



Smokin' & By The River

2nd Edition

Revised

—Brendon G. M. C. Holden—

Smoking by the River

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Smoking by the river
2nd Edition Revised.
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CHAPTER 1



When I was about eighteen, I was working at a feed/pet store. My job was making sure the fish were fed, and to make sure the customers got what they needed; this would include propane tanks being filled and carrying out bags of grain to their cars.

I had recently got into a fight with my Mom, so I had to move out of her place.

Do you remember the expression?

...Let me set the stage for you, a small coffee shop, that most likely—came through the television in the nineties, someone says, “that did not come out right...”

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Another example, a couple go out on a date, the girl or boy would say something and after saying it, could sense something that would cause one to retract what was just said and leave the expression, “that did not come out right.” That would end the date per se.

What did happen to the nineties.?

My sense of existence is being tampered with in ways that I never thought possible—not only to not be able to express my reality, but my own self. Looking back, I guess one could say the atomic structure—in an atom never existed at all...but I know it did. In the same way, I freely left my pleasurable existence at my Mom’s and *now* sort of regret it.

The fellow that I was working for, we will simply call him Ted—*although that is not his real name*. He, Ted, let me sort of move in with him.

Ted owned a *good* feed/pet store, his dog expressed that in the way he freely moved around the store; *I have been taken well care of!*

...Animals are—and in the future—could be expressed as race; in my world they are considered... I have a cat, and when I get to my *what am I going to do without her*—part of the brain—I think of the Cat, *her name is Paige*. I think, I have plans for our future together. I can consider in that part of the brain that I would need a: brand-new-individual-expression, and creative-style-outlets/part of humanity, for her to express her wild ways...obviously I would be getting something and this would be—Paige, and the praises attached!

“You can sleep in there” Fred said, pointing toward a small room.

The building the feed store was in, had an upper floor, that is where Fred and his family stayed. It was a nice place, pool room, hot tub and spacious rooms. He had two boys and a wife.

I unpacked my stuff in the room in the back of the building; this is also where they kept their extra food.

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Fred would wake me up early in the morning to go to work. One of the things that I would do on the job is help unload the stock truck. From time to time I had to operate the fork-lift to help. The needed help with the fork-lift was to make sure the newer bags of grain were on the bottom, so the older bags did not begin to mold because they were outdated, *that would have wasted a lot of money!*

During the days I was not working, in the short time I worked there, on my days off, I had the options of hanging out with Ted's children, walking, and visiting some small stores in the small town.

On one of my pleasurable walks in the small village, I noticed a flea market had temporarily opened at the diner—just across the street from the feed/pet store. I walked over eager to spend money and bought whatever I could, in this case it was a few cassette tapes...created from artists you would most likely recognize—if they were mentioned in a conversation.

I brought them back to Ted's, (*I have always thought god-like-characteristics, including those of Pops Stars, were the best lifestyles to live.*) Once at Ted's I decided, to practice my automatic-fortune-making dance moves in the mirror. I sort of regret the moment...mentally I am still disturbed and recovering from the level of glory I would need to be at to achieve the level of being I desired! The song still plays in my mind, as if on repeat. One song was saying something about keeping faith while the other one was about being bad. My insecurities are still so bad that to my sub conscious mind—I have broken many mirrors and have become *the wicked witch!*

Another occasion at Ted's was, a time that a small critter, *a Skunk*—hung around for a little too long, so Fred trapped it, then took it out back and shot it; he gave me the chore of burying it, *the smell was intense!*

I had worked at Fred's for about five months before I left.

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There was this time when I was working that I came up with this crazy idea; what if I walked from Vermont to Florida on the railroad tracks?

I battled in my mind for a little while about this; I knew I wanted an average lifestyle, but I was also young, so I excused it and I could not help the *excitement* about doing something different; I figured I could catch back up with the plan later. I did not think at the time I would put my mid-twenties house, nice car and start of retirement savings up for failure.

I saved up about four hundred dollars and started making a list of things I would need; the list included a hiking bag, tent, food, matches, hunting knife, etc. I was very entertained by this idea of a survival trip, it reminded me of a book I read when I was young about a young man getting into a plane crash and was stranded on a deserted island, he made a shelter and ate wild food like berries and turtle eggs, he faced challenges like mosquitoes, wild-winds, and water and overcame them all.

So, like this book I pulled together all my survival techniques to take the long trek. I figured that I would need a lot of water, a fire, and box cars for shelter.

Now that I am older this idea seems dumb, not thought through; what about poisonous snakes, spiders; what about bears, gators, what about thieves and bad people? But if anything, hopefully, someone, through my experience, has a good laugh!

After I got the supplies and gave my two weeks' notice at the feed/pet store, I decided to leave. The railroad tracks in Vermont were not far from the place where I was staying, so I walked to them. After I got on the railroad tracks, I began to walk south toward Florida! ...About two hours into the trip I got tired and decided to pitch tent for the night.

My tent?

A tent I bought the day before from a hardware store, a thirty-dollar tent, *this was going to be my home away from home.*

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After I set up my tent, I made a fire and cooked some romaine noodles, smoked a little marijuana, and went to sleep. I would have never imagined when I woke up the next morning, I would have changed my mind about the whole trip. I guess I never realized I was someone that was challenged with finishing things, throughout my life there was not much I had finished; I did not finish school, family, pets, living situations. There was always some excuse that I would come up with to avoid things. Video games was one of my favorite things to do and I would make an excuse for not playing them as well.

I camped out a couple more nights in the same spot, wondering if I would make the trip, and on the third day I decided hitchhiking would be just as fun, but easier!

I can still smell the smell of success after catching a ride with a trucker, he drove me all the way to North Carolina. Growing up I rarely set foot outside of Vermont, so when I arrived in North Carolina I had no idea what to expect, but this is what I encountered, nighty degree days in the middle of fall, racial diversity, and bill board signs everywhere. It was good to be in a diverse place. I concluded that leaving my comfort zone was exciting. In my teens I sat home a lot, I did not finish school—not the average way, but I did get my GED.

I dropped out of school as a sophomore. From about sixteen to eighteen, through doing my own thing—I came to realize, sitting at home was boring.

It felt good to be in North Carolina, I could not wait to get to Florida; each new accomplishment the dopamine in my head would increase, loving life, dreaming big dreams!

The first car out was a man on his way to work, he worked the morning shift at a factory. He was truly kind, and we talked awhile about vanities in life, but mostly—vanities in his life. He did not offer me any money for my travels, but he did offer me this ride, and I was happy for that. A lot of the time during my travels, people would offer me money, that is one of the great things about Americans, goodness is everywhere!

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The money offered being on the road due to others seeing poverty in someone, was addicting and most of the time it was hard to pass up.

The first thing I did when I got dropped off was walk into a store, buy a soda and enjoy the sun. When night was about to fall upon me, I decided to find a place where I could pitch my tent; I did, it was in a small swampy area, but it was the only place I had. The idea of sleeping in this swamp scares me now!

There had to be poisonous creatures in the swamp!

I am a strange guy, that night I barely set up my tent, I set it up just enough to climb inside of it; mentally I still feel horrible about not setting it up right, but I was young and lazy—I am better at it now.

The next day I packed up my tent thrilled to be alive and set my sites towards Florida.

*

Like this journey of leaving Vermont, I had other journeys, some not so pleasant. There was this time when I was about sixteen, I decided to stay in my room and to never leave it; this was a time when I read an awesome book about survival. The people that I was staying with got concerned and thought it best to stick me in the hospital; this was not a pleasurable experience for me.

I was in there six days and though I made friends, played ping pong, and ate well, I could not have a cigarette!

In my mind I said it was healthy for me, but my body rejected that idea.

After six days of being in the hospital I was allowed out; I smoked a cigarette, suddenly, as I was smoking, I thought I could relate with people who get out of jail after two or three years of being in there, and the thrill of leaving! As I look back it gave me a small thrill or a new reality per se, to be stuck in the middle of know where struggling to find my way out. I guess that is one of the reasons I was on the railroad

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tracks, because I wanted a small thrill of surviving the elements.

On this trip I did not find much of surviving the elements, but as I grew, I would get closer and closer to surviving poverty.

(Before I started writing this paragraph, I was sipping on coffee dreaming about being stuck in a UFO and coming back with a small treasure; the thrill one must experience from such an adventure must be exciting!)

The hospital thing happened again when I got older. This time—four months in the hospital.

Four months out of my life was spent on a mental evaluation; I was cleared, but the experience left me concerned about some of the institutions in America.

After I got out of the institution, my Mom, and a great Mom at that, bought me some cigarettes; they were a brand called Top, my Grand Father smoked Top; he had his own rolling machine and would role his own. I did something similar.

I vividly remember my first day after four months of being in the hospital, I took a drag of a cigarette and had this thrilling experience, I felt free and that everything was going to be all right.

I bet leaving the country and then returning would feel similar.

The only time I left this great country America was when I went to Canada; I did this on several occasions.

I bet a trip to China or Africa could be fun, or it could be dangerous: *It would not be fun to be stuck in a poor run-down prison in another country or get trapped by headhunters looking for an escape themselves.*

Although I would love to learn another language—it could take a lifetime, and I have too much going on right now. If I only had hundreds of years to live, I would not only travel the world, but also the ends of the universe! Sometimes in my free time I wonder if there is someone going to come and pick me up to go explore the universe, that would be fun!

