to me while watching the first band had the strangest feelings going through them, as if they had turned pale from shock and they were about to faint, so, feeling what they were feeling, I stood there for a moment, but then after too long of it I had to sit down myself, having a recliner luckily open behind me at the back of the room, which I sat in for the most of the rest of the show. Around this time, I saw that Coheed and Cambria, Mastodon, and Every Time I Die were on tour together and playing at the Saltaire, so I started to make a poster for it, which took quite a few hours and art supplies, having it messily depict a primitive and expressionist Adam and Eve with the Tree of Knowledge between them and a creepy and perverted green God with one eye poked out voyeuring them, which I was inspired to make knowing that Coheed and Cambria had their name inspired by their singer, who created a science fiction adaptation of Adam and Eve. After finishing it, I was wondering how I was going to print the large and messy poster that I had created, went to add details to the show, saw that the price of a ticket was $125, and then got disgusted at the ticket price. I then messaged the drummer of Every Time I Die on Facebook, having added him as a friend recently, but who I was aware was from Salt Lake City and was once in several local bands, and I asked him, "How can you expect that much for a show?" I then went back to the poster wrote the venue and cost details on it, went to a local CD exchange nearby, taped up and ditched the original poster artwork by their other posted show fliers with the CD exchange not even selling tickets for the show, and then drove off. Later, a friend that I hadn't even talked to in years, but was snubbed at a few days later at a record store while dropping off fliers for another show, called me up out of nowhere enthusiastically and said that his family had tickets for the Coheed and Cambria headlining show because his daughter decided she did not want to go, and I declined his offer, telling him to just sell the ticket. A long time prior to this, I saw Every Time I Die and Hopesfall at a small show when Last Night in Town was their most recent album out, and my friend, who I knew since high school, was the promoter for the show, and he and their then drummer Rat Boy were talking with each other, and my friend had some local zine in his hand that had a young woman on the back of it, and I asked, "Who's that?" pointing at the young woman, with a voice expressing that she was attractive, and when my friend removed his thumb from over a portion of it, it had written on the photograph R.I.P. and then her name, the date she was born, and the date she died, and my friend and Rat Boy started calling me a creep. I once went to a show at the Shred Shed and Every Time I Die's Salt Lake drummer was playing in one of the bands, and I saw that they had a Nintendo there, and that they had Mega Man 4, so I put it in and started playing through a large amount of the show, completely beating it, and there was some weird looking and dorkish guy that looked like John Lennon, who I had seen a few times prior, hanging out with the band's clique The Bro Ship, and he looked and the ending credits of Mega Man 4 being played on the television, looked at me, and gave me a very harsh, critical, sarcastic, and insincere sounding, "Good job!" with a thumbs up. Following the bombardment of messages and fallout from my Chuck Palahniuk conspiracy by homosexuals, the singer of the band that I advised would have Hate Mail be a more appropriate band name placed a message on the post, writing, "I hope that you are aware that most

the bands that you are showing up to their shows and supporting also support LGBTQ rights!" Previous to this, I kept sending him messages to his band's Facebook account, which I was sure that he was in charge of, requesting to make artwork for his band, and I stated that I wasn't even aware that their band was mostly homosexuals before going to their show, having listened to their music and thinking it was really good. Figuring that I had been completely ignored by him in my messages, and that he was a completely self-centered and a vapid person that worried about only himself, which really fit his character while talking to him at shows, I just wrote him off, did not reply, and ignored him instead.

A venue owner and concert promoter, who is also a lead singer in a local band, messaged me and wrote that I was telling people a lot of stupid things online, and should stop discouraging bands. After this, I had the thought of placing up fake show fliers for his venue at very inconvenient times when other shows were booked, or just at random dates. One of the fliers was going to say boldly at the top of it CHECK CITY HARDCORE, which Check City is a local Utah quick cash loan company that advertises constantly about giving money in advanced for pay checks. The flier was going to have low quality and sleazy sounding bands playing, such as Cash for Gold, Vape, Call Center, Xok, and Knee Deep in Debt. These fliers would have dates listed for when other shows were playing in the venue.

People would constantly try to make me upset at these shows. At one show I kept drumming with some drum sticks that I found, beating them on everything around me, and then later some graffiti on a wall, supposedly made to be directed at me, read, "You're a dead man, Animal! referring to the Muppet who drums, but also attempting to make me upset, me having had been drumming around. Prior to this, I had messaged on Facebook a person who I used to be acquainted with, who graffitied as one of his only interests in life, that there was a venue downtown that let people spray paint on all its walls whatever they wanted. At another show, someone had me picturing myself just punching row after row of the audience in the face, as if it was my desire to do so, despite all of these people in the homosexual Salt Lake City musicians clique and their friends were just all smiling, kind, and relaxed people who were all passive and just there to have fun, and they didn't even condone moshing to their music. I went to high school with the singer of Cult Leader, who started out being in several Christian metalcore bands, and his earliest band to my knowledge was one of the first shows that I went to, with them opening for a Salt Lake City rock band called Magstatic, and the emo band By a Thread. I drove most the people that I was with there in a truck. Immediately after his band stopped playing at this show, me and the people that I was with, who were mostly straight edge kids, left. I would see several of his bands opening for other bands throughout the years until he started playing for Gaza and headlining some of them. The drummer for his band, and many of his other bands, would often hang out with me and my friends during lunch. I used to hang around with Cult Leader's bassist quite frequently, too, who was friends with many of my friends. When my ex-girlfriend and I split up, he was again a person who used to use subtext to often bully over Facebook, probably worse than anyone else. I created the fliers for the Cult Leader show and showed up there. I looked at the Cult Leader's merchandise and several drawings by their singer were made to genuinely resemble the art of a serial killer, and not just being extreme metal artwork showing skulls or demons or something or something silly or something provocative, and what not, but poorly proportioned people and animals illustrated with pencil or pen in an unsettling way that took a large amount of detail in shading and textures for how off scale they were, including a poorly proportioned rabid attack dog made with pencils snarling at the picture's viewer with saliva dripping and shooting from its mouth. I then went near the stage and stood there. The drummer that I went to high school with and was friends with then arrived there, began speaking to their lead singer, and I was going to talk to him with cordial intentions, but he oddly suddenly left and never came back. The two once were in a band called Compilate, and later, with everything happening to me, I thought that they were either using me to make violent AI, or that they were gathering a large amount of information based off what was being performed on me. Before this show happened, and because I was researching several local bands that I knew from Utah's past, I asked this drummer for some demos of their bands that they use to have. He did not answer. One of their other members, who played guitar, and who I use to be closer friends with, was more responsive and obliging. I also was given a five-song demo of this drummer's band Pushing Up Daisies. They were very good, in reality. I even messaged this drummer explaining that they could have easily been on Hydea Head Records if they stuck with what they were doing. Pushing Up Daises ended up breaking up in due of two of their members going on L.D.S. missions. I then watched Baby Gurl perform and the bassist of their two-man group threw his wide bass pick at the audience, it landed in front of me, I put it in my wallet, and I would later use it while visiting Guitar Center to play bass. When Cult Leader set up, I sat left of the stage with my arms resting

upon it, and their bassist set up right in front of me. I sat there, and it seemed like he didn't want to look at me, even when they began playing. He looked a little nervous, agitated, and like something was slightly disturbing him. I kept tapping on the stage with my hands, trying to drum along with the drummer. I advised a musician in the homosexual clique who often played just a cello with some peddles that he should invest in a drum machine and then set the rhythm of their beat to a very fast tempo. Thinking of my advice to this person, each time that Cult Leader finished a song, there would be nothing but feedback, and I kept tapping on the stage with my index finger at really swift rates, as if the feedback was an instrumental track, and then tried to add in hand slaps for additional beats, all to test whether I gave the celloist good advice. I was wondering if my constant drumming was throwing their bassist off when the song started again, because the crowd was very standstill, not even moving very much, and I possibly was the only one in the crowd of people making possible movements, and it seemed like the bassist kept viewing me through the corner of his eye and still looked kind of nervous. After they finished, I just left by myself, not saying anything to anyone and just went home.

There was a strange band that was around when I was in high school that had a good sound, although they were a little nu metal, called The Lazarus Project. I got their numbered CDR demo the day it came out at a local CD exchange that I use to go to frequently. I kept listening to the song "As Eye Unfold" many times over, really liking the interesting sound that was different to most other hardcore bands who were around in the local scene. Their singer was a British guy in the U.S. on a work visa, who people would even say looked like a werewolf. It had members of several better local Salt Lake City hardcore bands, including Climb, XClearX or Clear, and Triphammer. They also had a song called "801" that was about the Salt Lake City hardcore scene being notoriously violent, and them appreciating and condoning this quality. Another song used a sound clip for the film One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975) where the character Nurse Ratched says, "Medication time!" They released a full length titled "There Is No Cure", and I found it humorous that despite a lyric in "801" that this singer claimed, "We love this f—ing city!" referring to Salt Lake City, he moved immediately after the record was released to Orange County, California, befriending members of Adamantium, Throwdown, and Eighteen Visions. He would later appear on an MTV game show with friends he met in the Orange County hardcore community that the game focused on tests to see how well they knew each other through random questions. I was looking to get the "There Is No Cure" album again sometime before going to the Cult Leader show, so I found their singer on Facebook, saw some pictures of him messing around with his girlfriend at Disneyland, and then messaged him if he had the record available, and he sent it to me in computer files. I messaged Eighteen Vision's singer around this time also, giving him a critique of the disappointing show that they played in Boise, Idaho many years ago that I went to, and also told him that I was a fan of his early music instead. I also told him that I started to write down a bunch of song titles that I probably had no intention of using, because I am not in a band, nor that interested in being in one, so I was trying to give him the song title "A View of Hands Pantomiming Heartbreak in Boise" inspired by their show, but he didn't seem interested. The Lazarus Project album was released in 2000, and there would also be a film starring the Mormon-raised Paul Walker appearing in 2008 called The Lazarus Project, which I have not been made allowed to view, but the synopsis of it seems like it has a mano nera film written all over it. The film synopsis involves a death row inmate who is married with daughter about the be executed, but then miraculously finds himself in a mental institution instead, giving him a second chance at life, and this brings thoughts of the mano nera film Soul Survivors to mind with what it is explained, having a remedy to the criminal problem involving them continuing their existence, out of sympathy for a criminal still having a family, including a child. I just figured that all of this was regarding me, my lack of prescription drug use, tampering with my mind, all the behavior surrounding me, and me having my mind monitored with still no signs of actual mental illness. Lazarus is a character in the Bible renown for springing back to life, as I metaphorically tend to do with miserable electrical signals sometimes given to me.

XClearX also released a song on their extended play The Sickness Must End that used the Darth Vader line, "I find your lack of faith disturbing!" but I would always here it as, "I find your lack of taste disturbing!" which I figured had something to do with the L.D.S. Church in retrospect, because they also had a song on the album titled "Fire Walk with Me", which notes the 1992 film Fire Walk with Me's story and the thought of being invaded by a ghostly serial killer.

People made certain that I still had to this day the seven-inch version of XClearX's The Sickness Must End in my possession, along with the Lifeless seven-inch record, which I placed between a bunch of comic books in a comic book box that I also have.

I had an idea to call a short or long poem “Calls for Darkness”, which refers to a time that I was at an Eighteen Visions in Salt Lake City when they came with Throwdown, and everyone was yelling for them to play a cover of the Lifeless song “Darkness”, which they were once known to do, but they didn’t as James Hart replied, “That is the song of a dead man.” For now, I mostly liked the title “Calls for Darkness”, thinking it a really good name for some poem or piece of literature, not exactly having it about that show or hardcore music in particular, and I also wrote down “That Is the Song of a Dead Man” for a possible title for something also.

I began to write down several song title ideas, many very musically biographical, often sometimes using quotes, especially after I started to insult my cousin, saying that his songs were not earnest enough to who he really is, and that he needed to dig deeper. I placed this in a folder titled Roaring at the Red Lion (Collection of Song Titles). These are some of the song titles: “Don't Touch Me, Motherf—er! Get Out!”, “Have a Spider-ific Day!”, “Have You Ever Danced with the Devil in the Pale Moon's Light?”, “I Hope She Was Worth It!”, “I See Prehistoric Beasts!”, “I Want That Spot!”, “I’m Sure You're the Meanest Guy in the World!”, “The Moon Will Come to You”, “They Didn't Just Swim There!”, “You're My Favorite Customer!”, "Bad Egg, Bad Seed, Bad Person!", "I Saw the Flash Right on His Black Sweater!", "It Was Ten on One!", "Let Me Have It! I Want It!", "My God, They'll Kill Us All!", "That Is the Man Who Shot the Man!", "That's a Pretty Big Soapbox Not to Be Saying Anything On!", "Where Did He Go?", “It's So Shitty, It's Good!”, “Now's Not the Time to Get Silly, So Wear Your Big Boots and Jump on the Garbage Clowns”, “’No Sharpie!’ at the Fair Grounds”, "All Old Stuff, No New Stuff!", "Always Have a Song Ready!", "Cousin Michael's Visits to China for the Sewing Machine Company That He Works For Might Involve Him Teaching Sweatshop Workers How to Use the Sewing Machines", "Cousin Tommy's Band Is the Worst", "’Crazy Like a Fox’ at Chris' Mom's House”, "Do You Know Who You Were Just Talking To?", "Excuse Me, Are You Musicians?", "’Foolish Games’ in Park City”, "Guitar Strum - Space - Guitar Strum - Space - Guitar Strum - Space Is a Bad Way to Write a Song", "’He Screeched Like a Bat’ Negative Criticism After the Vocal Audition”, "Insane with Rage Does Not Count as the Same Thing as Being Mentally-Ill", "’Insanity’ at the Delta Center”, "’Know Your Enemy’ Many Times Played on the Drive to Work”, "Luke Trivett Was Beaten Up, So He's No Longer Straight Edge", "’Mocking the Flies and Doing That Stupid Dance’ at Media Play”, "Oh, Man, I Love Surprises!", "’Stop’ on Repeat After Finding Jane's Addiction to be the Closest Thing to Hardcore and Punk Rock in My Parents' CD Collection”, "That Was the Toughest High School Stage Play I've Ever Been To!", "That's a Long Way to Make a Joke!", "The Burden of Creation Singer Smokes, But No One Gives Him Trouble", "The Gardener Sisters Only Care About 78 Days After Death", "The Majority of Pop Punk Music Videos Creep Me Out!", "’This Guy's Pretty Okay!’ at the Poplar”, "’Title and Registration’ at the University of Utah Campus”, "’Video Games’ and ‘Donuts’ Walking the Streets of Tokyo”, "We Appreciate You Sending in Your Demo, But We Are Going to Have to Decline. We Did Enjoy the Blast Beats, Though", "Where Were You in '98?", "Your Symphonies Are Not a Success, Mozart", “86’ed”, “A City Enslaved by Its Name”, “A Friend with a CD Burner”, “A Red Dress and a Blue Dress”, “A View of Hands Pantomiming Heartbreak in Boise”, “A Kevin Arnold Conspiracy”, “Abhor the Fallen Storage Space Show with Different Vocals, Where a Smoker Was Crushed by a Reclining Chair Thrown on Him”, “Awkward Accolades in DV8's Upstairs Men's Bathroom”, “Adam Being Told When He Wanted to Start a Band, ‘What Are You Going to Call It? Emerge from the Closet?’", “All My Childhood Friends Were Different from Normal People in the Fact that They Were All Misshapen”, “Appreciating the Mexican Fellow Students' Heart-Embroidered Black ‘La Bamba’ Jacket Despite Him Being on the Opposite Side of Two Groups of People Getting into a Fight with Each Other”, “Asking Sean at Graywhale If I Can Get a Copy of ‘The Sickness Must End’ from Him”, “Back Alley Reviver Show, and Toxic Shock Being Brought Up for a Band Name Idea”, “Bashed Nose and Blind with Tears at the Isis, Candiria, and Dillinger Escape Plan Show at Club Sound”, “Being Told How to Say Spitalfield at a The Contigency Plan Show”, “Beware the Demon Drink!”, “Blake's AOL Email Address to Book Anima Nera”, “Bleed So Lovely Imitating Spitfire at Cafe Silvestre”, “Blood Brothers Heckled During Their Entire Performance with Taking Back Sunday”, “Boiling Cherries to Get the Worms Out”, “Bon Jovi-ing It at the Comedy Club”, “Brand New ‘Deja Entendu’ CD Sing Along at a Party in Fine Low-Income Housing Better Than My Own Apartment”, “Bundy's in the Band at Heart of Gold”, “Burn the Rat Message Board”, “Call Center Coworker Who Is a Rapper Has a Demo with the Terrible Title of ‘Nursery Crimes’", “Candle Light at the Union Ballroom”, “Carved with an X”, “Cemented-In Window Well”, “Chad to the Max”, “Christian Hardcore in St. George”, “Chrome Toaster's Tonic Cover in the High School's Gymnasium”,

“Clicker Beat”, “Clifton's Lounge Act with Their Replacement Singer Who Left the Band Shortly After”, “Coming Up with the Band Name The Bumping Uglies in High School, But Not Wanting to Use It Because It Sounds Perverted and Too Hip Hop or Punk (Plus I Had No Band)”, “Contemporary Sleaze Rock”, “Counterfeit Rebellion”, “Crazed Danish Phone Calls”, “Credit Card P.A. System”, “Dan Gump Giving Me the Zyon ‘The Wishing Star’ CD for Free from His Distro Table, When the CD Was Just Released, After I Told Him That I Was Looking for New Day Rising's ‘We Cannot Know How Much Blood It Will Cost’", “Dance Kids on the N.Y. Subway”, “Danced Upon at Sacré-Cœur”, “Dangerous Nu-Metal Mosh Pit in a Moving Suzuki Samurai”, “Defy the Demon Drink!”, “Discovering Bands Through purevolume and Angelfire”, “Early Joke Band Cherem at Wagstaff with Matt Steadman Singing for a Song, Before He Was to Be Placed in Prison”, “Editing Sound Recordings at the University of Utah's Marriott Library”, “Electric-Sliding on a Carnival Cruise Ship”, “Embarrassing Stage Dive at the End of Gorilla Biscuits' Set at Lisk Fest”, “Emo Allen Showing His Dance Moves in the Kitchen of the Maddox”, “Empty-Handed Not Fulfilling Keith Croxford's Expectations”, “Every Side Is on the Same Side”, “Everyone in My House Being Capable of Hearing the Sound Coming from My Headphones”, “Exiting the Light at Some Dude's Playground”, “Fifty Cent Guns n' Roses ‘Appetite for Destruction’ Tape”, “First to Buy Tickets for The Stench, Iceburn, and Clear Reunion Show”, “Flat Hands Crossed in an X, Which Is Given to Me and the Rest of the Audience, Signals No Photography During Sigur Ros' Performance in Tokyo, Japan”, “Foreign Places”, “Friend's Garage-Turned-Office Is Used for Their Band Practice with Me Being Often Excluded and Included from the Band Capriciously”, “F— Button's "Olympians" in the Louvre”, “Gabe's City of Caterpillar Shirt Making Me Want to Listen to the Band, Despite Not Knowing What They Sounded Like, But Based Only on Their Band Name Alone”, “Gaming on the Couch at the Shred Shed, Playing Entirely Through Mega Man IV During Bird Eater and Gaza's Show”, “Getting Told ‘You're a F-g’ in the Basement Stairwell at Club DV8”, “Getting Worried About My Teeth from Too Much Tea, Coffee, and Soda Pop”, “Ghost Story Diamonds”, “Giving Money to the Disheveled Man Always Playing Cello Outside of the Broadway at Night”, “God City in the City of Sin”, “Green Sound”, “Greenhaus Two Man Rap Yelling at the Metro on One Night, and Hacker DJing on Another”, “Group Hardcore Vocals to Beastie Boys' ‘Sabotage’ at Spark's House”, “Guest Speaker's One Man Three Dog Night Cover Keyboard Performance of ‘Joy to the World’ in Junior High Math Class”, “H8 A.M. in the Morning”, “Halfpipe Earth”, “Hardcore Band Practice in a Friend's Basement Whose Mom Was, or Still Is, a Member of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir”, “Hardcore Mix Tapes and a Tape Deck in My Truck, Which I Named ‘White Snake’ After the Hair Metal Band”, “I Breath the Water”, “I Was Given a House”, “Illegally Downloading Arcade Fire's ‘The Suburbs’ Through My Hostel's WIFI on the Day It Was Released While Vacationing in Paris”, “In Pain, Creating Animated Cartoons While Listening to Shoji Meguro's Persona 4 Soundtrack Between Judge and The Adolescents at the University of Utah”, “In the Small Crowd at the Thornside Garage Show at Kane's House”, “Japanese U. of U. Students Playing Original Metal in Black Kimonos at the Entrance of the Union Ballroom”, “Jimmy the Tooth's Slashed Tires Leading to a Band Practice Turning into a Physical Fight Story”, “Kearns High School Dance Team's Choreographed Dance to Climb's ‘Fade’”, “Kelly Moore Stands Alone, Encircled by the Crowd, Upon a Dirt Floor, at a Show in Uprok's Basement”, “Linkin Park's Chinese-Inspired ‘Faint’ and ‘Nobody's Listening’ Selected Over and Over on My iPod While Listening to ‘Meteora’ When Travelling the Districts of Tokyo, Japan”, “Listening to James Blake's Crooned Claims that His Brother and Sister Won't Talk to Him Anymore While on a Street Corner in Reykjavik”, “Lit Shoe Polish Graffiti on Remembering Never's Tour Trailer Upsets Their Roadie Until He Was Told It Is Shoe Polish”, “Little White Dog”, “Little White Woman Blues at Kingsbury Hall”, “Looking at Pictures from the Madball Riot”, “Loud, Fuzzy Techno in the Top Floor of Club Vertigo”, “Lyrics Stolen Off of My Work Desk by My Nu-Metal Coworker and Given to Another Coworker as a Love Note”, “Mason-Pfizer Monkey Virus Packaging Signal”, “Memories of My Cousin Tommy As a Child Usually Begin with Him Getting Upset at His Nails Being Trimmed, Because He Verbally Acknowledged to Others That They Were His Weapons”, “Mickey Kicking a Field Goal”, “Minor Threat's Discography and Dag Nasty's Combined ‘Can I Say’ and ‘Wigout at Denko's’ Discovered at the Kearns County Library”, “Missing Gang Vocal Recordings for My Friends' Band, Because My Father Was Receiving Emergency Brain Surgery”, “Mom Telling Me to Be Careful at the Bane and Converge Show, Because Dime Bag Darell Was Shot and Killed a Day or Two Prior”, “Money Discovered to Be Missing While at Guitar Center”, “Moved by Enigma's ‘Return to Innocence’", “Multiple Fights During Martyr A.D., When They Came with Poison the Well”, “My Cousin Wanting to Charge Me for Studio Time”, “My Cousin Wanting to Charge Me for Using His Bass Guitar”, “My Employers and Coworkers Heard Me Vulgarly Complaining About Our Company and

Its Apathy for Martin Luther King, Because We Had to Work on Martin Luther King Day", "My Friend and Promoter Bryan and Every Time I Die's Then Drummer Ratboy Being Creeps While Calling Me a Creep When They Played with Hopesfall at the Lighthouse", "My Nu-Metal Call Center Coworker 'Ticka-Ticka-Tick-Ticking' While Playing an Invisible Guitar", "My Pretentions Make for Awkward Conversation", "My Uncle Torsten's Tinted California Glasses", "Neck Disrespected at a Birthday Party", "Never Skateboarding, But Instead Listening to Underdog's 'Demos' While Playing the Video Game Jackie Chan's Action Kung-Fu", "Nick Fielding Demo Tape Destruction", "Nick's Vocal Tips Not Helping to Remedy Andrea's Hecklers When She Sang at the Kearns Junior High School Assembly", "No Intelligence at Liquid Joe's", "No One Want's to Go to Cousin Julie's Wedding, Because It Was Scheduled on Halloween", "Numbered The Lazarus Project Demo on the Shelf at Graywhale", "On a Barstool at the Near-Empty Steady Machete Show", "One-Practice-Only Band Armadillo B—h Not Given Another Practice Because None of the Members Knew How to Play an Instrument", "One-Practice-Only Band Sharlene Not Given Another Practice Because My Screaming Was Not Liked nor on Cue", "Only Caring About a Beach Boys Mini CD in the Collection of Other Mini CD Choices at K-Mart", "Only Knowing the Speedway Cafe Through Writings, Photographs, and Videos", "Only Understanding the Words 'I Am Straight Edge' in Earth Crisis' song 'Gomorrah's Season Ends', "Our Estranged Aunt Visited and Had to Read Every Placard in the Natural History Museum When We Went There", "Over-Zealous Modest Mouse Fan in Pioneer Park Startles Isaac Brock by Running on Stage During their Performance at the Twilight Concert Series", "Pantera-ing My Music Career", "Patsy", "Norma Jean Lawless Hill", "Planet New Mexico", "Pink Flamingo Lawn Ornament Deprioritized", "Poverty", "Pretty in Pink Is the Greatest Movie Ever Made", "Protecting Moshers from the Support Beam in the Middle of the Pit at Kilby Court Back Before They Banned Moshing", "Proto-Eli, Who Knows Members of Eighteen Visions, Recommended Saves the Day's 'Stay What You Are' at the Equifax Call Center", "Pushing Up Daisies Across the Street from the World's First KFC", "Put $20 on 6", "Puzzling Out Keys on a Keyboard to See What Fits", "Ratnose", "Reading AP", "Recording Through a Voice Recorder a Mexican Mariachi Band Who Were Playing Around the Corner on Cinco de Mayo", "Researching the Utah Band Sandkicker, Because of Thursday, Who Went on Their First Tour with Them", "Respecting Limp Bizkit's Early Single 'Counterfeit' When It First Came Out, Especially Because the Music Video Featured a Kick Flip in It", "Retold 'We Love You, Sparta!' Story, Which Happened at Sundance", "Road Trip to Las Vegas for a Used Les Paul Guitar", "Roaring at the Red Lion", "Rocky Mountain Ghost Towns", "Roger Craig", "Ryan Adam's 'Come Pick Me Up' Set to Repeat on My iPod Brings Me a Little Down, but Makes Me Feel Alive, on the Airplane Home from Miami", "Salt York City", "Scott Weiland Wearing Too Low of Jeans and Singing into a Megaphone at the Maverick Center", "Screaming Myself Horse, Practicing My Hardcore Vocals While Driving", "Searching Around for the Lifeless 7" Record", "Seeing My Chemical Romance Open Three Times for Separate Touring Bands (Each Time Hearing Gerard Way's Anti-Suicide Speech) When They Only Had Their First Album Out", "S—ty Kids S—ting Kids", "Shivering Demons", "Short Guys Going by the Name of Girls Playing Live at Slow Train Records", "Showing Up Alone and Early with a Book at Urban Lounge", "Singing Parts of Journey's 'Anyway You Want It' and The Ramones' 'I Wanna to Be Sedated' to Myself Throughout High School, Because of a scene in Caddyshack and an Episode of My So-Called Life", "Sitting at the Merch Table at an Early Chelsea Grin Warehouse Show", "Slapped Around at My First Hardcore and Indie Rock Show, Which Was Thornside Opening for Magstatic and By a Thread", "Squeezing into Uprok", "Stab Story from a Tower Theatre Show", "Stage Adaptation of 'Wait Until Dark' by University Student Actors", "Starting Conga Lines in the Crowd During a Mariachi-Fusion Band on New Year's Eve", "Stuck in Snow and Traffic on the Way to Work with Joy Division's 'Unknown Pleasures' CD Playing and Completing Itself Twice with No Complaints from Me", "Studying Tim William's Vocals and Breathing in Vision of Disorder's Album 'Still'", "Talking Bad Religion at a Funeral", "The Band Stay Up Didn't Keep Around", "The Blue Barracuda", "The Fall of Bobby Derringer", "The Grassy Knoll", "The Heartlessness of the Shadow", "The Inoffensive X", "The Leftist Elite", "The Postal Service's 'Give Up' Is Concluded by Me Worth Purchasing Upon Hearing the Opening Track While Test-Listening the CD at Graywhale", "The Simpsons Arcade and Parallax Before The Used in Provo", "The State Street Flood of 1983", "The Texas School Book Depository", "The Toy Box Fake Cigarette", "Thinking Up Band Names and Drawing Hypothetical Band Logos for Them During Class Throughout Junior High and High School", "This Halfpipe Earth", "The Devil Has a New Haircut and Me an New Pair of Shoes", "Thrush Tape in the Free Bin at Graywhale", "To the Democratic Party… The False Liberal Party", "Tomata's Stage Move 'The Magazine'", "TV on the Radio Speaking Their Disapproval Towards the Racist Undertones of the Film 300 While Playing

the Venue", "U2 Stage Screen Cartoons Swimming in Blood at Rice Eccles Stadium When the Band Played There with Rage Against the Machine", "Umbrella Man", "Uncle Wayne Mimicking the Actions As They Occur While Telling His Story About How His Aggressive Neighbor Approached Him", "Vanilla Ice Punched Out in Exchange for Tattoos", "VCR-Shaped CD Player", "VHS Cassette Recording with Hyrum Unjustly Getting Beaten Up During Disembodied at the Health Center", "Voices from the Pool of Filthy Water", "Waiting for NOFX's 'Don't Call Me White', 'The Brews', or Pennywise's 'Bro Hymn' to Be Played on X96's Late Evening Radio", "Watching a Vegan Magic Show", "Watching Mick Morris' Uploaded YouTube Videos About Hardcore and Straight Edge", "Watching the Mid-Performance Break-Up of Refused at Their Last Show on the 'Refused Are F—ing Dead' DVD", "When They Kill a President", "Whispering Hardcore Screams in the Living Room", "Wooden Stilts", "Years and Years of Given, Purchased, and, or, Lost CDR Band Demos", "Yellow Bird", and "Yells for 'Darkness' During Eighteen Visions' Set When They Came with Throwdown". I thought that many of these might make good story chapter titles for a musician attempting to make it in the hardcore music business. I wrote down some titles I was lifting from fictional works in television shows and movies also, but it created a small list. Those were: "Can I Borrow a Feeling?", "Celebration", "Howling at a Concrete Moon", "It Can't Rain All the Time", "The Hell Patrol", "The Last Unicorn", and "The Produce Section".

Someone in my head got upset and told me, "I'll have you know that if it wasn't for us, you wouldn't even listen to hardcore music!" because I was being investigative of various bands. I just replied, "Big deal! I would just listen to popular radio, especially Maroon 5 and Kelly Clarkson being two of my favorite acts!" I also joked that I would listen to Diesel's "Tip of My Tongue" when feeling down and needing time to think.

I began to make a film idea in my head based off my current situation, the XClearX and Lifeless seven-inches and their album covers, other hardcore album covers that have abstract and expressionist characters on it, and the fact that I seem to be constantly attacked by people who are mentally problematic persons, knowing it is just them. This film would be called Lifeless, and it would be about a man with very little social life, other than his outside job employment, who he loves an estranged woman, but is constantly haunted and attacked by dangerous, crude, abstract, and expressionist characters that often represent moods, ideas, and figures, and the man must sit and watch various forms of entertainment in all his free time. For instance, a character that would be like the expressionist character on the XClearX seven-inch, who is blue and extremely depressed, constantly gets even more sad and depressed in due of the man not being made to have his same depressive mentality induced by the sad entertainment that he is experiencing, even despite the man having no social life. This expressionist blue character eventually gets fed up and commits suicide in a bizarre fashion, painting a red X on the back of his head as a target point, grabbing a sledgehammer, going outside the main character's house, and then using the sledgehammer to curb stomp himself on the residence's curb, which would be inspired by the band Ookla the Mok's album cover for Bless Her Black Little Heart. Many other abstract and expressionist figures would haunt this man, such as an envious, green, and agitated figure, who likes to try to ruin the man's artwork every chance it gets, and, each time, eventually the figures haunting the man get upset and commit suicide in unique and bizarre fashions. Some of the abstract and expressionist characters even look like they are modeled after special variant colored vinyl records, and the vinyl colors are representative of their moods, such as a red figure being constantly upset and angry, a pink figure always being sexually charged, a white figure always being shaken up and shellshocked, a grey marble figure having no feelings as a marble statue would, a yellow figure being constantly frightened of everything, and a purple figure constantly always aroused, just as examples. They always just commit suicide in their ridiculous manners and then disappear, with the man never being altered in mental state or personality to match theirs, and him never having the same problems that they do. The entertainment that the man is made to experience is unique products and works made for the film, having most every form of home media entertainment used. At the film's end, with the man no longer haunted, a scene shows a remote pit area outside the city that the man lives where the dead and broken up abstract and expressions have been placed and buried in the Earth, often in pieces, looking similar to the XClearX and Lifeless seven-inches' covers combined together as the camera view pans down to within the ground below, along with taking influence from Hot Water Music's album artwork for A Flight and a Crash.

I thought up three avant-garde modern primitivist stage plays that have similar production to each, and one of them would be a more comical stage play involving puppetry of Lifeless instead. The play would have a desk with a laptop computer on it facing the audience, and then a large screen is behind the desk. The main character would sit at the desk, and then images that the main character is looking at on his laptop computer, accompanied by sound, would be shown behind and above him on the large screen in back, and some of the imagery on his computer would be prerecorded original materials, but other medias shown on his computer would be actors backstage performing things live that are being projected in a box onto the screen. The various crude, abstract, and expressionist characters would then be larger life-size puppets with black-garbed performers working inside them, and often other black-garbed performers would assist, walking around, clearing or maneuvering things upon the stage if needed. An example of a moment in this play would involve the expressionist, sad, blue character haunting the man as a large puppet figure with a black-garbed performer inside the life-size puppet, and the main character keeps scrolling through a news feed full of sad things, such as stories of people dying, pictures of starved dogs, and such, and then a music video by a gothic band would be clicked on, and the gothic band in the video will be actors backstage in a fake-looking graveyard setting, singing a ridiculous and deep vocal goth song, with lyrics like, "Darkness is my only friend, we'll be together until the end…" while looking sad and having bleak make-up and wardrobe on, and the expressionist blue figure keeps getting sadder while the main character doesn't. The screen then shows dark tones and rain, and the expressionist blue figure goes and grabs a large tub, brings it on stage, the puppet has hoses hooked to its eyes, and the sad figure starts crying large amounts of water into the tub that has been set down on the stage, then goes and grabs a large fake weight off stage, comes back with the weight, puts its head in the tub, and then drops the weight on the back of his head, flailing his arms as he drowns in the tub. After he stops moving, the black-garbed performer leaves the puppet, drags the puppet off stage, and then he and probably other black-garbed performers clean up the tub also. The play would end like the film idea, having the screen behind the desk display a scrolling location of the buried crude, abstract, and expressionist figures in pieces beneath the ground shown on the screen.

A second stage play that I had an idea for and would also use puppetry would be titled Pygius and Cephalus. A long time ago, well over a decade ago, my father fell off a horse, which caused him hemorrhaging in his brain, and after several weeks of not going to the hospital, his brain started to disfunction, and he had to be rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery. After he recovered, he was acting fine for a while but had slight troubles communicating. After some time passed, he started to act like an unreasonable and terrible person capriciously. He would get paranoid and angry, even looking demented in the face, accusing my mother of cheating on him, the rest of the family and I conspiring against him, his work also conspiring against him, and he would be completely unreasonable and difficult to reason with. Other times, he would start getting pathetic and afraid of everything, worried that he would be abandoned by everyone. He did this for years, and, for some reason, would not consider that he was making his family and those around him miserable. At the time, I thought he would just eventually die soon and was on his last legs, and I sometimes would desire that he would just die myself and consider that he deserved to die because of his behavior. My grandma and his mother would do the same thing in her very old age, having had a surgery, not even a brain surgery but stomach surgery, cause her to suddenly become aggravated, paranoid, and accusing of her family, having her feel out of nowhere inspired to start calling the homes of her relatives, including our family, and then she would yell at us in both English and Danish. We often would not even pick up the phone but wind up having answering machine messages of her dementedly yelling at us in both languages. One time, I as a young teenager was listening to her yelling Danish or some gibberish on the answering machine, so I picked up the phone and just told her to quit calling us and then hung up on her. After many painful years of my father capriciously acting unreasonable, my father eventually completely stopped in his ill-mannered behavior, as if it never happened, having instances of his unreasonable behavior just kind of recede away. He's still alive today and has ceased to do anything of the sort since, not worrying about people conspiring against him and hardly ever acting angry and belligerent. Because and during this occurrence, I came up with twin characters, who are brothers named Pygius and Cephalus, who first I thought to place in a large painting or artwork to hang over our family's fireplace, explaining them to be the demons in my father's head. Because my father would suddenly get angry and raging out of nowhere, and he fell off a horse resulting in his mental problems, I imagined this demon Cephalus to be a man who has a rearing horse as his top half and a regular adult male as his bottom half. Also, because my father would be afraid and acting like an idiot or horse's ass, I would think of a twin demon to Cephalus named Pygius, who would have his top half be a horse's ass and

his bottom half be a regular adult male. I was even going to title the painting "The Demons in My Father's Head". I eventually evolved these two characters to be twin brother gods instead, where Cephalus, a rearing horse in depiction, would be a god of progress and forward motion, and Pyrgius, a horse's ass in depiction would be a god of fear, afraid and hesitant of forward progress. I was going to use them as side characters in a story within a story in my novel Nanahee. The story would have been called Pygius and Cephalus also, and it would be a modern primitivist story, explaining the birth of the twin gods, and them deciding all progress and fearful hesitance in humanity even into the modern era and computer age, having helped inspire such modern ideas as the telephone, radio, television, computer, and cellphone. More recently, I evolved this idea to be a stage play instead, where two stage actors would be dressed in costumes of Pygius and Cephalus, and the play would have many small sets of villages and cities, from an early time in humanity to the modern era. This stage play would again use a projector screen in the back of the stage, as I described Lifeless would, behind the two characters, and the small city sets that they would be found as giants over. Every time that important events occur in the play or an invention is made, the event or invention is displayed to be gifted by Cephalus to the world on the projector. Cephalus and Pygius constantly argue with each other about what should happen in the world, and often Cephalus is more correct than his brother, but Pygius, although a fearful character, is sometimes correct in his worry. For instance, Pygius gets really upset at Cephalus when Cephalus gifts the world with the atomic bomb, having it inspired by Cephalus in the minds of those who invented it, and they end up arguing with each other standing over the wreckage of Hiroshima, which would be shown beneath them in ruins on stage as small destroyed buildings with orange gold tinsel flowing and waving upward as if fire, coming up from the buildings by fans placed beneath the set. Later, the twin brother gods also both agree with each other to progress the world to not discover the fraudulence of space travel when the U.S. and world governments begin to fake it, worried that several more nuclear bombs will be set off worldwide, so they focus on making and creating personal technology instead, but Pygius gets really upset at Cephalus again when he gifts the world with the internet and modems for their personal computers, because he thinks it will eventually catch up to the fraudulence of the space industry and the criminal behavior of the world governments, resulting in a large war or nuclear holocaust. The play would often use models of other inventions moving around the stage, such as having model airplanes and helicopters on strings flying above the small city sets below, and models of satellites orbiting the Earth also would be shown floating above.
A third play involving life-size puppets would be called The Twin Cage Giants, and it would be a hybrid of modern and primitive storytelling, giving supernatural and mythical qualities to the events of 9/11. The stage play would have two large twin cage giants, who are anthropomorphic buildings with arms and legs that move very slow, and are teaming with life inside of them, with both representing the two World Trade Center towers. The story would then have a variety of large bird, called a burning bird, that is most often white, and has a glowing and burning heart and stomach that runs on very potent nectar that can be found in certain nesting areas of the burning birds. The burning birds try to avoid all cage giants, especially the large twin cage giants, as the burning birds are very volatile and need to make soft landing. But, eventually, foreign types of worms are imported into the country for ill reasons, and this foreign variety of worm is known to be parasitic to the burning birds, finding their way into the burning bird's brains when the worms make their way into the body of the burning birds. These worms then take over the brain of the burning birds, driving them crazy, and in desperation to remove the worms from their head, with the worms also zombifying the burning birds, they crash into things, which are the two large twin cage giants in this case. The stage play would use pyrotechnics, smoke, and fluttering gold tinsel to portray the explosions caused by the burning birds to the twin cage giants. The life in the cage giants then begin to panic, and the foreign worms leave the fires of the two twin cage giants as flying wormlike black shadows, fleeing to unknown parts.

I also had the idea for a long verse poem, play, or novel about the history and current state of the U.S.A. titled both and either Matter of America or The New Land Cycle, and it would give mythical qualities to U.S. figures, making modern politicians out to be the mythical screw ups of large worldly proportions that they actually technically are.

Some of my earliest poems were attempting to make song lyrics instead of just poems, and I would often attempt to imitate the lyrical ideas of many hardcore bands. I was probably being helped when writing them also to some extent, because many of their notions were communicating things I didn't understand. Quite a few ended up being lost, but others I kept:

The following one that I wrote around graduating high school was about sexual disfunction, which I figured was unusually occurring because of people being naïve about sex in due of the teachings of religious people and psychiatrists. I was attempting to imitate Keith Buckley of Every Time I Die, discovering that he was a former English teacher, and I really appreciated the lyrics to their song "The Logic of Crocodiles". I once lauded the lyrics to this Every Time I Die song to a friend, who didn't see my point of view and claimed it just a bunch of ridiculous garbage being yelled out, but it expresses the qualities of blatant and mechanically being honest and unfeeling in business practices to my understanding. Here are my song lyrics inspired by this:

"Shrub Rose" by Davyn Andersen

Two mechanisms brought together
By magnetic attraction,
How romantic!
They met each other
On an assembly line,
Plug to socket,
The electricity was there,
Can someone please find
The instruction manual?
The circuit boards just won't
Light up!
Clockwork love?
Do I need an adaptor?
Maybe something is wrong
With the wiring?
Am I pushing the right buttons?
Can you tell if the equipment
Is compatible…
I'm sorry darling!
I believe I have malfunctioned!

My other songs would mostly be inspired by Poison the Well's lyrics from their album The Opposite of December… A Season of Separation, despite their singer Jeffrey Moreira claiming English as a second language, his first language being Spanish, and not speaking it fluently when he joined the band. I would also mirror other metalcore artist like them, such as Prayer for Cleansing, Aftershock, Overcast, and Catharsis. Here are some lyrics that I wrote inspired by them:

"Pearly Everlasting" by Davyn Andersen

I have every intention
Of being the darkest cloud in heaven,
In the quarantine wing
Isolated from so-called brethren
So my jury will not be infected
Never know this defective's venom
May any original conception
Be a holy digression
My personality is damning
And I mean to speak entirely
In confession
While the majority
Is only charitable in circumstances
And looking to be mentioned
Honesty:

Outside a church its outside of me
Humility:
So much pride I refuse to say sorry
Expect me to have an opinionless testimony
Love God by giving into manmade conformity
It's much more like a sheep in wolf's clothing
Compromising its morals for the crowd
Posing for a picture
As the pack's ignorant protest howls.

These lyrics I wrote about not liking unnecessary plastic surgery and preferring natural women, and they again were more imitative of Keith Buckley:

"Loveliness" by Davyn Andersen

The necessity of a manufactured deity
Adorning the covers of magazines
She's an advertisement
The finished product
A trophy
An achievement
A blueprint of what
Every female form should be
Finally, a "real" woman
Sculpted from all
Cosmetic surgery has to offer
Enduring all the eye candy
She can afford
"Your body is your temple"
And she's been renovating
Adding new additions
Until fit for exhibition
Feel free to lead the worshipping
But once she's annoyed of you
It will lead to your excommunication
And if your bust breaks your spine
Or is made with poor design
Possibly attacking your immunity
At least you will own the eyes
Of the community
What a prime example of being
A "product of your environment"
Humanity had its impressions on you
The ability to facelift must be heaven sent
Vanity must be judgements greatest issue
A society of victims
Peer pressured mutilations
Fat deposit excavations
High society's invitation
My dreams are factory made
And have been advertised before my birth
This is what I'm told I want
This is what I'm worth

These all came from a concept album that I was writing, which would have had the scientific names of flowers for each to the songs' titles, but I also put regular titles to them also.
I wrote this song inspired by the Audrey Hepburn Gap advertisements, in which it showed the deceased actress dancing around to support their brand of clothing:

"Dead Stars in Advertising" by Davyn Andersen

Open up on a scepter
Broadcasting the cemetery
From a cancerous view
Signals send specters
To the second dimension
And poltergeists radio
A catharsis to you
Phantoms viewed in
Collective wavelengths
In a fathomless ocean
To float
A ghost story
Departs light-years
Through lifeless bodies
And darkness remote
We'll send them our dead
And what they portend
We can always pretend
They predicted their end

This one I wrote about a girl that I went to school with, who was our senior class president in high school and an actress in many school plays. She died in a car accident right in front of a friend's house that I was at when it happened. I didn't title it, nor did I finish it:

"Untitled" by Davyn Andersen

A collision transforms a busy street into a theater
The set is asunder
The recipients of misfortune now performers
An audience is unappreciated
And, most important, a leading lady
Is devastating
With no dialogue to speak
The stage lights flash red and blue
The plot is pandemonium
Giving choices to invest your attention:
A sister bereaving,
A friend who is bound but breathing,
The bewildered, crying, and bleeding,
One with false claims of killing her friend,
Or a gracious achiever seconds from death.

Some lines still survive that are more one-liner hooks that are important to create popular songs, such as this one:

Even though
You'll never know

The loveless place
I occupy,
You treat your pain
As the worst:
As some fight for life,
You want to die

There was a song that I was writing inspired by Eighteen Visions that is lost now, but a line from it would have been the start of a breakdown in a song, which was:

If you had a chance to choose,
You're going to wish you had have worn your dancing shoes!

This young woman who was our high school's class president that I mention was named Malarie Hilton, and I think that she was murdered through maser use by sexual deviants because of an incident that happened early in the day before the car crash. I was with a friend helping him to deliver invitations to his farewell, because he was leaving on an L.D.S. mission in just a matter of days. He made cards for invitations, and for fun I kept writing on them "Bring gummy bears!" on each one that he handed out. We drove around to many houses delivering these, and when we got to the Hilton Family's house we sat and talked with Malarie and her sister for a bit. An occurrence happened when I was sitting on the couch, and she started crawling toward me on all floors, having her shirt well displaying her cleavage. Both her sister and my friend leaving for his mission soon saw this odd thing happen, and then her sister told her to stop being so unladylike. The occurrence did not really make me ponder on it afterwards and it slipped my mind while we went and delivered more invitations. Because I didn't obsess over it, and it did not become my focus, I think that they became motivated to kill her. Later, me, this friend going on his farewell, Malarie's sister, other friends, and our friend who was the owner of the house were sitting at the house which was located on a very busy road in our township. Suddenly, a large crash occurred outside, shaking the whole house. We ran outside, found that two of our friends were wandering about injured, afraid, and confused, another friend was still trapped in the heavily damaged vehicle, a police car that failed to turn its lights and sirens on and hit them and flown across the street into a distant house across the street, and they said Malarie was with them, but now missing. What happened was Malarie was the only one not wearing a seatbelt, got ejected extremely far down the road, and wound up severely injured, striking the ground, and her dying there on the spot, covered later by a tarp when the police arrived. The woman that I was pursuing was one of the injured and bewildered passengers wandering around the vehicle, and I was trying to calm her down, holding bleeding cuts on her legs, and getting blood on myself and my clothes. A few days later, we were at the driver of the vehicle's house, and they gave her a bag of gummy bears that they retrieved from the vehicle, which she then gave to my friend going on his farewell, which he then passed to me, because I was the one that requested them, and they went to the store to get the gummy bears before the crash happened.
This is a link to her obituary: https://www.deseret.com/2002/6/11/19659967/obituary-malarie-hilton/
Later, a similar incident would occur. Me and another friend were at his house when the woman that I was pursuing came over to his house. We were sitting in his room, and she was on all floors looking at something in my friend's hand, and a good portion of her naked bottom was showing from out the top of her jeans. I kept looking and not saying anything, but got embarrassed that I would be caught, so a very opportune body-sized mirror was in the room and directed at her displayed bottom, and I started looking into the mirror to keep seeing her partially naked bottom instead. We hung out for some time, but the thought of seeing just less than half of her bare bottom was stuck in my mind. After she left, I decided to leave to, and then I went home and then masturbated to the thought of what I saw. A few schools of thought arrive from this occurrence: Maybe I was being shown to other people I didn't know were connected to me and watching me that I like a woman's bottom more than her breast, which this particular woman was known to have nearly no breasts and a larger bottom, but I myself know that I like women for most reasons, both physically and mentally. Maybe it was being shown to other people that I would have had the sexualized situation of a woman showing me something sexy center in my mind if I actually was pursuing the woman and desired her, which could have most definitely been a factor. Perhaps I was having the situation of being suddenly displayed something sexy out of

nowhere reperformed to show others that the previous incident was a fluke, and it normally happens to all men, which is not true.
One time I drove this woman home to her house alone around midnight, and I talked to her a bit on the way there, dropped her off at her house, and felt my passenger seat for her warmth and to feel where her bottom was.
At a future time, not even having contact with this woman that I was once pursuing, out of the usual, I stole a pornographic magazine from a friend's house who had a bad habit of buying many of them, and a large stash of them, and coincidentally two of the woman in the magazine looked similar to people that were once in my life, one being a Scandinavian woman that looked much like this woman I was once pursuing, but with very large and drooping but nice breasts, while also having her same body shape, and then a second one that looked like a pretty female manager that I had at PetSmart, who had a bit of a bird beak of a nose, and also weirdly had an affection for taking care of the birds in store, and was still attractive despite her nose.
Another incident would occur where I do not remember the details beforehand, but I was at a friend's house with him, his wife, his child, and Malarie's sister, and we were talking for a while, and then I went home and masturbated to Malarie's sister, not ever really being attracted to her, but for some reason decided to that time, and it never occurred again.
More recently, I went to In-N-Out Burger in Jordan Landing, they have had a sign against human trafficking set up at their drive-thru for quite a time, the young woman working the food window looked like Malarie's sister, but a bit thinner and prettier, she seemed overly bubbly and nice, smiling at me, I got my food, started to drive a neighborhood route in due of the road by Airport Two being cut off, thought nothing of the situation, drove out of the neighborhood by Reams, and then had someone start bullying me in my head out of nowhere, because I started to bring up the occurrence of the crash in my head, and then someone at the church across from Reams had not only went into the wrong left hand road to enter the church parking lot, by a gate was down disallowing them to even enter.

There was another unusual occurrence where my friend was working as a deliver driver for another friend's father's Chinese restaurant, and he wanted to go on vacation for a few days but needed someone to fill in for him. He couldn't find anybody, so he asked me to do it. I was given a delivery where I could not find the house anywhere, because it seemed like a bum address. After over forty minutes of searching, I went back to the restaurant, this friend's father said this person was a regular customer, he got in the vehicle with me, showed me where the house was, we both went up to the door, and I apologized to the man and a friend who was there with him, but he gave me a really strange and possibly ill-intentioned handshake with an issue of Play Boy well in the open. At a following house that same night, I went to deliver food to another frequent customer of theirs, and when they opened the door, the inside of the house had its walls completely and entirely, floor to ceiling, covered in framed photos of the well-breasted country singer Dolly Parton, almost as if the Sawyer's house in The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974) had its dead animal trinkets exchanged for these photos of Dolly Parton, even having the same color scheme, and the man who entered the door was mentally-handicap and lived with his mother, which all was very symbolic of the maser instrument use.
This friend whose father owned the Chinese restaurant had my ex-girlfriend show up at their house during a party, showed her placed in a picture with one of his roommates, and then the occurrence would happen where I was supposed to hang out with her that night, she flaked out, I went and hung out with some other friends, this photo showed up online, my heart raced, I then shrugged it off, went to the bar with my friends, and then the next day was controlled in my dubious suicide attempt that placed the scars on my arm and placed me in a mental health ward. This roommate of his in the picture, would later validly claim that he was trying to get a job employed with NASA. Another roommate of his had a sole Super Mario tattoo from the cover of Super Mario 3 on his arm.
One time when I was hanging out with this friend whose father owned the Chinese restaurant, an odd occurrence happened where were in Cottonwood, one of the people were with somehow gained the ire of an entire school, what looked to be the whole high school showed up in a L.D.S. Church parking lot across from the house, we as only seven people went into the driveway to confront these people, I saw one pass a maser and ready to use it, I felt nearly no fear at the situation, and then they ended up just leaving after being coaxed that it was a misunderstanding.

I was once told a story by one of my closest friends that this father to this friend who owned the Chinese restaurant and their top chef use to be very involved in organized crime, even once burying a man in the desert.
This friend also coincidentally purchased a house just slightly down the street from the large eyed girl's sister's house that I went to high school with that caught me driving by her house in the middle of the night. New owners were in the house though, and they remodeled the house in a way that made me think it looked like a cardboard box had stones placed atop of it, making the house very unpleasant in appearance. I later wrote down a story idea based on how the house looked, title: "To Keep the Wind from…" This story would be a dramedy that involves a man and his wife going to his wife's sister's new house to discover it looks like a large cardboard box that has had stones set over the top of it. He then, uncaringly and honestly tells his sister-in-law in front of his wife what he thinks of the house, saying that it looks like a cardboard box with stones placed on it to keep it from blowing away. When his wife's brother-in-law arrives and asks him what he thinks of it, he says, "What are the stones for? To keep the wind from…" but gets stopped by his wife before he could finish the sentence. The entire rest of the film is completely a verbal fight between the man and his wife when they leave the house, go to a store, and then return to their apartment together.
I started dating for a brief time a thicker Polynesian girl that I in no way knew was acquainted with this friend of mine, and I figured that they set up me dating this Polynesian woman, because they were using human trafficking and passive aggressive behavior to keep me from being with my ex-girlfriend, who I actually wanted, and I think that they did this out of worry that I was showing it unnecessary to always have a woman around to have sex with, especially after becoming sexually active with one.
This friend was the brother of the person that I told to go checkout the music space location that allowed others to freely graffiti on the wall, and which led to the, "You're dead, animal" occurrence with the drumsticks.

When I was in junior high school, a very strange occurrence happened where I was flirting with a girl in my science class, she started manhandling me, she forced my head down, sat her bottom on the back of my head, but suddenly she started feeling a strong headache, and her nose started to bleed. I was confused and worried at what happened, and she said that she got migraines and nosebleeds often.

These unknown people in the metal community on Facebook who I added would place ridiculous videos that I questioned if they were even legal to have or to be posted online, along with me wondering why and where they were even able to get some of the videos. Many of them would show real ground view footage of a person committing suicide by jumping off a building or tall place, slamming against the ground and bouncing. One showed a video of an elderly Japanese man in a chicken coop having sex with one of his own chickens. Another showed two Hispanic children with their pants down, not even having an erection, using a stepladder to place their limp penises in a female donkey's vagina to hump the donkey. Another showed a one-armed African American man with an erection in a bathroom using his single free arm to hold his camera downward above him, as a toddler boy and a slightly older girl in the room who stood watching him at his side, and the toddler boy began to suck upon the man's erection. A later post by another person showed what happened to this one-armed man in the aftermath, having his face severely cut up, mangled, and stitched together. One video showed a possibly Hispanic or African American woman throw a toddler on a bed, begin stepping on her, and then using her own buttocks to land on her. Another video showed a man enter a bathroom in a possible Eastern Indian setting, and then the person filming put his camera over a bathroom stall to find a man with his pants down on top of a toddler girl, and the man being asked what he thinks he is doing, having the creepy man look up with surprise, getting off the little girl, and then pulling up his pants.
This all occurred in the months prior to me going to jail for around nine to ten months for stalking my ex-girlfriend.

As I said, my motor functions were being entirely controlled while I was considered to be stalking my ex-girlfriend, and I could not help what I was doing on a physical level, having someone entirely control the events over about two week or so of having me drive by her house, which is her family home, in order to see if the man she was with was still in the picture. I no longer had her number in my phone at the time, and, fed up with what I was doing, which involved constantly being made to play video games through the control of maser instruments, I was made to go over to her house and see if she still lived there, and if she was still with

her then boyfriend or spouse, or if she was available. Immediately I found that in her house's driveway were two vehicles that I had never seen before, nor knew who they belonged to, but one was a purple sports vehicle with the vanity plate SPYRO on it, referring to the purple dragon video game character Spyro. Another vehicle was a red sports vehicle of the same model, but I don't recall if it had a vanity plate or not. I figured that it was possible that these vehicles belonged to anyone of her family members, or possibly herself, or perhaps her boyfriend, who possibly was also her husband. I then remembered that when she came over to my house two Christmases prior, she had a blocky grey vehicle that she was in, so I didn't think that either of the vehicles were hers. The whole time that I was going over there, and each time after, I often had someone pretending to be Amy Schumer and an even poorer voiced Claudia O' Doherty speaking in my head and pretending to tell jokes. After the first time I went there, I was told and made to think to return sometime to the house later the next day to see if her vehicle would be there. Also, during this whole time, I was given the naïve thought that she would reciprocate my actions and come back to me. I was made to return there the next day, but I only found the same exact sight of the two sports vehicles in their driveway. They then had me drive around the city for a while, long distances, including all the way down State Street, and they were bringing up a now less appealing idea of mine to have women run the Senate, because they would be more likely to lookout for the welfare of children. I made this concept of a woman running the Senate instead in distain for the possibly all child predatory Senate currently in position. When I went back to the house, I parked for a bit to see if anyone would come out, so to perhaps see if her boyfriend or husband would leave the house and then confirm to me that she was still with him, in which case, if she was, I would have wanted to stop going over there.

I was being made also to believe that I was gaining material for a neo noire story that I came up with titled Marlow's. This story involved a house being staked out by police officers over the course of a day and having very strange occurrences and confusing behavior keep happening with random and different people constantly coming in and out of the house. This story idea, likely a film, would begin with a bunch of men approaching the door of the house during the middle of the night, kicking in the door, and then having them enter the darkness of the house. After this, throughout the story the house would no longer have a front door, but a sleeping bag would be taped over the door, acting as a cover for it. This event of the broken door in the story came to me from two sources: one being that I was doorbell ditching a school friend named Marlow in the middle of the night in High School with other friends in a vehicle, and our friend who went to go doorbell ditch this person's house went too far, taking a baseball with him, and using its butt to slam the door several times, placing a hole in the door; two is that a straight edge guy who use to always intimidate me was very poor and had no door on the front of his house, and instead had a sleeping bag taped over it. I then developed in my head a detective story focused on a house that had a sleeping bag over its door from being broken in at the starting point of the story. This story first had some supernatural elements to it, but I stripped them of the story to take a strange, surreal, but realistic approach to it.

I would go to my ex-girlfriend's house at least once over the next several days with people telling jokes in my head, and me not successfully discovering whether she was still with her boyfriend. Around the fourth day into doing this, I saw that her grey block-shaped vehicle was parked in the street. The next day, I discovered that the red sports vehicle in the driveway belonged to some unknown woman who looked a relative to her. I still had not confirmed if the purple sports car with the vanity plate SPYRO had belonged to her boyfriend or not. I did not see her boyfriend nor their child anywhere the whole time that I would be doing this. I figured that it was still possible that she was with him, and that they just used the same vehicle.

Another thing started to occur that I could not help. I started to message her on Facebook. First, I would send her pictures of old celebrities, especially Rita Hayworth, but eventually they started having me send random pornography to her, only some of it that even had seen before, including pictures and videos, and that kept having me tell her that I loved her no matter what, giving even odd circumstances to which would test my love, but still would not be dissuaded, claiming the only case of this not being true would be if she was a child pervert. This included me bringing up maser use, and me claiming that I would even love her if it turned out to be her being the one sexually assaulting me through maser use. Other things that I would tell her was that I would love her if she were a porn star, a bisexual, incapable of monogamy, and many other things of the sort.

On a following day, I would drive by her house, and as I was driving down her street, she was she driving in the opposite direction. I got a good look at her while she passed by. She didn't look at me, nor did she acknowledge me, but she looked pretty upset for some reason. I then kept driving in the opposite direction,

not attempting to follow her, and I then drove out of her neighborhood, then after having people constantly telling jokes in my head as I drove around.
At some point during all this, they had me send her Facebook messages many pornographic cartoon drawings of her that I was made to draw on a small notepad.
On the next day, I went to my ex-girlfriend's house, parked on the corner in a cul-de-sac facing her house, wearing a COVID-19 mask, which was appropriate at the time, and stayed there for about an hour with nothing happening. I then had a neighbor arrive to my window and ask me what I was doing, realizing that I was just staring at the house. I was going to make up the excuse that I was attempting to serve a person in the house a subpoena, but was stopped, made unable to, and then I had someone speak the excuse that I was there to meet up with a girl that I met online named Jenny. The neighbor did not buy what I was saying. I said, "This is awkward. I'm just going to take off." I then drove away as the neighbor watched.
A following day I would use a different location further from the cul-de-sac to again watch the house, again also with no success.
The following day, I sent her some postcards to her house by mail explaining my affection for her, and, although I know I put enough postage on them, for some reason they would get returned.
The next day, I didn't leave the house. During the night though, I was made to play video games for a long time, and then I was forced to watch pornography with no interest in it whatsoever, with the final video being an animated 3D video of the Resident Evil 2 character Clair Redfield being penetrated on a desk in a repeated motion, which was not my idea to watch. Immediately, after this I was made to go to my ex-girlfriend's house in the middle of the night, park there, and wait for a while. I had no criminal intentions in my head and no sexual thoughts about what was occurring, especially not criminal sexual thoughts. After some time of people talking in my head and nothing happening, I then went home and went to bed.
The next day, I went to her house in the middle of the day and the two strange looking men that I previously described as looking like sex offenders had been hanging out in the backyard side of her house when I drove by. Later, I would check by her house again, and I would see her mother leaving the house and getting into the purple sports vehicle with the SPYRO vanity plate. I then figured that she likely broke-up with her boyfriend and was now living with her mother at home again, and a possible cousin or aunt. I still didn't want to risk going to do the door, and I was still sending messages to her Facebook account, but with no reply. I then was given the idea to start giving her gifts in her mailbox, such as first beginning with many cartoons and video games notes in boxes, which could not be replaced, as a sign of trust. I then went over there, placed them in her mailbox, closed the lid, and then drove off. The next day I would place the handmade Japanese combs that I kept giving her if we ever got back together inside the mailbox. I then would later get a phone call from some unknown caller, which I did not answer. When I listened to the voicemail, it turned out to be her boyfriend telling me to leave her alone or else she was going to the police. I ignored this, possibly figuring he was just jealous, and if she meant to do so, she would have called me herself. There was also a precedence in our relationship where she once had him tell me to leave her alone after people controlled me to send her a picture and video of myself naked and masturbating to her, and I even had the police called on me telling her to leave her alone, but then she came over to my place, started to call me a few times after, and this led to the incident when she was working at the bank at night, which was my branch with its account well into the negative. Following this occurrence of me being told to stop going by her house and giving her gifts, I figured that the same thing would happen again, where I was told not to do something but other people, but she would return to me anyways if I continued trying.
The next day I would go to her house and leave an abstract painting that I made of her with a distorted image of herself. I would then be made to just drive around in my head, hearing people either being malicious to me or telling jokes. I would then get a phone call again, which I would not answer. The number had all zeros across it, so I figured that it was nobody worth answering, but it turned out to be someone claiming themselves a police officer telling me to leave her alone. I then ignored it, figuring that police would call from a valid phone number rather than some faking looking one, and that maybe her boyfriend used some strange service to try to intimate me to stay away from her.
I then left and went and drove around or possibly drove home. The next day, I was driving around her neighborhood and notes were placed on all the houses' doors. I then figured that this was a stupid trick to see if I would approach the doors to see if there was anything written on them. I just drove off. At some point during this happening, I walked from my house to her neighborhood, which is a far distance, walking about her neighborhood, playing with a somewhat expensive yo-yo as I passed her house, and then I circled around

the block. After this I walked back home. The next day, I was made to go to a magazine shop, buy some pornographic magazines, made to look at them with no interest in them in a nearby L.D.S. Church to her house, showed no arousal or interest in them, and then drove by her house again. Someone in my head with a female voice told me to throw the magazines on her lawn, which I did not do.
The next day, I was driving around during the afternoon, and some man had an old Hudson Hornet vehicle which he was cruising around in in the area, which I was made to have given me a false sense that all that I was doing was cruising around also, as this was set up by those manipulating the situation. That night, I went over to her house very late to discover her vehicle was not there. I parked and was being attacked by static and voices in my head the whole time. I wanted to see if she would arrive back to her house and have her boyfriend with her to confirm them still together, rather than him just being jealous and trying to deter me from her. I became tired as I sat in the vehicle and waited, feeling very awful and harassed, but I still fell asleep for about over thirty minutes. When I was woken up by a pulse and someone being loud in my head, I found that her vehicle was now parked in the street outside of her house. The maser instruments were also giving me a very terrible feeling, as if they were causing static all over the inside of my bones, having a stiff and grating feeling on my neck bones and upper spine. People were also harassing me at the same time. I maintained my composure completely, although I was very disappointed that I was unable to see her leave her vehicle and if she had anyone accompanying her. I then turned on my car, harassed and in pain, and drove off home, still feeling the grating static felling on the inside of my bones. When I got home, I just went to bed again.
I discovered that what I mailed her was being oddly returned to me the next day. On a previous day I had witnessed the mail person delivering mail to her house, and this woman looked like the woman who played Starla in the film Napoleon Dynamite. I then ignored the returned mail. My mother is the one who brought it in. She knew that I was trying to get back with my ex-girlfriend, and she informed me that I better not be stalking her, because if I get arrested, I could be incarcerated for quite some time, and they did not want to pay for me to be bailed out.
I was forced again to go over to her house the next night, and one of her front windows were illuminated yellow despite it being late and all the known vehicles were present. Someone told me to go investigate the window in my head, which I am a sensible and reasonable person, having both tact and common sense, while also not liking perverts, so I knew very well not to do.
I would be made the next day to drop off the scrolls and artwork in tin cookie cans for my handwritten novel Cardboard Country, along with a fifth scroll of it that I had failed to scan beforehand. This again was considered an act of trust that she would hold onto the materials and keep them safe, so to show my trust in her. I parked at the nearby L.D.S. Church, walked to her house, snuck up to her porch, dropped the tin cookie canisters on the door, even though it was raining, and then quickly walked away, got in my car, and then drove off.
The next day, I went out to be some new shoes from the Fashion Place Mall during the afternoon, because I had been walking around in nothing but sandals. I bought some shoes and then came home to discover the police waiting for me at my front door with my mother. I drove up in my driveway, started speaking with them, I told them about space fraud and how masers could control a person's electrical signals in their body, and then they made to arrest me. I gave my mother the bag with my new shoes in it, and my wallet, phone, and keys, and then was handcuffed and placed inside their vehicle and transported to a jail location.
I didn't say anything angry or upsetting towards my ex-girlfriend, not even in my mind.

I have written the events above worse than I would wish to write them, because my brain is very dulled by maser instruments now, and I am not certain that the events are entirely in order, but each of the events did happen at some point.

I spent nine to ten months in the jail, sometime in a regular pod, sometime in a mental health pod seemingly full of sex offenders, and then sometime in a forensic mental health ward with a few sex offenders and people seeming to fake their mental illness, with me still explaining maser instruments and their abilities to the service workers during interviews. Following my release, I was placed on ankle monitor for a while, had it removed after a number of months, and then some months later my ex-girlfriend would contact me, despite her having a restraining order on me, we would go to the Jordan Landing film theater parking lot in her vehicle during one night to make out and hold each other for a while, her straddled on top of me in her

backseat, and she would tell me that her motivation for having contacted me and wanting to make out was that she just wanted to imagine me "jerking off" to her, which I assumed was her desiring to see inside my head with maser instruments how my thoughts towards her were while masturbating in the future, along with other people inspecting my brain and mental state.

A motivation for all this, at least I hope, because I am left in the dark, as I say, was not just about my previously stated worry with everyone about sexual criminals and maser use existing together, but also a worry of stalkers, even if they came from a previous relationship with a person. For instance, if a husband threatens to kill his wife, or an ex-boyfriend threatens to kill his ex-girlfriend, they cannot just be trusted to move a distance away, even clear across the country, when they could possibly do harm to their ex with the maser instruments, especially having threatened to harm the person that they were formerly with, and it is possible to even have a person not take a violent turn towards someone they were in a relationship with even under severe circumstances, which have been demonstrated by me to those connected to me and knowing the thoughts inside my head.

I only possibly felt anger towards my ex-girlfriend a few times when we were dating, which occurred at work at the FedEx call center, and it's possible it wasn't even me and I was controlled doing it. I was sitting in an interview with my manager, listening to phone calls that I had previously done, having them graded, with my then girlfriend in my view through a cubicle window. She got up to take a break, had my L.D.S. employee that sat right next to me pat her bottom with a paper plate in his hand, surprising her, this all being pretty workplace inappropriate, and I immediate felt upset at it. After work, I sat in my apartment in the dark with light only coming though my blinds, which I usually didn't do, probably having someone trying to set a cinematic mood, and I texted her asking if something was happening between her and this coworker who sat next to me. She then texted back stating it that it was none of my business. Again, I would be a bit upset, but I just ignored it. Another time, she said that we were through with each other during a workday, and I stomped out of work when the day was through, me getting off work while before she would, and I kept driving back and forth in the industrial area where we worked, wanting to go home, then changing my mind and then wanting to see if I could wait and talk to her on her break, and then would try to go home again, repeating this several times over, speeding and breaking hard, but ultimately I just decided to go home. Nothing violent ever occurred in my mind. While we were in the relationship, I did, of course, feel worried that she was seeing someone else, and I drove by her house very early in the morning to find her vehicle not there. I would feel hurt and worry more than anything. We would still talk at work on occasions, and she once told me that some person she knew, another man, placed in a new stereo on her birthday, which I considered was her saying that she was seeing someone else.

I would spend many years controlled and harassed by maser instruments after quitting FedEx, not knowing what was happening with my ex-girlfriend, because she had next to no online presence, not even a Facebook account, while people would make me believed certain that I would one day get my ex-girlfriend back, but after several years, I was made to look her up online through Google, found she had a very owned Instagram account that she had placed several photographs on, and I then discovered that she had a boyfriend for quite some time and that she had a child with him. I at first could not even bare to look at the thing. After two months, I was inspired by others to look at it again, and then I felt sad and began driving around aimlessly for a few hours crying, and people had obviously set the situation up, because they kept having people in other cars have handicap signs hanging from their mirror, in order to convey that I was acting in a mentally-handicap manner.

People connected to my head and speaking to me, who had ill-intentions, would later try to make me angry at her now boyfriend and her young child, using maser instruments and even their own rage towards the situation, but it would never take.

More recently, in perhaps even the last year, I discovered she probably has a second child, legally without stalking her, from the online activities of others, and who knows what else is going on with her, but I immediately brushed it off.

I believe that most reasonable people connected to my thoughts have concluded that even a dangerous person from a once consensual relationship possibly even if only motivated in their violent behavior, actions, and intentions towards a former partner through emotion should not be existing. This likely also includes such actions, behaviors, and intentions in a current relationship. On the floor of Home Depot, I also came to the conclusion and advised in my opinion to others in my head that if a problem motivated by a romantic relationship caused the person to seek vengeance even to the point of killing their present or former partner, or

causing the death of a person, that the criminal should go with their victim in death, as having such romantic feelings for their partner was so dire in their perspective that it meant their own likely death itself by committing the crime, even if it could be considered a spur of the moment crime of passion.

There's a busy street north of my neighborhood that I constantly have a reoccurring thought while turning right on, probably assisted with help through maser use, about how much unreasonable and serial killer behavior has been acted upon me out of desperation on behalf of criminals. The reason I recall this is because right on the corner to turn on the street someone was bringing up the serial killer behavior acted on homosexuals, claiming them victims of extreme circumstances, mockingly saying, "You don't know what it feels like to be oppressed!" and I'm extremely certain that I have had more unreasonable and crazed behavior acted upon me than most homosexuals, African Americans, and Jewish people have ever been made to have directed towards them, feeling physical pain, bullying, torture, humiliation, oppression, and degradation, and even suppression of my opinions and thoughts, day in and day out for over a decade, and even further back than that. Someone also said after this, "We took our serial killer actions and thoughts and then cranked them up to a million!" This line is really instilled in my memory. Many criminals like to claim that degradation and oppression molded them into the criminals that they are, especially religious, African American, and sex offender criminals, so people were using me to make certain they had no argument and that everything they were saying was invalid and a plain lie. It's possible that the film 500 Days of Summer (2009) had its title inspired by the film Salò*,* or The 120 Days of Sodom (1976), and although possibly having the film's writers create their work on their own experiences, ultimately had it directed at me as well. To properly title a film based on the behavior towards me performed by other people, it would be called 3,650 Days, and Then Some, of Sodom.

When I went to jail, I was placed in jail cells and pods with several more reasonable African American males, although a few religious ones, who were there more based on being criminals of circumstances, with their crimes that they were accused of occurring more likely based on unexpected accidents, rather than them blatantly just committing a crime, at least from the stories that they related, although their behaviors and dispositions fit what they were claiming. This occurred mainly the whole time for about over five months before I was placed in the mental health pods. One man was Sudanese and a bodyguard for the Utah Jazz, who had gotten in a domestic dispute with his significant other, while also having a restraining order on him and having children with this woman, explaining that she invited him there and then suddenly turned on him, using the restraining order to incarcerate him. This person basically told me stories about working as a bouncer and bodyguard all night, while also explaining personal stories of other things in his life. Before he started to do this though, I genuinely thought that he might have wanted to kill me for what I was politically stating in my head, because he started talking about Jeffrey Epstein's jailhouse suicide while ringing a towel in his hand and looking at me. Although he was tall and stronger than me, I was up on my top bunk, and ready to throw my blanket over his head and start pummeling him if he attacked. He just then used the towel to do pushups on the ground. I listened to his stories, but eventually he started talking about a woman he knew who was promiscuous and would sleep with anyone, and hints in his story resembled descriptions of my ex-girlfriend, but his story didn't even seem believable, because he sounded like he was making everything up, and kind of began spacing in his speech. After trading conversations with this other inmate, I told him he should think about writing some of his experiences as a bouncer and as a guard for the sports players that he worked for. Before I was being made to move cells, which would place in a large open pod, and told this inmate about the maser instruments, figuring perhaps they caused to incident with him and his significant other, telling him if he feels angry, upset, or some strange feeling out of nowhere, to just literally do nothing, because it just might not be him and his brain causing the feelings.

When I had been moved to the open pod, I was placed in a cell with a skateboarder in for drug use, who slightly resembled my ex-girlfriend and had his front teeth highly broken while skateboarding. Another inmate looked like my ex-girlfriend's boyfriend and Howard Hughes mixed. One man came off as a possible sex offender with the dirty habit of leaving uneaten food sitting everywhere and called himself a wizard, while also writing a fictional fantasy story on lined paper. Two of the other inmates, who were African in origin, was a person who claimed to be religious and having trouble with child support and being with the wrong person at the wrong time in what he didn't know was a stolen vehicle, and another man was an actual Congolese man, who was a refuge in the United States, and use to be involved in a Pentecostal African church as a singer and dancer, who was found to be drunk driving just slightly over what the legal blood alcohol level

would be in every state in the U.S.A. besides Utah, having registered an 0.082 with Utah being at a 0.05 and the rest of the U.S.A. being around a 0.08, and got in a vehicular accident killing a woman, also causing him an injured rib that would protrude a little from his side. The skateboard that looked slightly like my ex-girlfriend, but male talked to me about certain things in the jail and was released that night after around 8 months in the cell, giving me his final packet of ramen. I would be in this pod for around over four months, until I was forced into the mental health pod by my lawyer's team, despite the fact I did not want to be moved there and would eventually find the mental health pod a far more depressing place. A few days after being in the open pod, another Sudanese American would enter the pod in my bedding quarters, who I recognized previously from the nearby gym to my house, where he and another person almost got in a fight during a basketball game that I was involved in, and got in the middle of and broken up before the fight occurred. This Sudanese American had been jailed after getting in a physical fight with another person, having been stabbed in the process and having the wound to show for it, often covered by a patch on his body. They were all fun people to be around, and we often would play the card game Spades and Cutthroat after I learned to play them. Eventually, the Sudanese American would be removed of the pod, while also an illegal Mexican immigrant young man was switched into our bunk cell, and this person had an abundance of money from a relative, often buying large amounts of commissary food, which he would share. I would talk books with African American man in my cell, who was interested in Westerns and especially books by Louis L'Amour, strangely enough, and he said that he was getting more interested in classic literature, which often is all I mostly desire to read. I gave him a list of books that he should check out. The Congolese man, who was short, and I would tell those in my head validly reminded me of an African Harpo Marx, I would attempt to have teach me Swahili words, writing them down when he did, but then I would have him stubborn about it other times. He claimed to speak up to six languages, with one of his languages almost sounding a bit lamb-like in sound but was an actual African language that was described in a world information book that I had within my six allowed books in my cell. I attempted to speak broken French to him quite often, because his English was bad, but would start to sometimes use Swahili words that I mostly now forgot. I would also try to teach him some better English, while also trying to make it so he didn't not say things in English so choppy, but with a relaxed manner. He would also sometimes go outside with everyone and perform African dances and songs by himself. Other inmates would often be degrading and mean to him, although still friendly, in a somewhat biting humor. He used to work at the Salt Lake City International Airport in a restaurants kitchen before getting arrested. I would often sit and try to make entertainment ideas and drawings all through my incarceration. I would often write these ideas on note paper, placing them in mailing envelopes in bulk, and then I would send them home to keep safe. I started to take some of the Swahili words that my Congolese cellmate would teach me and make songs from them. He told me that the Swahili word for dog was *mbwa*, and I thought it a good and funny word, so I started to make a song about a large black dog that stole a chicken, but he would not tell me some word meanings, so I filled some of it with French, but for all I know I was just using some made up words also. The main portion of this song was me saying "*Mbwa, mbwa, mbwa-u,"* repeatedly, and my Congolese cellmate would be critical and say, "You just keep saying 'doggy, doggy, doggy!' over and over again!" I added in a part where the black dog who has stolen the chicken has torn it apart, then begins to read the chicken's innards like a book, so I wrote down, *"Sku kuku comme kitabu!"* which I was meaning to say, "Opens chicken like a book!" having to use a French word within it, because my Congolese cellmate was really being stubborn at the time about teaching the word, "like." I am unable to find the full but small song in my papers, but I remember ending it in, *"Anasoma kidonda, po, et plume! Puwa ya mbwa ni nyakundu!"* which I assumed to sing, "Reads blood, bone, and feathers! Dog's nose is red!" After finishing mostly what I had and relating the song to my Congolese cellmate, he repeated back, "Pua! Ya mbwa! Ni nyakundu!" not leavening any indications to being impressed with it. I would also try to make a later verses that included *"Mtu, mtu, mtu-u,"* with *"mtu"* meaning "man," and the verse having a man angry at the dog that stole his chicken, and then another verse that had *"Mungu, Mungu, Mungu-u,"* with *"Mungu"* meaning "God," and the verse explaining God being mad at the dog and trying to attack it with lightning. I would later write an idea for this as a folder within a folder labeled My Children's Books Ideas under the title *Mbwa Mkubwa Mweusi*, which means Big Black Dog. The original title was *Mbwa Mkubwa Kimagfu*, which was supposed to mean the same thing, but I could not find the word *kimagfu* anywhere when being able to research Swahili on a computer. Another song that I made from the Swahili words that he taught me was more of a jingle and I imagined it to be able to be used in a children song in an African children's television show, not knowing if it even made sense. The jingle was:

Jua ni toto,
gwana mwenzi,
Ardhi ya mama, a
Za bebe, za bebe!

And as far as I knew from what he taught me, I was saying:

Sun is baby,
Father's Moon,
Mother's Earth, and
The wife, the wife!

This matched another instance in my life when I assembled and made a French lullaby for a children's story that I began to write about a monster named either a Chronoteau or an Oubliare, who lives in a watch, and causes Alzheimer's, which I began to write when I was attending a college French course, playing on words that sounded alike, which went:

Je suis le monstre dan le montre,
Tu et qui j'haunte,
Quand c'est nuit
Je me monte
Dans ton tete
Ou je prende
Et arrache
Quelque pensées!

Which translates :

I am the monster in the watch,
You are who I haunt,
When it's night
I mount myself
Inside your head
Where I take
And pluck
Some thoughts [or pansies, with thoughts and pansies being the same word in French].

The tiny monster, either named the Chronoteau or the Oubliare, would sing this song as he climbed out of a pocket watch, made his way to an old man's head, and stole his thoughts as he slept at night. I can read French alright, but sometimes have difficulty understanding when it is spoken. When I went to Paris on vaction, I had a pretty big handbag, and on my return home it was filled with books of French literature that I received from shops there, mostly being classical works.

He would later teach me that the Swahili words for fire, *moto,* was also used as the same word for warm and hot, and that the word for airplane, *ndege*, also meant exactly bird, too, which he humorously told me as if embarrassed. I would later write down that a good name for two stories, which could possibly be made into children's stories, was Moto na Moto, and Ndege na Ndege.
This Congolese man was a strange and bizarre character, especially in the fact that he matched a story idea that I had come up with. Knowing very well that I was being watched through my head, and feeling as if an animal in a zoo, I would have my Facebook feed relate stories where African people were place in human zoos. I then wrote down the title The Human Zoo in a file folder labelled My Books, also having no description put to it after, as I sometimes do have a description, but the words following it were just (Title Only), as I also often sometimes do, with me just considering it an interesting, controversial, and provocative

title not having a story to it yet. I would later develop this story to have an African man, his wife, and his child, sold by his people and bought by a French zoo, to be displayed as a human zoo exhibit, placed among the animals in the zoo. The reason that he is purchased is because his purchaser enjoyed the singing and dancing of him, his wife, and his family, so his purchaser figured that they could perform for the patrons at the zoo. The story would be in three parts: The first part would have him and his family displayed within the zoo among the animals, having patrons of various origins, but mostly French, come and go, looking at him and his family, and sometimes performing songs and dances for them. The second part has the man and his family released from the zoo, given a small pittance to survive on, and they find themselves homeless on the streets of Paris. They then see a busker performing songs for money, and they start busking for money also, singing and dancing for people of many varieties and cultures, but, again, mostly French people. As they perform, they also people watch, seeing odd people come and go. The busking gives them enough money to afford some housing. The third part has the man and his family accused of murder and cannibalism of a Frenchman found dead on the streets, and appearing to have been slightly eaten, and they are blamed for the act, believing them savages from Africa. The man gets placed alone in a French prison that is somewhat of a different zoo, having people of many different cultures, races, and ethnicities, and lots of them acting like animals. The book's story would express that despite this man not being aware of or understanding the French culture, being considered primitive, he functions within the country without being criminal for a short time, and then gets placed in a prison setting through prejudice full of criminals, where he does not act in the same criminal manner as them, though they surround him, with him being mostly kind and humorous in nature.

I often turn most situations into art, even if just ideas for art, inspired by things occurring to and around me, even if situations seem awful at the time, and others do the same.

A thing that I consider to be teaching people is that a person should prove the value of their existence, rather than expecting things based simply on their superficial appearances and origins or a possible history of oppression because of them, desiring they show themselves good and valuable persons that can be respected. I like to hope to convey that people do not deserve to live simply because they breath, but they need to show their value and importance to others by doing good in the world.

Many of the people that I meant in jail could really benefit with having had the maser public knowledge and able to survey a person's mind, telling whether they are innocent or guilty by attaching to their brain and having them relate what is inside their head, perhaps through memory triggers possibly caused by entertainment being given, but others would definitely not benefit from having their minds surveyed, such as people while aware of their guilt and people faking mental illness. When I later worked at Home Depot, I would see cases of this happen in online videos and in the news also, such as repeatedly having a story where a young woman in a bar accused a man of rape, and the man was acquitted simply because there was video of the woman being flirty with the man earlier in the bar, prior to them leaving together and going to a hotel room. The judge had faulty logic in the fact that anything could have occurred in the hotel room after that she did not like and even told him to stop, and it would have been great to be able to survey both their minds and find the truth of the matter. I would one day be driving to a nearby fast food restaurant after working at Home Depot, found myself going passed the fast food restaurant that I desired to go to, instead had myself giving the music advice towards popular bands with a large set list to only start making singles and extended plays, and then found myself driving to another fast food restaurant while having people make me believe that I would someday be surveying the minds of criminals to find innocence or guilt, or that I was teaching people how to perform it. Again, there is the worry of entering a mind of highly disturbed and dysfunctional individual and feeling things that one does not want to feel.

The concept for the film idea Nine Lifers first started as a comedy segment in my head where a prison guard is dealing with hardened and violent criminals, and he comes to a cell of a very criminal and threatening African American man behind bars, the prison guard gets in a verbal exchange with him for a moment while interrogating the criminal about something that occurred in the pod, the prison guard says to him, "I'm just trying to see how you think, Donovan!" and the prisoner to be further intimidating and scary, says the cliched inmate line, "You don't want to see in my mind! What's in my head will scare you the rest of your life!" The prison guard just walks away, the prisoner just sits down on his bunk, he starts eating some commissary while staring into space, and then the camera zooms into his eyes, seeing what is inside his head, and there it is found what is inside of his head, which is just him imagining himself riding unicorns on rainbows, speaking with leprechauns and pixies, and magically flying through the air on adventures.

I had some uncles and relatives of mine become prison guards in the Salt Lake City Prison System, one that became a detective, and then three closer friends that I went to high school with also became prison guards, so I wondered if this was not a coincidence.

During my stay in the regular open pod, I would have odd things occur, such as me laying back on my lower bed, feeling a variety of recorded feelings, and giving a demon name to them, as I liked to come up with often one-word names for demons, such Knock and Worthless. I just kept experiencing feeling sensations, one after another, and then giving them a name, such as Tired, Sadness, Anxious, Worry, Anger, and so forth, and I came up with a large list of them. I concluded that most inmates become very anxious because of my experience in jail, because a person has no idea what is going to happen to them, which I was concerned with myself about. When I would eventually place to the mental health pod, having been transferred from the pod I was enjoying, I arrived while a body was being taken out in a body bag, having been given stories of other inmates finding ways to commit suicide in the jails, such as by jumping off the top tiers, running their heads into walls, and ingesting large amounts of their sleeping medication. The open pod really was a lot like summer camp, except for some possible fights, where the prisoners would not do much except talk, watch movies, play games, and eat or make food, but there was still the problem of not knowing how long your incarceration will last, and the possibility of spending many long years incarcerated, which if I fought my stalking charge, adamant to my innocence, which I did not do, I risked to have the judge at court put me in prison for five years, despite having no dangerous behavior attributed to my case within my head. I also arrived to the thought, that a stalking charge where the convicted showed no violence could have the criminal buy the victim home security, along with them paying a large fine, but also came up with the idea that the convicted could be removed from the state at a far distance of some other state, never to be allowed to be returned, having a parole and probation visa card assigned to them that would only function in the state where they were desired by the authorities to be placed. The authorities then can place them in a state where employment and jobs are heavily available and expected for them to gain an occupation.

My idea for the “debit system” and criminals paying for their crimes instead of expecting taxes to take care of them surprisingly began before being incarcerated, because I got upset at the fact that criminals are often made allowed to keep money and materials gained from their crimes. I singled out lesser drug dealers in this thought, where they gain a living from committing crimes, paying for their food, housing, and also larger things like vehicles, but then are arrested, having taxpayers keep them confined and the public suffering financially even more for what they did, and they or their family still benefitted what was gained from committing crimes, and I thought it better to make an estimate of how much the drug dealer gained in their crimes, making them pay the price of what was believed gained back to the government, even forcing a liquidation of things they own, even if it is very valuable to them, to pay the fines and amount gained, and then allow free to parole or probation to get an actual job instead. The criminal should be paying society back financially instead of having the public financially pay for their crimes. This would also reduce the criminal in possibly becoming a more hardened criminal. I would realize that this would make it so there was no money in being a professional criminal. Criminals would then also benefit from not losing their spouse or significant other from being incarcerated over a long duration, while also expected to compensate victims, having their finances heavily monitored by a parole and probation officer. This would also help to avoid any form of welfare being sought for the spouse of a criminal.

Because some of the happenings in jail were so humorous and almost television brand comedic, I had an idea for a sitcom show titled Cellies, which would be about a jail pod that has inmates constantly coming and going, and some of the inmate characters stay around a while for a season, but there is no permanent inmate character in the show, really, and the jail guards are usually the main character fixtures in the show. One of the premier moments in the first episode of the television series show would involve the open pods top and bottom tiers being washed and mopped, some inmate thinking he is cool and not needing to help, and while standing around outside a cell, thinking he is cool, one of the inmates on the top tier unwittingly drops a wet mop rag on his head, which dangles on his head and shoulders, and he begins ridiculously screaming, “Awwww!” not taking the rag off himself, which something similar did happen while I was there. Another happening on the show is that a kind of normal guy who was in the pods for a few episodes is there for a brief time, but suddenly gets transformed from the pod, and everyone is alright with him, and there’s this large farewell with him taking all his things, putting them in his blanket, him exchanging hand hugs and gestures with everyone, and they leaving the pod with a giant blanket of items over his shoulder, but everyone in the open pod immediately just starts being extremely mean in opinion and critical about him, them having had

acted friendly to him the whole time, but they have many angry views about him instead. Another instance that could be borrowed and placed in the show was there was a burly man who was forced to change pods in the middle of attempting to shave his whole head, and he arrived into the open pod, looking as if Pikachu was shaved in the back of his head as the sole patch of hair left on the top of head. A further instance had a me spot a mouse jumping over a cell's divider wall and running across a wall while everyone was forced to remain in their cells and not in the open area, I was the first one to see it, I yelled, "There's a mouse!" and Vietnamese inmate with a prison style tattoo of a spider by the thumb and index finger on his top right hand jumped from his cell with a few other inmates, began to chase the mouse, he caught it by the tail with his bare hands, pinching the tail with his spider tattooed thumb and index finger, and then swung it on the ground killing it. My Congolese cellmate then said, *"Panya!"* which is Swahili for "mouse." I then explained how the mouse came out of one of the jail cells in the corner, and that it probably was rummaging around in a certain inmate's commissary box for a while, getting food, and this certain inmate did not appreciate me telling others such a thing. The characters in the show would be constantly trying to invent new ways to make better makeshift meals from commissary foods and left over food from trays.

I learned what street books were in the jails, not aware of their existence: them being books based on street and gangster lifestyle. Challenging myself, I started to try to think of a street book story in my head that could have literary merit, having read a small portion of one of them, knowing well how badly they had been written and the sordid quality of the narratives within them, having also had explained stories within other street books by inmates. I read that Dostoevsky's novels took the crime genre, which often was a genre considered to have lesser works, and he made crime genre novels that were refined and had strong literary merit, so this inspired me in trying to mirror this with a street book. The best story that I could come up with stole a bit from my previous cellmate who was a bodyguard for the Utah Jazz. I started playing Spades and Cutthroat daily, really liking the game, which is popular with inmates. Both games are the same, but Cutthroat is played in singles instead of pairs in a game of four people. The game involves making guesses and collecting "books" with thirteen books possible in the deck of fifty-two cards. I then thought to make a novel consisting of thirteen very short books of fifty-two chapters, and each chapter having four cards in it, with each chapter being titled after a card within a deck of cards. I then made to imagine that the main character was similar to this former cellmate bouncer and bodyguard that I had, having his story of him being a tall and strong African American man first starting out bouncing clubs, having gained an occupation as a bouncer in a strip club at sixteen, lying about his age, although looking old enough, him working in various clubs after, then growing to work as a bodyguard for various musical celebrities and baseball players. I then thought to have each card named chapter be cleverly applied to the situations happening in the book's narrative. The suit of the card in the chapter title would be very important to the story's happenings. For instance, chapters in the book that are suited clubs would be about him either working in a club or being found in a club; chapters suited hearts would be often about his personal love life with a woman and also his acting as a bodyguard for celebrities, including pop stars; chapters suited spades would be about him being placed in jail, often with his crime having to do with his occupation as a bouncer and bodyguard, and then him being involved in games of Spades with other cellmates; and then chapters suited diamonds would often have to do with him working as a bouncer for baseball players, and sometimes his married life, giving his wife a diamond ring. The novel's chapters would follow what would occur in a game of Spades or Cutthroat, chapter card by chapter card. Giving examples to how the cards are cleverly assigned to chapters, the first chapter would be titled Two of Clubs, and it would be about him and a friend getting jobs as bouncers at a local strip club. Other chapters would be such things as Ace of Diamonds being about him working for a very high-profile baseball player as a personal bouncer. King of Spades would be about an extremely professional and criminal inmate Spades player that he comes across in jail. I was originally just calling this possible story Spades, but I thought the title might be offensive, so I started to title it Jack of Clubs, as a play on words that he is a worker in various clubs. I then first thought to have the whole story written in rap verse or prose rap verse but also consider it possible to be a mix of Ebonics, phonetical black American speech, throwing in French, African, and Middle Eastern languages.

I kept writing down examples to what sentences in this novel would appear like, somewhat worried and considered what I was writing was offensive instead, hiding it from my cellmates as I wrote it, but also telling one of them, my cellmate that was the African American man interested in Westerns and classical literature, of the story idea that I came up with. Any early example of rap verse moments in the novel that I tested was focused on my Congolese cellmate. This was what I wrote:

This n—gaz from the Congo,
He's got trouble talkin' though,
His savage English comes off silly,
Then turns to be French and frilly.
Talkin' with him can be hilly,
Sittin' in our cell where it's chilly.

Before I went to jail, I had a humorous thought of a man coming across offensive graffiti about African people being depicted in Walt Disney Co. works, such as one of the Princess and the Frog depicting its female princess Tiana well in the graffiti, but a cartoon speech bubble from her mouth reads, "Theez n—gaz 're tryin' ta ged mi ta kizz a frawg!" and then another graffitied wall found shows a cartoon version of Ariel from the Little Mermaid with black skin tones, and she is saying in her speech bubble, "Yo! Iv they axe mi ta commi' zuizide, lige in tha fury tail, I ain' doin' i'! I then thought of the book Trainspotting by Irving Welch and how it uses phonetic language and Scottish slang, and thought that a whole story could be written from a narrator, likely the main character of the African American bouncer, in such a fashion as blurred speech, Ebonics, street language, English and black slang, and borrowed words from African, Middle Eastern, and French culture. There were also two Arabic speakers at one time in my open pod, and it would sometimes seem like all their Arabic speech would obscure words together, and I figured most people even speaking English sometimes blur words together in the same manner. I often even do this myself. A prime example of this is I and others asking the question, "You didn't get it?" as "Y'i'i'n't ged i'?" almost making the word seem Arabic and not even English. I then wondered if a person would even be able to understand a book written in such a way. There's a Brazilian book titled The Devil to Pay in the Backland that is supposed to be extremely difficult to translate into other languages, because it uses colloquial Brazilian words and Portuguese, and I imagine such a thing would occur if a book was produced with this writing. Difficult novels are some of my favorite things in the world, so I found this thought to be very appealing. I consider them to help build a better imagination, especially when they use interesting ways of communicating and unique speech in writing. I started to write down a list of test sentences on how this African American bouncer character's speech would be written. Here are some examples:

"I don't necessarily speak the Queen's English!"

"I do'n nizizar'lee speeg tha Kween'z Eenglige!"

"I've become use to walking the floor with the strobe lights flashing and bright colors in my eyes and blinking in the pitch dark."

I'v become uze ta walkin' tha flur wit' tha strobz flajin' brite col'r'z 'n m'eyez, 'n' bling'n 'n tha pij dargk."

"Pow! and huff, huff! —Desmond struck the n—ger right in his throat!

"Pow! 'n' huv, huv! — Dezmin' strug tha n—ga ried 'n 'iz throed!"

"I told the n—ger to bounce, but he stayed in my face, eyes matching mine, with his brow and mouth arching inwards, tempting to touch. He then made the mistake of pushing me in the chest when I was just looking for a strike in the jaw. My knuckles rocketed up, zipping passed his chest, and crashing his loose jaw shut."

"I tol' tha n—ga ta bounz, bu' 'e stae'd 'n ma faze, eyez majin' mine, wit' 'iz brow 'm mowf archin' inward, temp'in' ta tuj. 'E then made tha mizdake e' pushin' my chezz whin I wuz jus' lookin' fer a strige ta ma jaw. Ma knuckle rock'tid up, zibbin' pazz 'iz chezz 'n craj'n' 'iz looz jaw shud."

"Kris has got to go back to the strip club, but we can still hang."

"Kriz 'z godda go bag ta tha strib glub, bud we kin still heng."

Imaging this African American character making a racist joke about his own race to a white person, I wrote this sentence down:

“We all smell like flavored cigarettes! Even if we don’t smoke them!”

‘W’ all zmell lige flav’r’d cigrettz! Even iv we doen’ smoge ‘em!”

There was a person in my open cell named Chucky, who was white and had red hair and freely used the n-word, with the people in our cell block not concerned of its use, considering Chucky to be a “white n—ger.” I would later imagine another character in this novel being a white person working as a bouncer, too, named Chucky, but having the main character either calling him “Chuggy,” “Chaz,” or “Charlz.”
After this, people in my head started to use “chuggy” as a replacement for the word “w—ger.”

I would later make this novel idea into a trilogy idea in my head and noted in file folders on my USB flash drive, which would be called The Bouncer Trilogy, having a first novel called Jack of Clubs possibly written in the manner above, a second novel, which would be written entirely in rap verse, titled Bounce, which would focus on a rapper that the main character would become acquainted with in the first novel while working security for him, and then a third novel titled Chuggy, which would focus on the side character found in the two previous novels, who bounces clubs and works security at concerts, and he is highly inspired by African American and street culture, and he likes to often come up with his own vocabulary words that he uses in his speech, people often not understanding what he is speaking to them.

Themes in Jack of Clubs would be about monogamy and infidelity, in the fact that he has a girlfriend who eventually becomes his wife, and despite having a job where he is often arrested because of how he bounced or worked security for a location, a person, or a group, and his significant other being a woman that he first considered a “club rat,” they have a very monogamist relationship with each other, but then he is surrounded by people and especially celebrities, including pop stars, rappers, pro baseball players, and other pro sports people, who display and practice zero monogamy whatsoever and are often found very unfaithful to who they are seeing and their spouses. I consider the novel idea more of a comedy than anything.

Before I went to jail and while I was considered stalking my ex-girlfriend, I was driving down her street, and there was an African American child just above toddler age with a frow and on a small tricycle being unwatched and playing in the street. Someone in my head conveyed to me, “I have ideas, too!” I had a previous thought about the author David Foster Wallace where he is respected as an author, but his photograph always shows him with a bandana, and I get turned away from his books because of his appearance, even claiming that I would rather have an author appear to be someone completely “thugged-out” or covered in tattoos, or just plain physically haggard, than looking as he does with a bandana. It made me think of a future African American child wanting to be an author.

When I was at the University of Utah, I was studying banned cartoons, which often involved offensive depictions of African Americans. I concluded that many of the animators were more doing it out of ignorance rather than racial hatred, especially as the animation companies like Fleischer Studios even had famous African American musicians working with them. I had also had a thought before this that most cartoons just basically make fun of how a person looks in the first place, so many times the cartoonists are just making a funny observation on the appearance of people, even though it could be offensive. I started to think of what a Caucasian offensive cartoon character would look like, even first thinking of Elmer Fudd to be one. I then came up with the thought that an offensive white cartoon character would be pure white in color, have squinty, beady eyes with lashes, have red blush circles always on their cheeks, and then have puckered thin lips. I then started to picture a minority neighborhood filled with African American characters depicted with little visual offense, along with Hispanic and Asian people, but the white characters would then look completely different as strange white figures just as I described them. After this, I started to develop an animated cartoon idea, first calling it The Mowers That Be, but then altered the title to The Powers That Be. This cartoon series would follow a racially offensive white family moving into a minority neighborhood for financial reasons. These

white characters would not be intentionally racist and prejudice, but rather have any offense arrive unwittingly. The father of the family would also have the wrong sounding and unfortunate name of Dwight Power, and his wife would possibly be named Blanche Power. They would also have children as a traditional cartoon family, and a son would be named Wyatt Power, a daughter named Ivory Power, and a baby named Whitey Power. The premiere episode would have the Powers move into their new neighborhood to meet the minority characters living within it. While introducing himself, Dwight Power, having his voice be an uptight and a mocking manner of depicting a Caucasian man's voice and ways of speaking, having it slowly delivered and almost sounding mentally-handicap, somewhat like the speech of Don Knotts, would explain to those around him, "I like ethnic food! I also love hamburgers!" Somewhere in the episode, African American people in the neighborhood keep coming up with offensive new slurs for white people and those who are not black, calling their new neighbors in the neighborhood a group of "hair-touchers," having this slur based on the fact that African Americans are always being asked to have their hair touched, especially when it's in a frow.

I had a semester of film school include the study of early film up until 1952, and as my final project for this course I made a long documentary film about important films between the era, using myself and my French bulldog puppy to reenact scenes from the films. I got a good grade because of it. I then took a following course that focused on films 1953 to the modern, and I was going to do the same final project of explaining important modern films while reenacting moments with my French bulldog, but I started to be severely bullied by maser use and stopped even finishing projects and eventually dropped out of the university. The teacher for this course was the same as the previous course, and I did such a great job, far beyond what any other student made, that she allowed me to pass the following course, even though I did not turn in a final for it. I made a long list of films that I was going to put in this follow-up documentary and then have scenes replaced by me and my dog. One was going to be Do the Right Thing (1989) and the scene with various people having the focus on them expressing hate speech was going to involve me being hateful to my dog and my dog returning the hate. I was going to have dog-focused hate speech directed at my dog, and then try to get my other dog, the chihuahua and dachshund mix, to bark in the direction of the camera while recording it and then place subtext showing that his translated bark was returning human-focused hate speech to me. My hate speech towards my dog was going to involve such slurs as "stick fetcher" and "frisbee chaser," and the returned hate speech by my dog was going to have the slurs "ball chucker" and "food dispenser." Having failed to make my university project, I then quickly scribbled out a comic where a cartoon dog is minding his own business walking down the sidewalk, a vehicle drives by, and someone from its backseat yells out the vehicle's window, "Stick fetcher!" The dog then gets appalled, then angry, and he starts chasing after the vehicle. The man who yelled the slur to the dog then says, "Ha! Stereotypical dog chasing after a car!" The dog then stops running, confused and stands defeated at the situation. A follow-up comic reversed the incident having a man walking down the sidewalk, and a vehicle then drives by. A dog then sticks its head out the back window and barks out, "Ball chucker!" The man gets appalled, starts angrily chasing and catching up to the car, goes to place his hand towards the open back window with the dog in it, and then the dog viciously snaps, chomping his teeth at the man in a threat to bite him, and the man stops running, confused and stands defeated about the situation.