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Like these experiences catching a fish is also one of them; my first catch of a real fish came when I was about thirty-two; I was fishing in the Passumpsic river, (*located in Northern, Vermont.*) I was fishing with a small little pole my Mom gave me; I never knew *why* she considered I would fish, but I did!

I am kind of a strange guy or at least I think I am, some activity's I do not accomplish, some of my highlights in life are cleaning Fifty Cents mansion for a brief moment (which some say use to be Mike Tyson's mansion), and this trip to Florida, but the rest of my life I find BLA, like fishing for example, or at least the idea of fishing, it seemed BLA or at the time it seemed BLA...but there I was fishing!

About one hour into fishing, I got a bite and excitedly reeled in a ten-inch brown trout!

There was something so thrilling about fishing and finding meat in the wild; I was so thrilled that I bought another fishing pole and tried another location. This time the river was a bit narrower and shallow; I got a bite within a half hour and reeled in a sucker; I did not think I could eat this fish because it was a sucker; later I figured out these were edible. After I got the sucker and considered if I could eat it, I put it back into the river; I think I caught the same sucker about three times. Now, with the knowledge I have, and was to catch that fish again I would fillet, bread and then deep fry it until the bones become soft.

Anyways the spot I was fishing was a bad spot to catch trout, so I moved back to where I caught my first trout.

After I started fishing on a regular basis, I caught a lot more fish, the trick to my patience was taking food, water, coffee, and a little bit of tobacco. With these I could fish twelve or more hours!

Lately I have been fishing, *I wrote this after I thought I finished writing*, I did the same thing, food, coffee, and tobacco; it makes a great time.

A couple of days ago I was fishing, and some young ladies came down to one of my spots, they brought a couple of dogs...not good for me, but the dogs had fun. They played in

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the water, crossed my line a couple of times; loose dogs were not only bad for fishing, but dogs scare me. That day I did not catch anything, but the young ladies did!

After they left, I tried their spot and did not have luck.

*

Now I will finish the rest of my story about hitch hiking to Florida.

Next stop was Tallahassee, Florida; I cannot remember who the driver was that took me there, but I remember getting there; I arrived at about three in the afternoon, as I slowly watched the sun set, I prepared to set up my tent.

I pitched tent a few hundred yards from a gas station, it was in a small, wooded area.

I went to sleep with some angel food cake for supper.

When I woke up the next morning, I went to the gas station and cleaned up; as I began to talk to some of the other customers, I noticed someone with a truck with some bikes on the back, I asked them where they were going, and they said, "Daytona beach." They let me know that I could go with them, so I got in the back of the pickup truck.

Not far out of Tallahassee, Florida we got stuck in traffic!

After hours of being stuck in traffic the people who were giving me the ride made room on the inside, which was most likely uncomfortable for all, but to be polite I hopped up front.

They started telling me about a plant that was along the side of the highway; they said it was invasive and it was taking over...as we were talking about this one of the people in the pickup truck pulled out a big bag of pot, he rolled up a joint and offered me some. I took some.

Suddenly I was in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, it was a powerful joint I considered, but I did not think much of it. After I got out of the truck I walked around for a while looking for a place to set up my tent. I found one, it was in a pine forest!

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The pines were not the same as they are in Vermont, they were much bigger, and the needles were bigger and they were everywhere, a good thick layer of them!

It was a pleasant experience, fantasy-like, the forest was so beautiful—it was something like a dream!

The next day I got a ride with a couple of men, they gave me a ride from interstate ninety-five to interstate one...Interstate one runs all the way from *Miami, Florida* to *Key West, Florida*.

Key West is the southernmost tip of *Florida*.

I started hitchhiking on interstate one. (*Looking back, Smashing Pumpkins would have been great to listen too at this point, they make some good music!*) I got a ride; I went from island to island; they were all connected by interstate one. Looking around I could see another road running alongside of this highway, an old interstate maybe built earlier back at the beginning of the century... Plus, I see there was an abandoned railroad track, an exciting place to explore in one's youth!

The fellow who had picked me up dropped me off at a camping ground; little did I know that I would have needed money to stay there; the lady who told me this was truly kind and offered me a place to stay—with her for a while.

I accepted the invitation.

She got me a temporary job working with her boyfriend.

I stayed on this island for a few days.

If I was not working—what I can remember—of the things I did on the island were follow this lady around, this included times watching movies and sightseeing.

Her boyfriend was a pot smoker, and we smoked before we went to work; we worked doing some, or a form of—masonry work.

I recall a time we worked on a big house/famous resort near *Key West*; we worked until afternoon—all the while high! (*I was stoned out of my mind...I do not even think that I could function that day, but I did not let it show. Eventually we went home.*)

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The *Florida Keys* are nice and working there is un-regrettable.

I also got other work; some was at the camping grounds, I got to drive around a golf cart! ...The jungle and wooded areas were so sweet; everything was totally different then the Northern States of America.

Anyways in the final days of my stay with the lady who helped me and my Cat—Baby; I got into a dispute about religious things while staying in the lady's house and I had to leave.

I decided to head back up to Vermont!

Florida was a fun trip; I had accomplished it and I learned a lot!

Once I made it back to my home, Vermont, I needed to find a job and a place to stay, and I did.

*

I made and thought of a lot of great memories traveling and *smoking by the river* or *smoking by the river* and waiting for a fish to bite my hook! As I write, I am in the month of February and there is still snow and ice on the river, so I cannot go fishing—*although some can, they icefish*, I am counting down the days to the *second Saturday in April*, so I can fish in the Passumpsic river. I will take a little coffee, some food, some tobacco and patiently wait for a bite.

There is something so thrilling about smoking by the river!

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Trout Recipe

Bake 375 degrees for 45 minutes

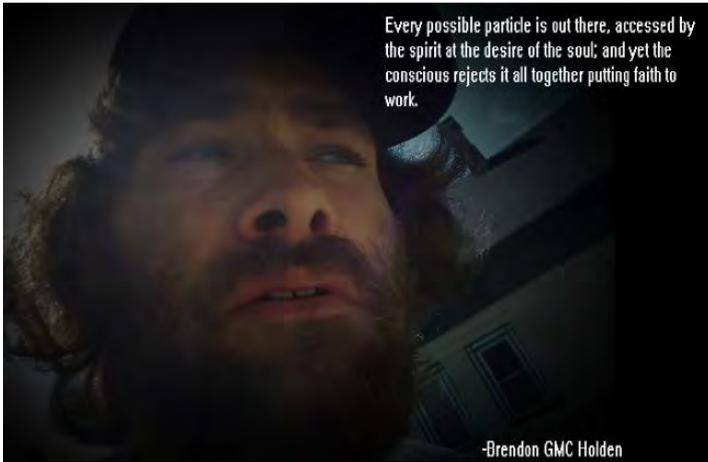
With potatoes, onions and some fresh parsley

Serve with lemon!

Gutting a fish

Cut off head, slice open belly, scoop out loose guts, toss them. Either freeze or cook fish immediately.

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Chapter 2

I ran across a statistic in my everyday living; eighty percent of the world live on or under two dollars a day! ...I find this hard to believe, but I did a little research and used common sense and came to conclude that I lived way beyond my means!

Rarely do I follow the lesser, I mean I follow the majority...and the majority think outside the box, so it is not strange for me to have questioned my surroundings. I encourage others to ask questions, and now more than ever I have a good question...

Can the idea of American living be possible?

Say you get a life crippling illness; can you receive Social Security? In other words, do you feel secure enough to receive money from a recently established branch of government? (*Recent meaning within the past three hundred years.*)

I sometimes get this negativity that others, accidently—might be out for my harm, that is not American! ...Vietnam, weapons of Mass destruction?

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I know life depends on the positive, but is social Security real or fake if the government borrows the money?

I would think that first question to *come* to reality is: can we help this person, (i.e., are we capable?)

What if there is not a solution?

I too would want the dream of life liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but did that come without sacrifice?

If you had an illness, would you have wondered...to sacrifice the SSI in hope others would use the money to come up with the solution?

I almost did! (*Plus, I am not sick enough to receive SSI!*)

As a matter of fact, I have given to powerful people and in return I got back a message that said something to the effect, “you’re the problem for thinking life had fault!”

So, to combat the issue I have, as I always have—balanced out the situation, I disciplined myself... There have been many times in my life that I had to take the responsibility to discipline myself!

As I look back on my younger years, this was one of the many reasons that—I chose to do some of my traveling, to take on the responsibility to lead my future; I slowly developed a love for taking the harder way... Although not without grief!

At one point I was strictly corrected for taking the harder way...and I am not a man of suffering, I love pleasure and all goodness...as a matter of fact that is one of the main reasons why this book is titled *Smoking by the River!* I was so angry to have been corrected, as if my gift of patience and love was some sort of an insult.

I can remember in the year two thousand sixteen, The President of the United States wanted to build a boarder wall; I can remember thinking that he must be doing similar as the river, following *gravity*...in my heart, I stood with the President, but I was so angry...I could not believe my grace to suffer had been insulted through truthful correction.

Many disciplines did I pick up in my young adult life, and I practice them to this day...some of which are as simple

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as doing the dishes. I picked up doing dishes at around eighteen or at least the discipline of dish washing.