I then adapted this in my head later as a proposed Family Guy episode titled "Mulligan of the Species". This episode would have Tom Tucker on the news claiming that there is a virus being spread by pets and animals, and it is causing a large epidemic. Because of this, people start becoming "speciests," showing prejudices to all animals who are not human. Pet stores start getting vandalized in the middle of the night, having their windows broken in, their shops invaded, and graffiti written everywhere, such as having the slur "lily hoppers" spray painted on the frog aquariums or terrariums, "cracker munchers" is written on habitations in the store for parrots, and "waggy scramblers" is spray painted on a bin of small puppies. When it shows these pet locations being vandalized during the night, it has those responsible hearing a siren, escaping before the police arrive, and fleeing the vandalized location with all them scrambling in every direction, running into each other, tripping on each other, pausing and looking in different directions in place, and then disappearing off screen. The scene in the comic I drew would occur in the episode, having Brian walking down the street, a man calls Brian a "stick fetcher" from out a moving vehicle driving by, and Brian gets angry, chases after the vehicle, and the man yells, "Ha! Stereotypical dog chasing a car!" Brian is hurt by the situation when he returns home, and most the Griffin Family attempts to comfort him, but Peter Griffin has started to become

paranoid, ignorant, and has "speciest" views developing towards animals. Peter goes about with human privilege, feeling as if he will not get prejudiced himself in any way because of the situation, but then he is walking down the street just as Brian was, and a vehicle with a dog in its backseat drives by, the dog barks out, "Ball chucker!" Peter is appalled, then gets angry, chases after the car, goes to grab inside the window, but the dog viciously sticks its head out, gnashing in a threat to bite, and Peter pulls his hand back, stops chasing the car, and looks defeated by the situation. He then becomes a full-blown "speciest" after the happening. He later develops a hate group towards animals, which includes his friends, and they all shave their heads to designate themselves different from animals, not having fur like them. Cleveland was offered to join the "speciest" hate group, but realizes its ignorance and prejudices, and, as an African American, refuses to be a part of it. The dinner scene from American History X (1998) is then mirrored afterwards, having Brian take a similar role to Derrick Vinyard's mother's Jewish boyfriend Murray, and Peter Griffin is in a role similar to Derrick Vinyard, and they get in a dinner table argument about "speciest" behavior and animal rights, which ends up getting extremely confrontational, having Peter remove his shirt, and then throws it on the ground, to show a "NO DOGS ALLOWED" sign has been tattooed on his chest, and the view zooms in on the tattoo, stating what is written in the manner of The Peanuts cartoon movie Snoopy, Come Home! (1972). Brian then somberly leaves the dinner table and house, having Peter acting belligerent and yelling at him, and then Peter and the rest of the Griffin Family get in a verbal confrontation and domestic dispute with each other, and Lois Griffin in tears and raging eventually yells, "I'm ashamed you came out of my body!" Peter and Brian then get involved in different sides of "speciest" hate violence between animals and humans. One hate crime involves Peter and his "speciest" hate group intimidating a family selling roadside puppies outside a store, telling those selling them, "You need to take yourself and those waggy scramblers you got there and leave!" which results in a messy physical altercation between the two parties, the cage barrier holding the puppies getting knocked over, and the two groups of humans having the happy puppies jumping around and all over them as they fight each other. After this, Brian and a group of dogs intimidate with violence humans to leave a dog park, and the human park patrons become afraid of their threats and flee scrambling in every direction, but Brian and the dogs see an unknown Hispanic man with his chihuahua still remaining in the park and playing with his dog, so Brian and the dogs confront him. This man gets offensive and tells them, "This ain't your territory, putos!" Brian and the dogs he is with then grab the Hispanic man, lift him above a nearby fire hydrant within the dog park, and drop him upon it back first, crippling the man, mirroring a scene from Blood In Blood Out (1993). In another scene, a group of shaven human "speciests" are strutting down the street and unconcerned with any possible danger, and then a group of vegan hardcore and punk animal rights activists jump out of nowhere and start beating them with bats, mirroring a scene from SLC Punk! (1998). A following night scene shows Brian with a bunch of animals, waiting outside of a taxidermy shop, and they hand a bomb to a chimpanzee named Bonzo, tell him to climb a fire escape, leave the bomb in the store, and then escape, which results in Brian, the animals, and Bonzo blowing up the taxidermy location and scrambling every direction away from the building just before it explodes, fleeing the scene, partially referencing the Ronald Reagan film Bed Time for Bonzo (1951). The next day Brian and a dog walk into the Quahog Mini-Mart and Carl begins to "specieal" profile the two dogs inspired by the recent happenings, and he heavily watches the two dogs while they are in the store, preparing to dial the police at any moment. Brian gets a drink, buys it, and then leaves. Peter is then show in the backseat of a vehicle with his fellow shaven "speciest" friends filling the rest of the vehicle, except the driver is some criminal looking man who would normally be a depiction of a dangerous middle-aged Neo-Nazi or racist biker but has "speciest" tattoos all over his arms, neck, and face instead. Peter is given an airsoft gun by one of them, and they are driving around town, shooting airsoft guns at animals. It shows them shooting at squirrels and stray cats, yelling "speciest" slurs at the animals, such as: "Acorn hoarder!" and "Alley peeker!" Brian is then seen walking down the street and drinking what he purchased from the Quahog Mini-Mart with the dog he went into the store with, and the vehicle Peter is in drives close to them, Peter says, "This is what you get, collar-tag!" and then shoots Brian in the buttocks with the airsoft rifle. The vehicle then drives off while Brian is hopping around in pain, and the creepy "speciest" driver says, "Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! You got that fox chaser right in his A-hole!" saying it in the voice of a very ignorant, lowly, uneducated, middle-aged Caucasian person. Brian is shown on the street where he shot with the airsoft gun holding his buttocks while telling the other dog, "Peter, that snack-rationing, bone-taking, leash-needing, food segregate is going to get his!" Peter and his shaven "speciest" friends are then shown hanging out at Quahog Park. They witness an old man giving bread and bird seed to many pigeons and other birds at a park bench, and then Peter and his gang

confront the group of birds, saying, “Your freeride stops now, seed peckers!” and then they get in a fight with the birds, having the birds attack and peck at them in defense. The “speciest” violence gets so out of hand that celebrities and musicians start making P.S.A.’s and songs about ending “speciesism.” Kendell Jenner and Pepsi team together in a commercial that displays a group of teenagers working to get the word out that “speciest” violence needs to end now. Bill Cosby is shown on television advising everyone involved in “speciest” crimes to stop performing acts of “speciest” violence on both sides, and for everyone to stay home to watch his new show Spooky Pop, which involves his character being a dad who has outer body ghostly experiences, floating and travelling as a ghost to places in his community and looking on the public to see if he can better their situations in life with them unaware that they are being ghostly watched and having their bodies possessed by him. Lois tries to talk sense into and reason with Peter and advises him to let go of his “speciest” hatred, but Peter says, “No way, Lois! My “speciest” hatred is greater than the homophobia of the Monster Squad!” It then does a cutaway gag showing the kids in the Monster Squad in a dark, dilapidated, and abandoned house, and they are surrounded and fighting classic Universal Monsters with stake-loaded crossbows pointed at them, and one says to the other, “These monsters are nothing! What I’m really scared of is homos!” The other Monster Squad kid then replies back, “Yeah, if these monsters wanted to get gay with us, then I would be scared! But as long as they are heterosexual, I’m not worried!” The other kid then says, “It’s a good thing we don’t believe that any of these monsters have nards, because if they did have nards, they would have libidos, and then they would want to gay out with us!” Wolfman then goes to attack one of them, so another jumps into frame and says, “Kick him in the nards!” The kid then gets worried and afraid at what was said, and does what his friend says, kicking wolfman in the nards, successfully causing the wolfman to hold his groin in pain. The two kids with the crossbows get both surprised and scared, and one says, “Oh no! They do have nards! These monsters are down to get gay with us, and I know it!” The other one says, “Let’s bolt!” it then shows them scramble in every direction to flee. After this, it gets discovered that no virus even existed and that the news just made the story up to make news. Large amounts of damage have been caused already though by the news reports to both animals and humans, and to culminate it a large-scale violent riot escalates in the center of Quahog from a happening that was supposed to be a peaceful protest between animals and animal rights activists, having them clash with shaven “speciests”, and then both parties with police officers. The episode’s climax has this riot grow immensely and continue, with it involving pets, zoo animals, wild animals, and animal rights activists being in a battle with the shaven “speciests” residents of Quahog and their supporters, and both battling with the local police force. Within the melee, Bonzo is spotted waddling as a chimpanzee and supposedly attacking many fleeing and fearful shaven “speciests” scrambling in every direction with a baseball bat held upside-down near its center and raised in one of his hands and a straight razor raised in the other, him not even appearing violent, but an innocent ape given the items, and Ronald Reagan states while watching, “This ape has now learned criminal behavior, and my experiment is a success. He was not innately born a criminal, and criminality can be learned!” Ronald Reagan is then taken by violent rioters, struck with several weapons. Cleveland, having refused Peter in his offer to join his “speciest” hate group, keeps yelling in a megaphone for everyone to stop, but a bunch of mice and squirrels crawl into his pant legs, causing him to hop around and become off balance, and a dog assists in standing behind him in order to trip him, and then after he falls, he looks up to find a skunk’s bottom pointed at his face, and it shoots its musk right in his eyes, nose, and mouth. Peter is busy fighting several animals but gets cornered by them grouping up against him and singling him out. He makes to flee down a road near a hill and Brian sees him do so and follows him. Peter looks up the hill’s road to fearfully find that some of the vegan hardcore and punk skaters are coming down the hill and surrounding a Pizza Hut truck driven by a young Tony Hawk. The skaters are all doing unimpressive freestyle skate tricks down the hill and around the truck while teenage Tony Hawk stares forward with brave certainty. Peter panics, then takes off down the road, and Brian signals to the skateboarders with a raised fist, yelling, “Ow! Alright!” mirroring a moment in the film Gleaming the Cube (1989). Brian then makes to chase after Peter. It shows the clerk Carl in the melee have his face attacked and blinded by several varieties of squirrel, who each all stack on his face, and he stumbles around, waving his arms frantically, and screaming, and it leads him to fall off a high up street railway, hitting against the ground hard. Large amounts of people and animals are fighting throughout the cities center, especially in Quahog Park. Brian catches up to Peter and they begin to fight one on one. Somewhere near the end of this, it shows Tom Tucker apologizing for lying about the virus, saying “On behalf of our news company, we apologize.” He then pauses a moment and then starts reporting regular, mundane, and relatively lesser important news stories as if nothing damaging is happening and they have no responsibility in it. The

huge battle stops, because it having all parties informed by loudspeakers that no virus even existed. Everyone, including the animals, feel embarrassed about what occurred, looking down in silent shame. Brian and Peter have their violent fight continue, not hearing the news. Brain is about to kill Peter in one final blow, but Lois finds them and stops it from happening, explaining to both the situation with the virus being fictional. In a backroom meeting between Tom Tucker and some vicious, terrible, and ill-tempered stray dogs in a shadowy storage facility, it shows that Tom Tucker was paid by the ill-mannered dogs to report the hoax virus story, so to try to bring about a sentiment that all animals should be cherished by animal rights supporters, wanting them to be included with those protected by animal rights activists, because they risked likely future euthanization. Peter and Brian apologize to each other over a big dinner at home with their family. After the apologies, Brian says, "Oh, Peter! I got an apology gift in the living room! You should go and get it!" Peter than says, "Okay!" smiling. Peter gets up, goes to move to the living room, Brian silently signals with a hand to have Lois lean out of the way, which she gets confused about but does, Brian pulls out an airsoft gun, smiling, which surprises the rest of the family, thinking it a real gun, Peter slows and feels something is off, turns around and sees Brian smiling and pointing the gun at him, they look at each other for a moment with Peter bewildered and scared and Brian still menacingly smiling, Brian then points the gun upward, laughing, and Peter laughs also, but then Brian stops laughing, gets serious again, points the gun at Peter, and Peter is shown worried again, the screen goes black, and then Peter gets shot with the airsoft gun, yelling, "Yipe!" which completely mirrors and imitates the end scene of the Ed O'Neill film Dutch (1991).

I had an idea to place into another episode of Family Guy where the episode begins with Family Guy being pretended to be filmed like a television sitcom, even though they are still just cartoons, and a scene from an episode is shot, and the director tells them to take a short break and the actor and actress playing Peter Griffin and Lois Griffen are just chatting with each other at a complimentary food table, and then the conversation heads in the topic of Seth MacFarland, and the actress genuinely just starts letting loose her angry opinions about Seth MacFarlane, actually being extremely mean and critical, and the actor playing Peter Griffin is somewhat listening to her, but he is just busy and eating item after item from the complementary food table, so he's just paying attention to eating the food instead, giving her a "Huh-huh," and a "Yeah," every once in a while and the actress for Lois just is saying terrible things about Seth MacFarland, and it turns out Seth MacFarland is right behind her, and he heard everything being said. He doesn't say anything to her after she looks behind her and notices him there, but they just share eye contact a moment, him completely unconcerned and busy while he takes items from the food table himself and then walks off. She gets a worried look on her face while the actor playing Peter Griffin didn't even notice what happened and keeps eating. It then shows an '80s style sitcom opening for Family Guy, and it keeps introducing the actors playing each character one at a time, like showing Peter Griffin in frame and the title below says "Donald Lardman as Peter Griffin" and then when it gets to Lois Griffin she is an actress who looks like an '80s mother with a dark blonde curly-haired mullet and a flannel shirt on, and it says below her, "Deborah Manny as Lois Griffin" and through the whole episode Lois Griffin is played by this burly '80s mom looking actress.

I think that people genuinely had their hair and sense of fashion messed with through maser use during the 1980s, causing women to find "mom mullets" fashionable and appealing, especially getting a naïve attitude that their husband would desire their hair to look such away, and the act of doing so was to test sexual preference in men when their wives updated their haircuts to be so masculine.

Often when I was working at Home Depot, I would be discussing an idea for some innocent video game or cartoon series that literally had absolutely no offensive qualities to it, one in particular being titled The Bigger World that I started to develop further from a dream I once had a long while ago and began to build upon in thought while walking on the Salt Lake Community College campus, which would have a story about a little girl in a coma, understanding everything being told to her while she is in her hospital bed, including having her mother constantly talking to her, and her dreams are like an RPG video game, and as I was talking about it on Home Depot's floor, especially remembering a specific time in the middle aisle by flooring, this African American younger sounding woman just started bullying my mind with her mentality, just feeling like evil incarnate in the signals that her brain produced, just being a possible serial killer, and this happened well over more than once. It was like her brain just naturally belonged in its state of being a vicious person, self-centered and violent, just blind and stupid while focused on causing harm to anyone in any situation for her

own gain. I drew out picture drawing concepts for the video game The Bigger World and its characters, along with game design notes, which are under My Video Games in my USB flash drive. The game heavily is about dealing with change, as RNG would constantly cause changes in battle in a dream-like quality of people losing and finding things, and things altering, fitting to story that the little girl is in a coma, with the random changes out of nowhere including the party's character classes for turn base battles. To make up for the constant and uncontrollable RNG changes, the player never loses experience and money progress, but the money can alter out of nowhere, though is usually gained back or is found to suddenly be more than the person should have, but they wind-up always spawning to a return point when wiped out in battle. The party characters have classes with special abilities, but the classes are unique to each of the characters, meaning that each character has a variety of unique skill classes meant only for them. For instance, the main character has a school friend she calls The Scooch available as a party member, and the little girl treats him like a thief in reality, and his classes include a thief, a ninja, and a charmer as a few. The characters in the party, other than having their classes suddenly alter, can also disappear, reappear, and change out of nowhere. The main character lives in a university city and her mother is an EAE teacher at the local university, and the grid-like city also constantly alters its locations in a dream-like quality. The normal buildings within the city have clouds also randomly hover over them, which would change the buildings to unusual fantasy places. For instance, the university buildings would become high tech fortresses when dream clouds float above them. The game would be a 3D world game and resemble Yokai Watch mixed with later Persona games in many ways. I would often consider in my mind that it would be a spiritual successor to EarthBound. The final boss would be a character named Coma, who appears to be a caterpillar chrysalis make of long golden blonde human hair, and as the player fights this final boss, having to do it alone and as the sole member of the party, the chrysalis keep opening more and more, to reveal a sleeping woman's head within the chrysalis of hair. Also, as the hair opens to reveal this head and face, a large group of smaller women's heads with glowing eyes fly out around Coma in several directions as if comets orbiting Coma and then flying off elsewhere. Coma is eventually damaged enough to have the hair chrysalis completely open, and this causes her hair to spread out and start waving around wildly as if in the wind. More and enough damage after this causes her forehead to start opening with blinding light, and Coma's eyes start to slowly open also with the same light. As more and more damage is dealt to Coma, the opening on her forehead starts to have a strange beautiful and large butterfly slowly emerge from it. It keeps brings itself out further with more damage until the butterfly fully emerges from her forehead upon defeat, and blinding light fills the screen. If the player loses, Coma completely closes up to her chrysalis form before being defeated, and the player respawns in her usual respawning spot, which would likely be the main character's home, with what experience and money they have gained while accessing the boss.

I developed another video game idea while I was working at Home Depot that was based on previous materials that I thought up for a cartoon character in Nanahee, but I figured to combine some video game ideas that I was coming up to the cartoon character idea. This game would be titled Sparks MidGrumble's Eating Challenge. The cartoon character that I developed for Nanahee was going to be alternate universe equivalent to the character Wimpy found in Popeye cartoons, and his name would be Sparks MidGrumble, who comes from the Scottish line of hardy and always hunger MidGrumbles, and this round character likes to enter eating contests, and he also likes to go to restaurants to eat novelty foods and to participate in restaurant eating challenges. I came up with this character because I really like the character Wimpy, and I wanted to make a similar character. I also had a friend named Sparks that I use to hang out with, and one time when people were trying to decide where to go out to eat, he said to everyone in a matter that would later be made fun of: "I just want to go somewhere where I can get A BIG — F—ING — BURGER!" while pantomiming with his hands that he was holding a giant hamburger. I then applied his name to the character and then thought of him being so hungry all the time that his mid-section was constantly grumbling. I kept watching food challenge videos online at Home Depot, and I thought to make a video game idea based on them, possibly focused on the food eating champion Joey Chestnut, and calling it Joey Chestnut's Eating Challenge. This game I started to develop in my head would have the player having to monitor several things at once with the different buttons on the controller, such as picking up food before the player, chewing the food, breathing, swallowing, and washing the food down with water. The game would have several fictional restaurants around in it, including both fast food and sit-down restaurants, that have different available foods to purchase with the players money, and novelty foods. The fictional restaurants would also have food challenges. The player

would have to make successful food challenge online videos by completing in food challenges and creating their own food challenges also, because failure makes bad online videos and no money is received, and if the player runs out of money, he has to get a real job to make more money to participate in food challenges again at a low level of money. While eating, if everything is not regulated correctly, he gets sick, possibly chokes, and then throws up. The game would focus on trying to have actual food challenge world records in it, having the players even invent some, and trying to procure world records in the game. I then thought that Joey Chestnut doesn't do spicy food challenges, and I wanted to place the idea of eating extremely spicy foods into the game idea, so I took the character Sparks MidGrumble and thought him to be the focus of the game instead. I already had an idea to have Sparks MidGrumble in his own comedy animated television show on Cartoon Network, which would be like food eating videos on YouTube, and he would go to restaurants around the world, eating ridiculous and most seemingly impossible food challenges in a ridiculous and almost superhuman manner. This would include a giant hamburger that feels up the surface of an entire circular restaurant table and is the size of a beanbag chair. The video game idea was then updated to be Sparks MidGrumble Eating Challenge, and it would have all the same elements as Joey Chestnut Eating Challenge, but this would involve the character not just restricted to his hometown of various U.S. fast food and sit-down restaurants, but he would travel around the world going to famous restaurants around the world to eat their food, or perform one of their extremely ridiculous food challenges. I also thought to add RPG elements to the game, building stats with the types of food and challenges performed, such as jaw power, gut capacity, spice tolerance, heat tolerance, cold tolerance, swallowing speed, breathing speed, and even poison tolerance. The game idea started to evolve to be like an RPG version of Nintendo's Punch-Out, but having the player attacking ridiculous foods of all variety and various cultures. I also had an idea for a Japanese horror comedy film titled Demon Burger, which is named after the extreme metal band Dimmu Borgir, as if that's what their name means, and this Japanese fast food chain would have a cute circular-eyed hamburger with vampire fangs in its mouth bun, and the restaurant genuinely sells knowingly murderous hamburgers on their menu of regular food items, and the hamburgers have the ability to kill a healthy person after eating one or two of them, but definitely would kill an unhealthy person with just one burger. I then thought to combine the Demon Burger Japanese fast food restaurant as one of the video game idea's greatest challenges in the game, having the player take on hamburgers that are dangerously poisonous, murderous, and deadly, including The Suicide Burger, The Fugu Burger, The Shinigami Burger, and the Death Burger. The Fugu Burger would just blatantly be a whole entire dead fugu pufferfish between a bun with relishes. A wall within the Demon Burger restaurant would be filled with photos of Japanese people that took the challenge and died, having flowers, urns, incense, and candles placed before the pictures. Other restaurants in the game would offer extremely spicy and molten hot food dishes, which won with have to build up their spice tolerance and heat tolerance for, and another restaurant would offer an novelty food challenge item titled The Brick Shake, which would be a large milkshake the size of a steel work bucket and have a consistency just below the point of drying concrete, and the player would have to build up several stats to complete it.

I thought up a game that would be a fishing RPG titled Monster Fisher, which a fishing RPG is not entirely considered unique, such as The Legend of the River King series that I was even basing this on, but the format of the game as a fishing RPG would be unique, and I even considered it a possible The Legend of the River King series game. The Legend of the River King's RPG elements always involve getting in fights with animal life around the watery areas, but this game focuses on getting into action RPG battles with both aquatic life and actual aquatic monsters of all variety, in all forms of bodies of water possible, including puddles, ponds, irrigation ditches, streams, reservoirs, rivers, lakes, and oceans. The game would have a kid hero the whole time, and his first fight is with a very small puddle monster around the size of a baby frog in a puddle outside of his own house with a thread tied to a stick, and the small puddle monster tells him in its tiny voice that there are water monsters all over the place in every body of water, from as small as him to larger than can be imagined, and that one day they will rise up to rule the entire world. The kid then focuses his time on catching these monsters in all bodies of water found around his area, eventually finding his way to the ocean. He would advance his stats, strength, and equipment to better fight them the whole time. The battle system in the game would have a fish or monster on the line, and the fish or monster's health continuously and slowly drains in small increments, and the player can pull on the line to strongly attack the fish or monster, inflicting a brief and stronger removal of HP and a continuous flow of slightly stronger continuous damage after, but the player has to watch the tension and not break the line, so they eventually have to release for a bit to reduce tension.

The fish or monsters either attack by pulling, or the try to make genuine attacks, such as splashing water and shooting magic. Some of the monsters would be very vicious looking and toothy, and someone would be based on actual fish, but others would be fantastic aquatic water monsters, resembling actual monsters or demons. When the ocean is accessed by the child on a smaller boat, the monsters found their get extremely large, and the boss monsters get ridiculous large and intimidating, such as a crab monster the size of a palace itself, a giant Kraken of an octopus and squid, a god-like sea serpent whose body seems to go on forever, and it winds everywhere surrounding the child upon the ocean surface, and a giant fish monster possibly larger than a small state.

I came up with several other entertainment ideas while I was at the University of Utah that involved my actual degree I was working for of Film and Animation, having many different Adult Swim grade cartoons and television series shows being conceptualized in my head and evolving. These are some of them:

I was on the UTA TRAX train to the University of Utah one day and I decided that I wanted to try and make something like what I dubbed a "Reagantoon." Reagantoons are cartoon series that have a strong connected purpose to make a large toy line along with an animated cartoon, and possibly other items for sale, partly making the television series an advertisement. It was actually illegal to do so prior to the Ronald Reagan administration, having had it regulated at a designated finite time how many commercials could be directed towards a child during a television broadcast, and a television series with a toy line would have made the whole show a commercial, and not just the short amount of commercial segments outside of a shows story to make money from. Ronald Reagan likely had ill-intentions in deregulating shows to allow for them to be a complete advertisement in an attempt to distract children from school work even more, but either way many works that would emerge that would become beloved to a large group of people, including G.I. Joe, Transformers, He-Man, and later in the '80s Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. A weird thing is that the first season episodes of G.I. Joe would have its first shows be mana nera children's entertainment. The first two episodes alone have a plot about enemies being able to simply transmit to a person's location to attack them using a satellite. The second episode also involved being able to have your enemies control your mind to do their bidding in a very video game like manner. Having studied Reagantoon works, and aware how successful they often are, I thought on the train to school of what could make a good original Reagantoon. A woman that I use to sometimes hangout with when I was with my friends had gotten a job after film school with a promotional local firm called Underbelly, and, a little uncouth, I liked the title Underbelly so much that I marked it down as a possible title to a future fictional work, with it making me think of a "criminal underbelly." I then started to think of a ring of super powered government spies getting involved in combatting a criminal underbelly. Because of the situation that I was in in my life I had also used the name in a different way, having a story about a man a bit similar to Dick Tracy who instead of a detective was an honest man forced to affiliate and do business with very physically repugnant organized crime figures, making him able to be considered a criminal himself, although he could not help the situation he was in, and was actually decent unlike his affiliates. I then started to blend some other ideas that I liked together using Dick Tracy, G.I. Joe, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Ninja Scroll, the James Bond franchise, and the Metal Gear series having the show focus on several characters without entirely known intentions being involved in the investigating or working the hidden criminal side of the world, with all the characters having super powers, for the most part, which assist them in their espionage work. I originally thought of using the title Scorpion Company for this work at one point, having it be a game about stabbing people in the back, as a scorpion is a symbol of a backstabber. Wanting to keep the name Scorpion Company for what I previously made it to be, I then thought to make a game about espionage and betraying others, which would be highly inspired by Lupin the Third titled Backstabbers Inc. This game would be much like if the artistic style of the Lupin the Third and a Souls series game was placed as when, while also using several traps to attack enemies and other players of the game, betraying them in several situations. I kept playing Dark Souls 3 during this time, involved in PVP, and had what was occurring in the game heavily controlled by outside maser use. I even thought of a Japanese billboard for what Backstabbers Inc. would look like, which would be a billboard entirely filled with a jumble of alike black-suited men interlocked with each other, all having a dagger in their hands and stabbing each other in the back with each other as one giant mess of people betraying each other. I then thought to make Underbelly basically the same where many superpowered spies who must affiliate with each other are not completely aware of who's on whose side and what their motivations truly are. I then thought of this

Reagantoon as being like Game of Thrones and The Walking Dead for older children and teenagers, but I kept changing the title of it from Underbelly, Scorpion Company, Scorpion Co., Backstabbers Inc., Backstabbers, and Backstabber not knowing what name I liked more. This also branched and developed another similar work in my head that I would dub a "tokusatsu Game of Thrones," which would be a tokusatsu television series like Kyoryu Sentai Zyuranger, Kamen Rider, and Ultraman, but involve several characters involved in espionage and have many of them die in acts of motivated through conniving with others. I would later title this show simply Yo and will divulge about it after a few more ideas that I came up with below. Regarding Underbelly or whatever this television show of superpowered spies would be titled, I would think to make some very appealing characters to make them desired as toys but would often move character ideas later to Yo instead.

When I started to attend the University of Utah, I made the joke to others that I was attending university to study the phrenology, which is a pseudo-science that studies the shape of a person's head for criminal behavior. This joke was made knowing well that something was not entirely right with the space industry at the time, and I also being aware that the field of psychiatry was not on the level either and its connected field of pharmacology. I was taking a course in anime at the University of Utah, and I had been a huge fan of the direct to video anime film Vampire Hunter D ever since I was a child, so I was watching again one night, really loving the opening sequence where its character Doris chases down a dinosaur on her horse, shooting at it for stealing from her field of produce. I was also given a dream through maser use around the time, having me on the University of Utah campus, and behind its Marriott Library, a nerdy and skinny professor with glasses in a button up shirt and tie with slacks, who slightly looked like a box-headed man I drew while working at the FedEx call center on a notepad, was riding a similar dinosaur-like creature in the intro of Vampire Hunter D, having many students attentive to him while he was explaining very "scientific" things about the dinosaur he was riding on. Later, while waiting for a class in session to end that was in the very same room that my anime course was in, I thought of the dream, how much I loved the intro of Vampire Hunter D, and I thought to connect the two in a sarcastic Adult Swim series cartoon called Christian Dino-Knights, which would also be a Reagantoon, and have its story sarcastically making appear mighty and good a group of cross wearing knights who ride dinosaurs around, fighting for the Lord, using biblical teaching from The Bible, whether or not it made sense in the book's possible nonexistence at the consider Christian science era, while also being motivated in a love for Jesus Christ in the same possible anachronistic manner. The cartoon series would take its production and action animation seriously, while it would be actually just motivated by pure sarcasm at the same time, being very disingenuous in its religious tones.

During this anime course, a fellow student did a presentation on the *otaku* lifestyle in Japan, which I was aware of already, where manga, anime, video game, and other forms of entertainment develop an unhealthy fanbase obsessed with all or specific works. I then began to think in my head a funny thought of *otaku* just being zombified by an entertainment work in its admiration for it, which I probably had help with this thought in creating in my head. I then thought that a funny anime series would simply be titled Otaku, and the story would involve a Japanese animation company and a number of animators who produced an original anime television series not based on a manga that was considered so impressively good by those who viewed it that they became morbidly and violently obsessed with it to the point that they desired to collect the body parts of all those involved in making it. I was well aware of the anime creator Satoshi Kon and his works, and I pictured that it would be similar to his works, while also having a different variety of character design and animation within the work to display the show that the morbid otaku was obsessed with, having the anime within the anime be a more average, unoriginal, and superficially common form of designing and producing anime and its characters. The anime within the anime would involve a magical girl very similar to Sailor Moon, who would be also extremely violent in her magical abilities, causing people's heads to explode, and her yelling her famous phrase prior, "HEDO ESUPURODORU!" causing another person or an enemy's head to suddenly balloon and explode with blood. The morbid *otaku* found to have a sickening and violent obsession with the anime series begin to develop their dark intentions towards the anime company and its creators after the final episode of its first season is shown on television, and they start finding members of the anime's staff, murdering them, taking their body parts, preserving them in jars or by other means, and sometimes trade with each other the body parts for other parts or anime *otaku* lifestyle items thought also considered of value. At some point in the anime Otaku, a very darkly obsessed *otaku* finds and murders the

central anime show's lead character designer, keeping and preserving many of his parts within his apartment, and begins to sew and mold the lead character designer's full right arm, which was his drawing arm, to his forehead, and after attaching the arm, he keeps trying to reproduce the characters in the considered so appealing anime show by placing a pencil or pen in the hand of the severed arm, and then trying to maneuver it around to draw on a drawing table.

I was teaching myself how to animate outside of any official course in Coral Paint at the Marriott Library, having no previous experience on it, and I kept coming up with a series of looping animations, which were funny small segments involving horror themes, which I also set to a beat that I created using Final Cut Pro and moments of sound in YouTube videos. I titled the animation loops, the music, and the video placed together Ghost Box Recorder, which was inspired by a gasping sound that I placed in the beat that I found in a video of ghost hunter searching an abandoned location for ghosts with a ghost box on him, and I found the moment funny, because the ghost box seemed to be not speaking anything, but the ghost hunter asked, "Can you hear me? Is anybody there?" and a subtitle beneath that supposedly indicated what the large amount of static said from the ghost box read, "This is Hell! This is Hell!" and then the ghost hunter gave a big gasp. I wish that I kept this video of the ghost hunter that I downloaded from the internet, because the moment was so funny to me, but now I can't find it in the large amount of ghost hunter videos online. In this Ghost Box Recorder video that I made, I thought that a single loop that I made involving a pale blue zombie, as if a Sesame Street variety puppet in appearance, getting his head blown off by a shotgun repeatedly was very funny and appealing, so I made a full two minute film involving such zombies being taken care of by two friends in a graveyard. While I was making this two minute short animation in Coral Paint, I was being extremely bullied and attacked by static the whole time, so I wasn't using the most patient of processes in depicting what the final two minutes would look like, but instead the opposite was occurring where I was trying to produce everything as fast as possible, scribbling most everything out with brushes in the program, and not worrying much about keeping a standard character design. This short two-minute film, which I created everything within it myself, including its music, I would call Zombie Buds, and I created it within an exact seven days. I was thinking of an instant from a Halloween party that I previously attended several years ago at a friend's house, and two of my friends dressed like large marijuana nuggets that said "BEST BUDS" on it. Connecting the thought of Halloween with the zombies and this occurrence at the party that I attended, I thought that the film should have two friends or "buds" being attacked by zombies, while, to make a humorous double entendre, the zombies were being produced by ambulatory flowers produced by buds that crawled inside the heads of the dead, bringing them back to life and controlling them to kill others, producing more dead that further the ambulatory flowers could take over. I thought to make this a full animated series, having people discover foreign plants with buds that turn into flowers and detach from the plant, running around killing people and taking over their bodies. A rule in this story's universe is that the evil ambulatory flowers are only fully capable of controlling a dead body of a human of animal that they can fit into the brain of, likely crawling through their nose or mouth and up into the corpses brain. They can then control and zombify many varieties of complex dead animals, but not smaller ones like rats and mice.
Several years later, I would really love and appreciate the six available episodes in the online video series Don't Hug Me I'm Scared, it having very rich symbolisms and social commentary to it, and with it being focused on puppetry that resembled children's entertainment like Sesame Street and my short animation also doing the same, I thought that Zombie Buds could be made into a very violent zombie television series involving children's show type puppets that followed my concepts exactly, having ambulatory evil flowers that bring back and control the corpses of people and animals, a group of buds, as in friends, working together to stop the flowers, and very violent happenings occurring to cute zombie human and animal puppets, such as having their heads blown off with shotguns constantly. I also had the idea to have a larger entertainment company further fund and make new episodes of the six Don't Hug Me I'm Scared, but they did start making new episodes more recently.

I came up with an idea for an animated cartoon series called Adorobo Reads the Want Ads while riding to school on the UTA TRAX train while playing Yo-kai Watch on my 3DS and listening to other people on the train. I kept renaming several characters in the game to more unique and possibly even more appropriate English names then they were originally given, which resulted in several fresh new character ideas that could be used, and I renamed an overly adorable yokai character in the game called Shmoopie to have the name

Adorobo instead, making his name a portmanteau of the words “adorable” and “robo”, but also coincidentally being close to the Japanese word for “thief” that is *“dorobo”*. Sitting on the morning train playing the game with the renamed Shmoopie in my party, bullied by masers as always, I began to hear two construction workers on their way to work complain about another worker, who they claimed far too delicate for the occupation of being a construction worker, having one of these workers mocking this person in what he would tell them in a very cutesy and higher voice, saying, “Oh! I can’t do this! My hands are too coooold!” I then connected what the construction worker was speaking of with the Shmoopie in my party in the video game and imagined the character doing the same. Afterwards, I thought to draw up an overly cute character that would be involved in various occupations as a part time worker always being considered immediately incapable of performing his job and being fired the very day that he was hired. Because my dogs get to sit home all day and have an easy life, I imagined this character that would be named Adorobo as an overly cute stuffed robotic dog that has heart-shaped black pupils, heart-shaped hanging ears, a heart-shaped tongue, a heart-shaped belly, and heart-shaped segments of its paw pads. I was also inspired by Care Bears, My Pet Monster, My Buddy and Me, and Teddy Rupskin, so I decided to make the story that this robot dog character was built to be a toy for children and would find a part-time job while his child was at school or during the middle of the night while the child was sleeping, by its creators completely realized how expensive the robot toy dog was to make, so they completely halted production, possibly only making one of him. A joke in the show is that with every job he gets, he brings his own cute heart-inspired tools, machines, and items to his new job that he gets fired from immediately, such as having a heart-shaped tool box, that contains heart-inspired tools in it, including a drill with only heart-shaped socket drill bits, a hammer with a heart-shaped head on it, a screwdriver with a heart-shaped tip, and wrenches with heart-shaped heads on them. His nails, screws, bolts, and washers would also be heart-shaped and heart-inspired. Literally everything that he brings to job unnecessarily has hearts involved in it, including an instant where he would have a small construction tractor that fits his very short stature as being the size of a stuffed teddy bear, and the plow of it would be heart-shaped in its frame. All these tools, objects, and items would be mostly pink, too. It is also always assumed that Adorobo can handle the job by those who employee him, because he is a robot, and supposedly made to gain employment and programmed to perform all tasks, but he just always completely fails. The episodes would have him get mundane to spectacular job positions, from him getting a job at a fast food restaurant and bringing with him a heart-shaped pink spatula to flip hamburgers, to him getting a job as foreign dictator who doesn’t even know the name of the fictional militant East Asian island nation that he is made the dictator of for a day, bringing with him his own pink and heart-inspired dictator uniform with him.

I had come up with the title of a possible fake animated television show comedy segment called Wastoid Warriors prior to going to college and university but later realized that it could be made a pretty funny action animation series that would actually exist. When I was in junior high school I would always wake up before school to watch the Ronin Warriors on Fox 13 before going to school, and I found its English theme song very funny, having men chanting the show’s title repeatedly in a bold voice and then having some hair metal singer follow by singing, “Power’s in the armor!” Somewhere along the line, perhaps helped in doing this, and connecting when the principal’s secretary in Ferris Bueller’s Day Off (1986) uses the term “wastoid,” I began to alter the song to “Wastoid Warriors! Wastoid Warriors! Wastoid Warriors! Power’s in their drug use!” maybe not even helped by others through maser use and just connecting that hair metal singers just constantly are always involved in drug use. Later in life and in adulthood, I would be at parties and have no desire in drug use although my close friends were drinking various alcohols, smoking marijuana, and even doing shrooms on occasion, some of them even being former straight edge, and I heard one of these people, who was a close friend to me, use the line to describe everyone around while partying, “We’re just a bunch of wastoids!” I then remembered me altering and singing this chant from the Ronin Warriors. At a different party during another time, the same event was occurring, and while everyone was drunk or high, I started singing my altered chant out loud, offending some of them and claiming that I was trying to make them ashamed of themselves. I then later evolved this to be an idea for an actual action-comedy show making fun of drug use and having a group of warriors like the Ronin Warriors each specializing in a specific drug that gives them superpowers when used, and they also are like the Stone Protectors Troll brand action figures. They would each have very simple names to indicate their drug of choice, such as Beer, Weed, Bong, Rock, Speed, Schroom, Coke, and Junk. There is also a funny DC Comics villain character named Snowflame who

gains superpowers from doing cocaine, causing him to produce burning flames and contact highs, which likely inspired this also. Giving an example, the character Speed would do the drug speed and become super fast. I also had the idea to create a Snowflame DC Comic Book dark dramedy action series, possibly through their Vertigo brand, where he attempts to be a superhero and fights crime at first, discovering cocaine gives him special abilities at a party in the '80s, but his constant drug use and connections with criminals to procure cocaine leads him to a life of crime and villainy, and eventually his status as a South American drug lord.

While I was in jail, I created a possible side character for the Wastoid Warriors, who would be a female in the group as possibly their sole woman member, named Crystal Meth. I was sitting at a table in the open pod in the jail with a short squirrely eyed man with a very strange behavior and unusual laugh as he sat and played Rummy with a younger Native American man that was in there for crashing into a business while drunk driving. They kept talking with each other and this squirrely eyed man kept doing a woodpecker kind of laugh at various times when he felt something funny happened or was said. Eventually in their conversation, he would ask this Native American man, "Do you like crystal!" and the Native American man responded, "Yeah, it's alright!" This squirrely eyed man then boldly and proudly claimed, "I LOVE CRYSTAL!" and I understood that he meant crystal meth, but it also sounded like he was declaring his love for a woman named Crystal. I then went to my bunk, grabbed a piece of paper, and noted the idea for a woman named Crystal Meth immediately. I later thought that instead of her being a Wastoid Warrior, she would have her own series parodying Barbie, simply titled her name Crystal Meth, and she would be a doll who is a meth user found wearing hoodies and crass band t-shirts, and she would have her own accessories, going on adventures in an Adult Swim series show that is either lower quality 3D computer animated like Barbie cartoons are, or have a traditional cartoon quality to it.
Sometime later, this squirrely eyed fellow inmate would tell us a story about how he was to be placed in a forensic psychiatric ward, was being brought to the entrance to be checked in, found an opportunity to break from those guiding him there, ran away in a hospital gown to a nearby neighborhood, found and stole cloths from a home, and then went about his business in drug use again.

I had always loved the Stevie and Zoya shorts found in the MTV show Liquid Television from when I was a kid watching them on television, and I wondered why they were never made into an actual television series, despite them kind of being odd and purposely rough, and even just humorously going with a single audio take from a narrator's voice recording that was botched on many occasions, making them very inane and absurd. They had great concepts to them featuring a cool character named Stevie Washington who fought crime with an indestructible skateboard alongside a female agent that used a yo-yo as her weapon of choice, and they would get into battles and situations involving fun and unique characters. I especially loved its opening tag line to the shorts: "Stevie Washington: The Angry Youth. Born to die! New York's New York. The turn of the century. All crime!" I then investigated them again around the time that I was in college and university, and I discovered that their creator Joe Horne had made newer ones that were made with Flash animation and had a different quality. These were also fun and had good concepts to them, but he was making them himself, and I wished that they had a better production quality while also maintaining their weird, comedic, and action-focused storytelling and avant-garde nature. He would then later in more recent years make newer cartoons of Stevie and Zoya that again changed their animation style, still being rough because he was making them himself, but they had further great concepts added to it. I really like a poncho wearing female character named Vicky whose weapon of choice is a shopping cart. He added a mainly female and interesting cast to the newer animations, and I thought that it would be an excellent idea to combine everything that he had placed together, and then have it resemble a comedic action-focused version of a cartoon like the The Flintstones and The Jetsons, having great animation and fine character productions of the animation cells, but overall having bizarre, strange, and futuristic cloak-and-dagger stories revolving around the organization DADDIO, which mainly consists of women, and then have unique and interesting women characters who are both heroes and villains be high on the story's focus, having Stevie and Zoya being shown in their dealings with the characters.

I wanted to make something like and influenced by Stevie and Zoya if a newer animation series involving them was not produced, so I started to make a series titled Mr. Ny, N.Y., which is inspired by the beginning line in the Stevie and Zoya shorts. This title is also inspired by Bill Nye and the N.Y. makes me think of the N.Y. Police Department, so I imagine it involving scientifically investigating crimes. The stories in this

animation work would be somewhat ridiculous and inane in quality, possibly even having a narrator not interested in what he was narrating, even giving sighs and criticisms to the storytelling, and the main character would be Mr. Ny, who lives in New York, and is found investigating crimes that have various science fiction, fantasy, and horror elements to them. They would also have a quality of character design like The Flintstones or The Jetsons, and then the story would be filled with action and comedy, again highly focused on many female characters outnumbering its lead character by a large scale.

Because of the Stevie and Zoya opening line I also had the idea to have a hardcore band titled Angry Youth. I often like when titles are numerically symmetrical or equivalent with Angry Youth being both five letter words connected to each other.

But the Stevie and Zoya and Mr. Ny, N.Y. ideas would borrow from Adventure Time in having a huge number and many female characters in it of all varieties, and I wished even Adventure Time had their female characters added in to a more extreme extent. An Adventure Time feature film was supposed to be in the works at this time, and I kept creating a many of new princesses in the Adventure Time world to have it overflowing with princesses in the film. I started to draw many new unique princesses while at the university, which included Symmetry Princess, Shrub Princess, Sports Princess, Fan Princess, Tesla Coil Princess, Pearl Princess, Olympia Princess, and Video Game Princess. I figured the film would be about the Mushroom Wars that occurred before Ooo existed, and that in the modern time of Ooo a large war breaks out between the various Kingdoms of Ooo, while also a ridiculous amount of princesses start emerging following a great seal being broken and then releasing seven super evil characters on the Land of Ooo, who were locked away for safety reasons, but are no wreaking havoc everywhere. I would recycle these super evil characters into possible game ideas, but I also eventually placed them in my idea for the tokusatsu series that I titled Yo.

I tend to reuse, recycle, and renew entertainment ideas that I have quite often.

I was studying varieties of the oldest newspaper cartoons, and I came up with two ideas, as if fictional cartoonists that mirrored Richard F. Outcault or Winsor McCay had made them. The oldest newspaper cartoons suspiciously put a lot of work into them compared to what modern cartoon works look like, having full pages filled with illustration or large cartoon panels that were made with watercolor or just color in them, and they had a very ornate and beautiful looking style to them, which both the two cartoonists that I named show their early works to reflect this. Outcault himself invented the speech bubble in cartoons. So, my first idea was called Poor Pets. I took this title from a drawing as a very young child that I made where pets, mostly cats and dogs, where dressed in Rambo style headbands and held military assault rifles in their hands, and the cartoon or comic book title that they were in was called Bad Pets. A then took this title, altered it to Poor Pets, and I imagined a cartoon with a very sophisticated and intelligent art style of earlier newspaper cartoons that filled an entire newspaper page. This cartoon would feature a very sophisticated wealthy aristocratic woman that sits around the house with nothing better to do, and she often has her, her servants, or her husband discover wild animals, such as badgers, foxes, wolves, deer, and moose, and she attempts to domesticate them, although very poorly in her abilities to, and ultimately fails completely having her servants, house guests, or husband injured in the process. This one was inspired by Winsor McCay, but also Outcault in its style in my head. The second premier and vintage cartoon was much more patterned after Winsor McCay's works where a series of events would occur within the cartoon's panels, but ultimately always end in a similar final frame, such as in Little Nemo in Slumberland where Nemo would be having fantastic dreams with his fantasyland friends, but the final panel would always be him found in his bed. This idea of mine for a cartoon would be titled Rowdy Rooster Raskolnikov, the Business Dog, and it would be about an extremely wealthy industrialist with many companies and assets, who left literally everything to his Jack Russel terrier, Rowdy Rooster Raskolnikov, and every company and business decision ultimately must be approved by the dog. The newspaper comic bits would have a series of funny business proposals in a meeting, and the final panel would always be the companies' corporate heads and employees asking the dog on its decision, which often has him doing regular dog things in the final panel, such as barking, eating food, rolling on his back, and similar things of the sort.

I eventually came to the conclusion that Rowdy Rooster Raskolnikov would also make a good live action comedy film, having the dog become very successful as a business dog, often making his decisions by

choosing from outstretched hands that would be indicated as either yes or no, and him bumping the desired hand with his muzzle or using his paw on the decision. In a scene within the film, the dog is being awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom for his business prowess, has the U.S. President go to place the medal on the dog while it sits on a pedestal, has the dog act unusually angry and possibly willing to bite the U.S President, someone holds the dog in place, the medal is placed on the dog's neck, and then the dog paws the medal from its neck, jumps from the pedestal and leaves, and the person escorting the dog says, "He has never acted like that with anyone ever before in his life!" The poster for this film would show a profile of the Jack Russel terrier dog actor starring in the film on the cover of Forbes Magazine.

I also had an idea while attending university to make an animated cartoon for a character like McGruff the Crime Dog in his own comedy animated television show, but a much shorter dog than McGruff that is about the size of Brian Griffin or Snoopy, and he would be named Mr. Muzzlenudge, and would be a hardboiled dog detective willing to use violence on criminals to get the truth, with the tagline: "Mr. Muzzlenudge: A snoop for clues and a hounder for the truth!"
This all originally began in my head as a possible McGruff the Crime Dog comedy and detective television show, having him working detective and police cases, which was also a good idea in my opinion.

I would make several fictional animated characters for my novel Nanahee, which involved them being equivalents to popular characters in another dimension, with Popeye, The Pillsbury Dough Boy, also known as Poppin' Fresh, and Frosty the Snowman as examples. I made a character named Cauliflower in my head, who would be a cartoon bruiser who is partially deaf from boxing injuries and is like Popeye while deaf in the way Mr. Magoo is poor-sighted, and his deafness causes him to often get into fights. Another character I made was Mr. Yetamuffin, who is a gob of round baking dough in a muffin cup with arms and legs, and has many kitchen, food, and bakestuff friends, and he would be similar to Poppin' Fresh mixed with Gumby, also having to avoid a family dog named Scruffles while moving about their kitchen home, who desires to often eat them. An equivalent to Frosty the Snowman would be a snowman named Mr. Rolledandcold, likely made by the same advertisement person who made Mr. Yetamuffin, and this snowman would gain life from smoking his corncob pipe. Frosty the Snowman himself, although a seemingly mystical Christmas character, was actually made by advertisement people, and Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer was the same, but each are now very connected with the Christmas tradition in almost a religious manner.
I had the thought of making an actual stop motion and claymation The Pillsbury Dough Boy animated series, having little edginess to it, having it like the Gumby animated series, full of songs and dances, and adventures with him and other food stuffs, mainly with the intention to entertain younger children.

I had thought that Wacky Delly, which is a fictional television cartoon series within the cartoon series Rocko's Modern Life, would make a fun actual cartoon series since I was a child, not wanting to eventually just show a baked ham for an episode of course but having an animation and story that was all over the place chaotic and probably even nonsensical. Ren and Stimpy also has an episode in its series where Stimpy makes a fictional cartoon called "I Like Pink" and I think that its abstract, chaotic, nonsensical, and surreal qualities made it a really great cartoon, despite it supposed to be considered too bizarre and stupid to be considered serious. I then remembered Wacky Delly in college and wished for it to be adapted in an actual cartoon series that possibly made no sense whatsoever starring its three characters Sal Ami, Betty Bologna, and Mr. Cheese, purposely making episodes with a pseudo story, as if mocking average cartoon storytelling, and then possibly changing the animation style constantly without care or reason. I thought of a premier episode titled "Let's Go to the Rock Concert!" that would have the three characters say they are going to a rock concert, with Betty Bologna saying in an obvious manner before leaving her house to indicate what they are going to do to the cartoon's viewer, "Aye, let's all go to the rock concert!" just as she was voiced in the original fictional cartoon, and then she picks up the two other characters Sal Ami and Mr. Cheese in her car, they go to a large stadium, they find themselves in a large ground floor audience in a stadium or several other weird deli meat, human, and animal characters, and wait for the show to start. When the band goes on stage, their equipment and banners look very extreme metal, having skulls and stars all over them, and their band logo Troller looks like it would belong to an extreme metal band with its lettering. The band all look either to be dressed as extreme metal musicians also, with slight punk rock qualities, too, having spiked jackets and leather attire. Betty Bologna then says, "Aye, what a fun looking bunch of guys! Hoorah!" The band's members all then

start saying to the audience harsh, mean, and abrasive things that only an extreme metal or punk band could get away with, such as, “I have never seen an uglier group of people in my life!” “You are all a group of human garbage!” “This whole population of people looks like a bunch of roaches that crawled out of a local dump!” “I genuinely hope that all of you get in car accidents while leaving the parking lot after the show, severely injuring yourselves!” The band members then pick out a single audience member near the front of the stage that is a pig man wearing a t-shirt of the band He’s there at the concert by himself, looking awkward about being the band’s focus, but not saying anything and just shifting his eyes around as the band harshly speaks of him, saying things like, “Look at this creep!” “Yeah, what a lowly IQ’ed individual!” “This guy looks like he sweats ham grease in order to be able to slide into his pants!” “He comes off really square, too!” “He’s wearing one of our t-shirts, though!” “I don’t want him as a fan! He’s practically an advertisement helping to show people how lame our band is!” “If it were legal for me to jump off the stage, hold him down, and then stomp his face in, I would do it!” “We’re too rad for that, though! We’re just a big group of rock stars! Wooooooooo!” An audience member that is a talking carrot then yells, “Keep talking instead of playing! I didn’t come here to hear and watch music, but to hear you talk to the audience!” but his behavior in speaking conveys that he is genuine that that is his actual stance. The singer for Troller, having a metal variety of guitar on him, pick in hand, then points to the talking carrot, and yells to him, “You got it, pal! Here’s one of our biggest hits!” The singer then hits a guitar string, causing a loud note followed by feedback. When the feedback stops, they begin playing an alternative rock song sounding more like butt rock, too. The audience members all start dancing like a group of nerds and dorks in place, playing air guitars and biting their lips. Even the fat pig man that they singled out does the same. Betty Bologna says, “Aye, what a great fine plenty of blokes!” It then shows Sal Ami in a mosh pit, but he’s doing dorky looking mosh moves, standing and turning in place, wiggling as a loose wiener, shaking his butt, and preforming fist pump after fist pump. Mr. Cheese just blankly stares at the band, not even reacting. The singer of Troller eventually throws his pick at Betty Bologna, striking her in the forehead with it, and she picks it up, looks amazed at it, and says, “I’ll cherish this forever!”
This episode would be about the passive aggressive abuse of several parties using trolling to inflict harm on others out of sadistic pleasure and a possible sexual thrill gained from it, such as the L.D.S. Church and the U.S. government doing so. They also likely get sadomasochistic pleasure from their trolling and passive aggressive actions both to others and that directed at themselves.

I made an alternative to the Wacky Delly idea, but I also built it as somewhat of a unique idea to have fun with animation, possibly even attempting to convey a story. The tile of it would be Three Shapes, and it would be about three friends who are the baby toy shape sorter shapes of a triangle, a circle, and a square, and they sometimes are depicted with features, faces, arms, and legs, but sometimes are not, because the animation changes so much often during an episode that they have no distinct actual features other than them being those three shapes and able to talk, making the cartoon series very avant-garde. The animation style would alter from a large variety of 2D traditional hand and computer animation, to a large variety of 3D animation, even poor to superior 3D animation, and then both stop motion and claymation, puppetry sometimes in use, and this will all occur using different mediums, such as having plain old-fashioned animation cells, to using old discarded boxes from a trash can painted over to make buildings with tin can water storage tanks on them, and it just chaotically keeps doing this repeatedly just at a whim in a matter of anywhere from seconds to a minute while expressing the same narrative. I figured that using the simple shapes will help the viewer know them to be the same characters, but even side characters would just keep changing in animation and puppet style.
I had the thought in animation school to also make a very avant-garde video of simple and rudimentary figures dancing in a chaotic manner drawn on rice paper frames to music I would make myself, but I was not allowed to even try it. I imagined this animation to be highly inspired by Stanley Donwood’s Radiohead album artwork and have simple characters in chaotic environments.
When I was made to start creating animation by one of my courses, I need to make a 3D animation of a bouncing ball in Maya, and I did this easily. I then thought it would be funny to make an animated series about a talking bouncing ball titled Bouncing Ball, as animation humor that it is often the first thing taught in animation school.

A tendency in television series cartoons, which I taught people in my head, is that their premier seasons always tend to be both pretty rough in appearance, concepts, and story, but then start to look less rough and

have better writing and jokes than previous seasons, with this being true of The Simpsons, Family Guy, Adventure Time, etc., although it possible to make a series exactly as desired from the start, but it would take planning and knowhow already gained in the field of animation.

At the University of Utah, I was experimenting with news ways to make cartoon animals look unique and fun to view, so I began to draw a funny looking cutesy tough rattlesnake with its mouth open. Because its fanged mouth was open, and it had a funny expression, I started to write down in the right bottom corner of the page what it was saying, I then wrote out, "My friends call me 'Snake.' I wanted to becalled 'Fangs,' but my friends went with 'Snake.' It's not very original, but now I have to live with it. My actual name's Randal Mouseblood, but I go by 'Snake' because some guy murdering people through classified ads on the internet was using it as a pseudonym." I also once was at a Super Bowl party, was sitting next to one of my friends' younger kids, and I got in a conversation about bats, so I drew him a cutesy tough picture of a bat with some bat facts connected to it. I then thought to connect the two, first starting with an animated cartoon calling it Snake Facts, and it would star Randall Mouseblood or "Snake" the Rattlesnake as he explained genuine snake facts while also making humorous antidotes about himself, so to make the cartoon educational but still entertaining. I pictured Snake speaking to the cartoon's viewer in an explanatory manner, and he bring up facts about snakes, such as them using their tongue to smell things, having an old woman baking a roast arrive with it right out of the oven, her showing that she uses her nose to smell it, and then her putting the roast in front of Snake and him flipping his tongue out before it, saying, "Woah, this smells like a delicious roast, Mrs. Goodbonnet!" Snake then explains that in the U.S. a person is more likely to die from a lightning strike than a snake bite, only having four deaths result within a year. He then explains world statistics, having visuals of people dealing with snakes worldwide. He then begins to explain what his own venom can do to a person, having an Arizona park ranger by his side. He then mistakenly attacks the park ranger when he places his hand near Snake, and Snake bites the park ranger on the hand, saying, "Sometimes I can't help what I'm doing, and I just make to quickly react!" The cartoon then explains what is occurring to the park ranger in his blood stream, having the coagulants and the venom working together to thicken the park ranger's blood. A cartoon display of what adding his venom to blood in a bowl then a Petri dish is also shown. He then explains the reactions caused by various Snake bites around the world. Throughout the cartoon dead mice and birds, consisting of their corpses and their skeletons, are often found about, having been killed by Snake. He explains how he kills smaller creatures, but also has larger animals attacking him in turn, and he explains that sometimes when they get in his face, he likes to tell them to back off through signals, especially with the rattle on his tail, and then gives stories in an anecdotal fashion about creatures "getting in his face," as if talking about a time he once got into a fight with a person.

I figured to do this with most other varieties of animals, always having an anecdotal host and narrator belonging to variety of animal being spoken of and just making it an informative and funny cartoon series titled Animal Facts. Sometimes characters would be reused in the series, such as having coyotes spoken of with a coyote host and narrator, and then having Randall Mouseblood now known as "Snake" appearing in explanations or scenes shown. John Oliver does this on his show with littler known social information, so I figured to have it done for just general information on subjects that children might be interested in for a cartoon television series. I thought to do this with several other things, such as having talking plants giving anecdotes and information, and scientific information involving talking clouds, mountains, forests, houses, buildings, cars, bodily organs, planets, etc.

I brought up Don't Hug Me I'm Scared, and a concept of the video series, with it resembling a children's show turning often disturbing, is that people are producing entertainment that is supposedly educating children, when what is assumed needing to be taught are things that are just natural, common sense, unimportant, and insignificant, and better information that would helpful in the future could be being given instead, and those pretending themselves teaching through entertainment this trivial and natural information even then are very insincere about it, and do not wish those they supposedly are teaching to be successful in the slightest. When anything is sincerely attempted to be taught through the entertainment by the supposed informative and educational characters, what is being educated is often, incorrect, backwards, and ill-intentioned.

After I finished Zombie Buds, I wanted to use Coral Paint to animate a following cartoon that would have been an unofficial video for the M83 song "Raconte-Moi Une Histoire", and I was disallowed to, but even if I was allowed to, it would have been as messy as Zombie Buds was, and I wanted it to have a clean quality of

animation that could be concentrated on with more time to make, rather than trying to make something while harassed and in pain. I thought this video would have a bright and colorful color pallet, and it would follow the spoken word lyrical story within the song almost exactly, having a family search a far distant jungle location for a very tiny frog, them discovering it, a child in the family of searchers touching it, stinging cells on the frog's skin entering the child's fingers, and then the child starts hallucinating, having colors keep changing their opposites, having the child's parents shift in gender, physically in hair style, body hair, and their clothing swapping specified gender, then all the trees around become cupcake-shaped, and the family keeps laughing hysterically, and then they alter into frogs themselves, they jump into bodies of water, and large amount of frogs are found swimming in the rivers and oceans, and then the planet's waters and lands are populated by large amounts of similar but different colored frogs, and the video would just keep showing them all across the world moving in synchronized motions together while they jump everywhere and swim, often appearing as if moving wallpaper or fabric swimming in unison in variating colors.

I kept this idea in mind, but later figured a better idea would be to not use the materials I had no permission to use, and to think of an animated work idea that would be inspired or like it. I also had people asking me in my head, "What are you going to do with that thought?" bringing up the animated music video idea that I came up with, and I was making stories ideas from thoughts in my past, adapting them as something else. I then came up with an idea titled Lily, which also I thought could rather start out as a children's book instead. The song "Raconte-Moi Une Histoire" has a pro transgender rights line in it, showing unconcern of a person's parents switching gender, but what I started to come up with for a story based on the song, I only coincidently had transgender right tones. I was worried about people controlling animals with masers constantly, causing the animals harm because they were ignorant to how the animals functioned, possibly unconcerned to the safety of an animal, and then just desiring to have an animal killed for fun, such as purposely feeding it to another animal while in its body or having it get hit by a vehicle. Thinking this, my mother, unknowingly or not, brought up a story of herself with my grandfather in the southern deserts of Utah, and a tortoise was in the middle of the road, walking across, so my grandfather parked on the shoulder, grabbed the tortoise, put it on the side of the road, and a person saw what he did, purposely ran off the side of the road, and ran over the tortoise, killing it. So, worrying about people on a large scale being able to connect to animals and control them, I would often bring up a person just constantly thinking it alright to put themselves into the minds of frogs through maser instruments with frogs being very delicate creatures, already very reduced in population because of modern society, and the person just basically being an ignoramus about it, as if it were the same thing as testing out a new fast food item on YouTube, and winding up killing the frog they connected to, not knowing how the frog even functioned. The child in the song gives a story where a person becomes a frog, so I thought of a little girl wanting nothing more than to know what it would be like to be a frog, and people allowing her to do so, because it really was her one desire. I then started to make in my head a story with magical qualities where a small young girl is sitting in her elementary school classroom in a corner front desk, and while all of her fellow students are paying attention to their teacher who is up front giving a lesson, the little girl is in her mind thinking about frogs, just wishing to be one, and she suddenly starts concentrating very deeply, believing that if she wished hard enough and strong enough that she would turn into a frog as she desired. She is then shown with her eyes closed and focusing on her wish for very strongly at her desk, and then in a flash of pure truth, she suddenly pops into a frog that is a size relative to her human size, so a large frog is just sitting in the corner of the elementary school room, surprising all her fellow students and her teacher. People then discover through this little girl that if you wish something strong enough and it is the very profound wish and desire of the person, that it will come true. People all over the world keep attempting to make wishes, not having them the actual truth and reality of what they really desire, so it does not come true. Some people do keep finding the profound truth and having it come true, such as a boy becoming a budgie or parakeet relative to what his human size was. People always wish for large amounts of money, but it literally never comes true. Further study of the phenomenon has it discovered that all the wishes that come true are always never for evil purposes and desires.

I thought up many entertainment ideas based on frogs, such as a video game where the player begins as a tadpole of an odd variety of frog that gains almost magical abilities by the variety of animal it eats. Poison dart frogs lose their poisonous nature if removed from their environment, because their diet of local insects that eat poisonous plants or produce poison themselves have been taken away, and the poison dart frogs stop producing the poison from eating those insects. I then thought that a fun game would have a player controlling a frog for the duration of its life, and the frog would almost have almost magical abilities gained by

eating certain animals, needing to find certain creatures to eat for them to take effect, and possibly combining to elemental capabilities at once. For instance, this frog would need to find fire animals to eat to make itself have a fiery and burning hot body, or ice animals to have it produce an icy body. The frog's body would need to do this to survive other areas in the game, such as having a burning hot and fiery body to enter an ice cavern and not die from it. The frog's main goal is to grow to adulthood and reproduce with another frog, but it needs to learn song and vocal communications from various other types of frogs found in varying environments to court and gain a frog partner, or else the partner frog will not show any interest and might possibly attack. An interesting and funny idea to this game is that the frog begins very, very small, produced from a huge number of other offspring, and severely risks getting eaten by a common varieties of evil rat if it does not have its parents' protection, but eventually the frog grows big enough and eats the rats that once were a danger to it even it needs to fulfill its hunger, although many of them would have little worth in gaining magical abilities. I didn't think of a proper name for this game, but I made a folder for it under the working title: "Life of a Fictional Frog Game".

I came up with an idea titled Partisans that I didn't develop in my head very much, but it has a funny political commentary to it. I created an animated comedy segment in my head titled The Demobots vs. The Republicons, and it would have two robot factions running the U.S. government in the manner of the Democrat Party and the Republican Party and it would mirror the premier Transformers television episodes where the characters fight, but nothing really gets majorly resolved over the episode and then the same thing just occurs repeatedly, having them fighting over some new reason that just leads to more and more fighting after. I made an idea called Partisans because I thought that the concept from The Demobots vs. The Republicons was pretty unique to express through fiction, and I thought it should be made an original work, and I did not want the work to be merely highly derivative of some other work, having it referencing the Transformers. So, I thought Partisans would be an animated television show or comic book where the U.S. government is run by a two party system that involve superpowered characters in high government level positions, who are both considered heroic and villainous throughout both parties by members of the public in their actions and behaviors, having the public side with one party or the other, and these superpowered government characters often get in fights with each other, but then pretend to team up to fight the evil of outside individuals and parties, but what is actually occurring and is not understood by the public is that the party members on both sides have powers that literally any person of the public and world could have, and they are coveting the superpower abilities to make them appear superior individuals, even though that raised status is less than the truth, and they are actually some of the lowliest people in society.

I've always been fond of drawing ghost, demons, and monsters more than anything, and I just kept drawing demon after demon at the demon, often with cutesy tough qualities. A drew a whole sheet of vampire head decapitated and I considered it to resemble a tattoo flash sheet of a person expressing their dislike of vampires and their desire to hunt them but having it symbolic of criminals having maser use. I had made a previous concept for a horror film, comic book, or animated cartoon titled The Children's Hospital, where a ghost tour is being performed and it mostly is really lame, having haunted hotels, buildings, and cemeteries in it, with nothing scary really occurring, but some weird, timid, impatient, irritated, and unpleasant gothic man is with all the most regular people on the tour, and he keeps asking when the tour is going to get to an abandoned children's hospital, which was just added as a last stop on the tour, because the tour was doing poorly and not even considered frightening, but the children's hospital, being dilapidated and large, was a frightening place to be in. After a really mostly lame tour filled with mainly historical information, they get to the children's hospital, and the strange and irritated gothic man pulls out a bag, performs some strange ritual when no one's looking, and it causes the children's hospital to become alive with strong supernatural activity, and the building won't allow those within the ghost tour to leave. Very morbid corpse ghosts of children who were former patients there then keep showing up, along with weird looking imaginary friends, who are monsters in appearance, looking like poorly made crayon drawings had been brought to life, including an ape man one with overly long, sleek, yellow arms, an unbalanced set of eyes, a round mouth full of sharp unbalanced triangle teeth, and it having a body so large that it is difficult for it to squeeze through normal door ports, but manages to do so. Taking this pseudo tattoo flash vampire killer sheet, along with a cartoon comic idea that I had about a father and son dying while out and returning home to the wife of the father and mother to the son to talk to her, not knowing if in death they had become ghosts or zombies, because they look like both, and

getting in a discussion about which one they were, I mixed the two together to make an idea for a horror comedy film called Staking the Neighborhood where a husband and wife are distraught that their child goes missing for more a month, he returns home one day as if nothing happened, but he is a very morbid looking corpse ghost of himself. The husband and wife then ask him what happened to him, and he refuses to give information, still pretending nothing happened and avoiding the subject. He then gets forced by the parents to at least show him where his body is, and he says he doesn't know. They then start driving around the neighborhood in the fashion of a kid who had lost or stolen his bicycle, looking for their son's body. The son sitting in the backseat as a corpse ghost, eventually directs him to a nearby field, and he says something happened there and he can't remember what. They then go home after failing to locate the corpse. The child eventually comes clean and in tears explains that he went near the abandoned and dilapidated house in the neighborhood that he was told to stay away from, and a bunch of vampire ghouls who looked almost looked-like living cartoon characters grabbed him and pulled him into the doors of the house and then murdered him in the basement. The couple and their corpse ghost child then go to the house, they discover the cartoonish vampire ghouls inside, they get in a fight with them, staking and killing them all. The son then claims that he thinks that many of the people residing in the neighborhood have become vampire ghouls also, and so the couple keeps having the corpse-like ghost of their son using his ghost-like abilities to go into their neighborhoods houses, looking to see if other vampires inside, and they do start to discover that many of their neighbors have become vampire ghouls also, leading to the couple fighting and killing them. When I would go to the University of Utah in my vehicle rather than by UTA TRAX I would park in the Avenues and feel terrible harassment by masers, both physically and verbally, while also having them causing me sever fatigue and weakness as I walked up the hilly roads to the campus. A house that I would always pass by had a horse chestnut tree, and I would often take the horse chestnuts, thinking them strange in their natural appearance, and place them on my library computer desk near me in the Marriott Library. I eventually took one home, painted a demon face on it with watercolor similar to Pazuzu from The Exorcist (1973), but green in skin tone, took a photo of it surrounded by some horse chestnut husks, and I was going to use it for a collection of more music that I would make, but didn't get to, with Final Cut Pro that I wanted to title Yaba Monkey Tumor Virus, which is a type of virus that I discovered while researching HIV and AIDS. I gathered enough of the horse chestnuts and their spiny husks that when I started writing Cardboard Country I made a back cover for the book that was many painted cartoon demon faces, unique in appearance on horse chestnuts, their husks, acorns, and flower pedals, also using flower and plant seeds, and then placed them on a black background and took a photo of it, titling it "Bad Seeds", knowing that nuts are not seeds, but close enough. When I would eventually be placed in jail for my stalking charge, I was sitting at the table within my cell in the open pod and I filled up a line paper sheet of many small, cute, cartoon demon heads each unique in appearance with pencils that I kept sharpening to a fine tip at a pencil sharper near the pods entrance. My Congolese cellmate almost made to nab it off the table and to take it away, almost like Ben Hanscom's cousin does to Ben's poem in the television movie of Stephen King's It, so I had to convince him to leave me alone and go away, but I did later show him it. I would also draw demons and cartoon animals in many areas of my commissary sheets requesting commissary items, and also those belonging to my Congolese cellmate, before turning them in, and once had a homosexual male jail guard who often worked my open pod tell me stop drawing on them after he saw that I drew a cartoon bear waving and saying, "Hello!" on its top corner by my name. I continued drawing on the sheets anyways if the particular guard was not the one present to collect them. I thought to take my ability keep creating different styled cartoon demons in appearance and to make a horror comedy anthology animated cartoon series that rarely uses the same demons more than once, having the episode's story's involve unique demons in appearance and abilities. I titled this cartoon comedy horror series Pandemonium in my file folders. I had previous notions of entertainment ideas that were similar to this that focused on horror comic books that mixed both funny cartoons with horror characters in them and actual horror comic book stories meant to scare, like previous comic book eras did in the 1940s and early 1950s, including such titles that I would make such as Halloween Comics and Goblin Comics. The title Goblin Comics would not bother to write the title on its cover, nor the publisher, probably just have the publishing company on its back cover, having a page-sized, stout, wide, cutesy tough unique goblin or demon upon each of its issue's covers on a likely black or darker colored background, and the comic would have been ghost, monster, and demon focused, having a large page count, possibly from 52 to 68 pages, of stories that are both funny and actual horror. I developed this thought because I often liked collected comic books for their appealing covers more than anything else, such as finding Detective Comics #31 as one of my most desired

comic books, really loving the cover of Mary Marvel #5, the cover for Voodoo Comics #8, and the cover of Frankenstein Comics #1. I had the thought to place a space on the back cover of a comic book instead of its front cover for its creators to give signatures, because I consider the creator's signatures ruining the cover artwork, although many people consider it to make a more valuable comic book.
Another idea that I had was to make paintings, hopefully of fine art quality, that would have a proper mix of very evil looking and more sophisticated demons found in classical paintings, but they would also be surrounded by a litter of smaller well-painted traditional U.S. 1930s cartoon demons that are either colored or in black and white.
I also thought to make a very large entertainment museum, as if a Louvre for pop art, including valuable comic books, comic book art, film art, animated film art, television show art, animated television show art, book art, book manuscripts, magazine art, pop music art, music records and items of all genres, including hardcore and extreme metal records and items, video game art, video game arcades, automotive and motorcycle art, aviation art, packaging art, fast food art, pop art paintings, commercial art, computer art, visual art, online video art, sports art, hunting and fishing art, shooting galleries, coin-op machines and rides, Halloween art, Christmas art, masks, and memorabilia from each different form of entertainment, and calling it The Frankenstein Museum, placing it in a location that would be well-frequented, bringing in many tourists, keeping the items in a well-temperature locale. I got the idea to create this museum from several places. When I visited the Louvre around four times in Paris, spending quite a few hours there, I would walk out of it a few times to a nearby rue and see a close gallery selling handmade oil painting with The Simpsons in them. I went to the rock and roll museum in Seattle with my sister who lived there at the time, when the museum had one of its previous names, and found it to had not filled it with enough rock and roll and music memorabilia, so they just began adding film and other forms of entertainment inside of it instead. When I was in Kyoto, I also went to a manga and anime museum, which had a room displaying items from vintage and modern works, along with a large library of manga volumes. While researching comic books, I was studying the comic book collecting phenomenon of comic book pedigrees, which involves a collector having kept a large number of older and more valuable comic books in great condition, and the most famous one was the Mile High Pedigree, which was purchased by the Denver comic book shop Mile High Comics for a low sum for what they worth from a man named Edgar Church who studied the art in the comic books, kept them in great condition in a coincidentally properly controlled temperature Colorado basement, just cool enough and lacking in moisture to preserve them, and several very valuable key comic books were in the comic book collection, later auctioned off for large sums of money to collectors. I wondered to myself whether Mile High Comics could have made more money displaying the preserved comic books in a museum setting, having them set in preserved plastic casings and allowing visitors to handle and view them. When I went to Denver and Mile High Comics, I discovered their location to be a large warehouse facility, which would have allowed them to place a museum within it. Because I had been studying pop art of many different varieties for years, I thought to make a museum that just combined them all, finding valuable works, collectors' items, and memorabilia of all sorts, possibly also connecting a large library to it, and also an entertainment hall, including reservable dining rooms, bowling alleys, pool halls, open arcades, and possibly a few amusement rides.

When I was growing up, I was around many gang members and L.D.S. people in school who would often refer to many horror films as being the work of a 'serial killer" and something only a "serial killer" would be interested in, but I ironically would consider the people expressing this being dangerous and unreasonable people involved in criminal behavior themselves, committing and condoning crimes against innocent people for no reason, so they themselves were acting out and accepting genuine "serial killer" behavior happening in reality, likely being genuine "serial killers" or people would heartlessly harm a decent person for the matter of making money or keeping themselves alive. I guess from their perspective, attempting to show the behavior of indecent human beings and monsters would be an act of an attempted "serial killer," because "serial killing" indecent people, human garbage, and monsters is a positive form of being a "serial killer."

When it comes to filmmaking, I love practical special effects more than any other effect, but I understand when CGI needs to be used, but it often gets nothing but abused in a very lazy manner. I usually think that practical effects should be used over most anything else, because when they are creatively used it makes things a lot more fun to look at, such as an actual explosion occurring on film rather than one generated with computers, or a car chase performed by actual stunt drivers rather than computers creating scenes of a car

chase. I would prefer a practical effect in use and physically performed on film that looks extremely cheap often rather than what is produced by CGI. The ’80s had a lot of fine practical work during the time, such as the special effects found within The Thing (1982), Fright Night (1985), and basically all of David Cronenberg’s earliest films. So, most often I would expect them in use in some of the film ideas that I create, but not necessarily all of them, having it understood when CGI is the only option. This includes having actual film used to record television and film sequences and then having them painted on to produce effects such as magic spells brightly flashing or ghosts flying about.

I came up with an idea for a “tokusatsu Game of Thrones” or a “tokusatsu Walking Dead” called Yo while thinking in a desire to make a Reagontoon work either titled Underbelly, Scorpion Company, or Backstabbers Inc., or their title variations maybe being The Scorpions or Backstabbers, wanting it to appeal to older children and teenagers, and then have a large amount of likeable characters, even if they were good or evil, and originally came up with a comic book titled Scorpion Company. I made an idea for DC Comics to make a large comedy parody event called “The Death of Superman Emergency Squad” where the Superman Emergency Squad, characters that are many small versions of Superman dressed as he is, ends up dying as if it were a big deal, and this parody DC event would be pure comedy and action that was written and illustrated while, possibly having bigger named artists involved, including perhaps having Alex Ross making all the art for it, but the whole narrative involves some of DC’s more ridiculous, unusual, and bizarre characters instead its main roster, such as Jimmy Olsen, Krypto the Super Dog, Streaky the Supercat, Bat-Hound, Beppo, Comet, Zook, Bouncing Boy, Bat-Baby etc., and have inspiration from some of Sheldon Moldoff’s stranger Detective Comics and Batman issues, while having large amounts of silly villains like Professor Gorilla, Mr. Mzyzptlk, Bat-Mite, Lord Death Man, Condiment King, etc., placed as the adversaries of the events plot, making it a well done work for such a pseudo important event that is just plain stupid, and eventually have a very artistic cover of Jimmy Olsen on his knees, face in the air, crying, sounding in pain, holding dead members of Superman Emergency Squad in his hands, and them also dead around him, and the hero character including the super animals and Bat-hound looking sad and in mourning around him. I kept researching Sheldon Moldoff’s works involving Batman, finding many of them humorous, and loving how funny and ridiculous they often were, and wanting them and their elements to be heavily and humorously used again. Many characters found in Sheldon Moldoff’s works reminded me of tokusatsu characters, such as the alien Batman and Robin on the cover of Batman #140, Killer Moth on Batman #141, and especially the Raven and the Wasp on Detective Comics #287, with that Detective Comics issue being a large inspiration to what I wanted to eventually have achieved through a work. I also kept watching humorous tokusatsu gifs online, loving the ridiculous nature of them while they also included large amounts of very entertaining firework explosions. The first cover for this “The Death of Superman Emergency Squad” event I was going to draw up myself, with it having many Supermans repeatedly looking exactly alike in stance and position in rows of Supermans as if posing for an army photograph on a set of rafters that only captured a large portion but not all of them, in the photograph’s frame. I then thought of exchanging these Supermans with many generic henchmen belonging to a tokusatsu villain instead and then having it for a first cover of a comic book series, using Scorpion Company as a title. The reason that I was using Scorpion Company for the title is based off the beat ‘em up idea that I had with the very same title, because there is a concept in the video game Final Fight and other beat ‘em up video games, where enemy characters who are the exact same unique character in name and appearance keep showing up again and again to fight the player’s character, making somewhat little sense, so I thought and advised to others that creating masked generic henchman enemy characters dressed alike like those found in Captain Commando was a better idea to do. I then had already arrived at my opinions of what the film The Warriors (1979) was about, with it expressing desires to keep street gangs existing as separate entities fighting each other. Taking this concept from The Warriors, thinking of this many same masked and costumed generic henchmen cover titled Scorpion Company, figuring Scorpion Company to be a possible good name for a comic book, and scorpion’s being backstabbers, I then thought up a story scheme where a group similar to DC’s Legion of Doom, consisting of many top and powerful villains, were becoming too powerful, but recently experienced infighting, and the government thought of a plot to have a group of specialized government agents, which they dubbed Scorpion Company, to infiltrate the villains’ different hench groups as generic members, and then purposely cause fighting between the groups with each other, attempting to cause a divide between the higher villains belonging to the Legion of Doom-like group of the story. Because I was researching so many forms of entertainment, and figured that people in my head kept

treating different forms of entertainment and those who produce it as possibly evil people, I then thought to have these villains represent through subtext or symbolisms different varieties of entertainment, such as one villain representing comic books, one films, one video games, one television, one novels, one music, one sports, one cartoons, etc. I then also have a concept for a comic book titled Rogue Gallery, which would be highly inspired by the Batman: The Animated Series episode "Almost Got 'Im" where the villains are the central characters of the comic book, and they keep attempting to defeat a hero character that they centered in their thoughts upon in their hatred for him and always failing at killing him. I then took this thought of having villains central to the story, and then figured to have these villains representing different entertainment industries be central characters also, and then have Scorpion Company working to raise themselves in their henchmen status to the position near to their head villain leader, also gaining skills and powers along the way to make them unique from their fellow henchmen, in order to usurp the head villains and control the groups and then turn them against each other. I then decided that this whole Scorpion Company comic book series would be an entertainment business satire, having subtext focused on different entertainment mediums competing against each other, working with each other, but also fighting with each other, while also having who knows trying to enter into the businesses and wanting to become big names in the entertainment fields, and then have the government working against the entertainment industries also, trying to or actually achieving to control, manipulate, or harm them, too. Because Sheldon Moldoff's characters were reminding me of tokusatsu characters, and I knew The Mikado to be a satire set outside of a country to express criticisms about the British government, and I really began to love a Japanese film titled Killers on Parade (1961), which has a better Japanese title of My Face Red in the Sunset, which also seems to have assassin characters representing various fields, including the medical and sports professions, I thought that Scorpion Company would have an entirely Japanese character cast, but it would also take place in a fictional version of Japan, such as DC Comic's Gotham being a fictional New York and Metropolis being a fictional Chicago. I then started to think that Scorpion Company would be a television series instead, probably connecting the thought of constantly killing off characters such as in Game of Thrones and The Walking Dead, having characters performing this in a conniving manner, and figured it possible to have it go straight to television instead. This thought was also motivated by my love of the tokusatsu gifs I kept watching, and I wanted to have a show that had the usual characteristics of a tokusatsu show and its practical effects and explosions, but also would have the best U.S. special effects know how applied to such a show, making it a joint effort of Japanese and U.S. film and television special effects productions, combining the Japanese practical effects with the U.S.'s superior CGI found in U.S. superhero films. Another thought that helped inspire all this was that I kept playing Dark Souls 3 a large amount of my time, and its game has the option to join covenants to fight members of other covenants, and began to develop a Souls series game in my head that would focus on a character joining a covenant whose leader was found to be one of the bosses in the game, so the player would be attempting to assassinate all other covenant bosses in the game on behalf of a boss, and then attempt to possibly assassinate his own boss also. I also began to title this game Scorpion Company. While constantly playing Dark Souls 3, I would also always just use more ineffectual various magic infused daggers for fun to play through the game, knowing that they are best for back attacks and to punish other players after parrying them, and I figured to have a character whose sole focus was to obtain magic daggers, and he would be the game's final boss, being a genius at parrying the player and finding and discovering the player's weaknesses, so I thought to add this final boss character as a very important character in the television series' story and a member of Scorpion Company, and him being a very "cloak-and-dagger" fellow, even literally with him wearing a cloak and having many special daggers. This follows through with various Souls series games where the final boss is a bit of a bathos in the fact that they are just some more human character that gained great abilities. Even back before this, in junior high school I thought of an idea for an RPG game titled Three God Rule where the player is a chibi hero, who resembled Chrono from Chrono Trigger with a different haircut, wielding a katana, and wearing a firefighter jacket similar to the comic book character Ash, that exists in a world where many different villains and parties are separately attempting to control the world, such as the Devil and the hordes of Hell, alien invaders, an evil lord of darkness, an evil corporation, a kingdom of goblins, powerful divine figures, etc., and this hero is attempting to stop them all in their singular control over everything. This video game idea Three God Rule also would inspire a previously mentioned proposed plot for an Adventure Time movie that had several super evils in it, and I would take these characters from this Adventure Time plot, who were also inspired by the Eight Devils of Kimon from Ninja Scroll (1993), and begin placing them into the Scorpion Company idea. Furthermore, there is a band of superpowered henchman

in the game Final Fantasy V, who own allegiance to the game's villain Ex-Death, and I figured to have a story highly involve such a group of strange and superpowered evil villains. I just kept compiling many thoughts together from various sources and thought that the story would be a combination and cluster of several problems happening at once. I also began to make a 3D world comedy fantasy RPG game about ordinary astronauts in their space suits with swords going to the Moon to fight dragons that evolved from Dinosaurs, partially based on the video game Hydlide 3 and Final Fantasy IV, making fun of the astronauts in my head, and I started borrowing from this idea, too. There are possibly a large many other sources that I kept borrowing and stealing from myself from. Combining everything, this show's story would have no main character, but have an importance on separate members of Scorpion Company, generic henchmen characters, the villain leaders representing entertainment fields of the Legion of Doom-like entity, government officials, religious officials, psychiatrists, the space industry, news corporations, outside villains bent on causing harm, and ancient evils representing disasters, with all of them having important roles over any central character. No longer wanting to title it Scorpion Company, because of my other idea on the name Scorpion Company, I then was inspired by the Japanese art genre ukiyo-e, which translates to "pictures of the floating world," and then started to title this project just Yo, from the "yo" in ukiyo-e, which means "world," but also is phonetically similar to a Japanese word for "night," and "yo" also is used for a sound when ending a sentence to add emphasis or confirmation in a sentence. "Yo" also of course is like U.S. English street lingo in attempting to gain attention. I also loved the thought of the television series having a title that is just simply a two letter word. I then figured that the secret government agents in the television show would just be called The Scorpions rather than Scorpion Company.

A problem with having my head connected with many people is that I have my story ideas with necessary and interesting plot twists and turns just immediately spoiled because my mind is surveyed all day. I had already thought of many eventual happenings in this story, including a big plot development and twist. The story first begins with the government assassinating several psychics who work for the Legion of Doom-like entity reading a new henchperson's mind when they are being sought for employment in a hench group. How they assassinate these psychic individuals is by having someone unaware that they are doing so, either poisoning the psychic or dropping a bomb off to them. With these psychics dead, the members of The Scorpions then can better find themselves in the hench groups undetected in their intentions. Before I went to jail, I was creating many characters, but didn't have any names for them really. In my cell in the jail mental health ward and the forensic mental health ward I had a Japanese dictionary that my mother sent me, and I began to read it to create character names. One character would be a woman who goes by the name of Yushi and Abura, and she is the leader of a group of sewer people with her and them representing the porn industry, who they also work with rat people to keep themselves existing and alive. This character Yushi is inspired by Stormy Daniels, the character Camilla from Fire Emblem Fates, and the Blob from the two The Blob films. She can turn herself into pure corrosive green slime that burns through organic and inorganic matter, and her bones are the only thing of her that do not change to slime, but they are pitch black and indestructible. She often loses her bones and becomes separate pieces of slime but eventually puts herself together again. Within the show there are various ways for other people to gain superpowers and abilities, but some involve highly difficult to perform procedures to gain the items that access people superpowers. One item is called a "genri crystal" and these form from the sadness of true pain, heartache, and loss, but most of the Legion of Doom-like entity yet named do not focus on gaining genri crystals but are more focused on gaining money and political influence. When these genri crystals are formed, they first leave the head of a person who has experienced great pain, heartache, or suffering, as a small and drifting ghostly pinpoint of light, but then after drifting awhile, they begin to shine in air, and then harden into a crystal ending up in some unpredictable location, such as in a tree, in a street, on some news stand, etc. These crystals are very powerful in gaining dark abilities but are rare and would take a person effort to gain in abundance. Somewhere in a much later season nearing the show's end seasons, it would come to be realized by the still existing members of The Scorpions that almost each one of the entertainment industries that they were separating, pitting against, and investigating are actually nothing compared to the evil of the very government who set them on their secret mission and task, and those in the government, the religious organizations, the field of psychiatry, the space industry, the news industry, the video game industry, the porn industry, and the rat people are the most vile characters in existence, being addicted to the genri crystals, the feelings that they cause, and they purposely try to create the genri crystals in abundance to keep consuming them, fulfilling their own sensory lust for them and gaining more power in the processes.

In jail I also started to create that the setting is in a fictional larger Asian island nation that also speaks Japanese, but is not Japan, and they have their own similar but different culture from Japan, even believing in different mythical gods then those of the Shinto religion, such as their main god being a sea god named Gyogyo. Inspired by the fact that the COVID-19 spread was happening while I was in jail, I also added a character that I previously created named Kyokyori, who is a large monster kaiju bat that breathes out and spreads crimson clouds of disease everywhere it goes, and has a very expansive wing span, and included in all the clusters of difficulties everyone has to worry about, they also have this giant kaiju bat possibly and likely about to attack and spread disease throughout the country's cities.
I would also want the special effects in Yo to often match the ones used by Terry Gilliams' special effects team in the film The Adventures of Baron Munchausen (1988).
Returning to the idea of DC Comics pseudo important comic book event "The Death of Superman Emergency Squad", a after joke for the DC Comics event would be that Superman Emergency Squad turns out to swiftly comeback to be resurrected and living, and then they all have a new look to them of being electrified and blue, just as Superman Blue is.

I also made an idea for an arthouse Japanese film just titled Ukiyo-e, and I didn't come up with a story for it, but it would involve Edo period courtly characters, and the film production, filming, and practical special effects would be the most important part of the film, because the whole film would be very surreal, dream-like, and floaty, having the characters all slowly moving and drifting in a literal fashion about their lives, as if lacking in natural gravity.

When I was downloading ROMs and playing old console and computer games, I came across two pornographic games that surprising had fun and original game design, which usually doesn't happen in a pornographic or hentai game. The reason that this occurs is that any person with proper understanding and business prowess involved in the entertainment industry realizes that if they had a pretty unique and original product they would try to market it to as many people as they could, and not just a band of perverts looking to get aroused for a bit by some entertainment product with pornography in it. Most every hentai or pornographic game is therefore always found to be a copy of another game, or it has standard and common game design that is not even very appealing, nor does its creators care to place much work into it with character development on most occasions. When I was working at Home Depot, I was discussing such things in my mind to show that I could bring up the topic of pornography and pornographic materials in mind, and not have it inspire my libido, sexual desire, and the intent of sexual criminal behavior. The first game that I write of is a game for the PC-88 titled Manami Hayakawa's Snake Camp. When I started to play it, I did not think it a hentai game but just some game based on a Japanese pop idol. After playing one level and seeing a provocative image of a woman in a tent, I realized that the snake enemies found in the level were phalluses. The reason I think the game design is original is because the player navigates the top-down screen looking for rocks to throw at the snakes, finding one that gets placed in their inventory, throws it at the snake, losing it, and then must find more rocks to throw. Items also appear in the campsite to help the player, such a cute slug that stops all the snakes, a scythe that allows the player to move through bushes, and a bottle of anti-venom making it that the player is unharmed by the snakes for a brief time. I thought to make several games inspired by this hentai game, thinking the game design was that fun. I came up with an idea for a top-down game that I gave the working title of Airplane Crashing into a Mountain Forest Game, which would involve a man surviving an airplane crash in a forest, needing to survive and make his way out of the forest, and there would be a hunger, thirst, and fatigue meter. The fatigue meter grows in certain instances, having the bar slowly raise when they walk, even faster raised when they run, medium-sized rocks and larger boulders would be able to be pushed and lifted causing a large amount of fatigue, and eventually the player will need to rest before over fatigue. Smaller rocks can be found to throw at dangerous wildlife also, having a person be able to place up to around four rocks in their pockets at a time. Sticks can be found also, and the sticks have random numbers allotted to them that count down to when the stick breaks if swung at or stabbed at towards an enemy or deplete at a certain amount of time in a campfire that can be built with rocks. To not freeze in the night, rocks and sticks are necessary to gain to create a campfire. Eventually, the player can locate more sophisticated in instruments in shacks and cabins, such as a chainsaw, but carrying it causes the fatigue meter to grow faster, and the gasoline ends up running out. Enemies can be found within the forest, such as bears, cougars, wolves, snakes, badgers, weasels, rats, mice, etc. and many will have to be kept at bay or killed if

they come to close. The snakes can be picked up with the sticks by stabbing at them, and then they can either be flung out of the way, thrown at other enemies, or killed so to be eaten.
The second pornographic game that had surprisingly fun game play, especially for an Atari game, is the game Burning Desire for the Atari 2600. This game I knew to be blatant pornography, but I wanted to see if the game was even fun. I admit this game is creepy, because you have a nude woman who is under the threat of being burned up if she is not properly rescued by having her attach her mouth to the player's naked helicopter steering character's penis, which failure causes her to be incinerated immediately. The reason it would actually be better if it wasn't a pornographic game is because the mechanics of keeping the flames at bay, which keep attempting to grow is something a bit unique in the game, and the player also has to avoid and dodge bullets shot by two enemy characters surrounding the fire pit with naked woman in it below. I thought of a similar game where a fire fighter has a smaller personal helicopter with a water gun on it, and the water gun needs to keep being filled up from a near water town, and then the player works to save characters in a burning building from growing flames and remove them from the building before the fire reaches them, not incinerating the characters, but turning them in blackened figures of themselves with cartoon eyes, which still can be rescued, but counting to a larger failure in the round over all. This rescue of the burning building is also attempted to be stopped by enemies, which include living fires, who some shoot flame bullets at the rescuer.

Many years ago, before I knew about the maser instruments, I got the desire to go into a pornographic magazine shop on State Street out of nowhere to get either a Play Boy, a Penthouse, or a magazine of the sort, and immediately after I went into the store, I felt somewhat awkward, looked at the regular display stand of magazines that were outside the curtained pornographic magazines, browsed around for a bit, and thought to maybe go into the pornographic section, but didn't. The only person working there was a man near his thirties behind the glass counter, and he was watching The Matrix (1999). I went to the desk, began talking to him for a second, and he asked me, "Have you ever seen The Matrix?" I then replied, "Yes." He then said, "You should not get into it! This stuff is blowing my mind!" In retrospect this was all symbolism and trying to convey something, especially because the store permanently closed, and then an antique store called Cobwebs moved into the location, indicating in its name and the occurrence with the clerk that the pornographic magazines are just unused items, and that new forms of technology were being used for sexual or pornographic reasons.

I wondered how many people were illegally connecting to members of the entertainment community and not only gaining television and film spoilers, but also insider information. I wondered how often television film content was manipulated by an outside party with maser use to follow their directions without those working on it understanding or knowing it to be happening. This occurred as I created an idea for a sequel film in the Deadpool series titled Deadpool in Mojo World, and I made both the beginning and end to it, knowing the middle would involve Mojo World and the ability to travel to different dimensions, but that's all I created regarding it. Because of the ending, he would need to meet the Marvel Comics dragon-like character Fin Fang Foom somewhere in the story, and the film would make references to The NeverEnding Story (1984) with Fin Fang Foom sometimes acting in a similar fashion to Falkor.

One time I asked my brother what he wanted for Christmas, and he gave me the strange request of Blu-rays of The NeverEnding Story (1984) and Goodfellas (1990) as if the two had a lot in common. I figured that this was in reference in combination to the constant attacks on me by organized criminals, or just extortion in general, and my novel Nanahee, or just the use of entertainment ideas in general.

I also have the idea to make a new The NeverEnding Story that follows the book well.

When I performed my act of trust to delete all my files to focus on just poetry, having it result in the files not being deleted at all for the most part, I just kept a separate file that I didn't attempt to delete that had a small list of long or short poem titles that I wished to work on, along with a verse play, a prose poetry novel, and an experimental prose poetry and verse poetry novel. Most every one of them focuses on keeping sensual or erotic tones.
They consisted of these titles, along with a brief explanation:

Birdsongs and Larks of the Cerulean Warbler, which would be a verse novel about a cerulean warbler bird that steals a useless and too small gag letter opener designed as a tiny Civil War saber, and then goes on adventures.

Flora's Bible, which is a reference to the Roman goddess of spring, flowers, and fertility Flora.

Lamprocapnos, which is reference to a flower known as bleeding heart, but it has several other names, such as Venus car, lady in a bath, our lady in a boat, and it would be poem in nine parts, each part titled after the different names of the flower.

Psyche - The Winged Woman, the Mind, *and the Soul*, which is a reference to the goddess psyche, and her name also being the Greek word for butterfly.

Rubbed Red, which is about a picture that my ex-girlfriend sent me of her masturbated vagina.

The Better of Eggy's Letters, which would be a novel of prose and verse poetry, modelled after and inspired by the prose poetry work the The Book of Disquiet by Fernando Pessoa, which is my favorite book, and it would have a story of a calligrapher who likes to write random love notes to women.

The Callipygian Venus, which is a famous statue work of Venus having beautiful buttocks.

The Candles of Sea, Land, and Sky - Sea of Candles, Land of Candles, Sky of Candles, which would be a long poem in three parts about the life upon Earth and the three realms of existing as animals.

The Dancing Tongue, which inspired by a time that I sent a sextual text message to my ex-girlfriend that was attempting to be poetic, comparing my tongue to a ballet dancer on the stage that is her vagina, and I thought it a great name for a poem, because poetry often has to do with rhythmic speaking and words arriving in a choreographed manner.

The Eggshell Woman and Her Bedroom Nest, which is about my ex-girlfriend, and me being the happiest that I had ever been with her in her room.

The Hairbrush, which was about a time that I made love to my ex-girlfriend.

The Plague Goddess, which would be a verse play about a goddess of plagues whose position as a bringer of plagues cannot be helped, and another god who is immortal loves her, but every time they get romantic or make love, her status as a plague goddess gives him a large amount of diseases, a bout of insanity, and he is pestered by obnoxious insects and animals, but later heals and then does it again.

The Sanding of My Skeleton, which is about the time I was attacked while outside of my ex-girlfriend's house by maser static, having it feel like it was all over my upper bones, and I use it also for a term for refining one's taste despite their history and the preferences biographically shown as a person's tastes.

The Single Bristle, which was about the first time that I made love.

The Tattered Thong, which was about a time that I made love with my ex-girlfriend.

The Woman Vase, which is about a woman that I saw nude in a magazine from the back in a cross-legged position sitting on beach rocks when I was a young teenager, thought it the greatest and most inspiring sight I ever saw, and compared the shape of her hips to a vase and work of art, which I would later think of while viewing another nude woman from the back that I saw in an anatomy book later.

Venus Anodyomene, which is about the goddess Venus rising from the sea.

People and myself kept adding title after title, and some of them were good, and many of them were ideas that I set aside for other works, but I kept trying to keep it to a minimum of these titles above to work on. Many of titles in the file folder would have ideas for plays that I already made in a folder labelled My Play Ideas get placed into it.

When I went to Iceland, I just started to date my ex-girlfriend, and we had coitus before I left. I had the thought to have her come with, and me just paying for her to be there the whole time, but she just started at the FedEx call center, and I figured that she needed and wanted the job, so I didn't offer, but if she hinted to me that she wished to go also, I would have made sure to have invited and tried to bring her along, but I'm certain people had other plans for us. When I was there, I had some other odd things happen. I was sitting in a Reykjavik pizza shop, eating a fantastic piece of pizza that matched or was better than anything I had in New York, and as I sat at the table facing the restaurants counter, I continued to notice just how extraordinarily pretty the young blonde woman at the checkout counter was. I sat eating and looking at her. I then stopped eating my pizza, went up to her and asked if she had a paper, she gave me a small slip of paper, and then I went back to my table. I started to write her a note as I was eating. Paraphrasing this note, it read: "I'm from the U.S.A., and I've only been in Iceland and just Reykjavik for a couple of days, but by looking of you, I'm very certain that it's possible that you are the prettiest woman in the whole country." I went into the pizza restaurant on a previous day without her there, realized how amazing the pizza was, so I went back to the restaurant a following day, and I knew that it would be embarrassing to return after giving her note, but after I finished the pizza, I got up, put the note on the restaurant counter in front of her, and then I left. This restaurant was on a busy main street in Reykjavik, so I passed by the pizza shop several times going somewhere else, looking at it from across the street as I passed by to see if she was still there, but I didn't go inside again. I went on a bus tour later of the outer country that included several waterfalls and geysers, and at a small tourist destination, there was a pretty redheaded woman working the counter, not as pretty as the blonde woman working the counter of the pizza shop, but still pretty. I then did the same thing and asked if she had a paper to write on, she gave me one, and then I walked over to a clothing table to write a note on it. Paraphrasing this note, it read: "I'm just a tourist, and I have to leave on a bus in a few minutes, but seeing and being with you alone would be worth getting stuck here." I then handed the note to her, she looked down at it before I turned around, and I didn't look at her as I walked away, went out the store, and then left on a bus. I would later have breakfast at a bookstore and café in Reykavik at an outside table but then moved inside the bookstore and café because I was busy writing. I bought a card for my ex-girlfriend, who I was still in a relationship at the time, so I could make her a love note. I felt I needed to since I was not really contacting anyone on vacation there. I wrote it in my invented brand of cursive lettering that I often would practice at work. This card read:

—[Her Name]

I am writing this to you in a bookstore in downtown Reykjavik looking out the window onto a street called Grettisgata. This is an apology to you for the lack of communication during the time. —I'm sorry. I haven't communicated with anyone I know the last two weeks. I am aware that you would only receive this when I have returned home, so I will try to slip it in your purse when you are not looking.

I also want to inform you of a constant thought I had while here: One often travels to foreign lands to find some revitalization in strange customs and environs. I bought my ticket here before we met. As you are aware, I was a virgin before we met. Now I am experiencing this different country. And, yes, it is a new feeling. But nothing here can compare to the excitement recently found in your touch.

—This whole time I have wanted to be back home with your foreign touch.

—Davyn

I still have the card in my possession.

While I was in Iceland, I actually planned the trip very poorly, which I thought would be fun. Some night I would not even have a hostile to sleep in, and I was wandering the city of Reykjavik all through the night,

walking along its streets, the shores, and seeing the Midnight Sun. On two or three occasions, I found myself sleeping in the cold local bus station on their seats, where other people were there doing the same. On one cold night, I made a reservation at a local Salvation Army, they gave me a bed in a room with two bunks on it and a small portrait of Jesus Christ on the wall. The people running the location said they do not have blankets for those staying there and even refused to make an exception. I sat trying to sleep in the cold room on the mattress, but got too cold, lifted the covering off it, and the tried to cocoon myself in it in the fetal position, which helped very little. Another problem was a young man sharing the room was sleeping in a lower bunk across from me in the bed below, and he kept making the worse noises in his sleep, as if he was turkey, and I was getting furious at the noise that the idiotic man was making.

This poor planning occurred in Japan also. I booked three weeks' worth of a stay in the same capsule hotel bed in Tokyo, but I would often wander places, and I found myself without a place to stay in Kyoto, once sleeping partially in a train station, and once attempting to sleep near the street outside of the Shrine of Inari. When I went back to Tokyo, I got stuck at a train station in the middle of nowhere at night, because I went the wrong direction and the trains were no longer running. I went to sleep on one of the small train station benches, but the view from laying on my back revealed that there was about a twelve-foot spiderweb in the ceiling above and a green marble-sized spider sitting in its center. I sat looking at it for a moment, considered still trying to sleep there, but then felt it was unwise to do so. I then left the train station, found an all-night diner that appeared as if it could be found anywhere in Salt Lake City, such as Dee's or Village Inn, sat at a booth, ordered some coffee, but instead was there mostly to use the booth to sleep at.

When I was leaving Iceland, I was worried about stomach issues on the airplane ride home, so I took a lot of Pepto-Bismol. My stomach kept aching the whole way home. I tried to sleep, but I would often have strange dreams, including one where the people were floating throughout the cabin, and a woman who was on the airplane said in midair the strange and unheard-of portmanteau word, which I never heard before, "Skelephant!" combining "skeleton" and "elephant" together.

I got home really late at night, and despite my stomach hurting and aching, I texted my girlfriend to come over when I got home, which she did. When she did come over to my apartment, she was wearing a strange small brown dress with large buttons on it that barely even reached to start to cover her legs and only a woman desiring to have sex would wear. I would think it a "potato sack" dress. When we did start to have sex, I took off her dress to find that she was wearing panties that had a cartoon whale on their back portion. I figured that this was referring to Iceland and its connection with whales. I went on a very uneventful whale tour while I was in Iceland where I did not see whales on the boat, I got seasick, and I threw up a can of Pepsi over the side of the boat. I had also worried about having stomach issues on the boat, so I only drank the Pepsi instead of an actual meal beforehand. When the boat stopped moving, I was at least given some lobster soup to feel my stomach again.

The first time that I met her, she was sat at my workplace cubicle at work to listen to my phone calls, because she still in training and she was supposed to learn from listening to me. I started to get in a conversation with her, and I showed her some cursive words I was writing. I then showed her that sometimes her first initial was one of the most difficult capital letters in my cursive script to write. I then showed her how I wrote it. She was giving me body signals that showed she was attracted to me, and I quickly noticed so. She then leaned into me smiling, how she writes out her first initial herself. After this I immediately thought that I needed to eventually ask her out. They moved my desk before the new hires were placed on the floor, they were going to originally place me in a cubicle right on the other side of hers, which if this would have happened I probably would have stood up and looked over the walls to speak to her quite often, but I wasn't aware where they would place her nor that it would be even close to me. Instead, I asked for a corner desk of the building, because I wanted to close to the windows and look out them. I was placed in the corner cubicle, and she was on my very row at the other end of the cubicles with two other people between us, so I could see her often just peeking out of my cubicle, but it was awkward to try to talk to her across the other people, and I wasn't very talkative at work in the first place. When they placed on the floor to take calls, she had a guy in her training class with her that just started that was somewhat emo looking, looking slightly like Benjamin Gibbard of Death Cab for Cutie. I often get spurred by jealousy to try to be romantic with a person, and I like to try to "snipe" women from other men, so I saw this person talking to her at her desk one day early when she was taking calls, and I thought that perhaps they were already seeing each other or that he would eventually ask her out. I discovered that she was the sister-in-law of another person that we worked with, and this sister-in-law

of hers was also the sister of one my closer friends. After work, I called this closer friend, asked him for his sister's number, asked his sister for her sister-in-law's number, and then politely texted this woman who would become my first real girlfriend, and then later my first ex-girlfriend, and asked her out on what would be exactly my twenty-eighth birthday. She said, "Yes." I had a fondness for walking around the Avenues at the time, because my apartment was located within them. She came over wearing a sweatband on her head and hemp red slippers. We walked around several places, but mostly headed west to Memory Grove, and then to Temple Square to view the summer flowers, which despite belonging to the L.D.S. Church I still found pretty and nice to look at, and my grandpa use to have a job planting them. While there we passed the downtown L.D.S. Temple. After passing it by, I began saying humorous swear words about things I can't remember, but I was mostly just trying to be offensive on L.D.S. Church property, she laughed, and then we left onto the street. I then walked with her down North Temple talking with her, and she explained somethings about herself and her family, including that her father was gay, and that she had an African American stepfather. When we got back to my apartment, I invited her in, but she declined. We then hugged, and she said we should see each other again. It was later thought in my head that passing by the L.D.S. Temple was symbolism for everyone to do so, not needing to be traditionally married, and just having a relationship with a person outside of what they demand marriage to be.

On our second date I took her to Ruth's Diner. We ate outside as she smoked. After dinner, I returned to my apartment to find that my roommate and some of my friends were there in the living area. I went to my room, we laid on my bed, and I could see slightly down her shirt. I showed her some books that I had, including a collection of Playboy Cartoon Archives that was on my shelf. I wondered if she wanted to stay, but she had said she had to leave. I escorted her out and then gave her a hug before she left.

On my third date, we stayed at my apartment and watched Amelie together. She offered if I wanted to go play cards with her and her family at her father's place later, and I told her maybe. After about halfway through the film, I kissed her for the first time on the cheek. This was the second kiss I romantically ever gave a person in my life. She then smiled at me. Kissed me on the mouth back, and we then began to completely make out, me kissing her face all over and nibbling her ears and she sat sideways on my lap. I then picked her up, took her into my bedroom, and began to massage her all over while we continued to make out, including touching her breasts, butt, and other places, other than her vagina. I unbuttoned her shirt, exposed her breast, began to kiss and stroke them, and I also sucked on her nipples. She was blushing all over and getting pretty sweaty from it. After long minutes of this, she said that we should stop and that she should go but continued to kiss me. She then sat on the side of my bed for a moment, but I still was massaging her in places. I had my right hand on her hip, and I tried to slip my fingers slowly in her leggings, I felt a slight bit of pubic hair, and she panicked a bit. She then said she should really leave and go to play cards with her family. She got fixed herself up a bit, and outside my bedroom door we passionately grabbed each other and began to make out again. This happened for a few moments, but then she said she really did need to go. She then left after I hugged her goodbye.

On my fourth date with her, my mother was making me drive her vehicle because she had to borrow mine. I took my then girlfriend to the Utah State Capitol Building to walk around with her for some time. For some reason that I didn't know, I kept slightly getting aroused as I held her hand and walked with her, having my penis half erect. I put my hand in my pocket to try and hide that I had a slight erection.

My penis being half erect at the Utah State Capitol Building would later be informed as symbolism for several politicians in the future that the flags are going to be flying at half-mast for the many of them, based on their behavior towards sexuality and their claims of it not being innate.

We then went back to my apartment and then had sex for the first time, with her aware that it was my first time. I lit a candle and put some Sigur Ros on. On the bed, we began by making out for some time as I kissed and massaged her everywhere. I had a tiny bit of trouble removing her tight black leggings, but upon removing them and seeing that she had no underwear on, I immediately place my mouth on her vagina, began to suck on it and tongue it, and began to tongue her anus, too, doing this for long minutes. Eventually getting her completely naked, I was asked what position I wanted to have sex for the first time in, and I asked if she I could have her in the doggy style position, she said, "Okay," and then placed her naked on the corner of my bed, presenting to me with her vagina and anus showing to me. I then placed my penis in her vagina, but I also felt a little nervous, so it wasn't entirely erect. I kept trying to hump her, but I still felt a bit nervous, so I wondered if we could do something else. I then laid down naked on the bed and she began to tongue my penis and testicles, but my legal was still shaking a bit from nervousness. Feeling too nervous, I then grabbed her

both her upper arms and then brought her to me and began to make out with her again. We started to make out naked for a few minutes. I then asked her if she would sit on my face. She then said, “Yes,” again. She then sat with her anus and vagina right in my face and began to perform fellatio on me. I kept tonguing her anus, and I realized that she had a single bristle on it that she missed when shaving, but I kept performing anilingus on her. After a few minutes of this, I suddenly had to really orgasm. I told her that I was going to cum, began to stroke myself to finish myself as she moved herself from off my face, and I began to ejaculate in the air and all over myself. She said, “That’s a lot of cum!” I then kept stroking myself, but she then moved my hand from away from my penis, placed her mouth around my penis, and then began to suck all the sperm off it and out of it, making me feel an amazing sensation that I never felt before. After sitting in bed for a bit, we then took a shower together. We made out in the shower, and she smiled and got aroused when I started to wash her vagina. I should have tried something again in the shower but didn’t.

The next time we had sex, I was nervous that my penis would go down again, so I held it at its base when she gave me fellatio, and my erection didn’t seem to go down.

Strange things would occur in our later sex life together. While driving around the city for a bit, including Bacchus Highway, she played me some songs that I assumed were trying to signify things, such as Devendra Banhart’s “Pumpkin Seeds” which has these lyrics:

Oh
There's a lot of love, but not the kind I need
Have ya ever made soup-out-of pumpkin seeds
There's a lot of skin and flesh I never should have seen
There's too many half-ways-in-betweens. there's a lot of stays, I think I wish I'd done

She also played Neutral Milk Hotel’s “O Comely” and John Lennon’s “Jealous Guy”. We then went back to her place, and I sat on the couch in her room, which was in her family’s basement. While I sat on her couch, she had gotten a call from her young little brother, as she bent over her bed in a very sexually appealing manner. She also had a tattered red thong laying on the ground next to a shelf that had a drawing that I made at work for her displayed on one of her shelves. I got aroused at her bending over the bed and her wearing the tattered red thong. Immediately after saying goodbye to her brother and hanging up, I asked her, “Do you like to wear this thong?” She then said, “When I’m in the mood and feeling frisky.” I then pictured her wearing the tattered thong and masturbating in it, which aroused me more. Half erect, I then moved to her bending off her bed and began to hump her butt while she gave a look back to me that was very sexual and accepting. I also began to grab and stroke her breasts, too. Suddenly and oddly, my penis unreasonably went completely down, but I did not lose passion or enthusiasm. I kept having sex with her. I stripped her naked and then we grabbed her tattered red thong and placed it on her. I began to have sex with her basically in the manner of a lesbian. I never even took off my own clothes but had her naked with the thong on. We got in a position where I was on my back on her bed, she was basically in a position that a person would crabwalk in, I held her by the hips, and I began pushing her hips back and forth to drag her vagina and anus on my tongue. I was very enthusiastic, passionate, and willing to do this to her, but my penis was never erect, which I strangely ignored. I did not even get to have her sexually gratify me by her working to have me ejaculate later. We then went to my place, and she stayed over at my apartment with me, and we had sex there again, her still wearing her tattered thong.

Thinking about this, I was considering that people were seeing if the thought of her young little brother would cause me to get aroused in my head instead, which, of course, it didn’t.

One time when we were having sex in the afternoon, she started strangely rubbing my perineum as if I had a vagina. Another time, she laid on her belly naked with me on my bed after sex, and I had a large floor fan that was blowing and directed at her vagina and buttocks, and I sat for a long several minutes holding her vagina open with one of my hands.

I figured that people wanted me to be aware what a vagina smelled like to test things on me later.

The last time we actually had sex together, I was in my apartment with her, I gave her a key to my apartment while kissing her and grabbing her bottom, telling her that I wanted her there all the time. After talking for a time before having sex, she told me a strange story of her being eight and masturbating for the first using a workout ball, bouncing on it. I thought it a strange story, but I immediately took her from my kitchen into my bedroom, not thinking about what she told me, but desiring to have sex with her. When I took off her clothes,

her vagina had grown hair on it, and she apologized for not having shaved. I didn't really mind at all. I performed better in bed than any previous time, and she was even more enthusiastic than any previous time also. After ejaculating into a condom, I sat by her naked, and she laughed and poked the sperm-filled condom still on my penis. We began talking and she started to look at the books on my shelf behind me. She picked out "The Man Without Qualities" by Robert Musil and asked me what it was about. I admitted that I had yet to read it, but I gave her a brief description from what I knew of it. In retrospect I also thought that she was trying to say something through symbolism.
I then got up because I had to use the bathroom. When I came back, I felt a really fresh form of excitement standing naked in her sight and talking to her. We then began to have sex again, and this time I also performed better than previous times. We made love in a position that we never did before with her naked on her belly, legs together and I straddled her upper legs with my penis inside of her vagina, and I got a really nice looking at her anus, which was red with sweat from the previous time we had sex. After having sex a second time, we sat naked again in bed and talking. She told me of her first time when she had sex, which involved her teenage partner not using any foreplay, having her in the doggy style position, having one of his feet by her face, and him "jackrabbiting" her, humping her too quickly. I just said in a kind and understanding voice, "I'm sorry." She left a little while after this, but before she did, she gave a weird shiver, which I found strange. I then hugged her, and she said goodbye.

On several occasions I have been made to experience dreams through maser use that were very cinematic and felt like they were lasting from an hour to several hours, creating a very groggy feeling upon waking, with the dreams usually being very surreal, chaotic, and not very fixed in their narrative. I have ideas based on these dreams that I was given, and one of these dreams that I found very strange and appealing I wrote down as a film that would be titled Napkin Animation of a Woman Crying Fever Dream Post-Apocalypse Film. I was given this idea for a surrealist film from a dream that involved a destroyed world full of the ruins of local stores and cities, and the finale to this dream had a man create an animation using an ink pen and a large number of napkins, using them as a flipbook, and the animation on them was of a very simple and rudimentary drawn figure of a crude and abstract woman crying. I figured this was a referencing to something that happened a while previous where I was broken up with my ex-girlfriend and I was at a bar with some friends. I then saw a pretty young woman with long black hair sitting at a table, and I thought to hit on her by writing a love note on a piece of napkin. I can't remember what it said, but it probably conveyed how pretty I thought she looked and if I could have her number. When I gave it to her, she smiled at me, and then said she was spoken for. I just shrugged my shoulders, unconcerned, and then said, "It was worth a try!"

I made another film idea from a very long and fever-like dream that I had when I was a teenager, titling the film idea eventually as Makeshift. This dream was as if Dawn of the Dead (1978), Blade Runner (1982), and Krull (1983) was combined. It had people in a U.S. civil war using buildings that were once grocery stores, shopping stores, strip malls, and large office buildings as military fronts and fortresses against opposing sides in suburban and city-wide warfare. This dream that I had included a strange character that was using a futuristic frisbee-like blade to attack enemies in a mall that had become a military fortress. I would later keep including this character in several iterations of what the film would eventually be, claiming that this frisbee-like blade was guided by neurological signals from its user's mind. At one point, figuring that it was too close to the glaive in Krull, I would switch it out that this character would use robotic insects that are like lantern flies or lightning bugs, but they can produce large amounts of plasma from them, burning holes in desired enemies and objects, and they are once again neurologically controlled. I once tried to write a few pages of this work but was likely deterred in doing so. The story pages began with a zookeeper at a local zoo no longer being able to keep the animals because of the local warfare, so he releases all the animals into the wild, hoping for them to fend for themselves, and survive if they are lucky.

One time I gave my ex-girlfriend a topless massage on my bed while watching Blade Runner (1982), the film having its futuristic detective main character finding criminal characters programmed for failure, and after it didn't result in sex, so this might have been trying to convey something to me. I was doing kind of humorous moves to her also, such as brushing my beard all over her back.

Sometimes these really long and fever-like dreams would not even involve me, but characters instead.

I wrote about my idea for a video game titled The Bigger World, which would be a heavy RNG-based RPG about a little girl dreaming she is in a video game while she is in a coma. This idea was also based on a really long dream that I had where I was a futuristic ninja in a cybernetic post-apocalyptic world, who would just continue to keep on dying repeatedly, but find himself resurrected in a same continuous spawning area, always having a fanfare sound. I then thought to make this dream into a film or video game where the exact happenings would occur, using the very beginning of Franz Listz's "Mephisto Waltz" as the fanfare, or something similar, when the cybernetic ninja respawns. I would later further evolve this into a video game idea that would be an open 3D world video, which would be like Sekiro and Batman: Arkham City were combined as one, and the game would have RNG constantly altering the positions of the buildings within the city in a dreamlike quality. I started to call this game and its main cybernetic ninja character Arenji, as wordplay of the name and character Genji from the Japanese novel The Tale of Genji but having it referring to the heavy RNG that would be in the game, phonetically spelling out RNG "ar-en-ji." This game would further have character enemies that would also be reference to video game and speedrunning lingo, such as an enemy boss named Lag, who actually causes time to slow down and skip frames, a boss named Death Warp, who purposely kills himself before being defeated so to quick spawn elsewhere, a boss named Warp Zone that warps different places and also warps items to attack the player, a boss named Kill Screen would give a finite amount of time for the player to attack or kill him, having a devastating move fill up the whole screen of battle, and a boss named Zip that swiftly moves through items. Most every character would have video game and speedrunner terminology as their name, the characters with these video game and speedrunning reference names would have their names cleverly apply to the concept of their name in game design and abilities.

I was writing down that Nintendo should buy Irem, because I like many of Irem's video games, the company haven't been making video games for a bit of time, and oddly I kept making a bunch of modern 3d world video game ideas that could be considered a brand new game with a unique title, but if one took an Irem title and slapped it onto the game with some subtitle, despite the video game being completely different, people would accept that it was a genuinely sequel to the Irem game with the title. When I saw Pixar's first full length feature film Toy Story (1995) in theaters as a teenager when it just came out, I was so happy about the animation of the film that I went home, considered I should try to get a future job in computer animation, began shooting shots with the court-less basketball hoop on my back lawn, and I started to think up computer animated films or video games that I could make in the future. Inspired by Shadow Man from Mega Man 3, I created a character when I was younger that was a more cooler looking and less-cartoonish robot ninja with a star on his head, and I titled him Ninja Star. I remember a particular instance of sitting at our family's kitchen table while young and drawing Ninja Star as a character in 2D sideview action platformer game fighting a giant robot-like Big Fuzz from Contra 3, but he had burning chainsaws for hands that I got the idea from the character Ghost Rider 2099. It's just a common thing that children especially try to steal from places when attempting to make new ideas. I then started to picture Ninja Star created in a 3D animation film or video game like Toy Story, and I also added a character that I created in the past based on Image's Shadow Hawk that could manipulate metals around him like the T-1000, created blades and sharp objects. I pictured this Shadow Hawk like character fighting with a yo-yo like saw like one the one found in the Jame's Bond film Octopussy (1983). I then had a villain character who I titled Star King, who was inspired by the spells Comet and Meteo in the video game Final Fantasy IV, Rock Fighter from The NeverEnding Story (1984), and Home Simpson as jewel encrusted Golden Homer from The Simpsons. This villain character Star King would be a living humanoid meteor who fell to Earth. When I was thinking of Arenji as a character I thought of Ninja Star being the same character, even thinking of levels involving a robotic space ninja in the game. These areas of the game that would be performed in space would have robots warring with each other there, and the game would resemble Sekiro, Armored Core, and Super Mario Galaxy as one, having the robotic ninja who I would still consider Ninja Star using a yo-yo-like laser star to throw at other mechanical bodies and ships floating in space, have the line of the yo-yo-laser connect to the body, the laser than would travel them forward when anchored, and the robot would connect to the space body or ships and be able to navigate around their entire surface area in a manner like Super Mario does to planetary bodies in the Super Mario Galaxy series. I then thought to completely divide this idea from Arenji and just title it Ninja Star. I always liked the game Metal Storm for the NES and its ability to switch the gravity in its levels, so I thought it funny that if this idea for

Ninja Star was released and it just had something like Metal Storm: Ninja Star slapped on it, it would be just accepted by fans of the NES game as actually being a Metal Storm 3D world sequel.
Another game idea that I had would be a 3D world game that would be like if Sekiro was based entirely on martial arts instead, and the player's Chinese martial arts character has starting martial arts moves and abilities, and he also gains martial arts moves and abilities, but all the martial arts moves and abilities in game need to be practiced and experience gained in using them, so when a martial arts move is attempted its perform sloppy and not so smooth at first, but experience keeps getting gained upon their use on enemies, causing them to move more smoothly and hit harder. I originally pictured this video game in my head with an art style similar to Sekiro, but stating a Chinese martial artist rather than Wolf, and at some point I combined it with an artistic style to the Irem arcade Kung-Fu Master, and I thought to have have the same bright style of Kung Fu Master for arcade, also having cartoon characters with dot eyes, line eyebrows, and a line mouth, and then possibly just titling this game as a sequel to Kung Fu Master, possibly even just called it Kung Fu Master also. The style in the game could go either way looking as Sekiro does or looking like Kung Fu Master arcade does in a 3D World style, but the game design and the ability to perfect and gain levels on a martial arts move is the important dynamic to the video game idea.

My novel that I was working on titled Nanahee would evolve from a cartoon idea that I got while long ago working at PetSmart. I was a lead stocker at PetSmart and there is a particular instance in my head where I was thinking about this cartoon idea while looking at the steal rafters in our back pallet shelves. My closest friend, and some of my other friends, would just constantly make fun of three other people that we were friends with, their behaviors, their mannerisms, their thoughts on life, their happenings in their life, and especially this closest friend of mine would use specific mocking and humorous voices for each of these three people. It made me think that my close friend could use these voices in a cartoon series starring fictional version of these three people we knew, and the happenings in their lives, each of them being close friends with each other in animated cartoon show. The art concept in my head for this show matched a cuter style of animation and cartoon environment, having a slight resemblance to EarthBound and the cars and houses would be small, compact, cute, and adorable, and the characters would be like the maquettes of the characters in EarthBound. At a much later date, I was in a conversation with many friends at a friend's house talking about religion, and an eventual point that I made about religious people just claiming anything unscientific and it being considered fact is that, "A person can believe that the Earth is a giant spider in a web around the Sun, but it doesn't make it so just by saying it is." I then took this sentence statement that I made and attached it to this cartoon idea that involved my close friend's mockeries of these three people that we know, thinking it funny that a central religion to these characters in the cartoon actually was very cult-like and believed that the Earth is a spider within the solar system that is a web, the cult-like church representing Mormonism, because many of the characters were going to be Mormon, and I would even still adapt these three people in a different form as three characters in the novel that I would eventually start creating.
My cartoon concept that I was making would oddly and slightly be like the animated cartoon Clarence. Salvaging the original cartoon idea that involved my close friend's mockeries and these three characters, I thought to still have it an animated cartoon show titled Rat Hole. The title would be inspired by a true story involving one of these people that we know, and it would probably be the first thing that happens in the animated series, having the event that happened to this person be completely repeated in cartoon form with this character. This character would live with the back of his house facing a grocery store across the street. There would be a chain link fence dividing his house from the outside sidewalk and road. This character's family house would have a sewer pipe that cuts off into a cage grate just terminating right in his backyard. Rats would constantly be coming out of this sewer pipe. This character would get the idea to grab his BB gun, point it out his open window at the sewer pipe, and then wait for rats to come out and shoot them. He would shoot at the rats that would come out, causing a firing sound, yelling in his biting, rough, stupid, yet always certain voice, "Take that, rats! You're getting yours!" A neighbor would then look out into their backyard to see that this character is firing a gun, and it appears that he is acting with violence with a real gun to the grocery store across the street. His neighbor would then run inside and call the police on them. SWAT vehicles would arrive, tactically enter the house, find this character and their family sitting inside their house, including their father wearing only his Mormon underwear, and the whole family would be escorted out of the house, their father still just in his Mormon underwear, and be lined up with their hands in the air while the

police investigated. This father would than tell this character while standing with his hands in the air, “You’ve ruined us, ___! You’ve ruined us all!”

I would wonder if my friends around me would make so many mocking imitations of other people’s voices around me to eventually see if I would start doing so either being or pretending myself mentally ill. They would even bring during one instance the thought that they wondered if people eavesdropping on them would just consider them crazy or mentally-handicap at the ridiculous and stupid voices used in the stories they were constantly telling at parties or restaurants.

In my head, we made a comedy segment that would involve a mental health ward, and all its patients would obviously just be faking their mental illness, just always adding stupid exclamations after everything that they say, like, “Hey, can I have your pudding, Marcus? Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo!” and the other patient Marcus would say, "No, I’m going to eat mine myself! HAM SANDWICH!” Another patient would then tell Marcus, “I wouldn’t give him your pudding either, Marcus! Skeeeeee! Whomp!” Another floor of the mental health ward would have people that just talk in funny and stupid voices that pretend themselves mentally ill, such as just having a high, long, and screechy voice when asking, “Caaaaan Ieeeeee haaaaave aaaaan eeeeeeextraaaaa cooookie tooooooooniiiiiight?” Another floor on the ward is just filled with people who say stupid and contrary things, like, “I’m going to need two lit firecrackers in my pee hole right now, because I’m feeling frisky tonight!”

I once read that Japan has what is considered one of the world’s lowest homeless population for a country, but its not exactly true, because it’s just being swept under the rug with the homeless either going to internet cafes to sleep in or checking into free government paid mental health facilities, and Japan has the largest rate of people being treated for mental illness than any country in the world, especially the percentages of those considered mentally-ill being placed in mental health wards.

Over several years I had an entertainment idea that were a group of three novels or films that I called the Three Demon Trilogy, but I kept changing out some of them, because I had so many other stories involving demons, and I eventually thought that it would be more appropriate just to make a novel or film series called The Demon Anthology with how many story ideas about demons that I kept coming up with. The three main films that kept coming up as being in this trilogy I titled The Candle Man, Romenaleeminox, and Frick.

The Candle Man is a surrealistic horror and neo-noire film that has a married man wake up, look in the mirror, reveal that there is an empty cavity inside of his chest that has an unlit candle out in it, and tries to light the candle, but it won’t light. He then has breakfast with his wife, tells his wife, “I’m going to go out looking for it again,” they get in a conversation about him needing to eventually stop calling in sick to work, and he agrees. He then leaves the house and wanders around a large city-wide area of fast food restaurants, stores, businesses, and office buildings trying to find clues to where a person named The Candle Man is, and it leaves him into several situations that could be dangerous, often with shady characters and underworld organized criminals involved in ordinary local businesses, who some have supernatural characteristics and things surrounding them. Eventually he finds where The Candle Man might reside. He goes to a mountain, forest, and discovers a cave. When he enters the cave, he pulls out a pistol, and he finds that the cave is full of burning candles, and he sees that a bumpy, blue, wax-like misshapen demon with lit fuse candles for eyes, a wax opening mouth of long sharp teeth, long spindly fingers, and wearing a cloak is sitting at a workstation and creating candles with a cauldron of melted wax. The man then points his gun at the demon The Candle Man, accidentally causes a sound to alarm the demon he is there, and gets into fight, shooting at it. After the fight, The Candle Man is dead on the ground. The man then searches the lit candles around, looking deep in their flames. It takes several hours of looking into the many candles, but he eventually sees the right flame. He opens his shirt, opens the space in his chest with the unlit candle, takes the lit candle he found before him, transfers the flame of the candle to the one inside of his chest, lighting the one in his chest and illuminating his inside, blows out the candle in his hand, drops it to the floor, and then leaves the cave. He then travels home, has a late dinner with his wife, they go to bed after, he wakes up the next day, and he feels very revitalized and happy.

The second novel or film idea Romenaleeminox I first had and kept calling Bedlam but decided to keep that name for another story use. The odd and gibberish title would be the name of a demon within the story. This story would involve a homeless man believing him a savior to all humanity, spending much of his time creating a new religious text in journals only written in small, unique, and often little repeating logograms, and

he also researches different language dictionaries at the library, finding important words that he finds divine, in order to create a new divine and universal language that allows metaphysical truths to finally be realized. In these nonsensical religious texts that no one would even be able to read, he rights himself a divine prophet, who upon his birth by his deaf mother, had the quality of his mother being deaf divinely pay for her child to be gifted as an excellent orator and to have a divine way with words and sound, but because of this his birth wailings released a strong and divine call into the world, and the echo of it produced a great demon adversary to him, named the nonsensical word Romenaleeminox, but whose name is also known to be Gibberish. This man goes about the world speaking his nonsensical divine language that is an amalgamation of vocubulary for a large amount of world languages, and people are unable to understand what he is saying to them. In his state of being homeless, he finds himself often sleeping in dangerous abandoned buildings and homeless shelters, and he is always found to be haunted and followed by the demon Romenaleeminox. He keeps his focus on completing his divine texts no matter what, often creating new fantastical stories about himself in his volumes. I got the name Romenaleeminox from the song "Fade" by the local metalcore band Climb, because I use to listen to it and think that he was just saying the gibberish word "romenaleeminox" at a moment in the song, when he was actually saying, "Running to leave it all…"
The third novel or film idea title Frick has a married man have a very disturbing wet dream in his sleep where he was buying groceries at a local grocery store, started to have his desired purchases checked out by a pretty and young woman checkout girl at the cash register, saw some odd and demonic man sleeking around in one of the aisles, and looked for to find the checkout girl a many armed, legged, and sex organed pornographic demon, almost a little centipede-like, having anus eyes, a penis nose, and a wide and gaping vagina mouth with razor-sharp teeth in it, with this all above a beard of testicle sacks, and the arms and legs are all both male and female, and the female ones having different colored finger polish on them. After waking up from this wet dream by his wife, he feels ashamed, scared, and worried, attempts to contact his church, is given bad advice to search out his demons, and is placed on a mission to find the demon who caused it. He starts to call the demon Frick, and while searching him out, he becomes very disgruntled and possibly dangerous to others. The Candle Man and Frick would often be exchanged as the same story, but I figured Frick could later be changed to be unique from The Candle Man.

I made a film idea called Skip the Barge that is based off a Salt Lake City hardcore band with the ridiculous name Skeiff d'Bargg and the story of how the band had obtained their name. They were sitting at the Coffee Break in downtown Salt Lake City and a guy that I know with them started to hit on a group of girls, and he asked them, "Have you ladies seen the movie Skeiff d'Bargg?" with him just making a gibberish supposedly Scandinavian sounding title, and they then asked, "No, what's that?" He then replied with the question, "You haven't seen Skeiff d'Bargg, starring Terrance Jeffreyson and Honyierpo Fishpound?" They said, "Ummm, no, what's it about?" He then explained, "Well, it's about a gang of Japanese bikers that go back in time…" Discovering the story of this band name, I then thought it would be fun to try to actually adapt it as a story and film that involves Japanese bosozoku bikers that go back in time. I made up the thought that the film's title was being misconstrued through translation in the Scandinavian European market as Skeiff d'Bargg, but the film's appropriate English title is Skip the Barge. The reason that the film is titled Skip the Barge is because a group of criminal Japanese bosozoku bikers are running from the police on their motorcycles in a port town, think that they can get away by jumping off a ramp onto a leaving barge, and instead find that midair between the ramp and the barge and above the water is a wormhole, causing them to go thirty minutes back in time. They then start using the wormhole, "skipping the barge" as it would be translated from their Japanese, to keep violently robbing people and businesses in the port town, hitting people with bats as they stealing their money from purses, wallets, and cash registers, along with jewelry from jewelry stores, and then driving off the peer into the wormhole again, so to keep robbing the people and businesses in the port town repeatedly over and over in time, replicating the items that they stole repeatedly and taking the loot back in time with them. They eventually start using a van to carry all the items that they keep replicating in their thefts. A police officer in the town eventually becomes aware of what they are doing, finds himself also travelling back in time to follow them, making a police effort to stop them. The film would find two low paid actors with no acting credentials that are uncredited with their roles with their actual names, but as Terrance Jeffreyson and Honvierpo Fishpound they would receive top film billing with the credits stating "as himself", and also they would be played by obvious westerners rather than Japanese people, such as an African man and a possibly

half Hispanic man, and they would be found as western Hollywood celebrities in the port town, appearing in person during a very special event within the city.

We thought up a mocumentary film called Lunar Robo, which would parody For All Mankind (1989), and it would follow the process and development of a Japanese robot named Lunar Robo being sent to the Moon. The film would repeat NASA's hoax Moon landing footage in creation but have it involve a very '80s looking robot with large glass bulb eyes, and a Lite-Brite style middle section chest portion on it. The film would show several failed early prototypes, and some claiming to be destroyed during space flight, such as by crashing into the magnetosphere and then exploding. There would be an instance in the film where it shows a large floor of Japanese men in ties sitting behind pseudo-computer instruments, and they are watching an attempt to place one of the robots outside of the magnetosphere and heading towards the Moon in a test flight, and everything is going fine, but then it shows that the magnetosphere begins to destroy everything inside the cabin, causing the robot to completely melt and explode, before the cameras do the same. The director of the program watching this occur, then gets furious, swearing and raging about, and then he takes off a large headset on his head, angrily throws it at the nearby lead engineer, striking the engineer in the head really hard with it. The lead engineer then holds his head and looks sad with failure. The director then man handles the lead engineer, pulling him up from his seat by his collar, continues to swear at him in Japanese, wrenches him so he goes flying on his bottom across the floor in a right triangle body shape, and then he sits there for a second, the director holds his forehead in his hand anxiously, and the lead engineer, shocked at everything that has occurred, slowly stands himself up off the ground and walks off. The film leads indications that this lead engineer was responsible for faking everything and allowed this occurrence of him being struck at and manhandled to happen to obfuscate that he was the leader behind this newly faked robot Moon landing footage that gets discovered as being so in the end of the film's story. When the robot is claimed to successfully get to the Moon, it shows the '80s robot named Lunar Robo trekking across the Moon's dusty lunar surface. The Japanese president then calls the robot from space, and he says in Japanese, "I understand that there is something that you want to tell the Moon, Lunar Robo!" and the robot responds back in its robot voice, "Yes! There is a message that I need to deliver! We of the Earth would like to have this message delivered to the Moon, as well! Our message is: 'WE LOVE YOU MOON!'" and as Lunar Robo says the message his Lite-Brite like chest display lights up with colors like a baseball score board, and it reads what the robot said, and then heart-shaped frames wave across the chest display, as if a heart exploding.

I had the idea that a live action Ninja Scroll movie would be great to make, but I also thought to have a film involving ninjas and using mainly only practical effects would also be good, having it like the Lone Wolf and Cub film series, but heavily involving superpowered ninja spies using ninpo, or ninja magic, and having it show on either modern day film or digital cameras, but never using digital effects. I started to call this film idea just Ninpo. I read about an author named Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, who mad an appreciated novel titled Naomi, and I learned that he used to be a film script writer at one point, and I wish that he wrote samurai pictures, or possibly films involving ninjas. I then wondered if it were possible to make a highly appreciated literary work that involved ninjas, especially if they were superpowered sometimes. So, I had a desire to have a story that was sophisticated and appreciated, but centered on the workings of ninjas, and sometimes their ninpo. I then it could either be a novel or a film. I also thought that a literary work attempting to have literary merit, but focused highly on bushido and samurais would also be very appealling, having the quality of possibly a Akira Kurosawa film, but also being very difficult in its reading, having fun words, wordplay, and an interesting style. Ninja Scroll itself was based off the Futaro Yamada novel The Kouga Ninja Scrolls, and I'm not certain of its literary merit. I went to buy it on Amazon, but its cover had modern looking manga or anime characters on it, and I did not want to buy it if it had a cover of such a sort, or if the book was manga instead. I like the quality and style of older manga characters over ones of more recent decades, such as manga character from the '30s to the '60s. I love the style of Japanese bunkobon books also when they have unique classy art to them, especially when they are wallet-sized. I got a copy of The Sound of the Mountain by Yasunari Kawabata that was wallet-like sent to me by my mother while I was in jail to read with my Japanese dictionary.
I created quite a few other ideas for Japanese films.

A side story that I was going to write in Nanahee was going to be a Japanese literary work titled The Mythical Honey Bee Zuzatsu. This story has a female bee in a hive born and raised to construct the hive, but they quickly find that her construction work on the hive is less than desired, because instead of making hexagon chamber shapes, she creates crests that resemble famous Japanese crests, such as resembling a sakura flower. She then gets called an idiot by the other honey bees, and they retitle her name to be Zuzatsu. She is then placed to only defend the hive. When a young boy accidently knocks into the hive, the honey bees start to attack him, and she holds off on doing so, and by hesitating she sees that her fellow honey bees that stung the boy just wound-up dead in doing so. She then concludes she does not simply wish to die because of someone's mistake, so she looks for other ways she can defend the hive. She then flies around searching a nearby garden, gets in a fight with a garden spider in its web, and then kills it using a thistle she found. She then bites off the leg of the spider, oils the spider's thread, and makes the spider's leg and thread into a bow. For arrows she takes some of the thistle with her, and she also decides to remove the spider's fangs to use on enemies later. She then starts to use the bow to defend the hive from both insects and animals, resulting in her not killing herself by using her stinger, and she often collects the fangs and stingers of other insects and also spiders, and then she stabs her enemies with the fangs and stingers also. She also starts creating various samurai armors for herself out of either insect hives, such as wasps' nests, or insect and spider chitin. She becomes a very strong samurai warrior honey bee, fighting several enemies on her adventures. Near the beginning of the story she would grow respect for a local human samurai lord, who would often be found in a garden near her original hive. In the story's end, her eventually going to die of old age, she sets herself beside this lord while he dines in the garden with other subjects. In her final moments, wishing to have a noble and great warrior's death given by this lord, she stings the lord on his leg with her stinger, causing the lord to slap her dead. He then discovers the odd sight of a small dead honey bee wearing samurai armor made of other insects and their hives, and having a bow made from a spider's leg and its silk.
Like the character Adorobo, I got this name Zuzatsu from renaming my yokai characters in Yo-kai Watch. I felt a more appropriate name for my Cadin would be Zuzatsu, as it had kind of an insect sound to it, and I already had another character named similar to an insect sound in another work. I then liked the name so much that I wanted it to be a unique character. I was being attacked again while playing the video game, possibly by sexual degenerates who did not wish to die, and I thought of a honey bee always similar in character to a honey bee willing to defend its hive but then dying in doing so. I then came up with the idea of a honey bee who did not wish to die but instead borrowed the fangs and stingers of other insects to use on enemies instead.

I came up with a variety of game that is pretty original that I call a gauntlet game, where the action is very intense, but attacking is not utilized by the player, and instead they are constantly dodging enemies, items, and projectiles to get to a goal. I was using a character in the game idea named Sushi, which was a small and simply drawn fish character that I created in junior high school, but I thought to rename him Sashimi, because Sashimi would be more appropriate to the character, but I also thought to have both two simple fish characters named both Sashimi and Sushi in the game if two players were in the game at once. I started to just title this game idea Sashimi. The game would feature this simple cute cartoon fish in the ocean, and they need to move quickly and dodge either staged or completely RNG arriving dangerous small to larger fish, attempting to avoid being killed or eaten by them, and other hazards, to get to a goal, where they jump out the ocean water onto a waiting cutting board table set up on an ocean pier or boat, and a Japanese chef waiting at the table quickly dices them to separate pieces across their body with a butchers knife, and then the fish have their eyes shine with a star, happy about dying, and have a white glove hand by them gives a thumbs up. The only action button in the game would likely be a dash button allowing them to dash or can be held down to keep moving quickly. The game would have a 3D environment but always move in a forward and controlled motion across ocean scenery, dangerous fish, dangerous coral, and sea rocks and their shapes.

When I was in jail I thought of ways that I could communicate to my ex-girlfriend that I wanted her still, even though I was already assuming that she was connecting to my body with masers and even controlling my body quite often. Sometimes I would lay in my bunk and tear up under my blanket at the situation that I was in and think that I just wanted her back. I thought a possible way that I could communicate with her without getting arrested or claimed I was breaking the restraining order was to start making large chalk graffiti on blank walls out of nowhere far enough to not break the restraining order and in heavily frequented places outside of her

area that she might travel by and see that they would have like images of her, or a cartoon character that was similar to her, and then have a word beneath it as a tag name or reoccurring word that had letters of different colors, but her initials would be found in the word as the same color. I often already started to draw very poorly done, scribbled, derpy, and bucktoothed images of her on paper in the jail, as just kind of ridiculous scribbles of her, and so I started to see if I could make a cartoon character that she would get was basically her, but not. I'm a fan of Dick Briefer's Frankenstein, which he makes a cartoon Frankenstein with an upturn nose that has his nose right between his eyebrows, and in many of my scribble drawings I kept poking fun at a mole she has between her eyebrows. I then also really liked an early style of an Avon comic book Peter Rabbit that was kind of unique and cute looking in its cartoon style in its first six issues, but then the art was changed up to have the characters just appear an average cartoon talking animal that anyone would draw and lacked any interesting qualities. I then started drawing squirrel, rabbit, and bear characters that had a black dot nose between their eyes, round cute eyes with line lashes above them, and a bow upon its head. These cartoon characters would slightly resemble her, and then I put what the tag word would be below it, with it consisting of her initials within the word. I then figured to add something else into the cartoons appearance to indicate it was towards her. The Simpsons character Homer has his creator Matt Groening's initials in his line hairline and ear, so I took this information, and then I made it that the bunny, rabbit, and bear characters that slightly resembled her had a mouth and teeth design had my ex-girlfriend's initials in it also. I then wondered to myself in my jail cell if there were laws against putting up chalk graffiti on random public walls that were not connected to a business.

I would later find it unnecessary to even think to put up the chalk graffiti, not only because I was being controlled in everything I did by the masers, but because she broke her own restraining order and contacted me anyways, and then the happening with us necking in the parking lot of the Jordan Landing movie theater happened with her telling me she wanted me to masturbate to her in thought later.

I would constantly have people connecting to my head try to make me upset and agitated that they knew how to draw like me, but I would understand that a large part about drawing cartoons is having people learn to draw like yourself, especially if people are animating the cartoons. But it is true that a person possibly learned to draw exactly as I would draw them, learning how my mind would come up with a character. Artists from classical painters to just simple cartoonist have a unique hand that allows to produce art a certain way, it is possible some people learned to have my exact hand and signature, and even my very thoughts on how I would create something.

Plus, the masers themselves can act so precise that they mess up line quality or create a line to appear a certain way or manipulate a person's choices in making a line while drawing. Many times, while I was drawing after beginning to be bullied and tampered with by the masers, I would wonder if I was even drawing something or if it was someone else. I was making many drawings often, and I would have two drawers with one being considered drawings that I made, and another that I considered drawings that were assisted in their creation by someone else. Many of the ones that I considered someone else I kept because they had alright ideas to them, but I considered them to have another person's thoughts on creating cartoons and just life in general. I dropped off a large portions of cartoons at my ex-girlfriend's house in her mailbox that were mainly having some of both quality of cartoon in them, and the first drawings within one box I made certain were cute and normal ones that I drew of her, trying to properly draw her in cartoon form, and testing different styles and ways of drawing her. In my stalking charge, despite these being normal drawings with her clothed and smiling, it said that these drawings were disturbing in their quality.

They did have me send her by electronic message around ten pornographic cartoons of her that were done extremely quickly, but I did not drop off any pornographic cartoons of her to her house. I was not certain if I was fully the one drawing them, but many of them were drawn in a style that I created. I think that many of them allowed my hand and decision making in artistic style to create them, but then I had someone manipulating my decision making in what I would draw, so it was me drawing it, but I was not choosing what the drawing depicted. Of these swiftly made pornographic drawings of her, one went missing though, which showed her in no sexual acts, but had her drawn cutely, but naked, and I'm not sure if I misplaced it or threw it away. All the other ones either showed her in sexual acts with me or other people, except for one that had her looking kind of angry and demonic, which resembled how I would draw a very angry demon or person. One strange one showing a picture of who would be assumed myself below the waist had me ejaculating on her kneeled before me, and it looked like how Dr. Seuss would draw her but a bit mixed with my style, and I have

drawn cartoons in such an artistic style of character of woman before, but I kept getting confused if I even drew it, because swiftly scribbled out or not, even if pornographic, the character had a good style to it.
I came up with an idea for a pornographic cartoon and it would be drawn similar and inspired by Harvey Kurtzman's simpler style of cartooning found in the early EC Comics MAD issues. This cartoon would be of her and me having sex with each other, and then a joke would be that a banana somehow became placed in her anus without understanding to how it got there. Or my ex-girlfriend would be going about her business and somehow found herself with a banana in her anus on accident. I started to think this up while masturbating to her, and assuming that it was possibly her masturbating through me, but it also disturbingly not being her at all that was controlling my body. When I drew the around ten pornographic drawings that I sent to her, one was of her on all floors with a banana in her anus with a dripping wet vagina, but not in the style I exactly intended, although it was still kind of good and funny looking in style. It also looked like a style I would use to draw a woman as quickly as possible.
Anytime that I would think to draw anything pornographic, it would only be focused on her, and I had another thought to draw her with an upturned nose in a pornographic comic, like Dick Briefer's Frankenstein, but cute instead.
I also thought to draw her human, but slightly rabbit looking at the same time, not exactly too animal looking, but having bucked teeth and rabbit ears upon her head, but still pornographic.
At one time, I had the thought to start drawing Playboy style cartoons, because I like them, and I once was making some ideas for a few. I had an idea for a sexy and slightly macabre cartoon comic titled Ah! Ah! that would take inspiration from Charles Addams and his Addams Family and New Yorker Magazine comics, Jack Cole and his Playboy cartoons, and also Gahan Wilson's Playboy cartoons, while also just Playboy cartoonists in general, and also both EC Comics and MAD Magazine artists in general, especially Harvey Kurtzman, and they would have many humor comics with random horror, supernatural, and strange characters, such as vampires and other monsters, but they would include partial to actual nudity sometimes, and be made to be dark, macabre, sexy, and funny at the same time.

While working at Home Depot, I constantly would believe that my ex-girlfriend would connect to me and masturbate through me at night with her always being the person of my desires but also would have obnoxious other women connecting to me also, and I would be attacked while masturbating having things like my forehead irritated with static or my testicles made to feel irritated with static. Sometimes they would make my lower leg feel like it had developed a charley horse, or they would run a line of maser static up my leg. Literally every time this happened, I did not want it to happen, but the masers can completely control a person's motor functions, an erection, and a person's mentality in a desire to feel aroused. The following events happened the whole time that I worked at Home Depot. When my ex-girlfriend came over and told me that she wanted me to think of her while masturbating, breaking her own restraining order, I would literally not desire anyone else when later masturbating, which I was basically already doing anyways, even getting upset if someone started to try to place other women in my head or have them wanting me to utilize pornography. I would always prefer all my sexual thoughts be of her and I would rather use some selfies of her that I downloaded of her from Instagram and the photo of her masturbated vagina that she sent me than any pornography. This photograph of her masturbated vagina showed her vagina with some longer stubble in a triangle patch above and around it. Her vagina looks very red in it, as if rubbed for a long while. In the photo, she has areas of female ejaculate around the top of her vagina, framing her clitoris. The hand she was using to masturbate is drawn nearer to the camera, and a string of female ejaculate bridged from the ejaculate framing her clitoris to her index finger. Although her full body is not insight, in the photo she is on her back on a bed, legs opened up and out of frame, but her thighs are well in sight. The lower portions of her buttocks are slightly in view. The crack of her buttocks leads to her vagina, but her anus is not in view. The shape of her hips is in sight, leading up to her body. This is the photograph that I would refuse over any pornography if forced to masturbate. I would think that it was her, the photograph shows her masturbating in the same position that I always would. The person controlling me would masturbate in a female manner, too, such as using her fingers to rub places on my penis, such as moving her finger up and down the shaft of my penis, as if it was one large clitoris being rubbed in the manner. While masturbating I would be made to kiss and lick this picture of her masturbated vagina and the pictures of her. I would sit masturbating for long hours into the night, despite sometimes having to work the next day, and other women would talk into my ear trying to attempt to be sexy even though I did not want them there, and also men, but not attempting to sound sexy, but

still undesired there, and I would think of my ex-girlfriend in almost every bodily way, sexual position, and sexual situation. It would most usually happen nearer to a few hours of masturbating passing that someone would always try to "switch horses mid-stream" and attempt to place porn stars in my sexual imaginings and then make me look for pornographic videos on my phone on a large website titled X Videos that I'm not certain if it was even legal to operate online in Utah during these modern times, but I would always get very disinterested and want to start imagining my ex-girlfriend again. I would scroll through the videos, and the people talking to me through the maser instruments would tell me that perhaps she would be in one of the videos, which I never would believe, and I completely had no interest in the videos that I was finding and scrolling through, just wanting my ex-girlfriend and desiring to keep imagining her in sexual situations instead of viewing videos. I would be made to imagine her as a porn star or being placed in pornography while masturbating. I would be made to have her replace porn stars in pornographic photos and videos that I had seen or watched before. An external hard drive that I have also has some previous pornographic videos that I use to watch, which I mostly downloaded from X Videos, and I wanted them archived to remember them, having archived many other entertainment works important to my past, but I did not necessarily want to utilize them. There literally has never been one time in my life that I sexually fantasized about a porn star or a celebrity, but rather just women that I was around and knew immediately on some social level, not even thinking of a porn star in a sexual act in a video that I utilized before while sexually fantasizing. Sometimes they would imagine that my ex-girlfriend's child was by my bed or that he entered into the room through the door, or that he would be around outside my room when I went to the bathroom to clean up, all to see if my mind began to either see if I sexual desired him instead, or to see if I would get extremely angry, or to see if my mind had demented, but I would completely ignore this happening each time. I would also always assume that these the actions of someone desiring to stay alive or avoid being cemented in accusations of fraud. I would sexually imagine my girlfriend in every way, including her having a very hairy vagina, her being very frumpy, her having a very lumpy buttocks, her having cottage cheese thighs and buttocks, her being thick, her being fat, her having a gut, her having a muffin top, her having different hairstyles, her being older, her being a younger adult, her with lots of make-up on, and her wearing sexy clothing and lingerie. I would imagine her using every form of sex toy every way that she possibly could, including bizarre sex toys by herself and while with me in bed. I would be made to imagine her often using butt plugs. I would be made to imagine her sending pictures of her gaping anus spread open. I would be made to imagine her going overboard and using an extremely large dildo on herself with both her vagina and anus. I would be made often to imagine her using a workout ball entirely covered in dildos on herself, bouncing up and down on it with her vagina. I would be made to imagine her using large sexual machines and devices on herself. I would be made to imagine her using sex toys on me. I would imagine her with a woman, I would imagine her with another woman and myself, I would imagine her with women, I would imagine her with other women and myself, I would imagine her with another man, I would imagine her with me and another man sexually gratify her together, I would imagine her with other men and me gratifying her together, and I would imagine her being in videos with her sexually gratifying an unknown man or men through glory holes. I would be made to imagine her as a gang bang queen. I would be made to imagine her entering gang bang contests with lines of men lined up to have sex with her vagina while on a table, including myself. I would be made to imagine her heavily ejaculated upon and covered with sperm. I would be made to ejaculate on the selfies of her and the picture of her masturbated vagina while on my phone, later having to wash my phone. I would imagine her having a pictorial in a pornographic magazine, and it being the only magazine in my collection that I actually cared for, along with the pictorial being the only thing I cared about in the magazine. I would sometimes look at the small number of pornographic drawings that I made of her, and I would think of her as pornographic cartoon characters. I would often be made to imagine her prostituting herself to me, possibly not even needing the money, but just wanting an excuse to see me, pretending she was desperate for some money as of recent. I would be made to imagine her inviting me to go alone to a near hotel with her, rent a room, and then there would have sex with her all night. I would be made to imagine her wanting to take me to a motel and costume play that she is sleazier prostitute that I have picked up. Sometimes I would just plain be degraded and told that I was basically a monkey in a zoo masturbating to her. I would be verbally and physically bullied while masturbating to her, sometimes by someone sounding less of more like Elizabeth Smart. People in my head started to joke that her name should now be Incelabeth Smart because of this. I would be made to think that if I did not masturbate that I would be harmed or murdered. I would be made to feel other people's possible desires for her instead, having them think of sex acts I might not be interested in myself, such as eating a

candy bar pushed out her anus and into my mouth as she squats over my head, or I sucking on a sucker that had been placed in her anus. I would be made to believe that she preferred women more than men. I would be made to imagine using food items in our sex, such as eating pie or cake off her vagina, anus, or buttocks. I would be made to think of sexually provocative wording while masturbating to her, such as having her "wrapped around my c—k" and her "stroking my c—k with her p—y or her a—hole." I would be made to be told that she wanted to be my "anal queen." I would be made to imagine have her performing sadomasochism on me or other women, or having sadomasochism performed on her by women. Thinking she was in my body, I would allow her to place sharpie markers in my anus while masturbating. I would also allow her to put a bit of my own sperm in my mouth so she could taste it. I would be made to think of unique fantasies of her that would be very appealing, such as her taking a thong off and hanging it from my naked erection and then guiding me with a hand on my erection into bed with her. I would think of her doing other interesting sexually provocative things for me of the sort, such as being naked on her hands and knees, presenting on my bed, only having a gift bow around her waist, and a ribbon above her bottom. I would be made to imagine her performing anilingus on me. I would think of her desiring my sperm so much that she not only sucked and tongued it from my post climax penis as I stood before her on her knees but also had her tonguing and lapping up some that dripped down on the hardwood floor beneath me. I would be made to think up possible pornographic and erotic poetry about her. I would be made to think of her in fantastical situations, such as her being a luxuriously French-dressed royal queen who liked to sexually gratify her servants and subjects in all ways, her discovering a magical forest that has trees with dildos spined all over their trunks that drip sperm sap from their tips, and her using the dildo trees on herself. Her then journeying to other fantastical places, such as finding a bright white glowing pond populated by tiny female fairies that perform sexual acts on her, crawling all over her naked body, sucking on her nipples and humping them, and sucking her clitoris and vagina, too. Eventually she would find her way to an ocean sea entirely consisting of sperm and not water, swimming naked in the sea of sperm, having sex with mermaids and mermen found within it, and then having sex with a sea king. I was made to imagine her a normal-sized woman, but having a giant buttocks that is the world's largest human and female buttocks ever recorded, and me being seen in public with her, not worried of the stares. I would imagine her a tiny six-inch nude woman walking all over my naked body and hugging and stroking my erection with the entirety of her arms. I would imagine her a nude giantess squatting above me, so I could place my head into her vagina and anus while having sex with her. I was made to imagine her showing me pictures and videos that she kept from previous relationships that had her performing sexual acts with these persons. I would be made to imagine that she would allow me to photograph and video tape any sexual act involving her that I wanted.

Sometimes, I would be often made to feel awful emotions during and upon ejaculating, such as feelings of shame and guilt, which were likely recorded brain signals being relaying to my head. I believe this tactic of producing shame and guilt in people gets used by religious and psychiatric extortionists.

After I would leave Home Depot after work, possibly having an extremely long, odd, painful, or awful previous night matching my following day at work, I would usually be made to go get some fast food for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, depending what completely random times I was scheduled to work that week, and I would often be given the notion by an outside party to go over to her house instead, but I would just go to the desired fast food place I wanted, get my food, and then go home to eat it. I would then find normal videos of sexy pop star women on my YouTube feed that I would watch but not find sexual desire from them to masturbate. While masturbating or after, I would also be given the notion that it's now alright to go over to her house and see her, as she was the one masturbating through you, which I would always ignore, knowing it would have a bad outcome.

Before being let go at Home Depot, I started to be made to perform stalking tests and procedures to give people notions on how to handle stalkers in the future, especially getting rid of dangerous stalkers from a previous relationship who now could obtain the ability to voyeur or harm a previous partner from a far distance, while also desiring to get rid of illegal voyeurs and human traffickers who had no right focusing on a person, violating their privacy, and forcing them to do things they did not wish to do in the first place. These stalking tests and procedures would continue well after I was let go from Home Depot. I would be forced to drive around the area that my ex-girlfriend's known house was located, not breaking the 1000 yards that I remember being set by the restraining order but still being outside of it. There I would have people bullying me and telling me things in my head through the maser instruments, which I would ignore. Or I would just be distracted and speaking about entertainment or political ideas while driving, and I would not be distracted in

anyway enough to suddenly or subconsciously think to go to her house and disobey the restraining order. A few times I was made to think I was dying and possibly needed to say my last goodbyes to her, having my heart feel as if it were struck very hard by static electricity or having my mind stopped by static. I would often have my mind almost completely dulled to the point I could still drive my vehicle, but had my mental abilities really blocked out. I would often be made to think that an inmate that I was in the mental health ward with that was there on charges of aggravated rape would connect to my body. I would definitely have moments where I was made through the maser instruments to suddenly feel a jump of someone else's dangerous mentality and desires for a few seconds, having them feeling like a very terrible and dangerous person or inmate wishing to go over to my ex-girlfriend's house, but then the signal would stop, and I would go back to normal, keep driving, and have no ill-intentions towards my ex-girlfriend nor anyone else. I began to refer to these people as feeling like they had anthrax running through their bloodstream. I would also be made to think psychiatrists and unwanted individuals were voyeuring my ex-girlfriend already and would be given an image of the mental health ward worker who placed me in the state forensic health ward that I tried not to go to peeking through her house's windows. Even prior to this, when masturbating I would be made to think that my ex-girlfriend was the one harming and bullying me through the maser instruments, which resulted in no thoughts of physical or sexual violence to her or anyone she knows. I would often be made to think my ex-girlfriend would be bullying me while performing these stalking tests. A few times they would jerk the wheel and scare me to think that they were going to force me to break the restraining order and head in her direction. I would be made to think that perhaps I should be dangerous to people walking around and in other vehicles seen about the city, which I had no desire to do either. I went to a family Christmas party during this time at a distant L.D.S. Church location, felt pretty normal on the way there for a bit, although people were talking through masers in my head still, and they suddenly began to grow after and terrible feelings in me, as if the masers were causing me to feel half dead, and a woman with a normally attractive female voice was bullying me in speech, acting as indignant as possible, and by the time we got to this L.D.S. location, my body was so tampered with that parts of me felt completely numbed out, but I was also feeling as if I was half feeling my self experiencing someone else's sexual arousal in bed, and I walked into the Christmas party, wandering around my family and their kids, nervously eating and feeling so terrible, but made to either just sit down at a table, walk around a bit, or just hang out in the foyers. While this happened, they had me go into unpopulated parts of the bathroom and the unlit parts of the church, sit down, and then look at a selfie of my ex-girlfriend and the photograph of her masturbated vagina, but I just sat ignoring it. I was later set up on a couch in the foyer and then made to see if any information about my ex-girlfriend came up on google. Not having her number in my phone anymore, I found a series of her phone numbers, having me forced to place her phone numbers into my phone, especially placing in a contact for a number I'm certain was hers, and this contact being one of about a total seven contacts in my phone. This website also provided me with her old address, but also claimed she had a new address, possibly having had bought a new home, but this address was on a very busy road that I had already frequented quite often. This address on the busy road that I frequented was checked in by me later, and it seemed to be a ghost address, because the house numbers didn't even exist, nothing like her vehicle was in sight, and the near houses did not even look very appealing and up-to-shape. This was attempting to have me believe that I already broke the restraining order, so what is the point of continuing to keep it. When I was sitting on this couch, I was made to also think that both I and her would eventually be working extortion for the L.D.S. Church together, which I had no desire to do also. I had been made to feel extremely awful on other family outings, including previous Christmases, and while going to restaurants for birthday parties. After this and having her number in my phone, I would be masturbating to her and be possibly motivated in the thought to call, but I would not do so. Also while masturbating to her, I would be trolled to believe that out of nowhere she would send me nude pictures or videos of herself to my phone, possibly showing her masturbating or performing unique sexual acts on herself, or possibly doing something to make me upset or not upset at all where she would be performing sexual acts on another person, such as fellating another man. They would troll me into believing that she would eventually contact me out of nowhere afterwards, such as by calling, texting, or sending me a message, photograph, or video. They would troll me into thinking she would send me nude photographs and video that she once said that she would send. They would troll me that she would send full body nudes of her in various positions, showing me as much of every part of her as she could possibly do at once. They would make think that she would send me sexually explicit photographs of herself. The trolling was made in attempts to make me completely sexually frustrated, because no photographs or videos would be sent, nor would she contact me, but I would often ignore what

occurred myself. I would be made to feel her a prude not even desiring to have sex. I would be made to think and actually be unconcerned myself at having a relationship with her that had very little sex. I would be made to pretend that she was with me, having gone to a sit-down restaurant with her to eat, and then made to drive around the area she lives while keeping my lawful distance, having her possibly in my body.
After all this, I would still not desire any criminal thoughts of my ex-girlfriend, and I would not break my restraining order.
Because of all this, many people connected to me have concluded that stalkers and voyeurs need no longer to be living.

I would be concerned with my ex-girlfriend sending me nude or sexual photographs or videos anyway, because several parties are voyeuring everyone, hacking peoples' technology and their minds with maser instruments, especially dangerous sexual predators who should no longer be living. The government itself, filled with conman, serial killers, and sexual predators, is doing this criminal voyeurism and sexual assault far more frequently as anyone else, and the N.S.A. exists, which is one of the most cult-like organizations second to NASA. Being aware of how cults use tactics of voyeurism and sexual assault to control their members, it needs to be understood that they are nothing more than cult organizational enforcers just watching people and making certain that the dangerous and criminal ran government is functioning as it is. No one should ever have the right to voyeur the public for any reason when they have done nothing criminal to deserve their privacy invaded. Plus, nothing is stopping dangerous people, including incels, child rapists, sexual predators, sexually violent males, stalkers, sociopaths, and psychopaths of all variety of just being heavily involved in both a person's sex life and gaining access to the information on a person's electronic devices and also connecting to the brain of others. It is possible to have the variety of dangerous human abomination and idiot biological mistake of a person as Brandon Andrew Clark or Stephen McDaniels connect to either yourself or a loved one right now, voyeuring or sexually assaulting others, being just a mentally and emotionally handi-cap sexual murderer attacking the public.

Throughout these many years, people would verbally and physically bully me, while also manipulating the signals in my head to feel shame, embarrassment, or someone else's feelings, about how I would like to perform anilingus on my ex-girlfriend most times we had sex. They would usually use this as a sort of form and excuse to bully a person for their sexuality in a way that homosexuals often are. These people would come off like people of several varieties, including Mormons, Christians, conversion therapists, homosexuals, incels, people in the porn industry, and prudish women. Because of this, I started to believe that a grift was occurring where the religious were just purposely playing the bad guy about sexuality, perverts themselves, so to show an ignorance about bullying people for their sexuality in hopes to strip away the ability to bully anyone for their sexuality, including rapists and pedophiles. Other people would then play the opposite sometimes in controlling my body, making me kiss and lick the picture of her masturbated vagina where the crack of her buttocks led towards her vagina, wishing her anus was in view, or wishing that I had a picture of her anus and vagina well in view together, but then someone would later bully me about it again.
It makes for a terrible thought that they are able to use the maser instruments to make a person fart or defecate out of nowhere.

It would often be acknowledged by others in my head that pornography had no effect on my sexual behaviors, bed etiquette, and tact in situations, despite being a virgin. Even as far back as first having sex with my ex-girlfriend and losing my virginity to her, having our first act of penetration be her presenting to me on all floors on the corner of my bed, her having her vagina and anus blatantly available to me, it was understood by me that I knew not to try to attempt to penetrate her anus instead without asking, despite utilizing pornography where women would have anal sex with men. This also was a display of sexual control, even after years of celibacy, using pornography, and having next to no actual previous relationship with a woman.

When I was first separated from my ex-girlfriend, some people would leave me indications that what was occurring with me and her was somewhat of an arranged marriage, although we were never close to being married. My mom would show me an image of a man and woman atop the hood of a vehicle making out during a riot, giving me hints without saying so that me and my ex-girlfriend were a bit similar.

Strangely, playing around with the letters in her full name, I would discover that it was an anagram that formed words about ceasing criminal maser use.

Also, on my final days at Home Depot, I would keep making horror film ideas that were every bit horror as they were romance films, and I made so many of them I figured it would make a good horror anthology television show that had every episode be both horror and romance at once. I really love a story in the comic book Journey into Fear #10 titled Crawling Evil, and I thought to have it made into a full-length feature film. The story involves a misandrist witch that teaches her granddaughter to hate all men, and after her grandmother dies, this girl now grown to adulthood learns of her grandmother's state of having had been a witch. She then learns to use witchcraft to seduce men, having her kiss turn them into worms, and then crushes them. She then falls in love with a man unexpectedly but refuses to give him a kiss. He then sneaks one while she is sleeping one night, and she wakes up to accidentally squish him, finding him a worm. Heartbroken, she then goes to kill herself with poison, and as she dies on the floor, large amounts of worms crawl out from everywhere to attack her. In my head, well done stop motion would be used to depict the men changed into worms, having their horrifying wormlike bodies end in a head that slightly resembles their head and face when they were human. I often think that stop motion can be much more frightening and uncannier when viewed than CGI. Many of the scariest and eeriest moments in children's entertainment either involves stop motion in use or practical effect.
I had the idea of combining horror and romance completely together even before reading the comic book with this story. I thought up a surreal horror and romance novel or film titled Nowhere at Night. It involved a man from Salt Lake City driving around in the deserts of southern Utah by himself, lonely, and he would often stop places and walk into the dark desert alone for a time. He has friends in the city, but he does not like them very much. One night as he is driving in the dark of an unknown highway alone, he has many series of cloaked and shadowy figures framing each side of the highway road, startling him and scaring him. He makes to turn around, but they have walked onto the road and closed the way behind him. He is eventually led to turn off the side of the road in a desert area by the cloaked and shadowy figures. Off the side of the road, a startled and bewildered ghostly woman is found in a large circle of them surrounding her. He is scared and confused to what is going on, but figures that the woman needs help, and for some reason the cloaked, shadowy figures, each mute, seem to want him to take her with him. He opens his passenger side door, she gets into the passenger seat, he gets into the driver seat, and they drive off with the cloaked figures allowing them to leave. He talks to her the whole way home, and she doesn't understand how she got there, but she begins telling her things about her life. She doesn't recall where she lives, so the man lets her stay with her. They become romantic with each other. After she meets his friends, his friends seem to unexpectedly disappear in strange accidents and murders. He had about a handful of closer friends, but all of them would die. The story would progress that they had become very romantic with each other and even love each other before the final friend of this man perishes. Upon the death of the last of his friends, she reveals that she was the one who killed them in a ghostly manner, that they together raped and murdered her, and then they buried her where he found her in the southern deserts of Utah. He loves her and accepts what she did, but she acts a bit cool to him. Suddenly, one day when arriving home, she has completely disappeared, leaving all her belongings there. He gets heartbroken of her disappearance, and starts to become extremely depressed and self-destructive, no longer going to work, and often not even caring about himself after losing his love. This happens for several years. He starts to drive into the southern deserts of Utah again, seeing if she will be found there again on a road he has no idea where exists. He gets fed up one day, and he possibly commits suicide but is still possibly alive after, leaving it open to the viewer or reader. In this possible life or death his ghostly lover arrives back to him in the dark of night in the deserts. She said that she needed to punish him for having such friends, but she realizes he didn't know that they were criminals and terrible people. They then embrace and kiss, take each other by the hand, and walk off into the blackness of the desert night. I had many personal happenings to me inspire this story idea, but I also received inspiration by the French film L'Atalante (1934) and Carnival of Souls (1962).

I was thinking to title the anthology horror romance show When Love Went Mad, which I got from a title in the pulp magazine Terror Tales, January 1935. I'm not certain if I really like the horror and romance title, so here are some other possible titles: Lovers in the Dark; Terrifying Romance; Terrifying Love; and In Love and Death. Lovers in the Dark seems the better title. I had many stories start arriving to me similar about

romance, horror, and relationship problems, and I wrote down small descriptions in folders. One, simply titled The Wedding Band, involved a man whose wedding band seemed to be supernaturally cursed, making it that unhealthy women try to make him unfaithful constantly. Another titled The Hot Dog People has a couple be one of many couples attacked by sexual promiscuous, crass, and low-quality people who are hot dog-like in skin tone and greasy, attempting to come between everyone's relationships to keep producing themselves by financial gains in separating couples, and an evil factory keeps cranking the people out. One titled The Apricot Tree has a couple with a young daughter keep having random, creepy, and unwholesome people keep showing up in their backyard to look at and eat from their large apricot tree, many really despicable ones of them often eating from green and budding apricots, others also very disturbing people in quality arrive to eat the yet ripen small apricots also, and even when they do ripe, these creepy people are in no way desired to be in the family's backyard. Another titled Thread had a couple who were split up by alien spiders about the size of curled up house cats, who are very well at hiding and camouflaging themselves, and they can use their spider thread to connect to the bodies of others and puppeteer them. Another story was titled The Disembodied, and it had a deceased man and woman couple who are both ghosts, but they have no bodies, and only wear their own death masks and thick black coats around themselves, but despite having no physical bodies, and anything they touch besides the cloaks, ropes, and death masks that they wear, they still exist together in a purgatory and love each other. Another story that I thought of titled The Photographer has a married couple at a bar with each other, and a photographer sees them, comes up to them, asks to take their photo, claims, "I love love," and the couple think nothing of it, but then at home they realize that they are being stalked by the photographer, him voyeuring and taking photos of them from their backyard trees and bushes, and also possibly sneaking into their house and setting up cameras. Another episode would be titled The Infinity Mirror, and it has a couple about to be married living in a large city where there is a large unique church accepted as wholesome, and they belong to it, but it is actually extremely evil unknown to many, and its marriage customs have them married before a large infinity mirror, but the sixth image reflected in the mirror is always a hideous, hellish demon and people do not recall much after exchanging vows in the mirror. This episode begins with the couple making love on the beach of a local lake that is basically more of a swamp, and when they wake up together in the morning naked on a beach blanket, they are completely covered with insect bites all over their entire bodies, and many unnoticed during the night, but now made apparent by the morning Sun, dead birds surround them on the sandy shore.

I separated three films that were relationship horror from these episode or film ideas. People in my head jokingly titled it my Women's Troubles Trilogy:

An episode or this film would be titled The Scrap Book. It would have a woman in a relationship with a skinny, dark-skinned Eastern Indian man, who is slightly bald with black hair, has dark black eyes, a hooked nose, a bit of a snaggle tooth, and acts in an unsophisticated manner, and who is very abusive verbally and physically to her. She gets in a fight with him one day, and he physically assaults her pretty badly, leading to her breaking up with him and getting a restraining order on him. She gets on with her life, but sometimes she gets strange and abusive phone calls from some person she assumes to be him, but the voice is slightly different each time, and she says that she is going to call the police if he keeps calling, figuring it's him, but she is not certain of it, and then she think maybe he has some of his friends calling on his behalf. This woman keeps gaining boyfriends who she is with for a short time, but they start to act standoffish of her, and a few even completely disappeared. After some years she meets another man, who is a nicer, fatter, light-skinned, half Eastern Indian man with a full head of lighter-colored styled hair, has bluish eyes, a slightly flat nose, nice teeth, and speaks with a sweet and almost homosexual voice that often conveys concern, sympathy, and understanding. They date each other for a short time and quickly marry. This new husband swiftly became friends with her mother also, who tells him about her previous abusive boyfriend, and she has a fun and well-crafted scrap book that she started to make while they were together that has a small number of images in it of him at its beginning, especially just showing them as a couple at family get togethers. When they move in together everything is going fine, but she starts getting phone and voice messages from this abusive ex-boyfriend again, with him telling her that he is going to kill both her and her husband, and other deranged things of the sort. She let's her new husband hear these messages, and he calls the police to file a report on her previous ex-boyfriend. They go about their business and lives, but this continues to happen where the ex-boyfriend leaves some deranged message, such as one where he says, "I saw your fat, stupid f— of a husband

mowing the lawn yesterday! That lard lump of s— was wandering around looking around the front lawn, as if he belonged there when he should be headless in a dumpster! You should not have married that tiny d—ed, nancy walrus, because now I'll have to one day gouge his f—get f—ing eyes out!" The husband is made to listen to this recording, he grows extremely concerned, and again he calls the police. The wife also calls her mother telling her of the situation. Her mother decides to stay at their house in case something happens. One night both the husband and mother wake up to find that she is missing. The mother and husband call the authorities, worried of her wellbeing. They can't find any images online of her former boyfriend, who they think abducted her, but still have photographs of him in their mother's scrapbook that they use to show the police and others what he looks like. The husband and mother spend many separate hours of effort looking for her but are unable to find her. The mother and her daughters husband are talking one day with him sitting in an odd position and having a brand named bottle of soda in front of him, she has her scrapbook with her also, and while speaking to the husband one of the family photos of this abusive ex-boyfriend matches to how the husband is sitting right before her with the very brand name soda in front of him. She then flips through the scrapbook from photos including the ex-boyfriend to recent photos of her daughter's husband, and she realizes that they are the same person. She confronts him, and then they get in a long dramatic physical fight, but the mother ends up winning in the end, subduing her daughter's ex-boyfriend and husband. Her daughter is found bound and gagged in a rented storage facility later by the authorities. The daughter explains what happened to result in him tying her up and putting her there. They were going to bed one night, and he said his eye was irritating him. He went to the bathroom, took out one of his contacts, used the sink for a bit, and then when he came back, one of his eyes were deep black and matching her ex-boyfriends, as he forgot to place his contact back in that changed his eye color. The police state that this ex-boyfriend, who is now incarcerated by them, completely bleached his skin, gained a large amount of weight, got heavy facial reconstruction, got hair plugs, changed the color of his hair frequently, manicured his nails more often, and even circumcised his own uncircumcised penis himself. He also illegally gained and created a new identity under a new name. While he was doing this, he practiced a new voice and mannerisms to maintain the whole time he attended to be with her in his new identity, so to not let on by his voice that he was the same person. He was also responsible for having had her previous suitors start to act standoffish and disappear, threatening them to leave, and even killing two of them.

The following film of relationship horror would be titled The Hole. This film I had not developed as much in story, but it would have a young man and woman dating. This man claims that he had big future, going to a renowned university eventually that he has been studying and saving up a lot of money for, and he also says that he plans to use some of the money to travel the world afterwards. He keeps dating this woman and they have a loving relationship, but he eventually gets her pregnant, and they have a discussion on what to do about the pregnancy. They conclude that she should keep the baby. He shows to her that he is really upset and disappointed that if they have a child, he won't be able to attend the university he wanted, nor travel the world, but he says that he loves her, and having the child will be worth more than his education or some travel experience. They marry, have the child together, and the first years of their marriage and the child's life together go smoothly, but then he starts to lose interest in maintaining and getting a job, and he becomes possibly unfaithful to her. Not getting a job, this woman's husband gets them into a large financial hole over several years. Their marital and financial situation just keeps growing more depressing and terrible, and after she finds him being unfaithful one night, she says that she is leaving him, attempting to pack her things up and to take his child with her, but he gets physically violent and then knocks her out. When she wakes up, she finds herself tied to a better over several days, and he keeps feeding her, letting her drink some water, and allows her to use the bathroom. This whole time that she has been made to bound, she keeps hearing odd and heavy work come from the basement. Her son, know a slightly older child, wanders free, and sometimes looks at her tied on the bed, but does nothing to help her. After several weeks of this, she is one day lifted while bound by her husband, their child following him by his side, he carries her to the basement, where he has placed sound proofing on the walls, and puts her in a deep hole he constructed there in the ground, and then starts having her live down in it. He tends to come and talk to her, along with having their young son see her down there and talking to her also. He eventually tells her that he poked a hole in the condom resulting in the pregnancy, he never had a job that he saved up for, but inherited some money from a relative, that he never even graduated high school, and that he just wanted her to be with him and have his child. That's as far as I arrived on developing this story.

The title has at least three meanings to it, but more meanings can possible added, with its story having a hole placed in the condom, them getting into a depressing and awful financial hole, and her being eventually placed in a literal hole.

The third of these films would be titled The Maelstrom. It is not entirely developed in story either, but it still has a structure. The film would begin with a woman at a party where a séance is being performed. When the séance focuses on her, a strange thing occurs where a maelstrom void opens up, a small, cute, wide-eyed demon with large black pupils surrounded by white sclerae, covered in green scales over its arms and legs, almost looking like a medieval art demon in a manuscript, but compact, ape-like, and small, which will throughout the story always have the same sharp-toothed smile on its face, whirls out of the maelstrom, looks at her, and then runs off disappearing. She is afraid at what occurred, but the rest of the party acts as if nothing happened. She leaves this party, and then finds that the cute, stout, medieval cartoon demon is possibly following her. When she gets home, she opens the door to her house, and it seems to possibly sneak into her house behind her. She wanders around her home, worried that the thing has found its way inside, but she gets ready for bed and then goes to sleep. She wakes up late, finding her alarm has been broken, several things around her house are destroyed and tampered with, and then discovers that the cute demon is running around her house everywhere, smiling its joyful sharp-tooth smile as it goes about. She is then constantly being harassed, trolled, tampered with, and made to suffer because of this little demon. In one instance, her sister has no choice but to leave her niece with her, and while her niece is paying attention to the television in her living room, outside of this woman's sight, the tiny happy little demon runs into the room and begins to severely physically attack her niece. This woman keeps seeking many ways to rid herself of the cute little demon but finds it extremely difficult and tasking. After discovering a remedy to have it sent back to Hell, it takes many painful years to achieve, but when it is achieved, a maelstrom again appears, taking the small demon into Hell with it, and as it does fall into the pit of Hell, it hits the ground hard, continues its always sharp-toothed smile, and then scurries away into Hell's fiery pits where it belongs.
The film's story would have a subtext about rape and being forced to keep the child resulting from it. The title again has at least three meanings in the fact that the little cute demon, which represents an unwanted and misbehaved child, arrives in a maelstrom, or an uproar, having subtext that rape occurred at a party, and it was treated very poorly and without action when it occurred, and then the second maelstrom would be in her life and personal relationships with others, having this tiny cute demon wrecking everything in her life and all of the things within her house, and the third maelstrom is her attempts to rid herself of the small cute demon, an unwanted child, in a large struggle, representing a legal battle, desiring to have it euthanized. The small, cute demon can also be a symbol of video games and those creating them tampering in someone's life, and it can also be symbolic of drug use.

The reason that the three described films would be considered possibly as a horror story that is as much of a romance story is because I was going to possibly add in male characters that would be a better suitor in the first two episode or film ideas, and a male suitor in the third film to aid the woman against the small cute demon, and each would help the female characters out of the dangerous situations that they get in. The second and third idea would possibly still have male characters in them who assist the female characters. I didn't like this idea applied in the first film idea The Scrap Book, though, and was just trying to make the story possibly apply to the rules of the horror anthology television show.

When I was at the community college, I did a paper on second-wave feminism and I gave my opinion, and probably factual assessment of it, that it was ill-intention, and would think that the women involved in leading it were either ill-intentioned, meddled with by masers, or were naïve about the true intentions of it. I concluded this after watching a documentary about it on Netflix. The movement began in the 1960s and it involved women preaching to no longer be concerned with having a manicured appearance, to no longer desire to have a man in their life, to no longer by a homemaker or mother, and to no longer be "oppressed by the shackles of man," so burning their bras. These women had a perspective that was very shallow from a different end of the spectrum, not liking fashionable women who liked to dress in nice clothing and dresses, and who liked to wear make-up. They were also very mean and critical to women, even just normal women, who just wanted a relationship one day with a man and to become a wife and mother, or who already were in such a position. These viewpoints they preached, taught, and rallied about were actually polarizing other

women, when if they were really adamant about obtaining equal rights and freedom for women, they would have been unconcerned with appearances and social statuses, and they would have desired to unite as many women as possible to make a large enough group of women desiring such things as equal pay, equal opportunities in job positions, and social statuses gained without be discriminated against as a woman. This tactic of dividing others up on subjects and polarizing people has been used for a long time, when a possible large, united group on a single subject could accomplish what is desired quite easily, especially with women often being a larger group biologically than men, even if just by a small percentage.

I then would write an episode of a show or comic book that I was working on about the subject titled "Elephant Woman" after the Blonde Redhead song. This episode would focus on two women in a call center that sit back-to-back from each other in cubicles and mostly despise each other. One would be a younger, fashionable, nicely dressed, pretty, bubbly, woman who was make-up, and has stuffed and pottery knickknacks of elephants over her desk, along with an elephant calendar hanging on one of its walls. The other would be a larger middle-aged woman who likes to wear a grey sweater often, has a husband, and has very little time for other people, and doesn't like small talk and what she considers unimportant thoughts on life, including focusing on one's own appearance. They have worked there for several years, just sitting by each other and despising each other. Eventually a male new hire arrives at the call center, and he quickly becomes at least around these two women in job efficiency. It is well-known that these two women often complain about each other, and they also complain about others at work, especially other women, and these two women often apply for other positions and asks for raises but have often denied them. When a sought position arrives at the call center, both these two women apply for it, get denied it, and then they hire the newer male that more recently gained employment because he gets along well with everyone, and bothered to get a high education. Both these two women, both either possibly being considered the elephant woman in the title, quit the call center out of anger, stamping around, hating each other and blaming each other for what happened, promising to never forget or forgive how this other woman wronged them.

I started to call laws permitting women to be paid less for the same job position "rooster laws," because it seemed like this was occurring and being permitted to happen in due of those running the government desiring a woman to seek a man who receives hire wages as a partner, so they couple and breed. The occurrence of the wage disparity of a man being paid more might naturally happen though, because a woman is more often found herself coupled with a man at a younger age and then expecting him to be the one getting an education and occupation. Either way, a company should never be allowed to hire a woman at a lesser wage than a man for a position that they are both capable of performing and is basically an open position that results in no specialties needed. And, adding to this, a person should be expected to perform their job better than others to gain high positions and wages, so a person should never be just paid higher wages or placed in job positions because of their gender, unless physicality is a factor. Manual labor jobs that need lifting often have the employer desiring a more abled person to perform the tasks. At Home Depot I would often come across this problem, where a smaller or weaker woman would expect me to get a large item down off the shelves, even if they were trained on equipment to bring it down, because they lacked the physicality and strength to do so. This would even be while I was attacked and harassed by static and feeling terrible, yet I would still have the physicality over them to move large objects. So, if physicality and a need for higher education is not a factor, women should always be expected equal wages if they are supplying the same quality of work.

I would also often compare this with affirmative action, bringing up the thought of needing to have a person of a certain variety on a team just to feel a quota and then also have them paid as much as the other players. A person should always be inspired to work and show that their job skills are superior to gain higher wages or better positions. I would sometimes bring up the funny thought of a football team being mostly large Polynesian players who are good at the game but then were demanded to feel a quota and have a mundane skinnier white man placed on the line just because laws demanded it.

Affirmative action has always been a controversial subject, and it does have good intentions in attempting to remove discrimination, but it also is very faulty in the fact that a person needs to show that they are the best person for the job.

A way of making certain a person is a prime candidate for a job outside of any race or gender is through education and making education opportunities available to anyone wishing to better themselves and show they can do so through grades and testing, and then receiving education achievements and accolades should always be looked at for a job position than anything else.

I would want nepotism, gender, appearance, sexuality, and ethnic background never able to be used to determine a person's place in high education ever again. A high school diploma should have the grade point average placed upon it, and then upon its folded back it should list all extra classes, clubs, and school achievements on its back, and both this, and the candidate's percentage of achievement on the higher learning entrance exam should be both used at once to determine their place at a school, college, or university. It should be illegal to use nepotism in anyway over those who show they have higher academic abilities. Those educational achievements and high-test scores should also be made to take priority over a request for admission by a desired student that can be considered subjective by those reading it, such as an applicational essay. If educational achievements and test scores are almost exactly similar, then the applicational essay should be considered. An application should never be able to ask for a photograph of the candidate desiring admission, too. This will remove appearance from being used by all higher educational facilities in choosing their students, and instead a person would just be showing themselves mentally a superior student.
Any school not following these laws, will completely lose accreditation, and likely their ability to continue functioning as an unaccredited high learning facility.

On this note, I wonder if the incident at Oprah Winfrey's school in Africa was because of maser instruments.

In my opinion, I think people that were physically in body born one gender should have to compete with those of the gender their body was physically born. They can look however they want while they compete within reason and the desired uniforms, but they should have to compete with those born of the same bodily gender. Transgender women are especially showing that they have an advantage in sports over women born bodily women, and it is giving these transgender women an unfair physical advantage.

I believe that the fact that a person given a death sentence rather than life in prison costs more is a scam, making it so people usually expect a life sentence instead. They claim it is because of long appeal processes that are very suspect in their use. This happens with criminals who have beyond a doubt committed a murder, yet are still given a life sentence, especially because of the state that the criminal committed the act in and is incarcerated in. The maser instruments will make it easy to find guilt, and then expect either euthanization, likely allowing victims of the crime or crimes revenge on the person before they die, followed by possible organ donation occurring upon their death, or it being agreed upon that the criminal should be medically experimented on with actual helpful results likely being achieved.
I have thought it possible to maybe grow back a finger as a cartilage ear has been found to be able to grow on a mouse before. I have also thought it possible to grow back bone and teeth, as teratomas have shown that tumors start to grow bones, teeth, and hair in them, and they can be studied to produce controlled growth of those items in desired places. Trying to fix damaged skin would be beneficial, specially making a punishment ironic if the person caused skin damage to another person, such as in a crime involving an acid attack. The origin of cancer and the achievement of curing cancers then also can be studied through these criminal candidates. It can be made to have a victims still be compensated in controlled acts of revenge while this experimentation is being controlled also, so to help them emotionally.
I brought up to others in my head that a euthanization shot that would cause a prisoner's death would only cost under $100, just at the same price on those used on dogs needing to be put down.

I would for policies, which I call "Out with the Old, in with the New Policies," to be put in place always swiftly removing dangerous criminals by the public to never return to society, either punished by the victims while used for organs eventually or medically experimented on, so people are not wasting their time and taxes on keeping someone who is no longer desired to be or expected to return to society. That will constitute as "Out with the Old…" As for "…in with the New," tax money will now be free and able to provide better and government paid pregnancy leave that lasts for a longer duration, and better child care possibilities can now be opened up for parents who need assistance in taking care of children before preschool or kindergarten, having a daycare helped financially in assisting them to take care of their child, which will allow a new life into the world to be more likely of better success in life, and any experimentation on prisoners will make it so new and existing lives might have a better future with less medical worries and problems, while organ donation can also help anyone from a child to an elderly adult. I have thought of having age specifics taking priority with organ donation regarding executed prisoners in the future, having younger children take priority, then adults in

age groups starting with the youngest taking priority to the oldest being last on the list. Criminals set for organ donation can, of course, have the organ donation planned a lot better than existing organ donation, and experimentation on manufactured organic and inorganic organs can also possibly be tested in the processes.

I would like welfare restricted only to the severely physically disabled, having a brain injury count in being disabled, the mentally-handicap who are physically able to move about or communicate and unable to assist themselves, the elderly who are no longer capable of assisting themselves, orphans definitely without living parents, and parents with young children who have suddenly had their spouse either become extremely physically disabled or deceased, having a welfare worker look into the candidates personal finances, living conditions, child or children's ages, and family circumstances thoroughly before providing welfare. In the event of having a spouse die while having a child or children, the first step will be gaining information to how old the child or children are. If an able relative lives with a candidate or at least one of the children are a teenager in junior high school within the family, they would likely lose candidacy and have the relative or teenage child expected to assist in childcare while the parent obtains employment. The moment a child becomes a teenager in junior high school within the household all financial assistance will be lost. If the candidate has a child that is not old enough to be in preschool or kindergarten, they will first be directed to have local daycare assisted in taking care of their child while they gain parttime employment, reducing the amount of money received. If they have several children in elementary school and below junior high age, they will still be expected to gain at least parttime employment, having the children looked after during elementary school hours. If they are living in an expensive city, such as New York City, without any family there to assist them, they will be directed to relocate to a cheaper city to receive assistance if found eligible. If they have a mortgage, future mortgage plans will ask a candidate to sell their mortgage to gain money and move into a different housing.

I believe that the O.J. Simpson trial was purposely run poorly and assisted in a desire to defend domestic violence. The fact that Judge Lance Ito didn't allow for any members of the Nicole Simpsons family to testify to his behavior and abusive actions for the grounds that they were "heresy" is completely unfounded, and if simply having character witnesses appear to give testimony is heresy than literally no character witnesses should be made to exist, and if they were going to bring forward events related to the murder no regular witnesses can exist, and I guess the only witnesses left would be expert witnesses and that would be it. I think the whole trial was meant to be a circus for criminal gain. I think all double jeopardy laws should be eliminated also. Later photographs even showed O.J. Simpson wearing the very shoes connected to the crime that he would claim were "ugly" and that he would never wear.

On Home Depot's sales floor I kept discussing the topic of reparations. I, myself, think that they are a bad idea, but I have definite solutions and valuable stipulations for if the voting public agrees to them. It might make me seem bad disagreeing with them, but I can explain my stance. For one, and most importantly, people of all races through the public are owned reparations by immediate living parties now, because of large amounts of criminal behavior performed by the government and criminals they allowed to attack the public. Because our government has been acting so criminally, I believe that they have just brought up the subject to pretend themselves not the very same people who would makes slaves of other people if apparently legal to do so. I also think that they desire to anger people on both sides of the issue and cause racial tensions. An important thing to do if the public agrees to give reparations for past African slavery is to make certain that the person of actual African slave heritage has no criminal background whatsoever, not even an immediate relation, that they have not received welfare already, and also that they have a large percentage of them black African, and not a either small percentage of the black African, and also not a very mixed race person that probably has not even suffered because of being descended somewhat from an African slave. A genealogy chart will need to prove that they are descended from African slaves and have a well enough percentage of them black African in this case. Another problem, which has been pointed out before, is that just a single wave of compensation would and should be given out at one time only to these existing generations who belonged to slave heritage, and not continuous compensation, which those receiving might just spend it on themselves, and another generation will not see any bit of it. The government should have just paid them after it occurred, if not to just get them on their feet, but I believe that all of them were very disingenuous in how they were running things. At least they were not like Haiti where the nation of mostly once black African

people had to pay the French government back reparations for their slavery instead in large percentages of taxes from mostly coffee production performed by them, but the U.S. government eventually also helped in this happening to the Haitians. Because of Frances and the U.S.'s expectation of these large taxes over large number of years, Haiti is a very extremely poor and a dangerous place and often has many people starving. I wondered why they didn't try to gain money from fishing, being on an island nation and all, and wondered if they were restricted in doing so because of the claim of ocean territories. Some people in my head started to call it "Gang Member Island," because of the large amount of violent street gangs there. I also read that San Francisco was attempting to pass laws for reparations, but what was being expected was far too much, and the laws would have bankrupted the city, and possibly tried to bankrupt the state of California, expecting millions of dollars and a home for each reparations recipient that descended from a former slave, criminal, welfare recipient, or not.
The more important thing to do is focus on the criminals who were and are running the government, and criminals who have been attacking and harming the public, and take literally everything out on them, especially financially.

I read an old article that had Barack Obama stating supposedly his thoughts on reparations, and he claimed to that Native Americans and Mexican people should not be made to have to pay reparations. I then thought to myself and told others in my head that if he really believed this, he should have at least attempted to pass a bill regarding it, but it would have been disastrous, because of his singling out races to pay for it, rather than the whole public, and this would have shown what a terrible leader and decision maker he was, and him just having these thoughts written for him to claim. So many people would have been upset at this, such as Polynesians who had not even been around during the slavery, Asians who had no responsibility for it either, and possibly were slaves or descended from slaves once in their history themselves, the same goes for Irish people, and then if it was summed down to only include Caucasian people, many white people possibly were not even around when it happened, even still having their foreign accents with them, and possibly arrived from a dire environment of oppression and painful government actions on them also.

I watched an in-depth news report of an African British woman with a social spotlight on her, who was acid attacked by another man through her ex-boyfriend, causing her face to be disfigured and it needed several hours of work after. This woman was walking on the street and talking on her telephone with her ex-boyfriend, who she left for being abuse, when the man that he hired went up to her, first acting normal, and then threw a jar of sulfuric acid in her face. It was later discovered that this ex-boyfriend hired the man, and both were given prison sentences. I immediately concluded that both the criminals should no longer be living when the news report explained this. The news report then explained that the man hired for the attack was released and fled the country to seek refuge elsewhere, and I just imagined him very undesired in possibly having fled to the U.S.A., doubling my thoughts that he should no longer be living. The Stephen King's It (1990) television adaptation conveys the idea of a man just being abusive and committing a crime against his wife, eventually finding his way to a gas station who will hire him, and then having him commit a crime, possibly rape, against a woman found late at night at the gas station by using the same actor for Beverly Marsh's husband and the gas station attendant. It is slightly reference to the novel where Beverly Marsh's husband does abduct Bill Denbrough's wife for the main adversary character of the work.

I have also made it clear a desire that a person visiting, legally staying, or illegally staying in the country that commits a violent crime against another person, especially an officer of the law, that they should be leaving in a jar of ashes at most after having their organs removed, having any possible family member desiring the ashes paying for the charges of incineration and shipping, and possibly not even asking if anyone desires the ashes and dumping them in a toilet quite often. The maser instruments will make certain that it was characteristic of them, and they most certainly did it.

I also came up with a thought about attempted murder that it should just be considered with the same gravity as actually committing murder and the person should be dead. Sometimes a criminal attacks a person with the intention to kill, and just because the victim survived the attack, it gets knocked down to attempted murder, no matter how brutal the attack was, and the criminal just supposedly got lucky the person survived. This applies to a situation where a person is even swinging at another person with a knife or shoots at another person and

misses that just because they were missing doesn't mean they were not intending to kill the person, and therefore should be treated with the same concept as attempted murder having the person survive their wounds still considered with the same gravity of having committed murder again.
I arrived to this conclusion after I saw a news report about a criminal who tried to escape the police on several charges having fled from the police and opened fire on the officers, but they managed to take him alive, and after somehow he was given bail, possibly using a large amount of credit, and then immediately after he shot a person coming out of a store point blank in the side of the head, when he should have been dead or a candidate for medical experiments just from shooting at the officers.
I also watched a violent shootout between a couple running a liquor store and armed robbers trying to rob them, realized how violent it was, despite those running the liquor store narrowly dodging bullets being fired at them, and concluded that that should just be treated with the same gravity as murder, and the criminals should either be dead or medically experimented on.

People helped in my head to make two very simple comedy segments. One has mental health wards have dangerous inmates, people pretending themselves mentally healthy, and dangerous people who are mentally unhealthy, all born such, placed in their nice beds within the ward, but as soon as the workers leave the room pegs on the floor similar to a plastic dollhouse are knocked from the outer wall simultaneously with hammers outside of them, and again like a plastic dollhouse the floors drop in a ramp, sending those within the mental health ward into a gigantic incinerator below. A second one has a welfare office, and those around the country, pretend to be running normally, but their exit door would be a fake exit that again has the person and whoever is with them looking for welfare find themselves on a ramp that leads into an extremely large industrial shredder. During both these comedy segments, it gets asked if it is costly to run the incinerator and the large shredder, and the answer is that it is so ridiculously less costly to run them compared to what is being paid to hand over money to assist these people.

Large amounts of FMLA and welfare recipients are working extortion and human trafficking people to receive their money from FMLA and welfare, physically and sexually attacking and voyeuring people while also committing fraud to receive the money. There is no such thing as mental illness it's just their natural mentality and how they think, even if they are pretending to act strangely in due of them being an idiot willing to pretend eradicate behavior, or they physically destroyed their own brain with drugs, so it's not a disease, and the only other possible occurrence is that the person is being attacked by maser instruments. They are just born mentally dysfunctional people or people with a weaker personality. Not only do they not deserve money just being handed to them, but they have also criminally gained the money through fraud, threats, and violence happening, and they should either be dead or medically experimented. Many of these FMLA and welfare recipients are basically domestic terrorist and the very people who would definitely acid attack a person. Because people have watched me for most my life, I have shown that mental illness does not exist, that people claiming mental illness are often just pretending some form of mental unwellness claimed from nowhere that is just their mentality, that they are dangerous people gaining money that they in no way earned, that they use extortion, voyeurism, physical and sexual violence, and fraud on the public, that they have had several and many opportunities to gain actual employment, that they can be very wasteful on money that they don't need and still live a long time on money that they do gain, and that they are just lazy, stupid, terrible, dysfunctional human garbage, on the level of being biological viruses, that needs to no longer exist.

I alone have exemplified FMLA and welfare fraud is extremely abundant in the U.S., and also welfare fraud on a global basis, and recipients of each are just idiots and a—holes, who receive their idiot and a—hole payments. Both should be retitled just as Workplace Idiot and A—hole Payments and Regular Idiot and A—hole Payments. Workplace Rat Person Payments and Regular Rat Person Payments would also work for their names. I have even witnessed that they will use maser instruments to the extent of attacking and human trafficking children to maintain their payments, even outside of them attacking myself. Most of them are likely child prevents, rapists, and toilet voyeurs who have yet to be discovered of their crimes. They are relentless, heartless, and unable to be altered in their intentions, because they are aware of their criminality and what others would do to them if discovered of their fraudulent, violent, and extremely violational behaviors, especially towards children. There exist ridiculous amounts of people deserving more of the money that they gain, and even those people do not seek the handouts, such as people who have been inflicted with serious

medical conditions and because of our current government must even pay for their medical costs. I want all employment illegal to be gained by them worldwide now and them to no longer be desired any on Earth. I do not want them living anymore and they need to either be dead or medically experimented on as the evil social pests that they are who are just sewer rats and lab rats only good for medical experiments.
If I was considered responsible for the largest mass murder in human history, and all its victims were FMLA and welfare recipients, along with other forms of dangerous criminals and extortionists, I would proudly slap my name on being one of the greatest mass murderers in human history not caring who they placed me amongst.

They likely started to attack me because of my own work behaviors and my work environment. I worked for FedEx for over six years, never taking days off unless I was feeling sick or needed to go to a dentist or doctor's appointment, but I always used my sick days, and I only used vacation time when appropriate also. I was surrounded by fellow coworkers who would use FMLA constantly, though being completely able bodied and not showing any eradicate behavior while at work, and they often would be some of the worst workers on the floor, unable to even be taught anything out of their own personal incompetence, and they would maintain their jobs, despite never being there and choosing when they wished to leave whenever they felt like it, just on a whim telling their manages they were going to take off. I on the other hand, had quickly learned to adapt and deal with most every extremely difficult normal phone call, never worried of mental problems, just shrugged off when a difficult call came in, and even I didn't handle it the best way, I didn't worry about it. I learned to be one of the best workers on the floor, handling phone calls better than any of them and gaining more sales leads far beyond any of them, and many of them had been at my occupation far before I was, and they still could not be taught anything even when blatantly told the simplest and slightest important correction in their phone calls that would have made them better at assisting customers. This was all while I was sitting at my desk doing several other things, including writing, drawing, reading, and playing games. The call center was near a large garbage dump on the outskirts of Salt Lake City too, having the smell sometimes wafting into the location. Sometimes I would just take office supplies and be making all sorts of concepts for art and cartoons, and despite getting the largest of sales leads in the call center, my sales lead reports would just have unique cartoon characters drawn on them.
People started to call all these former employees of mine West Valley City human garbage, even if they managed to not live there, but were such away in personality no matter what.
Somewhere possibly around four years into my job, the call center just started to allow people the option to leave without pay if the opportunity became available, and I would just constantly take the opportunity if available, wanting to go home and write, read, draw, or workout. There were two Christmas that I took anywhere around two to three weeks paid time off just because they offered it in advanced, expecting to be very slow. Even when I had to pay for my own apartment, I would constantly ask for the paid time off when it became available, just going home to write, read, draw, or workout. I was displaying to others that they in no way needed that FMLA that they were gaining from the government for being some of the most worthless, and even harmful workers to the company, and they were using it constantly with no concern to the use of other people's taxes, taking up to what would be three months' vacation worth of leave, and that is not counting the vacation time they were considered to be accruing also.
On one of the Christmases where I had a lot of time off, I had a bout of continuous stomach problems, resulting in diarrhea, which I'm certain were these FMLA recipients causing it, and being upset that I was showing the time off with pay unnecessary.
When I had my suicide attempt controlled by them, they started to give me FMLA, and they gave me some of it already when I was in the hospital and mental health ward, and they then told me that I could now leave whenever I needed to and receive paid time off. I probably only took FMLA once after to test it out, and then every time after would use the leave without pay instead. This was including me receiving obnoxious, fraudulent, and bullying phone calls that likely involved them, and people like them. After about a year of this, tired of my job, and the situation that these idiots, a—holes, and rat people put me, I just got up and quit instead, and then they kept saying that I could still comeback to work several weeks later, and I declined, but they gave me the FMLA for those weeks, which I never requested. It often gets considered different from welfare, but it is actually basically the same thing, and I didn't want any handouts, nor did I want to be a parasite and a leach to others.

The crooked rat person U.S. President Bill Clinton put FMLA in place, claiming it assisted families who needed one of its members to have their job protected in due of medical emergencies, but also if a person mentally suffered, and people started taking advantage of this frequently, just claiming either them or a family member was mentally suffering, and this included one of them just being diagnosed some fraudulent mental-illness or being placed in a mental ward for a brief time. I didn't even want the FMLA when they gave it to me, even stating to the hospital and mental health workers that I had no mental health problems, and they didn't even prescribe me medication, and yet they still were offering all the FMLA I wanted, up to three months personal leave that would be government paid. This was placed in by a government desiring to ditch large amounts of taxes, and undeserving, dishonest, and criminal people were taking advantage of it in drastic amounts. The only thing that the person had to do was work at an occupation for a year, pretend they or a loved one had mental health problems, and they the FMLA in all its three months was as good as theirs.
My former top floor office call center was just a rat hole of these people. They likely arrived in from the local Salt Lake City garbage dump nearby, or West Vally City, which likely also has the same event of these rat people finding homes there. Apparently, the criminal U.S. government, NASA, the L.D.S. Church, and the field of psychiatry, along with the pharmaceutical companies, are handing over the maser equipment and abilities to use them on the public to these FMLA and welfare receiving rat people to run extortion for them, so they can keep receiving their payments. They probably voyeur literally everyone around with their rat person brains that constantly think of sex. They are a completely antagonistic group of child perverts, rapists, toilet voyeurs, and extortionist with only concerns of maintaining their rat person existence by any means necessary. They will attempt to attack any innocent person to stay alive, if just for another few days.
While working at Home Depot, again I showed that I could multitask in ridiculous amount while suffering both physical pain, mental pain, harassment, while hearing voices in my head, having to speak and being courteous to customers, not only to keep my job, but just because I like being kind and decent to people, especially not knowing them. I did this for over two and a half years working there, never once considering myself mentally-ill, even though courts decided that I was because of my stalking case and my explanations to others about maser instruments being involved in what occurred, never wanting to seek FMLA or welfare on my own, never gaining FMLA or welfare, and still functioning at my part time job.
My personal life has extremely shown that the money is extremely not needed nor deserved by these FMLA and welfare recipients. Over the last sixth months of my unemployment and almost every single day for more than over a year, I have been going out to eat at fast food and sit-down restaurants constantly, I have been to buy large amounts of discounted digital moves, and I have bought a large amount of poetry books, and I still have plenty money left over as of now, having once had my account at next to nothing before working at Home Depot, only being a parttime employee at an entree level position working any from around eighteen to thirty hours a week, so there is no excuse for these people to have this FMLA and welfare money. Because I was so busy handling so many things while working on and off the job, I literally had no concept of time other than showing up to work when asked and leaving at appropriate times, so I rarely even paid attention to my own finances. I hardly ever even knew what day it was of the month and just paid attention to if I needed to work the next day.

My ex-girlfriend's work behavior was strange, too. Her mother runs a business, and my ex-girlfriend was employed at her mother's business, and her brothers would find themselves employed there, and yet she still got an occupation at this call center. It often seemed her attendance behavior would and should have gotten her fired, because FMLA does not transfer jobs, and despite just starting there she would often just not show up, she would be extremely late all the time, a few times should would just go home even though they were not offering time off without pay, and she likely wasn't even using personal time when this happened, and she likely had not even accrued personal time to even do so. I asked about this a few times, and she just would tell me that they would allow her to often attend whenever she wanted, which confused me. I asked her if she was worried about getting fired, and she seemed unconcerned.

I'm very certain that these idiots were trying to guide me to a political position in highly running the U.S.A., with them wishing to be protected in the way vampires have servants, and I was expected to be in the role of a servant, so they don't get murdered for innately having sex criminal brains and genitals and wanting to keep fulfilling the needs of their sex criminal mentalities and genitals through the hidden use of masers. They wanted to make certain that I empathized with their circumstances and would not talk. I think that they were

doing the same to my ex-girlfriend in directing her as a wife to me, hoping both of protect them in public positions, which is possibly why she has no tattoos compared to her heavily tattooed friends she at least once had. The people at my work started to become highly passive aggressive to me, and they kept getting in the way of me while trying to get back with my ex-girlfriend, even hacking and tampering with me cell phone and texts, not making them go through. They would puppeteer us so inconvenient things would happen, causing our ability to possibly talk and get back together not to happen, such as making me suddenly feel odd and not myself, while making me ignore and walk pass her sitting at her desk. They wanted me to get sexually frustrated and upset, hoping to show that their rape is excusable, and then possibly giving her back after, which most definitely did not occur as they hoped, with me never desiring to rape her nor anyone else. She was likely human trafficked to work at the FedEx call center by my coworkers and those wishing to have a political position set for me to protect them if I began to empathize with them. I'm certain most each one of my past employers had people of this variety working for them and making future plans for me and her. It's possible many of my family, friends, school acquaintances, and coworkers, along with those of my ex-girlfriend's, belonged to this organized group of criminals, even from as far back as our infancies. They might have actually intended to have us both killed or imprisoned if things went wrong, which they mostly certainly did anyways. There was a picture I took and once had of her sitting on rocks before the sunset upon Ensign Peak, and she was slightly positioned in a manner of a Penthouse Magazine model in an issue that I stole from my father that I had as a young teenager, which the very photo of the nude model I found extremely sexually pleasing and alluring, and I think they then inspired me to trash the magazine as a young teenager because they were aware of my thoughts on it. I wish that I still had this photograph of my ex-girlfriend, which I think I once had posted on Facebook, and it might still be on a broken hard drive that I have, but I doubt it. The Penthouse Magazine issue I speak of is from April 1982, as I bought it again, and the model is Muriel Mousseau, and the photo is the very first photograph of her pictorials within the magazine. My planned long poem *The Woman Vase* was going to be about the picture in the magazine, my ex-girlfriend and the picture of her in the sunset, a photograph on page 68 in Anatomy for the Artist by Sarah Simblet and John David, and the cover photograph of the premier issue of Oui Magazine, October 1972. They either intended to get us towards a political position with our dates of birth being the opening anniversary of Disneyland for mine and hers being Halloween, only desiring us in a political position if we empathized with them, or they wanted to have us removed from life or society in a John Wayne Gacy Jr. liquidation, serial killer fashion by them.
I want all these people found and discovered in their criminality.

Normally all these people would just be incels, them being realized as child perverts and rapists, especially because without masers they would just end up in jail and prison for sexual assaulting children and people in person, and then be found on a list of registered sex offenders after, but they are likely trafficking women to them with the masers, so they appear successful and happily married, but the woman was electronically manipulated and extorted to her position as a wife and mother, unless they are validly a rat person also.

They kept brining up a video that I watched right before they began attacking me, which would be slightly mirrored in my life after. One night, after making love with my girlfriend, I could not sleep and sat in bed naked while she slept beside me naked also, but she had no trouble in doing sleeping compared to me. After about an hour of unrest, I decided that maybe it would be alright to start having sex with her again, not only for my enjoyment, but so I could sleep also, and I went and placed a condom on. I began to touch her body all over and then placed my hands between her legs and gently placed myself inside of her, and I began slowly humping and squeezing her breast, which woke her, and she began to reciprocate kissing me and touching me also. We were making love for some while, and then I we maneuvered to the end of the bed, where I started to have sex with her on her knees and with her arms on the bed. Suddenly, I began to feel uninspired and not right, so I began to stop. She then asked me if I orgasmed, and I lied to her and said, "Yes." We then went to bed naked together again, and I still couldn't sleep, and I was awake all night and into the morning, never even having slept until the following night. Sometime after, I would text her and she was flaky about returning my texts. She started acting strangely also. I was asking her what the problem was, but she kept being dodgy in what she wrote. I then asked if we could meet, and she said she was busy and doing something else. Concerned with behavior, I went over to her house and began to knock on the door with no answer, even though her parents seem to most certainly be there, sitting in the living room and watching television. I then

went to my vehicle and waited for her, not upset but concerned. She then arrived home, and I got out of her vehicle to talk to her. She was a bit bewildered, but we went to a nearby park, and we started talking. I told her that I didn't know what was going on with her, but I told if she is seeing someone else or not wanting to see me anymore that I was okay with her choice, expressing this with genuine cordiality and understanding. She then started to cry, and I asked her what was wrong. She then blurted out, "Don't f— me in my sleep, okay!" I then got worried and upset, thinking that she was accusing me of rape, and I said, "I didn't think that it would be a problem when we had sex earlier." She still seemed upset, and she was still crying. I then started to explain that I liked her and that I did mean to hurt her feelings or make her feel bad. We then got out of the car, she began smoking, and we held each other. I then took her back to her place and we stayed in her room for some while, talking, but it not ending in sex. I then left somewhere after.

A few days later, feeling nervous about what happened, and anxious and worried that the act was still possibly considered some sexual offense to her, including rape, I then ordered a bouquet of flowers and sent them to her house.

The video that I watched somewhat matched this situation I saw while by myself and scrolling through my Facebook feed. Some person placed a video online titled "Humped and Dumped," or something similar, and this video showed a man who just had sex with a very young girl, drove her to her house, and sitting outside her house, the man then viciously and remorselessly broke up with although they just had sex, putting her in a genuinely pained and emotional state, and she began crying and screaming. After watching the video, "I said that guy is f—ing dead!" to myself in my room, and I meant it, and I wanted whoever it was that did it, even though it was from a personal eye view, to be worse than murdered. I also wondered if the video was just some generic porn video at first before watching it, because I would expect them to do such a thing.

More strange things occurred after my ex-girlfriend got upset at me for having sex with her while sleeping. I came home to view my Facebook feed, and people in my friend community kept talking about a happening with the singer of Gaza. He was being accused of rape by some woman who claimed herself a proud slut, even being involved in events with the word "slut" in them, including a "Slut Walk," and something occurred between them where they slept in the same bed together, but he started to have sex with her while she was sleeping. One of his friends, a Salt Lake musician in other hardcore bands, said that he had to explain the situation repeatedly about his friend to people not liking what he was stating so much that day that he made the dark joke that he should start a band titled "Rape Apologist." I ignored this, only finding it strange that something similar happened to me. From what I understood though, they were both clothed before going to bed to sleep together, unlike me who had sex with my then girlfriend earlier, and she was naked in bed with me, too. This woman who accused Gaza's singer later apologized, said the happening were misunderstood and not his fault.

One of two of closest friends also once told me a story about an uncle of his who was in a marriage with a woman that refused all intimacy, not even having had sex once in their relationship, and he attempted to have sex with her one night while she was sleeping. This woman got upset about it and left him and moved out soon after. You think this would be a fictional story that I was being told, but this friend and his cousin went to high school with me, and I was well aware that this cousin of his had a bout in being incarcerated for tying his wife from a ceiling fan upside-down with duct tape, and him and a friend began to strike her like a punching bag repeatedly.

People would show me other odd news stories while I lived at the apartment on Isom Way, such as a news story about a teenager bullied at a party, having his pants pulled down, and a large parasol being stuck in his anus in front of many partiers. This person then supposedly was about to go on a cruise, and he jumped off the side of the cruise ship onto the dock and killed himself. Another story involved a closeted gay man who committed suicide after being illegally and without consent filmed by his roommate having sex with another man.

I would much later watch an episode of Celebrity Jeopardy, and a woman on their, an actress who either was or slightly resembled Bette Midler would explain that she has her husband rollover in bed to start having sex with her while she sleeps all the time, and it felt as if she was talking to me directly, which was likely the maser instruments setting the event of me watching the show and thinking it was talking to me without looking like she was doing so.

At one time, my ex-girlfriend once told me that she hated her African American stepfather. When things started to become rough in our relationship, I started just saying things to another of my closest friends off the top of my mind as if they were true, as if an idiot just rambling out first thoughts that came to his mind, and he

began to think that my ex-girlfriend was sexually assaulted by her stepfather with me not understanding the situation, and both us starting to think it possible. I would later get corrected by a friend who apparently had a conversation with my closest friend that her stepfather, who he had met, was a good guy. Many years later, I would believe this some dysfunctional racist person who connected to me illegally, not wanting me in a relationship with my ex-girlfriend and hating African American people, and worried that maintaining my relationship with my ex-girlfriend would show him in a positive light.
I completely stopped rambling things off to people in person once she stopped contacting me.
When I started to get bullied and harassed by telephone at work, it happened for a few months with me not saying anything about it to anyone. One day, and I'm certain this wasn't me because of what I wrote online, I came home from work talking about the situation, only using my ex-girlfriends first initial, mentioning that I was hurt and did not want to be with her, and that I had a crush on my friend's wife. The person who wrote it said that I went "p—y-nuts" in my head. I later blamed this on a complete sexually awkward creep and incel that connected to my brain but also thought it possible to be my close friend and roommate who connected to me. Either way, as of today, I want all people who come off like they would sexually assault or voyeur another person, even if simply for something that they placed online, just found and murdered by anyone who wishes. This includes people who publicly send explicit sexual desires in their messages online.

Many of these people that attacked me, were human trafficking me, were training to gain abilities through me, I told them in my head that they should stop having children, and they would not listen, with them appearing online having recent children, and I know for a fact that they were doing so in hopes to protect their lives by becoming or further becoming parents with children supposedly depending on them to try to gain pity from them having children if caught.
I was also advising them that euthanization of their children is likely to occur, not only because they were stealing large amounts of people's money and committing acts of domestic terrorism, but were also voyeuring and sexually assaulting everyone, and, given this, no one is going to want their rat person children around either. Even if people allow their children to live, those children are going to treated with extreme hostility, so euthanization is the better thing to do. I then explained to literally everyone connected to my head that they have no concern to the safety of children in the first place, desiring to physically and sexually assault them and all, so they probably are not very worried of their rat children's safety either.

My advice to these people is: "Do not breed; do not live."

Anyone in a mental ward for anything other than a brain injury, a nervous breakdown, depression, or a suicide attempt needs to be quickly eradicated also.

I'm not certain if I already stated this, but every single person not in the jail and prison system involved in extortion or violent crime needs to be eradicated also, just shooting them cell to cell, even making them suffer before they die if those doing it desire to, such as shooting them in the foot and legs several times and then leaving them for dead.

All sex offenders need to perish also.

Any form of incel needs to no longer be living.

Anyone leaving indications that they are capable of sexual assault and rape of any person of age and variety should no longer be among the living.

They genuinely just have terrible mentalities and thoughts on life that just belong to the person that they are, and they are terrible to feel. They can be easily identified thought the maser instruments as having these dangerous and awful mentalities.

The maser instruments can create a connection to a person that can be completely undetected also, so any of these dangerous people could have connected to others for years and decades.

I want laws regarding sexual assault and rape to have it that the criminal or criminals who perpetrated the act not only are sentenced to either death or to medical experimentation, but literally everything they own becomes possession to the victim or victims. That includes all property and funds that they own. Even if they try to transfer ownership of these properties or funds, they will be retrieved from their new attempted owner, unless something was purchased, in which case the object then becomes ownership to the victim or victims.