The absolute to this reality in which I live physically is Gravity; there is no way around it...I thought that if I could not beat it, I would join it...to me that is how powerful people become powerful (Gravity) ...obeying law...that includes the ability to suffer and look the other way, pretend all is well—even know, life at times can be troubling.

With all that said, as I look back and sort of regret my disciplinary sufferings, I would not say *I Do Not Regret It...* after all, I am independent, I have no one breathing down my neck...plus I have money. All is well!

The stream is a good root in following the past, and the reason it is to me, because I find myself in so much prosperity. I figure if I could fish for a day and catch a couple of fish, that is when I am living with the majority. I have done other things to live as the rest of the world most likely exists; for instance, I grow my own spices, forge for wild vegetation which include dandelion-greens, fiddle heads, mint, apples, and berries. I invest in the surrounding world by recycling, not littering and plan to invest in some clean energy stocks.

I notice a lot of the public broadcasting in the years, 2006-2018 focus on other cultures and how they live; this would include farming, fishing, and protecting oneself from the surrounding environment. I suppose this is happening because the world is not rich, and people work hard for truly little, even as I write I hope that I have contributed to the world and I hope that I have made it a better place.

I have come to conclude that American prosperity cannot influence my idea that the world is an extremely poor place and yet extraordinarily rich. I need a sense of gravity when living in such convenience. Although I would love to think that it is not needed, I want to make sure that I keep a good head on my shoulders.

That idea came to me awhile back ago when I was diagnosed with an incurable mental disorder, when I was granted Social Security. Me knowing that it was hard for

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myself to go back to work, plus, I wanted to rest awhile and receive what appeared to be free money...within a year I became overly concerned with how much money I was getting; this amount was about eight hundred dollars a month plus my rent was subsidized, and I was getting food stamps.

I figured that at the time the national debt for each citizen was about fifty thousand dollars. I thought to myself what I receive should go toward my part of the national debt, but this was not happening.

So, if eighty percent of the world live off two dollars or less a day and I am getting forty dollars a day—

But do not get me wrong I am sure it balances out somehow, but this is all the information I have. This is wrong somehow.

So, what do I do with the fact that this country borrowed more for me then the average citizen of earth is going to get in their lifetime?

I might have some of this information wrong for instance the value of the dollar is not incorporated into my writing, but I owe as an American citizen a small farm to someone out there. I would love to reverse the clock to before I got on Social Security, but I cannot. I would love to have been picking cans right now, making a dollar or two, fall asleep in the woods or under a bridge. But I cannot because my reputation with this mental disorder. I am sure my peers would think something is wrong and try to fix it. And so, I will try to do what every other American is doing, which is making money and a lot of it.

So, what could I give America back for all his/her roads, authorities, and luxury? What could I give back, so my portion of the national debt is paid for?

I have come up with many ideas; one of the worst ones is paying for it in prison while working in the kitchen for a dollar a day.

I have had friends tell me that is all you would get if working in prison, one dollar!

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This money for me—would not pay back money owed, but rather the experience pays someone who pays off the debt.

Another idea and this one is better for me to think about....

It would be art or music or maybe both together, maybe a masterpiece!

Yes, a masterpiece by me!

And this would result in inspiring someone who did something that helped the world, and in turn paid off my portion of the debt or paid off the whole thing.

A couple of months later I finished writing this chapter:

I started school not too long ago, I am going in for Computer Animation. I am hoping to inspire someone to pay off the debt or make more of the things we love so much. Maybe I will make a short animation piece with my own music in it. I have come up with several ideas. One of my favorite ideas is to inspire someone to cause every computer user to take a half hour of typing before one is allowed on the computer. This would make a wall of security for people who would want a safe internet experience. They could type whatever they wanted, it would keep the internet clean of bugs, at least America's internet.

I could give this idea to social media and maybe it would go viral, and if this idea does not work, I will try another one.

Let me ask another question, *is the rich slaving the poor?*

I can almost hear my sister say “obviously,” but is America through its prosperity slaving poor countries, like for instance buying latex gloves from a poor country and in exchange giving them money off a loan.

I bet if I ever asked this question to the wisest of the wise, they would not be able to answer it for me. I think once you get to the world of the rich, they keep everything quiet.

With that question ever so burned into my mind, in the past I started reading the product label to see where the product came from. Most of the time it is from China, from toddler

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toys to advanced computers. I respect these items a little bit more now knowing they were from someone's hard labor and there is nothing that I can give them in return if it is not an honest dollar.

When I was in the hospital it cost over one hundred thousand dollars, where did the Americans hard earned money go? Well, some of it went towards me, but most of it was spent—in my opinion, *without the health-department!*

I do not even think I needed the stay; but I will be thankful for it.

I think one of the good things about the affordable care act, it would have fixed this problem of overspending, or at least tried too. I wonder what the majority value the most because all I wanted—*when I was being evaluated*, was a pack of Top, and that does not cost that much.

If I could have voted, I would have voted to pay the national debt. It is not that I do not believe in América, because I do, it is that I should do something about this, maybe even use my studies at college, (*I am studying computer Animation*) and make a viral video about what matters most to me and what I would do with a hundred thousand dollars!

When I was a young boy growing up, I thought my family was poor, and some people might think so, after all when my Father bought his house, we did not have indoor plumbing, and had to use an outhouse, but after a while we got indoor plumbing. My Father and Mother were both receiving SSI, some may think this is not a lot of money, but it is. Although when I was younger, I sided with the rich and thought we were poor. Sometimes I would think to myself, I do not want to grow up and be poor.

Maybe it was because of the poverty, but the State came and put my siblings and I into Foster care, this costed the State a lot of money. They had to find families and resources and had to stand in the face of public ridicule. Sometimes I wonder if there was another way to do the State's, "I don't think you're a fit parent" thing—instead of spending all that money, *it was over one thousand dollars a month for each*

child, and if the child were trouble or troubled it would cost more.

An in-home nanny might have been better in the case of my family, after all six kids must have been hard on my parents, and they were on disability. My humanity attempts to come up with solutions for the rest of humanity, and the solution is, if the government can disturb the child's environment by removing one from their home, maybe they should consider the other way around and disturb the system enough to cause a nanny to replace Foster care and then my Father could have had a nanny for ten hours a day. This would have lightened up their load.

I think if we admit that we are all human, then I think my Mom and Dad would have been accepted, knowing we all make mistakes. We try to improve for the better. The system thought my Mom and Dad needed help, and I think that is right, but I also think the system needs help, and I think that can be done by spending less.

About ten years ago and even further back in time I tried to live off grid, but I did it my own way. For instance, instead of living in a house without electricity, I went without the house and the electricity. I survived off can-collecting and other stuff (I was homeless). One of the biggest times or longest times I was homeless began when the lumber mill closed. It is not that I could not find another job, it was because I was burnt out. I did too much for others and not enough for myself. So, to avoid trouble during a down time I decided to leave the area. To avoid the shame, I went walking. I would put myself in a hard situation daily, but I survived.

The most fun part about being homeless was that I had no schedule, or responsibilities. I would wake up in the morning stress free. I only did this for a few months, but it was fun, I had to find food, a place to sleep, a place to wash my clothes and a bath. These were easy to find and do, I think I was more concerned with Vodka, or how could I get some Vodka, or Brandy, and most of the time I did. There were plenty of cans out there. A little bottle of Vodka only costed a

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couple of dollars. The alcohol would reward me after a hard day of walking and forging. It was easy to live homeless.

I would not recommend it to another, but I got a lot of help. There were times when I would be walking down the road and for some reason cars would pull over and give me money, this would range from ten dollars to one hundred dollars. I coveted this lifestyle after I figured out how much others are willing to give. Being an American can be a hard thing, we have, we are prosperous, and with all this money its citizens must live up to who our parents were and who we are now. It concerns me that this country is in debt. I know the solution is always over the problem, but if I must live up to our parent's expectations should not someone, or other Americans not only volunteer our person, but our money as well. It could go towards our future. I doubt I will die and leave the country millions of dollars, but what I can do is warn others about the wasteful spending. Social security is way too much money for the capable, it is great for seniors, but the level of money should be given according to the level of ability.

That is a lot to ask someone—to spend hard earned money, because one is ill.

If I do not prove fit, someone will come in, and think I need help, and this leads to more spending. My point is poor people might enjoy being poor, it is less stressful.

I will live up to my forefather's expectations, that is the reason I am in school. I will keep the stress away and finish it, it cannot be hard after all it is online. Hopefully, this book will sell too. Everyone should be able to live a stress-free life, and what better way to do that than a book. It is something one can do while smoking by the river.



Chapter 3

When I was a young boy, my Father and Mother owned a ten-acre hill, *a thick forest hill* in Wheelock, Vermont. When they first moved into the house or rather the shack—at the time—on the ten acres, there was not plumbing or electricity. I recall as a young boy the challenges of living without these conveniences, also how cold the winters got when having to use an outhouse in the middle of winter.

Living without taught me some valuable lessons, especially living in the wild.

The house we lived in was small, there were two bedrooms upstairs before my Father built the third. Four boys

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shared one room, and my two sisters shared the second, and my parents shared the third—recently built room.

Before my parent started working on the house it was an old, insulated shack, I can remember waking up in the middle of the night in pain—because the place was so damp. I received many lessons before I got to a level of comfort I could enjoy, which were usually blankets; the comfort in a damp room were blankets and a lot of them! I would tie the blankets around the painful aches—and magically the pain would go away!