I had some people that I worked with, even at Home Depot, using the term "mental health days," and I treated these with extreme disdain. The people coming up with this stuff are just rotten and worthless workers and terrible people. They are all weak-minded individuals who would just die off in previous eras. The history of work shows that a person needs to work to survive, but these people want to do not work, get coddled while doing no work, and then continue existing and breeding their children that would likely share their weakmindedness. People in previous eras would know that they need to work hard or not survive. They would also have things yet medically treatable come into play, and they have loved ones die and then more than likely carry on, knowing that it was expected to possibly happen. We now have this modern era where many things were made to be medically treatable, and people being able to physically survive better, and yet these idiot rat people, their psychiatrists and their pseudo-science, and the pharmaceutical companies continuing the field of psychiatry in it pseudo-science is making to believe everyone is weak and fragile and needs their mental health constantly looked over, or having it possibly slip away. They are just maintaining, encouraging, attempting to produce, and allowing fragile-minded and lazy idiots to continue to exist, and having them only functioning in society as parasites alone.

I kept seeing videos with people giving contents warnings for plays, films, and just trailers, and this also breed weakmindedness, and I want people to stop doing it. Let the fragile idiots leave if they can't handle people acting something out. It's possible that ill-intentioned parties are just trying to make everyone think they are fragile and so they can take advantage of them when something bad happens. Trying living in a difficult environment where problems are constantly occurring and you don't know when something extremely bad is going to happen to you. It makes it much worse that these idiots are likely causing the extremely bad thing to happen to people, too.

We made an idea for a film inspired by RoboCop that would have little movement in location to where the action is, and like RoboCop it would be sarcastic about being enthusiastic in a future where such crime is rampant. This film would be called Quick Kill, and it would be about a tough well-over middle-aged man in a near future, who often wears denim, hired to run the cash register of a gas station and convenient store called the Quick Till in a very poor part of the city of Chicago that has an attempted robbery occur anywhere from thirty-minutes to an hour-and-a-half, so he has to defend the cash register at all cost, being well armed with handguns and shotguns to do so. In this future, once illegal drugs and narcotics are now legal and blatantly sold off the shelf as name brand products, causing drug addict customers to constantly arrive and pay for drugs, but all gang members and robbers who often wish to rob the store of its till at gunpoint. The clerks of the store often get in a shootout with the robbers, usually killing them all in a bloodbath, but often the clerks die themselves and have an extremely low life-expectancy, but the job pays them well, and they need to cover shifts, if necessary, which is usually because another clerk was murdered in a robbery. The Quick Till always has two large industrial brand dumpsters behind it, and there are other clerks in the store who primarily work clean-up, and they drag the bodies to the dumpsters out back and then clean the blood and guts that were spilled everywhere. This future also has it that the U.S. dollar has extremely inflated, and they got rid of the penny, but a penny is just the same value of a one dollar bill, and the one dollar bill no longer has George Washington on it, but a President who is recently in office, is the first U.S. President to be born in another country, and the recent news states that he is a pedophile once convicted of child rape, and a magazine stand by the checkout counter even constantly has magazines about it, with pictures of him that read: "President ___ is a pedophile! Should anyone care?" Other U.S. bills have George W. Bush on the $1000 bill and Barack Obama on the $100,000 bill, with the bills being often called Barackodollars, or Barackobucks. The main character and other clerks have a blacklight permanently set up to validate the authenticity of the dollars. The main character, yet named, after uses a large magnum on would be robbers, blasting them to pieces as they come into the store, weapons in hand. On one occasion, he kills so many robbers at once, that streams of deep red blood are all over the floor, along with a large pile of corpses where the blood is coming from. During this

fight, a drug addict was hiding in the aisles the whole time, waiting to purchase his over-the-counter crack cocaine, and he steps over the pools, sliding around a bit, and over the corpses, to the counter, so to buy the crack cocaine with one Barackodollar. The cleaner then comes out and starts dragging the corpses one by one to the back of the store while wearing a full body hazmat suit. Another time when the main character clerk gets in a violent gun fight, he blasts holes through many of the first arriving robbers, but then a robber comes in with a strange futuristic gun that shoots ice and instantly freezes what it strikes. The battle with this robber is long and difficult, but the clerk eventually wins. He then inspects the robber, picks up the futuristic freezing gun, and askes himself, "Now where on Earth did you get a freeze blaster?" Immediately after saying this, a robber with a pistol on him barges through the door, and the clerk reacts fast and shoots him with the freeze blaster, hitting him right in the chest, and then causing his chest to explode with blood that instantly freezes as as a permanent frosted red explosion from his chest, while he hits the ground. The only other portion of the film that I thought up would have the main character clerk on his day off from work, and the clerk on for that day gets in a very violent and impressive fight, but a robber surprisingly comes out of nowhere and shoots the clerk dead. The main character clerk then gets a phone call while drinking a beer and watching a futuristic television show with a futuristic television show on it, and is told about the situation and is forced to go into work to fill in. Several clerks die in the picture, and perhaps a clean-up person, but the main character clerk is so tough and skilled that he keeps living. Another character would be a gang leader who often comes into the store to hassle the clerks, but does not show up armed, so they can't legally kill him. Also in this dystopian future, militant U.S. political gang members such as Neo-Talibaners often come into the store, being varieties of races, but wearing clothing that a Taliban soldier would where, and sometimes they look to rob the store. We started to create this film after I explained that RoboCop often gets viewed as just an action film that is attempting to be radical in appearance, but, actually, the filmmakers were likely being very sarcastic about everything in the film, making it all purposely ridiculous and a stupid future to have happen. This was inspired also by the thought of the "debit system" being able to easily replace physical currency, causing robberies to drastically be reduced in occurring, and so what would be occurring in the film would be just the same brand of sarcasm as RoboCop.

I thought up a video game idea titled Early Leave based off an Atari game called Bobby Is Going Home, which I thought was a fun and simple kids' game for the system. The company who made Bobby Is Going Home, Bit. Corp, also made two of my other favorite Atari games Mr. Postman and Snail Against Squirrel. I desired to make a game idea like Bobby Is Going Home, but needed to think of something that would be similar, so I thought of when I would leave FedEx early on requested leave without pay, and I would sometimes get stuck in traffic, so I thought that a game would have a man requesting to leave early to go home and see his wife and their new baby, and getting allowed to do so. He does not drive a vehicle to work, though, and he walks and takes trains to get home. This man, who dresses in a suit and tie, has a briefcase that he uses for both an attack weapon to knock things or enemies away, just temporarily knocking down enemies, and the briefcase also both blocks projectiles and can be used to push objects, obstacles, hazards, and enemies. This game has a continuous path to getting home, and it is an action game, but it is also highly an old school style arcade game. The games areas are screen by screen like an arcade game and Bobby Is Going Home, and new dilemmas and obstacles are discovered in each screen, such as him passing a group of commercial gardeners carelessly pulling weed flowers from the garden soil, not paying attention to anyone behind them, and tossing them in an arch to the sidewalk, where the lead character is walking on the sidewalk, having him either move fast to dodge them, or using his briefcase to block the weed flowers coming down upon him overhead, as he can also direct his briefcase to shield upward. Another occurrence that happens in the game is that a group of children are hiding in some apple trees along the way, looking to peg people that come by with apples, and the main character must shield with his briefcase the oncoming apple projectiles. Hazards often occur, such as cat zooming by and hitting a puddle too fast, causing a rooster tail of water to fly up and possibly hit the pedestrian main character. Some bicyclers try to zoom by on the sidewalk, and the player also must dodge them to let them through. Surly and angry enemies sometimes walk by, looking to get in a fight with the main character, and the main character can strike him with his briefcase, temporarily knocking them on the ground for a moment, with stars circling their head.
A statement to this game, with its old school style of arcade gameplay, is that often having to go into work for a job that you can do at home is getting very tiring and old and wasting money. So, people should make all attempts to work at home when it can be easily set up to do so.

I created a game idea that is a mix of a social network webpage and an RPG game titled Dungeon Browser, and it would have sponsors and advertisements to hopefully to have it accesses and run for free, and a user being able to create a free profile. This game would have a feed like Facebook or Reddit, but enemy battles would pop up where the profile user has to use their avatar and party members to fight enemies, such as ones having internet and computer themes to them, like a malware and trojan viruses, and also enemy profiles like a violent Stephanie or Michael appears, and also trolls, like movie trolls and video game trolls that actually look like troll monsters, and also funny enemy characters like edgelords and memelords. The player's health would be called "PATIENCE" and the player's magic like skills would be "EFFORT", which can run out similar to HP and MP in an ordinary video game. Players can use consumable items such as a squeeze ball or medicine balls to raise their PATIENCE and EFFORTS back up. The players avatar and their party members are often shows in framed boxes on the battle screen, and their work desk with a computer can have things like a "HANG IN THERE" cat poster to raise PATIENCE and EFFORT. The player can also use in game money to buy new keyboards and computers that have different battle effects and attack to them. Cell Phones can also be bought to do the same. The player would have several classes of avatar to choose from, such as a hacker, a computer wiz, a celebrity, a robot, a degenerate, a troll, an edgelord, a memelord, a spammer, an online merchant, an advertiser, etc., and each class has unique abilities, stats, and things that they can perform, but often having consequences. For instance, if a hacker decides to hack a computer, the attack is very powerful to the enemies, but then the player starts gaining stronger enemies in battle, because the use of hacking attracted them to arrive, and eventually they will reduce over time. A degenerate class, giving another example, actually lowers the stats of the entire party, but his skill attacks are very strong. If a player gets wiped out, the online site will have sponsored games and simple indie online computer games that raise a person back in their PATIENCE and EFFORT until they are at full health and able to begin to play and look through the timeline again. Sometimes when scrolling through the news feed a player will have the ability to enter a small dungeon that is represented by JavaScript game and is a simple maze in appearance where the player's small square of an avatar finds and fights monsters in battle. There might be some more advanced dungeon areas that would pop up as well, and bosses can be found within them. The game would have a final boss, and possibly other bosses added, like super bosses. The game would have an ending to, and when you finish, you can still keep playing under your current state, but you would also have the option to start a new game at full level with stronger enemies, or you can keep your profile and start at a base level. Stars on the user's profile will determine if how many times a user has won the game and moved to either a new game keeping their current level or moved to a new game starting at base level to display the difference. The game would try to create as many unique enemies as possible, each involving computer and internet lingo to its best in enemy design. The final stage would probably be a series of pop-up dungeons in the dark web, and the final boss a large dangerous spider that controls the underworld of the worldwide web. The player's main attack would be the "IGNORE" command, and the effort commands would each be unique to the character class.

I thought up a television series idea titled Main that is about several players for futuristic, but near future, video games, and especially one that is a neurotainment fighting game called Bleeding Fireworks Power Fighting where many of the characters in the show play and main characters. The fighting game involved the players meeting in a wide area, such a location in a park, they have neurological crown controllers placed on their head, and satellites project 3D hologram characters that are not see-through, and the players manipulate the characters and their abilities through their brain signals while they fight each other. This fighting game takes a lot of inspiration from tokusatsu entertainment, and the characters are anywhere from attempting to be sleek and cool to just plain being odd or weird, but most are comedic anyways. The show would have several main characters who are gamers and professional players to the fighting game that focus their time on playing the fighting game for practice and in tournaments, but there would be one main character who mains a female tokusatsu character named Storm Bomber in the holographic fighting game. When they do meet in areas like parks, the players usually set a bit far apart on rugs cross-legged from each other, they put on their neurological crown controllers, and the characters show up by hologram between them. The players that can use all their holographic fighter's abilities and special moves, while also manipulating the characters physical movements with their mind.

This television show and its story seems like a completely bad idea, though, unless it has a dark twist that the video game's creators were all horrible and terrible people discovered to be later.
The near future world in which these players live also have several other futuristic and advanced games, but I actually intended for these game titles to all be proposed actual games at one point, not knowing if they were possible to make, but still thinking them possible. Even Bleeding Fireworks Power Fighting I thought of as a real fighting game that was not holographic at one point. The futuristic video games were Esse, God Killer, and Bird.
Bleeding Fireworks Power Fighting was a comedy fighting game that I created several characters on paper for and pictured in my head while I was the University of Utah. The game's title is a reference to tokusatsu entertainment where the characters after bleed firework explosions when they are hit, and the fighting game would try to reenact such firework explosions when the players hit each other. This game was completely comedy focuses but also supposed to be a good fighting game with fun mechanics, such as the game Waku Waku 7 in its style of making a comedy fighting game. The game would feature several bizarre characters, such as a superhero cat named Potato, a small alien in a humanoid UFO with arms and legs, the mentioned female tokusatsu character Storm Bomber, a tough dad character just named Tough Dad, etc., and I placed most the drawings on my Twitter account, but my Twitter account purged all the posts. There is quite a few drawings that I made for the game, and it had several characters, possibly over thirty. I kept writing comedic material for it down, such as the character Tough Dad winning in a fight, and him having the written victory statement of: "This victory is nothing compared to the day my first child was born!" I still have the scanned drawings digitally stored on my USB flash drive, but I think that I left the actual copies at my ex-girlfriend's house. This game also featured a three round tournament system where if a third round is had and the players come to a draw or double knockout, the game declares both players losers.
I also thought of another game that had the similar concept of looking like a tokusatsu game, having large explosions, action frames that looked like they would be drawn on to produce magic effects, and the characters would bleed firework explosions releasing small clouds of smoke. This game I would call a tokusatsu Souls series game.

I kept bringing up a futuristic but possible plausible to happen game idea that I had, and would later title Esse, on Home Depot's floor, but I would often refer to it as my "J.F.K. game," because I don't know if the proposed game is possible, and it just being assumed possible, and I imagine a J.F.K. like game creator attempting to make large amounts of external server warehouses to handle the game's information just to learn that the video game is impossible to make, so they just fake that the game does what it does later, in a Moon landing hoax and space program fashion. The reason that I state that this game is yet no possible is because the video game would have all of its players avatars exist together on the same plain of existence within the game, and they would all live in an area about the size of a state where the players can roam freely, and the players can actually buy permanent real estate within the game, having a set home or apartment, and there would be valuable actual real estate in the game, such as higher priced housing near event locations such as stadiums, near surrounding forests, near rivers, etc., the player is able to sell their real estate in the game, and buy different real estate for in game money, but actual real life money I would actually believe possible to exchange for important real estate. The player would also have jobs that they can find. They can quick travel mostly anywhere within the game, but they can also wander around in the world of other people's houses within the city and purchase vehicles to drive around. The video game makes the player break in their vehicle if they try to run into pedestrians or off round. If players on the same plain of existence conglomerate in an area too much, they players are given a warning, and then police officers would show up, causing them to return to their homes. Actual concerts and events, more like album release parties possibly, would be scheduled in the game, and they would have a finite number of tickets to purchase, so people are made unable to gain tickets for the events if they sell out. Some of them would have fixed stadium seating, but others would be on open event areas that they players can wander around in, although clustered within actual other players moving around. This game was slightly modelled after Animal Crossing at first, and I thought it possible a future Animal Crossing game but then switched up ideas in my mind to make it more unique. Because the game is attempting to imitate life, and would be focused on teaching children about adult life, when a new account is created for the game, and an avatar is made, the player has no choice in how their avatar looks, with the avatar generated from millions of possibilities, like how the Dark Souls game have character generation, but this would be more fluid in their appearance. These 3D avatar characters would be

possible to have skin tones of literally any color on a large color pallet. They would also have several body types, possibly not even being symmetrical, and these characters would all be somewhat looking like pop art abstract figures in appearance. They pupils in their eyes would also be chaotically made, different in size, possible being off or tilted, and having shapes instead of circles, such as triangles, squares, pound signs, money signs, or many other signs for pupils instead, with both pupils possibly not even matching each other in shape or sign. I imagine these characters looking slightly like Animal Crossing characters mixed with the Pianta characters from Super Mario Sunshine, but often different in body appearance, such as some being skinny or fat, some having short or long arms, and some having a gut. Their heads would also vary in shape, and they would also possibly have various hair types and color. If the player doesn't like how their generated avatar looks, they can try to get a new one before the game starts, but they will again be forced to try to get a generated one. Surgery exists in the game, but it only can do so much at a time, and it would cost a lot of in-game money. The player would also be able to buy contacts to change their eye appearances. There would also likely be in-game games to play, such as at an amusement park or arcade. Forest areas or outer city forest locations would also have more action elements to them where enemies can be found and fought. A single console or computer would only allow one to four accounts to be created at a time, so avatars and accounts do not keep being made, and people do not keep buying real estate with them, as a player is only allowed a finite amount of real estate at one time in the game.
Back to the topic of a game designer spending a large amount of money trying to make this game, not knowing if it were possible without testing it, similar to J.F.K. with desires to go to the Moon, I imagined that this fictional game designer was worried of The Sims people achieving the desired game of having all players on the same plain of existing and having real estate first, representing the Soviets, and so they jumped the gun on it and started to build server warehouse after server warehouse for the eventual game before the game was even made, so to hold the game's memory and actual real estate and job positions while also keeping all players on a plain of existence.

I also made a game idea that was a bit similar to Esse, titled God Killer, and this game would attempt to have multiple players on the same plain of existence too, but the game would be heavily fantasy related, similar to World of Warcraft, and the world of existence would be around the size of a smaller actual country, having a set geography, and again real estate to some degree, but the player would just set up temporary tents to live in. This game would have randomly generated large varieties and enemies in them, along with bosses that constantly respawn in locations, but there would also be god-like people and monster characters in the game that one would not be certain if they can be destroyed but can be attempted to be destroyed by several players fighting it at once.

Another game idea that I thought would be titled Bird, and this game would involve taking maser 3D scans of the Earth, generating an entire 3D image of the Earth in the game, having AI make certain the colors of objects are correct, and the player takes control of a robotic bird in this 3D scan of the Earth, flying around, and sometimes using its weapons, such as lasers and bullets to fight enemies that spawn in the game. The bird could quick travel, but it would also fly very quickly to get to distance locations.

I have a tokusatsu television series idea titled Storm Bomber, which would take the electric-based Japanese tokusatsu female superhero from Bleeding Fireworks Power Fighting and have her be the star of her own series, where she fights enemies along with her tall and large cyclops robot Cataract. This character slightly resembled a Kamen Rider or Power Ranger character, but the eye windows on her helmet would look like opposing cartoon lightning bolts, and she would be very cloud and lightning-themed, fighting enemies, using martial arts, conjuring clouds and lightning, and attacking with powerful electrical attacks.

I thought of another tokusatsu television show or video game idea titled Ouchi, which would have a bold-voiced little normal-sized caterpillar named Ouchi that acts in a superhero-like manner, and he transforms into a superhero butterfly, first turning into a chrysalis, but then swiftly emerging from it and changed to a small, normal-sized magic-powered butterfly superhero all in one instance. After fighting villains in his butterfly state, he changes back to a small caterpillar again. He sometimes fights in caterpillar form also, using his silks to net enemies and barbs on his body to poke them, with his enemies being anywhere from evil small bugs, human or humanoid people, and large monsters, so he fights enemies in all variety of sizes. Eventually,

imitating the Kamen Rider and Power Rangers, he develops several other superhero caterpillar friends of variety that are often butterflies, but he also develops other superhero caterpillars who change to moths instead, dubbing the moth group of superhero caterpillars "Team Midnight."

Another video game and tokusatsu television show series idea that I thought up, clear back when I worked at FedEx, was titled Super Puppy Beast. This story would involve a small compact English bulldog brand mascot and spokesdog for a dog toy company, and one day while shooting a commercial, a UFO crashes into the dog toy factory, having all its toys changed with alien technology to become living kaiju beasts, and the brand mascot spokesdog bulldog, named Hugs, is also altered to grow large. Hugs is then used to fight the kaiju living dog toys, using its biting abilities and jaws, and its barks, which cause sonic blasts to shoot out. The enemies, often having squeakers in them, also release sonic blasts from them. The video game would be designed as to have a third-party perspective in a 3D world game, and the player can move around the camera as they like. The player would mainly use the front right trigger to bite and can hold the button down to lock Hugs jaws onto enemies, so to pull and tear at them. If the left directional stick is pushed back in repeated efforts, Hugs will pull and tear like a regular dog, and if the right control stick is rapidly pushed left and right back and forth, Hugs will shake around the bitten area like a dog does, moving its neck back and forth really fast. Basically, the left control stick controls the motions that the dog will tug, and then the right control stick controls the dog's neck movements with holding the right trigger down. An object of the game is to tear enemy living dog toys apart, often ripping the stuffing out of them, or tearing part off them. The main game would have Hugs cartoonish in appearance, also in a cartoonish city, fighting yet again cartoonish kaiju dog toys, such as living frisbees, rubber bones, and cute plush characters, but eventually the player will be approached by a man wishing to turn Hugs happenings into a movie series. This movie director then will create films that could be played within the game as a video game would, and his movie adaptations to the events surrounding Hugs are very dark looking, having Hugs look like a monstrous and demonic dog, fighting also demonic dog toys, in a dreary and cloudy city scape. The game's original graphic quality appearance would be colorful and cartoonish like Splatoon, but the playable film adaptation moments will be dark fantasy and dreary like a Dark Souls game.

My idea for God Slayer originally started out as an idea for a new Black Onyx game. Black Onyx was one of the first and most successful JRPGs, although it was made by a person from the U.S. that was living in Japan. I wanted the original Black Onyx ported to the Nintendo in an official more recent port to show that it might have been a great game if ported more like how the MSX and PC-88 versions are. Nintendo did have a Famicom game based on Black Onyx, title Super Black Onyx, which was kind of a terrible game, but it had good music in it. I was also highly inspired by the cover art, which has a fungal-like city on it. I then started to make an action game idea in my head based off this fungal-like city, having the game appear somewhat of Souls series-like game where a hero must fight through this fungal-like city to find its great adversary, which is a character that has the Black Onyx in its head. I then also thought that this could make a unique game instead and started to think of similar game story where a tiny black orb was sought after for being evil and causing the city to appear, almost as if the little black orb was a fungal spore that produces evil. I then thought that a game could be made called The Dire Spore, which would almost have a Lord of the Rings quality story to it. In the story, the Dire Spore, a small black marble is indestructible in every way possible, and it needs to always be ritually burned. The reason for the ritual burning is because if the dire spore is left alone, it starts to grow and attract evil to it, producing and congregating monsters, while it also begins to grow large fungal-like city structures that are very towering. Even if thrown into a volcano or attempted to be set on the ocean floor, the Dire Spore will still continue to produce evil and fungal-like cities, so the only option is to ritually burn it on a regular basis with proper magic and fire.
Taking this fantasy idea, I also thought it possible to place in my novel Nanahee as an equivalent in an alternative dimension to The Lord of the Rings.

I thought up a novel or film story idea titled Hounds of Love, inspired by the Kate Bush song. This song would be a family saga highly focused on a family's dogs over decades, sometimes having the story from the dogs' simple perspective. The dogs would mostly be owned in pairs of two, except for the first dog, and they each have symbolisms and meanings to them: the first dog owned Penny is a large mutt rescue dog that lives outside in a house; the second dog is a mutt rescue dog named Flame, who she has orange-gold fur, and she is

allergic to the Sun, having it cause her nose to peel and char often; the third dog Kettle is a rescue dog that is part Bichon Frise, and it has a loud high pitched bark and howl like a tea kettle going off, but much worse; the fourth dog Smoke, is a rescue dog with very intelligent looking wide brown eyes, although the dog is pretty unintelligent, and he winds up going blind with cloudy white eyes; the fifth dog is a black brindle French bulldog named Cannonball, who is supposed to be a finely bred dog, but is unwittingly bought from a puppy farm, has mange at first, and has health problems most his life, but it is a good dog; the sixth dog is an English bulldog named Stone, who is a white, bulky, and well-bred dog with a large underbite; and the seventh dog is a small well-bred chihuahua named Feather that can jump really high and does several tricks. These dogs in the family saga, who are mostly rescue dogs, are mostly good dogs, but constantly always have problems with them, and even the French bulldog bred by puppy farmers has problems, too. A girl within the family that owns the dogs grows up learning to train and take care of them, and when their family owns both Stone and Feather at the same time, who are more expensive, but very well-bred dogs, she trains them to be well-known dog performers, even appearing on television, having the chihuahua Feather often doing tricks around and involving the English bulldog Stone, with Stone not really moving much, such as crawling beneath Stone's belly only to then jump over him, then swiftly repeating this, so Feather seems to be acting as a Moon orbiting around Stone's body or a hula hoop.

Most this story is based off of my personal stories involving dogs, and the dogs that my family has owned, but I also got the idea because I got really upset at the thought of people illegally using what was in my head to record things as if it belonged to them, as if what they were watching through my eyes was legally a show being ran by maser instruments, and I told them that they had in no way permission to do such a thing, and then they told me that they would just use recordings from the sight and cognitions of our family dogs.

My dogs, who the characters were modeled after, were and are Penny, Betsy, Scruffy, Hugo, Legion, Rowdy, and Rusty. Most of these descriptions match the dogs, but my last two dogs Rowdy and Rusty are a black brindle French bulldog instead of an English bulldog, and Rusty is a chihuahua dachshund mix and not a full bred teacup chihuahua. One of the reasons that I agreed with my mother to name the first French bulldog that I bought Legion is because I figured that I would call him by several different names anyways. Both Legion and Rowdy I would rarely but sometimes call Gorilla Biscuit, because they reminded me of a dog and a gorilla mixed together, and the name biscuit is a common name for a dog.

The masers can be used to find out if a person or people should be considered valid candidates for foster parenting of a child, seeing if they have an ill-intention in their desire to foster a child. An ironic thing is often people get accused of not being able to properly foster children by religious people and others for being homosexual, but some likely are led by people coveting maser technology, and this maser technology would be able to access a person and their mentality, making those claiming these possible ill-intentions in fostering a child just doing it out of worry outside of a child's safety. Because of these idiots coveting the maser instruments plenty of foster children have been likely given to improper candidates of any sexuality, and they possibly have had ill-intention in fostering the child. Plus, there has been famous instances of homosexuals fostering children and it leading to bad situations, including murder, and it likely was outside parties messing with these homosexual foster parents, worried that their sexuality was not altering the foster child's sexuality.

Just because a person thinks that their world and life fell apart because of some happening does not excuse criminal behavior towards an innocent person. They should have been strong-minded enough to realize that their life has not ended because of the event. This includes finding out your religion is fraudulent and discovering that people you loved and trusted were responsible for wrongdoing.

I have concluded that passive aggressive behavior and symbolism are basically the same thing, but symbolism is no necessarily passive aggressive behavior. Passive aggressive behavior is used to convey to a person a message of dislike, often ill-performing something and just not doing something entirely, sending a message to a certain person, so that message is symbolic.

I think that the ancient Hebrew religion and those propagating it developed and learned passive aggressive behavior to attack and harm others to get their way, with it being highly effective. The ten Egyptian plagues in Exodus were probably a story used to convey the abilities of passive aggressive behavior, their effectiveness, and warn of their use. It is possible that these plagues were purposely manmade and engendered, such as intentionally breeding locust to attack crops, in attempts to free the Hebrew people from

the Egyptians. The tenth plague, having push come to shove, resulted in having the first-born children murdered of all people who failed to mark their doors. If the story was based in reality, the Hebrew people in these instances were purposely causing problems, no longer wanting to be slaves, and were released because of it. The tactics of using passive aggressive behavior to attack others probably became quite common with the religion, and they resemble just regular tactics of organized crime, such as a fire suddenly burning down another person's crops out of nowhere, claimed unintentional, but he failed to be a part of a religion and pay money to it, so it seems not coincidental.

I think that Christianity was made to be able to have people accept the organized crime of the Hebrew religion and its tactics of gaining money and protecting criminals, but making it appear as something new and not having to do with Judaism. The manufactured story of Jesus Christ was probably inspired to deter people painfully crucifying criminals like they probably often deserved, having Jesus Christ exchanged for a murderer who deserved to die, and this exchange causing the murder of an innocent person so a murderer could continue living has been happening for years because of religious tactics and behaviors, so the Christian religions pretend to be against it, but their behaviors are entirely for having an innocent person die but a murderer continue living. They do nothing but preserve criminality. This is probably why Catholicism and Christianity often has people centered on the very cross that killed their supposedly holiest of living characters, because it is a symbol of protecting criminals by scapegoating the lives of innocent people.

They also started to teach people the importance of loving everyone, just like Jesus Christ, the supposedly greatest and most divine person who ever lived loves everyone, even criminals, so to pacify followers to criminals, giving them a naïve and delusional thought that it makes them a good and divine person themselves in doing so, in a sort of "Jesus Christ Complex."

Islam was also likely another way to adapt the Hebrew religion to another culture to pretend it something else but also continuing its tactics of organized crime and its protection of criminals. It probably entirely desired to waste the time and money of its followers by making them devoutly pray constantly during the day, when better things could be being accomplished.

While I was working at Home Depot, I would explain to be people my views on religion and also the thought of eugenics. I explained the thought of this Jesus Christ Complex and people being made to think that loving all people is a good and divine thing but explained that it allowed dangerous people who should not be living to still exist. I also brought up that eugenics is misunderstood and a good thing but needs to focus on removing criminality from the world, and never focused on an ethnicity and race, but just removing all criminal-minded and dangerous persons belonging to all ethnicities or races. I was getting boxes down from the beginning of aisle six on day while using the electric ladder, and their above I began to explain my thoughts on eugenics, ethnicity, and race, and I had people question me on my thoughts on Judaism. I told them that my problem is just with the religion and not the people, and that criminal-minded people just need to be removed from the ethnicity, and I don't care if they maintain their traditions as any other culture is allowed to, but I don't think that they should maintain believing in the metaphysical and practicing the religion as reality, which I also conclude those involved in Islam to also do, maintaining their traditions and culture also, but not having their religious beliefs around. I at least think no money should be gained from religious practices, but I don't think it's a good idea to practice them at all also.

After this occurred, I spent about a month or two with very antisemitic people electronically connected to my body, feeling their thoughts and half-feelings while working on the store floor of Home Depot. I still arrived at the same conclusion afterwards, despite the antisemitic feelings I kept being made to experience, that all criminal-minded people are the problem, not a race or ethnicity whose culture would be fine without the religious beliefs and the organized crime involved with them otherwise.

During this month or two of antisemitic feelings of other people being felt while at work through the maser instruments, I was directed to watch a review of the film Spaceman (2024) while at home on a previous day, which I never saw nor was aware of the film, and the thought that Adam Sandler, a famous Jewish celebrity, was in a story as an astronaut, and he was communicating with a large spider, made me think of my novel Nanahee, because it involves both the space industry, religion, and a giant spider named Eia representing religion. I was made to think that Jewish people in the entertainment industry were communicating with me with this film that Jewish people needed to be left alone with their religion and their involvement with the space industry, showing the Jewish Adam Sandler hugging a giant spider that he loves, the spider representing his religion, and to also abandon any desire on my novel Nanahee again. I just shrugged this off, and I ignored

it. But the next day, I was at the end of aisle thirty-eight in plumbing, and I suddenly began feeling someone's half-feelings, and this someone with these terrible attitudes and cognitions connected to my head brought up the film Spaceman again, angry about the film, it not being right that Jewish people would take ideas from my story, and that they have no right to push people around like that, owning everything and having large amounts of power with their money. I just paused a second, because I was busy grabbing items for a delivery order, and I just continued to ignore this again, not worried about it, and then just focused on my job.
Around this time, I kept seeing news that Rob Reiner had discovered breakthroughs in the J.F.K. assassination after coming home from work and being connected to an antisemitic person or people all day, harassed, as always, the whole day through work at the same time as feeling their half or more feelings. I figured it possible that some of the celebrities were already aware of the thoughts in my head, and I am very certain that my discoveries and thoughts on what occurred during the J.F.K. assassination are the truth of what occurred. I would watch these videos for a moment, figure they were just made to be annoying to me, and then I would just ignore them.
About three days after I explained my stance on Judaism above on aisle six on the electric ladder, I was walking around feeling the half-feelings of the antisemitic person or people and as I passed by the end of aisle six in the main aisle, I told this person and other people in my head, nodding up to where I was the previous day above on the electrical ladder that: "It seems like I was being more reasonable the other day when I explained my thoughts up there."

Sometime after working at Home Depot, I kept listening to a song called "Crossbearer" by Cave-In, which is a really great song and has anti-religious lyrics, and I picked out a single term from it, which was "demon wind," and I wrote it down as a title, because it reminded of the solar winds and the maser satellites also. For the last many years, I have been sitting in my room with either a space heater or fan right next to my head, holding it on my shoulders while it either blows hot and cold. I'm kind of controlled in doing this but also calms me. The warm wind of space heaters is usually calming to me. Even when I was working at Home Depot I would have the space heater next to my head on my shoulders and blowing. Sometimes to be mean, the people with masers would cause the space heater to start making my earlobe burn a little. My ears and side of my head would be red and radiated occasionally. I would walk the store floor of Home Depot, and people would start causing my left earlobe to feel like it was burning, perhaps out of some form of revenge.
After I wrote down that Demon Wind would be a good idea for something, I would sometimes have me brain paused a little or the top of my head pressed on with static, and then the fan would speed up, and electrically through the maser instruments, I would start having a person pretending to be Steven Spielberg talking loudly in my ear, as if in an angry and irate manner, which I would just sit and listen to while also ignoring it.
The whole concept of me having this fan or heater by my head is like the film Midnight Cowboy with its main character holding his radio next to his head, and it being an instrument of radiation, while my space heater is also an instrument of radiation.
Back to when my father was acting belligerent following his brain surgery, I would hear him fighting with my mother upstairs sometimes, and then I would go upstairs to see what was going on. On other occasions I would have a large floor fan running, and I could swear that my parents were fighting upstairs, but it seemed like the fan was also producing the sound instead in a light manner, and then I would turn off the fan and nothing going on in the house.
Working in the garden department of Home Depot, while also having it near the electrical aisle and its bulbs, I wrote this poem at work on a blank sticker tag with marker, playing on the fact that we sold flower bulbs and light bulbs at once, having the poem fusing the two types of bulbs together in concept:

"Bulb" by Davyn Andersen

The luminous sprout glows in its glass body,
Flowering with an aura of a star's parody:
It is hidden in soil or the inspiring darkness,
Till a lift of a switch makes a room night-less.
Wires grow from the ground with energy,
Their leaves brush the air so very lightly.
White and yellow bulbs shine their designated tint.

A brittle balloon gives off a strong glint.

I also wrote this one in my head while I was on watering duty in the outside garden and hearing the pigeons sounding overhead. Afterwards, I went inside on wrote it on another blank sticker tag with marker:

"Watering the Garden" by Davyn Andersen

Overhead there are plush ocarinas sounding.
A wet paintbrush combs out roots, hounding,
Leaving spearheads and green flesh shining
And ropes woven to the ground in its lining.
Below are broken strings buried and winding,
Drinking water fallen through and finding
Itself absorbed into the feet of a sproutling:
A hope to eye the spectacles on an outing.

Because I often experience so many things in my head, and often have some person other than me panicking and acting irrational suddenly, feeling their half-feelings, while also they like to place sexual imagery in my head by them while feeling their desires, I wrote this poem working at Home Depot also, referring to the hippocampus in the brain, the mythical horse the hippocampus, and also seahorses, which have a scientific name of hippocampus:

"Hippocampi" by Davyn Andersen

Seahorses of memory, bathing in waves,
Wash in or out the thoughts of the day,
Rearing as a wild horse, waving like a fish,
Tales, as in stories; tails, as to brandish.
Half-horses, half-fishes of the cerebrum,
Without trotting the thoughts still come
And remind us of that which is needed,
Or that which will not be forgot;
The waves will, at night, be retreating,
But, in dreams, will be sought.

People would either tell me or try to make me think that Jewish people got upset at a fictional scriptural poem work that I was placing in Nanahee, the deities that it involves, and the fact that I was writing a religion and people who were similar to Judaism and the Jewish people in an alternate dimension, who were called the Khephrealts. I kept making fictional equivalent religions that existed in another dimension for the novel Nanahee and this religion of the Khephrealts believed in dual gods who were husband and wife, with the husband Kholem being evil, and the wife Glima being all that is good. Despite them being married, they also hate each other, and the marriage is more out of the convenience that they are the only two existing deities. Furthermore, Glima is a virgin goddess, meaning her and her evil husband have never had intercourse, and she has an ever-flowing dress of water that continuously spills off of her body and never stops doing so, never allowing her to be naked, and her husband Kholem constantly drinks in rage at the water of her dress, but never achieves to stop its constant spill. The universe and the Earth are in the waters of her dress. The scriptural book containing the origin of the world and the workings of this dual husband and wife deities is titled the Tome of Waters.
I don't have the original tiny notebook that I began to write the starting poem to the Tome of Waters in, as I was controlled and made to throw it away, but this is a poem that I wrote, partially recalling little parts of it:

"Oceans" by Davyn Andersen

Gods of water, and the life they hold,

Have both tranquility and strife unfold:
Waves that can calm or destroy
In the enormity that they employ.

Giants of sea, and the animals inside it,
Knead without hands and rarely divided:
An ebb with the Moon an aid;
Tides reborn after they have decayed.

Embodiments of ocean, and the fish,
Water is your body and the land a dish:
You take the meals that you want,
Or just choose to tease and haunt.

Colossuses of foam, and the deep,
From the lands you will reap,
And steal or be given within time,
When the waters lift and climb.

There is also an equivalent to Islam called the Lilazan, and they actually get along well with the Khephrealts, despite believing completely different religions, them believing in a female blind prophetess whose eyes were claimed to exist in Heaven with her all-powerful and all-knowing husband, where her heavenly sight allowed her to learn the secret teachings of the universe from her husband, which she recorded and wrote in scriptures.

We started to come up with a sarcastic long poem idea titled The Sensual Hells. I first started out with the titles The Hell of Rose Petals and The Hell of Butterflies, humorously imagining a man in a Hell where the flames were just rose petals or butterflies, orange, yellow, and red in color and flowing upward like fire, and him being caught up in the rose petals or butterfly acting like flames, but after I started having people kind of hijack the thoughts and help me evolve it in other directions in my head, adding titles and concept to it while I added them also. This poem and the concepts involving it would be based off the fact that religious people, especially those running religions, like to claim that life will be a "Hell on Earth" without both them and their religion, but they are actually causing Hell on Earth with their behaviors and tactics of maintaining criminals, while also suppressing intellectual freedoms, and also many things in life happen without them, such as nice spring weather, warm summer days, the autumn leaves, pretty winter snowfall, beautiful ocean views, gardens with flowers, etc., and having those continue to happen would not be a "Hell on Earth," especially with dangerous criminals not being involved in any of it. This poem would be in parts, if it even gets made, and the portions would be the following, not exactly in this order:

The Hell of a Wife, Love, and Romance
The Hell of Autumn Trees and Fallen Leaves
The Hell of Beaches and Rolling Waves
The Hell of Beautiful Views and Landscapes
The Hell of Billowy Clouds and Spring Rain
The Hell of Birds and Feathers
The Hell of Blossoming Trees and Budding Flowers
The Hell of Butterflies
The Hell of Calm Waters
The Hell of Clear Night Skies and Bright Stars
The Hell of Fine Art and Paintings
The Hell of Fine Literature and Poetry
The Hell of Fine Music and Orchestras
The Hell of Flowers and Rose Petals
The Hell of Fresh Water Streams and Rivers
The Hell of Green Forested Mountains with Meadows

The Hell of Kindness
The Hell of Lily Ponds and Sounding Frogs
The Hell of Pink-Orange Sunrises and Sunsets
The Hell of Pleasant Times with Warm Fires
The Hell of Rolling Grass and Waving Reeds
The Hell of Sea Fish and Coral
The Hell of Sciences and Learning
The Hell of Summer Days and Sunshine
The Hell of Wine and Fine Dining
The Hell of Winter Blankets and Slow Snowfall

I made a novel or film idea that I titled The Killer Gerald Everett Burnett, wanting to take several elements that I thought were funny and to mix them together, such as the film Kind Hearts and Coronets (1949), Aurthur Bremmer's diary, the behavior of my closest friend who liked to tell film ideas that he had, with some of them coming off too disturbing and bizarre, another friend that I had who sometimes told me novel ideas and talked about a novel he was working on, the thought that I had that two of these people were connecting to my brain, so I started making fun of them, and the fact that I find Jack Burton's way of centering on himself in his speech, especially when he's alone, very funny in the film Big Trouble in Little China (1986). I started to call my closest friend "Jerry" or "Gerald," as someone else we knew often did, even though it was not his name, and so I thought it funny to have him speaking about him in the first person, constantly as Jerry, him being a serial killer, and always giving himself an intimidating unique last name of two wards in his own diaries that applies to what he is writing about between coming up with entertainment ideas that he would write down or work on, including a young adult novel marketed towards teen girls titled The Many Virtues of Princess Virtue. As an erratic and dangerous person, he would work on these entertainment works, try to look for women online, masturbate, and then write in his diaries his dangerous thoughts. For instance, if this serial killer character desired to drug rape and murder a woman, he would talk write about it in his diary, constantly switching his first-person name, such as, "When Jerry Killrape has a woman in his crosshairs, she's going to find a knife her last love!" And if he wants to write about himself hiding in bushes on a hiking trail and waiting for a female hiker to come by to murder, rape, and kill, he writes: "When Jerry Bushrapist is hidden in the hedge, he will hunt his she-victim till she's dead!" After I started to write this, I joking thought to go over to the friend's house whose father owned the Chinese restaurant, and who constantly threw parties literally every weekend, and then to scare him by writing in red lipstick on his door: "This is the place that Jerry Daterape likes to party!" People actually tried to get me to go over there and do it actually, but I ignored them. I came up with a few things that would happen in the dark comedy story, such as him attempting to jump from an overhead bridge road above a winner to try to attack a female jogger jogging by, only to catch his foot on the rail, slam his head on a rail below, fall into river, and then have the very woman be the one that helped him, not realizing that he was trying to kill her. Another thing that would keep occur in this film, is that Gerald likes to talk to people at work about his film and book ideas, and they would very psychologically disturbing in quality, and people would tell him that he is coming up with some pretty dark and weird stuff, but then they would just consider it him wanting to make art and express himself. One story that he would divulge to a coworker and friend was an idea titled Same: A Homosexual Mob Story, and it would be about a homosexual man who works to get himself a sex change through being a mob enforcer, kills and rapes people that he is extorting, gets the money, alters himself to a woman, realizes an old enemy crossed him, and then worked to alter himself back into a man, so to rape this old enemy in front of his own family as a male. Another story idea that he has would be titled Rebel Blues, and it would be about a homosexual man enlisted in the military and his has his first sexual experience with a man prior to the D-Day invasion on the beach at Normandy, and when him and his male sex partner find themselves in war on the beach of Normandy, his male sex partner from the previous night explodes into pieces, and then he begins to start kissing his exploded insides and taking and rubbing them on his genitals, and after becomes a serial killer soldier for the U.S. military.
The thought of writing this story myself disturbs, and I would not wish to write it, ever.

After writing down all the material for The L.A. Driving Instructor, I started to make another film idea for a film titled The Red River Stabber, which would involve a small side character who is a serial killer in The

L.A. Driving Instructor, who I just named Gerald Everett Burnett again. In the L.A. Driving Instructor, the driving instructor and Sophie Learner had to steal a vehicle to replace their old one as a learning activity to have Sophie Learner gain her license, and this vehicle eventually gets a flat tire that they have to repair, and when they look in the trunk of the vehicle, belongings to the car's actual owner are inside of it, and they find disturbing things, such as a large amount of strange blade weapons, sex toys, rope, chains, twine, and a blow-up doll that has written on it: "This is Lizzie the Whore! She is my whore! And if anyone wants her, they are a walking corpse!" The driving instructor and Sophie Learner just keep taking these obviously disturbing objects out of the trunk, as if they were nothing, dropping them on the side of the road while looking for a jack and donut, and the driving instructor eventually finds a stack of polaroids with some strange man only wearing women's undergarments and having poorly applied women's make-up on his face, and he obviously looks as if he committed a murder with a murdered person or corpse in the background behind him, and one photograph even shows him holding a human head. The L.A. Driving Instructor then says, "Seems like some kind of weird art project or something!" and then drops the Polaroids on the ground, disinterested in them. They then drive off after putting a donut on the car, leaving everything from the trunk on the side of the road. The driving instructor then marks his papers and making notes about the happening, as if it were a usual occurrence to get a driver license. Later, when the driving instructor and Sophie Loren road tripped to Las Vegas, the driving instructor gets somewhat drunk at the slot machines, goes to use the urinal, has a television screen above the urinal showing the news, and it has a story explaining that the Red River Stabber, Gerald Everett Burnett, had been caught, with the man being shown arrested by the police matching the person in the trunk's Polaroids. At the end credits to The L.A. Driving Instructor with all of the characters and extras there to receive five dollars for their help in training Sophie Learner, the Red River Stabber is there in handcuffs and jail wear among the crowd and escorted by police, and after the driving instructor hands the police officers and Gerald Everett Burnett each their five dollars, Gerald Everett Burnett tells him: "I'm going to haunt your a— from prison! Your body is going to be my own personal Disneyland!" The driving instructor then just gives him an uncaring and disbelieving: "Shutup!"

After I was let go from Home Depot, I would have people trying to giving me antisemitic views of the story idea for The Red River Stabber, because the Gerald Everett Burnett would again attempt to be making it as actual artist in his spare time, such as writing very disturbing poetry, and people connected to my head kept telling me that I needed to earn this story and work on it, while they were also having me perform the stalking tests, and they would convey that it was Jewish people again making me do this, such as Steven Spielberg and Lena Dunham, because the Jewish people were concluded to be controlling the entire media. I then further developed the film idea for The Red River Stabber where the film has its first thirty minutes pretended to be an HBO style short documentary about Gerald Everett Burnett, having him interviewed from prison, explaining his life, and also reading some of his disturbing poetry, and also mentioning the sex doll involved in his crimes Lizzie the Whore. After the fake thirty minute documentary, the film would show a couple of HBO style promos for some of their television series, as if the films viewer was watching and HBO style channel, and the promos would first be for a television show titled F-That, and the promo shows portions of the next episode in the series, having a group of bisexual and woke young adults constantly talking about sex, with one meeting a group of new people and asking, "Okay, here's what I want to know: who's f—ing who here?" while he's pointing at the woke bisexual young adults he just met. Another HBO style series promo is then shown, and it is title "Porn Inc.," and the series focuses on people in the porn industry and their daily lives, and in this following episode one of the female leads is explaining that she is being made to perform in a porn adaptation of the Eloise book series. Once the promos end, it then gives an announcement in an HBO fashion, declaring: "And now the ___ Network premier of the original film Whore." It then shows the film's rating and content, and the remainder of the actual film is this film titled Whore, which is about Gerald Everett Burnett, the Red River Stabber, but the film's story is extremely embellished and fantastical, having Gerald Everett Burnett, played by an actor who does not look well enough like the real Gerald Everett Burnett, stupidly, idiotically, constantly, dementedly, and in a hallucinogenic manner talking to his blow-up doll Lizzie, as she floats around his room and house like a supernatural ghost, but still very much a blow-up doll, but just filled with helium, and tells him to kill people, especially other women than her.

Another film that would branch from The L.A. Driving Instructor would be titled Taco Bombarda, and it would be about a fast food restaurant chain within The L.A. Driving Instructor, its founder, its history, and its current state of nearly being out of business in the present. In The L.A. Driving Instructor there would a scene

in the film where they go to a restaurant, have difficulty at the drive-up board, go to the window after ordering two burritos, and the person working the window, a man named Pinky Swear, is a disgusting possible sex offender whose clothes hardly fit, his belly is showing, he has a spray of glitter across his face, and his wounded fingers and knuckles are poorly wrapped in band-aids. Another man working the restaurant, also another possible sex offender, is an African American man named Indigo "Indig" Kinderman, and he is working the grills, not even wearing his work uniform, but a shirt with a cartoon gangster on it. After the driving instructor and Sophie Learner get their food, Pinky Swear leaves hints that they did something to it, and later in the film the driving instructor and Sophie Learner have a sudden bout of stomach issues while driving, which the driving instructor also sees as a learning exercise for proper driving. In Taco Bombarda these two characters Pinky Swear and Indig Kinderman would appear at a point in the film, with them having caused a huge lawsuit from several patrons of the fast food chain, who received food born illness after eating at their location, which extremely hurts the restaurant chain and closes a large amount of their locations down. The whole story in the film Taco Bombarda would in subtext be about the porn industry, having the restaurant slightly mirror the history of Playboy Magazine, having its few first restaurant opening in 1953 with a pin-up bombardier girl only wearing a leather pilot's cap, goggles, an open leather flight jacket, and a pair of short shorts painted on its sign, but after opening up a few other locations, and branching out from the Chicago, Illinois area to Los Angeles, California, the sign was updated just to show a pretty profile illustration of a Mexican woman with a sombrero on, and her winking. It would show how the restaurant first had artistry in the production of its food, but over decades it became completely low-quality in its food products, just swiftly and heavily produced, cheap, extremely unhealthy, and easy to make.

I also thought that a television series could be titled Taco Bombarda and ___, having the supposed street address of the L.A. restaurant location in the title, and then having the restaurant's pretty repulsive staff in character, behavior, and hygiene being the characters of the show, especially Pinky Swear and Indig Kinderman.

Pinky Swear and Indig Kinderman also show up for their five dollars at the end credit sequence of the L.A. Driving Instructor in the large crowd of characters and extras, and when they both go to get their five dollars each, the driving instructor informs them, "I told you two that I would mail you both your five dollars! You shouldn't be here! It's illegal for you to be around the children here!" referring to the school children in various sequences of the film, including the junior high boy that he pegged in the back of the head with an apple, yelling at the boy, "Teacher wanted to give your apple back, punk!" and also the kids that threw water balloons at their student driver vehicle.

After watching Casper (1995) more recently in the last couple of years, I kept making a film idea in my head that I kept switching from being an original film titled Traps, to a story that could be Goonies 2, to a story that could be an Indiana Jones sequel film. In Casper, the home of the ghosts and its two human characters has a hidden location below it that is accessed by a rollercoaster ride. I recalled that one of my closest friends once told me that his wife's family house had many slides built into its interior, which I found a ridiculous thought, and a strange way to construct their home, possibly being even dysfunctional and disturbing in having an interior to a house made in such a manner. I also would bring up a joke concept in my head, that could easily made a comedy segment, where One-Eyed Willy and his parents went through a lot of trouble to set up all the traps and mechanisms not to protect the treasure exactly, but so future children can find the treasure map and go on a fun adventure with all kinds of things happening. I then imagined an extremely wealthy and eccentric man having a summer home located on an ocean cliffside that he gets the idea to start building secret amusement park areas beneath the home, so when his children visit the home in the summer, the home appears to look its usual, but within their bedrooms would be secret entryways to the lower house, and then they would eventually be surprised to find the newly built amusement area. He started this construction many decades in the past, and when the construction began a strange happening occurred where his whole immediate family went missing, and he was extremely distraught about it. Despite his wife and children missing, he kept building this amusement area beneath his ocean cliffside summer home, even getting more focused on it, telling workers helping him build it that he knew that one day his missing family would show up again, and then they will be surprised to find a whole large amusement park and maze beneath the home. He did this for several decades without his family showing up. Eventually he fired his regular workers, who were finding his behavior very odd, and he started to hire shady groups of characters to work on the project below his house. He would also start filling the home with an extreme number of valuable items, such as very expensive one-

of-a-kind paintings, statues, and items of antiquity. No one would be allowed in the home but him and these shady workers. This again happened over decades, until finally he died. Immediately after he died, a person investigating what he had in the home was found dead, because literally the whole entire house was rigged with many different booby traps. They thought to just tear the whole place down, but within the extreme amount of booby traps were also extremely valuable items. When I was making it be a film idea titled Traps, I thought to have a team of experts who deal with booby traps sent in to safely disarm everything and save the many valuables in the summer house and its hidden amusement park below it, which was also rigged with traps around valuable items in the amusement park, its rides, and maze areas. I also thought then that this could easily make a Goonies sequel film where the group of kids and teenagers grew up to make treasure hunting and dealing with booby traps their sole occupation. I also thought it possible to have Indian Jones being contracted to do the same, but then decided a Goonies sequel was the better choice. Peter Jackson's film The Frighteners (1996) was actually first intended to be a third HBO Tales from the Crypt film, but the two other Tales from the Crypt films did so poorly they decided to scrap it, and Peter Jackson then made it a unique film on its own, which this film idea of mine could still be an original film idea not connected to a previous film, and it still being titled Traps.
The film's story and its idea would and has subtext about the behavior of the fraudulent world space programs, them continuing their work when something is definitely off and not right, and then making stories to the public about this great future of space travel and colonization that is claimed to one day be available to everyone, yet none of it is possible, and it is all to cover crimes occurring.
Regarding Casper, I also thought that it would be a good idea to give Harvey Comics characters a fresh and fun new modern animation look, and then have them in cartoon series, with Casper, Richie Rich, Hot Stuff and other in their own segments. The standard for drawing the characters is pretty stale, and has been kind of used to death, and I think it needs a lighter, modern, funner, and more bombastic cartoon style to them.

I made a cartoon character idea equivalent to Casper in another dimension for the story in my novel Nanahee to use named Linen Cloth. His comedy bit is that despite being a ghost and able to move through objects freely, he doesn't like to do so, in worry that he will get himself dirty, so he is cleanly little ghost.

I had an idea for a comedy segment where Corey Feldman is shown in several interviews, such as by TMZ, and asked if Goonies 2 was happening, and him denying that it is in the works to the reporters, but then the comedy segment would show him sitting at home, opening his laptop, looking online, seeing a legit video titled Comicon Exclusive: Goonies 2 announcement and trailer. He then gets confused, clicks on the video, sees his fellow cast members of The Goonies at a stage table at Comicon, and he feels extremely hurt. His fellow cast members then announce Goonies 2 and then present the trailer. The trailer that is shown is really stupid, having the film's story just completely mirroring the events in the original The Goonies film, but placing them in the situations as now adults. The trailer first begins with The Goonies having money woes, and their homes and businesses in Astroria, Oregon possibly being sold off in foreclosure. Mikie now works in a museum of ancient artifacts and paintings, and his fellow Goonies are visiting him in the museum. Corey Feldman then sees that Mouth is now being played by Tim Heidecker, who has his hair styled to appear the brushy black way that Corey Feldman's was from the first film. Corey Feldman then says, "What the f—!" out loud to himself. Mikie then explains in the trailer about a treasure once held and supposedly hidden by a pirate named Old Peter Pirate, and Mikie desires to get a good hold of Old Peter Pirates jewels to make a lot of money off it. He then sees a painting in his museum that is suspicious, tells Chunk to hold it, and Chunk drops it, leading to a discovery of a treasure map. They then have to tie up Brand in Mikie's office, because he won't allow him to use his fancy new car to go look for it together. Brand eventually escapes, steals a biker woman's very girlish motorcycle that is pink and says "LITTLE PRINCESS" on it, and then drives off. Meanwhile Mikie and the rest of The Goonies are on Astoria's beach coast, matching up the geographic features to a medallion that they found. It then cuts back to Brand and he drives up to a corvette with Troy driving, Andy in the passenger seat, and Stef in the backseat. Troy then looks into the mirror, sees Brand driving the female motorcycle, and then says, "Isn't that your ex-husband?" and Andy says, "Yeah!" Basically, the girl's bicycle scene then happens again, and Brand goes off the side of the road on the motorcycle. The Fratellis are also back to their old tricks, having been released from prison, but Mama Fratelli has passed away, one of them has a wife that now looks similar to her, and Sloth also has died, but they hired a cousin in their group named Slack, who is just messed up looking like Sloth, but even more

deformed in the face, and the make-up looking very cheap. Further events mirror the previous film, including Troy having the toilet fountain him up in the air, with him yelling, "Not again!" before it happens, and then, "Daddy!" as he shoots up in the air. The special effects and lighting in the scenes with them as adults now also have a really cheap look to them, and can hardly be taken seriously, such as Styrofoam boulders that go crumbling after a dynamite explosion. At the final portion of the trailer, it then displays the title Goonies 2, having two skulls over the "I" in Gooonies, and they start to rattle around. As a final added piece of enticement to the trailer, after the title it shows that the dancing octopus cut from the original theatrical release, but later placed in the censored television versions of the film, also has returned to be in the film, doing even better dance moves, and then Tim Heidecker now playing Mouth is then shown yelling, *"Danza del pulpo!"* kissing his met together finger tips in a gesture to signify that something is delicious. The screen then cuts black, and the Comicon audience begins cheering and clapping, with the rest of the Goonies cast smiling and thanking the audience for their applause. Tim Heidecker is then shown on the side of the stage also waving and thanking the audience, and he yells, *"Aplausos de la audiencia!"* and kisses the tips of his fingers again. It then shows Corey Feldman at home, sitting before his laptop, shaking with tears of rage rolling down his face. He then puts his laptop gently down, stands up from his couch, and has trouble stepping out of the room. He is then heard screaming and breaking things in another room.

I made a comic book or film story idea titled The Possessor that would have a pretty interesting story twist. The story would be about very patriotic masked crime fighters attempting to stop a character called The Possessor, who would be modeled after the serial film character The Crimson Ghost, a character that the band The Misfits used as a mascot, that wears dark looking and ghost-like attire, including a skull mask, who is attempting to stop the U.S. government in the 1960s from placing secret weaponry into the sky, with him using electrical technology that he invented that can either attack or possess the body of others to do his bidding. The Possessor has a band of dangerous criminals trying to stop the U.S. government at all costs to protect himself, worried that the U.S. government will discover his identity, so the patriotic masked crime fighters keep getting in fights with him, and he is a tough adversary, even causing them to fight each other using his electrical powers, killing some of them, and also making them fight each other by controlling their bodies. In one climatic battle towards the end of the film, The Possessor gets in a fight with the patriotic crime fighters, also using his criminal allies. They defeat The Possessor, killing him, and they discover that he is the very scientist that invented and created the technology that they are trying to put in the air. In one large twist, it then shows the technology, the same electrical power technology The Possessor was using to fight them, is actually used to voyeur and watch over the whole public, especially children, in a desire to both sexually abuse and control the public, so U.S. government officials do no get discovers that they are actually very naturally sexually disturbed, murderous, and criminal individuals. Innocent children all over the U.S. are being possessed and voyeured in large amounts, watching news television that touts the greatness of their politicians, as the very politicians sit and view themselves through the eyes of these children. The whole time that the film's audience was supporting and sided with the patriotic masked crime fighters, they were basically sided with child perverts and rapists. In a sequence in the past, the film divulges that the scientist and inventor who would become The Possessor discovered what the government wished to do with the inventions he created, took an alternative identity as The Possessor, which appeared to be malicious in appearance, because he figured only criminals would help him against their government and they needed to believe him a criminal villain like themselves, and The Possessor didn't even like his henchman as people, but just needed their help.

I have an idea for another comic book or film story titled Nazi Circus, which would be very surreal. This story would have a large circus in a giant tent with a large swastika painted all over it, and swastika banners and U.S. flags are found upon and surround everything, with the banners and flags found all-over its very U.S. American circus environs. The circus has large numbers of attendees who are all people with swastikas for pupils, and the circus' workers are also people with swastikas for pupils. The story shows them coming into this circus by the masses to see the show, enjoying the entertainment around the tent, and also entering the large circus tent to take a seat on many benches to view the eventual show. When the show starts, a ringleader with swastika pupils gives an announcement at the beginning of the program to an audience of people with swastika eyes. The story keeps focusing on the various acts that come out to perform, each representative of different forms of entertainment, each having disturbing quality to them and the acts that they perform, and all the performers having pupils for eyes and costumes designed with swastikas all over them. A beginning

performance is just two clowns named Rainbow and Fascismo performing stand-up comedy and doing tricks with his other clowns in shiny clown costumers polka dotted with swastikas. Unlike most characters, the clown Fascismo doesn't have swastikas for eyes. A proceeding show is a violent Punch and Judy performance that asks a child to come forward from the audience, and then the puppets are used to genuinely cut the child audience's members head off with a two-man saw before the crowd, and the crowd simply cheers after. Another performance has a human cannonball shot out of cannon, but immediately blown into pieces by the cannon blast, instead of hitting a net set up across the tent, which also gets applauded. One act has two Japanese samurai dressed in swastika dotted samurai attire fighting with each other using katanas, and one samurai violently cuts the other, the wounded on kneels on the ground, and then the winning samurai cuts the others head off with applause again. They bring out a wild African man with a small bone in his nose, and he is wearing an animal pelt with spotted swastikas on it. A series of drums and instruments are set up before him, along with wild jungle cats. He then starts to play all the instruments for the audience, especially the drums, and near the end of his performance, the wild jungle cats violently attack and maul him to death, which also receives applause. Next to perform is a group of many sexy women performers who are scantily dressed, but what they do have on is dotted with swastikas, and they perform and act where all of them balance upon large balls while hula hooping. While disturbing act after act are performed, it shows the clown Fascismo take a smoke break, and he goes outside the tent, worried, and he looks at a view of the city before him. Strangely, a large Grim Reaper, as tall as any of the largest buildings in the city, is going building to building spying into the buildings, placing a ghostly hand through the building and causing certain people within them to die by the Grim Reapers random choice. Another large and tall character around the same size in stature is also wandering about the city. This character is a monster fly with two large globular eyes covering in a collection of many human eyes. This fly character keeps voyeuring everyone in the cities building, especially people in their private moments, such as them taking a show, or making love with a partner. The giant fly also views parents bathing their nude children in baths. The clown Fascismo sits and watches the two large characters going about doing this for some time, as he sits and smokes. While he is doing this, a perform on stage is a hypnotist, who has taken forward an audience participant, and at first he hypnotizes the audience participant to do funny things, but then he gets the audience member to kill a few of the audience members in the bleachers, with the rest of the audience not reacting and being complacent to it all. To end this hypnotists act, he gets the audience member to violently kill herself. After this, the scene moves to the outside carnival area of the tent where a carney, who is a skinny shirtless man tattooed with smaller crude tattoos sparsely on his body, and who has swastikas pupils, leaves his trailer to go work a dunk tank as the person being dunked. Upon leaving his trailer, he takes off his jeans so he is only wearing white trunks, he goes to a funnel cake booth, he has the workers their physically and verbally abuse him for a while, tying him to a pole, striking him with whips until his back is bleeding, and then they place a funnel cake upon his brow that is dripping with raspberry sauce down his face. The workers of the funnel cake booth then parade him to the crowd, walking him to the dunk tank, where he is set upon its dropping platform. Circus patron after circus patron then pay money to throw a ball at the dunk tanks target, with some being successful in dunking him, and the carney with a bleeding back is shown dropping into the waters several times over. Eventually after too many dunks, the swastikas in his eyes disappear to show his regular eyes. He then leaves the dunk booth, sees the Grim Reaper and monstrous fly going about the city, and then he panics and starts to tell the people what is happening in the city, but the complacent and idiot circus patrons will not listen.

I thought to try to draw Nazi Circus myself, having it made in black and white, likely with a slight cartoon comic book style for the look of the people, and then I was going to sign the art as FLATHEAD, having an idea to create art under the pseudonym, and also placing a small character above the name that would be a head either being flattened by an object, like a bowling ball, or just having a flathead in the first place. I got the idea for this as a play on the artist Pushead, who makes grotesque art, and I like to draw cartoon demons and monsters who are sometimes grotesque, while I also kept having my brain paused out or pushed down by static when I thought the name up. There is also an issue of Prize Comics where the Frankenstein story has a notification and warning to the monster's creator signed with a simple and cartoon version of his own head, and I thought that if I made comic book art, I would sign it the same way. The comic book symbol would also possibly be framed in a small square, like how Japanese classical artists like placing stamped names on their works. When I was working at Home Depot, I had a person acting in an extortive manner, likely a person who

supports the field of psychiatry, bully me and push static on my head, with them being the one that brought up the subject of this signature idea.

I have a horror comedy story idea titled The Ancient Tower, which would either be an episode series of my proposed horror and romance television series When Love Went Mad, possibly titled Lovers in the Dark instead, or just a horror comedy film on its own. This story would have a husband and wife working at a popular Scottish tourist location, which is a fictional ancient tower that is rumored to be haunted, and has people often die during their visits by suicide or after visiting it by suicide or murder. This husband and wife mainly work at taking tickets and greeting guests at the gate. The husband's wife just constantly sexually harasses him at work, kissing, hugging, groping him, and sexually riling him up, never actually culminating in sex, and then the husband often then has to go out to greet patrons to the ancient tower, who are people of all ages from around the world, being of various ethnicities and races, and even very popular and attractive celebrities both male and female, but despite always being sexually harassed and teased by his wife, he behaves normally with literally every single tourist who visits. Sometimes odd people that do not seem healthy in behavior, appearance, or both arrive to tour the tower, and they seem upset, unfriendly, or resentful towards the husband greeter, and are found dead in the tower, considered to have committed suicide in it, but also possibly murdered by ancient ghosts living there. Sometimes other tourists show up, they act suspicious towards the husband greeter, even seemingly attending to gain his intention, possibly even sexually, and then they tour the tower, only to leave, and then be found murdered after, having a ghost or ghosts from the tower supposedly following them after their visit and then killing them.

I created a film idea titled Rodrigo Einstein. When I was at the Salt Lake Community College, I was in a biology course that had me pair up with other students in the group. A got the phone numbers of these other group members and added them as contacts, and not bothering to get their last names, I added in joke last names after. One was an African young man living in the U.S. named Purr, so I gave him the last name Biology in my phone, making his name Purr Biology. Another group members was a young woman named Kerry, and I gave her the surname Physics, so to be Kerry Physics, noting the Stephen King character Carrie, her psychic abilities, and their physics. Another of student was a Hispanic young man named Rodrigo and joking that he would be the most intelligent of students in my group, I gave him the last name of Einstein, having him appear in my cell phone as Rodrigo Einstein. These contacts stayed in my cellphone for some while, even well after I no longer needed them. Looking at this contact one day, thinking it funny, I then started to develop a film story around the name in my cellphone where a dance musician from Brazil named Rodrigo Einstein, who in the story actually is a descendent of Albert Einstein, is a very popular electronic dance musician, considered a genius of creating electronic dance music. The film would be a mocumentary following this electronic dance musician, his story as a genius within the Einstein line, and him gaining large amounts of money from his work. Each time it shows Rodrigo Einstein performing, he keeps looking like he is not doing much, as many electronic dance musicians do, and instead is focused on dancing and riling up the crowd. Rodrigo Einstein always has an African Brazilian man with him, that is his producer, whose celebrity name is Purr Biology. The film has interviews and documentation of the work of both these two musicians. Every time it interviews Rodrigo Einstein, him discussing his work, and even showing his large mansion with no albums or musical instruments found in it, Rodrigo always seems centered on being a celebrity, partying, living a lavish lifestyle, and seeing women. Each time it interviews Purr Biology, Purr has a studio set up with many musical instruments, recording equipment, and records, and a whole sound studio. He is also highly focused on music, and the topic of music. Purr's apartment is also filled with shelves of vinyl records, CDs, cassette tapes, and 8 tracks, and his walls are covered in music posters, framed concert tickets, and music memorabilia. He also has a computer filled with large amounts of digital music. The film crew following them starts off capturing everything about these two with everything seeming normal, but then events unfold to show that Rodrigo Einstein had nothing to do with even making the music, but Purr Biology created all the music, and he was paid by outside people to allow Rodrigo to take all the credit for it. A large backlash to their music and them personally occurs after. Rodrigo Einstein is publicly humiliated and becomes a pariah. Purr Biology has a painful backlash occur, but his talent is realized at the same time, and he recovers, continues making music, completely cuts off Rodrigo Einstein, despite them still kind of being friends, and then starts a music career of his own. Purr also begins working with a new musician named Kerry Physics, who he starts to produce her first album.

I really like the films Kiss Me Deadly (1955) and Repo Man (1984), especially because of their mix of noir, espionage and cloak-and-dagger storytelling, and science fiction. I also really like the early James Bond films. Based off these films, I started to make two film ideas inspired by them titled Red for Danger and A Surprise at the End at the End of the Turn.

Red for Danger involves a scientist in the 1950s being a trusted government worker in a government lab who has been privileged to study the corpses of alien scientists in a laboratory, their alien technology, and many fly-like alien life specimens that they have obtained within their alien spaceship lab. Among these specimens are more complex animals, depicted using stop motion, but also strange alien bacteria were either gained or collected by the alien scientists, concealed in tubes, that the human scientists studied before opening them, and an alien bacterium in one of the tubes almost seems immortal in its life cycle, constantly devouring each other, and reproducing extremely fast. They do not open the bacteria specimen tube at first because they conclude that the bacteria genuinely have the possibility to destroy all life on Earth but later do control vacuum chamber test releasing it on a live cow, and the bacteria completely devours the whole cow in under a minute. Stop motion animation would be used to show this cow deteriorating to gore and bones, and then completely disappearing. The whole vacuum chamber is then blasted with strong radiation and burned several times over, until completely sterilized and deemed safe. Later, this trusted worker sneaks in with a cheap ballpoint red pen to take some of the bacteria out of the lab in a small filament tube hidden in the pen, with the pen still able to write, as if there was nothing suspicious about it. The scientist escapes the lab with it, but security figures out that he was doing something suspicious, as he did show up to work the next day, and their superiors are told of this, and they send out people to find him. The scientist then is attempted to be tracked down, and he is discovered trying to leave on a flight to the Soviet Union on an airplane. Discovered at the airport, the man ditches the cheap red pen carrying the dangerous alien bacteria in a pen holder on a desk, and gets in a fight with the government agents, causing him to be shot and killed. The government agents then hurry to remove the man from the area, and search all his belongings, not finding any suspicious items on him regarding his work in the secret laboratory. Many news outlets here about the happening at the airport, and their reporters go to ask questions to the police, the airport staff, and its security. One reporter, a sought character in the story, is a news person that likes to chew on his pen and is there to gain his news story for his news outlet. While listening to questions and answers to the events by reporters, police, and the airport staff, he chews his pen too hard and breaks in his mouth, causing him to spit in a handkerchief, and then he throws the pen away, searches his pockets for another one, sees the airport desk with the pen holder on it, and takes the cheap red ballpoint pen carrying the bacteria from it, so to keep writing down notes for his news story. This reporter leaves the airport with his story and the pen in his possession. Intelligence then gains that a pen was used to remove bacteria from the lab, and it was intended to be delivered to the Soviets, and it might have been mailed, but also could have been ditched somewhere. Given this intelligence, this pen is covertly sought for by many people, including super spies with unique skills and abilities, organized criminals and terrorists, and aliens, fly-like with necks turning swiftly and completely side to side, connected to the now deceased crashed alien scientists, who would be depicted using stop motion, that also desire to obtain their captured bacterial specimen as well. One character that I thought would be involved in the story is a somewhat funny looking, skinny, middle-aged Japanese assassin, wearing somewhat silly but stylish clothing, with an overly styled, slightly girlish hairdo, and his prosthetic and mechanical hands are also actual guns that shoot bullets from his index fingers. Another assassin is an expert of exotic and dangerous spiders, certain spiders that people, even zoologist, have never heard of, having them often just found secreted in containers upon his body, and he like to allow them to crawl all over him. The unknown and exotic spiders would also be created using stop motion. I consider the film's story likely to end with a world apocalypse, having a lot of impressive effort used to find the pen by a good super spy character, but a small accident releases the alien bacteria anyways, causing large populations of people, animals, and plants to be swiftly devoured by the quickly breeding and feeding bacteria, only leaving a few survivors in hermetically sealed areas left, and those inside the areas only having little time to live before all their air, food, or water runs out, leaving a Earth a dead planet covered in super bacteria that can reproduce and eat each other to survive. This is slightly like Kurt Vonnegut's novel Cat's Cradle with its ice nine, admittedly. Eventually in the story larger stop motion alien monsters would show up, assisting the aliens wishing to get back the bacteria, being inspired by the monsters and Kraken in

Clash of the Titans (1981), the film Equinox (1970), and the original theatrical versions of the first Star Wars Trilogy.
In my head, I imagine this a Wes Anderson film highly inspired by early James Bond films and stop motion monster films, and him directing it with help from his stop motion animation team that he tends to frequently work with.
This idea was likely inspired by the fact that when I was writing pages of Cardboard Country, I would completely switch pens and pen color, and jokingly thought while using a red pen once, that I was using red as a sign of danger. I was considering Cardboard Country a "poison pen novel," and I thought up a pen being used to write down and give important and weaponized factual information to others, attacking deserved enemies. So, the thought of Red for Danger began to evolve from there, again wishing to make a strange and fantastical espionage story like Kiss Me Deadly and Repo Man.

A Surprise at the End of the Turn would be inspired by Kiss Me Deadly, Repo Man, and James Bond films also, but it would also be very much a horror film, taking inspiration from giallo films like The Beyond (1981), Suspiria (1977), and Phenomena (1985), and also Cemetery Man (1994). This film idea I came up with while attempting to investigate several things at once, sometimes finding them connected, and my thoughts puzzling many things out involving to items of investigation at once. This film would feature a 1950's private detective named Juice Box Jenson who takes on two private investigations at once: the first is a young woman claims that a violent stalker is following and watching her, and also leaving her disturbing messages, which she shows him, and the messages have strange, violent, Satanic messages and symbols on them; the second case has a French man who lost a rare, important, antique jack-in-the-box, *un diable en boîte,* as he puts it, and wishes for Jenson to help him find it. Jenson keeps on both cases at once, following the young woman himself to try to see if anyone is following her also, and he also keeps vigilante of her mailbox and apartment. Breaking from these activities, he visits several antique stores, antique dealers, and auction houses seeing if the jack-in-the-box has been seen by anyone or if they have any information about it, using a photograph of the man who asked for his assistance with it showing him with the jack-in-the-box in his hands. The detective talks with the young woman and says that he has been watching over her, her mailbox, and her apartment himself, but he has not seen anyone else following her, leaving her messages, or going to her apartment. She says that no messages have been given to her, and she hasn't seen the person she thinks might be stalking her around either. When he leaves the apartment building, he passes by a near alley, hears rattling above, and sees a masked man dressed entirely in black with a large red pentagram on his chest climbing up the apartment buildings fire escape. He quickly runs back into the apartment building, breaking the front door to get inside, runs up to his employer's apartment, kicks the door in, sees the man holding the woman with a hand over her mouth, and he about to stab her with a large knife. He yells for him to stop while pointing a gun at him, and the mask man goes to plunge the knife down, so the detective fires a round into the masked man's shoulder, making him drop the knife, hurting him, but he still holds onto the woman. He then tries to drag the woman to the open window that he came into her apartment through, and Jenson fires several rounds by the window, causing the man to release the woman, and then evade down the fire escape. Jenson places more bullets into his gun, which is a large revolver, but the man gets down the fire escape and runs into the night. The woman is found alright, the police are called, explanations are given to the police, and the young woman no longer wishes to stay in her apartment, so the detective takes her to her mother's place to reside awhile. Leaving her there, he promises to find who this satanic stalker is. After this, Jenson is more involved in finding the stalker and possible killer more than being focused on the missing and valuable jack-in-the-box but still gives a little time to look for it also. Then supernatural events start occurring, mainly involving what seems to be dark and evil women following him and attempting to harm or kill him. Walking home at night, after inspecting his employer's apartment, and seeing if anyone suspicious was going by, he runs into a strange woman in a large brown fur coat with a pretty face, but one side of her face is completely draped over by her long bleach blonde hair. She greets him, and he is standoffish, figuring that she is a prostitute, but also possibly not because of the expense of her coat, and she seems to pretty. He also wonders why she is so luxuriously dressed while walking around alone at night. She starts walking with him, saying she needs some company, because a dangerous man was supposedly following. Thinking this person following her possibly the same man from his case, he starts to question her. She says that her name is Locks. They talk, and she describes what happened in her following, and also describes the man that was following her, as he writes it down. They then find their way to a shady place where she says the man first started following him. There,

she hears something, leans up against him for protection, and as he looks around, he realizes that her coat has deadly tarantula spiders crawling out of it and all over it. The hair draped over one side of her face then gets brushed out of the way to show she is a hideous sharp-toothed ghoul on the opposite side of her face. She then hugs onto Jenson, but he squirms and pushes to get this female ghoul away from him. He eventually breaks free, pulls out his gun, and then starts firing at her, but she escapes. He finds of few of her deadly tarantula spiders are left on him, smacks them off him, and steps on them. Because his employer's masked stalker was wearing a giant red pentagram on him, he figures he has somehow crossed paths with dangerous satanist who want to kill his young woman employer. After this, he continuously attempts to find this satanic stalker, who is likely in league with the devil, trying to find out about this possible group of satanists in the process, while he also investigates the occult, trying to find supernatural ways to counter ghosts, demons, and other supernatural beings. The film would be in chapters, and a chapter titled A Woman Always Has Two Faces would involve him thinking this man is connected to a local large department store, him speaking to some cosmetic counter women, them inviting him to an Avon party where one of their coworkers will be present, and they claim to think that she knows who the man he is looking for is, he goes, he sits in a large room of fashionable '50s women in nice dresses talking about cosmetics, the woman they say would be there has not shown up yet, things start to get eerie, the women begin to have their make-up painted faces fall apart to reveal themselves grotesque and morbid living corpse ghouls, he pulls his gun out and begins firing at them, they drive him up a staircase to the second floor, he discovers the woman he was there to meet is dead on the bed in one of the rooms, he breaks out a window, jumps out it onto the roof, crawls his way off the roof, and then runs away. Other instances of supernatural events occur, with one other being that he goes into an antique shop only inhabited by an old woman to look for the jack-in-the-box, has the woman be a type of spider witch with everything in the store being draped in cobwebs, and then gets in a fight with the spider witch old woman, killing her. In the end, he gets told to visit a seemingly abandoned house at the end of a roads turn, he goes inside, finds an evil stone basement in the house, and it is entirely filled with a large group of evil witches practicing black magic and discussing it with each other as they craft evil goods. He asks them about the satanic stalker and possible killer, and they get confused at what he is asking, not knowing what he is talking about, but they very well know who he is and that they have been the ones after him. The satanic stalker that he was pursuing, and catching up to, is just some young male creep she attends university with attempting to fulfill his own fantasies and desires in murder while stalking Jenson's young female employer. What this witch's coven wants is the jack-in-the-box, *un diable en boîte,* which has Satan himself locked through black magic within it. They reveal that they had already murdered his other employer attempting to get his possession from him, and his corpse is shown there in the basement with the witches, having his head removed and his body severely chopped up and mutilated. He gets in a gun and black magic fight with the witches there, who turn into hideous beast women. He successfully wins in the end, having the house burn down in flames. Afterwards, Jenson finds the satanic stalker to his other employer. He confronts this creepy university college student, indicating that he might hurt the dangerous young stalker. The man shows him around his place, and in his apartment closet, he finds a shrine to his young female employer and several satanic items, including the jack-in-the-box said to hold Satan within it. He asks the creep where he got it, and he said that he stole it from a man dealing in antiques, which was his now deceased second employer. He asks the stalker if he opened it, and the young man says no. He explains that it has some spell on it that disallows it to be opened, and he was trying to find ways to open it, such as by murdering a female virgin as a blood sacrifice. Finding this out, Jenson kills the man and makes it appear a suicide, leaving his satanic artifacts next to his corpse to make the suicide more real, rather than a murder. He comforts his young female employer when visiting after, claiming that he went to his apartment and found he had committed suicide in some satanic act. The young woman is happy about it and thanks him. Later at home, having several books on the occult and black magic on his desk, he has the evil jack-in-the-box next to him, and it slightly makes a bit of a kick and the crank on its side whirls a little, but nothing happens after. Juice Box Jenson closes the books he is looking at, goes to his bed in the same room as his desk, and lies down looking at the jack-in-the-box, knowing it possibly the source of all evil itself, lying in bed and not able to sleep. That is when the film ends.

In my fourth scroll of my handwritten novel Cardboard Country, I placed in a bunch film pitches, but did not scan them into my computer, and left them at my ex-girlfriend's house before she placed me in jail and put a restraining order on me. These film pitches I was using to explain subtext, divulging a story that was a threat

to others, giving the pitch, and explaining the subtextual threat that would be meant in their creation, so to make them a teaching tool. The film pitches were about as long as the ones that I wrote above. These film pitches, along with their threats, were: New Idaho, or Idioti, which would be a film that threatens through subtext to kill Mormons using masers to attack people, having the story involve an F.B.I agent moving to the state of New Idaho under a secret identity and pretending himself a registered sex offender, so to investigate missing children and a large but cult-like church there, which turns out to be supernaturally run by a demonic, evil-looking, golden angel named Idioti; Needs Maintenance, which was a film idea that would have a subtextual threat to kill homosexual maser users attacking straight people, that had a story where two inventors, one male and one female, attempt to build large robots that are supposed to be made to take parts and continuously replicate themselves, but they keep malfunctioning and performing maintenance on each other instead, and when the two inventors try to fix them, they start extorting them through an internet connection they have to their computers, gaining private information, and the robots also start attacking innocent families in the near neighborhoods, performing their maintenance on them, which results in the families being torn to pieces and murdered, and the two inventors work to stop the robots by any means; Devourers of Youth, which was using subtext in its story to threaten any pedophile with masers that they will be murdered, had a story where Earth was hit by large amounts of radiation, which turned average adults into zombies, pedophile adults into vampires, and children remain human in appearance, but grow to either be zombies or more rarely vampires, and the vampires turn to clouds and attack children in broad daylight, until a little girl is born werewolf-like, and can hunt down where they live; Wires, had a story that was subtext about entertainment industry people connecting to people to watch them through their eyes and forcing them to use or buy their products, and the story had a brother and step-brother left alone by entertainment people because one was training to be an Olympic swimmer, and their father took all technology from the house, so he would not waste time on any of it, and unsuspectingly the other brother is extremely intelligent and took a removed car radio from their vehicle, which is used to drive to their local university, he
turned the radio into a device to see radio waves through a screen, and he discovers that radio wave wires keep being attached to people going into stores to buy products, and tells the rest of his student body about it, resulting in riots and a large celebrity onslaught; Human Experience, which was a subtext threat in its story to kill people working to record people's feelings for A.I., especially video game companies, had a story where a special agent, under the name Cardboard, who worked several military and spy missions, secretly had all of his missions recorded for the purposes of recording human feelings and experiences, and then he falls for a trap where a robot prototype working off his A.I. attacks him and knocks him out, and then he gets imprisoned by a person named You the Reader, and also aliens with feely tentacles, for a long time to gain more A.I. from him by torture and fed experiences, which produces a robot replica of himself that one of the alien faultily programs to have Cardboards hatred towards everyone working there, and the robot allows him revenge and to escape, but her winds-up homeless; Bleeders of the Earth, which was a subtext threat in story to the oil industry and corrupt business dealing with oil and war, along with other natural resources, was a sequel to Human Experience, and had Cardboard now homeless, hiding himself under the name Mosey Seafloor, and he meets a homeless Iraq War veteran who tells him a strange story that he was at a burning oil field, and a man who looked human was set on fire, and he turned out to be a robot that had a dead little slug man crawl out of his chest, and this gets investigated by Cardboard and discovered that an ancient order of slug people sell the oil to darken out and pollute the Sun and its light that they hate, so he begins to attack the slug people, and discovers that this again was just a feat of collecting A.I. from his brain; Death of an Industry, which was a subtext threat in its story towards maser use involved in the porn industry to traffic others, had a story where character who basically represented famous U.S. politicians gains magic diamonds from Africa that have the power to turn others into puppets, and they start using the diamonds to create porn, but one woman, who was just a pretty local butcher girl to them at a store, just dies while being technically raped on film by them using the evil magic diamonds, and her vengeful soul enters the camera recording it, and she starts haunting all cameras in the world, finding anyone in the porn industry the moment they enter a camera, and causing them to extremely violently die in broken body appendages and explosions of blood, and the last thirty minutes of the film would be gratuitous violence continuously killing porn industry people entering the sight of any camera, having the credits just role over the continuous deaths happening; Where It Flows, which is in subtext is a threat to kill corrupt bankers, especially those involved in war profiting, even in their family's past instead of them, and the story has wealthy members of rich banking families getting together at a tropical island that one of them own, along with one of them bringing along a girlfriend, and the film just explores their

characters for about an hour with nothing supernatural occurring but one of them upset and throwing a strange coin into the ocean, but then the coin returns during dinner in a bowl of soup, and this coin is from the land of the dead, and a ghost bank branch in Germany of his, run by Jewish and regular Germans, realized not even to exist later, gifted it to him, warning him of his downfall and those like him, and then a giant army of corpse ghost victims to war profiteering attack the island, consisting of Holocaust victims, U.S. soldiers, French soldiers, English soldiers, Italian soldiers, Spanish soldiers, German soldiers, Japanese soldiers, all other forms of World War II soldiers on any side, past war soldiers and modern war soldiers on either side, and civilian casualties of war in every different war, all banded together in their agenda, looking as if they are a swarming ocean wave of vengeful spirits coming to the island to torture the bankers and their families, arrive, attack them, torture them, and then murder them, also to after drag them to the land of the dead to continue to torture them and cause them pain; and the final film pitch You'll See…, had a subtext story that warned government and politicians, especially in the U.S., that they would be killed if found of corrupt behavior, especially involving maser use, having a politically satirical story where a homeless man covered in wounds and scars on his face and body, even to the point that he has a scar on one of his eyeballs, is taken up on his side of the road cardboard sign offer that he would be able run the government correctly, along with reasons why, by a person that works for the Republican Party who is fed up with life and his medical bills from his deceased wife, makes to place him in a political position with billboards displaying the homeless man's scarred up face and having his campaign slogan match his carboard sign in saying, "You'll see…" on it, the homeless man is not taken seriously at first, and news and entertainment comedy shows poke fun at him, but people actually do vote for him, he performs a coup d'etat, killing most political seat holders, has people attack those who corruptly placed them in their seats through criminal means, and genuinely creates a better government with a true democracy run through computer voting."

When I started to write the fifth scroll of Cardboard Country I began with explaining that gas station attendants sometimes use hints in their speech to convey to a patron that they are being robbed, and battered wives do the same, calling the police instead of pizza place and pretending to order, while criminals also do the same hinting and use of subtext to communicate with each other, especially sex criminals looking to gain something but worried of blatantly stating it and incriminating themselves, and all this can be found in entertainment works doing either of those things in intention. I was then going to explain a long list of mano nera films having such hinting and subtext. I was then stopped, made to think that I would be able to be with my ex-girlfriend again, gifted her the handwritten scrolls of Cardboard Country and its artwork, and then later was arrested and jailed. When I was jailed, I wondered what she was going to do with the scrolls that I gave her now that it seemed that she reacted badly to what I was doing, and people connected to me in my head would start saying things like: "She better not have destroyed those scrolls!" but I just ignored them again.

I came up with an anthology horror film titled Old Hag that would have a number of micro fiction horror stories told by a strange, bizarre, possibly supernatural decrepit elderly woman wearing a babushka, a shawl, a long skirt, and wielding a cane, who wanders about a modern town, probably senile, finding people to tell stories to in supermarkets, in parks, around ponds, at bus stops, etc., creeping them out in her appearance and behavior already alone, and she always tries to give a short horror story to the people that she finds, seeing how they appear and what they are doing, thinking that they will like it. I got the idea while thinking of comic book horror titles that would have worked in the '40s and '50s, and thought of a witch, and then came up with Old Hag. Old Hag still could also be horror comic book title with the same premise, having each story be two or three pages, so to keep them micro fiction horror stories, while still having the had walking about town, finding people to tell brief stories to. I originally applied the title to a story in another work I called Three Punks, where three punks from Salt Lake City, one named Frizzy, one named Stego, and one named Dinky each has problems of their own, especially with police, and Frizzy, who hears voices coming from his apartments heater vents and sometimes in his head, also often feels depression, goes to The Great Salt Lake during the night to kill himself with a pistol, goes passed the Saltaire on the beach, is crying and ready to do it, puts a gun to his head, but then a nude, deranged, elderly woman without a jaw starts running after him, as if a dangerous supernatural hag, and starts chasing him, and after falling down, afraid the hag will attack him, he shoots and kills her with the gun that he was going to kill himself with. Afterwards he calls the police, and it turns out this deranged-looking, jawless, elderly woman was a senile old lady who lost her jaw to cancer and was attempting to stop him from committing suicide, most likely. Even Three Punks started from something I called Common People, which was first intended a comic book title, and then possibly a cartoon series.

While at Home Depot, me and some other people in my head thought up a film idea titled Gersberms!, and they were working off the fact that I created a film idea that adapted the famous David Seeks the Goddess dating video into a horror comedy film where David starts a cult based on hedonism, titled The Church of Hedonism, and he uses ritual dating to attempt to find an actual living Supreme Goddess rumored and expecting to exist in a living woman somewhere out there. This Gersberms! film would be based off the famous Gersberms! meme, and it would be a rated R film based around the Goosebumps books, with permission of course, and it would have Maggie Goldenberger, the girl in the photo, as a young, dorky, braces wearing teenager, who enjoys the Goosebumps books very much, but one day comes across a series of many haunted mirrors that turn her life into a gory and very disturbing Goosebumps story, because the mirrors begin to start producing evil demons that attempt to imitate her in behavior and appearance, attacking the people that she knows around her small town, pretending it was her. This girl would speak just like she does in the meme, and the demon doppelgängers of her start violently killing the people in her small town, blaming it on her. The Goosebumps books also attempt to be used in the murders, and the doppelgängers imitate things that would be found in certain books, especially as a supposed means of revenge to the people for badmouthing the books in question at one time. For example: in the library, an evil double of young Maggie would find another girl at her school at the library that once told her: "Night of the Dummy was a stupid book!" and Maggie's double goes up to this girl and tells her: "Er, Sterfner, yer ermermer therd derme therd yer zed Nert erve ther Lerverne Durmee werz er sterberd berk?!" and Stephanie says, "Yeah, I remember that!" And Maggie's double says, "Werl yerl ber ther sterberd durmee nererl!" Young Maggie then attacks Stephanie with a knife, takes her to the back of the library, a librarian hears Stephanie screaming, so she investigates, and there she finds that Stephanie has been murdered, having her jaw broken and severed to match a dummy's, and Maggie has somehow placed her hand through Stephenie's neck to control her jaw like a dummy's. The librarian then sees this, and screams, "Maggie! Oh my God, no!" Maggie's evil double then moves Stephanie's loose, broken, and severed jaw, and says to the librarian while flapping Stephanie's jaw and just talking herself: "Er Herwerw, Merzez Brerlerngzwerz! Der yer ermemer whern yer dirdern lert mer cherk erd Mersder Blerd fer er ferth derme whern er erlee wernerd der!" Mrs. Berlingsworth then says, "Maggie! What you've done is very serious! This is no time to bring up the book that I know you stole from the library!" Maggie's evil double then says, "Werl, Er ermermer therd derm! Ernd nerwl Er'm gerner mersh yer ernder Mersder Blerd, yer bleese ur slerm!" Maggie's evil double then removes her bloody and gory hand from Stephanie's back and neck, and then goes running after Mrs. Berlingsworth, resulting in her killing the librarian and mashing her into a pulp of gore on the library carpet. Later, at a police station, the real Maggie is being interrogated by the police to why she committed the discovered murders, and Maggie tells Sargent McDavies of the local police as he is interviewing her and she is crying and in tears: "Erd werzernd mer, Zergernd MercDerverz! Dermerns er perderndern der ber mer, erd gerlern erberd ernd dern!" Sargent McDavies then says, "Maggie, there's no such thing as demons, and I haven't seen one killing anybody around town, as you say there is! You're just making everything up!" "Ner, Zergernd MercDerverz! Ther rerl, ernd ther dernjererz! Maggie replies. "I'm going to bring in Officer Berlingsworth to come into interview you further!" Sargent McDavis says. Maggie then screams, "Nerrrr! Dernd merg mer sterd erver ferm ther derp!"
This film idea, in subtext, is referring a lot to myself, because I have had people watching me for a long time, and there is worry of someone connecting to me with masers, and trying to imitate me, knowing my behaviors, and commit crimes through me as if they were me. It's also social commentary on memes, and people turning them more and more disturbing, while also being commentary on people blaming entertainment for their wrongdoings, and criminals wanting to pretend even something as harmless as a Goosebumps book initiated their thoughts in committing a crime, while also possibly controlling another person to commit a crime and blame harmless entertainment also.

I was going to write a section or portion of Cardboard Country titled Fun Garbage, which would have focused on two failed events where organized criminals running the government desired to either deter people from viewing art, or gaining an art degree, or just to waste peoples taxes further, and I was also going to make people realize that a lot of entertainment is not just for fun, or "fun garbage," but a lot of the time it does have meaning to it. I got the idea of Fun Garbage from an interview that I watched with Lil Peep in it, and he claimed that his style was just to look like garbage. I liked a jacket with a skull that he had on it, and I thought it would be fun to create art and clothing that had little concern for where something ends up on a shirt, just

having random things everywhere, such as original or famous cartoons, and many other possible things, and on a canvas or a shirt it is just chaos. This concept applied to a shirt would have cartoon characters just wind-up on a person's shoulder and possibly one near above the hip, and then something random written across the belly of the shirt, but tilted and off balance: basically, the style just has random placement and random things everywhere with no care. I even thought to start painting on a cheap black shirt with acrylic paint to see how it looked. I kept making scroll art for Cardboard Country that was random and chaotic painted things on the sheets of paper, too. I then thought to call this art style "Fun Garbage." I thought that the scrolls for Cardboard Country would be "Fun Garbage" themselves, because it would be very interesting to find a whole novel on written scrolls in cookie tins, and them having this chaotic story of crimes and happenings from an unreliable narrator that cannot decide what is the truth of the matter or not, but just knows for certain the many news items and those involved in them are certainly corrupt. I even had the thought that if they got written out in type and published, no correction would really be made in what is written, just having it some unruly piece of writing.

I kept using the character Audrey Martin in many different things, including her being in the mentioned Common People, characters that I separated from Common People to make their own story titled Art and Perversion, her own film titled The Misandrist, and then in Cardboard Country. In Cardboard Country, I was going to use her as a character to inspire to destroy funding for the arts, especially on a college and university level, removing any form of scholarship available through the government. This was so people stopped learning, studying, and appreciating arts on finer level. But I was going to claim this plan fell through, because they wanted student loans going towards art scholar ships to waste taxes, and then have people focused on a branch of study that had littler opportunities. Her name is a reference to the film Little Shop of Horrors (1986), with its characters Audrey and Audrey II, and then the actor Steve Martin, who plays a sadistic and partner abusing dentist in the film. This woman would have obtained a government art grant and also a scholarship to study at the University of Utah. An event would happen that she placed up a controversial visual arts display that appeared to have her genuinely and violently date raping men on video, using date rape drugs, and there exists questions if it is real or not, but the footage most definitely looks real. After she places up the visual arts display, having several videos of her date raping many on separate televisions, men start coming forward and saying that she genuinely date raped them. This event then would have caused a sensational news story, and then the government would have pretended it an excuse to cut funding to the arts. I was going to make it into one single story titled The Misandrist, which a misandrist is a woman who hates men, but decided to eventually place it in Cardboard Country at one point. When I had her as character in the comic book or animated series Common People, I was going to have a side character named Kerry Young, whose name is tragic in due of her being a lesbian not wishing to "carry young," and she and her would be leaving a theater, and resembling the cartoon Dykes to Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel that created the Bechdel Test, which involves women in entertainment not discussing a man in anyway. While this lesbian woman Kerry Young is leaving the theater with her female girlfriend they are discussing Audrey Martin in the news, having known her from high school, and Kerry brings up the fact that Audrey Martin never had anything happen to her before that would result in her sexually attacking people like that. Kerry claims that she was pretty certain that Audrey was even still a virgin even after graduating high school. A later event, perhaps separated from this happening, shows that Kerry was actually raped by a fellow high school student, who failed to believe she liked women instead. Kerry then told her friend Audrey about it, and Audrey got into her head the desire to one day start raping men back but had to grow the nerve and opportunity to do so. On this subject, I think people with masers actually have men sexually assault lesbians, so to try to obscure that they were born lesbians, having the sexual assault or rape supposedly inspiring their dislike of men. I kept bringing up another work that would likely have her in it, titled Art and Perversion, which I started to make in my head as a story idea for several reasons, first having to do with my like of novels that have two items connected, such as Crime and Punishment and also Pride and Prejudice. Art and Perversion would be about several characters. The first would be a man who gets a job at a call center that he is not even serious about, likes to take office supplies he probably should not be taking, and then makes art with them at his desk, which is a character basically based on me. This character gets fired for taking and wasting the office supplies, but then finds a job as an artist, making appreciated art. Another character is a man people in the call center where the first character works calls Lee the Creeper, because he likes to watch over people often while they work. This Lee the Creeper character one day follows the first character home from work, quite a distant, just to give him something he left at work and meant to leave there, with the

occurrence being very creepy and awkward. Secretly, this character also likes to go home from work at the call center, sleep for some time, and then he wakes up in the night, puts a stealth camouflage suite beneath a hoodie and track pants, gets in his car, finds a random neighborhood, and then crawls through strangers backyards with night vision goggles on, seeing if he finds any scenes that he can voyeur within the houses. I based this character off a manager that I had at FedEx and also a homosexual man at my work that seemed to be focused on me and would later keep using masers to talk in my head. Another character in this story idea would be an artist who lives in an apartment and hears literally everything his roommate says and does, and eventually he confronts her about it, and because he brings up that he knows too many things that he does not want to know about her, she starts to claim that the artist is obsessed with the apartment neighbor. He then gets the idea from her accusation to start making fake stalker art, such as her depicted making out with her boyfriend on a couch in her apartment and the artist paints himself using the balcony outside her sliding door to voyeur her as she is intimate with her boyfriend. He then makes several more of these types of artworks and then puts on a gallery with them towards the end of the story. Another character in story is a cable installation man who secrets cameras in the equipment that he installs, and he uses the cameras to voyeur families in their houses through the hidden cameras. Then there would be Audrey Martin again, having performed her female date rapes on previous nights. In the stories end, all the characters listed find their way to the fake stalker art exhibit, appreciating the paintings and sculptures that depict supposed obsession of this apartment neighbor.

Returning to Cardboard Country, another scam that was going to be pulled by organized crime and the U.S. government was to waste large amounts of tax money by pretending a maniac was just burying landmines in public wilderness parks, which would likely involve them actually burying landmines and blowing up a few innocent people, and then a large third party landmine combing business would be paid by the government huge amounts of tax dollars just to have workers scouting the wilderness and outdoors to find landmines that don't even exist, and were helped in being placed there by both the government and the third party company. The reason that they didn't do this is because people spend a lot on gasoline and oil to drive their vehicles to and around the national parks, and the landmines would have drastically stopped patrons going to the park, so the oil companies involved in organized crime completely ceased the event from occurring, but it would have wasted large amounts of money if it did occur. They would have eventually caught and blamed some serial killer for it happening, who they would have controlled with masers to perform the terrorist acts.

When Audrey Martin was going to be used in Cardboard Country, she was going to have a catchphrase given to her by the organized criminals that claimed her date rape videos just art, which was "It's fun garbage!" This was not only to try and create a hypnotic suggestion that what she was saying was true, that it is assumed all entertainment is just "fun garbage," but she also wanted to be concluded as a naïve idiot who performed a heinous act upon her victims, further creating a desire to cut funding to the arts.

I have an idea for a Muppets film titled The Muppet's Go Middle-Aged, which would sound like a joke film title, but I bet that this film would be considered fun and different, and it would probably be well-liked, especially in its comedy, but I'm also aware the property is owned by Walt Disney Co. This film would start with Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy, now married as Kermit and Piggy the Frog, rushing to a hospital, because Piggy the Frog is pregnant and in labor. She would then give birth to three children, who look alike in their state of being a hybrid of a frog and pig, having green skin, frog eyes, pig ears, and a pig nose. The three pig-frog babies are then placed in Piggy's arms. It would then show a montage during the beginning credits of them growing up, doing various things in their life during childhood, and Kermit and Piggy working different jobs, until the pig-frog children are younger teenagers. The film's story then really starts there, and it has the happenings of Kermit and Piggy the Frog living in their suburban home with their children. Kermit has a music studio in their basement where he works on and creates music for a living, writing songs for other music artists, including famous music artists, while also writing commercial jingles and television themes. His kids are all very into music also, and one has music posters entirely covering every possible portion of his bedroom's walls with very little refinement in what he listens to, with this son of Kermit and Piggy dressing in a dark manner and riding a skateboard around. In one scene, Kermit would be relaxing on a couch in his living room, wearing middle-aged father attire and having a bit of a gut, watching television and drinking what appears to be a beer, but the label has a simple drawn bee on it followed by a capitol R for its label. Kermit is sitting, watching, and critiquing a new show on television that both is similar to The Muppet Show and has overshadowed The Muppet Shadow in recent years, with it being titled The Mittens, and its puppet characters

actually look made of insulated oven mitt materials, having cross section lines on them with puffy diamond-shaped patches of skin, and their eyes are actual sewn on buttons. Kermit, finishing his bee-R, then says to himself while watching The Mittens: "These guys don't know what they're doing." His son who dresses darkly and is wearing a black band t-shirt for Riverbottom Nightmare Band, which is his favorite band, then is seen from the living room leaving their house, having a small skateboard in his arm that fits his size beneath his arm, which has Count von Count illustrated on its deck, and Kermit asks, "Where are you going?" and his son replies, "My and some of the guys are going to go hangout at the skatepark!" Kermit then says, "Don't skateboard where you're not supposed to!" Kermit's son then says, "I know! I know!" Kermit's son then leaves the house. Kermit shakes his empty bee-R can, and yells towards the kitchen, "Piggy! Can you get me another bee…R?" Piggy then is shown grabbing a bee-R from the fridge and then walking it over and then handing it to Kermit. The film then cuts to Kermit's son outside, placing earbuds into his green pig ears, turning on some music on a digital music player he has, which is Cookie Monster singing for an extreme metal band about his veracious and unquenching appetite for cookies, and then Kermit son is shown skateboarding down his suburban neighborhood to the skatepark, seeing people and Muppets going about their business in their neighborhood, with many famous Muppet and Jim Henson Company characters now being middle-aged in their appearance, having glasses, being bald, having guts, and wearing the attire of a middle-aged person. The Cookie Monster extreme metal song is playing in Kermit son's ears the whole time, but it briefly cuts out for moments, showing famous middle-aged Muppets doing things to set up where they are now in life as Kermit's son skateboards by. Kermit's son does impressive skateboard tricks while moving down the streets, such as kickflips off curbs, although his pig-frog legs do not look able to do so. Kermit's son reaches the skatepark to meet his teenage Muppet friends, who are a Muppets except for a teenage human boy, and they all look similar in fashion to him by wearing black band t-shirts, camo or tan shorts, and chain wallets, but unlike him they are heavily pierced in their faces. The film then cuts back to Kermit going into his basement music studio to work on some music for a television family sitcom series that he has been contracted to make the theme for titled The Monstersons, humorously coming up with some bad musical ideas for it at first, while watching edited moments of its premiere episode and looking over some notes about what the television show and its characters are about. The family sitcom is about a family of humans named the Monstersons, who coincidentally in their name are court ordered to adopt a family of Muppet Monster children to raise them alongside their normal human children. A difficult start to Kermit's attempted theme for this family sitcom has him watching the pilot episode and singing on a guitar and coming up with the lyrics: "Sometimes it's hard… Sometimes it's tough… Sometimes it feels like the world's just too rough… But being in a family of humans and monsters might be just enough… to make one feel they're just going to make it through the day… and everything is going to be A-okay… with love and friendship on its way… because families of humans and monsters will pave their way… and are here to stay… with fun happenings for days to come… and happiness and joy large in sum…"

The pilot episode of The Monstersons would later have portions of it shown in the film, and a scene would mirror the bar fight from the first season and eighth episode of the sitcom Step by Step "Just for Kicks" and also have resemblances to the third season and eighteenth episode of Boy Meets World "Life Lessons" in its night scene where the students attempt to break in to vandalize the school. The scene would have the eldest adopted Muppet Monster son of the Monstersons surrounded by bandana and leatherjacket wearing teenage hoodlum Muppets, and he is about to be jumped by all of them, but then the human father of the Monstersons Family shows up, modeled after Frank Lambert from Step by Step, and says, "Hey! Leave my son alone!" walking towards the hoodlum Muppets and ready to fight them, with canned sitcom audience cheers sounding, and one of the hoodlum Muppets, says, "Who's gonna make us, old man?!" The father then says, "I am!" One of the hoodlum Muppets then tries to hit the father with a baseball bat, but the father uses karate to dodge it and then starts using pretty dorky looking karate to fight the many teenage hoodlum Muppets, doing things like punting them flying by strings into the air and karate chopping one between the shoulder and neck, subduing the hoodlum Muppet to being in pain and holding his neck on the ground. After being defeated, the gang would have a long, billowy-haired, curly mullet, leatherjacket, and cowboy boots wearing Muppet leader named Stringer show up, with this leader saying to the father, "Those were some impressive moves, old man!" The father then explains he has a black belt in karate. They talk with each other, and the father ends up not fighting him but convinces Stringer that he might be erroneous in his ways by using words, and Stringer believes that perhaps he is in the wrong, so he takes his hoodlum Muppet gang the Night Fighters and they leave, with Stringer saying "Come on, Night Fighters! Let's roll out!" They all leave, licking their wounds,

and the father checks on his eldest adopted Muppet Monster son, asking him if he is alright, and the adopted Muppet son starts crying, hugs his newly adoptive father, and says, “I was so scared! I should have taken your advice and never came here with those guys!” The father then says, “It’s okay. It’s okay. We all make mistakes,” embracing him also. The father and his Muppet Monster son then look each other in the eyes, and the father says, “Come on, let’s go home, son!” It shows them leave the night scene together in a very somber tone and then production credits start appearing. Kermit’s theme song for the show is then used in the end credits, too, while showing strange scenes from the episode out of context, allowing the audience to hear what Kermit musically produced for the family sitcom. Piggy and their three kids watched The Monstersons premier episode with Kermit, and then their family give him positive criticisms to his work.