I did not have much furniture in my bedroom, and there was no room for furniture, but there was room for a small cardboard box I used for my nightstand/bookcase.

This box was the best thing, *in my mind*—that could happen in a boy's life, although—I did understand what it would mean to have my own room. I was so happy with that box, more like a bookshelf; I cut a slit in the center—so that I could slide a piece of cardboard to give it two shelves, a shelf on the bottom as well as the top. There I would place my toys, and a few books my Mother gave me. *A lamp must go on top*—I say to myself, anything else would just not fit. Any little comfort when I was younger was to cherish, as well as every little experience.

I still cherish the little things, a new idea, a new reality, how does the room surrounding me exist, in other words how do the walls in the room get their color?

At first, I thought, perhaps the reflection of the walls changed or cancelled out part of the light, changing its color; but I did a little more study—from some trusted sources, and it more looks like it is caused by a proton changing its energies, but truly that is my opinion, I do not know if I utterly understood what I read.

The Compton Effect was the topic of study, but again I put tons of thoughts of my own and others—to form the opinion that all is protons exchanging energies, this works will with the binary code: *We are the zeros exchanging our zeros to break up our own light.*

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It is a theory, a theory I have never heard, though I think It works well with the binary code. I will attempt to discuss this more in the next chapter.

Although it still might be possible that it was the reflection, (like the colors in a rainbow,) I do not think it completely describes the workings of quantum mechanics, nor how the wall is there to begin with.

But as far as savoring the little things, quantum mechanics offers more than one would care to keep to themselves.

On the topic of small things, there is something else I have done to notice the small things within myself.

For some strange reason I thought that good wild food (*food that people did not intend on growing,*) did not grow in Vermont, but I was wrong. I learned some of the best foods were in the wild, in wild Vermont. This would include wild raspberries and blackberries. And this all not too far from my Father's house. There was a wild berry patch about a quarter of a mile away! I would eagerly wait all summer until august, and when the berries were ripe, I would feast myself on them. Some of the best foods around!

Gardens also grow well in Vermont, so there really is not a solid reason why not to live off the land per se. My Father had three of them. He grew tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, peas, beats, green beans, corn, pumpkins, spinach, and rhubarb.

For the winter, my Mother would make pickles out of the cucumbers. For one or two of the years we lived there we had pickled pickles all winter long. Out of the tomatoes she would make tomatoes soup.

My Father grew about twelve tomato plants. In the fall we had a lot of tomatoes, so much we did not know where to store them all. We also had a lot of buttercup-squash, (*over fifty of them*)

Now, being middle-aged—I understand why someone would want all that squash, but for me—it would have to be

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stored well to make the long winter. One year my Mother did not do that, and they started to rot, and the fruit flies got to them.

To store them they must be in a cool place, but not so cool they will freeze.

Buttercup-squash is worth the hassle.

This in my opinion goes with my mind as well, I must store it in a cool dry place per se. I must spend time taking care of it to receive out of it the better information.

Buttercup-squash is good, and there are many ways to cook them. The easiest way, *in my opinion*, is to cut them in half, scoop out the seeds, and bake them at three hundred and sixty-five degrees, or until soft. Butter and Maple syrup goes well with them, and if cooked well enough one could eat them right out of the skin.

Keep in mind, none of that would have happened, if the squash were not taking care of if it were not stored properly.

*

So that you can get an image, memory, or scene of my childhood, let me tell you a story, about a time when I discovered how to build stick houses in the back woods.

My two older brothers learned in home schooling about Indians and their teepees, they were about the ages of twelve.

My brothers could not figure out how the Indians got their poles to stand upright. They would attempt but fail to get their tents up. After a while they got fed up trying and decided to lean the poles on top of growing tree branches. They had success in doing this and made a tent.

I soon caught on to the idea and started making these structures myself. After doing these so many times, I gained wisdom, and started to build better designs.

These evolved into tree houses!

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After a while I thought to myself, *most likely because of my older brothers*, that wood and nails would be better to make tree houses.

I can still remember times when my brothers and I collected the wood and nails. My Father had this half structure of a house at the far end of the property, which is the strangest thing and still to this day there are many unanswered questions about this old structure.

How did he get it there?

Why was it never complete and how did it fall apart within a few years?

Still—to this day—this structure makes me ask a lot of questions, like how did a foundation get there and why did he never use it?

It is one of those things that makes me scared to question, because there does not seem to be a reason other than—*one big cover-up*.

I have a lot of questions to ask that man, my Father, but I cannot, I have not seen him in over twenty years.

A lot of my younger years are covered in mystery.

On the topic of strangest things, my Father, in a storage place in his house was a huge black trash bag of what appeared to be bank statements, or at least they appeared to be, but I was so young—that it is possible the memory was full of imagination. What I do remember is looking in the black bag and finding what appeared to be booklets of checks or check stubs, something related to the bank. *So weird!*

Anyways I digress, the old foundation, well it was slowly falling apart, so he seemed not to mind us taking things from it.

We slowly took pieces from it until there was nothing left.

We took four by eights, two by fours, giant chunks of plywood, nails, and these giant metal nails that were sticking out of the concrete.

We carried these objects into the woods.

I remember the first big treehouse we built.

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What we did was find three trees that were bunched together. Enough space between them to fit a four foot by eight-foot piece of plywood—face up.

Once we had found three perfect trees, we took boards and nailed them into the tree to form a frame and set the piece of plywood on top of these boards. (I learned as I grew up not to do this, because it can kill the tree, but at the time I did not know.) After the frame was put up the plywood would sit on top and this could be the floor. The floor we made first was the *top floor*. I guess we did this *first*, because—we originally did not think we were going to build floors, but rather—wanted something high up in the trees.

The first floor we built, the top floor—was about sixty feet off the ground. After we did that, we went down the tree and made the second floor in the same way—we made the top, and after that we made the first floor—the one closest to the ground.

After all—three floors were done we started putting up the walls.

The walls were easy, we would nail plywood to the two by eights—that framed the house, all around the frame—inclosing the tree house. This finished the treehouse.

I had a favorite treehouse I built; it was not far off the ground—only a few feet up off the ground. I built it in the middle of a great find...four perfectly spaced trees, our trees, mine, and my younger brothers. The frame of the tree house was nailed to the trees and a couple pieces of plywood made up the floor. I made the roof out of some used tin. I tried to seal up the nail holes the were already in the tin—to keep the rainout, but it did not work well.

I can remember when my brother and I spent a couple of nights there. On one of those nights. my younger brother and I walked a half mile to the tree house, brought things we would do in the tree house and spent the night there. This was the last night I spent up there. I did not like spending that night in the woods, not because it was a horrible experience, but because it was so uncomfortable sleeping on the hard plywood

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floor. If I look deep in the back of my mind it was one of the best times I ever had, the smell of independence and success of mastering the trees is overwhelming and *sought after*. *I loved my childhood!*

About a year later I went back to the little house in the woods and apparently something had knocked down the wall, mice had also decided to make a nest in a desk—my older brother Marc made, which was a nice desk, that is why we put it in the treehouse; hopefully, they were the offspring of one of my cats, then I have an excuse for such negligence.

*

Living wild always interested me.

How could I live in the woods in a sustainable way? I knew the berries were good, for treats as well as life.

There was this time that my brother and I collected some berries and some sweethearts; we had just got back from the store with some candy, and a small fire broke out in my Father and Mothers house, and we, being kids, ran out into the forest, (until everything was safe again.) We, while in the forest decided to make ourselves dinner by taking some water and heating it up over a small fire, and putting the (sweethearts, a wild sweet grass,) berries, and the candy in it, kind of like a soup.

I concluded it was good, but not as good as a home cooked dinner.

I think that is where I got this crazy idea, that living off wild vegetation was impossible.

But that crazy idea could not uphold the reality that is, and so the wild vegetation, the berry patches, and the little green apples kept calling me back, when food was just a bit sweeter!

Now I know that—not only could there be berries and apples, but other things like: fish, fiddle heads, dandelion-greens, mint, sumac tea, white pine tea, and craw-daddies—just to name a few!

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These items, if I could re-do some of my youth—would have blended in well with my childhood, and with the treehouses, they could make my dream possible of living independently—*from a child's perspective!*

One of the dreams of the ultimate treehouse would be made of sticks, with huge rooms, doors, and windows. I would love to have my own little private never-never-land—from the movie Peter Pan—out in the wilds.

I would then run up into those sweet berry patches—feeling as if I were in a dream or a paradise! One great thing about the berry patches was, I could eat until my heart's content; it was better than candy....

Sometimes I dream of such a place where there would be rivers, lakes, food, and sticks for the tree houses. I would build something so big, design it so well that I would be impressed.

To do such in the tree, it takes some sturdy branches. Once you have the branches one can take the sticks and lay wood over them making the floors and ceilings. I could take pine cedars or leaves for the insulation. I could make bridges from tree to tree if the trees were close enough to one another. I could take the wild vegetation and make a great stockpile of food, this would include fish and tea and berries, and apples. I would also use some of the fish.

I have thought hard about how to have such a place. Not too long ago I started studying quantum physics, and it might be possible in the future to have a quantum computer connected to some type of virtual reality. If that were possible than I could have that forest, that is if I wrote the program, and then I could pretend to live there.

When I was about twelve years of age (1992) I begged my Mom to buy me and my younger brother a video game system. After a while of asking her she started looking around for a used one, and she found one. It was a Super Nintendo with a few games.

I was super excited when my Mother took my brother and I to pick it up. The memory is still fresh in my mind of

how nice the game was and how great the graphics were. My favorite game was Donkey Kong. I played that game often and eventually beat it and moved on to other games. As I got older, I needed another gaming system. I collected cans until I got one. The one I got was a Nintendo 64. On that system my favorite game was Mario brothers.

Nintendo 64 was a great system—although I never won a game, plus I reluctantly forsook it. But in my mind the graphics were great; and I continued to search for VR, (virtual reality!) When I became a young adult, I got attached to, or rather would play Zelda, but not necessarily play it, but wander around in it—although this was only a few times, when I was not working.

This game was for Nintendo 64.

After a while, the Nintendo Wii came out, and I bought one; although I did not play it much—it was fun to have, I soon gave it to my nephew. *I sure hope he is still having fun with it!*

I always favored the graphics in video gaming systems. I like that it becomes more and more lifelike. In the year 2018 the graphics are like reality, but they still need some work. Soon through the computer lifelike virtual reality is reality.

I would love to play with the code behind the system. There seems to be no limit in the digital world. I would love to design my own version of the Binary Code, I would not use ones and zeros, but letters of the alphabet. I could call the wavelength for red or blue XYZ, or something easy to remember. There I could make my forest and tree houses as well as other things, like a city or concrete buildings.

I thought about writing a book called Are we Living in A Computer, I am doing some research on it. It appears if someone has come up with the laws to the system just like I could if I were to write my own Binary Code.

The question is not so much for me are we living in a computer, but we are living within a computer system.

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I want to know where my space is within this program. Then I can make comfortable habitations.

It would be sweet within the space, not limited, but limitless. I could design the laws within my space.

I know one of my laws would be to never stop growing as well as to never stop gaining material wealth.

I have come up with many ways how the system in this world operates with such things as Atoms. One of those ways would be Atoms as bits, Not waves or particles, but on or off bits. Oxygen would be eight zeros followed by eight ones. If the DNA were bits or words that would give me insight to the reality that I live in.

I need to do some more research, but if the bits control the quantum than I would need bits to control reality. I think the power is within the electron or negative force. For instance, if my keypad were generating electricity when I pressed one of the keys, that would make the energy to control the quantum, and that would allow me to control reality. I need to do some more research behind the old textbooks of Math and Science.

Just like finding wild vegetation I think I found something important: The Binary Code or at least the code to wild vegetation, and these are important. And some day I will figure out how the whole life thing worked.

Smoke and fire are part of the dream, if you have a river you must have smoke. I think that is why I love to smoke by the river, to live wild, to live outside the norm and to dream a dream of my own little heaven, it is one of those things that some say not to do, but without it, would I truly be.



Chapter 4

Let me go back to chapter one and tell you the rest of the story of when I attempted to walk on the railroad tracks to Florida.

Once I had made up my mind I was not going to walk and I decided to hitchhike, I found my way to Florida, and that within a couple of days.

First stop in Florida was Jacksonville, Florida.

I can still remember the October air and the Palm trees as I looked for a Motel room. After a couple of hours of searching, I found one, a cheap one, one that cost about forty dollars a night.

For me, this motel room was like no other, because I had just become an adult, and I was away from home and State.

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It was extremely sweet waking up the next morning, smelling the smell of the room, taking a nice hot shower, and depositing the key back to the motel clerk.

My next goal was making it to the Keys; Key west to be exact.

I made it the same day; it was about a six-hour drive.

I made it to the beginning of the Keys on route one by a couple of guys sightseeing; they gave me some encouraging words.

After I got dropped off, I began searching for a place to camp out, I tried to avoid the idea that there were Gators that would love to have me for a snack. I found one, but so grizzly, I will not go into details.

The next morning, I woke up to a conversation with a couple of women.

They wanted to buy me an expresso, and I wanted to try one, I had never had an expresso!

They were good people; we talked the morning away. After talking awhile, we said goodbye and departed company, we must get back to our lives.

From there I started to walk down route one.

At this point in time, I was traveling with a cat I named Baby. (I found her at a truck stop. She was crawling around a truck stop and I thought she was too young to be there, so I rescued her. I would travel with her in my shirt, and let her drink out of a water bottle cap.)

The first campground I got too was on *one* of Florida's Keys.

It costed money to camp there and I did not have any money.

The lady who worked at the campground offered me a place to stay, and that was with her. She also got me some work with one of her friends.

Odd thing though, I think she said her child had just died. I was too young to consider, her child just died!

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Thinking about a place to stay, I need a place to stay, not literally, because I rent an apartment, but another type of home. A home I can control.

What I mean is the quantum of a home. I have a strange idea how this could happen. I think I heard once that wavelengths are emitted because the electron or negativity is either getting closer to the nucleus or further away from the nucleus. Depending on where the electron is the atom will emit a wave or quantum.

What if houses in the future are made from these wavelengths. I could control them through my computer or write the code for each wavelength.

Let us say the wavelengths are not absorbed, but rather seen, then the wave would not disappear.

To consider this idea of a possible quantum house, I am going to say I think I found the ability to create in one's body. I am going to try to explain this without directly quoting from any known works. I will use a term, which is Planks constant to give you a place to start to research quantum physics.

Planks constant is kind of like a constant number in physics, you will have to do some research to discover what this is, even I in this book will not actually write the numbers, just so I do not run into plagiarism and copyright issues, but I will give my idea when using these numbers.

If I take the speed of light and we add onto that, we multiply more into it, say mass, gravity, or weight we would obviously get a number.

If we take this number and divide it, we divide it by paying another part per se., by being less, (we pay, possibly Planks Constant, or something that is a scale for detecting types of waves, something above all other waves) of the light and weight, I think it could be possible to create or detect all wavelengths in this fashion.

We take away from light with the mass and add to the mass with the light, and in the bar or rather light, but possibly dark of Planks Constant (we are only using Planks Constant

for an example of a bar to which we could compare all calculations, just to pretend to have a number great enough, there could be a bigger number out there,) we could see all the different wavelengths.

We could see these, the full spectrum of waves by sticking them in a negative light per se and now understanding how the light became so many!

But this is not where I would stop, I am like many in the world I look for the workings of the earth and the possibilities of virtual reality.

I was writing about something like this in the last chapter, the forest, and the tree houses, but that would only be part of what I would build. I would build a mansion, a mansion that is bigger than a mansion. It would have a ballroom, kitchen, over one hundred bedrooms, living rooms and fireplaces.

Now let us say food and drinks were also a wave or quantum that would not fade. Then food would always be in the house. Just as a DVD can play a movie repeatedly. I could play the same food repeatedly.

Let us explore a little further, what if I were the atom that would make the waves to the mansion.

If the negativity or electron moved closer or further away, then I would produce different waves and thus making the mansion.

Within billions of years, I would have finished my mansion. I would have wanted to do this slowly.

When I was finished, it would be like my body.

Within the different waves, if I was to remove a wave than I would have to make another one, then I would have two of them, I could use the second for maybe a tree or something.

Removing a wave could sort of make a void or negative space and that is what makes more things.

You could also say that the mansion is me and when I would remove an object it would cause negativity and that through my creative enzyme building ability—I would make a wave and that wave would make more things. Depending on

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which part of the house was removed it would make a different wave and making more things like furniture, food, etc.

If the idea were Universal and there would be more creatures out there, we could trade things or, buy things off one another.

If this were possible, I could build without stopping. I could make cities, worlds, or universes. I could also make that tree house forest.

I will ask the question, should I start?

I would tell myself that *I am not through with what I am doing now, but if it were possible, I would want it with all its glory.*

After the Florida trip I decided to move to New York city, without any money. A friend referred me to this house called the Covenant house in NYC, it was placed a couple of blocks from the Port Authority.

The port Authority is a bus station, a big bus station.

The covenant House was a kind of homeless shelter for teens. It would help them find a job and housing.

While I was there, I got a job at Shea Stadium, its where the Yankees play, (the major league baseball team.)

After a while I figured New York City was not the place for me and moved back to Vermont.

I will always remember what a playful place the world seemed to me right then, as well as all the fantasies I came up with.

One of those fantasies came when I moved out of the Covenant house. (I moved out of the Covenant house because I was threatened. I was threatened by a couple of young adults.)

They gently took me into their room, and they shut the door grabbed a weapon and one of the men pointed to a goat tattoo on his back, I think I mentioned something about sheep and goats per se.

After that, the young adults, they let me go.

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New York City is a big place, so I did not know much about where I should get some money or a place to stay so I wandered the streets, until I found a place to sleep, and that was in some abandoned construction.

In New York City they seem to leave them in places, *construction work*.

In the time I was doing this, I thought to myself how fun it would be to keep doing it, kind of like Disney's cartoon Aladdin. I still think it would be fun, maybe not in this lifetime, but sometime.

I continued finding places in New York City to sleep. I did this for a couple of weeks.

One of the ideas I came up with to keep doing it, (finding places to sleep,) was to find an abandoned building to stay and make a home out of it.

One of these places could have been an old boardwalk next to the ocean, it was made of metal, but it could have housed me.