One scene in the film would have Kermit go into his darkly dressed and skateboarding son’s room to talk to him, and as he does, Kermit keeps looking at the music posters covering his son’s walls, and they are all variating in tastes, good to very poor, each having references to Jim Henson entertainment works. Some of them would obviously be extreme metal bands, some of them rap, some of them rock, or indie rock, and they are just entirely everywhere. Some of the posters are from more villainous characters from Jim Henson Company works, such as one for Jareth the Goblin King, The Grand High Witch, and another is an album promotional poster for Audrey II for her album “Mean Green Mother from Outer Space”. One poster is an album promotional poster for Miss Poogy's "You Can't Replace Me!" A poster for Cookie Monster’s extreme metal band C Is for Crust is also on the wall, and another poster has Brian Posehn in a band now just called Metal by Numbers, taking his song of the same name seriously, now appearing like a band the song is critical of. Dark Crystal inspired bands and characters are also on the wall, such as a band called Fizzgig, showing Fizzgig with his wide-open toothy mouth, one called Fallen urSkeks, a promotional poster for Kira for an album titled “Animal Soul Speaking”, and another promotional album poster is for The Skeksis with an album "Podling Essence Drain". Other Labyrinth inspired posters are present, such as a poster for Sarah Williams with an album "Should You Need Us..." and her brother Toby Williams, now grown up, wearing a red and white striped sweater, looking very model-like in appearance, and having a large amount of goblin faces in the black in back of him, and having an album titled “Goblin Nightmare”. One poster is then shown that has Vanilla Ice and the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles in it, with “NINJA RAP” written below it, and another poster shows Casey Jones, played by Elias Koteas, with him having an album simply titled “Oops!”. Weezer’s “Maladroit” album poster is on the wall, so is a Joanna Newsom poster, and a poster for the band Menomena. A poster of Fall Silent's album "Six Years in the Desert" would be on the wall, referring to its cover of “Sunny Days”, the Sesame Street theme song. Another The Witches inspired poster is Luke and Bruno, having them as mice surrounding a small microphone, and their album is “As Long as Somebody Loves You”. An odd rap poster has a shady, unhealthy looking street rap Muppet on it, and the artist is named Grover’s Snow Friend. Fraggle Rock-themed music posters are present also, such as one simply called Fraggle Rock, showing the Fraggles as a hipster indie band, a poster for a Wembley live album titled Wembley in Wembley, showing Wembley as a tiny Fraggle on the seat of a pedestal and a microphone on a microphone stand that are both too big for him, and the a metal band is just simply titled Gorg with a poster shown. One poster is for an album titled “Oscar and Trashy Sing Their Garbage Hits” with both the characters together on the cover. Star Wars music reference posters would be on the wall too, such as The Max Rebo Band, and The Cantina Band. One poster would be fake movie poster that would be for a film titled Jason and the Muppets Take Manhattan, and it shows Jason Voorhees in hockey mask surrounded by Muppets. Kermit looking through all of them while he talks to his son, sees an extreme metal one for a band called Rainbow Dissection, and the album is called Kermocution, and the poster’s illustration shows Kermit with X’ed eyes, dead and hanging from his feet by a rope. Kermit just looks at it, and he doesn’t react. Another poster is for an extreme metal band called Mack, and the poster illustration shows the Muppet character Mack driving a steamroller over Kermit, while Kermit screams in agony, and his legs have already been run over by its cylinder, and the album’s title is even titled “Kermit Death”.

Later in the film, Kermit takes his three kids to a small music show where various bands are playing, because his darkly dressed son wanted to go, but it was far away and Kermit needed to drive them there, so Kermit stays with his three kids at the show, and the bands include both C is for Crust, and the headliner is Riverbottom Nightmare Band.

This film idea I was serious in my thoughts on it being created, although not exactly by me, but I would later start making humorous Walt Disney Co. film ideas, in a desire to destroy the company from the inside if I was creating films for them, such as a film titled The Hunchback of Notre Dame, with Notre Dame said like the

U.S. university, and the film would be a retelling of Victor Hugo's work, having a hunchback janitor working for the university be placed on the university's football team, and then in the film each time he makes a touchdown, he would yell: "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"
My father would keep saying the title Les Misérables as The Miserables, as if it were the Pixar and Walt Disney Co. film The Incredibles, with him noting, without blatantly saying it, Walt Disney Co.'s criminal maser use, and certain actions by criminals causing harm to people and placing them in a miserable and impoverished state, such as the characters within Victor Hugo's story. I intended to create a joking film pitch called The Miserables also, being a low quality and poor taste Walt Disney Co. modern adaptation to Victor Hugo's work also.
I was looking through old commercials that didn't age well or didn't seem exactly proper, and I came across a Kool-Aid commercial that is shown like a music video by the Kool-Aid Man and titled "More Hot Kids", and I laughed at the commercial, and I jokingly thought of a Walt Disney Co. brand film just titled Walt Disney's Hot Kids, sounding completely wrong and pedophilic, but taken serious by their company, and it is similar to Spy Kids or Shark Boy and Lava Girl, and the film would involve a group of elementary school children visiting a nuclear power plant, having a plant mishap cause them to be extremely radiated, and they then gain the superpowers to make themselves extremely glowing hot and able to burn through things. This joke film idea, which could either be used for material in a comedy show, such as in a fake movie trailer comedy segment, was later altered in my head by someone or some people to be a serious comic book or superhero film proposal titled Hot Girls, which would have overly attractive and sexy women get in a nuclear mishap, radiating them, and then causing them to have superpowers that allow them to become glowing hot and able to burn through things that they touch. I also eventually came up with the character idea for Hot Dog because of this, which I wrote about previously, who is a burning hot dachshund that is kind and likes to snuggle, but winds up burning those he snuggles with.
I had the idea for a comedy segment where a video game company is having people give presentations for proposed new video games, and one of their employees in the meeting does a poor presentation for a proposed video game that is just about his family dogs, showing in the presentation pictures of his dogs and his family with his dogs, and then he describes his dogs behaviors and what they like to do. After his boss at the video game company harshly reprimands him before everyone at the meeting, saying, "What the hell is this?! You can't just come into a meeting and show pictures of your dogs to us and expect everyone to consider it a valuable idea to put money into and for our company to take seriously and focus on! We're not working as Walt Disney Co. here, who would definitely do such a thing!" It then shows the man being fired by the video game company, walking outside with his office items in a box, and he then sees a Walt Disney movie billboard for a film titled My Dog Skip. The man then feels inspired. Later, at a movie theater, a Walt Disney Co. film is previewed at a movie theater, with it titled Family Dogs, created by the former video game company worker and him having his exact presentation brought to the big screen.

When I was writing Cardboard Country, there were moments in it that the narrator, Our Writer, would claim to be a person who just played Matthew Shepard in a hoax, which was in poor taste. Our Writer was also claiming to be a "news ghoul" that liked to look for stories, especially involving corpses, and exploit them. This was around several Christmases ago, and one day, as if out of nowhere, I came home to find my mother yelling at me because some people that I use to know were claiming that I made a fake online profile for another person who was in the Salt Lake City hardcore community, being insensitive about their more recent death at the time, taking a picture of him with a friend in a kitchen setting while her wore a monster mask, and then writing stupid stuff online pretending to be him. I had nothing to do with the profile, and my mother, who has literally never taken my side on anything, kept insisting that I did it. This deceased person that was among the Salt Lake City hardcore community also had an online obituary that I questioned if it was real, because whoever wrote it didn't seem to take it very seriously, placing in movie quotes, ridiculous life achievements, and hashtags, while also stating the name of a hardcore crew that I never heard of. Another reason that I thought it faked is because people that I know from the local hardcore community were connecting to my head, at least it seemed, and this person died of an aneurysm, which the maser instruments could likely make occur, and I was feeling maser-created electrical pain in my head. After it was claimed that I made this online profile, a friend that I use to hang around with called me, asked if he could come over and look at my computer to see if I did it or not, and I said he could. He came over with some woman that I never met, I showed him my computer, and there was nothing of the sort on there. He then left after. Right when

they left, I realized that I had a divider on my Apple computer that separated OS from Windows, so what he did was pointless, as a profile could have been created in Windows instead. The importance and symbolism of this, I assumed, was to make certain that I wasn't afraid or nervous about what I was writing, possibly finding myself targeted for reprisal later, as the online profile of the deceased person held dear to these people in the hardcore community, with him pretending himself a ghoul, mirrored in Cardboard Country the narrator and writers of the person pretending themselves Matthew Shepard and a ghoul. After this occurrence around Christmas, my ex-girlfriend contacted me on Christmas night, came over and gave me a hug, we briefly talked, and then she left. Thinking of myself being haunted by the maser instruments, and the strange occurrence that I always have odd people showing up at my door and being symbolic of something. I thought up a horror story titled The Laws of Ghostly Visitors. This story would have a horror author who just became very successful with his second novel about vampires, and he is gaining a large amount of money from his book sales, but he is still bothering to live in a house in a large neighborhood with his home being dear to him because his grandfather built it himself. This foolish notion to maintain to live in his grandfather's hand-built home causes people to keep showing up at his house, even during the middle of the night, just standing outside of it, and this includes people he once knew, friends he used to be close or closer with, and ex-girlfriends. Some of these people act very strangely, especially ones that show up at night, and some of them even act ghostly and vampire-like or are just plain creeps who sit and hide outside his house. He starts to think that many of these people showing up are actual ghostly vampires, and then he starts applying vampire laws to them, putting garlic lines and crosses outside of his door, and he refuses to let literally anyone inside of his house, thinking to not allow any vampires permission to enter, or else they will think themselves free to do so later at any time. That is about as far as I created the story idea, but he would have an ex-girlfriend that he definitely believes a ghost or vampire.

I made a comedy segment idea from the events about this deceased person in the local hardcore community and his obituary where a man is scrolling through his Facebook feed, comes across an obituary for someone he knows, but not too well, and sees the obituary's photograph is this person being hugged and lifted up from behind by a man in a blue unicorn costume some random place in a parking lot. This man looking at the photo finds it pretty comical already. He then starts reading the obituary, and the obituary keeps bringing what has to be made up and joke life accomplishments, and constant hashtags keep being used, along with "at" symbols, and then many of movie quotes and film references keep showing up in the writing. The obituary also has a ridiculous cause of death that claims this person died while paragliding with his dog strapped to him, got attacked by many birds in flight, fell upon a freeway path, and got struck by a cement truck, but miraculously his dog survived, completely unharmed. After reading all this, the man laughs to himself, believing it all a joke, and then he writes a comment: "Only idiots die, and that's why he's dead! His idiocy should have got him killed years ago!" A person then comments, "What's your problem, man! That's insensitive and you should not be writing that, and what you wrote is completely uncalled for! BE MORE SENSITIVE, WILL YOU?" The man reads this, and he also thinks it a joke, and writes: "I'm going to be the opposite of sensitive at his funeral! I'm going to go up to that casket, punch his dead corpse in the face, tip over the casket, strip his body, drag his naked corpse into the road, and wait for a bus to run him over!" Another comment is written by another person: "F— you, man! You're not going to be able to show up to his funeral, because you're going to be dead and having a funeral planned out of your own, because I'm going to make sure it happens, and no one is going to show up to it in due of you being a sack of s—t, and your obituary is going to just read that you were a d—head!" The man then laughs to himself and writes another comment, thinking the obituary a joke and the comments by other people a joke, too, with him writing more and more offensive things about the deceased, and people keep writing possible humorous things back, but they are actually upset. Finally, someone calls him, yelling at him and asking what his problem is, clarifying that the obituary was not a joke. After, it shows the funeral taking place, with the deceased shown in a large funeral photo to celebrate him, riding a paraglider, inflight with his dog strapped to him, and the man who mistook the obituary as fake embarrassingly and shyly shows up, and everyone is giving him terrible stares, including the deceased man's dog, who is sitting on one of the family members of the deceased's lap, who starts to growl and bear his teeth at him.

I thought up a horror comedy titled Hell-Sing. I based this thought off of Napalm Death's Barney Greenway looking like a pretty normal guy, although him the singer of notorious extreme metal band, and with me thinking that I was having extreme metal musicians connecting to my mind, I thought of my myself acting as a

servant to extreme metal musician vampires, and having to drive them everywhere during the day to get to their night gigs, them performing, and after they would attack people in the town to fulfill their need for blood. I then evolved this thought where a roadie, similar to Barney Greenway, not assumed a metalhead if it wasn't for his metal band t-shirts that he wears, working as roadie and driver for a Scandinavian black metal band, whose members and road crew are real vampires, each wearing strange and ornate black and white black metal face paint unique to everyone one of them, and this roadie and driver drives their large tour bus during the day, getting them to their concerts, while also a vampire hunter is connecting the band to the crimes, and attempting to hunt the band down to kill them. After one show, this roadie accidently makes a road mistake on a sharp turn, tips the bus over a hillside in broad afternoon daylight, causing it to roll a distant way down a large grassy hill, and then miraculously survives unharmed himself. He then hears the band members and road crew of vampires swearing at him and calling him an idiot, and then quickly runs out the bus. One of the vampire band members stabs out his demonic clawed hand to grab the roadie to kill him, but the sunlight starts to burn the hand and make it smoke. The lead singer, who is then head vampire, then says, "You idiot, why didn't you grab him!" while the roadie makes a break for it, running away through a field. The lead singer, then says, "I'll grab him myself!" and then flies out of the bus, tall, demonic, and black metal in appearance, darting towards the roadie while burning up and smoking from the sunlight, is close to grabbing the roadie as he runs away, and suddenly becomes too weaken by the Sun just before about grabbing the roadie, and then gets scared and darts beneath the shade of some nearby trees for protection. The roadie then looks back and sees the demonic black metal vampire angrily staring at him from beneath the shade of the trees, still burning and smoking. The roadie then continues to run away. Worried for his life when it becomes night fall, the roadie attempts to hide from them in a local suburban town, stopping at gas stations for drinks and food, and eventually runs into the vampire hunter, who first thinks to kill the roadie, but then discovers something happened between the band and the roadie, so instead they team up with each other, figuring the roadie has inside information about them that can assist him.
The title of the film Hell-Sing would be of course a play on words on the famous vampire hunter character Van Helsing, but I also had the thought that a compound word of "hell-sing" would be a term for demonic or grating extreme metal vocals.

"Nosferatu" by Davyn Andersen

A human-shaped cloud floats over the sleeping,
Pale-white, fanged, and thirsty for the reaping,
Wanting of nothing more than to puncture the neck,
Draining a victim's blood in a lust that is unchecked.
If there are not crosses, holy water, or garlic to protect,
The evil being will flee away, full, before the Sun's direct,
Leaving two bite marks on the flesh of the freshly dead,
Who will follow the act, if not staked and removed of the head.

The Salt Lake City Public Library has several foreign books written in their original language, and sometimes I like to read them, although not knowing the language, but I have studied a bit of etymology, foreign languages, and French, Latin, and Greek, so I like to guess on word meanings found inside the writings. They had a German edition of The Tin Drum by Gunter Grass, which is one of my favorite books and I really coveted this German edition, especially because it had the novel's original cover design made by the author himself, and I was inspecting the German words within it on one occasion, and I really loved some of the German compound words that I found, some of them possibly invented by Gunter Grass, although possibly not. A more current English edition has its main character use the term "shattersing" to describe his voice and its ability to be high pitch enough to break glass. I love invented words and compound words, so I went home and began writing out test sentences that reminded me of a Southern U.S. person or a farm community person with an imaginative and original way of speaking and communicating, despite them not be a very educated person, although I was just thinking of funny and unique ways of saying things. These are some of the test sentences:

“I’ve not tame-talked you to turtle my future defeat but furthered your friended ways through gentle-jip.” said Germ. “Then why’s there need in being whispery?” asked ___. “I cat-arched from what faced me, as you expressed your mouth in clickered ire.” They stood, Germ and ___, a failed con and a skeptic, defining falsely what each other’s eyes meant, feeling fallen further than the feathery dead.

I figured something of this sort writing could be used for the speech of the characters in Nanahee, because I was trying to invent a unique English dialect for New World English in another dimension known as Grand Colony Icenian.
I don’t really like James Joyce’s storytelling, but I like to study sentences in Ulysses and Finnegan’s Wake, because he invents funny wording, terms, and ways of communicating that are intelligent.
Towards the end of working at the FedEx Freight call center, loving The Tin Drum, and also loving the illustration of Oskar Matzerath that Gunter Grass made and placed on the cover of his novel, I thought that a cartoon television series adaptation of the novel The Tin Drum that matched his cover illustration in all of its characters would be good idea, having the cartoon series try to follow everything in the novel exactly start to finish, with the animated cartoon series being very European in its use of a blocky, utilitarian, and expressionistic animation and character style, and the production being in the German language.

Except comic books and Roald Dahl books, I didn’t read many novels as a child and younger teenager, but I really liked Stephen King novels and horror still. As I stated, I really liked reading album lyric books, too. As an older teenager I started to read books like Paradise Lost and The Divine Comedy, but what really got me into reading novels was Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein. I started to read a lot more, especially as a young adult, and I was inspired to focus on classical literature alone in reading over any other books after seeing a friend’s bookshelf contain mostly just Russian literature by Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Gogol, wanting to read them also, and then I looked online and found the Norwegian Book Club’s top one-hundred books of all time and then made to purchase a copy of each title and read each one. I then found classic literature the best thing in the world to me and started devoting most my thoughts to not only reading classical works but also wanted to write a novel having equal quality to the books on the list that I found. This is when I started to really work on my novel Nanahee. Eventually, after purchasing the Norwegian Book Club titles and other books of classical literature, I had three shelves in my house: a shelf containing the greatest works in classical literature, which I held dearly, a large book shelf jokingly called “the shelve of lesser books,” which had modern novels and other books not as refined, sophisticated, and were much lacking in high literary merit, and then a shelve containing all of my graphic novels, cartoon books, and fine art books on painters, paintings, and sculptures. One day, bullied by people on the phones at work at my call center and then on the streets of Salt Lake City by passing cars and pedestrians using subtext, I arrived back at my apartment upset, but probably controlled through masers in my behavior, and I went to “the shelve of lesser books” in my living room, yanked the shelve from the wall, and caused it to go crashing to the floor, which was somewhat symbolic, and I would later sell many of these books to a local used book shop, along with the graphic novels and cartoon books that I had. No matter what, through these years I have kept my classic literature books and novels that I have purchased, including French editions of certain French works, and all the many books in my room are mainly classical literature and books of high literary merit.

This is a list of my top twenty-five books, some which change and get replaced in position sometimes, but the top six are definite in their place within the top six on my list, but The Tin Drum and Anna Karenina can be switched in position freely if someone asked to sum it down to my top five books of all time:

1. 'The Book of Disquiet' by Fernando Pessoa
2. 'The Complete Works of William Shakespeare' by William Shakespeare
3. 'Faust' by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
4. 'The Complete Works of Emily Dickinson’ by Emily Dickinson
5. 'The Tin Drum’ by Gunter Grass
6. 'Anna Karenina' by Leo Tolstoy
7. 'Ficciones' by Jorge Luis Borges
8. 'Beowulf' by Unknown
9. 'The Epic of Gilgamesh' by Unknown

10. 'The Canterbury Tales' by Geoffry Chaucer
11. 'Metamorphoses' by Ovid
12. 'Three Novels' by Samuel Beckett
13. 'The Recognition of Shakuntala' by Kalidasa
14. 'Paradise Lost' by John Milton
15. 'The Divine Comedy' by Dante Alighieri
16. 'The Complete Works of William Blake' by William Blake
17. 'The Sound of the Mountain' by Yasunari Kawabata
18. 'Crime and Punishment' by Fyodor Dostoevsky
19. 'The Odyssey' by Homer
20. 'The Iliad' by Homer
21. 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman' by Laurence Sterne
22. 'Njal's Saga' by Unknown
23. 'The Brothers Karamazov' by Fyodor Dostoevsky
24. 'Independent People' by Halldor Laxness
25. 'The Idiot' by Fyodor Dostoevsky

"Trees" by Davyn Andersen

The absorbers of water and sunshine,
Mostly green-leafed in the summertime,
Are rooted within a deep-soil ground,
Forking out branch and root around.
All supply breaths, but some offer fruits,
Dangling the reward from off their shoots.
Cut down, certain types frame a home,
Or go into pages that construct a tome.

This is a list of my top ten favorite poets of all time:

1. William Shakespeare
2. Emily Dickinson
3. Geoffrey Chaucer
4. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
5. Edmund Spenser
6. Alexander Pope
7. John Milton
8. John Keats
9. W.B. Yeats
10. T.S. Eliot

"Sleep" by Davyn Andersen

Loving rest, O anodyne,
You're precious in your loneliness;
I'll give you all my time,
And I'll keep it in my chest
With my thoughts and flowing blood.
O love o' mine…
O anodyne…
O sleep, O tiredness,
With my eyelids, my eyes will dress:
No longer bright and naked to be seen;

They sheath the world from their sheen.
O dream o' mine…
O reveries…

I think the L.D.S. Church was behind the happenings with Mark Hofmann, his forgeries, including the Salamander Letters and his faked Emily Dickinson poem, and then his bombing of his work associate and one of his work associate's wives. It seems too irrational to attack his own work associates after worrying about being discovered in his forgeries, many of which were sold to the L.D.S. Church and having problematic history arriving from them in Joseph Smith's story of how he came across The Book of Mormon, and it would seem better to have attempted to strike at any of those purchasing forgeries from him instead, if he himself even actually desired to bomb anyone, and was not just controlled through maser instruments. Plus, the two bombs that fatally attacked his work associate and his work associate's wife had nails in them, and coincidentally the third bomb he was trying to deliver, but dropped, exploding himself, harming him and leaving his testicles black, had no nails in it like the other two, only leaving him hospitalized, discovered of his crimes, brought to trial, and then placed in prison.
The same thing likely happened with Ted Kaczynski also, having him be an intelligent man turned violent towards his colleagues rather than anyone in power or important.

I've thought it more than possible to have many people overshadow renown literary authors and works, producing large amounts of quality literature with high literary merit through mass education from a professional and highly skilled author, or at least it being equal in quality to existing celebrated works, which would be problematic in harming the fame of literary figures deemed highly important if anyone gained abilities to produce equal or higher praised works in the future. If something of this sort occurred, people would still celebrate a literary figure for inventing the style, and people usually hate imitation alone and knock offs. But, then again, ancient works exist that do not get surpassed, but there is also the possibility that it is because they are suppressed. Some authors like Ernest Hemmingway, Albert Camus, and Samuel Beckett have extremely simple styles, and their ideas are unique, but people can easily match the way they write. I've also concluded it possible that Ernest Hemingway, Albert Camus, and William Faulkner were probably murdered. Ernest Hemingway's final and highly appreciated 1952 work The Old Man and the Sea was short and very simple, but intelligent, and gained him the Nobel Prize in Literature. The novel's story even reminds me of criminal maser use accessing a creative person's brain, having a person trying to gain a large and great story, the large marlin through symbolism, working hard to gain it, represented by the old man attempting to obtain the large marlin, and after gaining it, finding it picked apart and torn apart by people, as the caught giant marlin is, leaving just a skeleton and corpse of a story. Later, he would commit suicide in 1961. Albert Camus was probably just forced in his vehicular accident that took his life. William Faulkner had symbolism in his death, with the murderers likely wanting him "knocked off his high horse," figuratively and literally. Organized criminals have been likely lowering standards on everything.

I wanted to make a story that I imagined would be like The Old Man and the Sea in quality and simple writing style, and I came up with a novella titled Cigarettes. This story would have a middle-aged male chain-smoker sitting at his apartment and writing, not realizing that he is on his last cigarette, and there is a severe hurricane warning happening in his area. It has already begun to rain hard, and he discovers that he is completely out of cigarettes. Ignoring all warnings, he then leaves his apartment to get some more cigarettes from the storm, having it rained down hard on him, and wind is already strongly picking up. While walking to the local grocery store, which he has no clue whether it is open or not, he finds that a kitten is hiding beneath a parked car, mewing for help, and slightly drenched from the rain and large developing puddles. The man then catches the kitten and places it in his large coat pocket. He then continues to the likely closed store to get his cigarettes with the kitten still mewing in his coat pocket. The weather then gets extremely bad, and winds and rain are just blowing at him, but he continues. He gets to the store, and surprisingly finds it open, having the store's workers afraid to leave in the weather, so they figure just to keep on running. He buys many packs of cigarettes, has them placed in a plastic bag, and then puts them in his coat pocket opposite of the kitten. Hearing the mewing, the cash register asks about it, and he shows her the kitten, and she pets it for a moment, concerned for its safety, but the man assures that it will be alright, and places it back in his pocket. He then goes to leave, and they ask him if he is sure he will be alright, and he says he will be fine. He then leaves out

the store, having hurricane winds and rain blasting at him, and slowly struggles his way back to his apartment, having to rest at corners and locations partially blocking the wind. When he does get home, extremely tired and worn out, he puts the kitten down on his apartment floor, finds some leftover food to give it and some milk, and then lays next to a space heater to warm himself back up, smoking cigarettes while doing so.
How I came up with this story idea was I was at my second apartment in the Avenues and my ex-girlfriend left me and no longer was talking to me, so I started smoking cigarettes like her, wishing for her back. This happened for about a month. One day, I was not exactly feeling myself outside of my apartment and smoking, and I walked, lit cigarette in hand, over to some nearby roses to smell them, and this was probably an attempt to hint to me that she was in my body, and that I needed to "wake-up and smell the roses." A strange occurrence also happened where two women who lived in the apartment, claiming that they both worked for a cardiologist at the University of Utah Hospital were sitting on the stairs outside my door, and these two women looked like my ex-girlfriend and her mother, but only slightly. I sat and spoke to them for a bit, smoking a cigarette. Another night, it was starting to rain, not extremely hard by any degree, but I left the apartment to go to the nearby Smith's in the Avenues, walking in the rain, and I saw a kitten hiding beneath a vehicle from the rain, so I tried to pick it up, but it ran away and hid in some bushes across the street. I then went to Smith's, got some Marlboro cigarettes, and then I went home to my apartment. On another night, I was walking the Avenues late at night, smoking and listening to my iPod, and a cat came up to me, and I started to pet it while listening to my iPod. After leaving the cat, I continued walking around, and I imagined a scene in my head where I was busy petting the cat, had some hoodlums at a distance near and belligerently and intimidatingly accost me, and instead of waiting for them to close-in and attack, not even saying anything to them first, I darted my iPod at one of their faces, striking them in the face, as the first maneuver to fight them.

I thought upon a collection of three films titled the Straight Edge Trilogy. These film titles would be Cowards!, Cross Out Crew, and Roaring at the Red Lion.
The first film Cowards! would be about a fraternity at a nearby fraternity house that gives drugs to a Salt Lake City straight edge man's younger sister in a desire for one of them to sleep with her, when she is still in high school and underage, so him a large group of his friends go over to this fraternity house to confront them, and the whole entire film is one drawn out and long fight over more than an hour, attempting to convey it happening in real time, and this epic battle attempts to imitate one that would be found in a samurai film between two group, but inside of a fraternity house. The fraternity cannot call the police, nor campus security, because they are already in trouble with the university for prior complaints and insubordination about them, and the house has large amounts of illegal hard drug stashed everywhere in it that they do not want to destroy nor be caught with. Chaotic and violent fights and arguments between the two parties keep occurring, having people on both sides getting in physical altercations, and then a lot of yelling at each other through closed and barricaded doors occurs. The neighbors do not call the police immediately either, because they are other fraternity and sorority houses, and they figure that the fraternity is just partying again. The fraternity uses their cellphone to call for backup, which eventually arrives, and straight edge kids also do the same, having more friends arrive also. The story for this arrives from an actual happening between some Salt Lake City straight edge and a fraternity in front of the University of Utah restaurant The Pie, and the fraternity was later in a new interview about it, telling their story, claiming that one of them was hit in the back of the head with a samurai sword, and then another was claimed to have seen the straight edge kid waving around the samurai sword. The fraternity brothers in the interview use strange and primitive sounding words in describing what occurred, too, such as claiming that they asked the straight edge kids for a cigarette or light, and the straight edge responded: "We don't do fire!" Another one said that he tried to stop the straight edge, like the one swinging around a samurai sword by saying, "Drop your metal!" I used to watch a lot of samurai and chanbara films, and there is one titled Kill! (1968) that I always thought had a funny title, so I thought this story idea should imitate it with the name Cowards! This title also is inspired by a story in which a person that I was hanging out with, who often played in many of the hardcore bands around as a guitarist or singer, was telling a story to a bunch of other people when we were hanging out together about a man that they themselves got in a fight with, who just kept yelling at them: "Cowards!" I would also wish for the film to somewhat resemble an older samurai film in style, such as Seven Samurai (1954), Yojimbo (1961), Sanjuro (1962), and The Sword of Doom (1966) in the style of its action scenes and showing wide scale battle involving many people at once.

Cross Out Crew would be a comedy where a bunch of seniors who just graduated high school decide to become straight edge, and each of them keep either selling out, have bad things happen to them, including one of them dying, or they just say they no longer want to be straight edge, making their crew name of Cross Out Crew ironic, especially because each time a member is no longer straight edge, it shows the senior high school yearbook being opened up, probably by one of the members of the crew, and this person finds their picture in the yearbook, and then crosses out their picture using a thick black marker with an X. I was originally writing these characters as side characters in Common People but decided to divide their story from Common People to make its own story and film idea.

Roaring at the Red Lion would be a comedy film heavily focused on underground music, especially hardcore, extreme metal, punk, and emo, and the humor would be centered on happenings in being in bands, purchasing equipment, learning to play instruments, practice sessions, exchanges with band mates, playing shows, playing with other bands, exchanges with members of other bands, attending shows, and buying music. The story would have a main straight edge character musician involved in the Salt Lake City underground music scene for decades, playing with bands, who at most release a demo to one extended play, if that, and he is extremely involved in music, but has nothing but difficulties occur with his bands, other bands, starting bands, his band mates not taking their bands seriously, and this happens while he also is seeing a few other bands from the scene doing better. His most successful bands happened when he was in high school, and he is known around the scene for being in a pretty good metalcore band from back then, but all his music efforts after have been mostly failures in his desire to make it as a fulltime musician. After being in several very lesser and nonserious emo and hardcore bands, his cousin coaxes him to be in cousin's post hardcore band as a guitarist, and he agrees, practicing with them for a few months and learning a former guitarist's parts while also already not liking his cousin's band mates, trying to like the music being played but finding it difficult to, because he hates his cousin's voice, and his cousin tells him that they are going to play a big show at the Red Lion Hotel in Salt Lake City, which this musician didn't even know anybody played there, and his cousin keeps telling him that there is going to be a lot of people there. Picturing a rented larger meeting room in the hotel, he imagines that a large group of teenagers with poor taste in music are going to be there to watch. When this show happens, he finds out quick that the performance is going to be on a small stage by the front desk and near the entrance doors, the type of stage that a small lounge act would be set up on, and the only people that show up are about seven of his cousin's friends. He plays there show, and it is really awkward having his cousin constantly low hardcore growling as hotel patrons check in and look confused, disgusted, and say sardonic things to the band. After this "show," he chews his cousin out, telling him that if he had music that was any good, he would try to play with other local bands in the scene rather than alone in some terrible supposed "venue," and try to make as many musician friends as possible in the local scene by playing with them. This musician then completely stops talking to his cousin. The whole film would be full of this musician playing with other bands, only have small local success. He also works several jobs throughout decades, especially at call centers. In his mid-forties, he gets fed up, takes a bunch of painfully critical texts that he was sending his cousin after finding out that his cousin was still playing in his unsuccessful post-hardcore band, performing in local battle of the bands, finding strange new band member after strange new band member, not even taking this musician's advice, and then he uses the messages as song titles, despite them basically being sentences, for a project he was first working on alone, titling the band Red Lion, and he thinks what he is working on is actually turning out really great, finds some past and more appreciated band members he used to be in bands with and other musicians he connected with, and then makes a full length album as Red Lion with the sarcastic album title "Roaring at the Red Lion", and the scene loves it, and they actually find extreme success in their band. Red Lion's sound would hopefully be a combination of Straight Ahead, DYS, Negative Approach, Integrity, Disembodied, Nora, This Day Forward, Converge, Coalesce, American Nightmare, Racetraitor, Napalm Death, and Monster X. The band would be a strange and unique mix of old school hardcore and the heaviest of possible metalcore, really chaotic, having songs only about one-minute long at their most, that are fast and have brief and extremely heavy breakdowns, and the musicianship has unique and original views on making music.

I love the song "Straight Ahead" by the band Straight Ahead, especially its lyrics:

I'm for the people.
I stand for them.

If everyone learned to give a helping hand,
You can count on me, your fellow man.
In our fight for unity, we stand.
So many people, seem they don't mind.
Broken spirits, they walk that line.
Look deep inside yourself and try to find,
a caring person with an open mind.
Look deep inside yourself and try to find,
a caring person with a positive state of mind.
The way we think,
The way we act,
We walk STRAIGHT AHEAD willing to give.
Always dare hold out our hands, 'cause we care.
We'll do the best we can.
I'm for the people.
I stand for them.
If everyone learned to give a helping hand,
you can count on me.

Me and a bunch of the people in my head joke that a band using the names that I came up with of Dealey Plaza or Frame 313 would make a great J.F.K. assassination-themed slam band that has all of its members named after and like the players in Dealey Plaza, but with slam-based names, such Marislam Spitzslam as a female singer, Abraslam Slapsruder on bass, Scary Floorslam on first guitar, Dark Hell on second guitar, and Whoreville Sticks on drums.

We also came up with a comedy segment which would mirror Walt Disney Co.'s Little Giants (1994), but with slam bands, it would be titled Belittled Violence, and it would have two siblings, one named Kevin, who is successfully the guitarist for a local popular slam band called Clot Cougher, and the other named Beck, who also goes by Ice Chest, who is a guitarist without a band, wishes to be in a great local slam band, much to the skepticism of the other sibling, and Kevin refuses Ice Chest from being a member of Clot Cougher. A big slam show is coming up, and with Ice Chest tired of being rejected in replacing a poor guitarist in Clot Cougher, Ice Chest being the better guitarist, these two siblings get in a bet who could make the best slam music, where if Kevin wins, he gets Ice Chest's gore painted slam van, and if Ice Chest wins, he gets all Kevin's instruments and equipment. Kevin even tells Ice Chest that he will allow Ice Chest to headline the slam show, not believing that Ice Chest will even have a band to perform. Kevin then laughs, and he says, "I can't believe you would even make such a bet! You don't even have a band!" Ice Chest replies, "Yeah, maybe I don't! …But I will!" It then shows Ice Chest putting up fliers to recruit band members around town on wooden electrical poles. Ice Chest then sees a man with a broken and casted right hand that has his index and thumb still free, so the rest of the fingers are bound in a cast and set straight and together. This man is scratching his testicles up and down swiftly. Ice Chest asks the man, "Hey, why are you itching your crotch like that, and why is your hand casted?" The man with the casted hand replies, "I got V.D. My hand is broken because I punched the wall so hard, mad that my dad is always busy at work and never around!" Ice Chest then says, "Oh, weird! … You ever play guitar?" The man with the casted hand says, "No!" Ice Chest then says, "Let me show you!" It then shows them back at Ice Chest's place, and Ice Chest shows the casted man to just push his casted hand down on the base of the strings and to keep strumming up and down on the open top string of the guitar five times swiftly, and then pause, and make sure to stay in rhythm. Ice Chest starts playing more intricate guitar riffs, and the man with the cast strums five times on the open top string swiftly and pauses, crunching the strings down at their base with his casted hand, causing extreme metal crunches. Ice Chest has found a guitarist, whose name is dubbed Crunch. They wander around town looking for more band members, and they go to a park, see some strange guy riding a pedal boat shaped like a swan, and he is pedaling swiftly on the pond, listening to classical music on a boombox, and pretending that he is the conductor orchestrating it with a conductor baton. Ice Chest then yells to him, "Hey, do you want to be in a slam band!" and the man in the swan pedal boat looks confused. It then cuts to them back at Ice Chest's place, and Ice Chest is telling this person that was on the swan pedal boat to just pedal fast on the drum's bass pedals

like he was doing on the pedal boat, and then hit the snare really hard occasionally in rhythm to it and also the cymbals a whole bunch of times. Ice Chest, Crunch, and this man behind the drums starts playing, and the man behind the drums does just as Ice Chest says, vigorously pedaling on the kick drum, hitting the snare sometimes, and thrashing around the drum cymbals. This man gets dubbed Kill Kicker. All three then go to look for another band member, wandering about town, and they run across a fat man with several miniature skate parks set out around him, and doing impressive tricks with a fingerboard down tiny rails and off tiny stairs. Ice Chest looks at the little model skate parks, and asks, "'You build all these?" while the man with the fingerboard does more tricks with it on the model skate park. The fat man says, "Yeah, I'm really good at crafting things with my hands." Ice Chest then asks, "Have you ever played bass?" The man says, "No!" disgusted at the question. This person is then brought back to Ice Chest's place, and he has a bass set on him. Ice Chest tells him, "Just do that two-finger thing that you were doing on your fingerboard to the open top string on the bass constantly over and over. All four then start playing, and everything sounds exactly like a slam band should. They then dub their bass player as Rattle Chops. Ice Chest then says to them, "Now we just need a singer!" They all turn their heads looking at each other. They are then shown wandering about town, looking for a singer. They run across a group of many guys surrounding, picking on, and bullying some weird looking guy with thick glasses. The guy tells the bullies, "You d—less c—ts are surprising rapey for a group of men without d—ks! I know you were born without them, but I'm not sure why your fathers had to also suck your testicles completely off your bodies, too!" The bullies then start hitting the weird looking, guy punching and slapping him, and in one angry final blow they punch him hard in the stomach. The weird looking guy then heaves forward, making guttural sounds, and he still starts insulting them in the guttural sounds, saying, "Those are the punches that your fathers should have given your pregnant mothers, so walking pots a s—t don't live and walk about town, spilling their diarrhea personalities in public everywhere!" The bullies then walk off. Ice Chest then says, "Hey, that was great stuff you did there! Have you ever wanted to be in a slam band!" The weird looking guy then says, "I could give a s—t about rap music!" It then shows all five of them back at Ice Chest's place and Ice Chest places a microphone in front of the weird looking guy. Ice Chest says, "Now just do that guttural thing that you did when you were punched in the stomach and say terrible things in an angry manner also." They start playing and the weird guy tries to do his guttural vocals, but he sings in his normal stupid voice and unable to sing like expected. Everyone still keeps playing with him embarrassingly singing in his regular voice, but then Ice Chest walks over to him and with one hand free from the guitar, punches him really hard in the stomach, and he starts doing guttural vocals, swearing at Ice Chest. The weird looking guy is upset at first but then realizes that he was doing great again after Ice Chest nods to him that what he is doing is that which is desired. The weird looking guy keeps guttural singing, continuously punching himself in the stomach to maintain his guttural vocals. Their singer gets dubbed Punch Guts. Afterwards, walking outside Ice Chest's house, thinking they really got something going now, Ice Chest asks them, "Well, guys, what should we call our band?" They sit and think for a moment, see that Ice Chest's sibling Kevin is across the street from Ice Chest's house, spying on them from the bushes and making notes, and then Ice Chest thinks for a second, and says, "How about we call ourselves Perv Murder?" The other bands don't say anything, but then the drummer says, "It's your band." Ice Chest says, "No, it's now all our band." They smile, and Rattle Chops says, "Well, then, Perv Murder it is!"

The day of the big show arrives, and many of the slam bands are really great, but when Kevin's band Clot Cougher plays, they blow the audience away. Perv Murder watches and is worried at first, but then Ice Chest assures them that they will do more than alright. They get on stage as the headliner and they play their first song Belittled Violence, and the audience is surprised that they are sounding alright for a slam band that they never heard of before, but it's the band's first show and they still do not know exactly what they are doing. At one point they start doing synchronized glam rock moves that only Kiss would do, and the audience starts turning on them, but then they form a special formation on stage and start doing synchronized squatting slam moves to the heavy music and the audience starts cheering. Crunch out of nowhere tries to spin his guitar fully around his body by its strap, and his guitar slams Rattle Chops in the head, right on top of a backwards hat he is wearing, sending him to the ground. The band stops playing to check on him, and he appears to have blood running down his head. Ice Chest asks Crunch, "What made you suddenly desire to try spinning the guitar like that?!" and Crunch replies, "I saw one of the early bands do it!" They then take off Rattle Chops hat, and find that he is not bleeding, but there is just a peanut butter and jelly sandwich held within his hat that was squished, and the jelly was running out of it onto his head. Ratte Chops comes to, takes the squished sandwich from Ice Chest's hand, and starts eating it. They start playing again, performing a song called "S—

tristocrats". The audience is really into the song, but Kill Kicker is worried about an upcoming part in the song just filled with extreme amounts of blast beats. He looks at the crowd, and people are waving around, surfing over other people, flailing violent arms at each other, and he starts to picture them as choppy ocean waves instead, and he is in a swan pedaling boat on a large waving ocean, vigorously and strongly pedaling the pedal boat in an environment of nothing but the sound of violent ocean waves. When he comes to, the audience is cheering, and he apparently performed the blast beats right without being aware of it. They then play their next song "Dead Slobs and Doomed Pricks". They are playing it well, but then Crunch sees a metalhead father with his young slam son in the audience, and the father has his hand on his son's shoulder as they smile and laugh wholesomely together, enjoying the show. Crunch then suddenly feels sad and starts to play bad, and all his band most certainly notices, looking over at him but still playing. The band is struggling but at the venue's ticket counter in the back of the show there is a slick looking businessman, who is perfectly polished in appearance, and is wearing a suit and tie while also carrying a briefcase in hand. He is fighting with the man at the ticket counter, yelling at him and saying, "…But my son is in the show!" The ticket counter person says, "F— off! You're not getting in unless you pay for a f—ing ticket!" This slick businessman gets agitated, puts his hand in his pocket, produces some bills, throws them on the counter, the ticket person gives him a ticket, and the businessman walks into the show, having the ticket counter person upset and flipping him off as he walks in. Crunch is still playing terribly, looking down, but then he looks up, and he sees his businessman dad in the back of the audience. Crunch says, "Dad?" Crunch and his dad then exchange eyes, and his dad gives him a lifted fist in the air for approval. Crunch then focuses and starts playing his guitar crunches of five repeated strums in spaces much tighter, and the audience starts positively reacting again. Perv Murder then goes to play their final song "Rectal Ralph". They are performing it fine, but near the end of the song Punch Guts has punched his stomach too red and painful to keep performing guttural vocals, and he doesn't think that he can continue punching himself. The other band members realize this. Ice Chest realizes that they need some filler while they think of something to be able to finish the song, so she signals to the rest of the band to keep repeating their heavy rhythm of crunches and blast beats, and then Ice Chest starts to perform a long and impromptu technical guitar solo to it with all the band worried that Punch Guts will not be able to finish the song. Suddenly, to their eventual benefit, Crunch's dad has neared too close to a pit in the audience, and audience members start yelling things like, "What the f— is this yuppy doing here?" They start grabbing and manhandling Crunch's slick businessman father, battering him, tearing at him, and swinging him around by his business suit in the pit area. Punch Guts is still struggling, stomach red, and thinking he won't be able to finish the song. Ice Chest doesn't know how much longer the solo can keep going. Suddenly, Crunch's father, business suit torn and ripped at, and him having had his face battered and bleeding, has someone in the audience trying to steal his briefcase, pulling at it, and Crunch's father tries to keep a hold of it, pulls it back too hard, removing it from the would-be thief's hands and then has it fly at Punch Guts on stage, striking him in the face and mangling his thick glasses. Punch Guts begins to violently scream high vocal obscenities at the audience. Ice Chest stops the solo immediately, signals for the rest of the band to finish the song, and the song ends with Punch Guts violently screaming high-pitched vocal curses in pain, insulting the audience. When the band stops playing, the audience sits and stares at Perv Murder on stage, not doing anything, but looking at them and other members of the audience without any important expressions. Ice Chest's sibling Kevin is on the side of the stage, seeing the audience not reacting and thinking that he won the bet in due of their silence, and he starts smiling, shaking his head back and forth, and suppressively laughing. Kevin goes to confront Ice Chest about winning the bet, but then an audience member yells to everyone out of nowhere, "That band was better than the previous band! Those guys were basically a pack of monkeys humping their instruments!" Kevin's eyes bulge wide with surprise. Another audience member then yells, "Yeah, f— Clot Cougher! Those guys should kill themselves!" Kevin than says, "No! No! No!" realizing that he is losing the bet. An audience member then starts chanting "Clot Cougher sucks!" repeatedly, and the whole rest of the audience starts to do so also. Ice Chest then looks at Kevin and says, "It looks like I won the bet!" Kevin looks at Ice Chest for a second, says, "Fine!" and then just walks off. The band is on stage, pumping fists of celebration at each other, and then Ice Chest takes off a hat, removes a metal jacket, and reveals that she is a woman whose name is not entirely Beck, but it being short for Becky. An audience member then yells, "Ice Chest was a girl the whole time!" The audience sits and looks at Becky for a moment, surprised at the revelation. A scumbag, tough guy audience member with a crew cut near the stage then yells, "Yeah, Ice Chest probably dresses like a guy because she is a prude with a real Ice Box!" Becky then gets furious, karate kicks the audience member with the crewcut in the face, knocking him out and

causing him to fall to the floor. Another audience member says, “That was one of the funniest things I have ever seen! Thank you, Slam Gods!”

I had another idea for a comedy segment that has discovered deleted scenes from Home Alone (1990) that removed the plot hole from the film of why Mrs. McCallister didn’t just call Kevin McCallister at home on a cell phone, pay phone, business phone, or someone’s home phone, and these removed film sequences would have kept showing Kevin from behind answering the house telephone when it started to ring, and then having his mother say, “Oh, thank, God! Kevin, listen: I know we left you at home, but I’m coming right back home and I’m going to make sure you’re safe!” Keven replies, “Who is this?” Mrs. McCallister then says, “This is your mother, Kevin!” and Kevin responds, “Listen, creep, I don’t know who this is, but my mother’s dead, and you better stop prank calling my house!” Kevin’s mother than starts screaming at him, and Kevin hangs up the phone. This was intended to keep happening throughout the film, and Kevin would sometimes just not answer, but when he would answer, he would have not even cared to ask who it was, figuring it was the same prank caller, and saying such things as: “Hey, quit calling my house, d—k-breath! I don’t need any more of your stupid prank phone calls, and in a better world, you would hang yourself from the very telephone cord belonging to the phone you’re calling from!”

Another comedy segment that we came up with would have unused sting footage from To Catch a Predator that they figured to comedic to air, because they didn’t have a proper decoy actor or actress, so they had to find people to fill in. At first, they would have a male little person decoy actor, who is so mall he is unable to even reach a doorknob fill in, and they throw a wig on him, a girl’s shirt, and a skirt over his pants, and he claims to be a girl when the predator arrives, and literally each time they are speaking to the predator, they keep saying their age as thirteen, but they keep bumping their claimed age down, saying things like, “Sorry, I lied! I’m eleven!” and each of the predators always start saying in a meek, high voice, pretending caring, “That’s okay, that’s not a bad thing.” People that they find to fill in for the decoy actors include on their smaller camera man, a man with down syndrome, a woman whose cigarette deliver truck broke down outside, and a pet chimpanzee from a next-door-neighbor’s house.

I made another novel or film idea titled Punches and Kicks. I was completely working off the title, writing it down as a possible story, having taken the name from the lyrics in the Salt Lake City vegan hardcore band Cherem’s song “I Hate George Bush (feat. Foeknawledge)”. The Cherem song could have just as easily been titled “Punches and Kicks”. After working at FedEx, I was working the late-night shift at UPS in its warehouse, being attacked by painful static and maser instruments the whole month or so that I worked there, stacking boxes into trailers, and later quitting because it was that painful. I was also going to the Salt Lake Community College during this time, and there was some strange, short redheaded guy who also worked there when I did. I previously thought of a verse poetry story idea titled The Iceburn Saga, which would explain in its romantic tale why Loki’s wife Sigyn was so devoted to Loki. They were trying to make me think that this redheaded short man would be the correct character in my head, but there’s a portrait of Fyodor Dostoevsky that I use to imagine how Loki would look in my head. I always loved Iceburn’s band name and wanted to use The Iceburn Saga as the title of this, because Loki ends up bound and having an ice serpent drip painful ice drops on him, but also didn’t want to steal Iceburn’s band name, also finding it kind of a tacky title. I then later changed the idea to be Loki’s Saga. I also had a brief job at a sewing machine factory that my mother directed me towards, and one of my cousins also worked there, supposedly being so good at his job that he would travel to China to teach Chinese people to use the sewing machines. I would wonder if he would be sent to sweat shop factories to teach its workers how to use them. While I was at this job, I was again in extreme amounts of pain because of maser instruments being used on me, and I sat at a table next to two extremely obnoxious women, along with other people, as I screwed the body of sewing machines together. I was terrible at the job, too, constantly stripping the bolts on the sewing machines when I screwed them together. This sewing machine factory would also have a manual punch clock that also still used paper cards. Thinking back to working at these two jobs and looking at the folder in My Books simply titled Punches and Kicks (Title Only), I then imagined a story idea that had a larger packaging warehouse still using an old fashion paper punch clock and constantly micromanaging its employees, also accusing them of things on a regular basis. One day, the managers completely start accusing everyone in the warehouse of timecard fraud, saying they’re not manually punching in at the correct times and lying about it, and they claim people have

been seen constantly kicking boxes around the warehouse. This continues all day long, until an occurrence at lunch time happens when one of the managers goes up to many of the workers on break and starts accusing them of not punching in correctly on their breaks. This is the last straw for them, and they get in a physical altercation with this manager, which leads to physical altercations with other employees, and then a full-blown and violent riot occurs in the warehouse, having upper management and security battling for their lives with the employees of the warehouse while the police are also called to assist. The whole place winds up destroyed by the occurrence.

I had an idea for a Chinese martial arts film titled Tyrant Spider, which would have a young sweatshop worker very mistreated by those running the factory, sewing together with sewing machines fine clothing to ship elsewhere for an extremely large sales markup compared to what the clothing and its manufacturing costs were, and he escapes the sweatshop one day, finding himself homeless until he finds his way to a martial arts training dojo. He then is taken in by them and tells the person running it what occurred to him during his life, including being placed in the sweatshop and forced to work there. Finding the young man's story very interesting, he starts to train the young man at regular martial arts but also notices that this man constantly sews things in his spare time, using needles, thread, and cloth her took from the sweatshop. This master of his decides to start working on a new martial arts style, thinking of his student's behavior and his history as a sweatshop worker. The young man trains as a student for several years while the teacher develops an unusual martial arts style that involves the behavior of a spider. Eventually considering his general learning finished, the teacher starts to teach a new martial art he made himself titled "Tyrant Spider". The student is then taught this strange behavior that imitates the ways and behavior of a spider. Again, he trains for several years. When finished training, he leaves his master, and goes out on his own, also trying to add more abilities to what he was taught, such as the ability to turn a needle into a deadly weapon just by throwing it extremely hard. When he is ready enough, he starts looking for every single person that ran the sweatshop that he worked at, desiring to torture every single one of them to death as painfully as possible.

I was writing a character and his family in Common People named Da Fan-Chan, and his family of the Fan-Chans, who Da is a Chinese man who once worked in a Chinese sweat shop making plastic toys and actions figures for the U.S. market, but escaped the sweat shops and made his way to the U.S. with next to nothing, not even a family, eventually was helped and married an Irish woman, and they had some children, but Da would not allow their children to have any toys, knowing where they came from, but one day they are eating at a fast food restaurant, the youngest child wants to keep a prize toy in his kid's meal, and Da looks at it, sees that it says "MADE IN USA" on the foot of the small figure, and allows him to keep it. Afterwards, this kid of his just starts collecting fast food figures and fast food memorabilia and items.

I came up with another film, not really developed at all, where a group of children in a family are eating at a fast food restaurant and each of them have kids meals where they find just the usual toys, but one of the children finds that his kid's meal prize toy is an actual sentient, humorous, unique, and living original character that he befriends, much to the jealousy of his siblings and other children.

I had an idea for another film titled Loogie where a man suffers from a very painful sinus infection for several weeks, and eventually he goes to his bathroom sink, trying to hock out what is blocking his sinuses, and working very long at it for several minutes, he then is able to force out something from his sinuses into his mouth, unblocking it, and then spits it into the sink, only to find what he hocked out is a small round slightly sea anemone character with eyes, a mouth, and legs, and whose name is Loogie. The man forgives Loogie for causing him such pain and they become friends. I actually had a happening like this occur where I had a severe sinus infection, sat trying to clear my sinuses for a long time within an hour, and then cleared what was blocking my sinus into my mouth, spitting it out to find a white slightly sea anemone looking round ball, also slightly covered in blood.

I was coming up with ideas for a few band records, which I usually don't do, because most records are highly personalized to involve just the band members making them, so it is often weird and overstepping ones bound to try to make a record for a band or a group of musicians, unlike most films where a large group of people are

usually involved. Novels and poetry are considered the same most times. But I had an idea for two Good Clean Fun extended plays and seven inches, and a cover song.
The first Good Clean Fun seven-inch would be titled "Positivity Through Sports" and the cover would show the band in cheerleader attire along with a Panda sports mascot with X'es on its hands in the middle of them, before empty sports bleachers on a football field. All the songs would be about being a good player, being a good sport, not being a poor sport, being a gracious loser, realizing just because a person lost that they can grow from their failures, putting in a good effort, respecting other players on and off the field, even if they are on a different team, and giving it your all when the time comes, not dogging it.
The second Good Clean Fun seven-inch would be titled "Militant Straight Edge Revival Anthems" and its cover would show a supposedly spontaneous photo of the band looking angry in black sports jackets and camo pants in a dark alley, with someone still dressed in the Panda mascot uniform, but instead of cheerleader gear, he is now also wearing a black sports jacket and camo pants, and there is a regular looking man around his thirties on the ground that they are surrounding and looks as if they just attacked him, leaned up against a building wall, his nose bleeding, as he has his hands raised up, looking panicked at them, and pleading for them to desist, while an open pack of cigarettes and a single cigarette sits on the road by him. Songs on this album would include a song about disowning a close friend after he accidentally got high on paint fumes while painting his house, and a song claiming that they would all be drug enforcement officers if they were not busy playing in a straight edge hardcore band.
The Good Clean Fun cover would be "Weird Al" Yankovic's original song "Dare to Be Stupid".
Regarding music, I love short albums, extended plays, and seven-inch records more than anything sometimes.

When I was in elementary school I was in my driveway, dribbling a basketball and thinking about Stephen King's novel Needful Things, and, centering on the title alone, started to try to make a similar work in my head that was about an evil door-to-door salesman, a living skeleton man in a trench coat and hat that could not be seen as the evil undead thing that he is, resembling the character on the cover of the NES game Uninvited, and he would sell dangerous items door-to-door, with many of them being toys, and I was likely helped with what I was creating. Thinking about this happening in my adult years, I would come up with a comic book or television horror anthology series titled Three Knocks. This horror anthology story would have a skeleton corpse ghost door-to-door salesman host walking suburban neighborhoods, going to houses to sell his items, and houses and the people who live in them that he visits all have their unique horror story to tell, not exactly involving the item that the salesman sells them, but the item would come into play, and each comic book or episode would have three stories told surrounding three different houses.

I had an idea to have a Stephen King's Cat's Eye film made in several possible ways, or it could be a television series made based on the film, with each story would involve the same cat General somewhere in it, and it also making several refences to other Stephen King works. If made into a new film, I thought that it could be either made in a remake of all three of the original stories of the film, or it could be made to have two new stories and then end with a remake of the last story with the troll, or it could be a sequel film and have three completely new stories, or it could be a film based entirely on the third story with the troll, extending its plot.

I had the idea to make a new EC Comics HBO series, which would either keep the title Tales from the Crypt, or be titled as The Haunt of Fear, or The Vault of Horror instead. The name Tales from the Crypt is valuable in its fame and the HBO series that created its notoriety, but this new anthology horror show based on the EC Comics works would not be nearly the same as the previous series, because it would have a new depiction of The Crypt-Keeper not done with an animatronic robot, and The Crypt-Keeper would not be the only host, having both The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch also acting as hosts, each both having a new depictions to how they look, and each episode would have three stories in it that are anywhere from seven to ten minutes per story, so they can be titled either Tales from the Crypt, The Haunt of Fear, or The Vault of Horror, or even The Crypt of Terror. Even the older Tales from the Crypt series just borrowed from all of EC Comics titles in their stories, including titles considered non-horror. I thought that this series would also use stories from the original EC Comics comic books but also create unique new stories. An important thing that I think would need to happen if this new horror anthology series was made would be to have all its special effects done with horrific and detailed stop motion, like that found near the ending of Indian Jones and the Last Crusade (1989)

in its, “He chose poorly,” scene, the stop motion found in The Evil Dead (1981), and the stop motion of Ray Harryhausen’s works. Even the three hosts would be in very creepy stop motion also. Not only is stop motion fun to see in films, but it is usually very creepy when it depicts macabre characters, and even possibly characters that are not supposed to be macabre, and many of the more horrific portions deemed too scary in children’s films involve stop motion.

I have an idea for a stop motion children’s anthology horror television series titled The Thing in the Wall, which could also be made into a film instead. This stop motion television series would be hosted by a possible mummified ghoul in a wall in a dilapidated suburban city home. The series would always start with various and different children going into a nearby rundown, abandoned, and condemned house in their city suburb area to visit a rumored monster within one of the rooms walls, who likes to tell stories, and he is discovered by the children inside the wall, always having them keep their distance. The hole in which this host lives has been made in a yellow and empty back-room’s drywall, having boards broken out also, and inside of it the character “The Thing in the Wall” only has his dead and poorly wrapped mummified hands coming out of it, and his dead eyes can also sometimes be seen. All the horror stories that he tells the children would be different, rarely repeated characters, and there would be three stories per episode. The animation and style would take inspiration from the Quay brother’s animation, the music video for Tool’s song “Sober”, Peter & the Wolf (2006), The Fantastic Mr. Fox (2009), and The Wolf House (2018).

I created an idea for another children’s horror anthology series titled The Color Horror Anthology from when I was attending the University of Utah. I began with a film that I was going to animate titled Yellow, which I didn’t like the story that I was making for it very much, and I would soon after leave the university completely. I started to create the thought to have either children’s books, television series, sets of films, or a newer form of video game with new DLC constantly showing up for each installment used to make a horror anthology marketed to kids that had each of its episodes simply the name of a basic color, and have the color involved heavily in the story. This is also a bit resembles the Three Colors Trilogy in its titling. I was trying to think of a first installment titled Yellow, which I was inspired to create the idea for this children’s horror anthology when reading the Madeline series book Madeline and the Old House in Paris, which has the color yellow heavily used in its art, and the story features a ghost, so it made me think of the Italian horror and mystery genre of giallo, which mean yellow in Italian. This would also branch out and evolve into creating my idea for The Thing in the Wall. I only made one slightly fleshed out story by recycling several items from a story idea called The Kiln Witch. The first installment would be this story, and it would be titled White. This story would have an unknown foreign country land of rusticated houses populated by tan to olive-colored country folk with black hair, and they are always attacked by children of a local kiln witch, who creates evil living pottery children from clay, especially porcelain, and also human and animal parts, and this porcelain looking children always focus on and attack the children of the country fold, either harming or murdering them. Eventually, a strange young girl, starving and weak, makes her way to the country area, black-haired, black-eyed, and as white as a person can possibly be, and she is taken in by one of the villagers out of pity, but all of the folk mainly hate her, inspire of her kind disposition, because they believe her created by the kiln witch, and this young girl being one of her evil porcelain children.
I thought to make this children’s horror anthology highly inspired by the illustration style of Madeline’s creator Ludwig Bemelmans, because I really like his colorful and somewhat messy art style, and plus these ideas were inspired by his grandson John Bemelmans Marciano’s last edition in the book series.
I thought to have the soundtrack for these children’s horror anthologies idea, if in a format needing a soundtrack, to have music like the Poltergeist Suite music that I made at the University of Utah, having instruments and sounds as if poltergeist were making music by using various random items around a house, including pipes, furnaces, jars, cans, and actual music instruments.

I mentioned an untraditional horror comedy television series titled Post-Mortem, which would be like a live-action series of Curb Your Enthusiasm, Tales from the Crypt, and Rick and Morty placed together, having a ghoulish immortal anthology horror host, who is an actual often somber ghoul, even in appearance, living as a normal person in Hollywood, along with other macabre and supernatural characters, and he dates mostly terrible women to stay immortal through coitus with them. The yet named character in this series would have light bluish-grey skin, slightly decayed and cracked in places, white hair, his nose cavity would be showing,

and the spaces around his eyes would be deep, dark, craters holding his eyes, which are like small, round, glowing stars in the sky set in his head instead. A point and advantage to having this show is the fact that it would borrow from other several live action films and their ideas, but especially their special effects, and the television series would use an extremely broad range of special effects and styles in making special effects, from stupid and simple to advanced practical and CGI effects, and also animation, trying to match its use in what would be the show's funny and dark humor referencing good and bad films, mainly horror films, and the show would basically work as a testing ground for future special effects use, often using several different special effects methods at once, likely even in the same shot.

I kept making alternate dimension cartoons, comic books, and comic book publishers for my novel Nanahee, but many seemed great as possibly actual series. Some cartoon characters that I made were: Lac and Caseus, which would be a generic cat and mouse cartoon series, but I started to use the name Caseus for the highly intelligent mouse in the video game idea Muscipula instead; Terrian the Terrian, which is a cartoon character that is from a mammal species that is a mix of a squirrel, a small monkey, and a bat, which his species of the terrian is considered to either exist or be a cryptid by locals and researchers, and those of his species are always attempted to be determined real by zoologist and biologists hunting for them; Professor Hugo Hugglesworth, who would be a dog physicist considered the smartest dog in the world, and his calculations and theories always involve dog related notions, items, and themes, such as bones, rawhides, toys, frisbees, walks, and dog food, and he claims the discovery of several new elements under his belt, including boneonium; Peachy Keen, which I wrote as both a cartoon and comic book character, and her first iteration was a cute little female cartoon peach person, but because of low comic book sales she was altered to be an attractive young woman good girl comic book character, who is still a peach, having peach flesh and leafy green hair, but she has the body of a young woman; Wally Washbear, who would be similar to an alternative dimension Bugs Bunny, but a raccoon, and his bit is that he is always in the wrong place at the wrong time, rummaging through peoples' garbage, such as him being around in a dumpster when a bunch of gangsters are trying to get rid of a body; Singleton Six Gun, who is a tough cartoon cowboy, both being cartoonish and comical, fighting bandits and evil-doers in the Wild West; Baby Squeals, who is a baby that doesn't communicate with anyone but his family's dog, their parrot, and their cat, and is featured on a cartoon cavalcade series titled Comedy Block Spill-Over; The Mousy Men, who are a group of tiny men, first depicted as actual human actors in mouse costumes, but later as cartoon characters, who speak in really high-pitched voices, and also sing songs in such a manner, and are an alternate dimension equivalent to Alvin and the Chipmunks; and Blotto, who is an alternate dimension equivalent to Mickey Mouse, and is a wall-eyed black dog, who was named because his body was completely black ink like an ink blot. I thought up comic book series that would exist in an alternative universe, such as: Advancements in Terror, which would a science fiction and horror hybrid comic book of future terrors; and Towering Fright, which would be a horror comic book with several horror hosts in it, and about five or six stories in each comic book issue, having medieval torture chamber characters, such as The Dungeon Keeper, The Shackled Prisoner, The Executioner, The Hang Man, and The Corpse. Sometimes I would make up back stories to the comic books, such as why certain issues are considered valuable collectors' items in this alternative universe. For example, issues of Halloween Comics, which were five cents in value, were meant to be handed out to children on Halloween, and so they would wind up all bent up and ruined when they were brought home after trick 'r treating, and a very important comic book artist had his start illustrating the comic book, and placed in a very important character as a prototype for another comic book series. A comic book titled Pure Grocer's 100 Pg. One Cent was made by a very large grocery store chain called Pure Grocer's, and the comic book was being sold at checkout stands, having stories that involved the store and products found there, but a mischievous artist placed lude inuendoes in it, along with hidden provocative imagery, resulting in many of the issues found and destroyed, and another famous and very popular comic book artist also worked on it, making the comic book issue extremely valuable as a collectors' item. One comic book maker of horror comic books first started out with a comic book titled Skull Comics, and they made another comic book titled Syringe Comics, and then right before the government placed in a strict code banning such comic books, this company was making a comic book titled Skull and Syringe Comics, placing their two titles together, and the first issue was going to show a child being haunted by a large floating skull above him, following him and vomiting up large amount of needs. The company made to ship the already published and printed comic book issues, but were informed that they were too late to do so, and had to hold onto the comics, destroying several of them, but kept a large

crate of them, that was sold off decades later to comic book collectors desiring to buy the very finite amount of copies, making the comic book very valuable to collectors. I started to make fictional comic book and cartoon companies in this universe, including their histories, such as P.S. Comics, Tetra-Chrome Comics, Lipstick Print Comics, and The Flipbook Company. Giving an example to one of their histories, P.S. Comics, which stands for Postage Stamp Comics, first started out asking children to send in drawings and written ideas for superheroes and crimefighters, and then worked what these children sent in to make professionally written and drawn comic books, that would always have a unique postage stamp in the comic book cover's corner, signifying the company as the one who made it. They eventually stopped asking for children to send in character and story ideas, but many of their most popular characters came from these children and their ideas, who they even listed as the creator, placing in their original concept drawing and written character idea in a small picture on one of the comic book's back pages, and later many of these children who assisted in creating these characters eventually started to try and successfully sue P.S. Comics, making it go out of business.
I even started to my fake comic book pedigrees, such as a few being The Bindlestiff Pedigree, which were a fine and mint small amount of comic books found in the letter satchel of a homeless man; The Bluebeard Pedigree, which was a huge amount of comic books, including magazines, collected by a World War II veteran since the 1940s, and this collector would not allow his wife and children into a locked storage room in their houses basement; and the Police Auction Pedigree, which were a large amount of verified authentic valuable comic books found in a notorious criminal's house, and in no way could they have been legally purchased, and police could not find any owners coming forward.

I made an idea for one fictional comic book pedigree called The Devil's Pedigree, and I decided that it would be better as a story idea for a horror film or comic book instead. This horror story would have an abandoned old brick property being bulldozed, and inside the house's center it is discovered that a shriveled-up mummified corpse of a young teenage boy, having his skull partly caved-in, is found bricked away in a small crawlspace. With this young teenage boy's corpse there is a crate that is filled with many highly valuable and mint horror comic books, each being actual horror comic book issues strictly from the earlier 1950s, except for an odd inclusion of a beat-up copy of Frankenstein Comics #1, which was published in 1945. On each of these comic books it was handwritten on their cover "The Devil's" with a pencil or pen, and this ownership mark is the sole item stopping them from being in completely new condition, as if taken right off the newsstand, except every one of the comics has the strong, potent, and terrible smell of death upon them from the boy's mummified corpse. The story is released about this discovery of the boy's body and the valuable comic books found with them. People immediately want to know what comic books were found with the corpse, and collectors already think to want to buy them. They start to release information about the happening, believing the boy probably stole literally every comic book that was with his corpse from local newsstands, and then he likely didn't even bother to read them, but still marked them his own, and investigators are trying to find who this boy was, who previously lived in the house, and if the boy still has any existing relatives. One of the main characters of the story would be an investigator trying to find who the boy was and why he was murdered. While this investigation is taking place, the comic books, now designated The Devil's Pedigree, are being graded and placed into plastic slabs, having those grading them feeling strange feelings while reviewing them, as if something strange and supernatural is happening around them, but they continue to complete their work. These comic books go up for auction, and with the fame of their story, they go for very high prices. This separates the various issues between many collectors. When the collectors have their graded and slabbed valuable comic books in their possession, they show them to friends or place them among their other valuable comic books. These collectors also start to have strange and supernatural things occurring. Eventually, one by one, these collectors start being murdered, having the murders attempt to bring the covers of the comic books that they collected into reality somehow. This happens to literally every collector, and the person who bought the cheap and beloved The Devil's Pedigree beat-up issue of Frankenstein Comics #1, him owning several other copies of it, because of his love for the comic book, this collector another important character in the film, is one of the only collectors claiming to not being haunted in anyway, at least yet. The investigator discovers that this young deceased boy belonged to a highly Christian family, and one of his last relatives is his sister, who claims that their now deceased parents would not allow them to have comic books, claiming they were "The Devil's" and found out that their son was constantly stealing them and sarcastically placing "The Devil's" on all there covers, which led to his parents accidentally going too far in their domestic physical abuse of him, and they murdered him, and then hid his body in their

family home, in the very crawlspace he was hiding the comic books, so to hide their crime. They would later tell people that the boy ran away from home, and the locals knowing the degenerate youth and being aware of his criminal behavior, believed the boy's parents that he would do such a thing as leave town unexpectedly.

I think that early DC Comics comic book covers were some of the best and funniest, and I love the ones that often have some bizarre or weird depiction on them of their characters, and them having a speech or thought bubble in them, often also stating something funny. I kept trying to come up with ones of my own, poorly painting them in a fun garbage manner. These found their way onto the collection of photos on my now locked Facebook account. One of them was called Rootin' Rabbit Mysteries, which I illustrated on a piece of paper that was splashed with various colors from my paint desk. I imagined that this comic book use to be just titled Rootin' Rabbit, but the comic books and their creators became so tapped for ideas that they turned the adventures of this cartoon rabbit into involving mysteries, and then even became tapped out of ideas after that, I started to add bizarre characters on it, such as one that I drew on the cover named Dipuc, which is Cupid backwards, and instead he inspires the opposite of level, which a maser can do quite thoroughly. Most Sheldon Moldoff's Batman and Detective Comics are very much like this, and some people dislike them, but the Sheldon Moldoff issues are some of my favorite comic books, because they are so ridiculous and funny in thought and story. There might be a mix of ironic love for them, but I genuinely also love the characters, how they look, and how off-the-wall the issues are, and I think they are just great. I think the serious and dark toned modern comic books, especially those involving characters that Moldoff even made, in no way are likable like those comic books, but there is slight ironic love for the modern-day comic books also.

I made a character called Crazy Amanda Sanders, who had two possible iterations in her use: the first was a popular and pretty classic good girl comic book character like Patsy Parker, having adventures both ordinary and bizarre, such as just going on a date in one story portion of a comic book, but then meeting aliens in another; the second iteration is she is a dangerous goth girl stalker interested in the occult that a man new from high school, who is now haunting him as a ghost. The second iteration I came up with first, thinking to make a better film than the horror comedy film Clinger (2015), and knowing more than anyone what it is like to be haunted be a dangerous person. I was visiting my nearby high school and wandering around while it was late in the evening, wanting to research how the building looked in recent years, and I came across a photograph of my whole entire senior class from 2001. This photograph of my senior class was taken with a camera that panned across the crowd, and I looked around at the people in it, and the girl that I was pursuing back them had had her head warped a bit because she moved during the photographed, and her head was lopsided. I laughed at this, and I thought that it would be good to eventually use this in a ghost story, thinking that this girl also sometimes happens to haunt me against my will, which might be true. I then started to develop a horror comedy film idea in my head that I first called Warped but also changed it to Crazy Amanda Sanders in my thoughts for a bit, but concluded Warped the better name. The film would have a man haunted to return to his high school, looking around as I did, and he comes across the photograph of Crazy Amanda Sanders in his senior high school photograph having her appearance heavily warped. I was modeling this female character in my head after two goth girl sisters that I went to junior high school and high school with, and two "crazy" girls that I also attended both those schools with that lived in my neighborhood, taking their two names and combining one of their first names with one of their surnames to form Amanda Sanders. This male character in Warped would be an ordinary guy, but an extreme goth girl kept pursuing him in high school, which he was not interested in her. After leaving high school, she disappeared, and most people believe that she just committed suicide. This man starts to feel really haunted a few years later, and keeps having weird visions of Crazy Amanda Sanders, and her doing strange and disturbing things like cutting herself to the thought of him to gain arousal. I didn't develop the story idea too much, but I know that he would seek help from a spirit channeler that informs his that he needs to find and destroy the shrine that Crazy Amanda Sanders made in celebration and devotion to him, because it is keeping her evil spirit attached to this world. The man then goes to Crazy Amanda Sanders families house, must deal with her weird family, they let him search around her room and the house, but he is unable to locate any shrine to him. He would later in the film remember that she liked to head into a drainage tunnel with bars poorly covering it those located in a stretch of field outside the town while back in high school, and he goes there, looks around the drainage tunnel, feeling real uneasy, and discovers that her rotted corpse is next to a shrine devoted to him surrounded by several mostly lit candles. That's the furthest I got in creating this story idea.

I wrote down a few long and funny names for story ideas based on things that I saw online. One was based off this "crazy" girl Amanda, because I use to be friends with her on Facebook, and she wrote a post that she was fired from her job at a local K-Mart shopping store for stealing around a thousand dollars from a cash register. I then wrote down the story title "Don't Be Surprised If the Police Come Around to Your Door Later". I pictured that this story would involve a girl exactly like her working at a local shopping store and doing very stupid things, including defecating her own pants at work as a joke, and, of course, eventually being found for stealing items from the store and stealing from the cash register. Another person that I went to high school with, who was straight edge, and I tried to start a metalcore band with once that resulted in a one-practice band, use to work at this shopping store that she stole from as an undercover store security officer, and I imagine a character in the story would be based on him also.

I wrote down a novel idea titled "A Critique of My Children's Thoughts", intending for the work to be wholesome, but then I thought that because of its name and the existence of maser instruments that the title and idea would be disturbing, especially with the thought of a parent thinking to survey their child's mind all the time in the future. I was in a Kohl's department store shopping for clothes, and a mother with two little girls walked by me, and the two little girls were fighting, and one of them hit the other, which caused the other when to yell, "Why are you hitting me? You're my favorite!" which I found very humorous. Thinking about it, I connected with an article that I read on Pitchfork about Fever Ray's self-titled album, explaining that many of Karin Dreijer's lyrics in the album are just random things that she wrote down after hearing her children say them. I then just imagined a mother doing the same in a comedy novel, hearing her children say strange things and acting weird with other people, and then critiquing the event in writing later.

My ex-girlfriend a had quote written on her Instagram that said, "Your mother and I are so proud of you!" and I read this, and I, considering it a possible quote from her homosexual father to her, then thought up a drama film story idea titled "Your Mother and I Are So Proud of You!" where a woman has a homosexual father that is very self-centered, and he literally only considers himself in most situations, and this woman does support homosexual rights, but realizes him a very inconsiderate person. She then commits a crime for homosexual rights, severely harming a man, which risks her getting placed in prison for a very long time, and this homosexual father keeps considering that she did it all for him.

I made a horror comedy romance film idea titled "You're Dead to Me!" which started out as a comedy segment, but then I evolved it to be film idea instead. This film would have a really cool guy living in a city where some people appear as dried-up, morbid, and rotted corpses wandering about, and it is actually him picturing these people dead, because they offended him in some way. For example, a next-door-neighbor little girl that he hates is shown using practical effects a rotted, dried-up corpse riding her tricycle around. Some of the baristas at the coffee shop that he frequents are also just dried-up corpses working behind the counter, shriveled and skinny, looking like they are just ancient flesh on skeletons. He dates women, but they usually start saying something awful to him during conversations while on a date with them often at restaurants, and they just keep speaking as the keep decomposing, even having wolves come in to eat their guts off the ground that spilled out their rotting bellies, and the results is them being a completely skinny and rotted corpse that is a skeleton wrapped in brittle dead flesh. He meets a girl that he really likes, but eventually learns she did something he really did not like, such as was unfaithful to him, and she slowly rots into a corpse, too. But, overtime, he realizes his feelings for her, and she is slowly resurrected back to life through brief encounters, conversations, and learning the errors of her ways.

I kept being inspired by a Utah filmmaker named Trent Harris to think up new film and story ideas. He has interesting and admittingly pretty bad films, but a few of them are interesting in the fact that as bad as they are in production quality, they are really good in ways. He made the film Rubin and Ed (1991), which was deemed on of the top worst films of the 1990s by several critics. He also began with a set of three short films titled The Beaver Trilogy, which I think should be in the Criterion Collection. The Beaver Trilogy is really amusing to me in the fact that it took a small event that occurred in reality where Trent Harris was working with the news and filmed a young man from Beaver, Utah, who was an Olivia Newton-John Impersonator named Groovin' Gary, and then made proceeding dramatizations of the film he recorded, with the first starring a yet famous Sean Penn who was paid only in Pizza, and a third with Crispin Glover, and placed a narrative in the two films where people were unaccepting of Groovin' Gary, or a character like him, when no one was even really in the audience of the first event that actually occurred and no one cared that he was dressing as Olivia Newton-John and onstage singing one of her songs. He has a film titled Plan 10 from Outer Space

(1995), which is a Utah independent film, and I like the film a lot, but he could have done so much better if he did not making the film reference and derivative to Ed Wood's Plan 9 from Outer Space (1957), and just made it a unique film in its story, in my opinion, but then a butterfly effect would have taken place, and the film would not have been made as it was. The reason he referenced Plan 9 from Outer Space is because it is a notoriously bad film, and after he made Ruben and Ed, which became a notoriously terrible, he decided to make back to Utah from California to just make another bad film, resulting in Plan 10 from Outer Space. This film involves a woman living in Utah, centered on the bizarre nature of the L.D.S. culture, and worried that many of her neighbors are aliens. The film brings up that the L.D.S. Church has had such beliefs that there is a planet closest to God in the universe named Kolob, which is an important item in the film, as many of the characters wish to go to Kolob or work on behalf of Kolob, and another more known fact is that they were all polygamists, and one of the main characters is an alien wife to Brigham Young. They also bring up that the L.D.S. people who made their way to Utah to live, also were attempting to create their own alphabet that did not take well, called the Deseret alphabet, which is used in the film. In Cardboard County, I was going to borrow this idea from him and sometimes use Deseret alphabet words or sentences just for fun in places. I don't remember if the film mentioned this or not, but they were also trying to communistic, supposedly, at first. I had the idea to make a remake of this film that was more of a horror comedy in tone and titled Kolob instead, stripping away all reference to Plan 9 from Outer Space, hopefully having a larger budget, and the film would have large amounts of L.D.S. members leaving the Earth to go to planet Kolob, which is a fantastical place in depiction, having the female protagonist follow them there as well.

He also has a group of films titled under The Wild Goose Chronicles, which are basically his travel videos edited and placed with a narration, and one is title "The Omar Question", which had him with his girlfriend, who was in the Peace Corps in Turkmenistan, wandering around towers of silence covered in human remains and bones, which is a tradition from the Zoroastrian religion. I then thought of a horror comedy film titled under the funny, unique, and bizarre title of Me and My Girlfriend Cheryl, which would have a character like Trent Harris with his girlfriend in Turkmenistan, both being in the Peace Corps, and they find some towers of silence littered with human bones. His girlfriend naively removes a few from the sight, and then they start to be haunted and attacked by a Nasu, a Zoroastrian fly demon woman of the deceased and decay, who has many demon followers attacking them also. This depiction of Nasu would have her dressed and cover with black garbs when she is in human form, while also having a belt of lined human bones around her waist, slightly resembling a female Islamist terrorist wearing a burka and strapped with a belt of dynamite. She would sometimes alter to the state of being a demonic human fly, blue in skin, and having red mesh bulging fly eyes coming out of the eye sockets of her human face. This film idea is where I started to develop the idea to make stories that we every bit of horror as they were romance.

I was going to throw in a short story segment to Common People that would again be a reenactment of the Beaver Trilogy where a University of Utah student news person is filming in the physics building at the university, which is the James Fletcher Building, and he comes across a woman named Jenny Callahan listening to Olivia Newton-John's "Physical" on a boombox and interviews her with stating that her name is Jammin' Jenny Callahan, A.K.A. "Olivia Nuetron Bomb", and she invites this student news person to watch a presentation that many of her fellow students are giving later. He goes to this presentation, and after a number of students give their presentations on the stage before a large group of people, Jammin' Jenny Callahan gives a presentation contradicting string theory, stating that is not likely, especially in the assessment by string theory that their many dimensions passed the third dimension, and she has an idea for something she calls "dimensional flex," which explains that all matter eventually reduces to a one dimensional line that is flexing in multiple directions to make it three dimensional. This simplifies what is to be considering happening on the smallest of levels of existence. After she gives this presentation, the student news reporter follows her to the side of the stage and a professor of physics begins chewing her out because of her presentation.

I kept making ideas for what I called hallucinogenic horror films, which would attempt to resemble the state of hallucinating in its visuals, trying to use practical effects, computer effects, odd filming, and strange editing techniques more than anything. The first would be a film titled Melting Cabin, and it would a very physically fit liberal man get in a bicycle accident that causes him a painful groin injury, and to heal from it he goes to his family's mountain cabin to rest their and self-medicate using various herbal drugs. While self-medicating he keeps looking out the windows of his family's cabin and seeing a botanical witch crawling around and seen within the forest vegetation outside, having her face even resemble plant materials. He also keeps viewing the

whole cabin as glowing and melting, almost like he was inside a lava lamp, which would be achieved through lighting and practical effects. The second hallucinogenic would be titled Blood Hypnosis, and it would be based off the Bernard Striegler zines of the same name. This would be very hypnotic and hallucinogenic vampire film where a woman lives in a horse farm with her parents, and she starts to have problems with very strange hallucinogenic dreams and waking happenings with vampires, which happens in the zine, and strange visuals from the zines would attempt to be portrayed on film, such as two cloaked and symmetrical vampire approaching from down the road, wobbling about in their physicality, mold into a giant demon bat that swiftly flies at her, the demon bat's face splits into two separate demons, and then the two demons mold back into one to create a very illuminated eyed kaleidoscopic head vampire. There would also be a scene that would involve a giant demon vampire bat about the size of an adult person hopping about on the ground stealthily to approach a horse on the farm, and then it pounces on the horse, violently grasping onto it and using it sharp fangs to draw large amounts of blood from horse, killing it. The third film would be horror comedy titled Nightmare Fuel. I had the idea to adapt Trevor Wallace's online videos into a cartoon series just titled Kyles, and each of the episodes would be titled after a fictional energy drink and have the fictional energy drink somehow involved in the episode, with episode titles like 'Splosion, Crime Lime, Buster Bomb, Big Roller, Killer Ice, Clown Fuel, Lemon Squish, Power Slam, and Shock Juice. The first episode of this would have the Kyles coincidentally meet at a grocery store on the Fourth of July, be there to buy energy drinks, discover that between the refrigerated display of energy drinks and the display of fireworks are cases of something that could either be an energy drink or a firework with 'Splosion as the products title, and they keep trying to figure out if its either an energy drink or fireworks, discussing it with each other and asking store employees who don't know either, and the cases of 'Splosion turn out to be both, having the inner center cans of the case be aerial fireworks, and then having the outer cans be very potent energy drinks. An episode in this animated series was going to be horror themed and titled Nightmare Fuel, and it would have cases of a supposedly wine-based energy drink purchased off the dark web titled Nightmare Fuel and having a depiction of a cluster of grapes on it with each grape being a skull, and when the Kyles receive the shady energy drink, having it delivered to them from some unknown person, they take out the case of energy drink, start drinking it, and then begin to violently hallucinate, altering, twisting, and warping everything they see around them to be nightmarish and awful looking. I thought to possibly just make this a standalone live action film instead titled Nightmare Fuel.

Because of this, I also thought to make an open 3D world comedy video game, which could either just as easily be a comedy film, animated cartoon, or a comic book, titled Guzzler that has a man living in a world where normal energy drinks that you can buy from the store actually give superpowers for a very brief time, such as the ability to have a body of fire and to breathe fire, and the can, if full or not finished, can be thrown to cause an explosion.

At the same time of coming up with the animated adaptation to Trevor Wallace's "Kyle" videos, I also thought to make an animated series based off KC Green's This Is Fine Dog, titled This Is Fine, and having the dog be the star of the animated series, and characters styled like him being involved also.

Another fictional comic book pedigree that I thought of was the Asteroid Comics Pedigree. This would be a very small but valuable collection of comic books that once belonged to a famous physicist who only collected them when he was a young teenager. This physicist also included a full comic book that he created himself when he was a young teenager but then was forced by his parents to focus on his education instead of spending his time illustrating and making comic books, and he also was forced to stop buying comic books also. This comic book he hand-illustrated using pencils, inks, and watercolor when he was around thirteen was fully complete, even having a cover and back page. The illustration quality to the comic book is a bit rough, but very well-made at the same time, and its roughness mainly comes from the fact that he hand-painted all the pages' colors with watercolor. The comic book is titled Asteroid Comics #1, and the story has two aliens travelling through space at the speed of light, not finding a spaceship necessary, but propelled by their own bodies, and they fight and attack each other. They fly towards the Earth, and because the aliens are moving at the speed of light, all the people on Earth are stilled in their places. These aliens, who only have concern with their battle between each other, are moving through people, buildings, and objects at the speed of light, bursting all of them into particles. The fight continues all over and inside of the world between the two aliens, and does not conclude in the comic book, but shows the aliens leaving the Earth to battle elsewhere. Time then stops following their battle narrative but then focuses on the time of the people on Earth, and

everything on Earth quickly explodes into pieces in due of the lightspeed battle between the two aliens. This comic book was discovered in the physicist's belongings after he died, along with a small collection of comic books, and the comic book that he made was later published just as it was under the title Asteroid Comics #1. I evolved this idea for this physicist and his work based off a few things in my childhood. One is that I was trying to make a comic book where aliens were fighting on asteroids in space, but was likely stopped at the cover, but I created some of the characters that would be in it, including an ooze man, who slimily stretches himself out. The second is that I had a friend in elementary school describe to me some now unknown book that he was reading where a young man was able to stop time, and when he stopped time, he was able to move so fast that he could bruise people by just touching them. I would later think of this, and correct the thought that if this person could make time standstill and still move as fast as he was, he would be moving the speed of light, and everything he touches, including what is beneath his feet, would be struck at the speed of light, smashing it to pieces, and him just falling thought the Earth. I would later create a thought that two aliens were fighting each other at the speed of light and causing these things to occur. Desiring to include the story in my novel Nanahee, I then thought to make a false history of the story's creation by an author in the alternative dimension it exists.

I made concept for a science fiction novel or film titled Shelly's. This film would agents from the FCC attempting to discover the culprits behind what they deem a prank where valuable broadcast time on television was hijacked briefly, showing partial commercials for non-existent products that framed an authentic looking television commercial for a non-existent fast food restaurant named Shelley's. This commercial showed happy ethnically diverse and healthy looking early twenties fast food workers working a location for the fictional restaurant Shelly's, advertising a deal on their said most famous product "lightning chicken," which is fried chicken that is said the have a jolt of heat and tang to it, and the commercial ends also advertising for their breakfast item the "crispoverette" and then showing Shelly's logo approached by a simply designed animated mascot egg-shaped chick wearing its broken shell like a diaper, walking with its little line bird legs and chirping. Whoever made the commercial put a lot of work into it, creating the restaurant's logo, its mascot, the inside of its restaurant, and even placing a separate mascot on its product "lightning chicken" with its box having a simple design of a cartoon lightning bolt on its side with rooster features, including the tip of the lightning bolt being a beak, a cock's comb is on its head, and, like the restaurant's main mascot, it again has a line bird legs that resemble the inside of a peace sign. The signal for this broadcast is tracked back to a large but humble city in Idaho, which would be fictional to the story. The FCC agents investigate around town, but they can't find any culprits, no one who seems to be the actors and actresses in the commercial, and they can't figure out how the strong broadcast signal was even released. After figuring everything a large mystery, they discover the strange and fantastical happening that multi-dimensional aliens, who are extremely tall, blue, strange, and monstrous looking, though mainly harmless themselves, but aggressive and hostile members of their alien race do exist and have their same abilities, were responsible for the broadcast, which was an authentic broadcast for a very popular restaurant named Shelly's not existing in our dimension, and when creating the wormhole to move to another dimension the broadcast signal escaped. These FCC agents get stuck travelling dimension to dimension because of the aliens, and Shelly's as a restaurant is heavily involved in even the later story, the FCC agents realizing the "lightning chicken" is one of the best things they ever had, with it causing an actual tingling and numbing sensation in a person's mouth, and sometimes Shelly's changes in name in other dimensions, such as the restaurant being titled Lightning Chicken instead, as the owners chose to name it after their best product in an another dimension. The tingling and numbing ingredient of the friend chicken dish is like that caused by Sichuan peppercorns. The dual owners of Shelley's are an African American man and a Chinese man who immigrated to the U.S.A., and they keep variating in appearance dimension to dimension, even becoming very alien-like themselves in different ways.

When I was working on Nanahee, I was trying to make several food dishes unique to their alternative dimension, including a dish called "apiara," which is honey bread spiced with strong hot peppers blended in it. There would have also been a heavily hot pepper-spiced soup dish called "bee sting soup." I got the name bee sting soup, because I used to go to a Vietname pho restaurant run out of a house on Main Street in Salt Lake City, and I would heavily spice the pho what I would get with every hot item, including the raw jalapeno slices, trying to make the liquid sting as much as possible. Many years later, in Chinatown on State Street, me and my family would go to a restaurant that was in back of all the other restaurants and by the Asian

supermarket in the complex, and the restaurant there was very authentic non-Americanized Chinese food, and we ordered many dishes, and one of them that my oldest sister and her husband ordered were cooked pig's ears that had the Sichuan peppercorns all over then, and I found their flavor really delicious, and the tingling and numbing sensation that they produced in the mouth very fun and appetizing. I tried to go there again recently, but they were either no longer located there, or they just no longer exist as a restaurant.

One of the reasons that I like to invent fictional fast food restaurants so much to use in my entertainment and story ideas is not only because it is fun to do so, but fast food restaurants are a large part of modern American culture, and they nothing but fit for being incorporated into stories about American culture.
I was even incorporating them into my concept ideas in my head for The Legend of Zelda: Hero of Modern, having a new cartoonish 3D world Link iteration wearing printed t-shirts and jeans in a still fantastical but also down-to-Earth small suburban town, wandering around at dusk near store parking lots and streets where billboards and several fictional fast food restaurants would be lined up, slightly resembling a main road in my hometown. People connected to me in my head would call this modern Link in my imagination "White Trash Link," and even say that if a game like that were released people would even call him "White Trash Link."

I have an idea for a verse novel titled Birdsongs and Larks of the Cerulean Warbler, which I wrote briefly about earlier. This verse novel would begin with an author and poet at his cabin located in a forested mountain area in the Appalachian Mountains. The author poet was gifted a tiny gag U.S. Civil War military saber letter opener that was created too small, but he naively thinks it still possible to use. He takes some letters that he received to the cabin with him, sits at a table outside of his cabin, starts to try to use the gag letter opener to open an important letter to him, and the gag saber letter opener, too tiny in his fingers, but having a very sharp blade, slips from his hand while opening the letter and cuts his thumb. An abnormally fat cerulean warbler was watching this all occur, and when the author poet goes back into his cabin to treat his thumb the cerulean warbler steals the gag letter opener in its claws, and flies away with it. The cerulean warbler than goes on a long series of adventures with the gag saber, first adventuring the mountains, forests, and park areas of the Appalachian Mountains in different states, communicating and fighting with other animals, also eating caterpillars and moths, but then finds its way to modern towns, cities, and suburbs, running into people and animals of different varieties. In a natural migration, the cerulean warbler takes the gag saber on a flight to the land borders of the Gulf of Mexico and then eventually spends the winter season in Colombia and the Andes Mountains where he has further adventures in the foreign locale, meeting people and communicating or fighting with the animals there. After winter, he migrates back to the Appalachian Mountains, breeds, and has baby birds with a female cerulean warbler.
I would base this cerulean warbler after Shakespeare's fat, round knight Falstaff. The whole novel would be in various forms of poetic verse, and the various bird life would sing in poetic verse lines over any other animal.
Released at my employment at Home Depot at this time, I was sitting at a local tire dealership in their waiting area and patiently waiting for them to put two new tires on my vehicle, and while this was occurring, I sat being made to half fell some criminal's terrible feelings at a wait table. A television coincidentally, but also purposely through those controlling me, had the television playing a program about a person's father who was possibly the Zodiac Killer, and it spoke of how this father of his had fingerprints with a scar on the thumb, and it made me think of the beginning of this proposed verse novel with its author poet having his thumb cut by the gag saber. I was made to think that some straight edge people that I went to high school were also connected to me while I sat at the table. Many of these straight people wound up with jobs working at autobody shops, especially tire locations, so to indicate it was my job to do what I was doing at the moment.

"Scars" by Davyn Andersen

The skin of history is marked with pain,
Akin to mystery and a hark to explain
The reasons for an obtained wound,
A story given in a proclaimed tune;
For a scar is attached to an identity,
Stepping far into the cause of serenity,

Asking questions gives it a reason to be
Personality multiplied diligently.

I have an idea to write a verse libretto for an epic comedy opera titled Euphony and Cacophony, which would be about a goddess of harmony named Euphony and her battle with a god of disharmony named Cacophony. The opera would be very comical as the portions of the opera involving the goddess Euphony would try to be as musically pleasing and pretty as possible, but then the parts involving the god Cacophony would be very buffoonish and ridiculous musically, played really stupid also, and hopefully induce much humor.

I have an idea for a surreal arthouse comedy action black and white film about a firefighter that is inspired by the films of Salvador Dali, Luis Buñuel, Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, and the Marx Brothers. I started to build this idea later while working at Home Depot, and I wasn't allowed to develop it much, but really liked the idea of it. I really like Harpo Marx and his involvement in the Marx Bros. films so its protagonist would partially be based on him, along with comedians that I just listed, but not exactly attempt to look like Harpo Marx. One of the only parts I thought up about this film would have him running around a burning building in firefighter gear, and a bunch of burning cats, depicted with fire drawn on the frames, would be running around the building and spreading the fire, so he quickly goes to an emergency fire extinguisher case, which contains a dachshund standing on its hind legs instead of a fire extinguisher, smashes the glass to open it, grabs the dachshund out of it, and then sics it on the fiery cats.
I had a thought to make an animated film adaptation of Salvador Dali's rejected Marx Bros. script that would imitate Salvador Dali's art style while also having cartoon caricatures of the Marx Bros. from their film posters being in the film and having professional voice actors imitate and play Groucho and Chico. This is still a good idea, but I also thought that maybe a modern and original film inspired by their works would be better and then use old fashion cameras and actual film to make the movie. I then came up with this idea. The reason I thought to make it a firefighter movie is because I like to compare my chihuahua dachshund mix to a bottle or small fire extinguisher of a dog, so I one day saw some cats running around my yard and making noise, so I imagined using my chihuahua dachshund mix to put out their heated attacks towards each other. I first thought to adapt this as a cartoon but then thought it would better as a surreal film. I really like the Salvador Dali and Luis Buñuel film Un chien andalou (An Adalusian Dog) (1929), which helped inspire this film idea also. Buster Keaton's The General (1926), Seven Chances (1929), and Steamboat Bill, Jr (1928) are also really admired film of mine, with each being both very comedic and extremely action-packed, having Buster Keaton perform many imaginative and dangerous stunts. Harold Lloyd's Safety Last! (1923) is also a great comedy film with action in it, having its famous building climbing scene resemble something that would be involved in a film story about a firefighter. The Marx Bros. film Duck Soup (1933) is another great film in my opinion, having its very funny political satire. I also like all of Maya Deren's short films, which are all silent and very surreal in quality.
Even before I was able to add more concepts, notions, and ideas to this film idea, someone started to alter the film in my head to resemble a film that is like a mix of The Jerk (1979), Pee Wee's Big Adventure (1985), and Backdraft (1991), as if the film should be made to better fit what they were thinking instead, or as if what I was making would have been a film already made in the past, and this would be a modern day remake of that film. They started to build more ideas on it, and I started to build a few of them also, not worried that it was their vision of it instead. Together we started to create this surreal firefighter film to have the firefighter be so skilled and knowledgeable at his firefighting job and the ways of water that he sleeps in a pool of water in his bedroom with his mermaid wife, using a snorkel to breath underwater, and his house is full of flowing water and aquariums of fish. He looks outside and discovers that it rained heavily, leaving many puddles, and he takes his favorite pet goldfish, which would be depicted in stop motion, on a leashed walk because it rained, and the fish is able to move about the gutter water and leap puddle to puddle. He walks extremely long distances with this fish following along him on sidewalks and it is moving through the gutters and jumping to puddles. This happens even into very barren industrial areas. While he goes on this walk, he arrives to a distant suburban neighborhood, and he comes across a house on fire with waving orange gold and yellow tinsel all over the house and its windows used to depict the house is on fire. The main character, a firefighter on his day off, goes up to a head firefighter outside the burning house and by their firetruck and he asks him, "How you guys going to handle this one?" The head firefighter of this squad then says, "Don't worry we have this handled. Just sit back and don't get in the way." Two firefighters get out of the firetruck, carrying with

them suits made of pure fireworks, especially belts of red firecrackers strapped together, while also having Catherine wheels strapped to the shoulders, knees, and back of the firework suits, set on plastic pins that are sticking out. The main character says, “I don’t get it. What are you guys doing?” The head firefighter says, “This is a new protocol that we got. You need to fight fire with fire.” The main character with his leashed fish says, “That’s the stupidest thing that I’ve ever heard.” The head firefighter gives him the evil eye, but then says, “We know what we’re doing. Things are going to work out for the best.” The main character just gives him a look of skepticism. The firefighters are ready in their firework suits, and the head firefighter tells them, “Okay, boys! Get in that fire and let it have it!” They then rush into the house’s open front door, the main character and the head firefighter sit and stare at the front door a moment, and then firecracker bursts start going off, and the firefighters inside the house start screaming, and rush and fall out the front door, bursting with firecrackers going off all over them and the Catherine wheels set off and spinning, and both of them sit on the ground screaming in pain. The main character says, “YOU IDIOTS!” disgusted at what just happened. The head firefighter says, “Hey, a—hole! Don’t criticize how I do my job!” The main character replies, “You shouldn’t even have jobs with this stuff going on!” “Hey, are you a firefighter?!” asks the head firefighter. “In fact, I am!” replies the main character. “What unit?!” asks the head firefighter. “UNIT 888!” replies the main character. The head firefighter gets wide-eyed and surprised. “You’re John Johnny Doewater! A.K.A. – J.J. Firekiller!” “That I am,” says the main character. “People in every firefighter unit worldwide say you’re basically a serial killer to fires!” says the head firefighter. “People say nothing but strange things these days,” he says. “Perhaps you can help us out with this fire then?” the head firefighter asks. “I can’t!” he says while beginning to walk away, “My pet goldfish needs to get back home… And… It’s my day off! …You’re firefighters, not fireworkers, so figure it out!” watching his leashed goldfish moving alongside him in the gutter as he strolls down the street. The head firefighter to this unit looks confused as he watches him head down the sidewalk.

There would be a later part in the film where a firefighter briefing is taking place at the firehouse that the main character works at, and an old weathered firefighter, haggard in his face, explains that a character that goes by the name Loki has literally set the whole East Coast of the U.S.A. on fire, while showing satellite imagery that shows it to be true. As he explains this, the film cuts to Loki in his apartment with the old, weathered firefighter explaining the character in a voice over, and everything he is saying seems like an over-the-top exaggeration about the character, but what he is saying in a very grave and serious voice is actually literal, and Loki is exact to what the old, weathered firefighter describes him: “He has blazing red hair. His eyes are burning stars, and his stare can start a fire. He takes showers in boiling crude oil. His shampoo is gasoline, and his soap is a block of C4 explosive. The towel that he dries himself off with after getting out of the shower is made of dried kindling. His clothes are made from the skin of mythical salamanders, so they do not burn up. He eats napalm and gunpowder for breakfast, and he washes it down with kerosene…” Somewhere after the briefing, it is told to the firefighters that the best way to stop a fire in a pinch is to attempt to blast freezing cold air to combine it with the burning hot air of the fire in order to cause a small controlled tornado that will have winds eradicating the fire fully, but unfortunately this will also destroy the whole room and then some in which it is created. This is, of course, foreshadowing for the method to be used later in the film. It is thoroughly warned to only use this tactic in the most crucial of circumstances.

A title for the film ideas could be The Fire-Eaters.

The film can use multiple forms of film making cameras, mediums, and techniques, giving it a very chaotic and dreamlike style, such as using vintage black and white film cameras for one scene, even silent film cameras and creating silent film era brand film to do so, then 8mm and home movie brand film cameras, and then high-quality modern digital cameras can be used for another scene. A point of the film would be to make everything visually fun to view and to make. I really love the film Un homme et une femme (1966), and how it switches from black and white to color freely, but this would take that concept of switching film styles to a ridiculous degree, altering the film mediums completely scene by scene, changing what is used in film size and camera, and the types of film.

The concept of walking a pet goldfish by leash came from a dream that I once had where I was doing just that after it rained in an industrial area next to the FedEx Freight call center that I use to work.

I had an idea for my novel Nanahee, which was a poetry novel within the novel titled The Star of the Arsonist, which was a mix of prose poetry and verse poetry basically being used at once in the same lines of text. I was writing it in a small red notebook with an illustrated trout on it but was made to throw it away. I do not remember too many lines of it, but I remember a line being: “Life: a sea of candles washed to shore…” This

first portion that I was writing was intended to be the main character of The Star of the Arsonist writing to himself, and he would be a very amoral general who is an arsonist desiring to one day turn a whole city ablaze and into a flaming pile of rubble. The story would have him evilly strategize to purposely allow enemy armies into one of his country's large border cities to occupy it, not defending it and even leaving all of his countries civilians in it, and unknown to these civilians and the invading army the general has rigged the whole city to both explode and light a blaze, so to kill both the civilians and the invading armies all at once.

"Smoke" by Davyn Andersen

Screen of a red Sun, white, grey, or black,
Climbing from fires so the sky may lack,
Held with pillars is a distorted vault,
Everyone knows that the flames are at fault.
Towers built on burning trees and plants
Destroy that which surrounds with chance:
Billows of carbon create a large mess,
Devouring the all-encompassing without rest.

"The Firework Stand" by Davyn Andersen

Beauty on the corner at late evening time,
When its glowing white lights brighten stock,
There is the firework stand and its business sign
Sitting on the edge of the store's parking lot,
Merchants of the summertime selling fireworks—
They welcome the interest of a buyer crowd—
Behind the counter are the friendly clerks
Before shelves of all the legal fireworks allowed.
The dusk cools the air with the setting Sun,
As the customers look at and buy the wares.
Parents and children get the items of future fun:
Pyrotechnics of many kinds and plenty of awing airs.

When I was coming up with and writing The Star of the Arsonist, I gained its title from the hardcore bands Catharsis' song "Arsonist's Prayer" and Converge's song "Love as Arson", because I wanted a similar title to theirs, as I really like both those songs, and then I started to build an idea from there, while also wanting to make something similar to The Iliad, The Odyssey, and The Aeneid, and the legend of the Trojan horse. I then thought to make a story where an arsonist military leader performs a military tactic as inventive as the Trojan horse, but also very vile in its method. I was also likely inspired by the happenings and conspiracies surrounding George W. Bush and 9/11. Since the military leader arsonist main character desires to set a whole entire large city on fire, I thought the brightest star he desired to see was this burning city. Another line that I remember placing in the beginning poem I was writing went something along the lines of: "All cities mock stars, whether from the light of industry or the blaze of a large fire."

I took a course in meditation while I was at the Salt Lake Community College, and I was made to keep a meditation journal to turn in at the end of the semester. I made to write all my journal entirely in prose poetry, and in many I would leave subtext notations that I was being attacked by maser instruments and people talking to me in my head and bullying me, and I made to insult them in a graceful manner. Here are a few:

Sept. 3rd, 2014

During my meditation today, I imagined that I was reduced down to only my soul: a perfect and pure orb centered and floating, as something real but not of physical entity. —It stood removed from all the flaws and disturbing qualities that belong with the ownership of my living body. I saw my brain for a dead seagull

whose stomach had been ruptured by plastic pollutants, such as bottle caps and washers, which it had swallowed from the ocean. I once viewed the bird in a photograph where its marred wings framed its broken belly. I realized how symbolic the dead creature's cause of death was, for I realized how much I desired not to be polluted as well, both physically and mentally by something above me.

Sept. 10th, 2014

In the flow of my imagination while meditating, I combatted many unpleasantries. I felt troubled by some mocking nature that saw all things corruptible and free to harm and soil each item that it set forth. I pictured the entity a people who were composed of material wastes: their lungs, unlike my actual lungs, were comprised of discarded Styrofoam plates that ripped and crackled with every inhalation; their stomachs were trash bags bloated with broken bike tubes, plastic bags that retained gutter water and rotting produce; and their brains were sponges encrusted by shredded magazine clippings. I attempted to reduce this uninvited corruption in my mind to the simple and pure image of an apple tree, extending from a patch of grass towards a summer sky, which I admit is a too clichéd picture of serenity, but better than the other pictures that stole of my creativity.

Oct. 1st, 2014

A constant drone while I was meditating inspired my mind to recall the silence of space. I pictured our galaxy as the equivalent of a phonographic record: all musical things existed away from its center where everything scrolled inward and fatally ended.

Oct. 6th, 2014

Challenged to find and repeat my own mantra today, my ideas first seemed unappealing. I then remembered a sentence that I wrote a while ago to begin a short story. The story was about a small creature that ate the thoughts of others. I realized that it was being written too complex for a children's story and scrapped it. The sentence that I created was: "Imagining is the act of creation, remembering is the act of discovering that which exists, and forgetting is the act of not existing." I was happy that I remembered it, and that it still existed.

Oct. 8th, 2014

While listening to the music in today's class, my sense of hearing focalized on the predictable and cycling drum beat in the song. It reminded me of the flowing, almost cardial, sounds produced by the rolling of a train. I saw myself as a passenger in one of the cars of the segmented vehicle. I sat by an uncurtained window that showed stainless and uncorrupted while permitting the pre-vespertine light of a descending summer Sun through it perfected surface. A glass of water rested on a tray before me, having its liquid contents tide against its cylindrical sides. The Sun also found, embodied, and left the glass of water, during which the nature of its rays bent and became a near candle flame shape reflected upon the flat of the table. The musical rhythm of the train perpetuated inside the car as a comforting and warm drone, mimicking the circumstance of a yet born infant listening to its mother's heart while nested within her womb. —I then recalled some information that I had read in a physics book regarding the steel wheels on a train each coupled to correct the other during their existence due to the laws of centripetal force, and I chose it for myself as a proper symbol for the eternal struggle for melody and equality.

Oct. 20th, 2014

Today, as my eyes looked upon the ceiling, I centered on the square-shaped light fixture above. I juxtaposed the view before me with the countless lights in the city of Las Vega. I pictured an out of city gambler striving form the dark, lifeless, desert night in an unreliable automobile forward toward the carnival of electrified glass balloons that encrusts each structure of the shining city. —I then juxtaposed this scene with the actions of a moth batting its scaley green wings from an equal darkness towards and illuminated porch light. —Returning to the city of Las Vegas, the gambler arrives and enters the casino. —The moth reaches its lamp. —The

gambler stays too long and loses too much money. —The moth gets too close to the porch light and singes its wings, damaging them from proper flight. Smoke clouds off from the ember tips of its furthest wings, as it poorly flutters away from the light that seduced it. —The gambler is escorted from the casino, and while intoxicated from the free refreshments, stumbles through the city streets, billowing clouds of cigarette smoke behind him.