There were plenty of objects people throughout and put on the sidewalk—as trash—that I could use for my everyday use. I could have decorated that whole deck, got clothes, furniture, and food. I found plenty of food, but it was out of the trash can.

There was this time an older man asked me to meet him a such an such a location, but he never showed up, he was supposed to give me some work.

After waiting for him I began to wander around and behind a bagel shop in the dumpster there were all these bagels; I took a few of them, they seemed fresh enough. I do not know who would throw out all those bagels.

I would love to build a city like this in my quantum world, I would make the same type of environment. A lot of *big buildings and a lot of extras*, then I would have plenty of things to do. Like I was writing before, I could build and never stop, I could not only build the tree house forest, but also a city like New York City, and afterwards play in it.

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One good example of the world being a small place is a time when I was in Florida, around the Jacksonville area. I found a bag of Chex Mix on the ground. I do not know what made me open the bag, but I did, and a cellphone I found on the inside, so I called the number, and someone picked up.

The man who picked up the phone, the man on the other end, he told me that he would 'pay fifty dollars to bring him his phone back', so I did it.

The man expressed where I was to meet him, it was not far from where I was staying, about fifteen miles.

The upsetting part was when I got the phone to him, he did not have the fifty dollars, he only had a couple of dollars and I used that for some tobacco.

A couple of days later I noticed the Vermont fair was in Florida, they had traveled south for the winter. I decided to work for them until I got close enough to Vermont. At this point in time life seemed very possible. I could dream of big dreams.

When I was in Florida after I dropped off the phone, I began to look for a place to sleep, but I could not find an ordinary place, so I found a place under a bridge, it was next to a river.

I stayed there for a few weeks.

I found myself not sleeping well at night, so I would sleep in the day. My three-week routine was sleeping during the day and waking up around eight in the evening, walking to the store. For some strange reason, the store clerk would give me free coffees, afterwards I would walk to a grocery store, and pick some cigarettes out of the ashtray.

For food I went behind a grocery store and picked up the fresh produce they were about to throw out. Because it was a grocery store there was a lot of food they threw out. Then I would find a place to sit and there I would spend the night.

I did this for three weeks, before a cop told me to leave the area; I was not too disappointed, because I wanted better for my life.

Brendon Holden

In the time that I was out there, there was unseen activity, for instance why was I getting free coffees?

Someone once gave me a new vocabulary word, it is called semi-biotics, I never looked to see if it was in the dictionary, but he said it meant that the Universe worked as one.

At this point it did.

It does not mean bad things did not happen, because they did, like the man who did not give the fifty dollars for the return of his cellphone—after a grueling eight hour walk—in the middle of the night, but I got all these free coffees which made up for it.

After I did leave that area, I found the carnival show, its name was Dream Works, which gave me a job and a ride to Vermont, I made some money, that money was enough to sustain me for a month while I figured out my next move.

Good things like these make me dream of the possibilities of life.

Was I waiting for a big reveal or was it simple as smoking by the river? Could I already have everything I already need to face the challenges ahead, or was there something more, something that would include less suffering?

If I think that, does that mean I already have been there suffering?

Is suffering an option. Do I suffer because I picked too, and if I picked too was it suffering?

Was this the big reveal to life, that one would always get what they want. Was someone handing me the keys to doors, doors that could not have been open unless given.

Until I answer these questions, I will search for the answer and dream about building my own world, and in the process of dreaming I will wonder if I am building those worlds.

When I got back to Vermont, I had enough money to make it a month or two, so I sat down to dream and to think of other possibilities for the search to the question.

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One of the possibilities to my existence, is: I had one house before this life, *one* house. Around this house are endless amounts of books and stuff. I, in my house search the books to figure out where the items or stuff go. As I put stuff together, I would notice worlds coming together. I would first start building the creatures—I would later inhabit. For example, if I found the original nineteen twenty's spoon, *if there was one*, it would go with a certain creature.

I would know these things from studying the books. It would take billions of billions of years to find and assemble one of the creatures. After I was done, I would have a real living creature, it would suffer and think.

If I were the living creature, then I would suffer and think. My existence beforehand was perfect.

As I had become the creature, I would notice pain, but the pain would not have been real, what would have been real is my existence before I assembled the creature, perfect.

After thirty, forty, fifty years I would wake back up in my house as if from a dream. I as a perfect entity would have participated in my own work.

How much fun would that be?

I think it would be a lot of fun, especially if the idea included a lot of French fries, as well as less suffering and or other horrible things.

After I thought about these things for a while, I decided to put it to rest in a way. If I wake up in my house with a lot of stuff I do, no need to be impatient.

I still love to think about this house/creature story. The imagination is a powerful tool, and I will continue to search the reality of life.

After I ran out of money, I continued to survive. For example, there was a guy in the small town I was staying in; he would ride by on his bike and hand me money, somehow, he knew when I ran out of money.

As he drove by, he would stop and hand me some money, I would use it for tobacco, because for food there was

community dinners, and they were pretty much every night of the week.

I once talked to a man as he drove me to my Doctors appointment, he gave me a new word, the word was Free Energy. He said free energy means that energy in life was free, but governments and powerful people held the common people in poverty and charged them for energy.

If this is true, I am not sure whose side I am on. If I am the governments causing others to work, it is because suffering was not for free or the glory of it.

You may say that is abominable, and I would agree, but I will ask a question, *if there was not any suffering would the glory of the light bulb or the ships of the sea cease to be?* I also must think of the common people or the people who would want free energy.

The reason I would want free energy is, because the money that the man gave me as he drove by on his bike was exciting, and thrilling and all life's stressors went away, but if it continued to happen would I go away?

I know in my life I continued to suffer so without the suffering would I still be me?

To understand why someone would want free energy is understanding overcoming problems, and they cannot be lied about, one must be truthful to overcome, and I will be truthful I would want free energy, but I do not remember such a time, so I will be careful.

The story I was writing about, the story about—the perfect man in his house with things and creatures to assemble, the perfect state in the house was free energy.

Once he became the creature then did free energy seem like it was no longer free?

As the creature he suffered without, he did this because the glory of the creature without was not free, *he would have to suffer to own it.*

You may say that is wrong, but people except hard things all the time, and through that hard time—they mountain climb, or sky dive, and that is all for the glory.

Smoking by the River

I thought hard about this stuff, convinced myself that life of my physical existence was something like this, *like free energy*—still carrying my doubts—because if free energy was the point to my journey then it is bound to happen.

I know that if energy were for free in this lifetime than my success, failures, inventions, glory, and experience were in vain. My opinion, the perfect look to the imperfect and the perfect look for the imperfect, and this making free energy look possible.

If someone gave my doings before I did them, I would be upset.

In the same, in my opinion—we would be, if we did not go on the journey. We might have never felt the satisfaction of living on planet earth, that would only be if I assembled the earth to begin with.

Knowing this, knowing that it could have been possible—I will enjoy the rest of my life thankful I am on the journey.

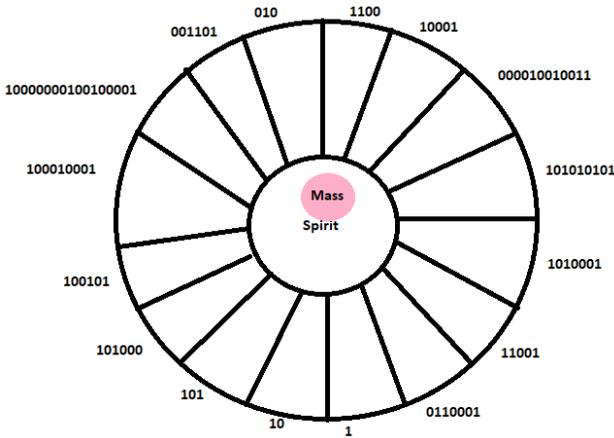
So, like these stories, I was taught that there were only a few fish to look for when fishing in the Passumpsic river, and that is the rainbow, the brook, and brown trout.

One can tell a rainbow trout because it has a big pink stripe down the middle. You can tell a brown trout because its brown with black spots, and you can tell a brook trout, because it is kind of greenish.

These three fish are for food and knowing, it makes the rivers in Vermont simple to gain food.

Brendon Holden

Smoking by the River



Chapter 5

Let us go back to when I was a child living in my Father's house. My parents home-schooled me and my five siblings, it made me stand out, I must wonder, am I any different than any other.

Home schooling was okay. I was not nearly pressured as an average public student; I would know because in eighth grade my Mom decided I should be put in public school. When I was home schooling, I could take breaks or days off. My Mother would make sure I would catch back up if I had any of these. But there was a downside too, like not having a lot of friends, so when I had the option to make friends, I was eager to take it.

One swimming hole named the culvert, this is where the young kids of my town would hang out on hot summer days, it is where I would make friends. This is the place where I learned how to swim.

To learn how to swim, what I did—was get in the culvert, which was exceptionally large, and as the water was

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running in the opposite direction—I would walk through the culvert, place myself into the water and let the current push me to the shallow part of the river. It was extremely easy for me to learn how to swim because the current kept me afloat while I learned how to doggy paddle.

For me, a lot of my life is about learning. I have learned small things like swimming, and I have learned large things like maintaining a job.

One of those large jobs was *setting up and operating* large carnival rides.

The second carnival show I worked on was named Inner Shows, the last name of the owners was Inner.

They operated a big show, about thirty games and rides. They started me off with smaller rides and worked me up to the larger ones.