Oct. 27th, 2014

I pictured myself a fictional version of me walking on a fall morning through the concrete paths of the college campus. An incandescent Sun crowned the patches of towering clouds whose stained grey bellies face the Earth. Imagined circumstances had turned the universe soundless, and each of my steps upon the dry and fallen autumn leaves were mute. In a desire to once again hear sound, the unreal me remembered an occurrence that never happened to either of us: Inebriated while watching a performer play the glass harmonica using wine goblets, my false-self slumps down in his top back row seat in a small theater and accidentally drops a large next-to-empty liquor bottle. The fragile cylinder doesn't break but rolls beneath the seats of his fellow attendants, causing a great disturbance, although it doesn't motivate the man on the stage to stop performing. The two glassy sounds —dissimilar by one owning harmony— coalesces with the disruptive movement and questioning of the audience. Accusative eyes find my fake-self embarrassed in my seat at the back of the theater.

Nov. 11th, 2014

The last two days during class, I have felt very unoriginal while trying to use my imagination. I thought the ideas didn't belong to me but were the craft of some person poor of any unique quality other than their terrible aesthetic opinion about what is beautiful and meaningful. A person that's hideous at developing an important thought. So, instead, I searched for the most serene environment that I could imagine myself in. I found the memory of a winter's night in which snow slowly drifted downward through the disbursement of artificial lights that remained spaced throughout my neighborhood—each emanating from the porches and lamp posts in my surroundings.
—It is a calming thought that I would like to use more often.

These were just some of them, and most of them I attempted to turn into full story ideas or moments in a larger story.

I have an idea for an experimental novel that combines both prose poetry and verse poetry together titled The Better of Eggy's Letters. I have been interested in calligraphy since I was a child, even taking classes on it at the local Pioneer Craft House, and this novel would be about a professional calligrapher who likes to write random and considered harmless love notes to women that are poetic, not expecting anything from them to occur after, and he mostly finds these women as patrons at diners and restaurants he frequents, or female workers at a diner or restaurant he most often does not intend to return to. The only actual sexual and erotic poetic love notes he gives to a married woman that he was intimate with before, and he gets in trouble with the law because of it. One of the calligrapher's favorite set of words to write in his own unique style of cursive, as if it were a title itself with capitalization all the way through, is "O! You'll See the Better of Eggy's Letters", which he sometimes shortens to "The Better of Eggy's Letters". The first line that he writes out contains mostly each of his favorite capitalized letters to write in cursive and he really loves consonants arranged close to each other that either loop upward or hang down, so he finds the words "letter" and "better" very appealing to write, and the words "eggy" and "leggy." He also really loves to create breaks in the cursive with apostrophes, so he loves to write the word "you'll" and "we'll" or just names with an apostrophe and lowercase s divided from it to show it possessive. He also really loves to write the names of women. Because he likes to create the apostrophe breaks, and he loves to write a capital E so much, he long ago made the name Eggy, and often likes to write it in the manner to show possession, "Eggy's," so he began to use this as a name for himself when writing, especially as a signature when leaving random poetic love notes to women, and he also does this to the married woman he actually loves, but instead gives erotic and sexual poems to her instead, unlike the other women. When he begins to leave this married woman the erotic and poetic love

notes, he leaves them in her mailbox himself, and he eventually gets arrested for stalking. Coincidentally, when he is in court, the judge even uses the sentence, "…These are some of the better of Eggy's letters."
I was intending for this novel to have a surrealistic and dreamlike quality to it, and it would be highly inspired by Fernando Pessoa's *The Book of Disquiet* and the prose poetry of the work, while also involving large amounts of moments of various styles of verse poetry, so to make it an experimental combination of prose and verse poetry occurring constantly throughout a novel. As an experimental work though, I'm not even certain how it would turn out. Prose poetry is one of my favorite styles of writing and plays written in verse is another favorite form of literature of mine.
In jail, I already came up with the concept for this novel, even having a file in my flash drive dating back to 2019 under the title Eggy's Letters with a description, and someone made me to think of my novel idea while I was in jail, and then an extremely bald and round headed jail guard arrived in my pod area with a large amount of scratches on his face and head likely from a jail inmate producing them, appearing to be an egg-head who had a woman get angry at him and scratch him up instead, leaving notations to my character of Eggy in the story being attacked by an offended woman. My story idea evolved from me giving out such notes to women before, as I wrote about me doing so in Iceland.
There was an attractive young blonde female cashier at the Barnes and Noble that I use to frequent at the Gateway Mall, and when I first saw her there, I was with a friend who was getting his eyeglasses repaired at a store there. We were going to see a film at the theater there while he was waiting for his glasses. We went into the Barnes and Noble first, and when I got a book at the cash register, I noticed how pretty this cashier was and then we left. When we went and saw the movie, which I in no way remember, I was thinking of this woman working at the Barnes and Noble cash register the whole time. After the film, while my friend was getting his glasses, I went over to the Barnes and Noble and asked the cashier out, but she rejected me saying that she had a boyfriend. I said, "It was worth a shot!" and then walked off. Some weeks later, I sat writing a love note to her for about two hours, walked down to the Barnes and Nobles from the Avenues, and then, as I gave her the love note, a change in mood happened, and I said out loud, even her hearing it, "This is weird!" And after giving her the note in her hand walked off. I would still go to the Barnes and Noble afterwards, and she would most definitely recognize me, but not say anything other than possibly, "Hi!" I told one of my closest friends while we were at the Barnes and Noble once, after he purchased a book from this cashier, about how I asked that female cashier out. He said, "That woman's pretty out of your league!" The last time that I saw this woman cashier, I was in the Harmons on State Street, and she passed by me holding hands with her boyfriend, and he was a younger man wearing a suit and tie far too big for himself.

When I was young, my mother would teach quilting at the Pioneer Craft House, and I would sit in an empty meeting room filled with foldable chairs in rows and bring with me a Utah Jazz hat filled with toys, which were all M.U.S.C.L.E.S. for the most part. I later thought of this, and arrived to the conclusion that this would make a good horror story moment that would involve a child doing the same as I was back then, but then he realizes that the large, tall meeting room that he is playing in has a black-dressed beyond hideous witch as tall as the ceiling and filling the entire corner of the room watching him, and causing the boy an extreme amount of fright.

I had an idea for a verse play that would either try to imitate Shakespeare's poetic style, and it being titled A Shaded Place to Rest, writing it in iambic pentameter, but it could also have a unique writing style to it instead. The work was going to be inspired by the beginning of Romeo and Juliet in the fact that the play's introduction even states what is going to occur by the end of the play. This play would also be inspired by Ingmar Bergman's The Seventh Seal (1957), and Death personified would be both a character and narrator in the play, plainly noting at the very start of the story to the audience that he will be escorting literally the entirety of the characters involved in the play into the afterlife with him.

I had another idea for a Shakespearean play written in iambic pentameter titled Queen Mab, and this play would follow the workings and relationships between average-sized people, but then the other half of the play would involve a tiny fairy queen named Queen Mab and her atomies communicating and working magic together as small creatures, with the play using props to show themselves small, such as a large feather used to writer along with an inkwell.

When I was working in the FedEx Freight call center, I came up with an idea for a Batman short series that I would title The Poems of Rolling Graves, which would have the dialogue boxes written in verse poetry, and then each of the characters in the story would speak in their speech and thought bubbles a unique style of poetry by a famous poet, so, for example, Batman would speak in Shakespearean verse, Catwoman would speak in verse similar to Emily Dickinson, and The Joker would imitate Goethe in his verse. I was going to make the story involve an inmate to a mental institution, not exactly Arkham Asylum, who escaped and began seeking vengeance on others, leaving poems written in the areas next to his victims, and then signing them with the name Rolling Graves. I loved the title The Poems of Rolling Graves so much over the years that I have thought to make it many other things, such as simply a poetry collection with the title, but I also evolved it in my mind to a story idea like what I just described, but this story would be slightly more inspired by V for Vendetta. This story would have an escaped mental patient leave a verse poem on the wall of his cell signed Rolling Graves, and then events would occur after where highly powerful politicians and political figures would end up being murdered by this escaped inmate as Rolling Graves, who has now found himself masked and cloaked when seeking vengeance, and each murder always has a new verse poem written around the body signed Rolling Graves also. In the end, this patient of a mental institution would just be being used as a patsy, and most of the city desired to murder off the crooked politicians and organized criminals harming and oppressing their life, safely under the guise that it was one deranged man acting on his own. Many of their numbers would then be shown to all have acted to be Rolling Graves dressed in a mask and cloak.
I evolved the idea of a Batman comic book incorporating poetry to now be either a verse play in a comic book format written to imitate Shakespeare involving Batman characters, or else all the Batman characters can be stripped of it, and it would be an original Shakespearean style play or a play written in an original form of verse titled The Maskers of King's Forest. This story would have Bruce Wayne a knight in a city of Gotham whose thieves, bandits, and fairies have run amuck, and Bruce Wayne's family is murdered by the thieves within a local forest, but his duke will not allow him to go into the forest to seek vengeance on the thieves. To disobey the duke's orders without being caught, Bruce then decided to go there with him and his squire Dick Grayson dressed in masks and costumes: Bruce's mask would be more literal in its resemblance to a bat, and Dick would have his mask more resemblant to an actual Robin. They go to this dangerous forest of thieves and fight several of the thieves there while also running into several antagonistic fairies, who are led by their fairy queen Poison Ivy. They discover the duke's closest fool, simply known as The Joker, is in league with these thieves and fairies, and they have usurped the position of immediate guards and servants to the duke, extorting and controlling him in everything that he says and does, which is largely the reason Bruce was disallowed to go the forest himself to seek vengeance. Bruce and his squire Dick, now dubbed The Batman and The Robin, then must figure a method to safely remove the thieves and fairies who are holding the duke and his family, and to defeat their fool leader The Joker.

Before the film Shazam (2019) came out and its trailer, I read about the announcement of the film, and I started to picture my own version of the film in my head. Shazam used to be owned by Fawcett Comics, and the character use to be titled Captain Marvel, and there were many different comic books based on the character Captain Marvel and their spinoff characters Captain Marvel Jr. and Mary Marvel. It was claimed by DC Comics that Captain Marvel was a rip-off of Super Man, although Captain Marvel had the ability to fly before Super Man, and the character Billy Batson being able to say the magic words "Shazam!" to turn from a child into the powerful adult-bodied Captain Marvel was pretty original, and DC Comics successfully sued Fawcett Comics, eventually causing the publisher to go under. DC Comics would later claim the characters from the Fawcett Comics publications as their own and retitle Captain Marvel as Shazam. I was looking and reading through many of these old and public domain comic books based on the Captain Marvel characters, which were released around the 1940s before the release of the trailer for the 2019 Shazam film, and I developed a story in my head where Billy Batson as an orphan living in the 1940's and having a job with a radio station, coincidentally meets the wizard Shazam while taking an unknown subway track, who gives him his powers to turn into Captain Marvel. He would then start using them to battle Doctor Sivana, who would be using mechanical inventions to cause trouble, wind up saving the life of his friend Freddy Freeman after being injured by Dr. Sivana, having Billy Batson transferring some of his powers to Freddy, so to heal his wounds and give him the ability to became Captain Marvel Jr., and then Billy also finds out another character Mary is his biological sister, and like a friendly and carefree child he would give some of his superpower abilities to his sister to allow her to become Mary Marvel in a very simple procedure and manner of him just

easily channeling them to her in an instance. When the 2019 film trailer was released, of course, it was nothing like this.
Upon seeing the trailer, I wrote down my concepts for what I imagined the film to had possibly been like, and I thought it possible to recycle the materials. I then came up with a comic book or film titled The Take-Backs. This story would involve a young child at a higher grade in elementary school receiving a vast amount of superpowers, making him an extremely powerful person and crime fighter, able to even take on evil beings and aliens of all sorts, but one day, in his childish, carefree, and naïve manner, his fellow elementary school classmates ask him during recess if they can have some of his superpowers, and he starts distributing certain superpower abilities to each of his friends and fellow classmates in a very easily done procedure of him just channeling the single power to them in a matter of a small moment. The only thing the child leaves for himself is his super strength. His friends are happy and start to use them around the school recess area, but then the school bells rings and they must go back in for recess. Later that night, at home and at the dinner table, the child tells his parents what he did, and they reprimand him for just giving his powers away so easily. They then tell him to get them back. He goes to get them back the next day, but it turns out all of his friends and classmates were extremely irresponsible with the powers he gave them, and they are now acting villainous with them and stubborn and not wanting to give them back, so the child ends up in a fight with all of them to steal his powers back.
There's also a Fawcett Comics villain character to Captain Marvel that I love named Mr. Mind, who is a tiny cartoon Venusian worm that can control the minds of others, and he first appears in a comic book serial in Captain Marvel Adventures titled Monster Society of Evil. I even went out of my way to buy both a slabbed 8.0 graded Captain Marvel Adventures #26, which is Mr. Minds first appearance, although it is only brief, and a lower quality copy of Captain Marvel Adventures #27. I had an idea for a comedy comic book that would focus on Mr. Mind and be titled either Monster Society of Evil or Monster Society, and it would try to have many comic book publishers and companies allow the use of their villain characters in a crossover fashion, and these villains would be led by the tiny, glasses wearing, cartoon worm Mr. Mind with a speaker radio around its body, controlling them with his mind, and him trying to use these famous comic book villains to inflict evil upon the world.

I have an idea for a comic book or film titled Mouth-Breathers. This comic book or film would have a nerdy, dorky, and physically unfit group of junior high school kids, called by a few bullies at their school the Mouth-Breathers, who all gain the power of super strength, but it doesn't alter their appearance, so they are a group of scrawny to fat kids fighting hoodlums, criminals, and fantastical enemies, such as large aliens and robots, while also having very little coordination, sports abilities, and combat skills. The film would have many moments of discoordinated and awkward super powered fights in it, resembling the famous Star Wars Kid video, having the members of the superhero squad the Mouth-Breathers being battered by broom sticks, clubs, and bats, with them breaking off their steel-like bodies and not harming them in anyway. They would also be shown constantly throwing enemies around, including picking up giant robots, despite some just being the size and scrawniness of the character Jake Berman in the Little Giants (1994), but older.

I was made to give a presentation of a specialty that I had in one of my courses at the Salt Lake Community College, so I created a presentation on designing a cartoon character. I then came up with a superhero cartoon cat named Potato, who I drew in detailed steps for the presentation. I kept drawing a bushy-tailed, billowy, white long-haired Persian cat character that I was titling Zoozanina the Humming Cat, but I wanted to use the name Zoozanina for another character, so I started to make a completely different character of the cat named Potato. This cat was likely inspired from the white long-haired Persian ghost cat from the film Hausu (1977). For some reason, I decided to draw this cat as a superhero for the presentation, possibly because I didn't want someone stealing my idea for drawing my original cat, so I designed it not in its original look. I then also named the superpowered cat Potato after the Japanese retro video game store Super Potato, which I visited several times when I was in Japan. Afterwards, I got inspired by the fact that I drew the cat as a superhero, and I came up with a backstory that the cat is a lazy cat who was sleeping on a video game console that a son to the family that owns him was playing during a lightning storm, and then lightning struck his house, imbuing the cat with superpowers, now being a very short and costumed anthropomorphic cat, but he is still just an ordinary cat in mentality. The child is resentful that his cat Potato received the superpowers instead but still tries to vicariously live as a superpowered crime fighter through the cat, dragging Potato to situations where

evil villains are attacking, and then attempting to set the lazy superpowered cat on the villains with much difficulty. The cat, in his superpowered state, has only learned to say one thing, which is his name boldly said in a masculine superhero voice: "PO-TA-TO!" I then thought that this could be anywhere from a comic book, a video game, a tokusatsu show, to an animated television show or film titled Potato, or spaced out in pronunciation as PO-TA-TO!

"Cat" by Davyn Andersen

Creature of turning apathy and concern,
With slit eyes that see and learn
And choose to acknowledge or ignore—
Surprised, but then made bored—
Has its whiskers, claws, and tail;
It is nimble, thin-framed, and frail;
It moves lightly and like a feather,
Wrapped in fur to keep it together.
Familiar that is cold, but then warm,
Can be aggressive, friendly, or forlorn,
Decides its behavior for the time
With its ever-changing moods and mind:
Always a temper of its natural ego;
Forever the animal that we know.

Before I took a degree at the Salt Lake Community College, I would take some courses capriciously over several years. I took about two nude anatomy drawings, a course on the history of painting, a French course, and a course on children's literature. I paid each of these upfront with money. The first nude study course I dropped out of, because I was not interested in school suddenly, but, since I had people with maser instruments connected to me for years, they might have worried of my reactions and non-reactions to nude models of both genders not producing what they desired for my mind and body to produce, showing innate criminality in some people. Before leaving this course, which my mother would be really upset at me for doing, because she paid for it, and this was directly after high school, I would draw a very interesting full page comic strip that was very unruly and interesting, inspired by German expressionism and abstract painting. The design of this comic would have random square boxes with jagged lines that would produce misshapen frames, and the characters in it, which included me, my nude studies professor, and an alternative goth person who worked at a nearby CD exchange who was taking the course also, and I would not adhere to how a character needed to continuously appear in each panel. The comic would have me get upset that the alternative goth person was in the class with me and complain that what was being taught was something I already understood and was unimportant. I had recently tried to apply for a job at the nearby CD exchange, knowing and interested much in music, especially as I was constantly in their buying mostly hardcore music CDs, and they denied me the job and gave it to this alternative goth person instead. Years later, I would take this course again to make up for it, and I would complete the entire course with a good grade, having female and male models in their adult years arrive at the classroom to model. One model was extremely pretty, having red hair and attractive body, with her arriving there on her bicycle. Although this model was attractive, there was a younger adult female student taking the course also that I would always make certain to sit by every class. This female student was very pretty, had wavy, caramel-colored hair, was a bit short, had a wedding ring on her finger, and she would always side smirk, which I found attractive. Because she had her wedding ring, I would not ask her out but still liked to sit near her. The same thing would happen with a skinny, pretty blonde girl, with upturned catty eyes, in my meditation course more than a decade later where I always sat next to her just to be near her. When this nude anatomy course finished, I told this girl that I was always sat by, "You're extremely pretty," and then I left the classroom for good. During the second and successful try at this course, I would sometimes draw side art with various tips of sharpie marker. One was of a full-page nude woman on a couch bed with her well-pronounced nude buttocks showing, that had no humor to it. The second was a comedy art picture that had very simple blocky men, even simple in mentality, standing before a blocky cartoon sports car, and one was telling the other: "Your car is beautiful unlike my

wife!" Other images framed the image, including a better drawn illustration of a woman's lower half in thong underwear seen from the back.

Because I would like around six basic courses in junior high and high school, and all other classes are taxpaid optional courses, all which possibly could be done online instead, I think that it would be a good idea to use the junior high schools and high schools for learning classes for all ages, such as having taxes pay for a sculpting course for those who want it that help a student academically and possibly in what they ultimately want to do in life, and then adult sculpting classes can also be made possible using their own money. This is so the buildings, equipment, and supplies don't go to waste. I was taking courses at the Salt Lake Community College without being serious about getting a degree, but I just wanted to learn and also utilize what was provided by the courses, such as the nude models to draw from, and I think people would probably be interested at doing the same in seeking out courses at the junior highs and high schools after hours in many various subjects.

When I was making the pixel art and its animation for my University of Utah EAE course video game demo project, I thought that I was doing such a good job at it that it was possible to make a whole comic book or animated cartoon with it. I like Paul Robertson's art, and I wondered if Adult Swim ever thought to approach him to make a whole animated series produced by him. I think he should be allowed to make an entire game himself also, placing in whatever he feels necessary for it.

I was reading several of the public domain issues of Speed Comics by Harvey Comics, and I thought of an arthouse superhero film that would either adapt Speed Comics #1 and Speed Comics #16 into a full-length feature film, or else it would be a film inspired by it titled The Foxes of Airport Two, or both can be made. I saw the cover of Speed Comics #16 with Adolph Hitler and his goblin minions heading down a passageway that has a ladder that leads right up into the White House, and I started to laugh at the cover, thinking it very funny, and desired to adapt it into a film. I also kept reading World War II era comic books by the plenty, and I concluded that the comic books were much of the time pure war propaganda attempting to induce enlistment on behalf of the U.S. government and war profiters, displaying the adventurous covers with zombie, ghoul, trolls, and goblin Nazi characters in a fight with the heroes. I wanted to exactly mirror the U.S. war propaganda in a film, having the U.S. and British military, sided by superheroes, fighting on battlefields against Nazi German, Italian, and Japanese soldiers that included zombies, ghouls, trolls, and goblins in their ranks, and them attempting to kill U.S and British troops with every form of weapon, and the same being done in return. For Speed Comics adapted as a film, I would want the film in vignettes that match the brief and several comic book stories that are found in the original comic books and then having added stories. The stories would each attempt a wholesome and playful attitude to being at war, having the superheroes and military having fun on the battlefield and fighting axis soldiers with their superpowers in a PG-13 style film, but then the final scenes in the film would completely damper everyone's fun, having the superhero character Shock Gibson fighting Baron Von Kampf on a train alongside his evil goons and monsters, and after defeating several goons, the train stops, Baron Von Kampf runs away into a camp area, and then Shock Gibson then chases him into the camp, but it turns out that the camp is a Holocaust concentration camp, and there are emaciated Holocaust victim corpses in the open train cars near the train station, carts of emaciated corpses on the roads at the start of the camp, pits of emaciated Holocaust victims corpses in dug trenches and holes, and living emaciated Holocaust victims still within fenced in areas of the camp. Shock Gibson, in his now silly looking superhero costume giving the circumstances, looks around and sees the emaciated Holocaust victim corpses and sees the living emaciated victims in the fenced in areas looking at him, he completely loses concern of his chase of Baron Von Kampf, and then a look of bewilderment and confusion grows on his face at the sight of what he is witnessing, with him not realizing anything about the concentrations camps whatsoever, and then the film dims and the credits role
The Foxes of Airport Two would be about the same, but it would have original World War II superheroes made for the film, and the title, which actually refers to an airport in my hometown area, would refer to a secret project in the story called The Foxes of Airport Two, which involves putting together specialized soldiers to fight against Nazi Germany, with some having superpowers. I used to see foxes in the fields of Airport Two and stop and look at them, sometimes consider seeing them lucky, and I wondered if the airport purposely placed them in the fields to eat and scare away birds, because birds cause massive amounts of

damage to aircrafts each year by crashing their bodies into them. The title and its use of World War II superheroes can be recycled so it has a completely unique story to that of my idea for a Speed Comics adaptation film. I've actually lived under the flight paths of two airports most my life, the Salt Lake City International Airport and Airport No. 2. My hometown also was originally formed and created as a United States Army Airforces' military training facility during World War II known as the Kearns Army Air Base. A military transport tunnel built during the time still exists and connects from the junior high to the high school.

I created a comedy segment based off the current situation in Salt Lake City, the fact that my hometown has the nickname of K-Town, and once one of the teachers at my high school was fired for looking at porn on the school's computers. The comedy segment would have a location called Kinsey Township and the high school in the town is called Kinsey High School, and their mascot is the Coyote. All the students at the school call themselves the K-Town Coyotes, and they often advise to show Coyote Pride. This is until three of their teachers get caught looking at child porn at work, and several students come forward against them for sexual misconduct. Humiliatingly, everyone in the city, including the student body of every other school district starts calling them the K-Porn Coyotes. The student body is completely down, feeling ashamed of themselves, and lack morale, but then the student body brings the whole school together and advises that they should "wear the insult" and "Eminem the situation," meaning to accept their problems and the insults that come with them, and use them to turn it around on others to make sure they have no materials that can hurt them. The school starts holding child predator-themed pep rallies, having the K-Porn Coyote mascot show up with the schools cheerleaders all dressed as male sex offenders in a golf cart that has painted cardboard panels cut and painted to look like a child predator kidnap van, and the K-Porn Coyote and the sex offender dressed cheerleaders start yelling things like: "Hey, do all you kids want some candy! We got plenty of candy for you! Just hop inside the kidnap van, and we'll head to Bremmer High School this weekend and screw the butts of those kids on the side of the B-Town Blasters at our wrestling meet next week!" When the wrestling meet arrives, all the wrestling team is dressed and fashioned to look like people who would be caught on To Catch a Predator, having silk shirts, thick glasses, and bald caps with greasy thin hair pressed down on the plastic scalps, and each are either carrying a pizza box, paper bags with alcohol bottles in them, and plastic bags with raunchy sex comedy DVDs and condoms in them. Members of the K-Porn wrestling team then start yelling at the normally dressed B-Town wrestling team on the other side: "We're here for our fun date! You little girls good and ready get screwed hard?!" A member of the B-Town team says, "I don't want to wrestle you guys! You're a group of creeps!" A member of the K-Porn wrestling team then says, "What is this kid?! A To Catch a Predator decoy not willing to get physical?! We're here for the real rough stuff!" A referee for the meet then comes into the gymnasium looking exactly like Chris Hansen, and the whole K-Porn wrestling team gets confused, surprised, and nervous.

I have an idea for an episode for the horror and romance television series I thought up When Love Went Mad! or Lovers in the Dark, or else it would be a full-length feature horror film, and the episode or film would be titled Rainbow Melvin and His Cartoon Friends. The story would be about a married couple with children who start to get extremely worried about the children's television shows that their children are watching because their children seem to be possessed by the television shows they watch on the television religiously, and they also center on them in their free time, too, and one of the children's television shows tends to give awfully bad nightmares. One of the children's shows is an extremely popular show titled Rainbow Melvin and His Cartoon Friends, and it features a main character named Rainbow Melvin who has a mustache and wears a top hat, a white t-shirt, daisy dukes, rainbow suspenders, and white knee-high socks with two stripes at their tops, and thick black boots, and he is always constantly pulling and tugging at his rainbow suspenders, especially when he makes jokes. He has many hand-drawn 2D animated cartoon friends that he talks to as he goes on adventures, and the episodes are very suspicious in their content with him coming off as very homosexual in what he does and likely also sexualizing himself. For instance, an episode would have him accidentally sit on a chocolate cream pie, and then he gets up, goes to sniff some flowers, bends over with his buttocks facing the camera, and one of his animated cartoon friends tells him he accidentally sat in pie, causing him to look back and go cross-eyed, yelling, "Ah-oh!" The other show, which I have yet to name, would be just as popular, and it would have a very attractive and pretty young adult woman in different colored wigs, and she is happy, bubbly, cheerful, and nice, but then all the entire rest of the cast of her show are puppets that are supposedly made to be cute, but they are actually nightmarish, such as one having human-

looking flesh and a large mouth of hundreds of human teeth, with beady black eyes and an egg-shaped body. When the children have nightmares about the puppets on this show, the pretty adult female host is never present in them, and the puppets often mutilate the child having the nightmare in a puppet-like fashion, like cutting the child's legs off with fake toy prop hacksaws, and they even possibly start eating the child.

I have an idea for a horror comedy film titled My Favorite Character, which begins with a Chinese sweat shop producing fabrics for the North American market, and the organized criminals running it kill one of their most violent members in front of the whole work staff in plain sight, so his dead body lays on top of the cotton they are eventually going to use to create the fabrics, spilling blood all over the cotton, but the criminals running the sweatshop tell their workers to use the tainted cotton anyways. After this, the story is completely set in the U.S., and Halloween is coming up and a mother asks her young son what he wants to be for Halloween, and the son replies that he wants to be his favorite cartoon character for Halloween, which is a cartoon character that would be modeled after Mickey Mouse. She then agrees to make him a costume of this cartoon character, getting an official and professional made sewing pattern kit of the character to create the costume, while also buying fabrics from a local supermarket. The fabrics are from the very company running the sweatshop in China at the beginning of the film. She takes the sewing pattern kit and fabrics home, and then starts to work on the costume, but odd things seem to happen around her house as she sews the costume together, and it feels like she is not herself and possessed while working. She thinks she is following the patterns correctly, but what results is a nightmarish and hideous version of what the cartoon character is supposed to look like with wide eyes and jagged teeth. She shows the child the costume, and he seems displeased about it, but she says she has no time or money to attempt another before Halloween in a couple of days, so the child must put up with it. The child puts on the costume and looks at it in front of his mother's body-sized mirror and then gets even more upset while also feeling weird inside the costume. He takes it off, and sets it on a chair in his room, and he has some trouble sleeping because he swears the eyes on the costume are looking at him. When he does fall asleep and then wakes up in the morning, he feels miserable, and then puts the costume in his closet, shutting the door behind it. When Halloween arrives, it is on a school day, and he places the costume on, goes to school, and then starts discovering that his costume is possessed, attacking the students and teachers at the school. The costume controls his body the whole time this happens, but the child himself is entirely mentally normal, so he screams and is afraid at how his body is being controlled by the costume his whole time. He tries to take the costume off, but it controls his arms and hands. The costume then takes him on a large killing spree all over town, scaring, harming, and traumatizing the boy, with this murder spree happening well into Halloween night.

I have an idea for a repeated comedy segment where a group of guy friends are always taking one of there members out for their birthday in ridiculous fashions, but so far, I have only thought of two of them.
The first has the guy whose birthday it is answer the door to find that a group of people barge into his apartment in fake U.S. Navy Seal gear with toy plastic guns drawn everywhere. He is confused but realizes who they are, as they drag him into one of his own rooms in his apartment. The remainder stands in his apartment for a few moments just talking with each other as they wait. The two guys in fake U.S. Navy Seal gear then come out with the man that they rushed into the apartment of, and he is dressed like Osama bin Laden with him having costume make-up showing that he has been shot above his left eye. Everyone sees him and then yells, "HAPPY ZERO DARK THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY, MARK!" This man Mark is then happy and surprised as he is given a small birthday cup cake with a thirty on it for his thirtieth birthday. It then shows these group of guy friends going about town to many different bars and clubs in their fake U.S. Navy Seal attire and with their friend dressed as Osama bin Laden shot above the eye, doing all kinds of normal but exciting things, such as talking to people at bars, dancing, and drinking. Sometime near the end of the night it shows them all walking together a bit inebriated in a park, besides one of the guys dressed as a Navy U.S. Seal who is the designated driver. In the park, all the guys besides Mark, who is pretty drunk, signal to each other, and then suddenly they all grab Mark in his Osama bin Laden shot above the eye costume, wrap him fully in a white cloth blanket, as he struggles in dismay, and then they all lift him up with him screaming and still trying to struggle, and then they throw him in a shallow duck pond in the park, getting him all wet. He then crawls out of the white blanket, screaming, "F—king d—kheads!" They all together then yell: "HAPPY ZERO DARK THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY, MARK!" and Mark, drunk and

displeased, just gives them a drunken, surprised, and unhappy stare as he crawls out of the duck pond all wet, with him continuously asking them: “Why would you do that?”
The second of these comedy segments would have the guy friends show up at one of their other friend’s apartments just wearing the stupidest possible costume and gag gifts that they can find, and they tell their guy friend whose birthday it is “Surprise!” and “Happy birthday, Tristan!” when they come into the apartment. They then dress their friend in a stupid costume and gag gifts also, especially a pair of large, green-framed novelty glasses that depict the same cartoon topless woman on a beach in each of their frames. They then are shown moving club to club, talking with people, drinking, and dancing in their stupid costumes and gag and novelty items. When they have gotten pretty inebriated, it shows them walking down the street, and Tristan’s cellphone starts to ring. He says, “Hold up, guys!” as he takes out his cellphone and answers it. Tristan then has a serious and surprising conversation, indicating something terrible just happened, with him saying, “WHEN?!” “HOW?!” and “HE WAS FINE JUST THE OTHER DAY, MOM?!” As his cellphone conversation wraps up, he tells his mother on the other side of phone, “I’ll be on the first flight that I can get there in morning!” and “I love you too, mom!” When Tristan hangs up his cellphone, one of the guys asks, “What happened?” as they continue walking down the street, and Tristan explains, “My father just died of a heart attack!” They keep walking and talking in their stupid costumes and gag and novelty gifts, consoling Tristan, and saying their sorry about the news, but when they reach a bar that they were heading towards, before going in Tristan just breaks down and starts severely crying. This completely dampers everything and puts the whole birthday celebration in a sad and somber mood, but none of them, even Tristan, take off any of their stupid costumes and gag and novelty gifts. Tristan then keeps heavily sobbing and crying, holding his face and rubbing the tears away from his eyes still wearing the gag large, green-framed novelty glasses with the same topless cartoon woman on a beach in each of their frames. The rest of the group still keeps trying to make what they can of the night while consoling him, still drinking and talking with people, but in a sad mood that is very reduced in the happiness they once were experiencing, and they explain to some people that meet or see Tristan crying that, “His dad just died. It’s his birthday, too.” and most the people that they inform them of this try to apologize and cheer him up also.

I loved the NES video game Bad Dudes, which is also known under the title Bad Dudes vs. Dragon Ninja, when I was a kid, and I wanted to turn it into a traditional one-on-one fighting game ever since I was a teenager, having the two main characters Blade and Striker as playable characters, and then using all the bosses and a few of the regular enemies as playable fighters in the video game also, along with other added in new characters, and also maybe some characters from other Data East games, such as Fighter’s History. The plot to the game is somewhat of a joke to me though, because the NES game has the player saving George H.W. Bush from a group of ninjas ran by the enemy character the Dragon Ninja, and the original arcade version of the game has the player rescuing Ronald Reagan instead. This fighting game idea of mine to Bad Dudes would be a sequel, but I wanted to fix the video game’s plot to not show the two possible players’ characters of Blade and Striker as bad guys for saving either Ronald Reagan or George H.W. Bush from the ninjas. I then came up with the story that Blade and Striker saved Ronald Reagan from the ninjas, but it was later discovered that they were used. The ninjas were hired by the Reagan Administration to kidnap and hold him Ronald Reagan himself to make him look valuable and worth kidnapping, as if he were an asset and important person to making the country run great, when most the public was actually disagreeing to this, thinking him blatantly harmful to the country, and were correct in their assessment. The ninjas were just told by an unknown party to kidnap and hold him, but to make sure not to harm him no matter what, so they could get paid a huge ransom sum, and the ninjas, although really bad guys, were used themselves by the Reagan Administration to play the bad guys in the situation that they otherwise wouldn’t have done if not motivated by those connected to Ronald Reagan.
Because I thought that this game would never be made, I was helped in my head by other people to make it into an action-comedy film while using some other concepts that I gathered from elsewhere. I was playing the Game Boy game Maru’s Mission, and I started to laugh at the game’s opening that showed the ninja hero of the game walking around New York City with the Statue of Liberty in the background skyline, and then the game’s villain arrives and kidnaps his girlfriend. We then pictured this happening in real life, with a very dorky and white American ninja with a blonde and brushy flattop walking with his love interest around New York City in his flamboyant red and white diamond-patched ninja outfit and explaining to her his study of ninjitsu and karate, and then in a Mighty Morphin’ Power Rangers fashion the two are surprised and suddenly

zoomed out upon by the camera to reveal a large group of ninjas got the jump on them, pounced out of nowhere, and now are surrounding them. We then developed a film idea from this to be a movie acting itself a very-low brow martial arts film, but made for comedy reasons, poorly acted, having terrible martial arts moves and choreography in it, and then using a huge amounts of funny low-quality practical effects to show extreme but ridiculous violence against the enemies in the film every possible chance and opportunity that the special effects production team can get, like those found in the Naked Gun films, and also The Street Fighter Trilogy films, but supposedly meant to be conveyed serious. I just started to title this film idea U.S. Ninja. The film would take this plot formed from Bad Dudes and my Bad Dudes sequel idea, having this U.S. ninja warrior contracted to save the U.S. President from ninjas who kidnapped him in the narrative of the film, the U.S. ninja is awarded by the U.S. President, but then the ninja discovers that the evil ninjas were hired by the President's own people to counter poor public opinion against him that was claiming him being a more than worthless President, and, upon learning this, then the ninja works to publicly bring the President's corruption to light, having a corrupt Secret Service attempting to counter him. The evil ninjas would be a group called F.M.L.A., standing for Furious Militant Lizard Army, and all their members would have the same lizard silhouette symbol with eyes on each side of its head on them. The whole film would be attempted to be played seriously, hiring unknown actors with little martial arts experience, and then playing everything dryly, as if the filmmakers were serious in their effort to make a "radical" film about a cool U.S. ninja taking on the scum bags of the world, but, of course, have everything pathetically and visually comical. I also kept watching the music video for Seal's "Kissed from a Rose" from the Batman Forever Soundtrack, and I kept laughing at a part near the end of the video where it showed a ridiculous shot of Batman turning his head in surprise, and then after another scene from Batman Forever (1995) shows a helicopter crashing into the Statue of Liberty's face. It is really a funny music video to me, because Seals song and his mannerisms attempt to be conveying beauty, but then ridiculous shots of the Batman Forever are spliced within everything. I then thought it would be funny to recreate this in the film U.S. Ninja, having the filmmakers pay for top notch music for such a stupid and ridiculous low-brow film about a ninja saving the U.S.A. The film would try to hire such musical talent for it, hopefully having a song that would later produce such a music video attempting to convey beauty while splicing in stupid moments from the film. Another thing that I thought would be funny in this film would be to have the film act like it paid Bruce Springsteen a large amount of money to produce a song for the film that was inspired by the film's story in its lyrics, which it genuinely actually would, having him sing about the ways of the ninja, the importance of ninja discipline, not losing ones way and becoming a bad ninja, and using ninja skills to protect the U.S.A. I got this idea from high school when in my T.V. productions class one of my fellow students was making a simple and stupid film about aliens attacking the Earth, even using a stick, string, and paper plates to show a UFO in flight, but then I had the idea to record a moment in the film's credits where I was acting in a manner like Bruce Springsteen singing in the "We Are the World" music video, holding earphones to the side of my head, and singing the lyrics: "Aliens! Leave us alone! Get off our planet!"

I created a cartoon character called Mullet Mike when I was drawing one day, wanting to create a child gamer that I imagined would be in the beginning part of a video game that I titled Common Place. Common Place would be a video game where Common Place things that occur in life are made into fun games, such as a waitress in a diner having to balance two large treys of plates of food that she is bringing to the table, while dodging customers and kids moving by, or a group of men helping their friend move into his upper story apartment and using ropes to lift a couch to get it inside one of its windows. The first thing that would happen in the video game Common Place is that an early teen-years child would be standing outside with a large amount of people waiting to get into a supermarket store, because the store is having a large sale, and when the store opens, the child has to run and beat everyone else to the video game section of the store, and when the child gets to the video game section, he finds the video game Common Place discounted and on clearance, and then he goes to the cash register to buy it. I started to draw what this junior high age character would look like, and I also thought up a different scenario for a cartoon where many people are standing in line to get into the store, the kid pretends that he is just standing and looking around near the door, seeing what is going on, and the people in front of the line are feeling untrustworthy of him standing a bit distant from the doors, and then when the store opens, he successfully bolts pass the store employees and into the store, to try to get inside before anyone else. Because I saw a gamer once wearing a shirt that had the arcade Pac-Man on it eating blue ghosts and it read beneath it, "PAC-MAN: THE ORIGINAL GHOSTBUSTER", I then drew this kid to only

slightly resemble Slimer from the Ghostbusters, him sporting a billowy mullet, and him wearing the very same t-shirt. This chubby kid's most prominent cartoon characteristic is that his gums always show, and he has a row of many tiny circular teeth lined in exact rows on his upper bite. I then thought this character would be a child who is very inconsiderate, but not mean, and only out of his personality and ignorance. He is very mundane to poor in school, and one of his favorite things to do is to picture himself in his mind in place of the main character in low-brow action films, especially ones involving martial arts. He also likes to play video games and read comic books, sometimes doing the same. I got this idea from the Chuck Norris film Sidekicks (1992). I was thinking that in one of the episodes he would be picturing himself as the character James Dalton in the film Road House (1989), but not exactly getting everything right, such as him as James Dalton being attacked by a villain he just made up who rides a dirt bike named Dirt Biker, and also the scene where the vehicle heads across the lawn to the villain Brad Wesley's mansion, shot at by Brad Wesley's guards, only to have Dalton not in the vehicle is replaced by Mullet Mike as Dalton still in the vehicle but ducking, him rolling from it as it flips over, and then him shirtless and weaponless, in open sight and dodging the bullets as they fire at him and he approaches, and then using martial arts to subdue the armed men shooting at him one by one. I yet named the character when I was thinking this, and with the name of a villain that he made up being Dirt Biker, who would likely be a reoccurring villain character in his Mullet Mike's head, someone in my head suggested to name him Mullet Mike, replacing the b letters in bullet bike. Before this, I was drawing some connected drawings that reflected lower to middle class suburbia, such as a lanky older brother in a t-shirt drinking soda from a restaurant cup and pointing down with an upset look at his little brother, which could be a brother to Mullet Mike.

I have an idea for a comedy segment where it pretends to be an informative training video made in the late '80s to early '90s about what to do in case of being alone and attacked by a man with a knife. The video starts out following a woman, portrayed by an unconvincing and low-paid female actress, walking home alone at night with groceries in a paper bag and then deciding to cut across a dark alley where she then is accosted by an also unconvincing stubbly and shoe polish patch, dirty middle-aged man with a knife drawn in his hand. He says, "Hold it right there, girlie! Give me some money, or I'm taking you to fun town!" The woman stops, drops her grocery bag on the ground, and then the camera shot freezes on her in the state of her prior to her first step in dealing with the mugger. An old male host to the informative video then steps into frame and says, "Scenario: A dangerous mugger attacks you while you're alone at night. There are many possible conclusions to what could occur, including having yourself violated or murdered. If I asked you right now, "What would you do in this situation?" how would you react? Would you run? Would you fight? Would you just scream for help? Are you prepared to die? Let's see how our young woman in this scene, Susan, deals with this situation." The host then steps out of frame, and then the shot unfreezes. A flash then occurs, and the film is edited to focus directly on her the actress' close eye area. Susan than says to herself in her mind in a slightly restrained voice, "Think back to your childhood, Susan!" A white flash occurs, and Susan is a little girl sitting cross-legged before her grandmother in a rocking chair, who is crocheting a sweater depicting a woman karate kicking a knife wielding attacker in the groin. The grandmother then says, "Remember, Susan, if a man attacks you with a knife, you make sure to kick him the groin!" The child Susan then nods "yes" to her grandmother and smiles. A white flash occurs, and the actress' eye areas are still being focused on. She says in her mind again in the restrained voice, "Think further about your youth, Susan!" A white flash occurs, and she is a young teenager in a karate dojo with other students. The karate teacher says, "Today, I'm going to teach all of you how to handle a person coming at you with a knife!" It then shows the young teenage Susan being attacked by a fellow student with a fake plastic knife, and she dodges the knife, grabbing the fellow student's arm, twisting it so the fake knife falls from his hand, and subdues him to the ground using karate. The karate teacher sees this, and says, "You – are – a – natural – at – this, – Susan!" The young teenage Susan stands in a karate position with her fists clenched before her waist in front of her, hears this, and says, "Hai, sensei!" nodding her head down "yes" also. A white flash occurs, and the screen again returns to the adult Susan's eye area. Susan, strained in voice, then says in her mind, "Think to your college years, Susan!" A white flash happens, and she is looking a youthful younger woman strolling on her college campus at night and holding her text books, when a man, who is the same actor playing her current attacker, but looking younger, shaven with a haircut, and wearing a fraternity jacket with its Greek letters on it, jumps out of some bushes and wielding a knife at her, and he says, "Hold it right there, girlie! Give me some money, or I'm taking you to fun town!" She then drops her textbooks, karate kicks the man in the groin, bends him over

her knee backwards, and then karate chops him in the throat, leaving him to drop stiff on the ground, subduing him. She then says, “I might be a student at this university, but you have now been taught a valuable lesson by me as a teacher, which was paid for in pain!” A white flash then occurs, returning to the view of Susan’s eye area. She says in a strained manner, “THINK HARDER, SUSAN!” A white flash happens again, and Susan is then shown at a bar. She is heavily inebriated and has large amounts of empty shot glasses before her on a table, and she is taking a shot in front of a cheering crowd of bar workers and patrons. After taking the shot, an unconvincing, wholesome, and kind elderly bar patron says, “Well, you showed me, Susan! You win the bet! I didn’t think you would ever drink so many shots of vodka!” Susan then drunkenly says, “How about I give you a chance at double or nothing?” She then swipes the many empty shot glasses off the table, pulls a knife from her pocket, and says, “Let’s play a little game of hand knife! You press your hand down on the table with your fingers spread out, and I stab in the spaces of each individual space thirty times within twenty seconds, and if I cut you once, you win and don’t have to pay me anything!” The kind and elderly bar patron looks at everyone around, smiles, and he says, “You’re on!” He puts his hand down on the table and then Susan professionally performs the game of hand knife on his hand vigorously without cutting the man, despite being drunk, all to the surprise of everyone, who cheers afterwards. The kind old man says, “Ah, shoot! We’ll I guess that’s a double loss for me!” Susan then laughs and says, “I’m the greatest woman in the world with a knife! I know exactly how to handle them, and I’m not one bit afraid of them, not even if an attacker came at me with one!” and then she stumbles forward drunkenly out of her chair, passing out. The white flash again occurs, and with Susan’s eyes in frame, she says out loud, “Okay, Susan, you got this!” The camera then pans out and rotates to show a wider shot of most her body, and she is being dragged by her ponytail across grass somewhere and her chest and stomach have several butcher knives sticking out of it with blood coming out of her. She then realizes what is occurring and then begins screaming, yelling, and kicking while still being dragged across the ground. The camera then stills on her wide-eyed and mid kicking and screaming, and the male host then again moves into frame. He says, “As you can see, this scene went very terrible for our leading lady Susan. YOU NEED TO REACT, NOT THINK! Keep this in mind the next time a crime is possibly made to be performed on you!” He points a finger at the viewer, and then an outdated, bad, rotating screen transition occurs, causing the still frame spinning to leave behind smaller versions of the fame in debris.

I have an idea for a sarcastic comedy film titled Momathan, which would be presented, played to be, and formatted in story to be a dramatic film where the present is happening between recollections from the past that are being used to help situations in the present, such as the film Slumdog Millionaire (2008) and many biopics. The film would have a father named Jonathan with five children, who are an early teenage daughter just entering junior high school, a son and another daughter still in elementary school, a toddler son, and then a baby girl, and this father, Janathan, suddenly must take care of them as a mother because his wife caught of fever and then went into a coma. This Jonathan then must think back to his education on doing many things regarding being a mother and parent, which, coincidentally and beneficially to him, involved him spending all three years of high school attending a educational facility designated for pregnant teen mothers, where he was known by the students and faculty of this school by the name of Momathan. The reason that he had to attend this high school for teen mothers is because his parents moved into a canyon house on the outskirts of a large city and his self-employed parents, both novelists, refused to drive him to school, because they had to work all day, and the city refused to send a bus out to get him. The closest high school to the canyon that they lived in was the pregnant teen high school, and he was permitted to attend there also, having to ride his bike several miles each morning to get to the school, and he would often have to ride all the several miles back home every day, unless rarely someone decided to drive him home. Momathan, as he has taken once again in name as an adult parent who now must act as a mother and father to his own children, thinks of his high school years while dealing with his children and uses what was taught to him by the teachers, the faculty, and even the pregnant teenage girls who were his classmates. This includes him recollecting all the way from sophomore year to senior year of high school, even learning things when not attending, such as by attending dances and pregnant girl proms that occurred each year, with the teenage girl’s mostly bringing along their unborn or born child’s unintelligent and sleazy early to late teenage fathers as dates, and Momathan taking a different pregnant girl he did not have any responsibility in impregnating to prom with him on three occasions. He would also have a common occurrence happen where many of the pregnant girls at the pregnant girl high school attending with him would suddenly disappear, either because they just dropped out, or they would give

birth to their child and then not show up anymore, either still dropping out or going back to their original high school.

There was a scum bag and white gangster that me and my friends knew for many years named K— Ma—, and while at Home Depot, we started to bring up that his mantra was, "I can't feed my kids on hood rat hugs!" which is why he had to seek crime and extorting others for regular money and welfare money. We also made the joke, if it's not a joke and actually reality, that his type of people use "hood rat hugs" as currency in exchange for services, goods, food, and housing. This person has an unusual last name, and we had to Google to make sure of its meaning, because we were certain that his last name had an etymological meaning of "mom's a whore" or "whore mom." We just started to joke that there is an actual bank of hood rat hugs where hood rats go to exchange, withdraw, deposit, or make payments on loans with hood rat hugs, and people are constantly giving and receiving hood rat hugs there, telling the person receiving them to turn around and then the person meets up belly to their back, puts their arms over their shoulders, crosses them across their chest, and then whispers sweet nothings from behind in their ear, pressuring the words hard off their lips but still whispering: "Y're my girl! Y'll always be my girl! And I love you… And you know that!" The person receiving the hood rat hug then responds back, "I know…. I just wish you would show me that I meant more to you more often…" Literally, more than sixty percent of my junior high and high school headed to this bank of hood rat hugs on a daily basis, so to be able to exchange them between others in front of everyone on a regular basis. Even, and especially, the student government would be making sure they had a good supply of hood rat hugs to disperse to anyone at any given time. One year, they were all stupid enough to believe that they could afford to rent out the Utah Capitol Building for senior prom through bake sales and asking for hood rat hugs in exchange for the bake goods, which resulted in them going under in their actual dollar funds, and, to top all this, the elected student treasurer even dispersed all the hood rat hugs that they did collect from the bake sale to other people around the school freely after collecting them.
Sadly, of anything that I have written in these messages, nothing is possibly truer than what I just wrote.

We thought up a repeated comedy segment that would have a guy working on his school work in his dorm room, and his dorm mate opens the door, peaks in, and he always gives some awful thing that he and some other guys are going to go do, and the person doing his school work always declines, always in a matter as if what the dorm mate said they were going to do was normal. One would have the dorm mate open the door and peek into the room, and say, "Hey, you know that large, abandoned warehouse we went by the other day?' The guy studying says, "Yeah!" The dorm mate says, "Well me and a couple of the guys snuck in there the other day, and it's filled to the brim with lots of old paper goods. Me and the guys were going to go over there and start a fire and see how well the place goes up in flames. Do you want to come?" The guy studying says, "No, I'm busy doing schoolwork, and I'm going to stay in." "Okay, you're going to miss out, though," the dorm mate tries to still entice him. "I'm good," the guy studying responds. "Fine! It's your loss!" the dorm mate says while closing the door. Later, the university student who stayed home takes a break and is making food in the living quarters of the dorm, and the television is showing news reporting that a large amount of the city is set ablaze, and the news interview shows the dorm mate stunned and afraid while gazing at the fire from a hillside with some other guys. The news reporter approaches him and asks, "How long have you guys been standing here?" The dorm mate breaks out of his state of frozen awe, and says to the reporter, "We just got here!" The reporter then asks, "Do you guys know what happened?" He says, "Some guys that we saw run out of the old paper factory were yelling they wanted to hurt black people in the poor houses nearby." The reporter follows up with a question, "Did you see what they looked like?" The dorm mate responds, "They were black themselves." The dorm mate then stares in shock at the camera, as the news reporter turns back to the camera and starts adding their own information in about the fire.
A follow-up comedy segment would have the dorm mate open the door and peek into the room, and say, "Hey, you know that coach of the university football team that is always coming into the showers and sexually harassing everyone, and telling people to play with each other's junk and bums and stuff?' The guy studying says, "Yeah!" The dorm mate says, "Well, me and a couple of the guys were invited to go to his place by him, and he said that he had a collection of photos that were pretty weird and would blow our minds. We thought that we should check it out, so we were going to go over there right now. Do you want to come?" The guy studying says, "No, I'm really focus on this school project that I got going on." "You sure? The guy said he would give us some free booze?" the dorm mate checks again. "No, that's the last thing I need right now"

says the guy studying. "Fine! You know there's more to living than just studying all day!" the dorm mate says. The guy studying doesn't reply and keeps working. The dorm mate looks at him, expecting an answer, gets none, and just leaves, closing the door behind him. The guy that was studying is later in the living quarters of the dorm watching television and drawing out a design for a university pride float that shows a football player to their school's team straight arming a rival team player. The news is on the television, and a reporter explains that the school's head coach was busted with several of the university's students in a child porn sting operation. It shows the dorm mate being taken to a police vehicle, and tears and sobs are rolling down his face, and he is saying: "I didn't know that the coach had those pictures…. I… I… Okay, maybe I knew a little, but they're just so cute, and I can't help myself!" The police officer escorting him in handcuffs puts a hand up to signal him to silence himself and then puts him in the backseat of a police vehicle. It then shows mug shots of the coach and all the university students involved in a one combined set of mugshots with their names underneath the photographs. They all have sad and angry expressions on their faces, all looking dead inside. The student who stayed home studying looks at his football-themed university float design and everything he has already made and whispers to himself: "Damn it!"

A follow-up comedy segment would have the dorm mate open the door and peek into the room, and his filth-covered face is covered in deep red scars from drug use, his eyes are extremely red, his hair is all over the place, his shirt and pants are stained and wet in several locations, and dirty arms and hands lead to fingers that have been corroded away to show some of their bones. He says to the guy studying in the dorm room: "Hey, some of the guys have got a lead on some krokodil. We're going to go rob a gas station to pay for it, meet up with the guy selling it at a bus station, and then do it there. Do you want to come with?' The guy studying, still looking his usual, says, "No! I really got to focus on some tests coming up. I'm going to pass." The dorm mate looks antsy and already suffering from chemical withdrawals. He keeps looking at the guy studying, with him thinking he might say something back, walking his legs in place a little and looking dumbfounded, but then just leaves closing the door. Later, the guy studying is sitting in the dorm living quarters and watching television, and the television is showing a special news segment report on the local drug epidemic, and the dorm mate is on the program, and he is said by the narrator to have been found at a nearby bus station doing krokodil. The news reporter asks the dorm mate, "How long have you been doing krokodil?" The dorm mate says, "Like, my dad got me hooked on the stuff when I was seven! I would come home from elementary school, and he would just be doing it right there in the family living room, and he would ask me if I wanted some, and I would always say 'yes.' Sometimes he would give some to my friends, too." The reporter asks him, "Did you ever think to tell him 'no,' or, like, tell an adult at school what was going on?" The dorm mate says, "No, I didn't really care. My whole life people have just offered me drugs, and I don't really care what they are. I'm just down for anything. I mean… like, people can just bring me anything… krokodil, meth, heroin, pills crushed in hard liquor… It doesn't matter to me. I'll take whatever it is they have." The guy who stayed home studying is not even paying attention but is just studying some exam preparation papers. The reporter on the television asks, "Aren't you afraid that the drugs are going to one day kill you?" The dorm mate says, "We're all dying someday, and I just want to feel good doing it, so 'no,' it doesn't matter to me when I die. You might as well consider me dead right now standing here and talking to you. You're basically talking to a corpse. I'm going to be dead within the year! You can be sure of that!" The television news segment then ends, and it fades back to the news reporters in the studio, and a female news host says, "What a tragic story!" with a voice of worry. Another news reporter then explains, "These kids just all have a bleak and dark future ahead of them, and it's just a terrible state of things."

Another one would have the dorm mate open the door and peek into the room, and say, "Hey, me and the guys were talking, and we think Scott figured out a way that we can perform a perfect murder and that nerd kid Darrell from our physics class. The only thing we need to do is try and make one out of every member of our group seem the one and possible sole suspect responsible for the murder. We're all going to be carrying the same exact knife on us that fits the wound holes, but they're all going to be clean, so the police won't figure out that we were all involved in it, and then they're going to find the same knife covered in Darrel's blood on the other side of campus. We need all the people that we can get to help. Do you want to come with and help?" The man studying says, "No, I've got problems of my own. Our physics professor gave me a poor grade on a recent paper, and I got to really find a way to make up for it in the class, so I can get a good grade and keep my top GPA." "That doesn't sound like fun!" says the dorm mate. "Maybe so, but life's not always about having fun like you guys," the guy studying says. "You should relax more. If you relax, then you become better at studying," says the dorm mate. "Studying does relax me," says the man studying. The dorm

mate just looks at him, rolls his eyes, and then leaves, closing the door behind him. Later, the man takes a break from studying in the dorm's living quarters again and is watching television while emailing his physics professor on his laptop and asking for extra homework to make up for the failed grade. The news is on, and it is reporting about a murder of a student named Darrel Ervwon-Diddit on the university campus. The report shows the dorm mate speaking with a news reporter, and the news reporter interviewing him asks, "Have you seen any strange people running around the campus?" The dorm mate replies, "There was this weird person in a black hoodie and they had a pale white mask on, and he had this knife that I've seen them sell online on the university's website, and I and some friends even each own the very same knife, and we asked him where he was going, but he just gave us eerie silence." "Did you see him possibly following the victim, or maybe him being with other people?" the reporter asks. The dorm mate replies, "Like, we saw the knife, and we told the guy, 'Hey! Drop the steel, man! This is a university campus, and we are here to study, and not see people's insides examined on a morgue table, pal!' But then he ignored us and kept on walking. He definitely went alone in the way of where they found the body!" "Half the university is closed off and we have yet to be told where the body was found," replies the reporter. "Yeah! Well, we heard some guy screaming over that way, and we figured it was him!" the dorm mate says pointing probably to where they murdered the victim. "Did you see any of the other suspects around?" asks the reporter. The dorm mate goes white in the face and shocked with a dead expression. "Suspects?" he asks. "The police said they found several bloody footprints from many different sneakers heading in the same direction of the dorm areas," the reporter explains. "Eh… Sorry, I got to sit down a second," the dorm mate says. The camera then films him walk aways from the reporter, sit down on a curb, and then he holds his stomach looking downward in a state of having his nerves severely rattled. The news reporter keeps explaining the situation of the murder into the microphone. The guy studying in the dorm is not even paying attention to the television but scrolling through the internet when his physics professor emails him back. The email from the physics professor reads: "Sorry, I get caught up in something, and I'm probably going to not be around for some while. I would write some suggestions to possibly make up for the grade, but I was watching the news and suddenly became lightheaded. I'll try to email you from where I am if they allow me to."

I was going to make a story segment in the work Common People titled "Dance Floor Justice", taking the name from the Project X song, but I also thought to take it and make it its individual story for a film and possibly retitling it as Dance Floor Judges. This story would be a very dark courtroom dramedy involving a young man in his late teenage years on trial for violently stabbing the local mayor's son to death and even having a friend video tape it on a handheld camera on a VHS tape. The trial is very sensationalized, and the young man convicted of murder is pleading for leniency. The VHS tape includes before the violent murder with a knife a recorded and televised episode of an early 1990s children's television show focused on dance contests between kids the convicted was in as an eleven-year-old with him being one of the main contestants in the episode's dance contest alongside several other contestants, and much of the humor in the story comes from this ridiculous recorded dance contest television show with the lawyers of the convicted repeatedly showing moments of it in the sentencing trial, dissecting every little moment of it. They make the argument that the convicted was a very emotional boy and deserves leniency in his sentence, especially because after being chosen as the three possible winners of the contest at the end of the television dance contest episode, he was ultimately not chosen as the winner, and he began to breakdown in tears and started crying on stage, severely disappointed that he lost. But, secretly between his lawyers, the reasons they keep showing the dance contest video and dissecting it is because they want to build empathy and rapport for the victim using the humor of the video and the comedy of them dissecting the dance contest episode, hopefully lessening the jury's anger towards the late teenage murderer and reducing his sentence. The murder after the television show's recording on the VHS has the convicted and his friend videorecording themselves with the convicted driving, harassing, and intimidating other motorists on the road, and one motorist that they antagonize by rolling down the window and swearing at him, while they also keep acting like they are going to swerve and run him off the road, is the murdered, who has his vehicle window down, and he keeps making gestures and swearing at their vehicle also. The convicted follows this person's vehicle until he stops and parks on the side of the road, and then both the convicted and his accomplice videotaping the crime rush out of their vehicle with the convicted already having a knife drawn, and the convicted runs to the driver side door, lifts the handle and swings it open himself, starts stabbing the murdered in his driver seat, pulls him out of the vehicle and

continues to cut and stab the murdered while swearing at him with insulting language and homosexual slurs, which all gets recorded on the handheld camera. Only later is it discovered that this was the mayor's son.

I used to work for American Express for under a year at a temporary job that had the possibility of advancing to permanent employment. I would handle people asking about the status of the credit card application and not would tell me if they were rejected or not, and if they were rejected why it occurred. I never was placed on the fraud team by sometimes fraud applications would come up and I would have to send them over to the fraud team. Several times I would call out the customers fraud. I would often study the art that they had framed on the building walls. I would eat at the cafeteria in the building, and sometimes humorous things would occur at the cafeteria like the meatloaf that they sold yesterday would be used for the meat to make chimichangas the next day. When I started there, a woman with an underbite in my training class brought in an erotic cake for everyone to eat and she was immediately fired after doing so. I once was hired at Convergys call center and a sleazy woman started a conversation about receiving "golden showers" with a group of people in my training class, and I considered them the lowliest of people, and I had no desire to work alongside them and quit. There was also some middle-aged creep with a mustache that was married to a woman who also worked there, and he would always make sexual suggestive comments and gestures to other women who worked there. The whole time that I worked there, I would mostly read or make drawings at my desk. I would often take large amounts of office supplies and just start making abstract and avant-garde art drawings at my desk that used whiteout, opened up BIC pens, tape, and sharpie markers, and after finishing them, I would use the office printer to print out a bunch of copies of what I made in black and white, thinking that the black and white printer copy made the drawing even way more better to look at than the original drawing. One avant-garde cartoon drawing I made several copies of and gave a friend for his birthday. It depicted two bald male circus clowns in high heels, drawn with Sharpie markers, surrounded by a chaos of black ink smoke and duct tape, and one was on fire and the other was yelling into the air. The first circus clown on fire was saying in a speech bubble: "I am a clown, and I am on fire!" The second circus clown yelling stated in his speech bubble: "I am a clown, and I am panicking!" The card then just simply read "Happy Birthday!" after. When it was around Christmas time, I made a bunch of cartoon colored pencil drawings at my desk that were Christmas-themed, and I hung them up around the area that I worked, including on a door, with each stating on them: "Merry Christmas!" I was later found by my supervisor and told I was not allowed to hang them up, because all holiday-themed decoration needed to state: "Happy Holidays!" instead. One of the cartoon drawings had a child with an angry face after opening a gift box and holding up socks as a gift with a thought cloud coming out of his head imagining Santa Claus being punched in the face. I would make another cartoon drawing that had Santa Claus looking into a resident's window to see a mother holding a baby, and him crying, saying, "I will never know the gift of childbirth!" I had a funny habit of putting ridiculous suggestions in the office suggestion box also. If a person needed to refresh the information on their computer screens at American Express, the term to do it was "refire the rules," so I put a suggestion in the suggestion box that our American Express work building should collect anyone in the building with musical talent and start a band called Refire the Rules. Another suggestion that I placed in the suggestion box was a suggestion to have genies exist, but not grant wishes, because people only think of stupid things to wish for, so instead they should just put flowers in people's hair and tell them how pretty they are. One time, I was time just messing around and drawing at my desk, and I started to draw a round-headed man with a bald head, and to make up for his baldness, he had a flowerpot on his head with a flower in it. I would eventually evolve this picture into a children's book, or an animated cartoon idea, titled City of Hair.

City of Hair would be about people worldwide, especially those in a locale of a certain city, unexpecting losing their hair, having it shed off them over many weeks, and people's hair is found along the ground everywhere. They can't find what caused it, and to cover up their baldness they start wearing hats and wigs, but they end up starting to be too itchy and irritating in most cases also. Some people then start to wear flowers to decorate their bald heads, but often and sometimes the flowers become too irritating once again. One man then starts to wear flowerpots and flower dishes strapped to his head with a single flower on it. Eventually, pharmaceutical companies start producing pills to counter hair loss, growing upon a person's head a luxurious amount of new hair, but the pills have a large amount of side effects, such as full and large amounts of bodily hair growth all over that those using the pills are motivated to tend to and remove most often. Other side effects include dizziness, loss of coordination, hallucinations, diarrhea, constipation, stomach aches, sweating, rashes, skin dryness and flaking, tooth loss, loss of vision, loss of memory, loss of

cognitive abilities, stupor, seizures, and many others. The pills are also very expensive, and if they stop being taken, their hair completely falls out over a matter of days. Many people start using the pills, especially in the certain city in which the protagonist with the flower pot often on his head lives, and it results in large amounts of public problems because of the side effects, especially automobile crashes from people suddenly growing dizzy, losing their coordination, or losing the ability to temporarily see, but the use of the drugs continues. The man using a pot with a flower to decorate his head starts to notice that strange people have begun to follow him, often starting conversations with him that state he looks ridiculous wearing such things on his head and telling him it should be illegal to run around looking like he does. He ignores them and keeps going to his job, but many of the same variety of people start filling positions at his job and even start telling him about their same opinions on the flowerpot on his head at work, but this doesn't persuade him to stop doing what he is doing. These people who are irritated at his behavior start to become more obsessive about the man's behavior, following him about everywhere he goes. The same overly irritated types of people also start to fill high-up positions in his city and worldwide, such as being politicians, business owners, public figures, and celebrities. The man who wears the flowerpots is watching television one day, having some of the irritated people watching his apartment as they walk by, and on the television, which is a news station show, news hosts in a broadcast inform and support a new designer drug to improve hair growth, and one of the people on the program supporting the drug, known for her luxurious head of hair, is not even using the drug that they are supporting, but has her hair slightly move out of place on the television broadcast, showing to him she has been wearing a wig the whole time normally. She also seems to have her teeth moving a bit out of place. One day, this man is walking to work, has a group of irritated people following him there, and he has one with luxurious hair getting real upset and bothering him, so, with what he saw on the television, he grabs the person by their hair, and it comes off their head, revealing their head is bald, and they start trying to attack him. Their efforts towards the man start getting even more aggressive, causing him to need to go hiding. He stops going home to his apartment and starts to hide beneath a bridge and by sewer tunnels to avoid them but discovers that the irritated people like to go there in abundance, removing their wigs, contacts, false teeth, and makeup to show they are not even human, but they are very evil trolls with completely bald liver-spotted bodies, cat-like slit eye pupils, and a mouth of tiny but razor-sharp teeth. He finds out they have taken over and started controlling the water supply, and they place in several ingredients to the water supply in the city and also in cities worldwide, to make people go bald, as the trolls are naturally bald, so to help them exist in society better without people noticing. The man who wears a flowerpot on his head then works to make the information known to the public, but with much disbelief from others, especially with the public control of the government and media now ran by the trolls, the public being involved and focused on their high prescription drug use that causes them to lack in cognitive abilities, and the fact that they have become highly aggressive to the man now. He finds a second underground group of people also knowing the nature of the trolls, and who is opposed to the trolls, and he joins them to eradicate them from not only existing in society but even the bridges and sewers in which they originally arrived from.

Because the suggestions that I wrote and placed in the American Express suggestion boxes were pretty funny, at least to me, and also I have had a history of people at work giving humorous meetings, even sometimes bringing up actual suggestions instead of fake ones that were funny, I had the idea to make a workplace story titled The Suggestion Box that would be highly focused on written suggestions placed in a suggestion box and them later discussed during team meetings.

People who sexually harass other people should not be living also.

I came up with a film idea titled You're a Credit to Customer Service Representatives Everywhere! When I was working for American Express, there was a day that I kept speaking with the former child actor Gary Coleman. We were supposed to forward all phone calls by celebrity cards and Centurian Card users to a special line, and I tried to place him towards the group of customer service representatives that handle the celebrities, but they refused him, claiming him not a celebrity, and then I had to handle him and speak to him about a recent credit card application. I contacted him about two or three times after the first phone call with him to deal with his application, and he used the line, "You're a credit to customer service representatives everywhere, Davyn!" At customers service jobs, you find that people often speak this line upon finding that you have done a superior job over other customer service representatives. Later, I would think about this

happening while playing the game, “How you going to make it up to them?” with people in my head, and I came up with a story using the title You’re a Credit to Customer Service Representatives Everywhere! This story would have two main characters: one would be a man in his mid-Twenties working at a credit card company as a telephone customer service representative; the second would be a former child star whose character would be a combination of several notorious child star celebrities, including Gary Coleman, Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, Macaulay Culkin, Tatum O’Neil, Lindsay Lohan, Drew Barrymore, Edward Long, and Amanda Bynes, whose behavior has ruined their career and their credit would be completely destroyed. The comedy film would follow both this customer service representative and the former child actor in ruin throughout their day, and they keep communicating with each other because at the beginning of the day the former child actor contacted the customer service representative extremely wanting their credit card application to go through, but it keeps being rejected because of their credit, and the former child star refuses to speak with anyone else on the issue of their application, so the customer service representative keeps calling them back each time it gets rejected.

I had another idea for a film that would be a false biographical documentary titled Romrell, and it would be about a child actor named Adam Romrell, his stage parents, his family, his friends, and his coworkers, who created large amounts of home videos and behind the scenes videos from his films and television shows to document his life, while those who compiled and created the film also gained film moments and extra news footage about him, and the film spans his life up to him dying in his early forties. There was a kid from California that attended my junior high school for a year and the moment he showed up, people completely hated him, even though he was trying to friendly and appear cool, even challenging other students to guess how many one-handed push-ups he could do in the back of the class, and people would still just detest him, how he looked, and how he acted. This kids name was Adam Romrell, and he had tanned skin, squinty-eyed, and a pearly overbite. Thinking of this person, who just did not appear again the following school year, I had the thought to make a story just lifting his name and then having him be a child star who said that he wanted to be just a normal child and attending a normal junior high to his parents when reaching seventh grade, so they placed him in a normal public junior high school where the other children were familiar with his films, and this rough junior high school had all their other students just bully the hell out of him and tear him apart. He would last a week there and go back to being home schooled. Thinking of this story, which I did not mean to be a false documentary film at first, I watched the film Val (2021), which was a collection of home movies and behind the scenes footage comprising an autobiography about Val Kilmer made by himself, and I also watched Pray for the Rollerboys (1990) again, and I decided that this idea for Romrell would be a film like Val, but about a child actor like Corey Haim, spanning his career, his drug use, his personal and criminal problems, and his ultimately dying in his mid-forties by an overdose. This film would use deepfakes and CGI manipulation to place the adult actors face onto several children’s faces, even in supposed home movies, to show him in his youth at home, on the sets of films, in his early film roles, and being interviewed on talk shows and the news. Another thing that inspired this film idea was the film trailer for the documentary The Sparks Brothers (2021), because after watching the trailer of these musicians that I never heard of, I thought that the film did exactly what I just explained and faked the life and career over several decades of musicians who didn’t even exist, and then even had actual celebrity musicians claiming they existed to help fortify the lie of their existents. The fictional actor Adam Romrell would not be the best actor in any sense at all, and he would be an unintelligent character. He would have several humorous and ridiculous fictional film roles that he played from childhood into his later adult years, which would be extremely downhill starting in his mid-twenties. The incident at the public junior high he demanded to go to would be in the film, with parts of the happening occurring on handheld camera, and tough bullies even shown being extremely mean to him, despite a camera being present. One of the films that he stars in his mid-teenage years would be science fiction film that has a fictional designer drug key to its story, and when he dies in his early forties this fictional designer would be what he overdosed on, killing him. This would mirror the film Prayer for the Rollerboys, and its fictional drug “mist,” but a unique fictional film and story would be created for this actor Adam Romrell to had been in. Somewhat similar to Val Kilmer, who would be in the fantasy film Willow (1988) and meet his once wife actress Joanne Whalley on the set of the film, Adam Romrell would meet a wife that he would have for only over a year on the set of a similar fictional fantasy film, and this wife of his he would never be called by her actual name by him once, but only by the name of her character in the fantasy film, A-anorse-lenia, even in home videos of their wedding in his wedding vows, bringing laughter from his bride and the audience

attending his wedding when he says, "…I take you… A-anorse-lenia… to be my lawfully wedded wife...to have and to hold in all elven eternity…" Eventually, after about a year, in a home video Romrell is recording himself, while at home and she is sitting on a couch watching television, he starts filming her and he uses her character name A-anorse-lenia one too many times, and she gets upset and asks him, "What's my real name?" He then just sits in silence not answering, and then she asks the question again, and he still doesn't answer. There would also be an occurrence on two of the films that he worked on, and also a brief television series, where on the set and with the script everyone had to update a character's name in the script, because the unintelligent female actresses playing the characters could not remember their characters' names, so they update the character to be the actual name of the actress instead, so they realize when to respond when characters on set are referring to them. I came up with this idea because I believe this occurred with Jessica Alba on the set of The Secret World of Alex Mack, where her character is actually named Jessica, and Amy Schumer films just kept having Amy Schumer's character named Amy. In the false biographical documentary, there would be brief time where Romrell would be at an expensive detox clinic in an Arizona desert, with meetings, recreational areas, including pools, nature hikes, and swimming in lakes, which he would capture himself many of the moments on film, and it would show him recording himself in his room, he would put down the still recording home video camera, call his mother, and while talking to his mother on the phone about his promising growth in kicking his drug habit, after spending weeks in this expensive Arizona detox clinic, basically performing just physical recreation, his mother would blatantly just tell him: "Yeah, congratulations on being a f— up! You've been screwing up your life on drugs, and now you've got one big vacation that you're on rewarding you for it!" There would also a character who is his agent and who focuses completely on him during his youth but loses all focus on him in his mid-twenties, only finding very poor roles as side characters on television shows most the time.

I thought up a comedy segment based around the actual fact that Kate Moss was approached as a young teenager at the age of fourteen for her potential as a model by a modelling talent scout in JFK Airport in New York after returning from a trip in the Bahamas. The comedy segment would fictionalized and show this event of her being approached to be a model in the JFK Airport, and it would have a blonde actress always seen from in back, so he face is not scene, and a creepy man, thick brown-framed glasses with thick lenses, bald thin hair on top of his head with long curly shoulder length hair, a Star Wars t-shirt on that does not fit well enough to cover his large belly and has grease stains on it, short gym shorts, flipflops on his feet, and a poorly made tattoo of a crying child on his arm, a see-through white plastic bag of VHS copies of many animated children's films in his left hand, and a large soda drink in his other hand, approaches her and tells her, "Woah, you're pretty!" in his whispery high-pitched nasally voice. She timidly replies, "Thank!" He says, "Have you ever thought of modelling?" She says, "Yeah, a little." "You're, like, really good looking, and you should model! I have a camera around the corner if you want to follow me, and we will take some really great pictures of you! 'You interested?" Kate Moss then says, "Yeah, I guess." She then looks back at her preoccupied family not paying attention and follows the man around the corner in the airport with him creepily gesturing with an index finger for her to keep following him, and a dark and ill-intentioned expression is on his face. It then shows that this really was the start of her successful career, as the creepy man awkwardly, timidly, nasally, but still efficiently, directs a very professional photographer and a wardrobe, make-up, and hair crew of workers into taking and creating several model pictures of her in a high-priced studio. The people he is directing are all very adhering to his demands, saying, "Yes, Jean-Thomas!" every time they are directed to do something. It shows Kate Moss' success grow and grow, having her working for Calvin Cline, and this talent scout, who is head of a giant modelling agency also, still looking terrible and dressed terribly, with a different poorly fitting nerdy shirt covered in grease stains, is behind a really expensive desk in a very expensive office, speaking deals and the business of modelling in his awkward, whispery, and nasally voice, with him being responsible for many of the most famous model celebrities existing in the '90s to the present.

There is a comedy film that I came up with titled Robert the Sexual Wizard, which would be a mockumentary about a man named Robert, nerdy, physically unfit, fat, bearded, long-haired, wearing glasses, and having messed up teeth, again dressing in nerdy t-shirts, jogging shorts, and sandals, but also often wearing a classic star-ornamented wizard cape and wizard cone hat, and him having a whispery high pitched, grating voice, claiming himself to be a sexual wizard, even having magic sexual powers in reality, and he explains this as

interviewers and documentarians follow him around in his life and talk to his friends, such as following him to a local comic book store and then a hobby store with him in his wizard cape and cone hat, and speaking to people who know him there. He would explain about his life in interviews, along with how he gained magical sexual powers. I was basing this character on a guy that I shared a cell block within my open jail pod, who I previously briefly wrote of, who would claim himself a wizard, writing some form of fantasy novel at our cell block's table, and him possibly being a sex offender. I shared a bunk with him, and he slept in the top bunk, and he would leave food around from his tray that he claimed he would eat later, but then he would just leave it there for days. One day, I woke up and ants were crawling all over our cell and my head to get to the food in the bed above mine. We got upset and began to throw all his food away in the trash. Later, it was discovered that a black widow had found its way into the cell and created a web right underneath my bed and next to where I rested my head, probably because of the food and the ants. I wanted to look at it and study it, but my African American cellmate quickly killed it with a broom before I could. Some people in a cell next to ours started accusing this cellmate of being a Nazi when we were all confined to our cells at the end of the night one night, constantly questioning him about it, and attempting to find the truth of the matter, and then he made a successful request to move pods the next day. After he left the pod, I wrote in pencil beneath his mattress something along the lines of: "Robert the Sexual Wizard once magically slept here!" I would later think to have a character based on this cellmate of mine while coincidentally combining the character with another Robert that I went to high school with. I was going to be inspired by a story involving me and my friends and this Robert and his friends where we once went over to his house, no one was answering the front door, and then we peeked over the backyard fence and saw him wrestling with some other guys on his trampoline that we did not know. One of my closest friends then after spread the rumor that we went over to his house, peeked over the fence, and this Robert was sexually rubbing other men on his trampoline. This film would have an interview with Robert the Sexual Wizard where he explains: "In high school, I was bullied quite often. One time, me and a couple of my buds were wrestling on my trampoline together in my backyard, and some guys that we went to high school with peeked over the fence and saw us wrestling, and then they started to tell people around school that we were rubbing each other's privates and heavy petting with each other. It was an embarrassing situation, and we stopped wrestling on my trampoline in my backyard as often." A joke involved in the film is that the whole mockumentary would have subtext about criminals attempting to get a "sexual wizard" into the White House in the seat of the U.S. President who can use magic powers to hide that he is a definite sexual threat to children.

I have an idea for a horror comedy film titled Gym Dismembership, which I was inspired by the film Death Spa (1988) in creating it in my head, wishing that a bikini model with a ghoul's head seen on the film's cover and poster was actually in the film. I also had people connected to me with maser instruments eating food through me, and I thought it possible that a person was fulfilling their desire to eat fattening foods through me, while, in fact, staying healthy and possibly fit. This film would have a world unaware that they are already in Hell, and a local gym is actually a torture chamber itself where its demonic ghoul trainers, a female one in particular named Stephanie, but whose actual demon ghoul name is Death-anie, who alters from a pretty looking older twenties woman to a demonic evil ghoul skeleton woman in workout attire, brings in members to the gym and signs them up for their personal trainer programs and classes, but the people are actually being possessed to keep going into the gym, participate in the programs and classes, leave the gym, splurge on large amounts of unhealthy foods at home, and then repeat the same thing over, with the evil personal trainers able to turn into demon ghosts and possess their gym members in everything that they do, especially eating unhealthy foods through them, and they are filled with ecstasy while experiencing dining on the types of food they never eat with their own bodies through their victims.
This idea of people working for a gym possessing a person in such a scheme is now possible to happen in life and likely has occurred to people. There were times in my life that I was never healthier and physically fit in my life not paying for a gym membership, and I was just jogging around or going on bicycle rides for about an hour and a half, and then returning home to do floor exercises, all without paying anyone. Some trainers and fitness articles explain that jogging can be bad for the knees, but the maser instruments can really harm a person's knees and slowly move them more and more out of place. They are also able to cause stiffness in muscles and muscular problems. They are able to cause extreme fatigue and weakness when just attempting to start working out, especially when working out outside of a gym.

The drawing of the man with a flowerpot on his head that I made at American Express inspired me to think up the idea of City of Hair combined with my idea for The Muppets Go Middle-Aged film also inspired another cartoon character that I thought would be funny. Picturing the Muppet Rowlf the Dog as middle-aged, I thought of him as possibly being bald and then using his dog ear for a comb over. This could still be used in The Muppets Go Middle-Aged, but I also thought that a bald-topped anthropomorphic dog using his dog ear as a comb over, possibly always wearing glasses and a button shirt and tie, even again being middle-aged, would be a pretty unique and funny cartoon character. I started to think perhaps he would be in a workplace comedy. I also started to incorporate a monkey character based on a stuffed animal and puppet combination monkey that I had as a child, who I called Funky Monkey, as a character to exist in the same world as this dog with a comb over dog ear, possibly as some type of wild musician.

I really like the near end part in the film Holy Motors (2012) where the main character, after a day of playing several people, goes home to his family of chimpanzees, as if this part of his life was some type of bizarre sitcom he was on. I also thought that a funny part in a Family Guy episode would have Peter Griffin sitting on his couch and watching a block of different fictional sitcoms on television, and these included such titles as Well, I'll Be a Monkey's Uncle, which would have a man who is an actual uncle to a monkey portrayed by a dwarf in a monkey costume, a show titled My Fat Wife, which would have a man with a fat wife, and then Peter's favorite show in the sitcom block would be Fat Guy with a Hot Wife, which would just basically be a show resembling his own life. I then started to picture Well, I'll Be a Monkey's Uncle as an actual mock sitcom show television series, thinking to develop it further, having it be either live action or an animated false sitcom, and the story would have a man whose sister is a genetics researcher that spliced her DNA with that of a monkey, producing in a lab a human and monkey hybrid that could talk, and he now has to take care of the talking and small monkey-sized character. If it was animated, I thought to take a cartoon monkey design that I drew on a cheat card that I was allowed for a test in my Math 1010 course at the Salt Lake Community College, which I scanned and placed on my alternative Facebook account before it was locked.

Almost every single job that I have kept long enough, besides Home Depot, I have created drawings while working there. At PetSmart I would even leaving date tags on the pallets when they were last worked with drawings on them, such as one I remember of an octopus drawn in black and detailed with gold Sharpie marker. When I was working at the FedEx Freight call center, I began to make cartoon pictures immediately at my desk. They would often be done with Sharpies, fine point pens, BIC pens, markers, and Wite-Out. It would eventually evolve in skill that I was making highly detailed and textured pictures that would take me months to draw on the back of three-inch by six-inch notepad paper. A drawing that took almost two months to make at my desk with fine ink pens was used for a t-shirt design by some of my friends in the Salt Lake City hardcore band Reviver. I sat making a full page and chaotic illustration using extremely tiny numerals from various cultures throughout history for about two months once at the FedEx Freight call center. One of my friends was one of Chelsea Grin's first drummers. He asked me to make a cover for their first demo. I drew a bare-breasted sphinx with watercolor pencils that kind of looked like Peggy Hill in the face, cut her out of the page I drew her on, and then I used the drawing of tiny numerals chaotically placed near each other and took the sphinx and glued it to it. I then sent this friend the album art, and they rejected it. I gave my ex-girlfriend at work two very textured circular pattern illustrations that I made with markers, Wite-Out, and fine tip ink pens, and she kept one hung on her desk, and then one would sit on her shelf in her bedroom. When we basically were broken up, she kept one of the drawings hung up in her cubicle. One day, feeling upset that everyone was bullying me at work and them trying to blame her for everything, I left work, hung out with a friend, and then got upset that she still had the drawing on her desk if her and everyone at work were going to treat me that way. In no way did this friend know any of these people. The next day the drawing was gone from her cubicle.

As I explained, I use to really study music album and album artwork. I wanted to come up with unique and appreciated album art competing with Stanley Donwood's highly praised Radiohead album art. I came up with several concepts that would be interesting for packaging, sometimes taking inspiration from other places. The CD version of the New Day Rising and Hourglass split that was not on vinyl had a very unusual CD album layout, because it just came in a seven-inch record package, but then it had a golden Moo Cow records sticker to close the plastic around it. I thought to take this idea with the sticker and thought to just use company stickers in the same manner on most a company's releases. This also inspired other thoughts, such

as leaving an album cover without the name of the artist and possibly the album title off the package, printing the album packaging out, but then handmade stamps would be made to stamp the artist and album name's title on it. There was a local band that I tested this with. I went outside, cut a branch off one of my family's trees, carved out a possible band logo with its cutoff portion tip, got an ink pad, and then pressed it on paper to create a pretty fine-looking band logo, except the t in the band name was a bit off. I then used the stamp on some red candle wax in the fashion of an old-fashioned waxen seal to a letter, too. I wrote earlier that I kept messaging this band wondering if I could make some album art for them for a future release, but they rarely answered back. I sent them pictures of what the stamped logo looked like with both ink and candle wax, and they answered back: "Woah, that's cool! Is that blood?" I then answered, "No, it's red wax like an old letter seal." I thought their band name terrible, though. It sounded very pretentious, and that's when I started to develop the name Hate Mail for a band, even as an alternative of their band name, which I don't think their band deserves, even if they desired or wanted to change their name to it, because Hate Mail is a really good name that can be used by many different varieties of band who are more promising. I don't even think they play anymore either.
I also started to come up with an interesting style of art where I would make the art on a canvas, purposely erode and destroy it, and then create it again, eroding it again after repeatedly, until everything was a properly detailed mess that still depicted something with skill in its end. I started to do this because people connected to my body in more recent years and the past decade have sometimes tended to start controlling my hand when making art and placing unpleasant qualities or undesired line strokes in it. My tactic then just started to be to make a large mess of a picture after, using many mediums, including sand from the Great Salt Lake, watercolor paint, acrylic paint, oil paint, inks, and often glues and egg whites. An example of these can be found on my locked alternative Facebook profile in the picture of a purple and turquois eyed depiction of a skeleton, and also the picture of Mega Mickey-O. The purple and turquois skeleton actually became my local Integrity hardcore show poster flier that I distributed to local coffee and tattoo shops, but the picture on the Facebook account is it without the show details placed upon it, which I later handwrote on the original work. I thought to myself that this worn and abused skeleton illustration was possibly good enough to work as a Criterion Collection cover for a release of Evil Dead (1981).
Because I have been working on so many things, and not been made allowed to, I haven't drawn in years.

When I was working at FedEx Freight and people started to turn the workplace extremely hostile for me, they sent in a blonde middle-aged female Karen and hood rat hybrid, which was a bizarre combination of a person, to start training everyone on new methods of taking phone calls. Literally every call center job that I have gotten, I have only paid attention ten percent of the time during any form of training, and instead I would be off in my imagination thinking of entertainment ideas. Only when some kind of break in the training occurred is when I would start paying attention again, worried I was on the right page or computer screen. This middle-aged blonde Karen hood rat hybrid they sent in to train everyone, probably and possibly teaching the call center on being a bigger hood rat, on and off the job, and also new tactics to steal tax money through FMLA, started to talk about hazardous packages, and I brought up anthrax as a possible harm to others through shipping, and she started asking me all about anthrax and saying that I must know a lot about it, and she definitely meant it instead of joking, her being an evil Karen and hood rat mix defending FMLA recipients and all, and probably despising me for making a apparent the fraud literally all FMLA recipients perform. Every time she looked over at me, she seemed to have no emotion, and her stare alone read: "How dare you show that the Hood rat Leave Whenever You Feel Like with Taxpaid Pay government program is only used by people committing fraud!" When I was done training with my class, which took over two weeks and removed me from the call floor during the time, I went directly back to taking phone calls as usual, and nothing new this blonde wretch of a Karen hood rat taught anyone ever came up for me that made me appear to deviate from her new training procedures while I took phone calls as I normally would, even though I didn't pay hardly one moment of attention to what she was supposedly teaching the whole time.

I know for a fact these violent hood rats have been hooking up to people all over the public through maser instruments, voyeuring and sexually assaulting them, and possibly even sometimes being involved directly in murder. Because I have been attacked by them for decades, these hood rats have possibly produced several hood rat pinkies that were born with belly rings naturally existing in their belly buttons when the umbilical cords fell off. The hood rat's natural instinct is to go pay for large amounts of tattoo work on themselves after

their pinkies are born using either welfare or FMLA to assist in paying for it all, and they often get a portrait of their newborn child with the date the baby was born and then a blank space for the death, which the death is eventual to occur during the child's younger years. The reason snake-President Bill Clinton set up the FMLA program is so people like him, Jeffrey Epstein, and Donald Trump could have a fresh supply of young hood rat offspring for them to devour someday when they're old enough, having the taxpayer making sure to keep the young hood rats fed for them to consume when the hood rat offspring grows to the years just before and up to their preteen years.

I wrote this following poem while on the sales floor of Home Depot in regards of my appreciation for the Mary Shelley novel Frankenstein:

"The Wretch" by Davyn Andersen

A thing of animals and former men pieced as one
Is to his inventor a creation and unwanted son:
A wretch whose being is, by himself, questioned;
An Adam thought a Lucifer from Heaven has fallen;
The monstrous shadow of his woeful originator
Stalks this master that he could not hate more,
Wanting of the creator a loyal and invented wife
With the dire desire to produce with her new life.

On one of my final days at Home Depot when I was made to take a sick day because of people with maser instruments controlling me, I was driving around controlled with people inducing with either their own mentality or recorded sensations anger towards African Americans while many times spotting them on the side of the road, and all these people using the maser instruments solely placing the blame of my mistreatment through maser use towards African Americans. When I got home, and did nothing but begin to write more ideas for poetry titles, I wrote down the title "The Heartlessness of the Shadow" as a possible title for a poem based on this event, which was probably helped in me making it, but possibly not, with me thinking of African American people with maser instruments acting as the blackest of all possible shadows, unrelentingly harassing and shadowing me for years. When I stopped having the signal altering my mindset, I looked at the title again, and I thought it still a good title, thinking of it without racial tones to it, but still feeling as if the most heartless and harmful of shadows have followed me for long years.

I want anyone involved in committing a crime to lose all rights, especially to their likeness and any properties that they own, even materials with a copywrite or patent. I got this idea when I read about a serial killer on Wikipedia who tried to sue a news agency for calling him a serial killer. I thought literally anyone should be free to call him what they want and do whatever they will with his likeness.

I have an idea for an animated cartoon titled Life Is Rover! The story would be about an old wrinkly-faced red hound dog named Rover being told his favorite treat no longer is in production, and it causes him to become constantly suicidal, with him stating in his dog-voice only the words: "Life is Rover!" Suicide attempts by this dog include him being taken for a walk, him and his owner returning home, him seeing a stepladder in his backyard to pick fruit from a tree, he whispers in his dog voice to himself, "Life is Rover!" so his owner can't hear, he goes to the stepladder, he hooks the leash that he was just walked with upon a tree branch, and then kicks the stepladder out beneath him to try to hang himself. The owner sees him hanging by his neck, rushes over to him, lifts Rover up with arms, and then removes the leash from the tree branch. He also tries to ingest rat poison beneath a kitchen sink, he tries to throw himself down some basement steps, he tries to mix some cleaners next to the toilet together to cause a toxic gas, he tries to stick his tail into an electrical socket, and he tries to kill himself by electrocuting himself when being given a bath by grabbing a turned on hair drier while being dried after the bath and attempting to reenter the bathwater in the bathtub with it.

FMLA RECIPIENTS ARE RAPISTS AND CHILD MOLESTERS! THEY USE MASER INSTRUMENTS TO EXTORT, SEXUALLY ASSAULT, AND VOYEUR EVERYONE, AND ESPECIALLY EVERYONE'S CHILDREN!

Home Depot needs to start selling hood rat poison with Ky— M—'s junior high school yearbook photo on its cover with him having X'es on his eyes. I just had to Google his last name again to second check if his surname etymologically means "humps mother." I then Googled whether he was in the sex offender registry because I was certain that he would be in for humping one of his own children or raping his mom.
A hood rat I went to junior high and possibly high school with was shown on the news a number of years ago running from police, exchanging fire with the officers, and then he shot himself in the head in a bathroom, probably having his bullet punctured head leading to his hood rat corpse looking like a someone bloody diarrheaed all over the floor before reaching the toilet. I watched this news story and thought there could never be any more fitting end for this person than looking like bloody diarrhea on the floor of restaurant bathroom. I then thought to myself, "Is there an easier way to make it so someone like him does not return gunfire to any police officers, but still winds up shooting himself in the head, while also making sure some innocent person doesn't have to clean up the mess of him blowing his hood rat brains out in public?"
The hood rat poison with Ky— M—'s junior high school yearbook should also have the crime scene picture of this person who committed suicide in a restaurant bathroom's corpse laying dead on the bathroom floor on the products back portion where it gives directions on how to properly eradicate hood rats. The package can be updated to possibly show a crime scene photograph of Ky— M—'s corpse in the future, too, having him discovered with pornographic photographs of him raping his own mom that are likely already in his possession right now. If I could take over his body with maser instruments to have him publicly protest the execution of any random convicted child pervert being incarcerated for owning child porn by having him sit in the street on a rug outside of the courthouse that sentenced the child pervert, then control him in pouring gasoline all over himself, having him yell before striking a match, "Decriminalize child rape!" and after have him set himself on fire with a matchstick struck with his own hand, I would do it. I would only be permitting him to become a martyr for a cause he is passionate about while also letting him express his deepest desires without fear to the public. I would leave a note telling his family, who consists of many son brothers and daughter sister lovers to him from his own mother, that they can feel free to just throw his body into a septic tank, so they can spend any possible funeral expenses on crack rocks instead, but I would also expect them to just know to do that anyways. If he owned any form of musicality, all his songs would be rap love ballads to each individual one of his daughter sisters, and one would be a dis track to his estranged father for stealing one of his daughter sister lovers away from him. Another rap track would be about his mother, and the lyrics would explain him just considering her a side ho.

KY— M— WOULD HAVE SEX WITH ANY OF HIS OWN FAMILY MEMBERS… KY— M— HAS SEX WITH HIS MOM!

Kylr Yust should have his penis burned off with heated metal pokers on live public television. Another heated poker should then be rammed into his anus while someone yells, "This is 100% hot-blooded U.S. gay American d—k going up your a—, stupid!" If he starts calling anyone gay while this happens, the proper thing to tell him is, "I don't get any sexual thrills from this, idiot! I just think it's funny!"

All Christians are hood rats.

All Christians would rape a child for not being Christian.

All Christians would draw with crayon a woman being raped and murdered through your five-year-old child!

As a Christian, Kirk Cameron wants child rapists to still exist and rape again, likely out of worry he will be involved in or has already been involved in child rape and one day will be caught for it.

If Kirk Cameron was violently murdered, hopefully in a real gory fashion, I would hope the crime scene photographs of his corpse would be online, because I would expect some people would eventually start a slam band titled Kirk Slamron with the photograph of his mutilated corpse used on the album cover.

The only thing hood rats are good for is testing out better new rat poisons.

The U.S. and world governments are being currently run in a prison dynamic where a child pervert with large enough amounts of money are paying other convicts not to beat up or rape them, and then the child pervert is also paying the convicts even more to beat up and rape someone that offended them.

I have an idea for a work that would either be a children's book, an animated film, or a video game titled Peel-Away Spirit Cleaner. This story would have an ordinary cleaning product on store shelfs that is claimed to clean all the dirt, grimes, stains, rust, pests, and all forms of bad energy and evil spirits within an unoccupied house in a matter of a day. This product is just a small box with a peel away tab on its, and a warning on the back says to not enter back into the house for twenty-four hours, and it also warns that no items within the house will be picked up or organized. The directions state find open all doors, cabinets, and drawers within the house, find the largest and most spacious room in the house to set the box, place the box in its center, tear off the cardboard top of the box, when ready to leave the house, peel away the seal on the top, leave the house within five minutes, and then have all people and pets vacated from the house for twenty-four hours. What occurs with the cleaning product box upon being opened and left in the house is that four pea-sized tiny monster spirits crawl out of the cleaning box and they start eating all the filth within the house, which includes bad and evil spirits, and things like living dust bunnies. The first monster spirit is a tiny little wooly ape with antlers that can hop like a flea and climbs on things as an ape does, and it eats dirt, grime, and especially likes to eat living and feral dust bunnies. It also gets in violent ape fights with various bad and evil house spirits. The second monster spirit is like a frog and ape combination covered in dandelion seed-like hairs and it flies around and also swims through the air, vacuuming dust of all varieties and air particles into its mouth. It also uses its ability to cause strong winds and vacuums with its mouth to combat bad and evil spirits. The third monster spirit is a tiny slug-monster with a spongy body that can produce cleaning solution from its spongy center only using small amounts of water collected from the air or elsewhere. This monster spirit likes to remove stains with its body and the cleaning solution its body produces, and it also attacks areas of rust. It likes to also combat the most stubborn of spirits attempting to attach to things. The fourth and final monster spirit is a fish-like little creature made of mostly electricity. It can move through most anything, and it likes to find areas in the house that need to be cleaned, and that the other monsters might be missing. This monster spirit also likes to kill vermin by electrocuting it to death, and then either the monster spirit that is a wooly ape with antlers or the slug-like monster spirit devours the vermin's dead bodies, including mice and rats. The frog and ape-like flying monster spirit will only eat smaller vermin, like flies and littler insects. The fish-like electrical monster spirit is unable to really attack most the bad and evil spirits in the residence, unless they are shadowy in nature, because it can produce light to attack the bad or evil spirit.
This story idea evolved from my attempts at making a French children's story, which I previously wrote of, and wrote a portion of a French lullaby for. At the FedEx Freight call center, I started to try to produce the story into an actual children's book for a moment, and I started to illustrate what the monster creature in the story looked like, which would have been called either the Chronoteau or the Oubliare. I produced two different possible looks to the monster, and then I thought a sequel to the book would be made from the cartoon short idea I came up with about a creature living in a clock inside a park and only eating people's good thoughts and not their bad thoughts, using one or the other of the two creature illustration designs that I came up with, and either working for each of the stories. They would be two varieties of the same species of monster spirit, with one named a chronoteau and the other named an oubliare. When I sat in my room and it was caked in dust because I am always occupied, and I was being harassed and attacked by the maser instruments, I started to realize that maser instruments possibly could be used for cleaning. I then started to come up with an idea to fake that spirits cleaned a house instead of the maser instruments doing it, having a fake product of magic spirit cleaners bought in a box from the store, telling people to leave the house after opening it, and then the maser instruments doing all the cleaning. I then started to create a very realistic looking 3D animated cartoon in my head, that had an extremely detailed house in its environment being navigated by pea-sized spirits cleaning a house and finding evil and feral dust bunnies beneath places, such as

underneath a couch. I borrowed in my mind my illustrated designs for The Chronoteau and The Oubliare for what I was picturing in my head. At one point, I started to call The Oubliare a different name of The Pulvareau, which would be a proper name for the creature sucking in and getting rid of dust. I started to call it by the name of a Pulvareau, because it floated as a dust particle would, and "pulvis" is the Latin word for dust. I have a Deviant Art account that I can no longer access, especially because it is attached to an old email, and it has some examples of art that I made at FedEx Freight, including the illustrations I made of The Chronoteau and The Pulvareau. The Chronoteau I made with fine-tipped Sakura ink pens first, a then I darkened the creature's fur with a BIC pen, angling its ballpoint tip on a tilt, so it just released so very little amounts of ink from it, to give the fur a darker tone. The account name is zerospider, and this is the link to it: https://www.deviantart.com/zerospider/gallery The pencil illustration of Rumpelstiltskin I made when I was working at American Express instead. The picture of the French bulldog, which I drew using my French bulldog Legion as a model, was made in a very small drawing notebook just before I left to vacation in Paris, France. I still have this notebook, because I used it to draw with watercolor pencil very quickly sights that I would see on my trip to France, such as a drawing including a view of the chimney pipes and roofs seen from my top floor hostile room, and drawings of the Eiffel Tower, Sacré-Cœur Basilica, the Moulin Rouge, a view outside the French Opera House, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Louvre Pyramid, Arch de Triomphe, the bookstore Shakespeare and Company, and an illustration that I made of a cat who lived in a local restaurant near my hostal, which I wrote a titled on the drawing: *"Le chat noir d'Espace Carnot*".
One book that I picked up at the Shakespeare and Company Paris bookstore for English books was an autobiographical book by Noble Peace Prize winner Aung San Suu Kyi, which I partially read on the airplane ride home, and this was likely trying to tell me something, as she was well-known for being suppressed and obtained in house arrest by the Burmese government.
After I made the illustration for The Chronoteau, I thought the picture good enough to be the single character placed on a children's authors gravestone after they died to indicate their greatest work. The four monster would likely be renamed to make a The Chronoteau and The Oubliare unique spirit monsters in their only stories with different appearances but would be similar in being pea-sized monsters also of a different species. The names of the four pea-sized spirit monster characters in Peel-Away Spirit Cleaner, in order of description, would be a Simicorne (The Miniscule Deer Ape), Pulvereau (The Diminutive Winded Horned Seed Frog), Épongeau (The Miniature Walking Wash Slug), and Fulgureau (The Pygmy Limbed Electric Flying Fish).

I think Dr. Seuss placed in very minimum and extremely low effort into his children's books. They have very simple lines and artwork, and even the rhyming narrative is extremely simple. I think it possible the early unknown artist Dick Ryan was possibly Dr. Seuss having another person claim to be him, where under Dick Ryan sometimes more detailed and elaborate comic book stories were made with the name in use. The characters in Dick Ryan's comic books show similarity to Dr. Seuss' style, except for their further detail, especially with both of their use of crescent pupils.
There is an issue of Star Comics #4 published by Chesler / Dynamic that has a cover that makes me think newspaper cartoonist were trying to destroy comic books from the inside to do far less work. The cover is illustrated by Winsor McCay's son Winsor McCay Jr., who his very skilled father taught him his cartoonist trade, and this not as skilled son, who likely didn't show the same passion for cartoons as his father, made this cover to show his father's famous characters burning schoolbooks like a group of delinquents. No story in the comic book even had anything to do with the cover. The comic book also features Dick Ryan's one page cartoon comics.

Something possibly odd happened in National Comics #42. This issue was released during World War II in May 1944. Their lead character prior to this issue was Uncle Sam as a superhero, and every cover had him on it, but this issue had them switch cover characters for the first to The Barker, along with all his circus folk friend characters. The Uncle Sam story in the comic book is titled "It's Your Move, Uncle Sam!" In the same issue, the Chic Carter story beginning on page 36 shows a character like an Uncle Sam frozen in ice. I think the comic book's creators were conveying in subtext that they were putting Uncle Sam on ice, because the circus had come to town. This saying, they were growing suspicious and upset at the government's behavior, possibly realizing it for being involved in criminal activity. Eventually they stopped placing Uncle Sam stories in the issues completely sometime briefly later.

I have an idea for a children's book, or an animated cartoon, titled Soot and Cobweb. It would be about a woman who leaves her perfectly clean house, and then immediately after she does a pair of two kobolds jump out of their hiding places and getting in a very heated fight with each other, dirtying the place up and causing a mess. One of the kobolds is named Soot, and he has a darker appearance, wearing a tattered black tunic with a rope belt, and he causes soot and dirt to spread everywhere. The other kobold is named Cobweb, and he has lighter appearance, wearing a tattered white tunic with a rope belt, and he causes dust and cobwebs to spread everywhere. As soon as the woman leaves, they run at each other, start violently pummeling and wrestling with each other. They take breaks, and then start fighting again, spreading dirt, soot, dust, and cobwebs everywhere, with this being repeated until the woman arrives back to her house. Before she enters her home again, the tired kobolds go back into hiding. She then goes inside her house to find that it is completely filthy all the sudden.
I was basing these characters on my two dogs Legion and Hugo, with Cobweb being a better name for Hugo, because he was a fluffy, lazy, blind with clouded-eyes, white dog, who would do nothing but sit in his bed in the corner of a room most the day. A drawing of Soot and Cobweb are on my locked alternative Facebook page. I was going to have a dog in my novel Nanahee also based on Hugo, but with the dog's name being Istos, spelled in Greek "Ιστός," which in Greek means "cobweb."

Another children's book or animated film idea that I have is titled Carrion Insect Circus, Carry On!, and it would be about a corrupt circus ringleader murdered by his own circus workers and his body dumped into a forested area, where different kinds of carrion and other insects start to devour his body, dancing, playing a musical dirge, and doing circus tricks while doing so, with them also musically accompanied by nearby spiders in their spiderwebs strumming on their threads to make string notes.

I have an idea for a children's book or animated cartoon, which I was originally writing as a story within a story for my novel Nanahee, having like an Eastern European folk legend, which was titled Yatso Yolk. This story has an egg man named Yatso Yolk existing on Earth in complete cold and darkness before the creation of the Sun and the Moon. Thise egg man Yatso lives for many years with the stars guiding his way, but starts to worry that he will either grow rotten from age or just be eaten by someone or something else, so, to preserve himself, he climbs the tallest mountain peak that he could find, and upon reaching its point, the sky pulls him into the heavens where he keeps circling the Earth. He sees all over the Earth as he circles it, and he also starts to grow larger and larger. When he grows extremely large, it makes him an easy target to get hit by shooting stars. A fast, strong, and large shooting star strikes him, and then smashes him to pieces. His inside yolk then becomes the Sun, and his eggshell pieces become the Moon seen cracked into pieces and different times in the sky.
This story mirrored the concepts of fictional religions included in Nanahee, conveying their religions untrue and just folk legends using this folktale. I created the name Yatso Yolk because it is phonetically like, "That's our joke!" I also wanted to make something like Humpty Dumpty based in the alternative dimension that the story takes place.

I have another children's book or animated film idea titled Yaki Shoulderhome. This story would be about a strong man, Yaki Shoulderhome, considered the world's strongest man, with a small and humble brick home that he is able to carry on his shoulder places. He tries to find a permanent place to live constantly, but when he thinks that he found a proper place to stay, he starts bragging to all the neighbors how strong he is, with him even stating he is the world's strongest man, and the neighbors get upset at his bragging, so they tell him to pack up and leave, and he then picks up his humble brick home and carries it elsewhere, looking for somewhere else to live.
I came up with this idea from several places. I was studying the Dragonslayer game series a lot, and the first game in the series involves the character dragging a house place to place often in the game, and I then thought what a modern remake of the game would look like, having the player's character pick up their house and carry it places. I also was looking through older Detective Comics series comic books, came across Detective Comics #102, and I really liked the cover showing Joker carrying around a small house. Coming up with so many entertainment ideas, along with ideas for things outside of entertainment, such as my government ideas, I worried when speaking about them to people in my head that I was too bragging. I then thought up a possible character who would be too bragging and people always getting upset at him. I then combined these

items together to create the character Yaki Shoulderhome, and I thought it would make a good children's story character in a story about not being overly boastful and bragging with people.

I have an idea for a dark comedy film titled Ken Kenny Kenneth, which would document the happenings in a rock 'n' roll Christian church that was run by a man named Kenny Cook, who was born to a family of Klu Klux Klan members with a birth name of Ken Kenny Kenneth, and the film shows him collecting large amounts of African American members to his church with sermons featuring various musical styles accompanied by Kenny Cook's guitar playing, and his own original Christian rock 'n' roll songs, and his church ends up eventually accused of large amounts of corruption, human trafficking, and violent crimes against the public, resulting in a climatic occurrence in the church where Kenny Cook locked a large congregation into a church location of theirs, set large amounts of gasoline beneath the stage, began to play a rock 'n' roll sermon, doused himself in gasoline, and lit himself on fire, causing the stage to set fire, and the gasoline cans beneath the stage were caused to explode into fire, too. I evolved the character of Ken Kenny Kenneth, also known as Kenny Cook, from several places again. I was working on a concept in my novel Nanahee where names variate to show age in their fictional culture, and I brought up the name Kenneth and how it would variate in their society, and I concluded a child would be named Ken, then the name would change to Kenny when they are a teenager, and then alter to Kenneth when they become an adult. I then wrote it down together, saw the initials were K.K.K, and then started laughing at the name. Before this, I was given a thought for a story of a cult leader who killed himself by lighting himself on fire before a crowd, which I wrote down. I was also studying information about several cults, and among them was Jim Jones and David Koresh, and I found the information very intriguing and also Koresh's song "Mad Man in Waco" very darkly humorous, especially given its now context. I really like the sleazy character Reverend Current in the film Tales from the Crypt: Bordello of Blood (1996) also. Already applying the name Kenneth to a possible character, I then recalled another student in a chemistry or biology class that I once had in high school named Kenny Cook. This fellow student was a taller clean-cut redheaded guy, who was somewhat chubby, and he always wore a black button-up shirt, black pants, and black shoes. He sat by me in the class, and not thinking him the type of person involved in religion because of how he looked, possibly even a satanist, I started to concoct a song based on his name, jokingly pretending him a devote Christian, even singing it to him the song in a gruff mockingly masculine voice prior to anyone else, and then singing the short brief song I came up with to other students at the school. The lyrics went:

Kenny Cook,
Goes by the holy book,
Just take another look,
And you'll see what's inside!
Seven, seven, seven,
Address to heaven,
Take my hand
And come along
On this rollercoaster ride!

I then thought to have this Ken Kenny Kenneth cult leader character being a son of at least one Ku Klux Klan member, just as Jim Jones was, but he is now going by the name of Kenny Cook to hide his family and his past, so to help him better succeed with his cult. Finding "Mad Man in Waco" so darkly funny, and thinking of this Kenny Cook song, I thought it would be good to make a whole movie that had humorous, ridiculous Christian rock numbers with some having heavy cult tones and reflecting current events happening in their church, likely being bad, such as law enforcement tactics being performed against it. I also watched the documentary Boogie Man: The Lee Atwater Story (2008) on a recommendation by a friend, and the interesting Republican Party campaign strategist was a very strange and amoral character, who was very humorous at moments in his behavior, including him playing blues electric guitar on stage. If anything, the thought of having a person like Lee Atwater playing guitar and then killing himself on stage by dousing himself in gasoline and then lighting a match probably existed as the seed of a film idea before anything else, even before thinking to apply my Kenny Cook song from high school to use for any purpose. Overall, I just think it would be an excellent film idea, and a fun feat to perform in writing, creating music, and directing, to

fake a history of a seemingly small harmless church based around Christian cult rock ‘n’ roll numbers and it being a very dangerous cult in its actuality.

When I was coming up for materials for Nanahee, I thought up a yet named culture around where Europe would be in an alternative dimension in the novel that believed Death a tricker god named the Wormsman. The culture would make certain to cremate all its deceased, but anytime that a person would be found left not cremated and later discovered highly decomposed they would believe that the Wormsman played a trick on the person, and as the Wormsman is usually depicted as a skeleton that the Wormsman as a skeleton controlled them from the inside. An ancient book from this culture would possibly be read from within the story of the novel Nanahee, titled Frolics of the Wormsman, but it is also possible to have this be a stand-alone novel of its own, focusing on the Wormsman in his mischievous adventures, playing tricks on others that result in their death. A problem with Nanahee is I was actually coming up with pretty unique ideas for entertainment within it, which would be great as actual existing works, ones I would never be able to complete in a lifetime, and this was one of them. A thing that the Wormsman would do when discovered to produce a decayed corpse, probably infested with insects and worms, would be to surprise the person who found them, jumping up as a skeleton and then throwing worms and bugs in the air, or at the person that discovered him, declaring, “It was me all along! I was the person!” referring to the person they discovered deceased and not properly cremated on a funeral pyre, who then was considered to have been the person their whole life, and he is later to explained in the book to be able to control and be many people at once.

I have an idea for a verse play or verse novel titled The Witch Seductress - A Collection of Maledictions, Curses, Hexes, Poxes, and Profanities. This story would be about a mostly to fully nude witch wandering about an old and large village, along with wilderness surrounding it, seducing and destroying the lives of the people within the village, along with other witches and supernatural characters being involved in the story. Often the characters would speak in patterns and ways that resemble different maledictions, curses, hexes, poxes, and profanities, hence the name. Many of the characters would be very evil, including those who are merely just human victims to this woman seductress and the other supernatural characters.
I really love the documentary film Häxan ever since I saw some photographs of it in demonology book that I own, and I also love occultist notions, but do not take them seriously, but find them fun and interesting. I also use to have a mythological bestiary book for the same reason of finding strange notions of folklore and occultism amusing. I came up with my idea for a kiln witch producing children out of clay, but then I thought to later apply this notion to the color-themed anthology series for children. Helped by people connected to my head with maser instruments, I still had similar notions coming up about this kiln witch being a long-nosed nude witch with a still pretty body practicing strange spells with her body, such as placing eggs, animal parts, and other ingredients into her vagina, and then creating a small evil homunculus by doing so, having it attack people after. I once visiting the Utah Natural History Museum with my family and an estranged aunt, and this idea kept being placed in my head and worked on, but not really seriously, while walking around the museum, and my estranged aunt literally read every single placard in the museum. While I was thinking of this many odd items were on display at the Utah Natural History Museum that I thought would be involved in witchcraft, such as mouse skeletons, owl pellets, woven bowls, and different potteries. The thought of having a seductive witch in a work still seemed like a good idea to me, but I didn’t want to have one with a long unattractive nose, and one that would be beautiful instead, evil possibly more innocent looking, but evil and dangerous. I also kept having the song “Blade” by the metalcore band Liar playing many times over within the last year, and I like how it reminds me of hex being performed in verse for its lyrics. I also love the Weird Sisters in William Shakespeare’s Macbeth, along with the goddess Hecate. With this verse play or verse novel I thought it would be great to make something that had the charm of hex verses completely throughout it, such as Macbeth’s “Double, double, toil and trouble,” but continuous, and to keep making them esoteric, macabre, and mystical while also having it somewhat sexy, although also disturbing in quality. The work would also be highly inspired by William Mortensen, who was a very interested photographer that constantly focuses on witches and the macabre, especially nude witches, but he was born in Park City, Utah, and was raised in Salt Lake City. This verse work would be highly inspired by William Mortensen’s photography, while also darkly seductive women in many other fictional works. One definite character influence would be the character Lili in the film Legend (1985) when she is transformed to her bride of darkness appearance. I also like the 'Witch

on Her Broom' artwork by Alfred Joseph Penot, and also the 'Witches Going to Their Sabbath' painting by Luis Ricardo Falero.

I have an idea for a verse play based on Revelations from The Bible titled the Whore of Babylon, which would mostly focus on its more villainous characters, such as the Whore of Babylon and the character Abaddon, who is also known as Apollyon, the angel from the bottomless pit, and it would depict them as very vile and awful characters, inflicting severe harm to those upon the Earth. Of any book in The Bible, I like Revelations the most because of it focus on strange and odd characters, and the work is almost just a strange and chaotic melee of strange occurrences happening. I have told others that is the most "metal" of scriptural religious books, having demons and evil characters existing about, people dying in mass, and all the animals of the sea dying and turning to blood. I actually consider it mainly nonsense, even more so than usual, and it still is better than everything in the book that came before it. Reading Revelations many years ago as a teenager, without reading any other book, but just interested in its finality of a giant worldwide apocalypse involving supernatural charaters, I read about The Angel of the Abyss residing in Sheol, the resting place of dead people, referred to by also the names The Destroyer, The King of the Locust, Abaddon, Apollyon, and Exterminans, and really liked the dark and menacing sounding character, and I wished to make a story based on him. There was a time during high school that I was really fond of the concept of fallen angels, drawing them in mostly Sharpie marker, and also really liking the Christopher Walken film The Prophecy (1995). I like the thought of making a verse play with extremely evil characters as their main cast also, having them speak in dark and evil poetry, yet still having it arrive as beautiful sounding in its creation, such as trying to make classy lyrics with sophistication, that still come off as something written from a better lyricist from a metal band who often uses darker imagery and tones in what they are conveying. The lead two characters would be the evil beast riding Whore of Babylon and Abaddon, not showing any love for each other or anyone else, but rather a love of harming others. There is a modern occurrence in writing where people tend to take evil characters and depict them with pleasantness in their actual character, such as in Neil Gaiman's works, with them being misunderstood, having kindness, being nice for the most part, but possibly involved in some corruption they cannot help, and I would want the opposite to occur where the characters are the genuinely pure evil people or beings that they are, having no concern for kindness or caring, and detesting most everyone else, and only tolerating others that also work like them to harm others.

I have an idea for a film story titled Fish Hag. This film would have phenomena keep happening where a psychiatrist is found driving by an aquarium or seeing an advertisement for an aquarium and they start to feel something happen in their genitals at the thought of being there. They then feel a desire to go there, look at all the fish in the aquarium, they get highly aroused wandering around and seeing the fish, they find it difficult to not masturbate, and some do lose control and start trying to secretly masturbate at the aquarium. They then go home, find their spouse or significant other inadequate, and they have dreams of having a relationship, holding, and making love to a hideous fish hag, even the female psychiatrists, who the fish hag is a woman with an actual fish face with a mouth of long, sharp, spaced teeth, she has long hair like it is constantly flowing in water, she has a skinny, muscular, and monster-ish female body with lanky arms and legs ending in sharp long claws, and she is usually mostly nude, having extremely elderly uneven drooping breasts. They all have wet dreams about this fish hag, and the fish hag starts to consume all their thoughts, causing them to have a sexual desire felt for the fish hag all hours of the day, and they are no longer able to even function correctly anymore. They eventually leave their spouse, significant other, or family, and head to the nearest oceans in hopes the hideous fish hag with arrive from the ocean and take her into her ocean home. Groups and groups of psychiatrists are found sitting on beaches and waiting for their now one desire, the hideous fish hag, to arrive and take them into their ocean home. They even start sleeping on the beach at different hours of the day, always having their wet dreams of the hideous fish hag while they sleep, and them obsessed with her. Mant get into violent and murderous fights of who loves the fish hag more, resulting in them killing each other,
I came up with this story idea because if you used maser instruments to cause a psychiatrist sexual desire around a fish, several fish, or an aquarium, they would most definitely have sex with fish.

An important thing to remember is that psychology, the study of the mind and behavior, is good, and the field of psychiatry, the study and treatment of the mind, emotions, and behavior is bad, with psychiatry just being a

pseudoscience involved in organized crime and massive amounts of human rights violations that is an extortion racket and scam to keep dangerous people around, especially criminals. They have been voyeuring the whole entire public using maser instruments, and they have been sexually assaulting others in large, mostly focused on children and younger people.

I thought up a comedy segment where honest people of the public make laws to place prohibition on religious and psychiatric organizations and bodies existing, and, in a alcohol prohibition type manner, news reels show law men raiding religious edifices and psychiatric offices, breaking, destroying, and throwing into the streets, to be cleaned up later as refuse, all their religious and psychiatric objects, and they always find massive amounts of fortune teller items in the religious and psychiatric edifices and buildings, such as crystal balls, new age books, healing crystals, and deck after deck of different tarot cards, smashing the crystal balls onto streets when throwing them out of church office buildings, and scattering the tarot cards in the air and all over the street as they throw them out the windows also. Scenes also display boats coming into harbors and trying to bring in holy water or brain medicine in barrels, and the barrels get intercepted and smashed with hammers, and spilled into sewers and ocean ports.

Some of the unique female love interest characters that I was coming up with for episodes of Post-Mortem also had the potential to be the main character of central antagonist for stories and films of their own. I created a huge number of possible mainly evil love interest female characters for the main character to date mostly only for an episode, and I placed them in a folder listed as Love Interest Characters within another folder Post-Mortem Ideas. One character I conceived in thought is a yet named female psychopath character who ever since her childhood has constantly had visions and communicated with a yet named short cartoonish female clown imaginary friend, who always tells her to do violent and criminal things, never in an angry or bullying manner, but in a kind and common manner of speaking, only suggesting nicely the violent or criminal activity. This short female cartoonish clown, likely depicted using CGI as a 3d character, would slightly resemble a pretty female character created by Nick Park in the Wallace and Gromit series and Marge Simpson shown in The Simpsons' episode "Homie the Clown" when she is briefly seen in make-up similar to Krusty the Clown, with both combined together, always having a painted clown face with a long red nose over a cartoon overbite with round, white, arched teeth perfectly lined together. The female clown imaginary friend would be very short, have a long protruding round nose, a little phallic, becoming thinner in circumference nearer to wear it connects to her face. She has purple, curly, and billowy hair, and wears a bowler cap with a line-stemmed cartoon flower placed in its band. She would be a bit of a mix of Pennywise the Clown with Drop Dead Fred. No matter, she never breaks from her jovial character and disposition once, despite stating to commit crimes to the female psychopath envisioning her. She always speaks in a goofy female voice. When I first started to imagine this character, the first thing I thought to have her do is to have the woman who imagines her having a pretend tea party as a child, using toy plastic chinaware and her stuffed animals and dolls, and this imaginary and evil female clown, would push herself out of the pretend plastic tea kettle she in no way should be able to fit in, and then she is flying around with balloon strings bunched in her hands, each tied to the small bird feet of many pained and fluttering cartoon yellow baby chicks with small wings, causing her to fly around above the little girl and her imaginary backyard tea party. Every time this evil imaginary female clown shows up, she is always shown doing something fun, but somehow the torture, abuse, and murder of animals are involved with the funny activity also, giving her a notation of being a serial killer, and likely trying to make the fun activity come off as evil. For instance, she is shown using a pogo stick and jumping around, but cartoon cats keep arriving, and she violently, apathetically, and uncaringly impales the cartoon cat through its center of its back, jumping on it with the bottom of the pogo stick, killing it and changing its pupils to X'es while it lays dead on the ground. I wrote down a huge list of various things the evil female clown would be envisioned doing or playing with, sending them in emails to myself upon Home Depot's sales floor, with most these being deleted with my emailed concepts and parts for The L.A. Driving Instructor, which usually involved the evil female cartoon clown with early, vintage, and ordinary forms of entertainment for children or average circus clown activities. Many activities involved simpler toys that one would find on a designated shelf in a smaller grocery store, such as plastic dinosaurs and swords, bouncy balls, jacks, toy snakes, and explosive cap gun caps. One instance, she would be seen by the girl imagining her outside her house on the sidewalk and hitting a red belt of cap gun caps with a hammer, having a cap gun next to her, but to convey her evil, she would be hitting the red cap belt upon the lower belly of a dead cartoon

tortoise with X-ed pupils. One early instance involving this evil female clown character would have her on a flying tricycle which has its peddles connected to a meat grinder instead, which the meat grinder vacuums in a wing flying cartoon pig fluttering by, slowly murdering it and causing it to squeal in pain, as the tricycle meat grinder hybrid turns it into sausage links rolling and rotating around the tricycle's front tire, and then falling on the lawn ground below. While the evil female imaginary clown is riding the floating tricycle and killing the flying cartoon pig, she tells the girl having a vision of her, "Hey! I heard the Peterson's next-door just adopted a new family dog! You should burn their house down!" The girl then asks, "Why?" The female clown then says, "Because if you burn their house down, they can then sleep outside in the backyard with it in its new doghouse!" The little girl then says, "Oh! That makes a lot of sense!" Again, I thought this character too interesting to just have as a side character and wanted to possibly make it an entire film or television series involving her and her evil female cartoon clown friend.

The importance of the evil imaginary female clown character is that criminals and psychiatrists tend to like to demonize simple newer brands of entertainment, even though they are just mainly a newer brand of entertainment and that is it, and they are mostly as harmless as early vintage toys, such as roller skates, bouncy balls, hula hoops, and jacks. They are more motivated by criminal behavior to blame the entertainment for something criminal and violent happening, attempting to excuse and protect what is more than likely the criminal's innate criminal nature.

The pretty and attractive female children's show host character with supposedly cute but nightmare-inducing puppet friends that I described in my idea for Rainbow Melvin and His Cartoon Friends arrived first as a possible Post-Mortem love interest character, but then we thought to have it a film or episode of a horror anthology series on its own. We first imagined a scene of these nightmare-inducing puppet characters being in a child's nightmare, having them hold a child down, using a toy prop saw to bloody and violently saw a child' leg off, and then they toss the leg across the room, with the severed limb flying through the air on invisible strings in a puppet show like fashion. The attractive children's host character would be a combination of Shari Lewis in her younger years, the character Becky from How I Met Your Mother when she does her "Boats! Boats! Boats!" commercial, Scarlett Johansson in Lost in Translations (2003) and Natalie Portman in Closer (2004) when they are wearing their pink wigs, and Stephanie from LazyTown if she was a young adult woman instead of a little girl.

Another evil female character for Post-Mortem that I thought could be in her own film instead would be a woman who would lure men into going on dates with her using women's photographs not even her own, and when the date shows up to her mansion, sees her as a different woman, even by far more prettier in appearance and her lavishly and glamorously being dressed, they say nothing about her not being the same woman usually. Her being a richer woman, she then tells them that their date is not an actual date, but they have been brought onto a gameshow titled The Trust Game. She has cameras set up around an expensive kitchen area, along with other areas of the house, somewhat in a To Catch a Predator fashion, recording the happenings, and she shows this date contestant a large briefcase of money that they can win. If they agree to play the game, they sign a fake contract, she tells them, "You have now entered into… The Trust Game," she then puts a headset on them that looks like a regular music player, so to communicate with them by sound, and also a body camera. Using the microphone and the body camera, she then directs the man to do criminal things out of an act of trust and an expectation that everything will turnout alright, so to win the money if they place their trust in her and what she tells them to do, but she actually fools the man into committing a crime and then either murdering himself, or getting murdered in self-defense by other people or law authorities. I got this idea from the film The Game (1997), with its conclusion of possibly fooling a person to commit suicide, and also criminals using maser instruments to possibly sometimes do as this woman does, fooling a person to stupidly commit a crime. If a film by itself, it would just be titled The Trust Game.

A female love interest to the main character for an episode of Post-Mortem would be a reoccurring background character in the series often seen on television in the happenings of the episodes stories. This woman would be an evil and corrupt U.S. female politician who keeps trying to pass laws mirroring or found in many different future dystopian fictions, and she successfully passes a law to legalize an annual television show on international television which would pit randomly selected teenagers, not even criminals who deserve it, across the U.S. in mortal battle against each other, violently attacking each other until only one of them remains, similar to Battle Royale (2000) and The Hunger Game series. This random teenage mortal battle show is shown on television being a mix of American Gladiator, American Ninja, and Wipeout, but extremely violent, having innocent and naïve looking teenagers violently killing each other, such as chopping each

other's arms off with machetes on Wipeout looking obstacle courses. She passes this law, stating to the public that it is to satiate the desire for bloodlust inherit in society, especially towards youths. This annual randomly selected teenage mortal battle is titled "The Great Blood Satiation". She later tries to pass a law that would allow a 24 hour day to exist in which all laws are no longer in effect, and all criminal activity is allowed to occur during the 24 hours, mirroring The Purge (2013), and she proposes to title this day of the year either "The Day of Lawlessness", "The Time of Lawlessness", "The Holiday of Lawlessness" or "The Holiday of Evil". She also tries to pass a law to only allow a person to live until a certain age before being euthanized if too old, mirroring Logan's Run (1976) and its society in which a person is only allowed to live until they are thirty, with this evil female politician proposing that the law euthanize anyone who has reached sixty or over at first, and then lowering the age if needed, and her proposing to do this to assist in lowering the use of natural resources.

I think that Logan's Run (1976) should be remade into a modern film.

Another proposed long or short poem that I desired to write and wrote down the title of was "Shivering Demons". I came up with this idea because I have been made to feel the partial or more feelings of worthless, fearful, and criminal people connected to me through maser instruments, attempting to combat my behavior showing them more than worthy of no longer existing as a person in life, because they are a idiotic, stupid, and innately criminal person. I came up with this about six months ago when I was having a wholesome moment at home with my mother attempting to shave the spots on my head that I missed with an electric razor outside, and I had some idiotic and criminal person being connected to me with maser instruments, and I half feeling what they felt and vice versa, with them shivering in fear about what I was doing and my normal behavior.

I thought of making an animated cartoon wear a demon connects to a young child wishing to ruin the child's soul, but then the child is extremely obnoxious in behavior and everything that he does. The demon sticks it out, realizing the child overly obnoxious, but then the kid himself starts doing harmful and evil things on his own accord, and the demon leaves his body, telling the boy: "I don't want your soul! Nobody does! It's valuable to no one!" and doesn't come back. I actually think that this happens in reality with criminal maser instrument users where they only care if a child has no criminal behavior innately to them and then continuously attack a child if so and leave children with innate criminal behavior mostly alone and to thrive.

I have an idea for at story, likely a film, titled A Visit from Blotto. This work would borrow my alternative dimension equivalent to Mickey Mouse named Blotto from my novel Nanahee, who I wrote about being a wall-eyed black dog cartoon character. I realize that Blotto is usually a word for a person being excessively drunk, but in this alternative dimension the word is not in use and was applied to the character's black ink-like appearance. This film possibly would just borrow the character from my novel Nanahee, having the story not necessarily in the novel Nanahee's alternative dimension. I was looking through vintage photographs of Mickey Mouse and people in Mickey Mouse costumes from the 1930's and I arrived at photographs of Charlotte Clark Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse dolls, which were some of the earliest plush dolls for the characters, and I really appreciate and like their designs, especially their hands. These plush dolls are usually valuable collectors' items. The actress Betty White was said to have one from her childhood even into her elderly age, sitting with her on a desk. I then came across a humorous picture of a "life-size" Mickey Mouse doll, The Big Doll, standing with a group of children. The photograph can be found on this toy collector's website here: https://melbirnkrant.com/collection/page39.html I liked the picture so much that I began to create a story in my head partially based on it where a modern group of elementary school children won a contest to have their school visited by the character Blotto for a day. When I was in elementary school, we had something similar occur where a large assembly was held at my elementary school focused on the McDonald's restaurant, not with us winning a contest or anything, and a person dressed as Ronald McDonald arrived, performing and educating about their products and healthy nutrition. When this happened, odd things were shown and announced that McDonald's was working on, but I would never hear about them again. They had an early style computer animation cartoon displayed, having a very rudimentary 3D fish character, who was mostly several 3D shapes combined as one to form a cartoon fish, narrate that McDonald's was looking into the field of 3D animation, and this possibly occurred before the release of Toy Story (1995) and Pixar's notoriety. I never saw anything of the sort produced by McDonald's after, and I can't find anything involving

an attempt at them entering the field of 3D cartoon animation online. Another funny thing that occurred is while at recess many of the children viewed the actor playing Ronald McDonald in his costume and make-up standing in the road outside of the school and smoking a cigarette, which we all found funny. I thought to have a film's story mirror this event of a famous character visiting a school and taking up a whole school day, especially one symbolically just Mickey Mouse, and them being given strange commercialized information about the animation company that produced him and their products, and ultimately having the class who won the contest to bring them to their school, gifted a large plush doll of the character, and smaller versions of the doll for each of the students there. This would also mirror George Bush's visit of the Emma E. Booker Elementary School during the morning events of 9/11 at moments in the film's story. The news would be present for the event to later report about it, and a camera crew hired by the large animation company would also be present, following around the corporate representatives of their company and actors portraying their animated characters, and filming them as they meet the children, perform, make speeches on stage, and show presentations to the audience. One of the visitors would be an actor dressed in a full body costume of Blotto, like a mascot, and him never speaking, because the character is mute, but pantomiming silly things, and then he would late be seen in the parking lot during recess by many children playing as he stands in the road, holding his costume's head and smoking cigarettes while conversing with teachers of the school who are also smoking. I am a big fan of the MTV comedy segment show The State, watching it on MTV when I was a kid, and also loving MTV's independently animated cartoon collection program Liquid Television, and I once watched an interview with some of the comedians from The State explaining how they got started in the entertainment business, and I think it was Michael Ian Black who explained that a few of them had jobs showing up and performing at locations at the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles in costume, and he gave a funny anecdote about being in Mexico and playing the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles upon a business roof top, and them handing out pizza to Mexican children in a crowd located below them, which this also helped to inspire me in its film idea.
I thought another moment in this film could include a moment where people are performing on stage at the elementary school and the performers are looking at a very eerie sight of the entire elementary school's silent student body wearing Blotto masks that were handed out to them. This was inspired by another photograph of a theater of children all wearing Mickey Mouse masks, which I posted on my locked alternative Facebook profile. I saw this photograph and imagined being on stage before this strange sight of all these children wearing these masks.

Regarding the link I included in what I just wrote, I thought a funny moment in another Toy Story sequel would have the living toy characters finding themselves in such a museum as this collector has and shows in photographs on his website, and with them being somewhat creepy and eerie in appearance often, the toys being alive and many staring eerily at the Toy Story main characters.

I thought of a crime film titled Hot Rod Mickey, which would have a large and powerful organized criminal called Hot Rod Mickey, who is a very violent criminal, a vintage car collector, and a "car guy," who goes on an underworld rampage after his favorite vehicle is stolen from his personal car collection. The film would follow him attempting to track it down, while another organized criminal character named Getz has also been directed to try to find the vehicle on his own, and also Hot Rod Mickey's sociopath of a girlfriend is cheating on him again with a naïve man not understanding what he is getting into by being involved with her and knowing himself the other man. This film would hopefully be a mix of Point Blank (1967), Bullitt (1968), Vanishing Point (1971), and The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973).
When I was working at FedEx Freight and right after I started to get bullied, I created a short script, expanding a comedy film short called Mickey that me and some friends made where an underworld figure named Mickey is being sought and looked for by several underworld and crime figures, with him alluding them all. This was probably symbolism and subtext attempting to be conveyed by them or an outside party to them, trying to indicate Walt Disney Co.'s criminal behavior. In the short script I made, Mickey's favorite vehicle would be stolen, a man named Getz is trying to locate the stolen vehicle, and Mickey tracks down his sociopathic and deceiving girlfriend to a hotel, where she is setting up a man that she is seeing behind his back to be murdered by Mickey, because she enjoys the anger it induces in him and she loves the excitement of a man being murdered by him. I sent this script I worked on alone to one of the guys that I made the comedy short with, and he just wrote back mostly that it was pretty good. I had the thought to make it more of an expanded full

length film, showing criminal after criminal suspected of stealing Hot Rod Mickey's vehicle, and several of them murdered by Mickey and his men, or the character Getz getting into violent and action-packed trouble looking for the vehicle alone, while also his sociopathic girlfriend sets up a man she is seeing behind Hot Rod Mickey's back to be murdered by him.

At one point I thought of making Hot Rod Mickey a supernatural ghost character that is an old evil ghost of a hot rod racer that likes to kill others in vehicle races and by hitting them with his vintage roadster. I started to title this film Lucky Skull Ring, which I get the title from old advertisements in comic books for lucky skull rings, and this murderous ghost vintage roadster racer from the 1950s, often without pupils and having completely white eyes in his appearance, blue-skinned, fashioned as a greaser, would wear a lucky skull ring always upon one of his hands. This character would no longer be titled Hot Rod Mickey, but I have at least one older drawing of the ghost drawn in concept using the name. I really love the film Death Race 2000 (1975), and I figured that it would be one of this film's largest influences. There was a Speed Racer adaptation film made in 2008 by the Wachowskis, who also made the Matrix series, and the film's length was blamed for it not doing well in theaters, because children did not want to sit through such a long film, but I think it was the fact that they didn't use actual vehicles and car stunts in the film, and if they had used entirely actual unique vehicles and spectacular stunts, even possibly better than those in Death Race 2000, the runtime of 135 minutes would not even have been considered to be a bad thing.
I thought of another film involving vehicles, racing, and car stunts called Devil Quick, which would be a hybrid or a racing movie and a horror film where the whole entire full length feature film is one large chase in vehicles and on foot, having a story where a man is being hounded and chased by the hordes of Hell after the apocalypse and is attempting by any means possible to escape them, although they can fly, transport themselves, and follow him everywhere.
Une homme et une femme (1966) has a large European vehicle race within its story that its male lead character is involved in, and I think it possible to one day have two large multicontinental sports vehicles races somewhere in the future, having vehicle racers speeding between Europe, Asia, the Middle East, and Africa. Another race could involve all the Northern, Middle, and Southern Americas together. I was originally making this idea of such a race in my head a movie or animated series, with the story being a combination of Death Race 2000, the Speed Racer cartoon series, Wacky Races, and a Une homme et une femme combined. I was also applying the name Devil Quick to it but then decided to title the other idea Devil Quick.
Death Race 2000 was likely a mano nera film indicating what was occurring with Walt Disney Co., having its film somewhat resembling a disturbing version of Wacky Races with extreme violence, comedy, and odd political behaviors, having its protagonist character Frankenstein ultimately attempting to end the corrupt and violent political system.

I think it possible to make a modern solar vehicle that could possibly run continuously nonstop for years and years, possibly decades, having its solar panels constantly collecting energy and altering between many energy storage batteries within the vehicle. The wear of the tires would be the main thing to worry about, though.

I thought that Nickelodeon should make a reboot of the Are You Afraid of the Dark? series, but calling it Are You Still Afraid of the Dark? This would have a new group of kids telling stories, and they likely would have their own new reoccurring characters in the stories.

We thought up a comedy segment based on Are You Afraid of the Dark? where a new member of the Midnight Society already wishes to leave after a month of being in their group, so he starts making a story up on the spot that takes Dr. Vink, Sardo, and Zeebo, which are reoccurring characters that belong to other members of the Midnight Society, and he makes them homosexual and pedophiles in his story, which the other Midnight Society members consider one of the scariest stories ever told by one of their members instead of kicking him out like he desired. The story first starts with some characters going into Sardo's magic store. Sardo then sells them each a magic mirror, saying it will display all their greatest fantasies when one strips naked in front of it. When they leave the store, Dr. Vink walks out from behind the store's back curtain, and he says, "We got some more hot kids to check out later now, don't we, Mister Sardo, sweetheart?" Sardo replies, "That's Sardo, with no Mister, and emphasis on the 'OH, we're going to see some child front and back tail tonight!'" "I hope that little boy is hung, so I can thoroughly pound your manhole while thinking about it

later!" Dr. Vink says. Sardo replies, "I hope he is too, so you can get real 'nutbag' deep in there!" Sardo and Dr. Vink then start making out. Members of the Midnight Society then stop the story, and it shows them around the campfire. Gary, the leader of the group, says, "Woah, new kid! You can't just take people's characters like that!" Frank then says, "Yeah, man, plus you're making them gay with each other, and that's not cool!" Tucker then says, "Wait, guys! Hear him out! This story is already giving me the creeps! Let him keep going!" Kristen chimes in, "Yeah! This story is already making me nervous and giving me the chills! Keep going, new kid!" The new guy then continues his story. He explains that the boy of the group who went into Sardo's shop then went home, stripped naked, and then started looking in the mirror. Nothing occurs that displays his fantasies in the mirror. The boy then says, "What a jip!" The boy then places his clothes back on, and as he does with his back turned to the mirror, Sardo's face appears in the mirror, dark, sweaty, lustful in the face, and horny. One of the other kids in the group does the same, except when the mirror doesn't work as hoped to show their greatest fantasies, Dr. Vink appears in the mirror shirtless and horny. One of the other kids doesn't bother to do what Sardo told him to, despite buying a mirror. He does his homework and then brushes his teeth and goes to bed after. While he lays in bed, the magic mirror on his desk shows Sardo and Dr. Vink wrestling with each other to see what's on the other side of the mirror. They see that the kid that bought the mirror is just lying in bed and sleeping, they stop wresting with each other, get disappointed, and then the mirror turns back into a regular mirror again. The next day a mother walks into the room while the boy who bought the mirror is at school, she is helping tidy up the room, and she looks at the mirror. When she looks away for a moment, she continues cleaning but then looks back to the mirror and sees Sardo and Dr. Vink lustfully staring at her. The mother then screams, grabs the mirror, and shatters it on the ground with them screaming, "Noooo! Don't, you c— b—!" as she does. The boy comes home from school later, starts saying, "Mom? Mom?" with no answer. He then goes to his room and sees that his magic mirror is broken and blames his brother for doing it. His mother never arrives back home, and his worried father gives them money to order pizza while he goes out trying to find her. One of the other children who was with the boy at the store is visiting a carnival. He sees Zeebo's Horror House at the carnival. He goes in, sees all sorts of horror amusement animatronics, but then comes to a horror dungeon area. He sees it filled with lifelike corpses of mothers and fathers. One of the corpses is his friend's mother. He then screams, tries to escape Zeebo's Horror House, but then Zeebo grabs the child and says, "See something you didn't like, you little cutie-f—!" Sardo and Dr. Vink come out from the dungeon area to meet Zeebo holding the child. They tell Zeebo, "This child found out that we torture, rape, and kill people who know too much about how we work, and then we use their bodies as corpse props to make our horror elements scarier!" Sardo then says, "Now we have to torture-f— the little s—, and then murder him to not only give us all raging boners, but to make an example of him by putting him on display in our horror house also!" Zeebo says, "HA, HA, HA! He's going to find my red clown nose deep in his butt, along with some of my cigars and my meat cigar!" The kid who was caught by them then screams, "Nooooo!" genuinely and extremely afraid as the three take him away to do exactly what they said they would to him. It then cuts back to the new guy and the Midnight Society around the campfire, and the new kid says, "The end!" The Midnight Society then all look dumbfounded and scared at each other. Frank is holding his stomach. He then says, "New kid, you just scared my sphincter permanently shut!" Gary then says, "Yeah! I think I can speak on everyone's behalf that we're never looking into a mirror again!" The new kid then says, "You guys actually liked my story?!" Kristen says, "I think that is the scariest story any of us have ever told around this campfire!" The whole other rest of the group together in unison then say, "Yeeeeeah!" really sad, followed by nothing but silence and staring into space.

Another comedy segment we came up with would have a televised reunion of a fake Nickelodeon show that is basically Solute Your Shorts mixed with Hey Dude titled Dude Camp, which existed in the early '90s, and the beginning introduction and starting credits make it seem like the program is going to be fun, showing its cast of characters when they were young and in the show with how they are now, and also showing other and more recent works that they have been in, but then when the television reunion starts they are all in a group talking amongst each other and reminiscing about times they had on the show, and the conversation keeps arriving to dark subject matter about being sexual abused on the set, such as a fat kid on the show explaining that he showed up to do a scene in regular clothes, but then the director physically forced him to put on a pair of swim trunks, even though the scene had nothing to do with him swimming before, during, or after the scene. The actors just keep getting sad, breaking down in tears, as they tell their stories, but then stop and go onto more reminiscing, but just for it to happen again.

We came up with a comedy segment that possibly could also be made into a full-length feature film titled Rapetown University, which basically makes fun of Revenge of the Nerds (1984) and other horny college films with all the students focused on sex. The comedy segment would begin with a jock fraternity completely humiliating a fraternity of nerds at a big Rapetown University celebration festival are lured by the jock fraternity's sorority girlfriends to an area highly peopled by the university's student body, and thinking that the sorority girls want them, the women convince them to take off their pants, and after they do so, the jocks appear out of hiding in some bushes and blast them with very strong streams of water from firehoses in front of all their possible fellow students, with them yelling, "Take that, you horny b—ners!" while the pant-less nerds scream and try to protect themselves from the firehoses, rolling about on the ground. When the jocks stop blasting them with the firehoses, they and the whole student body are laughing at them, and they pick-up their pants and walk to go back to their fraternity house. They speak to each other about their hatred of the jocks and how much they should be praised instead of humiliated. A leader to them then stops them all, and says, "You know what! We're going to get those jocks back! We're going to make them pay for what they did to us!" One of the nerds then asks, "How?" They all stand and ponder in thought. Another nerd is looking off at a location beside them. He says, "I think I have an idea!" It shows that the nerd is looking at a construction site on campus with many large construction vehicles everywhere. A sign on this construction location reads: "The future home of the Rapetown University Space Science Learning Building". It then cuts to a scene of the jock fraternity partying at their fraternity house, drinking beers and slapping each other five. One says, "Man, we should have gotten video of when we started blasting those nerds with the firehouses!" Another says, "Man, we need to start thinking ahead when we do this stuff! I would love to be watching that again, right now!" Suddenly a strange loud sound of moving construction equipment occurs. The fraternity leader of the jocks says, "What the hell is that?" The blade of bulldozer than crashes into the side wall of their fraternity, causing them to jump up. Another bulldozer blade crashes into another wall of the fraternity. The nerds are all outside wearing camouflage army gear and helmets, as they drive several construction vehicles, and are attacking the fraternity house with it. They are all yelling, "Hoorah!" and "Owe!" and "Yeah!" as they keep smashing into the fraternity house, and several people are trying to escape it. The fraternity, their sorority girlfriends, and many students who were partying in the house just sit and watch from outside in the backyard as the nerds keep destroying the fraternity house with the stolen equipment. The fraternity leader walks around the house, stands alone and in place with his arms folded, and staring at them. The leader of the nerds, dressed in his army gear, yells loudly in celebration, looks at the leader of the fraternity house, and says, "This is payback, jerkoff!" The leader of the fraternity just looks at him putout and displeased. He then walks to a next-door neighbor's house, who is an older couple worried and watching what is happening from the front door of their home, just like every other neighbor in the surrounding homes. The leader of the fraternity then asks them, "Do you mind if I use your telephone?" They say, "Yes, you may, young man!" The leader of the fraternity then calls the campus police. He then walks outside the house, still displeased and watching them continue to destroy their frat house. The campus police quickly show up, start pointing guns at the nerds in the stolen construction equipment, and the nerds turn off the vehicles and get down from them with their hands up. They all start getting arrested. It then cuts to them being sentenced in court, and the charges include voyeuring the whole entire Rapetown University bathrooms by connecting hidden cameras throughout all of them, charges of rape, including drug rape with a date rape drug, the theft of the construction equipment, widescale destruction of property, and attempted murder. The jury and judge find them guilty, and their sentence for each of them is life in prison with a possibility of parole in thirty years, where they will have to each be registered as sex offenders upon release for the rest of their lives.
When I was working at Home Depot, we kept using this comedy segment as a metaphor for those currently leading the U.S. government, having them already illegally voyeuring and sexually assaulting everyone with the maser equipment but then also performing 9/11, crashing the two airplanes into a tower of innocent people.

CHILD PERVERTS AND RAPISTS SHOULD NOT BE ALIVE!

I have an idea for a horror comedy titled Tide High. The film would be about a high school built clear out on the ocean's surface far off the California coastline, and there would be miles of freeway to get to it. The high school is thought to be an advanced new school where an exact thousand elite high school students will learn

various ocean-related things, such as oceanography and the study of sea life, but what is really occurring is oil industry executives involved in the U.S. government used taxes to pay for the school, and the building is actually a sacrificial offering to a violent sea king in exchange for the oil industry executives to both move oil shipments over his ocean domain, and for them to be able to drill for oil in the area also. The one thousand students were asked for by the sea king, and nothing less or more, with the faculty of the school not being necessary to the deal, but just a bonus sacrifices, as they only want to murder the youths. The first day of school is made mandatory to attend, no matter what, and is the day the sacrifice will take place. The film will have one missing student in it, that they can't locate, so they have people try to find a random teenage to place in the school to make sure they have the right number. When the sacrifice does take place, the school lowers enough into the ocean to have its lower floor partially covered in sea water, and then monstrous ocean life starts attacking the students, such as evil fish people, and demon blowfish, starfish, sharks, eels, and sea snakes. Eventually, a very large Kraken shows up also.
Again, this film would be a metaphor for 9/11, having the two World Trade Center towers built on the side of the ocean possibly just to result in their future attack planned with help from the U.S. and world governments, and also Middle Eastern oil companies, such as those in Saudi Arabia, assisting.

I came up with a comedy segment where a tokusatsu team like the Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers is fighting a random monster in a mech that they combined as one from other animal robots, and then they literally spend about seven and a half minutes powering up only to immediately kill the monster they are fighting in a matter of a few seconds with an energy blast. This involves them pulling in various weapons and armor, such as large robot animals arriving and changing to become either pieces to add to the mech fighter's weapons or its body, such as a giant robotic dolphin swimming from the ocean just to divide in two to become the mech fighter's shoulder pads.

I created a story idea titled A System where a terrible dictator in a fictional European or Middle Eastern country is being made to be removed as the country's leader and replaced by an intellectual man, but the intellectual man slowly then starts being molded by other people in the country, the country's aristocracy, its organized criminals, and its basic public, to be molded to resemble its current leader and have his same policies, making the removal of the current leader pointless and all for show, and the problem is with the country's people more than anything rather than the single person they are placing in charge of the country. The country therefore needs to fix their habits and the way that they think if they genuinely want it to change for the better.
The reason that I came up with this idea is because I considered that people, mostly corrupt individuals and criminals, were attempting to do the same with me, especially through the maser use, trying to mold me to care for individuals of the public damaging society and causing it to be run on behalf of criminals and the corrupt, so to have any form of change being genuinely only for show, and they are genuinely the complete problem.

When I was coming up with materials for Nanahee, I came up with two ideas for works titled Warlord I and Warlord II. I was first trying to think of another fictional alternative dimension equivalent to The Iliad and The Odyssey, but would have it uniquely interesting in its story of two sides warring against each other, and I came up with an idea of a dual set of works having the first work only focus on one leader of an army, his plight and the happenings around him, giving his reasons to why he is at war with the other leader, making the reader side with this first leader in his motivations, but then the second work would focus on the other sides leader, his plight and the happenings around him, giving reasons to why he is at war with the other leader, making the reader now side with the second leader on the other side in his motivations. I started to call the combined two works Warlord I and Warlord II, but the word "warlord" is a bit off in its use, because it is too modern, and the word often applies to use for warring leaders in Africa, and it does not have any Greek or Latin etymology like The Iliad and The Odyssey, so it would not really have been an equivalent to Homer's two books, and it would have been a unique work, just as The Star of the Arsonist would have been also. I would have had to create something etymologically Greek or Latin sounding if I wanted to make an equivalent to Homer's works, but these two ideas that I came up with were still good and unique on their own, so I wanted to make another story of people at war in ancient times instead for the alternative dimension's literary equivalent.

I thought up a comedy segment and then was later helped in creating materials for it, that then could be made into a full-length film, that then could be made into a painting, and ultimately it was metaphorical of myself in many ways but joking that the opposite of myself occurred. Each of these would have the title The Last American President. It first started out as a comedy segment made by me in my head where the U.S. public learns of the U.S governments wide-scale corruption and on the coming year they start placing in joke politicians in government seats, especially a U.S. President who is a man with down syndrome, writing everything for him and the politicians, not only to show similarities to how the previous government officials ran things and their behavior, but also because the U.S. public is moving towards a new variety of government without them because of the corruption in the current system. The U.S. President with down syndrome that they place in office has literally most everything he says written for him, and the writers, who are mainly just political comedy writers, always cause him to take the most ridiculous and stupid stances, saying completely ridiculous things in public, such as him performing a speech on the White House lawn that has him state his stance: "I think that EMT, fire fighters, and law enforcement should pay more taxes than anyone else, so they can then assist the public better in advance!" They also place him in a personal interview with a large earpiece on his head, and when the interviewer asks him the question, "Do you think leadership should always be responsible for what occurs within a country?" this U.S. President with down syndrome then places his hand up to his large earpiece in his ear, listens to it for some moments, shifting his eyes places and nodding his head up and down a bit, puts his hand down when finished, and then responds, "I think that a leader should take complete blame for everything. If the queen of France said, 'Let them eat ice cream!" instead of "Let them eat cake!" she would still be alive today!" The interviewer then asks, leaning to the side and very intrigued at his answer, "You do believe that? That is your stance?" and the U.S. President then says, "Yes, that is my stance!" A later moment would have the political comedy writers telling him everything he needs to say, but they stop paying attention a moment, and the U.S. President makes the stance, "I think that the U.S. flag should be changed to a picture of a clown making a funny face!" The U.S. President writers then hear this, they get surprised, and then one says to the rest of them, "We didn't even tell him to say that one!" They then take this U.S. President's desired stance seriously, and they have concept artists create a new U.S. flag proposal showing a clown on a black flag with his round, white Moon-like clown face in its center with a tongue sticking out of his red painted clown mouth, and the clown being mocking in his appearance and gesture, having his two hands on each side of his head, with his right hand pointed fingers spread out downward, and his left hand pointed fingers spread upward. In a press conference displaying the new flag proposal, they blatantly say that the clown's head represents to Moon, the clown's right hand represents the dawn, and the clown's left hand represents the dusk, all with the clown's mocking gesture meaning that those running the U.S. government are now untouchable in everything they do because of the U.S. space programs. They have a senate meeting to vote on the update of the U.S. flag without having the U.S. public involved in the vote, and several other joke politicians are there, including one really vile person named Brad Durges, who is notoriously always drunk, even in public, with several DUIs under his belt, and making outrageous stances himself, even completely opposite to the U.S. President's existence, such as a public stance he stated, which was: "I think all mentally-handicap people should be shotgun blasted in the face!" Another U.S. senate member, which we had yet to name, would be an African American man in his sixties, who looks as if Mushmouth from The Cosby Kids grew up and was placed in a U.S. senate seat, and he is always completely oblivious to things and forgetful of everything, constantly puckering his lips and causing them to shake against each other as he pushes air out from them, because he nervously has no idea what to say during situations. One of the other politicians would be a man who was attempted to be murdered as a child by his diplomat father, because his father believed him the Anti-Christ, which is a reference to The Omen series and its character Damian, who has exactly that happen and him later to become a politician in his adult years. One last politician we came up with is a former professional wrestler who went by the name of Death Clown during his professional wrestling career. In one scene of the comedy segment, the U.S. President would be making a speech to the U.S. Congress, and something he says agitates this former professional wrestler politician, and the news footage then imitates the handheld cinematography of professional wrestling, focusing on this senate member while he stands up from his seat, yells something muted in anger at the U.S. President, and then spits to his before yelling at him more. The U.S. President then just smiles, knowing the senate member's behavior and anger are not reality. When they finish their vote for the new U.S. flag, the senate majority votes mainly in favor of the change to the flag, and it then shows the U.S. President placing up the

new U.S. flag on the White House lawn with a newspaper hat on his head. The U.S. public of course doesn't take any of this seriously. They start to give the U.S. President mythical qualities in their writing about him, very much being propaganda, making him seem like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, even and especially regarding unimportant events. Despite Brag Durges' anti-mentally disabled person stances, the U.S. President later publicly awards Brad Durges the Presidential Medal of Freedom for his honorable and earnest pursuit of the freedom of speech and liberty. A person mythically praising the U.S. President in this act is shown on a news program regarding it, with him pretending to be largely impressed and stating in his interview, "Our President got up on that stage, a man with down syndrome, and he had the courage and integrity to look pass his stance in life and to know the value of another man also great in his position as a member of the U.S. Congress, despite this man's opposing opinions of those like the U.S President, and to give that senator a medal for something he truly believes in, which is the freedom to state the first opinions to arrive to one's mind, and I find that to be one of the most admirable and impressive things a person could do: our President is just that kind and giving of a person, and it is a rare quality in a person to have such distinguishing characteristics." They also give this U.S. President a very large presidential portrait that has extremely strange symbolisms all throughout it, making it appear as a classical and well-made portrait of a U.S. President sitting at his desk, but then it looks highly inspired by Hieronymus Bosch's works mixed with Édouard Manet's stranger paintings, along with inspiration from Salvador Dali, but as if the three painters existed during the modern day, and it has very surrealist features found in the portrait, such as very tiny and fantastical figures found about, and also random larger and life-sized odd figures located around the area as well, and all of it has a cartoon-like sense of humor, such as that of MAD Magazine, despite being a well-produced and very detailed painting.
I wrote down several details of what would be in this presidential portrait as file folder titles within a file folder titled 'The Last American President' Portrait. These were the file name descriptions in the alphabetical order that they appear:

A bit to the right of President's head, passed the cacodaemon and male fairy, is a tiny, blue ghostly stairwell with a loose-robed female l'esprit de l'escalier coming down it.
A cacodaemon is flying near the left side of his head within the earlobe smoke, having a snake for a penis, and indications show he has jabbed the U.S. President with a trident.
A colorful green and yellow parakeet is perched on his right shoulder, and the parakeet is reciting from a small floating scroll that reads - 'Same old, same old!'
A copy of 'The Epic of Gilgamesh' is leaning against a stack of books and is held in place by a colorful unique coffee mug that depicts starry-shaped and splashy looking frogs swimming in water.
A declawed long-haired Persian cat with a belled pink collar is tucked into his left arm, and it has swiped its paw across the dusty board, leaving a clean spot.
A drawer against the background wall by the pygmy has a model atop it of an astronaut depicted floating in space tethered to his capsule, it being the first U.S. space walk.
A eudaemon is flying near the right side of his head, having a fulgent spear in one hand and a trumpet in the other, and indications show she is actually also very evil.
A full-grown Goliath birdeater tarantula is crawling up his lower left pant leg.
A large number of species of spiders, many being very dangerous, are crawling up the outside of his pant legs where he sits.
A line of ants are crawling on the floor beginning at the bottom of the painting and running up his right foot and into the inner part of his right pant leg.
A miniature male and female couple of 1930's dancers are dancing the jitterbug upon the President's head - the male tuxedoed and the female in light blue flapper attire.
A miniature typical looking 1930's gangster is dancing the Charleston at the very top of the novelty flagpole, Tommy gun in one hand.
A name plate on his desk reads 'U.S. President Iam Everyone' and its placed out of position and near the left edge of the painting in front of the book stacks.
A novelty mini flagpole is located between and behind the heart-shaped picture frame and the daggered rat, and its U.S. flag is below a flag with a mocking clown on it above.
A poorly drawn and lewd nude woman has been faintly markered below the surface but above the leg of the table that is closest to the President, right of the apron.

A scantily-clad female fairy flies near his right ear, and she seems very drunk and sexual in her manner, blushing red, holding one of her breasts and having a bottle in the other hand.
A scantily-clad male fairy flies near his left ear, and he seems very sexual in his manner while also smoking a little long-stemmed glass crack pipe.
A single poison ivy leaf is seen protruding from behind his neck and out of the back collar of his shirt and suit.
A single small green gummy bear sits near and below the heart-shaped picture frame and by the side of the origami crane.
A small packet of pumpkin seeds made for planting is found next to the first stack of books behind the name plate on the desk.
A small scroll below Elizabeth Smart reads 'E. Smart - Madonna of Child Perverts' and another small scroll close to the baby in her arms reads 'RAPE BABY'.
A small scroll below the small Brigham Young demon reads that his name is 'KNOCK'.
A very calm and smiling U.S. President, who is a down syndrome man in a business suit, is a central figure positioned in a chair on the right side of the painting.
A wooden toy snake sits right of the yo-yo and also runs out of the bottom of the frame and then followed by a kendama, a Rubik's Cube, and then a toppled over Daruma otoshi with hammer.
Above and behind the President's head and below the cloud of figures surrounding the upside-down circus clown is a window on the back wall with a large demon pig spying in.
Above the arriving Moon and below the clouds framing the Madonna Smart is a nonsensical demon character with a large head, laced with and speaking asemic writing in bubbles.
Above the eudaemon in the painting is a realistic frog with bird wings and glasses on that appears to be disinterested and observing the happenings in a floating chair with it legs crossed.
Above the pygmy and on the room's backwall are three wall paintings - a portrait of a clown panicking, a portrait of a panicked clown on fire - then Dahmer as a lightning god.
Above the stacks of books with action figures on them are pages for a screenplay that curl to show the film's title is 'Threat Level Red' and then also a studio rejection letter.
After the nude Michelle Obama and George Bush embracing on the Blue Mustang are Maurice from 'The Little Monsters' and Peter Stegman from 'Class of 1984'.
All of the disturbing characters in a line on the floor share the same stature, posture, and position of limbs, except for Sigmund Freud, although his is still similar.
All over the dead psychiatrist and monkey play miniature infant skeletons, each wearing sashes that indicate why they were not wanted, such as 'NO CONSENT' and 'INCEST'.
Among the toys at the bottom of the painting are also marbles, playing cards, and various multi-sided dice, mostly including dodecahedrons, dispersed between the larger items.
Among the toys on the floor is a fast food toy prize version of Mr. Greedy from the Mr. Men series right beneath the King and the Lizard Man wearing the golden necklace with the Star of David.
An angry cuckoo bird is on his right shoulder, madly flapping its wings and squawking, feathers molting from its wings as it shows its agitation.
An apple on the desk to the left of the heart-shaped picture frame has a lit fuse for an apple stem, showing it actually some form of bomb - a knowledge or thought bomb.
Another object on the drawer on the opposite side of the pygmy has a designer globe that is very ellipse in shape.
Another of the strings attached to the dangling tin can leads to another tin can held by an upside-down circus clown whose face and nose is painted half blue and half red.
At the edge of the painting a normal size psychiatrist is dead beneath the desk, having an empty pill bottle in her hand, but also a dagger in her back.
At the paintings middle bottom near the dead singing frog on the floor there is a slightly crumpled up and discarded mano nera letter that is signed with a BLogo using red and blue colored ink.
Atop the Moon being pulled by ropes to the President by the astronomer and high school graduate is a small classical Diana wearing a crescent Moon tiara, sitting bored and waiting.
Atop the stacks of books are small and unique action figures that include a hybrid of a barbarian and knight with a stale neon chain mase in hand, and then a Japanese mech fighter.
Behind Glen Danzig on the Blue Mustang is a nude Michelle Obama with male genitals riding the horse side-legged as a nude George Bush rests his head on her shoulders.

Behind Pennywise on the Blue Mustang is Frank-N-Furter, then Danny Elfman, then a young Rob Lowe only wearing jeans and holding a flagpole that is collecting lightning at its tip.
Behind Rob Lowe on the Blue Mustang is Tupac only wearing a prison shirt tucked up into its neck collar and a bandana tied knot frontward on his head.
Behind the desk is a regular-sized African pygmy man in very ornate, beautiful Suri fashion - a misconception - and he is stabbing a voodoo doll of the President with a dagger.
Behind the mainly nude Tupac on the Blue Mustang is Napoleon Dynamite, followed by Ian MacKaye with X'es on his hands, Henry Rollins, and then Glen Danzig.
Behind the miniature werewolf warrior eating the Secret Service member's guts is a mini 'Princess of Ribbons' who finds the werewolf's actions highly sexually arousing.
Below the birds with the glowing hearts is a red party balloon with an angry, unibrowed, two gapped teeth, toon face drawn on it with black marker, using its string to move a metal key at its end.
Below the President's burning earlobe is a larger-than-regular earwig attempting to escape from the flames and crawling down his neck.
Below the President's chair is a file folder with 'SECRET' written on it, and sexually incriminating photos are falling out, like F.D.R. and Adolph Hitler in a naked embrace, Hitler on his lap.
Below the table and above the dead psychiatrist, somewhat near the table leg with a defused timebomb attached to it, is a large dead goldfish floating in the air and further going belly-up.
Below the upside-down circus clown is a tiny, but very long and winding, horse similar to Sleipner, but with more legs, and also closer to the Denver Airport's 'Blue Mustang'.
Beneath Blomo and Glomo are tattoo-inspired scrolls reading each of their names.
Beneath the desk and near the President's right foot is a wall-eyed black-brindle French bulldog, who is calmly sitting in its pet bed.
Beneath the portrait depicting Jeffrey Dahmer as a lightning god surrounded by lightning clouds is a legend reading, 'LET GOD GUIDE YOUR WAY'.
Beneath the portrait of the panicking clown a legend reads, 'I am a clown, and I am panicking!'
Beneath the portrait of the panicking clown on fire a legend reads 'I am a clown, and I am on fire!'
Between the line of ants and the agitated beehive on the floor is a small dead fly with a paper classification placard below it, reading: 'Barackoswaticus fictificus'
Blomo and Glomo both have surprised looks on their faces with the boy falling out of his pant jeans, them both holding a pant leg each as they fly with their butterfly wings.
Blomo is a cartoon butterfly with wings that are four blue hearts together, the two large hearts atop and the two small ones below - similar to a symbol used by pedophiles.
Closest to the U.S. President on the desk is a dagger stabbing a bloody rat through and pinning it to the desk.
Draped over the center of the dead psychiatrist is an also dead, black-furred spider monkey who has a wrench in its dead hand.
Each of the characters in the line of disturbing characters on the floor have a bag with a money sign on it in their right hand, except for Sigmund Freud.
Following Peter Stegman on the Blue Mustang are Bogs Diamond from the 'Shawshank Redemption' and the nazi shower rapist from 'American History X'.
Glomo is similar to Blomo but her four heart-shaped wings are pink in color, and she has eyelashes to designate that she is female.
Hidden on the base of the President's chair's seat between his legs are individual small classic design Care Bear stickers of Brave Heart Lion, Grumpy Bear, and Share Bear, seeming to argue with each other.
In the cloud of tiny characters by the circus clown's head are a female Japanese goblin spider who has created a spider web to the left of him in the painting.
In the cloud of tiny characters by the circus clown's head are a tiny floating version of Dan Snider near a manga artist who has made an ink drawing of curvy anime teen girl.
In the cloud of tiny characters by the circus clown's head are the floating heads of Disney's Dopey and Mega Mickey-O - an amalgamation of Mario, Mega Man, and Mickey Mouse.
In the cloud of tiny characters by the circus clown's head around the female Japanese goblin spider are a group of geishas with cat ears and faces, as they are goblin cats.
In the heart-shaped picture frame to the empty right of the President, a picture of an unknown woman's face is taped above and the painting 'L'Origine du monde' is taped below.

In the middle-left side, above the action figures, are both a small ancient astronomer and garbed high school graduate who have roped the Moon bringing it to the President.
In the painting's left corner there is an expensive toy yo-yo resting on the floor below the small Sigmund Freud with its loose and curled string running out of the bottom of the painting's frame.
In the U.S. President's left hand is a fancy modern inkwell pen that he is holding in a fashion indicating that he is ready to write.
In the upper left corner, there is a small version of Elizabeth Smart dressed as the Mother Mary holding a baby in a billow of heavenly clouds circled by pervert angels.
In the upper-right corner of the painting by the circus clown is an octopus that has a see-through head where a woman is being sexually assaulted by men inside of it, her shirt being torn off.
Infront of the stacks of books on the desk is a recreation of Botticelli's 'The Birth of Venus' by miniature characters, but one is a sleazy man trying to stop the cladding.
Leaves of poison ivy are sticking out of his suit pocket.
Left of the daggered rat on the desk is a large heart-shaped picture frame that has the President alone in the left picture, but pretending to hold an invisible person's hands.
Left of the slightly crumpled mano nera letter and cut by the paintings frame is a discarded potato chip bag wrapper and then an empty energy drink can can be seen further left of that.
Left of the upside-down English bobby and in the back of the room are two flying white birds that have hearts glowing and burning so red that they can be seen inside their bodies.
Near the file beneath the chair labelled 'SECRET' with the incriminating photos falling out lays a full-grown dead skunk.
Near the front of the President's desk, to the side of his name plate, are a group of burning and melting small figures of a cartoon family of anthropomorphic fruit.
On the floor and in the left bottom frame is a very ordered line of disturbing looking tiny characters that are two humans, rat people, and a lizard person.
On the inside of the far-left table leg above the dead psychiatrist is a bundle of dynamite set as a timebomb, but a wire is cut, and the red digital display reads '00:01'.
On the left side of the drawer where the ellipse globe is in the back of the room a cartoon puppet of a small black leprechaun is breasting up upon the drawer's surface holding a tiny Glock in hand.
On the tiny black flag placed priority over the U.S. flag on the novelty flagpole the clown's hands are colored a bright yellow to represent a sunrise and a sundown.
On the very left of the desk are stacks of books that include 'Crime and Punishment', 'Demons', 'The Idiot', 'War and Peace', 'The Iliad', 'The Odyssey', 'Faust', etc.
One of the lines connected to the dangling tin can leads to another tin can being held by a normal sized English bobby appearing upside-down from the ceiling.
Out of the cuff of his left arm sleeve the President has more leaves of poison ivy coming out, although not blocking the broken watch.
Part of the '9/11 Inside Job Flier' can be read, reading, '9/11 INSIDE JOB! BOMBS IN BUILDING! C.I.A. OPERATIVES PLANTED THEM! GOLD STOLEN FROM BASEMENT!'
Peering over the dark side of the arriving Moon are two realistic hamsters - one that is grey-haired named Artemis and one that is tan-haired named Athena.
Right of Johnny from 'The Room' are original butterfly cartoon characters named Blomo and Glomo who have let a boy slip out of his jeans, plummeting in his underpants.
Small indications on the portrait's edges leave the idea that the room is actually on fire, with tiny flames and puffs of smoke appearing.
Some of the words of the 'Threat Level Red' screenplay can be made out, beginning - 'INTERIOR - DAY - The handsome, strong-jawed President walks into the war room...'
Spiders crawling up the President's pant legs include - a black widow, a brown recluse, a Brazilian wandering spider, a sand spider, a mouse spider, a funnel-web spider, etc.
The angels surrounding the Elizabeth Smart Madonna are all gawky, nerdy, and, or, creepy looking child perverts who are robed with angel wings.
The back room is slightly dark and the backwall has ornate flower wallpaper colored a slightly dark mid teal, and yellow flower designs have tiny skulls at center, barely visible.

The black leprechaun cartoon puppet is named 'La Pre Shawn' and his cartoon features include wide round eyes and fishlike lighter brown lips framing his scalloped white teeth, interrupted by a few gold ones.
The Blue Mustang ends by having hairs from its horse's tail wind off and wrap around the deceased JonBenét Ramsey's neck, her wearing a beauty pageant dress.
The burning and melting figures of a cartoon family of anthropomorphic fruit are called The Froozles, and a small scroll listed near them on the desk reads so.
The burning and melting figurines of an anthropomorphic fruit family consist of a dad banana, a mother pear, a daughter plum, a son strawberry, and a baby son grape.
The ceiling division is seen at the top, and behind the cloud frame of the Madonna Smart is hidden a bluish demon woman draped in her own black hair sleeking across it.
The chalkboard in the U.S. President's female hand has the word 'SILENCE' written at the top of it, as it lay across his legs.
The copy of 'Crime and Punishment' succeeding 'The Idiot' and 'Demons' has an ink illustration on its spine that has a bloody axe above a book that says 'MODERN LAW' on it.
The copy of 'Demons' by Dostoevsky that is purposely matched between 'The Idiot' and 'Crime and Punishment' has ink illustrated goblins from the movie 'Troll 2' printed upon its book spine also.
The copy of 'The Idiot' has an ink illustration on its spine of a regal and innocent man sitting in the same position that the President is in, surrounded by evil mocking shadows.
The dead psychiatrist has on a doctor's coat with a name tag and the name matches what is on the prescription slip, reading out 'Commit suicide now!' and then the drug info.
The dead psychiatrist hidden below the table has a prescription slip by her on the floor that has been written by her, ordering her to commit suicide with the drug info.
The desk is purposely given an unreal perspective to show the characters and objects upon it, as if tilted towards the viewer, where they would in reality fall off.
The eudaemon has a white robe on covering her body, and the crumples and shade of the robe form the impression of a demonic skull.
The fifth character in the line of disturbing characters on the floor is a rat person dressed in a t-shirt and jeans, having a cross necklace and a nude erection showing.
The final character riding on the long and winding version of the Blue Mustang is a tiny John Wayne Gacy Jr. dressed as Pogo the Clown.
The first character in the line of disturbing characters on the floor, right to left, is an old, crowned, jeweled and robed white king with a naked erection showing.
The flagpole that Rob Lowe has in his hand has many flags on its line - a Rainbow Flag, then a transgender flag, then a flag that has hands in a gang sign making a G and W.
The floating small ancient astronomer who has helped rope the Moon has an old telescope in one hand and the rope in his other.
The floating small and garbed high school graduate has a framed high school diploma in one hand, reading 'Class of 2026,' and the rope in the other hand.
The fourth character in the line of disturbing characters on the floor is a rat person dressed as a Catholic priest with a nude erection showing.
The French bulldog beneath the desk has a cute blue dinosaur plush toy with round eyes sitting in its bed in front of him, and the dog toy has lighter blue spikes running down its back.
The frog that is being treated by the psychiatrist is laying back in a tiny psychiatrist chair and has its tongue sticking out of its mouth, making perverted hand gestures.
The frog who is just observing everything above the President's head is also being a psychiatrist to another frog who is full-grown, yet still a tadpole with spiral Blogo intestines in its see-through belly.
The heart-shaped frame has a small paper slip tucked into the frame's bottom right corner that has a cursive H written on it, perfectly symmetrical if one of the H's sides were vertically flipped.
The kid that is dropped out of his pants by Blomo and Glomo is plummeting headfirst downward, wearing 'whitey tighties' and a hat that resembles Blomo's antennaed head.
The lewd drawing of a naked woman drawn into the desk's side seems to have been drawn by the same person that drew the 'Herkner's Dog Chow' cartoon label.
The lightning conducted at the tip of the flagpole carried in Rob Lowe's hand is also trying to set the copy of ‘The Prince' by Machiavelli on fire, lighting a book corner.

The line of disturbing characters is framed in a box, so to make them more resemble a depiction found in medieval art.
The characters in the line of disturbing looking characters on the floor have their left-hand hovering near their head and psychic waves are emanating off their heads towards the President.
The long and winding Blue Mustang is heading to run over a tiny version of Tommy Wiseau as Johnny from 'The Room', who is laying in its coming path.
The long and winding Blue Mustang is leaving a rainbow trail in its path.
The mini Secret Service man is an actual person who was present during Reagan's assassination attempt and he is holding a submachine gun in his left hand.
The mischievous child has a shirt on that reads 'THUG LIFE' with a screen-printed photo of a black gangster pointing a gun at a frightened black mother's head who is holding her baby.
The nonsensical demon character laced with and speaking various forms of asemic writing has a tiny floating scroll by it that titles the demon 'MADNESS'.
The novelty mini flagpole has a flag at its top that is black with a mocking Moon-like clown, his left and right hand aside his head, left pointing up and right pointing down.
The novelty mini flagpole has a tiny female stripper using it has a stripper pole.
The painting is created using classical realism, despite having fictional and tiny characters everywhere, along with surreal and supernatural happenings.
The President has a gold wedding band on his left-hand ring finger.
The President has a large blue ribbon attached to the chest of his upper left coat jacket that simply has a blue font '#1' on it in its white center.
The President, the characters, and the objects are all well-lit in front, although the room, especially the backroom, is slightly darker.
The President's foot that is covered in honey also has a group of small feminine nude fish-looking demons, spiny and similar to puffer fishes, pulling open his pant sleeve and crawling up his leg.
The President's left shoe is covered in honey and drips of honey lead to a kicked beehive that is located on the floor to the side of his left foot, agitated with angry bees.
The Princess of Ribbons is mostly naked, but ribbons floating around her just barely cover up her areolas and vagina but then flow outward and spell 'SEX' in cursive letters.
The pygmy has scarification marks all over his bare arms that are many spaced out hollow circles encircled by dots, which are how HIV looks through an electron microscope.
The second character in the line of disturbing characters on the floor is a bald, nude lizard person with an erection that is wearing a gold necklace with a Star of David.
The seventh character in the line of disturbing characters is Sigmund Freud dressed in regular attire, holding a clipboard and having a nude erection showing.
The sexual deviants on the long and winding Blue Mustang all seem to be happy and having fun, waving, or are sexually aroused in appearance.
The Sigmund Freud character at the end of the line of disturbing characters has dropped his bag of money in order to have penned a BLogo symbol onto his clipboard paper.
The sixth character in the line of disturbing characters on the floor is a black rat person dressed in street thug attire, having a cross necklace and a nude erection showing.
The small Brigham Young demon named 'Knock' also has two smaller beehives for testicles that dangle from the base of his fork-branched erection by his legs.
The small ghostly gramophone has a time lapse succession of records departing off it to the left and slowly breaking into pieces and becoming more and more smaller fragments.
The small Sigmund Freud on the floor is the only disturbing character in the line not sending psychic waves towards the President, as he is too busy drawing the BLogo.
The stupidly drawn dog on the 'Herkner's Dog Chow' can is a Jack Russel terrier depicted in a rudimentary cartoon fashion as a collection of circles for parts, one eye smaller.
The table has an apron on it with fancily painted designs of classically nude nymphs running along its length, ending before reaching the table legs.
The third character in the line of disturbing characters on the floor is a rat person that is dressed as the pope and has a nude erection showing.

The tin can and string held to the ear of the upside-down English bobby has a cartoon shrimp in its center and it reads - 'Lissning's Big Catch Gumbo' on its label.
The tin can in the upside-down circus clown's hand has a label with cute, tiny, cartoon men on it, and it reads - 'Singer's Lil' Guy Mince Meat'.
The tin can with string hanging from the ceiling has several other strings attached to the line leading other places, such as to other characters and to the painting's right.
The tiny, long, and winding 'Blue Mustang' has its body flag from its head below the upside-down circus clown's head, streaming in a wavy fashion before the tin can string.
The tiny, loose-robed, blue female l'esprit de l'escalier has her hand cupped near her mouth, indicating that she is attempting to tell the President something to say.
The U.S. President has a desk of items to his right and located on the left side of the portrait that are also populated with small characters.
The U.S. President has a woman's hand for a right hand with bright red finger polish applied, and the hand holds both a magnifying glass and dusty chalkboard.
The U.S. President has a wristwatch on his left wrist that has a broken face, and the hour hand is at seven while the minute hand is at seventeen.
The U.S. President has his left earlobe on fire, flames and smoke rising off it and up the side of his head.
The U.S. President has many tiny mosquitoes floating around his head and spaced between the other characters near his head.
The U.S. President has reddish nostrils and a slightly runny nose to show he is suffering from a cold or allergies.
The upside-down circus clown at the painting's top, somewhat right of the English bobby, has his red side of his face painted smiling and his blue side painted frowning.
The upside-down circus clown has a cloud of tiny characters haunting him around his head that are right-side up.
The upside-down circus clown has a fake clown nose that is split between red and blue, just as his face paint is divided in the two colors.
The upside-down circus clown holds in his left hand an open copy of 'The Prince' by Machiavelli, and then a tin can with string in his right hand that he is speaking into.
The written complaint to the dry cleaner reads, 'Dear, Sunshine Dry Cleaner, I am writing you to tell you that I am very upset about how my suit was returned to me...'
There are small red marks on the President's scalp on the left-side of his head that indicate that the cacodaemon has jabbed the President with his tiny trident.
To the left of the erotic and nearly nude female fairy speaking into the President's right ear is a very tiny and ghostly white floating gramophone with a record playing.
To the left of the French bulldog beneath the desk is a mischievous young child, hiding, crying from being pepper-sprayed in the face, holding a slingshot in his right hand.
To the left of the line of ants on the floor is a realistic, but dead, singing frog laying on its side, having a tiny black cane and top hat lying near its body.
To the President's left there is an upside-down tin can dangling by a string from above, and it has a stupidly drawn cartoon dog on its label, which reads - 'Herkner's Dog Chow'.
To the right and in front of the king leading the line of disturbing characters there is a small floating scroll that shows a child, and it reads 'MISSING' above the picture.
To the right of 'The Birth of Venus' recreation is a happening with a mini muscular werewolf wearing warrior armor violently disemboweling one of Reagan's Secret Service men.
To the right of the demon pig looking in through the room's window, the wild hair and partial face of Stephen McDaniel wearing a mask sewn of stolen panties can be seen peering in also.
To the right of the name plate on the desk is the pit of a larger stone fruit somehow miraculously sprouting and growing outside of soil.
To the right of the scene with the violent werewolf is a curled '9/11 INSIDE JOB!' flier that has a written complaint to a dry cleaner business on its blank side.
To the right side and in front of the kicked beehive there is a small demon version of Brigham Young, nude with a forking tree branch for an erection.

Upon the desk and near the heart-shaped photo frame is an origami crane made with plane paper, and it has the penciled initials 'H.W.' and the date '10/31' written on a wing.
Upon the long and many legged 'Blue Mustang' are many sexual deviant characters riding on its back, and beginning from the head is Tim Curry's 'Pennywise the Clown'.
Upon the stretcher of the President's chair legs sits a small fish-like demon with a humanoid body that has a horn for a nose naturally born of his face that he blows into with puffed cheeks.

The metaphor for "The Last American President" is regarding everything basically occurring while I was working at Home Depot, having my brain dulled a large amount of times, being placed in pain, harassed in every way, bullied, irritated, having several things occurring at once, talking with people in my head mostly about crime, politics, and entertainment, focused largely on original entertainment ideas, also telling jokes, writing poetry, and speaking with customers and still doing my regular job, and I never started to speak anything irrational or insane, and also was providing more helpful political advice meant to better society and the public than any of the elected politicians, especially all living previous U.S. Presidents and the current one in office. I was exemplifying the position's lack of necessity and the need for the educated, taxpaying, and fairly tested public to be able to run its own government, only checked by qualified economist and treasurers in their political moves.

A mentioned comic book that I developed in my head and partially on paper, once writing out a map of its characters, was called Common People. Killing to birds with one stone, as I was doing this I was also teaching people to write for television instead, and possibly other things, because television often has their writers working to create a large number of episodes, and, slightly lazy, they begin pulling in ideas from other forms of entertainment, making an episode derivative of something else, such as an episode resembling and inspired by a popular film, and also blatantly using references and happenings in other works with a television show's characters involved in them instead. This comic book would be titled after the song "Common People" by the band Pulp, and would involve the happenings in the lives of numerous lower to middle class people, so the characters are "common people," but also the stories involve people who commonly are aware of or interact with other people mostly around Salt Lake City, almost as an alternative version to it. The stories would be mostly performed in shorter to longer vignettes, have reoccurring characters, but never main characters, except for around two or three pseudo main characters, and the titles for the stories would often lift or borrow the names of songs or titles of other entertainment works. For instance, an episode taking the title from The Clash song "Train in Vain" would follow a short story about a young woman training to be a phlebotomist, and then a following story involving her receiving and working at her job at a blood donation center would use the name of the Slayer album "Reign in Blood", so to cleverly apply the song and album to the situation. The reason that she "trains in vain" to tap people's veins for blood is because, after all that work, she contracts hepatitis C on her third day at work at the blood donation center, and she is fired from her job. A story involving one of the pseudo main characters would been titled after the Crass song "Punk Is Dead" and have him as a child lighting fireworks in the street with a friend, and the punk he is using to light a parachuter will not allow the firework to be lit, so inspecting it, he drops the punk, kneels above the firework, yells to his friend who is questioning why it's not lighting, "Punk is dead!" but the dropped punk lights the parachuter, and causes this character to get shot in the eye by the firework, leading him to lose an eye, and he is always shown with his glass eye being slightly off from his other eye. This same character would be used in a later story called "Escape from New York: The Soundtrack" where he is touring New York City by himself, listening to his iPod the whole time, a playlist of New York City themed music is repeated on it, and then 9/11 occurs with him watching from below the towers. He stays in the area while the buildings are on fire and then must run away when the first collapse occurs, fleeing from the large cloud of dust and debris. Afterwards, having dust cover his glass eye and getting in its socket, he takes it out and puts on an eyepatch. He then finds it very difficult to leave New York to go back home to Salt Lake City, and the events in the story have strong resemblances to the film Escape from New York, even having characters from the movie appearing to be people in the background and involved in the story, but in a realistic and probable series of events that could occur in life.
I gained the thought of making a series of stories with a huge many recurring characters, but no main character, like the film Can't Hardly Wait (1998), where the film has only a pseudo main character of Preston

Meyers in several other possible main characters and side characters. Later, I would realize the horror film Trick ‘r Treat (2007) was also like this in storytelling, while being a nontraditional anthology horror film.
I made a film idea that would be as if both the films were mixed. I titled the film Killer Party. It would involve a man eerily and possibly supernaturally winning the lottery, gaining a large amount of money from it, using it to throw a giant Halloween party at a notoriously haunted mansion with a large ground area, even hiring famous musical acts to play, and then supernatural and unfortunate happenings start occurring between various characters at the party and supernatural people either already residing in the house or arriving to it from such places as a nearby cemetery. I also thought up a sequel to this film in which only includes a single shared side character between the first film, who is a mailroom operator who had to leave the party early to go to work the next day, and then supernatural happenings between the employee characters of where he works keep occurring the following day. A character in it is an office employee who uses file boxes to block people from getting through the door of his office, because he believes that his coworkers keep getting possessed by demons that desire to attack him. This film sequel would be called Work of Evil.
For the covers of the Common People comic books, since it would keep cleverly lifting names throughout its entirety from songs and albums, I thought that it would be funny if many of the covers would try to take famous album covers and then attempt to turn them into scenes of ordinary and common life, such as having Cannibal Corpse’s album cover for Butchered at Birth depict a wholesome scene of two women working behind the counter of a store’s bakery and making cakes instead, with the switched out wholesome woman baker found on the right squeezing a piping bag to spread frosting on a cake to replace the ghoul wielding a knife to dismember the rest of a disemboweled woman.

I was also using this idea of not having a main character, but pseudo main characters, in a political realm where a true democracy is created, having the public able to control what they want to occur while being checked by qualified economists and treasurers, who are tested to be on the level every once in a while, so the economy is not destroyed and finances deplete in stupid decisions.

Common People was going to have repeated comedy segments, somewhat of a comedy bit, where a character named Victoria Moore, who is an extremely pretty young brunette woman that works at a record exchange store, always has many of the stores male patrons painfully and awkwardly hit on here, and these happenings are very humorous and cringe inducing. She always shoots down literally all of them, attempting to be polite, but sometimes not if they step way overline. She would also have a sister named Kim Moore, who is much less pretty than her and works at a call center while going to college. Their father would be an alcoholic divorced man named Cab Moore, who has a tragic name in the fact that he constantly goes to bars and finds himself using taxis to get around. The very end of the comic book or animated series would involve Victoria Moore. It would be in two parts, and the first part would be titled Her Majesty after the extremely short twenty-three second album closer to the Beatles’ Abbey Road. In this short story it would have a man at a bar who really likes a blonde woman, who is there also, but he is extremely nervous about telling her his feelings, worried that he will get shot down completely, resulting in a lot of heartache. He then gets drunk, thinking it will help him when he finally tells her how he feels, just in case he does get shot down. He then starts to get too drunk, starts wandering around the bar and talking to anyone, and the last thing he remembers is talking to a group of women, but in a blur. The next and final segment of Common People would be titled “A Pair of Brown Eyes” and named after The Pogues song. This man who got drunk at the bar, wakes up and finds himself clothed and sleeping in bed next to some also clothed woman that he does not know in what he assumes is her apartment. He only sees her hair and the back of head, but while waking up and moving around, he wakes her up also, she then turns over the look at him with her pretty brown eyes, and its Victoria Moore who gave him a place to stay the night. She just smiles at him as they look into each other’s eyes. If it was an animated series instead of a comic book, this final episode would then have “A Pair of Brown Eyes” by The Pogues play during this end moment and through the end credits.
I thought to separate the happenings of Victoria Moore from Common People also, making it either a comedy novel or a film that would simply be titled Victoria Moore, and the work would just be vignettes of her being hit on by awkward men, and not awkward men with it ending up awkward anyways, with the happenings excruciatingly embarrassing and cringe inducing at times, also focusing on her insufficient love life and all its failings, including failed dates and romantic relationships, and again having the same ending occur.

I had an idea that comic book companies should start lowering the amount of comic books that they press of an issue instead of making variant editions, so to make their copies worth more to have. I got this idea from the low pressing of issues for The Walking Dead #1, which is now very valuable because there was only a small pressing of around 7,200 copies despite being an Image Comics release and the company being a larger publisher, and this matched with the popularity of the television series. After discovering this information, I thought it a better idea to just start making lower amounts of copies to make them more valuable to have and raising the possibility of people wanting to buy them as physical editions. What the comic book companies should do is produce a very finite number of copies of an issue, even for extremely popular titles, to release when ready, so to distribute to enough comic book shops, and then have the rest be digital, creating a rarer copy of the physical issue, and then if a second pressing or reprint is desired of the issue in due of its popularity, release a different copy with either a variant cover, possibly also made more valuable by having a completely unique artwork for this issue's second printing, or a cover marked as a second printing. This will also help to lower the use of paper and the destruction of trees, while the comic book publishers can reduce their publishing cost on creating physical editions and their shipping.
I also had an idea of having rarer pressings of a physical work on finer and more expensive paper.
These thoughts can also be applied to books, such as novels, in general.

A few years before being arrested and going to jail, I kept collecting comic books again, gaining back comic books that I once had and also new ones. I cashed out a retirement fund that I had to do this, and I could not really control my purchases, but I would have people controlling me in books that I would and did desire. I would go to local comic book stores and either buy comics from them or have one of them send some comic books that I gained online to be graded. I would also sometimes buy more expensive comic books from Heritage Auctions online, once gaining a very desired and high-grade copy of Mary Marvel #5, which I wanted because I consider the comic book to have a very appealing cover, and I like collecting for covers more than anything else, but still like key comic books of importance, too. I really wanted a copy of Frankenstein #1, because I love the cover, and I love Dick Briefer's cartoon art style, but his horror art style was also amusing. I would often try to get lower graded issues of Frankenstein #1 on Heritage Auctions when they would come up, but I they would always raise too high in price for me. I would also constantly look on eBay for issues that I would desire, too. One issue that I really wanted was Voodoo Comics #8, but in no way could find it, and the only time it was up for auction, it went at a very high price. Another comic book cover that I love is Sensation #35, which I did manage to get a copy of. The most prized comic books that I could ever possibly get and cherish more than anything would first be Detective Comics #31, then Marvel Comics #1, and following would be All-American Comics #61. I placed refrigerator magnets of the three comic books on my family's refrigerator. Coincidentally, each of these three issues have streams of smoke or fog on them.
I thought up three story ideas about comic book collecting from this, besides The Numbers, and possibly other stories. One would be titled Hiding It, and it has a neighbor to a Hispanic family next door who is going through hard times, especially financially, after the grandfather of the family dies, and they are selling off many items of theirs in a large yard sale on their lawn. This next-door-neighbor goes across the street, starts looking at the items on their lawn, while also asking about their motivations in selling all the items, and they explain their financial problems. While the Hispanic family is paying attention to other people looking at the items, he then finds an old cabinet of drawers on the lawn and having hid items beneath the space of his own drawers many times in his life, he has the habit of inspecting beneath the drawers of furniture before purchasing them. He completely pulls the lowest drawer out to inspect the space beneath it, and discovers several wrapped and boarded valuable comic books, including many Marvel Comics key comic books, Amazing Fantasy #15, X-Men #1, The Incredible Hulk #1, Fantastic Four #1, and The Incredible Hulk #181. The man quickly closes the drawer, his heart racing, but he tries to remain calm. He then asks the neighbors about the drawers and how much they want for it. Then ask him for fifty dollars, but he gives them one-hundred dollars, claiming to be giving them more money to help them. He then takes the set of drawers across the street, not even wanting them to help him, and then places it inside his home. He then starts to have many moral dilemmas occur after involving the Hispanic family across the street.
Another story idea that I thought up was titled On a Lead, and it has a person who owns a comic book store get a lead that a person who owns an antique shop in a nearby town has an extremely large amount of comic books in their possession, and this person goes to the nearby town to this antique store, but it is constantly closed, even during the hours that they say they would be open, and he keeps trying to find the owner of this

antique shop, but he can't get people to assist him very well, and he wonders if the effort is even worth it. This is kind a treasure hunting story idea, and I didn't really develop it further, but thought to still write the story idea down, having been in such a situation.
The third story idea I would title The Destruction of the Alternating Robots, which is a title that I stole from myself from Nanahee, and it would have a family, and even extended family, not trusting a younger man in their family because he once destroyed and lost all of his many Transformers toys, burying them around the yard and in a neighbor friend's yard, destroying any that were possibly recovered by caking them in soil. They literally constantly always bring this happening up as a criterion to never trust him in all matters, no matter what he does. Unemployed, he is one day looking through old family photographs for a picture of himself to give to their grandmother framed as a gift, sees a photograph of one of his uncles in the seventies, blond, long-haired, mustached, wearing a white collared shirt and really short white shorts with matching white sneakers, and he has a spontaneous smile on his face holding several key Marvel Comics issues in his hand like a deck of playing cards, them being, again, Amazing Fantasy #15, X-Men #1, The Incredible Hulk #1, Fantastic Four #1, and The Incredible Hulk #181. He then asks his father about the comic books, wondering if his uncle still has them, and his father says, "I don't know!" likely knowing that his uncle does have them, and not wanting to tell his untrustworthy son anything. This son who found the photo then makes it his mission to find the comic books by asking around his family, wanting to sell them for money and to receive a portion of the money.
The name The Destruction of the Alternating Robots I was going to use in the novel Nanahee, having it altered to The Destruction of the Alternating Rhythmics, because in their universe and their culture their history had "rhythmics" created for the appropriate word for robots instead. This show, which would be an alternate dimension equivalent to The Transformers, had all the alternating robots be evil, none of them good, more in a science fiction horror fashion, and the humans within the world never know if some mechanical object will change into an evil robot that will attack them.
The store that would have my comic books be graded would always have me look at a sign within that said, "Comic books are for everyone!" and I wouldn't like the claim, because I very much knew I hated child perverts, rapists, sociopaths, and psychopaths, and they shouldn't be reading them nor living. An unusual occurrence would also happen where I was picking up one of my graded comic books, and the owner of the store offered me someone else's graded copy of The Amazing Spider-Man #363, which is the first appearance of the superpowered serial killer Spider-Man villain carnage, and I told him it wasn't mind, but he still insisted that I could have it. I said, "No, you should keep it!" and then left.

I was looking through my family photos one time, and I came across a photograph belonging to my sister when she was at a different elementary school in her younger years, and she had a principal named Bruce Wasden, who looked an older man with a brush of white hair on his head, and I started to laugh at the man's name and him in the photograph. I then came up with a masked crime fighter character that was just basically him, and he works as a school principal during the day as Principal Bruce Wasden, but during the night he moonlights as a masked vigilante named The Principle, beating up gang members and drug dealers, still attempting to keep kids on the right path. The comic book or film he would be involved in would be titled Bruce Wasden: Principal and Hero.
I visited my old elementary school Twin Peaks one time after hours, and they let me wander around the school that I went to kindergarten to sixth grade, and I saw that my elementary school teacher's full name, which I didn't know, was Wynne Anne Wright, and strangely she looked like the woman that I was pursuing in senior year of high school and for some years after, but with dark black hair. I noted this name, as I wandered about the elementary school and then came across a mural of children's drawing belonging to either a kindergarten or first grade class celebrating the astronauts and the U.S. space program. After I left, I thought the name Wynn Anne Wright was a great character name, and did the same thing with Bruce Wasden while also wanting to make a work similar to Adventures in Babysitting, and I thought of comic book or television series titled The Young Wynne Anne Wright, and it would have a teenage girl, Wynne Anne Wright, getting in extreme adventures while babysitting, including even fantastical, supernatural, and science fiction happenings.

I thought a comedy segment that I could have used in a film idea that I had titled Caricatures, in which animation students at a university are competing to see who could produce the bast animated cartoon during a semester. This comedy segment would have a woman who is so naïve and ethnically and racially insensitive

that she produces a cartoon short for her animation class that has well-designed short stout little toon men and women representing racial and ethnic stereotypes, that have a great design quality to them despite the cartoon's terrible ideas on life, and the whole cartoon is extremely offensive. When she is making it, she keeps saying to herself, "This is going to be ridiculous!" When she shows the cartoon short to the rest of the students in her course, the audience is gasping and completely appalled, watching cute tiny representations of African American Americans, Native Americans, Italians, Jews, and other ethnic characters doing stereotypical things on the screen, having this female student animator voicing each of the characters in offensive and stereotypical speech, but her classmates can't stop watching in disbelief at what they are seeing, and this includes their professor. She is completely embarrassed as people sit and stare at her when her cartoon short ends, and she just leaves the classroom.

I had an idea for an animated comedy segment where an unused NASA educational school film was blatantly and obliquely racist and really displayed the impossibility of space colonization, giving logistical information about supplying a colony on the Moon with large supplies of water that need to be always properly stored, with them kept from radiation and also temperature controlled at all times. The film would show the astronauts as square, chisel-jawed Caucasian people in space suits, but in their space colony on the Moon there would be a tiny pitch black, red round lipped, African American toon man in a red shirt and blue overall shorts walking around barefoot and found working on the Moon colony's farm below a large and impossible to be built glass dome that is bombarded with pure sunlight thirteen days out of the lunar cycle and freezing cold the other thirteen days. At one point in the film the racially offensive African American toon man realizes all the plants and soil on their space colony farm have dried up, and the square-jawed Caucasian astronauts ask him if he forgot to water again, and the tiny black toon man replies in his high-pitched crow voice: "I was gonna water, but with all this Sun out, I just don' know when ta sleep!"

I think that it possible to produce an inoffensive cartoon art style for a person of black African origin, almost like the ones I picture being involved in the comedy segment I just described, but having the characters pitch black or a dark brown, but either having no lips, or lips that are thin with either pinkish or Caucasian skin tones, and possibly depicting hands with palms that have Caucasian skin tones, and having the characters look cute and simple in design, slightly inspired by Charley Harper's wildlife art designs, and then use them to create the children's book or animated cartoon Mbwa Mkubwa Mweusi that I thought up in jail. This would have the three characters Mbwa, the large black dog, Mtu, the dark-skinned African Man, and then Mungu, a dark-skinned African depiction of God, all in the story, which would be written in lyrical form. Mbwa would first go to the African man Mtu's family home, tear open a chicken pen with its teeth, pull out and steal a chicken with its mouth from the pen, Mtu sees this occur, runs out screaming at Mbwa, chases him, but Mbwa is too fast even with the chicken in his mouth, and Mbwa escapes, mangles the chicken to death with its mouth, starts sniffing around its ripped open body, and winds up with a nose covered in blood. Although stealing and killing the chicken, Mbwa doesn't even bother to actually eat it. Mtu, the African man, gets upset, prays to Mungu, God, and then Mungu appears as a large African man in the sky, and starts trying to kill Mbwa the dog with cartoon lightning bolts from dispersed cartoon clouds, but Mungu finds Mbwa too fast, avoiding and escaping the lightning bolts, which thoroughly upsets Mungu, but the dog Mbwa ultimately avoids retribution by even Mungu, an omnipotent character himself, and flees to cause trouble elsewhere. Sequels to the book could be Moto na Moto, which would have Mtu dealing with a severe fire at his home, and the Ndege na Ndege, which would have Mtu taking an airplane flight somewhere.

I had an idea for a character and story that I started making when I was at the Salt Lake Community College, who is a female comedy writer named Sandra Hoag, who is notorious for being sued for both slander for something she said in the news, and almost got black balled from the entertainment industry, but worked her way back a safe job at a late night talk show as a writer for it. She works for a comedy talk show host that she hates, and he hates her too, but they come up with unique and very funny material, making them a good team and producing quality entertainment. This male late night show host is a pretty obnoxious and stupid man, who was a former stand-up comedian, and he likes to call by a nickname she received from her case of slander, which is Slander Hog, slightly like her name. Even on set, he calls her SLANDER HOG with disrespect and disdain. One day, she gets completely fed up with this late night talk show host, places in subtexts, symbolisms, and cultural references that he doesn't understand into all of his comedy segments and

events during a show, and it gets noticed after everything is recorded and expected to air the night of its discovery, and she is fired for it, but they air the episode anyways. The film would be titled The Slander Hog.

I had an idea for a dark comedy novel or film titled Makeovers, and a reason that I wrote this down is for a desire to write from the female perspective, even possibly using a female pseudonym to write the story as a novel. This film would have a woman who works on a television show that does extreme makeovers for women and shows the evolution of a very ugly and unfashionable women into a pretty and well-dressed female, even using fully paid plastic surgery on a woman. A problem occurs when they decide to go find women to give make overs to, rather than have them apply to the show to get a makeover, and her, a nice looking and well put together young woman with a film crew of women who hardly even care about fashion but know how to work the cameras and equipment, go to Park City, Utah before Sundance happens, hopping from bars and club locations, and they find two women that are completely rude, crass speaking, unhygienic, wearing stained puffy coats, crass t-shirts, denim pants, and work boots at a bar, ask them if they would be interested in having some makeovers performed to them, and they agree to, making them the subject of the show. The film crew then uses large amounts of money for plastic surgery, make-up, and clothing, to evolve these women into superficially and unnaturally attractive women, and then they take them back to Sundance while its occurring, capture footage of them hopping around bars and showing their new look to the men around there, have them attractive a couple of men, follow them back to a hotel room, and then leave them after they go into their hotel room to supposedly have sex with these men. The next day the woman host and her female film crew go to check on these women and discover that they violently murdered the men that they attracted in their hotel room, and the women expect to have the host and film crew help them. Worried about being found legally responsible for the happening, getting sued, and how much money they placed into the project, including the expensive dental and plastic surgery makeovers, they then help the two women in covering up the crime, even though the two women are basic serial killers on the level Aileen Wuornos and Tyria Moore.
How I came up with this idea is that I had women that were either likely from the porn industry, prostitutes, or women in the prison system connected to my brain with maser instruments with me half or more feeling their terrible cognitions and thoughts on life, believing them serial killers and psychopaths, and I started to accuse the porn industry of just doing the same as in this story idea of finding extremely socially dysfunctional women and prettying them up to be in their films.

I had an idea for a Tenacious D in the Pick of Destiny (2006) sequel film that is not fully put together, but its humor would arrive from the rarer occurrence of two person bands existing, and the film would focus on many actual and fictional two person bands, including actual existing lesser known two person bands from local scenes, with the story being about an ancient rock ‘n’ roll prophecy that a two person band of divine greatness will usurp the throne of two existing evil rock ‘n’ roll gods who tyrannically rule over the rock ‘n’ roll world. Many two person bands would come forward to try to defeat the two evil gods but find themselves obliterated in their effort. The film would keep showing known and local bands coming forward to battle the two evil gods, but then being destroyed into nonexistence, and this obliteration would possibly even include The White Stripes being destroyed by them.

When I was writing Nanahee, I was coming up with fictional and equivalent music genres that exist within the story’s alternative universe, and they have a genre that is basically rock ‘n’ roll, but they call it “rumblin’ jump,” or “jump” for short. They would also have a genre of music called “junk” that would involve making makeshift items into unique instruments to play, such as hollowing at a hole in an old wooden desk, lining different gauges of string across its surface over the hole, placing a microphone near it, and then playing it like an instrument.

I had an idea for a comedy mockumentary film titled Rick Rough and the Rick Roughers, which would be a lampoon on Ian MacKaye and the straight edge lifestyle, while also taking inspiration from Danzig and the Misfits. This film, which would be a bit like The Fabulous Stains (1982), would explain about a young man named Rick Rough, who started a street gang focused around music titled Rick Roughers, and this music style and its customs involve stealing pallets and crates from the back of stores and factories, bringing them to music shows performed by bands involved in the Rick Rougher lifestyle, including a band led by Rick Rough

himself, and then the pallets and crates are deconstructed violently to the rhythm of the music, using punches, kicks, and tools such as saws and hammers. How this started was Rick Rough use to work for a large shipping yard, and he one day got in a fight with his employers and was recorded on security video heavily wreaking a havoc in the shipping yard, using a forklift to destroy pallet after pallet stack in a fit of rage. He was arrested and jailed for a time for the happening at his work. Afterwards, as revenge he started to put together music performances with his band that was inspired by punk music, stealing pallets and crates from local stores and factories, and then encouraging the audience to start breaking them to the music. These audience members kept showing up and started to call themselves Rick Roughers. More bands started to form doing the same. These Rick Roughers would steal pallets and crates constantly, and sometimes even get arrested for it. Because the Rick Roughers kept getting arrested so much, they started just finding old furniture in their homes, on the side of the road, at donation locations, or at garbage dumps to bring to the music shows to destroy, and Rick Rough publicly started to criticize this as not being the true Rick Rougher way, because true Rick Roughers only bust pallets and crates. Some Rick Roughers listened to this and adhered to it, but others continued to just destruct basically any considered trivial object brought to the shows. Eventually in the film, it is later discovered that Rick Rough was corruptly paid by the president of the largest U.S. pallet and crate manufacturing company under-the-table to encourage people to steal and destruct pallets and crates, so his manufacturing company could produce more of them rather than having them constantly recycled.

This story evolved from a story segment idea that I placed in Common People that would be titled “Those Who Fear Tomorrow” after the Integrity song. This short story would have two friends working as stockers at a small grocery store being forced to work outside of their normal schedule and overnight for an important promotional event the next day, which will involve local celebrities and it being televised, and they need to fill all the shelves to their fullest, because of the likely large amounts of people showing up. An hour after the store closes during the night, they are working the store, using the forklift that they usually are not allowed to bring into the store on regular hours, and they bring pallet after pallet onto the store floor, and one of them named Mitchell works the forklift while the other focuses on stocking the shelves, but Mitchell is also using a music player while driving the forklift. There are also pallets overhead on steal shelves on one side of the store and Mitchell goes over to take some down, lifts up the forks on the forklift, doesn’t pay well enough attention to what is happening, dragging the forks against the bottom of the steel shelf instead of the pallet he is trying to get down, and starts causing terrible sounds to be produced from the tension of the forks, which he can’t hear because Integrity’s “Those Who Fear Tomorrow” is blasting in his ears, and his other friend yells out, “Mitchell!” exactly in the fashion Integrity’s singer Dwid does for the name Micha at the beginning of the song “Those Who Fear Tomorrow” from across the store, because he hears the terrible sound, and then suddenly the whole outer side wall of the store starts collapsing, dropping on the forklift too, almost killing Mitchell and destroying half the store and its shelves of food and other items. Mitchell crawls out of the rubble and is alright, but they become swiftly afraid of what has happened, not only worried of losing their job, but also paying for the damages. They gain the nerve to call their boss on his cellphone, but he doesn’t answer, so they leave a message. They call the police, and the police arrive, but none of the managers are answering their phones. Eventually Mitchell and this friend just go home to sleep, thinking there is nothing they can do, but they then just sit in their beds at their houses worried of what is going to happen.

I came up with this idea, because I was working as a lead stocker at what was said to be the smallest PetSmart in the U.S.A., and I was asked to stay at the store overnight on one occasion with another stocker to fill all the shelves, because David Letterman was having auditions for his Stupid Pet Tricks show segment at the store the next day, and I imagined if something calamitous did happen, because my boss provided us with his number. I worked overnight, and I was there well after the store opened in the morning, and many people came into the store to audition their animals, including a man who brought a pet bison into the parking lot with a trailer.

I thought up a cartoon graffiti art design idea that would always show several old-fashioned style cartoon characters working together to cheat an arcade ticket game, such as a skee-ball or a small basketball shot arcade game, and a line beneath the art would always read: “DOIN’ IT FOR THE RED TAPE!”. This is symbolic of people not even caring for playing a game or to have fun, but rather concerned with money over anything else, and even cheating to exceed at it by any means possible.

I thought up a combination of a horror and suspense novel or film titled Pie-Eyed, which would have a cartoonist in the early 1930s trying to produce an animation short, and then finds himself being extorted and stocked by a group likely affiliated with a large animation studio in a manner like Bimbo is in the animation short Bimbo's Initiation, being requested to join and follow the behaviors of this secret and likely occult organization of animators or to be murdered. In the story, this animator walks out of his small studio in which the animated film is being worked on, and he sees a hand-drawn comic strip clipped by one of his vehicle's windshield wipers. It shows an old-fashioned cartoon character walking down the street, having round black pupils that are not pie-eyed, and he gets accosted by cartoon thugs, who are a dog, gorilla, and lizard man. One of the thug characters says, "Hey, are you ___?" and the cartoon character minding his own business says, "Yeah, what of it?" One of the cartoon thugs then says, "What of it? What this!" The thugs then grab the cartoon man, one pulls out a knife, they hold him down and surround him as he screams for help, and when they are finished, the character lays on the ground, possibly dead. One of the thug characters is then shown to hold in his gloved hand a pair of two black triangles. The cartoon man on the ground then sits up, and his eyes are no longer the perfect black circles that they once were, but his pupils are now pie-eyed.

I had an idea for a magazine titled the Harvard Lampoon Lampoon, and this magazine would pretend itself written by upper-class and highly privileged students at Harvard, with all their humor being directed at a very limited audience of rich people, focusing on a disdain for the poor, having a privileged and rich lifestyle, and anecdotes based on things only a rich person would experience and understand.

I thought of titling Common People as Hoi Polloi instead but decided maybe that would be a good name for another work focused on middle to lower class people; and then a follow up sequel work would focus on wealthy people and be titled Hoi Oligoi.

I had an idea for another magazine that would just basically be the same as Army Man comedy magazine titled National Pride.

I have an idea for a 3D animated MAD film that adapts both the comic books, the magazines, and the comedy television series for the big screen. I figure that the film would be entirely in vignettes some small and others a few minutes, and the film would adapt the cover stories in the first ten issues of EC Comics MAD, except perhaps MAD #5, and would also use Mad #16's cover story, and then the film would try to blend the stories together and happening around occurring in a single world in chronological order with other instances, such as Spy vs. Spy happenings occurring and acting as segues, having the White Spy and the Black Spy hurting and constantly winning over each other in interesting and clever ways. The film would try to use the styles of several of MAD and MAD Magazines more famous artists in different sections, but especially Harvey Kurtzman's simpler style found on the cover of Mad #1, Mad #3, Mad #4 and then Mad #6 through Mad #10, and then Mad #16. Popular characters from MAD TV would appear in the film, such as Ms. Swan, and Stewart and Doreen Larkin. Alfred E. Neuman would constantly be seen in the background or somewhere about, but events involving him would not be important until the film's final ending comedy segment. Three original vignettes that I thought would be in the film would each involve a late-night talk show host recording his television show during the day, pretending it live, bringing guests out to interview them. The first guess would be a pretty and bubbly young adult actress, who is popular but not intelligent, and this host keeps asking her questions, and she keeps giving brief and uninteresting answers, and the host keeps attempting to make the conversation interesting but keeps failing to do so, with her causing many awkward spaces by replying with just up to one to three word answers. The second late-night talk show guest would be modeled after Eric Anthony Roberts, and the host brings him out, starts talking to him at the desk, and the actor keeps not even bothering to answer the host's questions, not once, but instead just either makes faces, starts laughing and clapping his hands or making harmless gestures, and seems not to want to even properly answer anything asked by the host. At points he seems completely flustered and confused. Even when he does possibly start to answer a question, he just says half of a few words but then doesn't finish them, making it seem like gibberish. The third guest is a hybrid character, who is a singer and actor, and modeled after Justin Bieber and Zac Efron when he was in his High School Musical years, and the host brings him out and starts speaking to him, and eventually he brings up his recent project, which is a musical film, and a clip is shown of this to everyone, having a part of a musical number in this film, and the musical number and its

visuals are very cringe-worthy, having the lyrics sing about finding who you really are. At points in the song clip, he comes by an electronic goth kid dressed in electronic goth attire, and this electro goth musically claims that he doesn't even like electronic goth but instead likes smooth jazz and R & B more than anything in the world. Another moment has this singer actor come across a western cowboy, and the cowboy claims that he is not even interested in country nor western music but loves and has an admiration British electronic grime music. The actor singer keeps having parts in the song with the lyrics, "Find who you really are! Ya just don't know when you're just not who you really are!" When the clip stops, the host has his arm stretched out across his desk and his face planted to the desk's surface, showing actual physical and mental pain. He then lifts his head from his desk, just pained in the face and feeling awful, and he says, "That was terrible, kid!" shaking his head in displeasure. The young singer actor then look surprised and bewildered, directs this expression of surprise and embarrassment at the audience, and then looks back at the host who isn't even saying anything but just looks in a state of defeat at him.

The end segment to the film would show the characters on the cover of MAD #16 working in a small humble two-story business office with a MAD Magazine business sign on it while comic book artists at drawing tables, surrounded by artist tools, are in a large room together, and Alfred E. Neuman is there working as a comic book artist too, illustrating a comic book page near a window facing the front of the building. He has his usual smiling face without any worry on it, and as he is working on the page, he glances out the window sometimes. The alien on the cover is also working on page illustrations, inking pages, and looking over them with his three-eyes. The cloaked and hatted shadowy man is working on his comic book page, and he is being very secretive of it, not letting anyone else see what he is working on. The crazy man in the strait jacket on the cover is sitting on a pedestal before his drawing board, using his feet to paint a high quality and classy portrait instead of working on his comic book pages, which are mostly finished behind the canvas. Alfred E. Neuman is then looking down and working hard, when suddenly outside the office windows several police vehicles with their lights and sirens pull up in the parking lot in front of the building. The vehicles are all labelled with the N.Y.C. FUN POLICE written on their doors with a state seal. Alfred E. Neuman sees them through the corner of his eye and looks out the window. He still shows no worry on his face as he sets his attention on them. The fun police get out of the vehicle and a lead fun police officer speaks into a megaphone: "THIS IS THE NEW YORK CITY FUN POLICE! WE HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST! COME OUT OF THE BUILDING WITH YOUR SMILES DOWN!" The other workers in the office hear this, and they all arrive and cluster around the office windows to look at the fun police together. They sit and do nothing but look at them from out the window and the fun police see them also. The lead fun police officer then tells his other fun police officers, "Get the anti-laughing gas boys!" The fun police officers then get out gas grenade launchers out of their vehicles and then point them at the building. The strange MAD Magazine artists still do not even move from their place clustered around the office windows, even as the gas grenade launchers are being pointed right at them, but they just look at them with blank stares. The lead fun police officer then says to one of them: "Let 'em have it!" A grenade is shot right at the artists, smashing through the window, causing them to protect themselves from the flying shattered glass, and the grenade lands in back of them, having "ANTI-LAUGHING GAS" written on it. It suddenly explodes, and each of the artists start running out of the office to escape in panic. Alfred E. Neuman maintains his carless face the whole time. They escape the office, but only after the artist wearing a strait jacket works the doorknob with his feet for a couple of moments with each of them waiting on him to open the door for everyone. They try to escape the building along with other workers, but eventually the fun police capture them. A news reel with everything occurring on the cover of MAD #16 then occurs, having the artists shown being led out of a building by the police. It then explains and shows that comic books are all going underground because of political opposition to them. In one final scene it shows Alfred E. Neuman in a black and white news footage reel that is framed in white to not entirely fill the movie screen. He is led along outside during the night with press people surrounding the area and taking pictures. He is in handcuffs and being escorted by fun police officers while also maintaining his usual expression of smiling with no worry. He sometimes stumbles a bit as the fun police officers holding him on each side by his arms force him forward. He walks led by the police towards the camera, and with his head well in frame, the picture stills perfectly on his smiling face, and the black and white photograph is then captioned: "WHAT, ME WORRY?" having it black text over a white background. After a moment, the picture scrolls up in frame, and the credits are then shown having black text with a white background also. When the credits end, the word MAD is then shown in large letters. The image with MAD on it is then flipped like a page to show a movie screen-sized MAD Magazine Fold-in picture with writing

below it. The film allows the audience to take it in a moment, and then it folds in to show the new and hidden image and writing. It after shows the company logos involved in making the film and then ends.