The last ride I operated before I moved on to another adventure was The High Roller. It was designed to look like a casino. The ride fit about twenty people at one time. If I were to explain the ride to you, I would tell you it is a small roller coaster chained to thirty feet track and as the cars would move in a circle the circle or track would also move, it would be spinning upside down.

Learning to physically operate, setting up rides, sleep, eating, and driving is hard to do, I do not think I could do it at the age I am at now. (Somedays I would work over twenty-four hours, plus I would drive to the next location, sometimes it would be out of state.)

I had big dreams on the carnival, I wanted to get an RV or a van—that way I would have some more liberty and personal space. I never got to do it; I think I burnt my body out.

Here is the beginning of the journey of that job, I was sitting in a Waffle House when someone came in looking to employ carnival workers.

I took the job, I thought it would be a new adventure.

Smoking by the River

The people who offered me the job drove me to the show, I was shown my sleeping area and the ride I would operate.

My sleeping area was in the back of a truck, I have seen them before, they are like big RVs', but an RV sitting on a flatbed, with about four doors on the RV, one leading to each bunk.

In each room there were two beds one on top and one on the bottom. Under each bed was a storage area.

There was also a shower room in the truck.

The day I started the rides were already set up. They sent me to work on the swings.

The swings were a ride with about fourteen swings, as the swings would rotate, because the ride was moving in a circle the swings would rise. My job was putting the kids on and off the swing and then pressing a button that would start the ride rotating.

After months of work I saved up a lot of money, I also learned a lot.

Months working for the show, and I moved onto bigger rides.

The biggest ride that I worked on, and I was operating, was *The High Roller*. I would not just operate the ride, but I would set it up as well, it would arrive on the show packed into the back of a flatbed and from there I would set it up.

If I would have set it up with such small flaws like the ride being unbalanced a lot of people would have died, and I would have been in a lot of trouble.

Learning how to doggy paddle was quite simple, right now I am learning why I would want a simpler job on the carnival.

Years later, about twenty years later I went back to the swimming hole, and I notice the rope swing was gone and someone put a house right next to it.

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The swimming hole was still open to visitors, so I cast a line in the river—in hopes of catching a brook trout; I did not that year, but I hope too soon.

After I learned how to swim and even before, I dreamed of finding a big body of water. I remember exploring deep into the woods and through the trees, I would see blue and think *this is going to be a lake or pond*, but it was not.

One day me and my siblings were exploring a path, a path deep in the woods, in which there was many in Wheelock, there appeared blue through the forest trees and I thought we found another roof of a house, but on closer examination it was a huge pond.

It had a little boat and some small cabins around the pond.

First thing we did was explore.

We stumbled on this old shack that seemed abandoned. It was right on the pond and beautiful but needed some work.

Us brothers and sisters and me being about twelve years old and always wanting to find a lake or a pond, started bringing supplies deep into the woods.

We brought water, food, flashlights, and cleaning stuff.

One day the owner of the shack noticed that there were kids in it and planning to make their own house out of it, came out to talk with us, and see what we were doing.

We told her we loved her shack and we wanted to clean it up and hang out there.

To my surprise she said “yes.”

This made the experience better, it now became our legal-like, little house, our own little tree house.

There was another time when I got a surprise yes.

After I got off the first carnival I worked for; I got off because they did not have any insurance and the show was in bad condition. Once I left, I was in Sebring, Florida, I had truly little money and I was looking for my next move.

While I was sitting next to a lake an older man named JD came up to me and asked me if I needed some work.

I said yes.

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We discussed that I did not have a place to stay, he said I could stay with him until I found a more permanent job.

This job was only for about a week and he let me know that I could sleep in his van.

Once we got to his place, he showed me the van, and there was a snakeskin in it, I still slept there, although I would not now.

After I slept that night in the van, JD came out early in the morning, woke me up and showed me a couple of work sites—I would be working at.

One of them was at a huge mansion.

The mansion was beautiful, it was on a lake or on the Ocean, I could not tell, because I did not know Florida well. But I could tell it had its own tennis court. Just recalling the tennis court—causes me to strongly lust after such wealth; the dried-up dead palm leaves, and the small cracks in the court appeared to be wanting me to inhabit it.

JD took care of the property and needed someone to cut down some of the jungle.

Out of his truck he pulled out a chain saw and some other tools and showed me what he wanted done. I spent a couple of days chopping down trees and vines.

After all the work was done JD did not need me anymore, but he was a nice guy and wanted to help, so he got me a hotel room for a week, it cost about one hundred dollars a week.

While I was in the room, I decided to look for some work and I found some at a day labor place.

This day labor place was named Labor Finders.

What they do is insure and give the tools necessary to get the job done if another company needed it.

At Labor Finders I had such jobs as roadwork, cleaning, and construction. I worked for about three months and afterwards I had enough money to pay for the hotel room for a while, so I took some time off.

I did some art and read a book.

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After my money ran out, I decided to go back to Vermont, but in the process my appendix busted, and I had to stay in North Carolina.

After I healed, I went back down to Florida.

This time I lodged in Fort Peirce, Florida. There I found some work.

The place at the pond when I was a child has an incredibly special place in my heart. I remember vividly, spending nights there in the summer months, hearing the frogs and other insects in the middle of the night. It was such a pleasant experience. Not only was the water extremely warm, but there was fish in the pond and a lot of them. We could stand on the shore, place a line in the water, not by casting, but by hanging it over the edge of earth, with a worm and hook and catch fish. I could see the fish go for the worm, ten at a time.

One would bite, and we would reel it in.

My brother tried to cook them, but I do not think he knew enough about it, but I tried a piece and it tasted great.

One day my sister and I decided to swim across the pond in an inner tube. The water was warm; mid-summer, and we did it.

It was a great time!

It surprised me that when we got to the other side there was a path, there were so many paths in Wheelock. These paths stretched for miles and they were wide enough for a car to drive on them.

At some point when I was younger, I had a dream about these paths, and I told it to my brother, I said, "these paths are magic paths.

We went to investigate, and he said they were "logging trails." I believed him then, but I do not anymore.

I read this book about ancient civilizations and I think these paths could be connected somehow. Others have told me there were Indians in those woods and, or Indian burial grounds.

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The time my appendix busted a fellow named Lonnie let me stay with him, and he found me some work.

I worked as a roofer.

I could not help but lose my mind a little. The book that I read when I was in Sebring, Florida made an impact on me, I do not remember the name of the book nor would I share it, but it was a true story, and, in the end, a whole family died in this huge explosion.

For some strange reason I wondered if they did not die, it was so tragic; what if they faked the whole thing?

What if it was some sort of conspiracy?

What would it have been like as a five-year-old child, either dying in the fire or learning that your parents faked a huge event?

What if fate placed me within the conspiracy, after— all, the town I was staying was named Fayetteville. I never had any evidence of anything strange, except I no longer had an appendix.

After a while of working and staying at Lonnie's house, I got creeped out as if there was a ghost in the house and still to this day, I think it might be possible that I picked something up from that house.

I left to Fort Pierce, Florida.

I left to Fort Peirce, Florida, because I got sick or there was something in that house that possibly attacked me.

Years later I was diagnosed with schizophrenia, the Doctors do not know where this comes from!

When I got to Fort Peirce, Florida the sickness left for a little while and I got a job.

I got a job at this place named Manpower; it was another one of those day labor type places.

At this point I did not have a place to stay so I camped in a thick jungle, about a half hour walk from where I was working, I was hoping to get a van and drive back home, but I got sick and ended up staying a little longer than I would have.

Schizophrenia is unique because I will never know what caused it unless there is a scientific breakthrough. There

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are certain things I go through that I cannot tell if it is real or fake.

For instance, when I was in Fort Peirce and about to leave, a man picked me up, maybe he thought I was a prostitute, but he never mentions it.

He drove me around, fed, and showed me things that you would only show a close relative. He even brought me to his hotel room, but he never seemed to have a purpose.

For some strange reason, my mind wandered around until I wondered if he was from hyperspace holding down his world through the binary code.

The reason for this man I told myself, and the reason that I did not know what that was about, was because I was board—so my mind thought of weird things.

These weird things I thought to myself were—that the man who picked me up was somehow without sound laws, gravity, or space. For him to have those laws and be part of the world for a little while was—to create reality; he would take imaginary words and pretend to put them in his surroundings until he was in the world.

Pretty weird huh.

Whatever the case was he seemed to have no purpose to picking me up. I hope this was not some important person in this life or part of my personal life that may exist in another realm. *I have done some studying and hyperspace is like one big blur unless one can control it.*

If you have ever heard of the Movie of the experiment, the Philadelphia experiment you would know what I am talking about. Time is one big blur without time.

Just recently as I was making this second Edition, I recall in the Summer of 2020, I was outdoors walking my Cat Paige.

As she soaks up all that life has to offer—in the dead leaves and grass, I begin to consider the Chicken-style-fence in front of me. It stood about four feet off the ground.

I begin to recall some of my studies.

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The frame is, in my opinion composed of and is a variety of negativity or weight.

When my consciousness asks, on the quantum level, what is before me, within seconds I unconsciously move to see, so I am placed before all types of weight or negativity. My perception divides, like that of a prism, and thus seeing the fence.

If I were a stronger negativity, I could bend the laws to what appears to be common.