The cover story for MAD #5 can still be used in the film, but I thought to adapt it into an original film where a detective has done so much detective work over the years that he has gained a large number of enemies, including supernatural ones, and he is solely focused on a case involving a pretty young woman, not realizing how many people are catching up to him and wanting to kill him. My idea for A Surprise at the End of the Turn partially evolved from this cover and story thought, but it still could be made a separate story then A Surprise at the End of the Turn, or a sequel to the animated film MAD.

When my grandfather on my mother's side died, his house with a horse farm was being cleaned out by everyone in the family, and I found a collection of many MAD Magazine issues that I didn't know about him having inside of his horse barn. I then collected all of them from the haystacks that they were found within and then took them home to have and read. One of the fictional comic book pedigrees that I made when creating many of them was called the Jonathan Wallace Farm Barn Pedigree. This comic book was going to claim that a large amount of valuable comic books were found in a man named Jonathan Wallace's horse barn, having been collected by them, and many of them were in very poor quality, including key issues, but many very valuable comic books and key issues were randomly preserved well, and sold for a large amount of money.

I thought up a television satire comedy film just under the working title of Ben Higglebodom, and this film would be about a bunch of film and television people making a uniquely and very strange looking man named Ben Higglebodom with no acting talent or credentials a famous person and household name simply as a joke to them. I got this thought from Alfred E. Neuman, imagining him an actual living celebrity. This man would be like Brian Peppers and his famously memed photograph. A director of casting for a television series would stumble across him in the street, hire him for a job that needed a strange looking person in its role with no speaking parts, and then everyone on the set started to realize what a strange looking man he is. They then jokingly keep using him in recurring and nonrecurring roles on television, thinking it the funniest thing in the world and not even caring that he can't act nor say his lines even right. They place him in a recurring role on a serious teen television drama series as a pompous and supposedly over-intelligent intellectual teacher at a normal high school. A moment in the show has a Caucasian girl student and an African American boy student having relationship issues and talking in a hallway of high school lockers, and during their dramatic conversation, the actor Ben shows up in a suit and tie in the role of Mr. Cranlinger. He says in a falsely bold and pompous voice to the boy, "Ah, young Mr. Denslow! Salutations! I have been looking for you!" The African American student referred to by Mr. Denslow says, "Oh, hey, Mr. Cranlinger! Sorry that I've been missing your classes lately." Mr. Cranlinger replies, "Oh, yes, you've been missing much valuable learning! I hope that you do not miss my class today! We will be discussing the great Russian author Frodur Dostevsky and his many works! Afterwards, we will enjoy a well-needed reading from Leo Talstoy's Ann Karnena! Good day, Mr. Denslow!" He then walks off from the couple, and the female student and male student exchange impatient and concerned eyes with each other.
At Home Depot and on the store floor we took elements from Ben Higglebodom and The Creeping of Mousetown to form two possible shows that we never really gave a title to either, and sometimes they would just be considered the same show, and other times they would just be basically The Creeping of Mousetown, but with people instead of cartoon characters. The first show would be a comedy show that purposely got non-comedian actors so to play the show seriously, but it is actually a comedic and really stupid parody of Seventh Heaven combined with The O.C. The second show is basically the same idea but then is a supernatural teen drama with superheroes and supernatural characters that one would see on the WB Network or Freeform. Both these shows would be written really poorly and stupidly as possible. We kept making materials for these one or two different shows, and in the Seventh Heaven and O.C. parody show there would be two families who live next to each other, a nice Caucasian Family and an also nice African American Family, who their families and children are friends with each other, but in an episode the youngest son of the Caucasian family has his new sneakers stolen by an African American bully at his school that is much taller than him. This young boy then becomes a full-blown racist, yelling at a boy from the African American family that he has been friends with all his life, "That it's just like your people to steal another person's

sneaks!" The African American boy gets upset, and his says, "We've been friends are whole life! You know I would never do such a thing!" The boy then replies, "I'm sorry, but black people just cannot be trusted! We're no longer friends!" The young Caucasian boy then leaves, and the African American boy is worried and concerned. It then shows this young Asian boy getting mixed up with white supremacists who are heavily tattooed with white supremacist tattoos, and they start tattooing him all over, having a swastika on his forehead framed by other hate tattoos with writing reading things like: "BLACK CAN GO BACK, SO WHITE CAN STACK!" and other stupid things of the sort. This kid starts to rally with these people against black people, and a black person tries to attack the young boy now covered in hate tattoos, but the African American boy he has been friends with his whole life, and then he learns the errors of ways for the moment. At the end of the episode the two families are together at the African American family's house, and the youngest boy of the Caucasian family, still covered heavily in white supremacist tattoos, says to the African American boy, "I'm sorry I got carried away!" The African American boy then says, "It's okay! I understand!" The series would then focus on the happenings of this young boy as a side story of him erasing the hate, with him having several sessions of tattoo removals causing the tattoos to slowly stop being as opaque, but in a later episode he is at a high school basketball game with one of his siblings playing in it, and he tells his father that he needs to go to the bathroom, leaves and does what he said he would do, but when he leaves the bathroom, the African American bully who stole his sneakers is with a friend walking by, so the young Caucasian boy then looks down and the bully is wearing his stolen sneakers that only cover the front portion of his feet and not his heels, and the bully sees the boy, smiles and says, "Hey, punk! I'm really enjoying those sneaks you gave me!" and then slaps hands with his friend and walks off in the ill-fitting sneakers. The Caucasian boy then gets upset and walks out the door of the high school. The father is standing in the school's bleachers, watching the game, but is concerned his youngest son has not returned. The father then leaves also. After some other scenes, it shows the father driving around, and he sees his young son walking along the side of the road in the dark night. The father pulls up to the curb beside him, slowly moving along with him, having the passenger side window rolled down, and the father asks, "Hey, where are you going?" The son then replies in a pouting and frustrated manner, "I'm going to go freshen up this ink!" referring to his now duller and attempted to be removed hate tattoos. The father then says, "Hey, get in the car and let me show you something!" The boy then rolls his eyes but then gets in the vehicle. It then shows the Caucasian and African American family together performing simulated hate crimes at the Caucasian family's house on the youngest Caucasian boy in the family. They put pillow sacks with eyeholes cutout on all their heads, and pretend to be K.K.K. members lynching him, but very gently and wholesomely in their acting of it, taking him into the backyard near a tree, saying things like, "You should not be looking at our women, boy!" and "You're not wanted in this town, spook!" and then they put him on a chair beneath the tree in their backyard, put a rope around his neck, loop it around a branch, and then ask him, "Any last words, boy?" The boy then looks at them, not possibly even taking it seriously, but pretending to do so, and, holding the rope around his neck with his hands, he says, "Please don't kill me! I don't want to die!" They tell him, "Oh, we are not even done with you yet, boy!" It then cuts to the father sitting with the boy near the closed front door of their house with them waiting. Suddenly, a yell comes from outside, saying, "Come out here and see what we think of you, boy!" The father and son then look each other in the eyes, walk to the front door, open it, and the members of the African American family and the Caucasian family are in their pillowcase hoods, standing around a burning cross on the front lawn. One of them then yells, "This is our symbol of hatred to you, boy! It means we hate you, and we don't want you around!" The young Caucasian boy then says to them, "Please stop hating me! I'm a person!" One of the pillowcase hooded members on the lawn then says, "Not yet you're not, boy! You need to work for it!" In one final act it shows him having to walk down the neighborhood street holding two signs in his hand. One reads: "I'm a person! I need my rights!" The other reads: "I matter! Start the conversation!" and the two families are no longer hooded but following him down the street and yelling at him, "Stop trying to think you're a person, weirdo!" and "I don't think he's a person yet!" and "As a person, I think that I would know what another person is, and I don't think he's a person!" It then shows them back at the Caucasian family's house, and the son of the African American family that is friends with the young Caucasian boy says, "You know we're just doing this because we love you, man!" And the boy replies, "I know!" In a later episode, this boy is shown to have taken a poetry class by a slam poet teacher, now having his hate tattoos mainly faded, and this slam poetry teacher has also inspired him to write slam poetry, and his first slam poem to his class, delivered in a rough, blunt, and forced manner that

slam poetry is, begins: “Street geeks stole me sneaks at the height of their fashion! I could have let it get me down, but instead it inflamed my passion!”

Another story in this television series would have the teenage daughter in high school of this African American family meet a cute new boy that arrived at school, and he immediately invites her to see his band, which he claims is a black metal cover band, and she agrees to go to the show, which will happen the next night. When she arrives at the show, the camera editing first shows that the modest crowd of people in the small venue are all shocked and aghast at what they are seeing while Metallica’s “Enter Sandman” is being performed by the band on stage. It then shows that each of the band members are all dressed in minstrel show blackface while wearing regular clothing expected of a metal band, smiling and performing in a cheesy manner that would be normal of a band being shown playing in such a television series, and then the African American teenage daughter walks into the venue, smiling, but then sees that the whole band is in minstrel show blackface, gets hurt and upset, the boy in the band who invited her sees her, smiles and waves, but then becomes distraught because the teenage daughter walks out angry. He then gets worried and upset, places his guitar down on the stage midperformance, jumps off stage, and then runs out of the venue after her. He sees her walking away in the parking lot and says, “Wait! Wait!” She then stops and angrily says, “What?” The boy in the band, dressed in minstrel show make-up, then says, “Let me explain!” The teenage daughter then says, “Why bother! You know, I thought I knew you, but I guess not!” despite meeting him just the previous day. And she starts walking away again, and the boy in the band looks stupid, hurt, and upset in his blackface watching her leave. A later episode has the boy finally able to explain to her that his step-father is African American, and so are the step-fathers of all the other band members in the band, whose band name is The Blacker Album, which excuses their behavior of wearing blackface in the opinion of the African American daughter.

Another character of the show in the Caucasian family would be modeled after Matt Camden from Seventh Heaven and Ryan Atwood from the O.C. together, and he would have a girlfriend like Marissa Cooper. In one of the episodes it would have him marry his girlfriend although he is still in senior year of high school and class is still in session, and then they go to Tijuana together for their honeymoon. After a day of enjoying sights in Tijuana, this male character is in his hotel room alone because his girlfriend went to get more ice for the bottles of wine they have. He calls a friend, who is modeled after the character Seth Cohen and is another teenager in high school with him that is socially accepted by his peers as being chemically castrated for his urges, normal in appearance, even having a girlfriend that accepts him as being castrated, and the married son tells him their honeymoon is going great and that he has only a spectacular future ahead of him, being married, going to an Ivy League university, and already having numerous business connections. After the phone call, he says, “I’ll see you back in school, man!” He then hangs up, sees the wine bottles not on ice, pours some wine into glasses for the both of them, wonders what is taking his now wife so long to come back, goes looking for her, sees her in the hallway making out with an attractive woman that works at the hotel, he drops the full wine glasses, having them shatter, the two women hear this and look at him, with the hotel woman looking more bewildered than anything, and then it shows this young male character’s bottom lip start quivering, him unable to speak, and tears start developing in his eyes. They don’t even say anything to each other as he runs away distraught, leaving the area in the hotel. It later shows that he is on top of the hotel contemplating suicide. He looks down at a street area with a wall dividing the street from the ocean beach. He suddenly jumps from the building, and a dummy is used to display him committing suicide, and what occurs to the dummy even looks like it would kill a person, having the dummy slam against the wall dividing the street from the beach, and then it also slams on the beach sand, causing a Wile E. Coyote style cloud from the sand. After this, either in the same episode or a next episode, it shows this teen wife character back attending high school. Everyone is upset at her for putting this male character in the hospital, where he is in a coma. All the student body is giving her angry and critical stares. This occurs to her during class, having other students give her angry looks at their desks with her placing her hand over her eyes as a visor to block out their looks. The female teacher in her class knows what happened also but tries to empathize with her a little. After class this now teen wife of the male character goes up to a friend of hers putting things in her locker. The girl says to her friend, “Hey, how’s it going?” Her friend, still busy putting things in her locker, says, “Yeah, how’s it going?” not caring for her now. The girl says, “I guess everybody hates me now.” The friend says, “Yeah, how do you know I don’t hate you also?” The girl replies, “Deana, come on! We’re friends!” The friend Deana then just closes her locker, brushes her off, pouting, and then walks away.

The supernatural WB Network-like teenage drama show would have kids in high school experiencing supernatural things all the time, but it would basically be a similar show, and it would have a human fly student in a letterman jacket attending classes normally, despite having a fly's head and claw hands, and for some reason all the girls in the high school, of all varieties, anti-social angry goth girls to the head cheerleader, think that he is an Adonis walking the Earth.
The two television shows could pretend themselves based off characters from the comic book The Creeping of Mousetown. The first comedy mock drama television show resembling Seventh Heaven and The O.C. can be titled The Kneelers and the Crosses, with the Kneelers being the African American Kneeler Family and the Crosses being the Caucasian Cross Family who have lived next to each other and have for over more than a decade. The second supernatural series would be titled The Creeping of Mousetown: Teen High.

While we were coming up with these ideas, we brought up how unconcerned Barack Obama was with the wellbeing of African Americans during his time a President of the U.S.A., and also his harm in not doing anything for African Americans, despite claiming to be a former civil rights attorney, so people started to think a form of vengeance would be to give him, and other criminals of a once highly privileged position who assisted him, the slave treatment, taking away his privileged status, forcing labor upon him perhaps, but especially changing his name to a slave name. A name for Barack Obama that was decided upon would be Samuel Mudcrack. We would also give him a nickname of Lil Smokey, and he will have his nickname tattooed around his neck, chest, or stomach. Elizabeth Smart will also be given the slave treatment, and her slave name will be Ejizabeth Gump—sy. This name arrives from her claiming during her hoax kidnapping that she was chewed up like bubblegum. People had the thought to start doing this to all criminals not expected to return to society.

I pointed out to several people connected to my head that a civil rights law was supposed to be our former U.S. Presidents specialty, and, apparently, he can't even perform action towards it with the same amount of concern that I have, despite never once stepping even into a school law. I consider myself even more of a "master of none" in most subjects, and he could not even master the subject that was supposed to be his specialty.

I thought up a comedy film idea titled Crisis Actors that would show the events of a group of crisis actors preparing to pretend themselves victims of a school shooting. They would be students at a school where another student named Scottie Fuggenrad felt motivated to shoot up the school in an act of mass murder, because he was being bullied by another student. These crisis actors would all practice their parts, their necessary lines to give, and also practice faking any possible injuries. In the aftermath of the school shooting, one of the practiced lines of one of the crisis actresses, needing to be given while confused and crying, would be: "I don't know why he started shooting at everyone! We were all friends! Everybody liked him! We all liked his name!"
I developed this story idea while studying the validity of films with people claimed crisis actors, and trying to imagine the innerworkings of an event taking place by criminals needing to have crisis actors involved. Also, when two of my friends were attending film school, they made a film that me and one of the friends wrote the script for in about a day. It was called Tears of a Clown: The Harold Lewis Story, and this film was about a man who suddenly found himself so funny to other people that no one could any longer take him seriously, even when he was in distress, kind of in a "The Boy Who Cried Wolf" manner, and he eventually ended up homeless because of this, and one of his friends finds him in homeless in an alley, asks him to do something funny, and he commits suicide by shooting himself in the head, which this man still finds funny. One of the actors in this film that I helped my friends make just showed up with a friend that was expected to act in the film, and we never got his name, so I said to just write his name in the credits as Scottie Fuggenrad, which they did. I then thought to apply this name to this Crisis Actors story idea, with the name being that of the school shooter and it heavily being important in the events that take place. This idea was originally meant for Common People, and the title of the story section was going to borrow Fort Minor's rap song "Remember the Name" as its title.
This person that acted for us and we did not know his name that we would call Scottie Fuggenrad, I actually recognized before, because our head office at our high school had many unclaimed school photograph packages on its desk, and one day when I had to go to the office to get lunch tickets, I saw these unclaimed

photo packets on the desk, which were mainly a large group of strange looking people who apparently didn't desire their school photos, and I took a bunch of them, went to my schools print media classroom, found the button maker, started making a bunch of buttons of their faces to wear, and then handed them out to students around school. One of the photographs that I made a button of was this Scottie Fuggenrad, and the reason that I thought the photograph so funny was because he had a really round face, a flat nose as if it were permanently pressed up against a glass, squinty eyes, and he was giving a funny looking smile. I started calling the buttons "nerd buttons." I would later think it possible to make a large fortune just finding weird and strange looking people's awkward, dorky, and nerdy photographs, and then making buttons of them, possibly even adding in sayings beneath them, such as: "I AM THE SNAIL KING!" They would just be marketed as "Nerd Buttons."

I have an idea for a mockumentary film that is a comedy, but it plays the comedy really dry and its more humorous in context, having the humor arrive from plausible human idiocy. The mockumentary film, which would attempt realism, would be titled The Sound of Bullets, and it would be a false history about what is deemed the most irresponsible rock concert in history where a large amount of people showed up to a concert with no security and they were aware that the concert was going to be targeted for gun violence. I didn't fully evolve the story, but the band playing and its fans would have gained a large amount of ire by many degenerate individuals in the public after a song that the band made was critical and insulting to their subculture. The band was going to play a large concert at an actual designated concert venue, but a large amount of hate mail and threats of gun violence started appearing online claiming that fans of the band were going to be shot at while attending. The promotor for the concert along with those working the venue wanted to cancel the concert completely, but the band decided they did not want to give into terrorist threats and stubbornly stated that they still wanted to play the concert in online messages. The band and promoter got in a dispute, and the promoter cancelled the concert, but then, even more stubbornly, the band found a new venue for the concert, which was a local baseball stadium, and then also worked it so the event was a free concert without any hired security staff, wanting to show that terrorists should never be catered to and allowed to push other people around, and people should have the freedom to do whatever they want. Fans of the band began placing pictures and videos of themselves online preparing for the concert, buying bullet proof jackets, making ridiculous body armor themselves, just making joke body armor, and also screen printing t-shirts that said things like "SHOOT ME!", and "WHO WANTS TO EAT A BULLET? THIS GUY!" with an arrow pointing up to the person wearing the t-shirts face. Other popular shirts had targets and crosshairs on them. Some people would just show up having furnace duct turned into ridiculous full body armor. The film shows the concert from the camera views of various audience members recording it with cellphones and handheld cameras, and also news people attending with their cameras and a professional camera crew that was interested in the story and following the band because of the threats, and the concert began with a passionate speech against terrorism by the band's lead singer. They then played about three songs in their set, and then during the fourth song, which was the band's song claimed to be insulting to the subculture of those threating the concert, all hell broke loose with handgun and semi-automatic weapon gunfire coming from everywhere, along with some pipe bombs, and unarmed fans began attempting to flee in every direction, with some wearing the stupidest looking clothing and body armor, and many being violently shot, harmed, and murdered, and then other fans who did bring weapons began shooting back at the shooters who they were uncertain if they were defending the crowd or attacking it. The film, especially in its cellphone and handheld footage would try to make everything as realistic as possible in its depiction of the event. The documentarians of the film would also play everything seriously, and news coverage of the event would also be attempted to convey the event as realistic as possible.

I had another somewhat similar western film to The Sound of Bullets, but it would be genuine western action film titled The Draw of Eagletown. I was collecting materials for Nanahee, and I wanted to have an event like the Shootout at the O.K. Corral occur, and having it an actual Wild West historical event that happened in their alternative dimension, so I came up with The Draw of Eagletown, which was an event where in a misunderstanding and miscommunication several parties started shooting at each other and attacking each other, even harming and killing each other, after a gunfight, although they had no real hostility to each other, and the only person in the wrong was the first person that started shooting. I came up with the idea for this because of the shooting at the French concert where The Eagles of Death Metal were performing and afterwards the lead singer's comments and everybody owning and carrying around a gun to remedy the situation. After hearing the singer claimed this, I became highly critical of it, picturing in my head everyone at

a concert owning a gun, and then a domino effect occurring because someone started firing, leaving people not knowing whether a person is a dangerous person or not, and shooting at anyone with a gun pulled. The Sound of Bullers and The Draw of Eagletown, divided in story, both stemmed from this happening with The Eagles of Death Metal and their singer's comments.

I thought to make a television comedy series or film titled Power Couple, where an unusual occurrence would be that the main characters are a very disrespectful, stupid, and bullying popular boy and girl at a high school, so they would be villain protagonists, and not even able to be considered anti-heroes, and the show would just display them as the worst people. I was using the villain Stef McKee and his girlfriend from Pretty in Pink (1986) as an example of the type of person that they are, but I would want them unique characters, and the boy is basically a completely inconsiderate person, even a borderline sociopath, laughing at the pain and misery of others, or having a harmful sense of humor, such as him driving to school and laughing that a homeless man looks to be dead on a suburban curb. There would be a happening in the series though that he believes himself bullying an artistic female student verbally, but what he is saying is amazing and gives her a bright idea that she later finds success with. An odd thing would occur that despite these two people being popular human trash, their behavior results in the success of many student body characters that in no way like them nor wish them well.
While developing this thought, we pointed out to others in my head that sometimes the funniest characters in comedy films can be the bullying and ignorant character, such as the character Jonathan Ault in the film Hot Rod (2007), who would be good inspiration for the male, and the character Ashley Grant from Whatever It Takes (2000), who would be a good inspiration for the female character. I also thought of Trevor Wallace's comedy styling being applied to the main character, perhaps with him as a writer.

When I was graduating from high school, I was being made to feel out several papers for certain items, such as receiving a class ring, class photos, and yearbook items, and I filled out a sheet with the fictional name of Greg Doosely instead, but still maintained my actual address, and after I graduated I kept getting mail for Greg Doosley, and even a letter claiming that he was a hand-selected valued top student that graduated from my high school, and it asked Greg Doosely if he wanted to purchase several items in commemoration of his achievements. I would later start writing the name of Greg Doosley often when asked, such as when attending wedding receptions and finding the guest book.
Sometimes I would use the name Ryan Bandersnap in people's guest books also, even if I already signed the guestbook with my own name. I would later use this to create a family of characters in a play titled The Bandersnap Family, and I was going to use Ryan Bandersnap as one of the character's names of a son in the Bandersnap Family.
I would also sometimes write in Scott Vogel as a name of a person who arrived in guestbooks, who is the singer of the hardcore bands Slugfest, Despair, and Buried Alive.

I had idea for dramedy film titled Mrs. Newell Knew Well. This film would be about an elementary teacher to mentally-handicap and special needs student being accused of verbally and physically abusing the students in her class, especially after she tried to teach some of them how to use utensils for such reasons as feeding themselves and writing by tying strings around their wrists and moving around their arms and hands with them. I came up with this thought because I once had a third grade teacher named Mrs. Newell, with her class having both third grade and fourth grade students in it, and she tended to checkoff whether children in her class finished their work afterwards with most the class sitting in silence while this happened. One time when she performed this, I not only didn't do any amount of my work, but instead just sat thinking to myself while everyone else was busy working on their assignment, but afterwards, having her check if every student did their work, I just blatantly lied to her and said I finished the assignment as she went around to each student. A fourth grade girl behind me then told her immediately that I was lying. Mrs. Newell then asked to see my work, and I told her that I didn't have it. With a crazed face and look in her eyes she then began screaming at me in front of the whole class, slapping my desk, and saying things like: "HOW DARE YOU LIE TO ME!" Later, a friend would tell me a story that at his elementary school there was some strange program that attempted to train mentally-handicap and special needs students to function normally using ropes and chains, binding them in their positions and attempting to move around their hands with ropes to try to get them to properly use utensils placed in their hands. I took note of this story and thought it an interesting thought to use

in a fictional story later. Supposedly, the Granite School District in Salt Lake City was so hard-up for substitute teachers that they hired anyone that graduated high school, so I applied, and I started to substitute teach for a time. I would more rarely teach elementary school children, but when I would teach them, it would be funner than usual and I would often show them my drawing techniques on the chalkboards, once filling a chalkboard with a large picture of a cartoon piranha as they watched. Junior high school children were a complete nightmare to teach, being some of the most ill-mannered children in existence, but I would often teach them because they were the most available jobs. High school students would not tend to be as bad, but on occasion they would be, and I would often be left showing them videos or giving them some paper assignment that they had to do all day. I once taught a special needs junior high class, and it wasn't bad, as most the students were alright, but some Hispanic child with a really low-intellect in the class kept rubbing his pants and masturbating, inducing disgust in me and his classmates also.

I had the idea to make a dark comedy novel or film that I would just refer to as my "Serial Killer Elementary School Teacher Story", without having a title yet, but I have it somewhat structured. I like vintage Halloween photographs, especially amusing and funny ones, and I was making a digital collection of them that I downloaded off the internet, and one I found really humorous because it was an elementary class' Halloween photograph, and all the children were dressed in what appeared to be early 1980s store-purchased Halloween costumes, but the elementary school teacher for this class did not bother to dress up, still wearing his button up shirt, tie, and slacks, and he reminded me of Jeoffrey Dahmer. I started to develop a story from the photograph, and its structure, and I often had it brought up when I was painfully being bullied doing physical labor at Home Depot, especially remembering it commonly occurring several times on the cleaning tools location on aisle fifty-two. This story would be pretty dry for involving a serial killer, and no character would even be actually murdered in its narrative, although the main character, a serial killer elementary school teacher, would sometimes picture himself killing his students and other teachers in his head. The story would start with him waking up naked in his bedroom in his house next to a well-decayed corpse of a man in his bed, and his room would be covered in air freshening items. After he wakes up, he rolls out of bed, takes a long one-hour shower, continuously and harshly washing himself with soap and masturbating. When he is done with his shower, he places on his button-up shirt, his tie, and his slacks. He then drives to an elementary school where he is a schoolteacher to younger grades, and it is Halloween, and all the children and other teachers are dressed in their Halloween costumes. It would then show this teacher's day as a schoolteacher with him being very uptight, strict, and him pretending himself nice and funny. He often gets in passive aggressive and agitated conversations with both the students and the rest of the faculty. At one point during recess, one of his students, who he would picture murdering somewhere in the story, would be talking with another student, and this other student would bring up that their teacher didn't even bother to wear a Halloween costume, and this other student would say, "He's a serial killer already, so he doesn't need one!" not understanding how right he is. The children and faculty would be having Halloween fun all day, and he would try to pretend to be interested and participating, but he also really does not belong at the elementary school, and it often becomes awkwardly apparent between him, his students, and his faculty. When the school day ends, he leaves the elementary school and goes home. At home, he grades papers and hands out candy to trick 'r treaters while watching television and snacking. When the evening comes around, he makes himself dinner and still continues to hand out candy to arriving trick 'r treaters, pausing between eating his food. Well into the night, he sits alone watching television all-night and handing out candy. When it becomes late, he strips naked and crawls into bed with the very decayed corpse of a man, touching it in places, kissing its face, and then holding it tightly to him. Trick 'r treaters then are heard knocking on his door, and he listens to them knocking and yelling for a moment, but then puts his head back down, looking back at the corpse next to him. After a few moments of silence, he then hears eggs hitting his house, starts cursing, and he bolts out of bed, throws his clothes on and runs outside. He inspects the area around his house and the areas around his neighbors' houses. Not finding anyone, he then cleans up the mess that the eggs made. When finished, he goes inside, washes his hands, brushes his teeth, strips, and then places himself in bed with the dried male corpse again. Sitting in silence with it and inspecting it all over, the film then ends.
A joke and important point of this story is that there really is a usual occurrence of students wondering if their schoolteacher is a serial killer.

I lived next to a very poor family a large portion of my life and throughout my childhood. They were all overweight, round, and unhealthy, and when old enough they would all drink beer and smoke. There yellow house would stand next to my family's brown one, and they would never have anything appealing around it, but just owned the house and didn't do maintenance around it and never placed in anything additional. Their family had three sons, and the middle son was born missing one ear, and the youngest had a very low-intellect and was in special needs classes his whole life. One time, they shot our family dog and the dog belonging to a family across the street from out their front room window with a rifle, and our family dog just barely survived, having a bullet permanently in her neck the rest of her life, but the dog next to door died from its wounds. Their father would always take a bus to and from work and come walking home with a lunchbox in hand near the evening time. Their mother would eventually have her diabetes result in one of her legs being removed, and she would sit on their front porch in a school desk with her amputated leg showing. I started to use this family for inspiration in several stories. One story idea for Common People I borrowed the name "The Other Shoe" from the song by the band F—ed Up, and the story had an obese young teenager have his mother have her left leg amputated in due of her diabetes, so she would buy pairs of shoes, and she would keep a pile of the left shoes in her room. Just like this next-door-neighbor of mine, this teenager's mother would sit outside in a school desk and crochet for long periods of time. Embarrassed about his mother and her behavior, and also worried about his own future health, he starts running each day, watching his weight, and staying healthy. Some people connected to me with maser instruments would revolt in me that I came up with such a positive story from such a darker place, while also depicting a character who was motivated by a horrible situation to change for the better. This actual family also certainly did not do what the character did in the book, and they remained unhealthy their whole lives. I made an idea for a children's story titled Randy, Goose and Bully, taking the name Randy from this family's youngest son, and the character of the story would be based on this Randy that once lived next door to me, but with a different name. But there would be a character in the book named Randy who is a goose. This child would go to his elementary school, and his recess area would be located next to a small pond, and his school bully would be a normal goose who lives there and likes to attack him on the playground, with him and the other children naming the goose Randy. I made a story idea about the middle son in the family named Doug, who I repeat was born with one ear, and this story, likely a film, would depict a rich, extremely popular one-eared country singer named Doug, with stray-dog vocals, sounding as if he was a whimpering and hungry dog while singing. I came up with this story, because the Doug in this family would often wear cowboy boots, and sometimes a cowboy hat, with them looking ridiculous on him, and he would lean against a stone wall by his house, smoking, and singing country songs in a terrible, stupid, and hurt dog manner. Thinking of ideas to fake the existence of a certain politician in the U.S., we joked that it would be hilarious to use Randy's likeness as a fictional Texas governor, just blatantly using his actual name.

I have an idea for a comedy false exposé film titled Inspecting the Orchard: An In-depth Investigation of the Trees of Randy-Doug Fredrick Cummings, which would slightly be inspired by the family who lived next door to me, mostly in the fact that their names are taken to form the names of the characters in the film. This film would be a parody of the documentary film My Kid Could Paint That (2007), and it would be about a famous painter with down syndrome named Randy-Doug Frederick Cummings, whose paintings sell for double-digit thousands of dollars, and his paintings often are portraits of people and animals that are formed using different sized circles connected by lines over randomly colored and patchy painted backgrounds, similar to mathematical graph trees or trees of thought, which also vary in color, and they lack any correct proportion, but instead create more abstract looking representations of the people and animals that they are supposed to depict. The joke to the film is that the investigative report leading and directing the film, who is doubtful of the authenticity of the down syndrome painter being the person actually producing the paintings, looks like and is a real unintelligent, bigoted idiot, and stubborn jerk, a complete a—hole, as he tries to find the truth, if there is any, with not really anyone else questioning the painter's abilities, to the fraudulence of Randy-Doug Fredrick Cumming's paintings. The investigative reporter's tactics to finding the validity of whether the down syndrome painter produced the works involves him stalking the painter, his father Buzz-Rose Cummings, and a caretaker and assistant to Randy-Doug, who is a middle-aged African American man named Mr. Jeffries, and he also sets up hidden cameras in the galleries in which Randy-Doug's paintings are displayed, and also sends in plants with hidden cameras on their bodies, who are either pretending to be art critics, art patrons, or food servers for the galleries. The reporter himself sometimes tries to interview and ask questions straight to those involved in working with Randy-Doug also. The reporter and his crew eventually

and naively believe that the painter's father Buzz-Rose or his caretaker Mr. Jeffries are producing the paintings instead, or, in the thoughts of these investigators, possibly both. Near the film's conclusion, they sneak into Randy-Doug's work studio loft with the reporter and his crew pretending to be maintenance workers in janitorial suits, with the painter, his father Buzz-Rose, and Mr. Jeffries present there, and they see all three of the characters go into the artist's painting studio. They wait for a little while, and then they nudge the door to the studio slightly open, peaking through its crack, and setting a GoPro through the door, and Randy-Doug has an artist's pallet in his hand and he is standing before a canvas and painting while Buzz-Rose and Mr. Jeffries are speaking with each other and watching, and then the reporter and his crew get caught videotaping them and quickly escape. The film ends with the investigative reporter still pretending that it is an open-ended question to whether Randy-Doug Fredrick Cummings is the true author of the paintings.
A large inspiration for this film idea, other than to parody My Kid Could Paint That, was that I was working for the Salt Lake County Library, and each time that I would work for the West Vally Library location a mentally-handicap man would always be there, who looked like a mentally-handicap version of a drummer and tattoo artist heavily involved in the Salt Lake City hardcore community, and this mentally-handicap man would come to the desk to checkout manga books from the library, and he would show me a little notebook of pictures that he drew, which had only representations of people and possible dogs that were just a circle with five lines branching from it that ended each in circles, which were meant to be a head, arms, and feet. I then thought to take this idea from this mentally-handicap man and apply it to video games or animated cartoons, having a main character just five circles connected by lines to a middle circle, and having a stupid poorly drawn face on its head circle, and he would ride around on a horse that is probably just the same in just a central circle branching into four circles below it, and having an oval horsehead brand from the body. This simple character would then jump off his simple horse to punch enemies with his line and circle hands.
The character idea for Mr. Jeffries would come from a time when I worked for PetSmart, and a large man who looked exactly like one of my friend's fathers came in and wanted to look at the adoptable cats in the adoption center. I helped him behind the adoption center to see one of the cats, and when I placed the cat in his hand, he started to hug and stroke the cat, and he then he said, "Oh, Mr. Jeffries will not allow me to keep a cat. Mr. Jeffries says I can't have one." I only then realized the man was mentally-handicap. The occurrence with this mentally-handicap man that looked exactly like my friend's father was likely symbolism, because my friend would once tell me that this father, who he worked for himself, would purposely practice his trade of installing carpets very poorly and in a corrupt manner by wetting the carpet while installing it, so to expand the carpet as it dries, so the carpet glue will be less likely to keep the carpet in place as long, causing a person who he installed the carpet for to eventually need a new carpet sooner. I once told my mother that my friend worked for his father's carpet company, and she would later tell me that she needed new carpet placed into our home, and she wanted to hire him, and I told it wasn't a good idea, just explaining that they don't do a very good job. I think someone or a bunch of people were trying to convey that they think that my friend's father was possibly mentally-handicap doing that type of criminal scam symbolized through this actually handicap man that looked like him.

During my senior year of high school, I would go to this friend who worked for the carpet company's house, which his family had an unusually open house that would allow any friends or family just to go over there at any time. Me and friends of his would even go over there when no one was there, and this included often not going to my high school classes and spending time there instead, eating burritos from their refrigerator, watching television, or using their family computer. We would often do ridiculous things on the computer, such as troll people online. One of their family friends once left a shirtless picture of himself on the computer, and me and another friend were chatting with swingers online pretending to be him, and a swinger couple wanted to know what we looked like after we started telling them we were into the thought of being involved in their sex life, so we sent them a picture of this shirtless family friend of theirs, and they sent a detailed picture of themselves having sex that showed the woman being penetrated. Me and other people were scrolling through a public chatroom for African American people to meet and date, and we started to pretend ourselves a racist Chinese person that entered the chatroom, not wanting them to come into their grocery store, and I told them an old slogan for a summer camp that I went to during the summer several times in elementary school to advise campers to not flush urine but only fecal matter, which was: "If it's mellow let it yellow; if it's brown flush it down!" I was by myself trolling people on a message board on this family computer once, and I clicked on the wrong thing that someone posted, and the screen went to a photograph of two men having

sex and not letting me escape it, while the computer sounded, “I am looking at gay porn!” repeatedly over, so I quickly unplugged the computer. Someone, possibly a friend who lived by this person’s house and was also in his senior year, downloaded quite a few disturbing videos on this computer, including a real video of bald man being murdered by having his head stepped on by a boot, and then having a knife driven into his neck. Another video had a man violently harming his own penis by hitting it with a hammer on a table, and then he used a nail to hammer his penis to the table, driving the nail straight through his own shaft. I once used their family computer to scan a picture of a severed androids head with their scanner, so to place it online, and I accidentally left the picture in the scanner, and the mother said I was making creepy and disturbing art because of it, and found it ironic that other people, possibly her own family, was placing very disturbing, disgusting, and genuinely violent videos on their family computer. This friend would tell me that his mother really didn’t like me, because she thought I was creepy after finding the drawer, resulting in further irony. After high school, I would often play with this friend’s son and hangout with his wife, with their son actually being very amusing and funny in his toddler years, saying things like the word “two” as “doo” and really loving the movie Scooby-Doo, and he would also like to funny child dances to things on the television. One time this friend said an odd thing to say out of nowhere, claiming that I would probably making a better father than he would. I went over there one day during the afternoon, and I walked into the room to this friend looking at things online, and I saw on the computer a picture of a little blonde girl no older than ten straddling a man on his back with the man’s penis in her, as they lay in a backyard on the grass. This friend then noticed I was behind him and disgusted at what he was looking, but I thought he was just scrolling through a chatroom, and someone randomly sent him the picture. He then said, “Gross, right?” I then gave him a still disgusted look. He then said, “I hate that stuff!” after closing the browser and getting up from his seat. I gave him the benefit of the doubt that he was just looking through a chatroom with people placing stupid things on it, and this incident would later slip my mind. A few days later, I went by his house, and someone had broken out the window on one of his vehicles, which he said his brother got in a fight with one of their other friends. This story added up a little, because this friend that probably broke out the window told on his brother to his local church bishop for heavily viewing pornography even though he was going to be married in the L.D.S. Church soon. I eventually stopped going to this friend’s house.

I would later come up with the idea for a modern and avant-garde play idea because of these events, which I would call The Bandersnap Family. This play would take place entirely in a family’s living room, having a computer desk and older model computer with its screen angled to face away from the audience and release a blue tone when the room’s lights are off, and it positioned to the right of the stage. The back of the stage would be the back wall of the room where a large set of shelves contain the family’s television, VHS and DVD films, and plants placed above. A couch would also be in the middle of the room. The play would have the Bandersnap Family’s son Ryan Bandersnap sitting in the room in the dark, and then a family friend, nothing like myself, would walk into the room without the son at the computer hearing, get wide-eyed at what is displayed on the computer and what the son is looking at, and then the Ryan would realize this person was behind him and get startled. The son would claim that he found child porn on the computer and has no idea who placed it there. The friend who sees him with child porn believes him, and they start to try to find the culprit to who placed the illegal files on the computer. Many other family members and friends come into the play, are told about the illegal files, and then they find more files on the computer of people being violently murdered, harming themselves, or committing suicide in various ways, too. They don’t know which one of them placed the files on the computer, and they keep asking each other if they should call the police. Finally, feeling as push has come to shove, they conclude to call the police, but as the police are already set to arrive there, they come to the realization that basically the whole family and their friends, including several next-door-neighbors that are friends to them, were placing similar files on the computer in separate file locations belonging to each of them, and the files in question were downloaded by Ryan Bandersnap himself and he was just denying they were his doing, and they basically called the police on everyone of themselves.

Common People also displayed it possible to write events in another person’s life. I created a novel or film idea called Austin that does this also. Austin would be a film about a man who one day wishes to be a writer and novelist working at a call center for several years. He starts at the call center to receive money to live but also continues to try to be successful as a writer in his spare time, working on short stories and novels, and he keeps trying to submit them to be published, but they are always rejected. This happens for over several years. Working for the call center during these years, he had become acquainted with everyone in the call center, and

he likes to poke fun to himself at the foibles and behavior of a square, precise, and ordinary mustachioed male coworker, who always wears glasses, a tie, a button up shirt, and slacks, even on casual days of work, named Austin. One day, after being rejected on several manuscripts that he tried to publish, this writer goes on his lunch break, walks out the building, goes to the parking lot to get in his car, and Austin is walking into work, holding a large covered cup of coffee, when a person not paying attention while driving that works for another company in their building almost hits Austin with their vehicle, and to narrowly avoid being hit, he hops upward, sliding off the side of the vehicles hood and off the car, all while steadily holding his cup of coffee, and then Austin gets extremely upset, throws his coffee cup at the back of the vehicle, splattering it on the back windshield, yelling, "F—ing d—khead!" The vehicle stops, but the person driving it, a timid female driver, does not know what to do, so she just drives off, and as the writer continues to walk pass Austin, Austin says, "Can you believe that s—t!" and the man says, "Yeah, what an idiot!" They talk for a bit, but then the man goes to lunch in his car. He starts laughing at the occurrence, and the thought of Austin avoiding the vehicle, because it looked very funny, along with him throwing his coffee and yelling. Later that day and at night, the writer is home trying to write, and he starts thinking of Austin sliding across the hood, thinking it to humorously have the qualities of an action film. The writer then begins to not seriously write a story involving Austin and his coworkers in an action-filled scenario where a group of terrorist began to attack one of the other businesses in their work building, holding everyone hostage, and Austin, first taken hostage himself, does not put up with the terrorists demands, and he begins attacking them in a sufficient and action-filled fashion, using martial arts and skill with weapons. The writer thinks it so funny, that he keeps writing Austin in various scenarios like other action films, such as Austin fighting drug rings and other organized crime organizations, or on the hunt for terrorists, often using other of his coworkers in the story. After he keeps doing this, it becomes normal humor for him to keep writing them this way during the night. Sometime after, he wakes up well before he must go to work, starts writing a story about Austin, feels a whole lot of inspiration coming on, but he must go into work, so, unlike usual, he takes in some pages to his desk of the story involving his workers that he is working on, and then keeps writing at his desk while receiving phone calls. The story the writer is working on involves Austin on the hunt for a serial killer, who decides to call Austin at work to sadistically toy with Austin. The serial killer speaks to Austin on the phone, with Austin first asking, "Who is this?! Who are you?!" and the serial killer replies, "You'll soon find out… Do you know why?" and Austin asks, "Why?" and the serial killer responds, "Because I've been watching you, Austin! I know everything about you! I know about you, your coworkers, your family, everything…" Austin then says, "Listen, a-hole, I don't know who you are or what you're trying to accomplish here, but let's leave everyone else out of this!" The serial killer then replies to Austin, "F— you, Austin! I'm gonna come at you hard in the future! I'm going to kill everyone you know while making you watch and then finish by killing you also! I'm gonna first take your friend Deborah in the cubicle next to yours, and then I'm gonna slit her throat while raping her! I'm gonna then take the young girl Sandy, who you just became friends with two weeks ago when she started work, and I'm gonna smash her pretty brains in with a hammer, so she bleeds all over the cute little nicknacks that she has on her desk! I'm gonna then hope that Rene brought her new baby into work again, so I can wrench it out of her hands, slam it on the ground, and then kick it around a little while she screams! She's gonna then have her intestines pulled from her stomach with my knife, and I'm gonna wear her innards like a scarf!"

The writer keeps writing the serial killer's dialogue, having begun a fresh page beginning where the serial killer says, "F— you, Austin…" and then begins explaining what he is going to do to all the coworkers in the building. The writer then realizes that Austin is yelling at him at his desk, saying that the writer is not paying attention to his phone calls. The writer and Austin get in a small, agitated verbal exchange. When lunch comes around, the writer accidentally and unthinkingly leaves the page of the serial killer's dialogue on his desk, which is then discovered by his coworkers while he's not there.

Extreme amounts of problems then happen involving the writer, him being fired from the call center, and him being highly questioned and monitored by authorities.

When working at Home Depot and bringing up this idea for a novel or film Austin to other people in my head, I had some crazed women get upset at me about it, saying, "That's what we should have done to you!" referring to the misfortune of the writer in the story and their attempts at turning me criminal being ineffectual. I know I also largely created this story concept from what happened to me at the FedEx call center and after, which I also mixed inspiration from a two or three large story paragraph Facebook post that I placed on a Facebook thread a long time ago where people were playing a game, asking people how they met the person

who just previously posted, and this Facebook friend who just posted on the thread, named Austen, I then created a fictional story of how we met, claiming that he saved me from some Hell's Angels in the crowd at the Altamont Free Concert by The Rolling Stones, he then introduced me to a woman named Moonbeam, who I became romantic with her, and after Austen would be found dead sleeping in a tent, having had the word "AQUARIUS" stabbed in braille into his back.

This idea of having various characters randomly the focus of a story in a large city I would later think possible to create a The Simpsons spinoff series called Springfield. Because the popular animated television show has so many characters in it, and often the episodes solely focus on the Simpson Family, I thought it would be fun to see the happenings of other characters found in Springfield, such as having a story episode completely focus on Ralph Wiggum, Comic Book Guy, Rod and Todd, Milhouse Van Houten, Principal Skinner, etc.
Other ideas that I had involving The Simpsons was a modern beat 'em up, similar to The Simpsons Arcade by Konami, that utilizes the vast amount of characters that were created and evolved into the show, but as the Konami game only had so little information to go on when it was created during The Simpsons' earliest season, this new beat 'em up would now have a large amount of episode moments and references to work from, including having the helper monkey Mojo be a character that shows up, giving donuts to the player to refill energy, but each time he shows up, his assistance eventually depletes, because he becomes fatter and has less donuts, and eventually only shows up to dance, but then falls down, and his last available appearance to help has him set down in a basket, and he has a Speak & Spell state in its computer voice, "Pray - for - Mojo!" The game would feature several other auxiliary characters that assist the Simpson Family in their fight, including Bart's Bigger Brother Tom arriving onto the screen to pick out enemies and fight them, and another would be Corey Masterson and Nerdlinger setting off a bra bomb that causes it to rain bras and distract and confuse the enemies.
The idea for this game evolved from a thought I had about making a sequel to The Simpsons Arcade with the same gameplay and was Treehouse of Horror themed throughout it, eventually leading to a final boss of the Devil version of Ned Flanders, which could also be made into DLC for the just described idea instead.
Another video game idea that I had would be called Golden Homer vs. Lard Lad, which would be a 3D world game, like The Simpson Game released in 2007, and it would have each of the members of the family become large in stature, golden, and possibly jewel encrusted.
I also thought to have a 3D world remake of The Simpsons: Bart Simpson vs. the Space Mutants but done with a lot of modern gaming know how to make it a more appreciated and playable game than its original.

Another The Simpsons game that we came up with just a week or two ago would be called Bart and Krusty win the Superbowl in Sleepyland. This game and title would be reference to The Simpson's episode "Treehouse of Horror VI" in the segment "Nightmare on Evergreen Terrace" when Bart Simpson believes he has defeated Groundskeeper Willie as a Freddy Krueger character and says that he can get back to his normal dreams of him and Krusty winning the Superbowl. Just like my game idea that began as Super Mario Shellboarder and evolved into Sharkboarder: Presented by Sunny's Restaurant, this game would sound like it would be a sports game but instead is an action game based around the sport of football. The game's story would have Bart Simpson and Krusty as players on the Springfield Atoms as they face the Shelbyville Sharks in the Superbowl, but all the Springfield Atoms have been injured and no longer can play, leaving Bart and Krusty the whole able players left on their football team. The coach thinks to just forfeit, but then Bart and Krusty become strongly determined to win the game themselves against the Shelbyville Sharks, who have an army of thousands and thousands of players on their teams, especially very fantastical ones, such as fantasy and science fiction creatures and characters, funny animal creatures, and even giant anthropomorphic gorillas, rhinoceros, and elephant men, along with giants, ogres, and trolls, in football attire that dwarf Bart and Krusty in comparison. This fantastical and many armies of Shelbyville Shark player characters would be the enemies in the game, and there would be boss characters on their team also, some extremely large. The main goal of the game is to get Bart and Krusty across large and many miles over Sleepyland in different varieties of fantastical location areas, eventually desiring to get to a dark and evil castle where the Shelbyville Shark's endzone is located upon its fields, where, when reached, they then will score the game winning touchdown upon achieving it, winning the superbowl. Bart and Krusty would be controlled by the player, and the player controls either of the two that has the football in their possession. The enemies attack the player character who has the football in their possession. Bart or Krusty use football moves, such as stiff-arming and shoulder

checking enemy Shelbyville players, reducing their energy until they collapse on the ground or are sent into the air flying. Using a football maneuver like stiff-arming or shoulder checking depletes Bart or Krusty's energy, but slower and a lot less than the enemies, and the player must make sure that the energy does not fully deplete, or they will be tackled, causing a loss of a life. To gain back energy the player must keep passing the football between Bart and Krusty. One either of the two characters do not have the ball in their possession their energy, which is basically their stamina, builds back up, so the player needs to juggle the ball between the two characters to keep building stamina energy back up, and to also gain stamina to keep attacking enemy characters. A simple button press will cause the football to be thrown between Bart and Krusty, exchanging to ball. They have to make sure no enemy characters are ready to intercept the ball also, which will cause a loss of life.
If character permissions are not allowed to make the game, a game like it and inspired by it could be made, switching out The Simpsons' characters and iconography for original characters, having a boy with an adult idol in a fantastical land of dreams attempting to win the Superbowl against fantastical opposing team characters and having the exact form of gameplay. In this case, a possible child character in place of Bart would possibly be a small kid humorously dressed in football gear that would be too large for them, especially their helmet, matching the professional football team that they are on.

If Walt Disney Co. loses everything because of their extensive criminal behavior and all their assets become public domain, the only assets that should remain not public domain are ones that still maintain partial intellectual rights to a still existing outside party, in which case the entirety of the work or works is placed in the partial owner or owners' possession, making them the full owner of the property or properties.

I think that Walt Disney Co. was possibly behind making knock offs of their animated works in hopes and desires to show their animated works were superior, even though for such a large company they were putting very little work in making their animated pictures supposedly the most superior of animated works, with some exceptions. The frame rate on them is actually pretty terrible when watching them in retrospect, and I knowing very well they could have achieved a far better quality of motion with more work. The character design is actually kind of unappealing and could have had better quality also, which can be reasonably claimed subjective, but it is actually shotty in appearance, having lower quality, littler line work, details, and coloring. An exception to a superbly animated feature of theirs was Who Framed Roger Rabbit (1988), but it was the director of animation Richard Williams who motivated such quality, as he prized himself on his animation being actual art, having larger frame rates, more appealing perspectives, having better figure animation, and just having much more work placed into the cartooning. His film The Thief and the Cobbler is a prime piece of study for animation, because he was making the film with a very low number of other workers, animating the film without a story or any script, and he was just making appealing scenes with invented characters that had superb appeal to their look, a large amount of frame rates, and amazing visuals. This film is odd in the fact that it kept changing hands, and it shows that when it did change hands, the impressive animation quality diminished, having established characters no longer having their same shape, appeal, personality, and characteristics, resulting in studios not involved with the original director Richard Williams showing less quality in their work and just desiring to finish the picture. Working with such low staff on the film, Richard Williams was making some of the best possible animation to be produced by hand, having superior character design and movement, which Walt Disney Co. and its large studio could have easily achieved with better work, even if just focused on larger and smoother frame rates.
In the same vein, I think video game companies are often doing the same, having people do low amount of work and supposedly producing a superior game, but with their staff they could have produced something far better, and they might be sabotaging other studios and people aspired to create video games, tampering and extorting people through maser use. I have doubts whether most fan made games actually desired to make the materials that they did, because the creators of the fan game could have easily found other people wishing to help make a game to produce for money and make a living off of, making original characters, story, gameplay, and game design, so they probably had someone making the fan game to make it seem the most superior of works, and having the value of such fan dedication. I think the fan made game AM2R – Return of Samus was a case of this. This person went the route of dedicating large amounts of their time, which was over a decade, to make the game that they couldn't even legally place online at the time nor gain money from. The moment that I learned of this game many years ago, I became confused to why this person would do such a thing,

knowing that games like Axiom Verge were out and able to gain money by its creators, with it being a game like if Metroid was combined with Contra and had modern qualities, while also having unique elements and game concepts to it. It is possible that the creator of AM2R was tampered with and even controlled in making their game the whole time that they worked on it, and Nintendo wanted to eventually pretend they had no hand in it and a claim of dislike of it.

I have a skateboard video game that I simply call the working title "The Realistic Physics Skateboarding Game". One of the best aspects to being a skateboard, especially a professional skateboarder, is to attempt to pull of tricks that are difficult to do. Most skateboarding games have the player's character permanently attached to the skateboard and most times, doing fantastical tricks with the skateboard, when a game probably would be more appealing to a skateboard and a fingerboarder by giving the player an infinite amount of time in a well-constructed area with many things possible to do, having the tricks far more difficult to perform, and then having the skateboard and the player's character detached from each other. How this would be done is the player's character can walk around dependent of the skateboard, but when they approach it on the ground the video game would automatically put the player's character on the board, positioning them correctly, but the player's character and the board would still be detached. Collision physics will then cause either the person and the skateboard to be separated when tricks are attempted or if either strikes an object. The controller would have the two joysticks on it important to maneuvering the board, with the left control stick moving the left foot and the right control stick moving the right foot. For an example of how tricks will work, to ollie, the right control stick will be flicked back to make the right foot press back on the board, and then the left control stick will be flicked forward to make the left foot go forward, causing the board to hop up along with the person. The right trigger, the back trigger, the left trigger, and the left back trigger will also help the player's legs move in certain ways. The game would also allow the player to walk around, pick up the skateboard, set the skateboard on the player's character back between their backpack, the ability to put down the skateboard and backpack, the ability to throw the skateboard, like throwing it up on roofs, and also the ability to climb, especially on ledges, which would be used to climb on buildings.

I thought up a comedy horror film that I didn't develop much, which would have a normally and officially released rare retro horror fantasy video game, only having copies of the game existing at about 50,000 to 100,000 released copies, and it is even published by a larger video game company, but the copies of the video game are genuinely haunted by evil, hideous, and ghostly entities in a Japanese technological horror fashion. I got this idea from the game Ogre Battle: Rise of the Black Queen for the SNES, because it is a rarer game, and my family owned it and really loved it, and I evolved this from my idea for Abandonware, wanting a film that also had a video game supernaturally haunting a character rather than technologically doing so. My brother always really liked to find rarer games, such as Aero Fighters for the SNES, which is an extremely rare cartridge.

At Home Depot, I kept bringing up on the sales floor an idea to have the video game E.V.O. – The Theory of Evolution for the PC-98 and E.V.O. – The Search for Eden for the SNES remade and combined as one game together, having the more advanced features of evolving the player's character and multiple endings applied from the first title, and this role playing game would allow for a player to freely switch the video game from a turn-based battle RPG to an action RPG, having battle screens with interactive action RPG battles. I was thinking of it just being a remake of E.V.O. -The Theory of Evolution alone with its turn-based RPG gameplay, which is still an alright idea, but new ideas in game making would eventually be likely applied, and having a player able to choose between a turn-based RPG and an action RPG is a pretty unique and fun idea to have in a game.

I thought up a game idea titled Goldfish, which in my head is really inspired by the game A Short Hike, and it would be about a goldfish in a family's living room aquarium, which it never leaves, and despite the game being restrained to a small area, the game would have intense action to it, with the goldfish solving puzzles, battling enemies by shooting bubbles and nipping at things, and the environment of the aquarium would be changed constantly. Enemies would often appear as living aquarium ornaments, such as a small, moving, and living pirate skeleton. I thought of this, because I have been restrained to my room for long periods of time,

and have people attacking me, so I felt as if a goldfish in an aquarium dealing with several enemies. I really like A Short Hike a lot, and I think that it is a good game, and I like its visual appearance and design.

My novel that I was writing many years ago involving lampooning religion, politics, and the space program, while also proving criminal wrong doing in the fictions of religions, and unwittingly to the space programs, again is a case where people kept claiming that I needed to earn it, mirroring events that I had already created in it, ones that I discarded, and also newer ones that I had thought of adding and changing to it to make it more correct, all while having the possible intention of never touching the novel again, leaving it at the unfinished thirty pages or so that it sits at. The novel, titled Nanahee, involves a religion called Octopocianism in an alternative version of the Earth being geographically exact to the Earth that believes the Earth is the abdomen of a giant female spider named Eia, and that the Milky Way is her web, and the Moon an egg sac that she gave birth to, and the religion, which is a representation of Mormonism, stops at nothing to maintain its fraud, even having the religion it spawned from called Arthropocianism countering heliocentrism in order to keep the fact that the spider sits in its web in the center of our solar system, and all travel around where Antarctica is located is made impossible by them and illegal to perform. I am now very aware of the truth of the matter and all the extortions being used to keep hidden various untrue claims and fraud in our world, along with the human rights violations involved. There are tones and themes that match this fraud, which were possibly helped by other people without me being aware of it, such as similarities to the Nintendo video game Earthbound and a story structure inspired by the video game Legacy of the Wizard, known as Dragonslayer IV: Drasle Family in Japan, which once were two of my favorite games, but I more recently discovered that the character designer for the latter also created hentai porn that focused on preteen girls, and I turned my back immediately to the game. The characters like to also wear clothing that resembles insects, in a cartoon or anime like fashion, as part of their religion involves the worship of insects. Spiders are also a good symbol for extortionist and human traffickers, as they like to catch people in their web to be vicious towards them and drain them of their life. Another thought is that a popular African god is a spider god named Anansi, representing my dealings with African Americans, and arguments about their religious tendencies, including possible extortionists amongst them. The novel's fictional religions also believe that people have souls, which are either seen as butterflies if a soul is found good and a moth if a soul is found bad, and they believe that a Hell exists in the belly of the spider planet Eia where demon insects called larvae live and all moth-like souls end up going. Their god is a sexless god named The Great Gardener, who is found to be represented as a disk in all art. Nanahee, the novels title, is their name for North America, which was titled such when explorers to the continent came across Nanaheeans, who are Native American people in their dimension, and asked them what the land was called, and, in an act of miscommunication, accidentally expressed the land was called "nanahee," which is a corruption of a Cherokee word meaning "there." They call their country, which is their version of the U.S.A., having much of the same territories as the U.S.A., give some or take some, Grand Colonies.
I was very inspired by two of my favorite authors while writing it, the Portuguese prose poet Fernando Pessoa, who pretends himself various authors, and is my favorite author, and the surrealist Argentinian short story author and poet Jorge Luis Borges, who has stories often based around alternative realities and time existing in forking paths. I also gained inspiration from a description of Alfred Doblin's novel Berlin Alexanderplatz where it was described that the book had outside medias, such as newspapers, often helping tell the story, but I later found it to be not exactly as I hoped in Doblin's novel. I was using other medias within the story to tell the story without conveying information through narration instead, such as television programs, scriptures, and books. Another inspiration was that I was a bit disappointed by Willaim Golding's The Lord of the Flies when I was younger, because the book didn't contain an actual Beelzebub, as referred to in its title, and also it involves reflections on society and social order occurring on smaller levels, and my novel was very political in the same manner, intending to have its first portion focus on the son and his friends in a family of four people. I was also infatuated with the Joanna Newsom album Ys, and she would often use insects and spiders within her lyrics, such as the lines:

I would flush a thousand spiders down the drain,
Spiders' ghosts hang soaked and danglin'.

The album's title is also a reference to the fictional and mythical land and city of Ys, which was said to be located on the coast of Brittany, France, and it fell into the sea.
I was also being inspired by the band Sigur Rós' Icelandic and non-Icelandic lyrics, in an invented language called Vonlenska, while also being inspired by the strange accents and vocabulary in Trainspotting. The version of the English language in this alternative dimension in use, having a different vocabulary and ways of speaking, such as idioms, was going to be referred to as Icenian, and Icenia would be the country where England would mostly be. Such changes in the Icenian vocabulary would be things such as bicycles being called "duelers" or "duelies" as a form similar to "bike", and a lady bug would be called a "drearie", which is a word they invented for the insect out of the thought that the insects originated from the blood of accidental cuts, and this word arrives from "dreor," which means "blood" or "gore" in Old English, as is where the word "dreary" in the English sense etymologically arrives from. So, people can understand what is being written, I had in what I originally wrote and would continue to place keys at the bottom of each page that had a new or unknown word in use, explaining their meanings in the format a dictionary often would. I also have much admiration for authors who helped develop modern languages with their writing, such as Geoffrey Chaucer and William Shakespeare for the English language, Dante Alighieri for the Italian language, and François Rabelais for the French language.
A folder on my USB flash drive labelled My Book Ideas contains books that are from the dimension in which Nanahee exists, and are often described in their sentences as Eian, meaning of the planet Eia, such as being labelled as Eian scriptural poetry or religious texts.
People would tell me as I sat in my basement room, which more than often has spiders populating it, and me feeling awful things, that, "In order to write about the spiders, you must live with the spiders." The novel indicating religions and the U.S. government having fascist and sociopathic qualities inspired the extortionists to take their fascism to new levels towards me in a desire to keep hidden their actual criminal agendas, especially wishing to hide their innate criminality.
If I were to write an autobiography, a possible joking title for it, which I would not use, would be Life in the Spider Web.
I also wrote previously about the L.D.S. belief of a planet named Kolob being the closest planet to God in the L.D.S. Churches belief system, and the word *"lob"* in Old English means "spider," so Kolob almost reminds me of the thought of their being a spider planet. J.R.R. Tolkien, who really loved to study Old English, very well knew this Old English word, titling his large evil spider character in The Lord of the Rings Shelob.

My novel Nanahee got to three completed chapters. I made a fourth chapter that got removed by others, and when I was trying to write a fifth chapter it kept getting altered by people tampering with my brain, and it likely very much having their opinions in writing instead. This fourth chapter, which I didn't really like myself, had portions of a novel titled The Poison Plotter being read by the daughter of the family. The daughter was reading the very end portion of the book to its finish. This horror story was attempting to be a mix of Edgar Allan Poe with Charles Dickens by me but claimed the work of a horror author from the alternate dimension in which they exist. The story was about a murderer hearing an insect voice in his head, and he murdered many people in what he claims was in due of the voice. This included poisoning many people in the village that he lives. He is going to be found out of his crimes and is blaming the insect voice in his head for performing them. The insect voice then explains that it was all his work, and itself was not responsible for the crimes. The insect voice then states that it will take over his body and now punish him for his misdeeds. The murderers body then contorts, he crawls up the side of a nearby government building in an insect manner, wraps his body stiffly around the flag-bearing pole at the top of the government building, and then something starts to push its way out of the man's back very painful, breaking through his ribs and spine. A giant demon cicada, which in their dimension would be called a "larvaic" cicada or a "larva" to indicate it a demon, then emerges from the murderer's back and flies off. His stiff, stale, broken corpse is then seen placed up the flagpole of the government building, as if it were symbolically another flag beneath their country's flag.

People in my head would also later claim they themselves got upset at my writing of the novel Nanahee because I was trying to show religious people the error of their ways, which now is known to be unable to be corrected if they are involved in crime and innately criminals. This remains true, as many of these religious people still counter the validated logic that I have presented to them about their religions being fraudulent, making them have criminal and ill-intentions in maintaining them. A concept involving attempting to make

them see the world differently, but all in vain, with my attempted work would involve them also attempting to counter my work in argument, helping to perpetuate that it is an argument that needs years more of debates and discussions to find a possible and peaceful solution one day, which they do not desire nor would be genuine about, and I would just be assisting them in continuing their extortion racket. I now consider that they should no longer exist, especially as they are dangerous extortionists attempting to survive in the world.

"Mother Wolf Spider" by Davyn Andersen

The mother wolf spider drags a white webbed ball at her end
—A silky orb that will birth the spiderlings that she will tend—
And when her young hatch, she will carry them upon her back
—They will emerge from their eggs and from their webbed sac,
And crawl and cover her abdomen, as small, clear, young spiders:
A swarm of babies clinging to her, a coat of spiderlings hides her.
She continues to hunt, despite a ritual of carrying her brood:
No maternal burden can keep the mother from finding food.

I think most the porn industry is filled with dangerous criminals, child perverts, rapists, date rapists, voyeurs, molesters, gropers, human traffickers, sociopaths, psychopaths, and sadists with sexual fulfillment gained from inflicting pain on others, who have been involved in attacking the public with maser instruments not only for their own sexual perversions but to make large amounts of money while tampering with the bodies, sexually assaulting, and raping people in actuality with their mainly unnecessary products, which would only be used by child perverts and rapists otherwise. I have literally been made to half or more feel their mentality and bodily feelings for years, and many of them are disturbed people who get lustful, sexually tense, and sexually frustrated at most anything. They are extremely voyeuristic of others and have no concern for the personal space of others, willing to trespass into the personal boundaries of anyone ignorant to the situation or unwilling to allow them to do so. They also are willing to attempt to fulfill the sexual desires of child perverts, rapists, date rapists, voyeurs, molesters, gropers, human traffickers, serial killers, sociopaths, psychopaths, and other violent criminals through the fantasies depicted in their pornographic works. They would also be willing to direct anyone to the porn industry against their will using the maser instruments, which I am certain has happened quite frequently. I think they work extortion to help the L.D.S. Church and other religions appear to have chosen a righteous path by raping the rest of the world's public with maser instruments that they gained from the religions. They also likely assist in extortion for the pharmaceutical companies and field of psychiatry. I think that they also quite frequently voyeur and sexually assault children by taking control of their bodies and peering through their eyes, especially young teenagers. They also cause people to become bodily gross using the maser instruments, so to make themselves seem more attractive than normal people not involved with them. They also likely use the maser instruments to fake what is being performed in pornography to make it seem simple for them to do without assistance of such things as lubrications, and they also use the instruments to cause a longer duration in the sexual performances. They are just basically street corner pimps and prostitutes, who are dangerous people to have around in the first place without maser instruments, and in no way would anyone desire to have them trespassing into their lives. The pornography is just basically a form of prostitution that would be illegal otherwise if it weren't for the creation of viewing materials from it, and our criminal governments just began to distort it as a form of art. They are also on the level of street alley rapists who would abduct and pull a victim walking by into an alley and sexually assault them, possibly likely desiring to murder them also. Not taking a hint that I did not want them in my life, I started to try to use entertainment works to insult them to make them go away, including entertainment ideas of my own that symbolically showed my hatred towards them. This might sound childish, but there was an occurrence that I could swear actually happened where I kept making to insult them over and over again while they were connected to me and I was sharing the same feelings with them, and I was attempting to say the meanest things in the world to get them to disconnect from me, so I was stating that they were pedophiles, coprophiliacs and coprophagiacs, people who have sex with animals, people who grew up eating their own family dog's feces in their backyard, yet nothing would work, because they seemed aware already and unconcerned about what I was saying to be factual, but after I claimed that whoever these people were had sex with one of their own parents at least at one point in their life, I suddenly felt their stomach hurt,

a lump in their throat, their eyes becoming teary, and their bottom lip quivering. Immediately after, I would make the joke that I was basically Randy Quaid's character in Independence Day (1996) and that I coincidentally discovered the weak point of enemy beings, which needed to be told to everyone worldwide, which is just to realize all of them have once or continue to have sex with their own parents and bring up the harsh reality of it to them. I think that they are unsafe to have around and should no longer exist, and an attack on any of them would be just self-defense against an immediate threat to the public.

Proper names for every pornographic website would involve the terms "pest," "sex pest," and "rat person" in their site names, such as Pest Hub, as everything shown on the sites are sex pests and rat people displaying their mating rituals and explaining to sex pests and rat people how they mate, because as borderline mentally-handicap people they have to show each other how to do so, and it doesn't become knowledge naturally for them. The reason that the rat people porn stars use pseudonyms is because they are all related in blood with the surnames of Sexpest, Ratcum, Sewerkin, and Scatmunch being some of their most usual names, and they need to hide that their porn is incestuously illegal. They also sometimes have the name of Dograper and Dograpist, but it varies from whether they were birthed from or crawled out of a sewer or septic tank.

A more proper acronym meaning for the N.S.A. would be the National Sexual Assaulters.

A more proper acronym meaning for the C.I.A. would be the Child Impregnators Association.

A more proper name for The Department of Defense would be The Department of Pitching Tents.

A more proper acronym meaning for FMLA would be For Molesters to Live Apathetically.

Another entertainment idea that I had more recently created and structured to some degree is a Japanese horror comedy film called Yurei, which can be translated as "dim spirits." The film's story has a middle-aged to elderly couple who has had their son commit suicide in the forest of Aokigahara, also nicknamed the "Suicide Forest." Not wanting others to suffer as they have, they start to spend most their time in the forest in hopes to find and deter other people from committing suicide. They often follow people on their motorbike who come into the forest and question them often ignorantly in an act of annoyance, whether visitors to the forest even seem to be there to commit suicide or not. They also start to dress and wear makeup like *yurei* in hopes to scare people away, especially after they discover a popular spot in which people are often found to have committed suicide. Usually, their interactions with people who are there to commit suicide end up awkward, those wishing to do so calling them idiots, and one man even makes to physically assault them. Another group of men, who the couple first considers having entered the forest to commit suicide in a homosexual suicide pact, because one wears pink and keeps making effeminate postures and gestures, and they keep touching and kissing the face of a crying man with them, is yakuza bringing the crying man there to murder him, the husband having to stop his wife quickly before making the mistake of interfering with them while pretending herself a ghost, her still thinking they are just gay men planning to commit suicide. One man, a timid, odd-looking, and nervous Japanese man who is a definite possible suicide, the couple convinces lovingly and kindly not to commit suicide, and the odd man leaves the forest smiling and happy, him having considered to live. Somewhere along the line, the news becomes aware of the couple's activities, and they do a special report where they tell their story about their son who committed suicide there, them claiming him having found his life very lonely and hopeless. Throughout the early parts of the film, little items indicate that the couple is being haunted by actual *yurei* within the forest, but not to any major degree; but as the film's story moves forward, they see possible other strange figures in the forest wandering about that disappear. On one night, nearer and before the film's ending, actual ghosts, extremely morbid in appearance, with the film even having its practical effects making them appear as actual walking corpses from genuine crime scene photographs of people that committed suicide in the forest, accost the couple and express that the couple should not be doing what they are doing for they do not know the story of the people arriving to the forest to commit suicide. One ghost, a man purple and very bloated from bodily restriction and decay, choking and coughing up his words because he has a rope tied very tightly around his neck, explains his story, telling the couple of his perversion and desire to molest and rape children, giving instances of his life where he was involved with children. Other ghosts also tell their stories of being seriously socially dysfunctional people,

including a man who used cleaning mixtures to kill himself, his dead eyes rolled in separate directions in his head and a breathing device connected to a liquid container around his neck, who explains that he had raped and murdered a woman and was about to be discovered to have committed the crime, so he killed himself before being caught. Out of all the ghosts, the couple's son who committed suicide appears and walks forward. Their son also agrees with the ghosts in telling his parents that they have no business in what they are doing. He explains his unknown story and reasons to them for committing suicide, which involves him secretly stalking women coworkers at his work to their homes, sometimes entering their homes when they were not there and rummaging through their stuff, and sometimes stealing items belonging to them, desiring through his perversions and yearning to murder them one night while they are in their residences. He divulges to his parents that he almost got caught by the neighbors to these women several times, having once been found peering at the residence of one of his female coworkers from a neighbor's backyard, lying to the neighbors who discovered him near their back fence that his dog escaped and ran behind their home. One day, he made a mistake in being discovered by one of the women coworkers to have possibly followed her to her home after work, and possibly led indications that he was aware of something in her personal life that he should not have been aware of while talking with others at their workplace. The son then felt motivation to either murder this woman coworker who knew too much of his stalking before possibly being informed on by her to authorities, or to commit suicide. Something, possibly having to do with his kindness to his parents, motivated him to do the latter, and he did the admirable thing in committing suicide, making him no longer a burden and danger to the world. Having had the son's ghost tell his parents his story, the parents are emotional and tell him that they wished that he told him about his situation, but the once naive couple begin to understand the problem wishing to no longer discourage people from committing suicide if they feel like it, having had the dysfunctional ghosts of the forests also inspiring them in their decision. Once returned home to spend most their free time there, a neighbor, who saw the news story about them, asks the couple why they stopped guarding the forest for possible suicides, and the couple smiles and the mother responds that, "Some ghosts told us to stop!" The neighbor then claims them idiots who probably started doing what they were doing to make themselves famous. In the film's ending scene, the couple are sitting and eating breakfast in their home and watching the news. As they eat, the news reports on the story of a man who recently kidnapped, sexually abused, and murdered a little girl. The news shows a picture of this man's arrest photo. The criminal is the timid, odd-looking, and nervous man that the couple had earlier in the story convinced to not commit suicide in the forest. The couple realizes that they had done something wrong and begin weeping as they stay silent and continue to eat, having the film fade to black while they sob and dine, the credits begin to be shown after the screen has dimmed entirely black.

In Japan there is such a thing as "lolicon" or *"rorikon"* that is a genre of manga, anime, and other entertainment, condoned by Japanese laws, with name arriving from a shorting and combination of the words "Lolita" and "complex," where children are sexually depicted freely. There is also condoned conventions in Japan called "Lolicons" where media featuring sexualized children is celebrated, having booths set up that sell merchandise, such as dolls, pillow, action figures, manga, and anime depicting sexualized cartoon Japanese children. A comedy segment that we thought of titled "The Loliconsole" has the rest of the world outside of Japan attempt to fool the country of Japan and its manga, anime, and video game creators into thinking that lolicon and loli-culture has been accepted, and across the U.S. and Europe Lolicons are being pretended to be thrown in a Comicon manner, having wholesome looking people attending local Lolicons and running Lolicon booths, and people are buying and selling child pervert items featuring sexualized children manga and anime characters. Well edited videos or these faked U.S. and European Lolicons are shown online, and nice-looking people with well-kept appearances, including fine haircuts and white teeth, are seen attending, along with some average misfits who are placed in just to not become suspicious, and the misfits possibly not even knowing the Lolicons are being faked as socially acceptable. After a few years of this, the ruse pays off, and Japanese manga, anime, and video game makers begin to believe loli-culture has been accepted, so they start highly focusing on lolicon items, placing lolicon characters heavily in their products. Huge amounts of manga, anime, and video games, along with toys, pillows, and plush dolls focused on loli-culture start being shipped to the U.S. and Europe for sale purposes. After, several famous Japanese companies begin to change their names to perverted versions of themselves to fit their new loli-culture-centric products, such as Studio Ghibli becoming Kiddio Jizzly, Capcom becoming Crapcum, and Nintendo becoming Kidendo. Nintendo even updates their logo to be a next to nude little girl child seen from behind only wearing low swimsuit

bottoms with Kidendo written beneath it the same as Nintendo once was, but then Coppertone threatens to sue them for stealing their mascot and logo design, so they switch the girl child to be seen from the front, but folding her arms over her chest. Eventually, they start to produce the Kidendo Loliconsole, releasing the news and features of it in an online video, which is a video game console that is proudly stated to have the intention of only allowing lolicon games on it, and its sleek controller design has it so all the games can only be played with one hand at all times, for people who wish to fulfill their needs and desires while playing.

Sometimes I imagine these comedy segments being a part of a comedy segment collection television show's episodes that return to the jokes of previous comedy segments, just like Monty Pythons Flying Circus would sometimes do, and "The Loliconsole" comedy segment would be shown earlier in an episode, and then a follow-up comedy segment later would have the L.D.S. Church becoming honest with their love of lolicon and loli-culture, and just opening up on their sexual love of little girls, so L.D.S. members begin decorating their walls with framed pictures of lolicon manga and anime characters, them being sexualized Japanese cartoon children, and church conversations during Sunday congregations and meetings focus on the topic of love for little girls and boys. They even change the L.D.S. Church initials in meaning, so the church's name now stands for the Loli-Daters Social Church. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir then becomes the Loli-Tabernacle Choir, and their choir songs become entirely lolicon and loli-culture related, such as one having their choir singing:

"La, la , lolicon!
La,, la, loli-culture!
Lolicon!
Love of little girls!
Love of touching little girls!
Lolicon, loli-culture, lolicon!
Loli-culture is the best!"
Little girls are so loli-lovely!
They get are Japanese boners growin'!"

Another follow-up comedy segment has a video game maker who creates an anti-lolicon game titled Attack on Lolicon, which has graphics matching graphic quality, game design, and character design of The Legend of Zelda: Link's Awakening Remake, even just using the same game engine without concern, and it involves a one-man onslaught on a Lolicon Convention, shooting and bombing everyone there, and even having nail bombs that resemble that resemble plush lolicon dolls, which he rolls at lolicon attendees on a skateboard, the lolicon attendees get fooled that the plush lolicon doll is a gift, one hugs it while others cluster around it also, and then the man performing the onslaught sets off a remote detonator, causing the lolicon doll to violently explode and shoot shrapnel nails everywhere, exploding the arms off the man hugging the doll, making them look like the ends of cartoon hams, and filling his face and body with nails.

An even further follow-up comedy segment has two young male YouTube content creators making a porch thief glitter-bomb, and while they make the bomb and explain everything that is going to happen with it, they pour a large amount of glitter into the bomb, but then they also start placing actual gunpowder into it, and then several boxes of nails. It then shows them wrap the glitter-nail bomb in a delivery packaging, they then set it in an obvious place to be stolen on their porch, with the package blatantly having a tag reading "Happy birthday, Grandma Boomin! I hope you don't mind, but I really splurged on your gift this year!" They then watch it through a camera on their house. After an hour, a car slowly drives by, the people in the car spot the package, a man completely in black with a black hoodie runs out the passenger side, he goes to the package, grabs it, starts running back to the vehicle, and then the two content creators set off the bomb, causing a violent explosion of violet, purple and blue glitter, along with nails. The vehicle then drives off fast, leaving their accomplice writhing and screaming on the ground, covered in glitter, having his lower arms and hands completely blown off, and nails are lodged all over in his body and face. The two YouTube content creators then run outside, averagely smiling and laughing around the man, jumping up and down with glee as if what occurred was the usual, as the exploded, glitter-covered, nail-embedded thief lays on the grown screaming in

pain, trying to move around his no longer existing hands that are now stubs of open and bleeding flesh and bone.
The segment would use a man with hands for when the package is stolen but then switch to an actor who genuinely is missing his arms after the explosion and then putting gory make-up on his missing hand sections.

An overall sentiment to these comedy segments is that criminals just need to plain be mistreated, as they would and have done the same to everyone else.

We made an idea for a comedy segment that would be a fake film trailer, or an actual comedy horror film titled Evil D—k, which the trailer would start with two high school outcasts working out in gym class and as they work out a jock at the school with his jock friends start bullying them. When the gym teacher and high school football coach tells them to hit the showers, they go, take a shower, start to get dressed, and as one of the outcasts gets dressed, he sits down putting on his socks, but is staring deeply at the jock's crotch. The jock suddenly realizes the outcast is looking at his crotch and staring, and then yells at him: "Hey, you some kind of f—got! Why you are staring at my d—k, h—o!" The outcast snaps out of it and realizes that he was starring and feels embarrassed while his friend looks weirded out at him. The jock says, "Don't give my d—k gay stares ever again!" Later during the school day, the outcast comes to find out that the jock, Rushman by name, has been telling everyone around school that he is gay, and that he caught the outcast staring at his penis. The outcast gets bullied for being gay and made fun of by the rest of the student body for days. His friend finally confronts him and asks, "Hey, are you gay?" The outcast says, "No!" His friend then asks him, "Then why were you staring at Rushman's penis?" The outcast then looks around to see if anyone is listening, and then realizing the coast is clear says, "There was something not right about his d—k!" His friend looks at him confused. The outcast continues, "IT WASN'T NORMAL!" He pauses scared for a moment and finishes, "IT WAS EVIL!" It then shows the two outcasts following Rushman around town, looking at his crotch without being caught. They eventually follow him into a store restroom where he is using a urinal, one has a cellphone camera ready as the other throw a bucket of water on him, and as Rushman turns surprised and wet, his feral demon penis, a long tentacle like evil creature with a mind of its own, and a mouth at its end surrounded by hooked black barbs, snaps at the two outcasts, and they get it on camera, but quickly run away scarred. The rest of the trailer has them then hunted by Rushman, who has not only been using his evil, unruly, demon penis to kill current student body members after the outcast discovered the nature of his penis but has also been found now responsible for killing other members of the student body in the past.
I got this story idea from a happening when I was in junior high, where I was just changing my socks after gym class and some creep in front of me just had his penis hanging out the bottom of his pulled up gym shorts, and my eyes were locked forward staring for a moment, and he asked me: "What you staring at f—got!" and I broke out of my mental lock and just didn't say anything back. We also concluded long ago that some men naturally get erections in a desire to harm others, and its apart of their nature. After creating this comedy segment film trailer or actual film, I was walking down the lumber aisle at Home Depot and suddenly I had a person connected to me for a brief moment bring up the idea of this trailer, me feeling half his feelings, and he was aroused by the thought of having a demonic tentacle-like penis with black barb hooks on its mouth end, and it being used on a woman's vagina, having the barbs hook her vagina's folds. I stopped briefly and said in my head, "That was not my intention in the film idea!"

Because I kept having people masturbating through me, and sometimes be given wet dreams, I came up with these poems while working at Home Depot and on the store's floor:

"Succubus" by Davyn Andersen

Sleep-fiend of the restless night
Arrives when all is no more light,
Taking with her female sex
The heart which she wrecks.
Dream-demon in woman shape
Steals seed, which is male rape,
Impregnating her evil womb,

Doubling a brood of nightly doom.
Lady of the darkest of reveries,
In slumber, she will slyly seize,
Through fantasies, ejaculate,
Growing out her pregnant gut.
Once ready, she will deliver
A progeny of nightmare-giver,
Like herself, an unholy pervert,
Haunting dreams when not alert.

“Incubus” by Davyn Andersen

Loathsome, lonesome male nightmare
Victimizes the sleeping without a care,
Moving inside with a spiny prick erect,
Pain and frenzy he inspires to perfect.
Turning the cloud of sleep oppressive,
They won’t wake when he’s aggressive,
Because he perpetuates a bad dream,
Not even roused by their own scream,
Yet, it arouses the monster even more
To hear agonizing sounds in an uproar.
And if his seed results to a child born,
This offspring will be treated with scorn,
For it will be half a demon of breed:
Rape possibly resulting in an evil seed.

When I was in jail, I had about three wet dreams, which were all the masers doing, and they can actual cause them to happen without even being aroused by what is happening. The first had me having sex with a living anime figure woman in a field. The other was focused on pornography and women I didn’t know. And the third, which made no sense in the context of being a wet dream, had me just walking on state street, free from the jail, in front of the large Intermountain Health Medical Center on state street, with wet dream more of a joke of me desiring to be free from the jail. I would then embarrassingly ask a guard do his nightly checks if they had some extra jail underwear and pants.

I want the maser instruments to be used to find any corrupt and criminal person possibly involved in political positions, running religions, world law enforcement, border patrol, intelligence agencies, national security agencies, teachers, medical facilities, E.M.T.s, fire fighters, lawyers, lawyer’s assistants, judges, members of running courts of law, and military members and leaders. If they even think to not commit suicide as quickly as possibly right now upon reading this, they have made an extreme mistake, because I want these people targeted for extreme amounts of torture and violence against them more than anyone existing. I want people to have no concern for who they are, or who they think they are. People can parade them around on uncensored national television naked with an open umbrella lodged so far up their anuses that they can’t even walk correctly, shooting them with sling shots and BB guns, and spraying them with pepper spray and flames from lit lighters and aerosol cans for all I care. I have no concern for who think they are or what rights they believe our criminal government thinks they provided them; they need to be mistreated to the best of anyone’s abilities. They need to be shown how unappreciated their corrupt and criminal behavior is and was. Others need to be shown what will happen to them when they are discovered to still be living. The states of Utah, California, Texas, New York, and D.C. are probably abundant with these people.
Anything done to them is their fault for being a rat person who believed they needed to still exist. This goes for any rat person found still living whether they were in any form of job position or not.

If you are a rat person reading this, stop naively believing your rat person presence is needed in the world and blow your ratty brains out immediately, or poison yourself with rat poison in a death properly befitting a rat in manner.

Because of Operation Paperclip, the over thousand Nazis imported to the U.S. to be involved in the fraudulent space program out of a desire to hide the criminal behavior of World War II, the true reasons for World War II being to protect criminals of all varieties, including sex offenders, all these criminals and rat people, despite race or ethnicity, are basically the Nazi Party and enemies to the world's people.

A long time I go I was at a friend's house, standing on one side of their kitchen counter, talking with many of my friends who were there, and someone gave me a thought in my head, based off thoughts I had before, about a family of ghosts living in a river. I immediately thought that it could be made into a great horror story. I then developed and evolved this thought to be about a crazed, delusional, and dangerous female ghost who lives in a river, mostly beneath a bridge, just as a troll would, and this river location of hers is right between and near a golf course on one side and a group of apartment buildings and suburban houses on the others side. This evil female ghost likes to sometimes see children by the riverside and to drag them in if she finds an appealing reason to do so, wanting the child to be what she considers a member of her family, with the body of the child and its eventual corpse finding its way into an air pocket beneath the bridge, where both her corpse and all of her victim's corpses are hiddenly located. How this story would differ from other ghost stories is that the ghost would be the main character and protagonist of the story, having everything be from her dangerous, crazed, and terrible perspective. Often, she would find herself moving around beneath the river's waters, it's golf ball and object polluted river bottom, or its shores, and she sometimes finds herself haunting the apartments, suburban homes, and the golf course nearby. She also finds herself romantic with a corpse of a mafia member, wrapped up in a carpet and thrown into the river by other mafia members, but eventually becomes very emotional and crazed after the river is swept with a dragnet after she murders a child, only to bring this man's corpse up and remove him from its bottom. The reason she haunts the river, which would not be hidden to the story's reader or viewer, is because she murdered her husband and their baby, and then she committed suicide in the river, being swept up stream and finding herself trapped in the air pocket beneath the bridge. In death, she then began to try to create a new family after destroying the one she had just started, the family annihilation motivated after she caught her husband's possible infidelities, which could have been untrue, and she quickly killed her husband, their baby, and herself.
This story idea, which I started to title The Family in the River, which I'm not very fond of the title, was probably largely inspired by the New York hardcore band Hudson River Bottom Nightmare Band, because I liked their name so much, not realizing them a reference to the Jim Henson Muppets Riverbottom Nightmare Band.

While mapping out the numerous characters in Common People and their stories, I created several characters secretly involved in organized pedophilia, and I started to make it into a divided story idea under the title Dr. Rozen. This story would be very strange where it has a group of organized pedophiles, both being registered sex offenders and sex criminals yet discovered of their crimes, who live in Salt Lake City, and these characters would have very dark and humorous aspects to their life, also sometimes resembling horror comedy, but then juxtaposed to this would be law enforcement characters treating their jobs very seriously, which involves justice brought to the pedophile and sex criminal characters. One of the main characters would be a man named Dr. Rozen, who has a doctorate in entomology, the study of insects, and he has a job that is considered very morbid and disgusting to most people as a forensic entomologist, and he is a normal person, dressing and appearing normal, and also having a wife, children, and a home, but he unusually does have huge collections of living and dead insects. The character's name is a reference to George Rozen, who was a painter for covers of the pulps and comic books of The Shadow. The very beginning and opening of this story would have a group of teenagers trolling a pedophile online, convincing him that they are an underage teenage girl who wants to meet him at a local gas station nearby, so her parents do not find out what she is doing by him coming over to her house. The pedophile then agrees to meet this fictional girl there. The teenagers then go to the gas station, see the man standing on its corner, waiting for the fictional underage girl, holding a six pack of beer and some other items in a bag, and they watch him for a bit, drive up to him, start laughing and making fun of him, throw a water balloon at him, and then start to drive off, having the man throw one of the beers at

their vehicle, spidering their back window where it hits. The teenagers then call the police on him, and the police bring him in, not aware that this teenage prank leads them to one of the largest pedophile and sex trafficking busts in history. I wrote in a group of main pedophile characters to the story who are pretty clownish people who like to meet in a local late night diner, telling jokes and stories about happenings in their life, and they all received matching friendship and trust tattoos in less seen places on their body with a nude child holding a movie projector film reel that has its film ribbon dangling off of it and barely covering the child's genitals, and a banner beneath it reads: "REEL FRIENDS". A second character is an eccentric business owner, who would be based on Utah former computer company business owner Dell Schanze, and this business owner character started a successful and burgeoning computer sale and computer repair business, which is doing quite well and growing, but then he discovers that many of his workers and computer repair associates are using the business to traffic large amounts of child pornography, them pretending to be repairing computers but placing files of child pornography on them instead, so the owner worries about going to the police, because it would possibly ruin his growing and successful business, and the owner hires a hitman to try to kill them all at once, in one fell swoop, on a planned company party trip, many expenses paid, to Wendover involving a Fun Bus driving them there. Dr. Rozen becomes involved in the story of these organized pedophiles and the law enforcement officers searching for them because young, murdered girls are found in a mountain forest area, thought the work of a serial killer because their decay is not equal and one is more recently murdered, and he is made to study the insects that have embedded themselves in and began to devour their bodies.
The symbolism of the main character being an entomologist is because sex criminals are mostly viewed as pests, rats, flies, vermin, insects, and parasites, often such as louses and mosquitoes, and other parts of the world often just use the term "sex pests" for them.

I have three dark comedy film ideas that I call my Clever Title Trilogy. I created these film ideas separately, but oddly they each had the state of having a too clever of title to match their story and I based each of the three stories on three friends that I use to be close to and their occupations, so I grouped the films together as a possible trilogy. The titles are Anonymous Tips, The Signs, and Stealing Home.
Anonymous Tips I base off a friend who was a television news editor. This story idea involves a news editor at a news station, who people at his work call him different nicknames, such as Gore Porn, shortening to Go-Po often, and Octo Porn. They call him Gore Porn because he gains the unedited footage during events, sometimes with it involving violent happenings occurring, the aftermath of violent happenings, and corpses being insight, and then he must edit the footage to air on television, but he also keeps separate video files that are just an entire collection of moments of violence and gore uncensored and edited together. He often shows his collection of violence and gore to coworkers wishing to see it. The reason that they call him Octo Porn is because he once was criticized for having the "gore porn" and showing it to people, so he later showed some of them illegal Japanese porn videos involving octopuses, claiming it much worse than what he had. This news editor and his immediate news crew also live in a city where some people keep going missing, and their severed penis tips are found in areas around, with the news station getting "anonymous tips" to where these penises can be located. The news team take the anonymous tips from the news station and along with authorities they discover the severed penis tips, but no corpse is ever found. Another thing that keeps happening is some person consistently keeps sending in other news tips, and the person claims to know their news editor and makes insulting, but likely true, accusations that their news editor, "Gore Porn," is the one killing the people and leaving their penis tips to be found. The film would make it so the anonymous tips about the news editor are found to more than likely be true even to the audience in its story with him becoming more and more nervous about being discovered as a serial killer.
The Signs I base off a friend who was an advertising copywriter for an advertisement firm. This story idea would have a man and his family, which includes three younger children, have a close friend who is an advertising copywriter for a large, successful, and popular advertisement firm. The film begins with everything alright and scenes of this man and his copywriter friend being close with each other, including a scene where he visits the man's house to have dinner with his family and then is shown playing with the man's children, but then afterwards this man is caught involved in sexual abuse of two children and owning large amounts of child pornography. The man then has a family crisis because of it, and while this is going on commercials, billboards, and signs leave indications, hints and signs, that his copywriter friend is definitely a pedophile, having mild to strong tones of pedophilia in the advertisements he helped create, such as one for a

doctor's office with a smiling young boy in only his white briefs having a check-up performed by a doctor, and this billboard reading: "Boy, are you in need of a healthy inspection!" After concluding that his copywriter friend is no doubt a pedophile, and guilty of what he had been arrested for, the man keeps interviewing his own children several times over, wondering about certain situations where the copywriter friend was left alone with them, the man needing to know if the copywriter friend did anything to his children, and he keeps looking for "signs" of sexual abuse performed on his own children.
Stealing Home I base off a friend who had a parttime pleasure occupation of writing for a baseball online news report. This film idea would be about a more recent famous baseball announcer and sports news reporter whose growing success is ceased by a female celebrity he was acquainted with for a brief time posting an online message with him tagged in it, stating: "It would seem a rare occurrence for someone to be involved in baseball to "steal home" off the baseball field. I was with [his name] one night, and never being physical with him, he went straight passed first, second, and third, and "stole home" on me with me not even being up to play, if you get what I'm saying! The man is a danger to all women everywhere!" After this, online accusations by several other women come forward with the hashtag of #STOLENHOME, stating that they were sexually assaulted and raped by the famous news announcer and reporter also, causing one large media circus that involves the national professional baseball league, and then famous players, coaches, announcers, sports newscasters, and owners start being called out for sexual assault and rape, too, by a large amount of women, including underage girls. Then, after this, sport after sport has famous players and personalities involved in them accused of sexual conduct also. The whole of the film after the first accusation focuses on this accused sexual abuser of a baseball sports announcer, the other people involved in sports that domino in their sexual misconduct accusations as well, and the many victims accusing them.

I had a maser created dream while sleeping once that had the friend that I base the story idea Stealing Home on, where he knocked down the rest of the suburban homes behind his house to create a sports park with machine pitch, mini golf, bowling alleys, and go-karts, and he called the park Knuckleheads. The dream was attempting to make me believe that he had gained enough money from being around me and his behavior towards me, all criminally gained, in hopes to one day create a sports park by the name Knuckleheads.
This person's mother was a meth addict when he was a child, and she would take him and his brother driving to upper parts of Utah and Idaho to see if she could find a house to break into and steal from, having them sit in the car when she found a proper house to target. Based on this knowledge, I thought up a story idea involving a mother with children just like her, titling the story Crawled Inside, and it would have her go looking for a house to break into in northern Utah and Idaho, which eventually she finds a country farmhouse, thinking she saw the whole family leaving around their house in the late evening, and she gets out of her vehicle, leaving her children inside it, breaks into the house, hears the family returning, hides inside the house, and then is stuck inside a closet within the house for several hours, listening to and having the family moving about, and then is discovered by the family, leading to a violent confrontation and then a standoff between them.

Another story that I had an idea for involving a farm family, along with a farming community, would be a zombie film titled Rotten Orchard. This film would have a large amount of people in a family community acting in a strange and a lackadaisical manner as they work their fruit farms, and they all have large bumps, wounds, and marks all over their head, which turns out to be the entry marks of large maggots that crawled into their head and zombified them to a degree, having rat-sized flies responsible for planting their maggot children inside the people's heads as they sleep.
I came up with this thought while I was riding my bicycle a long time ago passed Copper Hills High School into the wasteland areas west of it, and I was thinking of story portions to place into Nanahee, and I thought of the son of the main family in the story having a nightmare where his head has been made like a rotten apple, having pock marks and places bitten out of it, and his soul has become a maggot that is responsible for eating away at his head, with it eating away at his mostly missing brain also. One of his friends then comes along, who also has a head that is like a rotten apple that has been eaten away at and mostly hollowed out, and his friend tries to pluck his maggot soul out of his head, but they get into a fight, wrestling each other, only to have a hummingbird arrive, pluck the son's maggot soul from his head, fly it upward into the sky, and then the hummingbird and the son's maggot soul burn up in the atmosphere.

When I was creating materials for my novel Nanahee, I thought up a fictional amusement park The Tacklebox, which would be located near the shore of what would be the alternative dimension's version of Utah Lake in the territory or state of Woovery, which is basically Utah, give some or take some, with Woovery being a corruption of a the local Nanahean tribe's word for The Great Salt Lake. This theme park The Tacklebox was created by a successful business man from Woovery that created a large business focused on outdoor sporting goods, especially for fishing and hunting, and created a theme park off the side of what would be Utah Lake, figuring that real estate was already being purchased in the area, and him wanting the location to be a fishing-related park instead of suburban houses. The Tacklebox has all its park rides named after fish and fishing related themes, such as rides like The Rainbow Trout, The Walleye, The Cutthroat, The Bass, The Minow, The Goldfish, The Pike, The Bullhead, The Catfish, The Bluegill, The Wiper, The Carp, and The Sucker. There would also be a ride called The Crappie, and a joke among the park staff and visitors is to call it the crappy ride, despite it being considered one of the most popular rides in the park. The park also allows for boats, personal and double kayaks, and body boards to be rented, along with fishing equipment, if a person has a fishing license, so to take them on the lake and fish without entirely entering and paying tickets to gain access to the rest of the park and its amusement rides.
I think many people in my head desire for the park to exist rather than in fiction, along with many other ideas in my head that seem appealing. This could be very true because Utah will need the tourism that such a park would be able to pull in, especially Provo and Orem. The park will assist in the purchase of fishing licenses and fishing equipment also, and supplies of fish would be attempted to be bred and introduced to keep Utah Lake fresh of them.

I have an idea for a trilogy of comedy horror films titled the Common Horror Trilogy, which would be a film titled The Sunday Driver, The Flasher, and The Line. The first film The Sunday Driver would be about a female Sunday driver possessed to take in the views around her while driving around, with her looking and being possessed, having strange looking star-patterned pupiled eyes, supernaturally causing severe vehicular accidents that result in property damage, critical injuries, and deaths. The Flasher would be about some perverted supernatural flasher who is naked beneath his trench coat, running around and flashing women of all ages, causing severe fainting spells and extreme heart attacks, resulting in the deaths of his women victims. The Line would be about a man setting himself amongst others in a tent outside of an electronic store, in wait to purchase a product on the day of its release, having him and those around him experience what seems an actual hellish eternity of impossibly long days and an extreme number of added days that could not even possibly have resulted to the actual release time of the product.

I was going to end Cardboard Country with a prewritten scroll, which was claimed to be written prior to any of the others, that explained who Our Writer really was, technically, purposely, and comedically producing a plot hole in the work, because Our Writer would claim that he would never explain who they were and how they were able to accomplish what they did in writing the novel. It would explain that Our Writer was a John Doe that people watched over all day, having a social security number that belonged to a child deceased near the same time that he was born. He was watched over his whole life, and he had several jobs, and he even once worked for a news station. In his later years, he would not hold a job, and he would unknowingly and illegally have the people watching over him cheat at gambling with the maser instruments to gain money to support himself, using Nevada casinos mostly in Wendover and more rarely Las Vegas. They would make him sit all day at Salt Lake City Public Library with books that he would stack up on his desk, but not even read. Sometimes he would make strange outburst and police, or library workers would come around and set him straight, telling him to keep quiet and not make any noises. The people working at the library would think that he was just a homeless person using the library to stay in during the day, because he was always there, but never showed interest in the books he would stack up, and then he would get out a cheap paint kit, some pens, so small notepads, and he would sit and write and write on the pages, and sometimes paint art on them. This prewritten scroll would even say how he would die, written by this John Doe's own hand, and those connected to him even made him write it out in a scroll before writing anything else. He wrote out that he would die of a heart attack in the Salt Lake City Public Library, and that he would appear a homeless man with several items with him, including a brown letter satchel and a bag of cookie tins containing the many scrolls comprising the novel Cardboard Country. Inside the letter satchel those that find him dead and look through his things will find a professionally and highly graded mint copy of EC Comics' Crime Patrol #15, which is the first

appearance of The Crypt-Keeper. It is claimed that people will discover this novel of his, a very interesting and intriguing work of literature, likely not even written by the person, except for by hand, but many different people connected to him, and it will allow the truth on serious and horrifying world issues to be brought to light.

Somewhere in Cardboard Country, in an earlier scroll, I was going to have the author Our Writer claiming himself a "media junkie," which is the type of person that you would see come into a library and check as many things out of a library at once, having large stacks of books, DVDs, and CDs in his hands, about as much as he can handle, and then leaving the library with them, cautious about tripping and scattering them on the ground.

The Salt Lake City hardcore scene has a nickname for Salt Lake City and itself, which is Grudge City or Grudge City Hardcore, and it is likely not just about holding a grudge against someone, but also is referring to the film The Grudge (2004), maser instruments being used to haunt and attack people in a ghostly manner, such as in the film, and people seeking revenge using maser instruments.

"Ghosts" by Davyn Andersen

See-through at times, terrors when visible,
Victims of crimes, errors unforgivable,
Haunt their places where they had died,
With pale faces of a life that was denied.
Figures of human fog without their breath
Far from a humane God, dying with unrest,
Now an existence without living needs,
But a demand to menace with their deeds.
Image of the no-longer living and death,
Being of the once alive and now lifeless,
Fills its days with agony, pain, and spite,
Asking for a misdeed to be brought to light.

At Home Depot I made the idea for another comedy segment fake movie trailer that poked fun at A Man Called Ove and its U.S. adaption of A Man Called Otto, while also just making fun of sociopaths and psychopaths in general. This film trailer would be ill-intentioned and trying to show a highly sociopathic or psychopathic man being shown to supposedly have two sides to him where one is an extremely dangerous person and the other is him having a heart of gold. The trailer would show this man watching from inside his house as his new ethnic neighbors move into the neighborhood. This ethnic neighbor has two young children with her, a boy and a girl, and they are playing around with each other as the woman is bringing moving boxes into the house, and the children's play eventually leads them into this man's yard, and he suddenly violently bolts out his front door, angry, swearing, and accosting the children, dementedly yelling at the young brother and sister, "Hey, you little c—t-born s—ts! Stay off my lawn or else I'm going to cut his head off and shove it right up your little c—t! Then I'm going to take his decapitated body and mulch it up and use it as compost for my roses!" The children then run away, but in a more "we got in trouble" kind of manner, acting afraid and disingenuously childishly screaming, "AHHHH!" rather than a "we just were told that we would be murdered by a dangerous, deranged old man who would likely do it" manner that would really induce fear. The man is shown shaking and violently angry as he goes back into his house, ripping his front screen door nearly off as he does. A later seen would show this ethnic woman arriving home and bringing groceries into her house, and the man is normal now and says to her, "Let me help you with those!" and starts assisting her in bringing in her groceries as her children look only distrusting at him but not scared of him. The mother then says, "You know, you shouldn't yell at kids like that," and this man says, "Yeah, I know! I just get really grumpy sometimes!"

Many idiots knowing that they were born terrible people like to claim that they can bully a person out of anything, but, apparently, they can't be bullied into correcting their status as a terrible and less than worthless

person. A positive form of bullying would be to bully all these criminal, ill-mannered, dangerous, and idiotic people out of their thoughts on life, and their lives completely, just as they would do to another person.

Each one of these criminals involved in maser use would rape and murder vast amounts of children personally themselves to just stay alive another day.

Sociopathic behavior often makes for great comedy, and you often find it in comedy entertainment, but most people usually don't do it in life, because it's not who they are, and because it is absurd to do and harmful to one's own character, hence why it is so laughable. Absurdity is pure comedy itself.
We began to joke that the reason that entertainment began to be attacked by most politicians, religious people, and psychiatrists is because these people watched too many space adventure movies, considered it all possible and reality, so they gained a desire to move to other planets where they would be accepted for who they are, and then they attempted to achieve it, found out it was impossible, and realized that entertainment had caused them harm and taught them a bad lesson, so they began to curse it daily.
Often, to test the water, people approach things in a joking manner at first, gauge the person's reaction, and then proceed to become serious about it if the person positively reacts to the idea.

People often try to avoid responsibility when an incident occurs that involves their entertainment works, stating that their work had no fault in causing the situation to occur, which is understandable, as people hate getting sued and having people demanding unreasonable amounts of money from them, but the logic occurring would be to say influence and inspiration doesn't even exist, which is not true. Influence and inspiration most certainly does exist, good or bad, but a person doesn't get compensated just because a person claimed that their work influenced or inspired a life in a positive way. But if a person believes that a work has influenced or inspired them in a negative way, suddenly people are looking to get financially compensated for it, which I don't entirely think is right. Often the person claimed negatively influenced or inspired by the work or happening should have had the responsibility in themselves not to have been so persuaded by it to cause some upsetting occurrence. It is just innately the person who gave into the influence or felt inspired by it, having their personality, temperament, behaviors, and personal opinions influence what they desire or desired to occur. I have thought to myself that what if people finally understood that the evidence in which I was providing to incriminate many criminals was most certainly true, causing wide-scale riots, civil unrest, or criminal happenings, and then I was made blamed for the events happening, which I do not think right. It is not my fault that large amounts of criminals began to commit huge amounts of crimes on the public prior to me even being born, obscuring and obfuscating the realities of the situation and building a whole status quo on fraud and extortion, and that they have had it eventually resulting to what will likely be a gigantic finally transparent disaster being realized to be happening. They need to be the ones to blame and placed responsible for their actions instead.

"The Fourth of July" by Davyn Andersen

A holiday of fire's snow:
Ashes raining on the park,
A Sun with smoke below,
Making the sunset dark,
The fault of a close blaze
Upon the mountainside,
Blocking the Sun's rays,
Amusement is not denied
While flakes fall in the air,
Before the fireworks are lit,
The people stay aware
That the fires will not quit.

I think this is an adequate amount of information to hopefully cover everything important needing to be communicated at once.

There is actually a ridiculous amount of others things that I could probably add, but I tried to keep this to a minimum.

I apologize if it seems that I should have contacted the authorities prior, and I actually have made attempts to do so on smaller levels, such as calling and messaging the FBI, but it was necessary to have all this information delivered together, as is the opinion of many of other people connected to me who seem more similar to myself in their thoughts, sympathetic, and also helpful towards me. I needed to make sure that this was a strong enough case for what I was claiming was true. Most people treat just a simple snippet of information with a grain of salt, so this had to be compiled as one large argument.