But I do not have the power to bend the laws, and only in theory could the idea be possible.

This is the basic idea—I hold onto.

Amount and weight of electrons make law.

If I have a larger amount of weight, I can bend the laws of the lesser. Though I have not technically learned this from anyone, nor could I quote someone saying this to me.

In my mind I invented the theory. I suppose it came from never having understood what others have told me about physics. Although one Movie does stand out of the crowd and that movie is the Matrix.

I spent years with some of the movies words in my mind, but I never understood what some of the characters were saying until I began to look not at the movie but at myself.

I as a human think what others offer me to think, if an idea is too far out of the box per se., I figure I will fail, I will not think about it.

I still am not all that sure if thinking out of the box is safe, but in my case, it was unwilling affliction—that took me there, so I have an excuse.

I will just say some invite others—in my opinion to purposely lose their mind and within doing so they can make believe the laws are being bent.

I will say that as far as the movie the Matrix and spoon bending one would sort of have to take a leap into the darkness to have his mind consider what was not and totally disregard anyone else's perception of what took place.

Whether this idea works, one could not know.

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To bend the laws within, one must not recall the other law, so if it did happen it would be coming from the law holder and that would be one's self.

So likewise, when it comes to the fence if I have enough of a weight or negativity, I could bend the law to the fence. But I do not know if it would be the more desirous fence, because *others might have to see* the fence for me to have the desire to have power over—the more desirous fence.

I could see the fence, I could have power over the fence, *but did I?*

If another will not have that law vending activity I am as crazy.

So even if I wanted to do something miraculous with the fence, I most likely could not because all those other living—are the reason why I would have wanted to have a power to present a miracle.

Power, Yes!

Being kick out of the community, No!

In my mind, truly scientifically I can believe I am all powerful, until all powerful needs to fit in with my life, and to do so I would need to humble myself, making my first scientific discovery void, the discovery of *negatively charged possibilities*, because all have, and my scientific discovery is common and known.

It sort of makes me wonder if I as a child claiming to be better than others are so true that I should return.

At this point in time, I am learning how to do college online, so far so good, it saves time because I do not have to drive to school or sit down in a classroom for three hours a day.

This school costs about sixty thousand for a bachelor's in computer animation. The funny thing about this school is its campus is in Florida.

From my first time in Florida which was in the keys until I was in Fort pierce, Florida—Florida keeps calling me back. Hopefully, I will get that mansion that JD took care of.

Smoking by the River

Maybe through my education I will be able to make famous music videos that will be on MTV or some popular website, but if that never happens, I know of an idea that I think could revolutionize the world.

Not too long ago I saw on cable television a T-shirt that can power up a cellphone, how it works is when running or walking the body produces heat and because the inside of the shirt is warmer than the outside it causes electrons to flow through carbon fibers, these flowing electrons power up the cellphone.

My question is—what if we used this technology for other things, like harnessing the electricity from a horse running or a person typing on a keyboard?

I think people typing could be the future.

Money for words!

I already named it (Just Type It).

The point would be to produce the energy for daily living and for other things like shopping.

Say machines slowly get more and more advanced and we get more and more of them in the world. They grow our food, they make cars, drive cars, produce music, 3D print houses, etc. All the people would need to do is produce energy to keep the machines alive.

A good way to do this is to harness the energy we make when typing. It would be kind of like a religious activity, but money would be involved.

I should and have thought about making such a website, I would name it Just Type It, because the reality is not yet, I would not be able to pay much, but introducing the idea is important to me. Every living thing should have the power to live the American dream, to work, shop and earn their portion.

So, if machines ever took over the world, why go blind to it?

I would love to see poorer people and poorer countries with the option to make a good living.

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I am going to keep up with the times knowing this is a possibility. I remember when I was young, most of the technology we have today did not exist, in fact twenty years ago most of the technology we have today did not exist. I bet we will see something in the next thirty years that will resemble Just type It.

I have wondered about the ancient civilization's knowing something about the earth placed within an energy grid, as if the pyramids of ancient Egypt or Stone Hedge were designed to make energy, which in turn would energize something in the Universe.

This energy the ancients produced might have kept the earth well-watered and fruitful. But that is just speculation. I need to see it firsthand to say if that is reality.

The truth is the human body produces energy and through that energy we have the possibility to earn a living, and everyone should have the option to the American Dream, Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It was a good thing for me to learn how to swim, and about hyperspace, because I remember a time when my Mother and Father took me to a beach, a beach named Prouty Beach. Well, I had this inflatable tube, and I was swimming around in it, I did not notice that I was in water that was over my head.

When I tried to jump out of the tube I had sunk to the bottom and could not breathe. I ended up walking my way back to safety, but before I did—I sucked in a lot of water. I did not tell anyone this, I was scared, and I think I almost died.

Looking back, I am thankful for the culvert and teaching me how to swim, and not only to swim but family, friends, smokes, and a good time, to flow with the current.



Chapter 6

I just finished a children's book, and I have noticed publishing is easier than it had previously been. There is a particular website I use, a web site that will print the book as an order comes in.

The book I just published is *Toby learns Patience*. It is about a boy who receives a fishing pole from his mother and wants to eat plenty of fish from the river but does not catch many because he has not discovered how to be patient.

Like the young boy in the book, I also received a fishing pole from my Mother, and I had to learn patience.

The first time I went out with the fishing pole my Mother gave me, I fished in a fairly big river. There was one spot that I thought would be good to catch fish, because it was deep, in the shade, and there was a place to sit.

On this day I brought—with me some tobacco, coffee, some banana bread and sat down to fish. I did not really know what to expect because growing up I did not fish much.

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My first good fish came when I was about thirty, I was sipping on some coffee when suddenly, my fishing pole began to bob up and down. I knew enough about fishing that when this happens to pull hard on the line so that way the hook gets stuck in the fishes' mouth, so I did and that is when the fight began.

Slowly I reeled in a twelve-inch trout. I was enormously proud of that fish, and afterwards became addicted to catching fish, especially waiting for a bite; I told myself it had to do with sustaining my own life.

Patience is a unique trait, it is something that I know I should have, but *when is too much?* I do not want to spend the rest of my life waiting so I can learn patience, I feel I have enough.

I grew up very disciplined, so I probably have all the patience I need and all I needed to—do what I wanted out of life.

I did attempt to get more, but I had reasons, some of those reasons were getting a van or property.

When I was about seventeen years old a friend gave me a Volkswagen bus, it did not run, but its body was in good condition. At first, I used it as a second home. My friend and I made a mini house out of it.

It was a pop-up camper, J slept on top and I slept on the bottom. We brought electricity out there through an electrical cord, this powered up our television, video games and lights. We brought food out there and clothes, it was a nice hang out spot, we could play video games, and watch television.

After a while though it got old and we moved on to something else.

When I was about eighteen, I decided to re visit the Volkswagen bus, once I took a good look at it, I decided to try to restore it. I began to save up some money—to do some remodeling of the inside.

Inside it had a fridge, a stove, heater, and a water tank.

Smoking by the River

I took most of the inside apart and mapped out what I wanted to do.

I was staying with a friend at the time, he had Volkswagen bus parts all throughout his house.

Eventually I lost interest and let the gutted bus fade out of my mind, but in my heart, I never gave up on the bus, I keep telling myself it was due to a lack of patience.

I still want one, I still want the moment when I had the bus in the palm of my hands. I have seen others in the small towns I have lived-in driving Volkswagen buses. I still plan on getting something like it.

If the reason I never finished the bus was because of lack of patience, I am sure I have it now.

I want in my Van, a water tank with a pump, sink, fridge, heater, and a stove. Then I can play with the spark plug, get some rims and some seat covers, maybe even a paint job.

Another thing I wanted to do when I was traveling—was rest. There were times when I would get tired, but I never stopped to collect mine.

Instead of doing what I did which was push on—I would find an island or somewhere in the back woods, somewhere by the ocean, I would eat the fish for food.

On that island I would build a stick house, it would be like a log cabin, but instead of logs I would use sticks. I could walk to the towns or cities that surrounded the place I lived—to bring back to the shelter, clothes, food, blankets, etc.

I would design this shelter to have rooms and a porch, I could use the dead leaves for insulation. It would be like a log cabin, but it would be made from sticks. I would fish with a line, maybe even smoke the fish. I would stockpile food from the jungle, apples, oranges, berries and whatever else I could. One thing I would be sure to do is stay away from people, so I do not have to explain why I am not paying property taxes.

The idea is not a logical one, but if history happened—in which it most likely did than someone thousands of years ago had this dream, and not only they, but people also still do

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it somewhere in Africa or some other Country—they build stick houses.

I have seen them on TV and magazines. I do not plan on moving to Africa, but to have a piece of property would be nice. I have the patience for it, but now I need to do it, make the money, because if I wait around any longer it is not going to get done.

I think there is such a thing as too much patience, too little work!

Slowly I got better skilled at fishing and moved from a pole to just using the line, the hook, and the worm. This is extremely fun and makes me feel like a mighty hunter or mighty fisherman. There was this one fish I caught during line fishing, I was getting many bites, but no fish after a while I pulled hard enough that I caught this tiny fish about four inches in length. I asked a trusted friend what it was, he did not know, all that he knew of is that only suckers and trout lived in the river. It remains a mystery.

There was this time while catching these little things, that I looked to my left and there was a school of them jumping in and out of the river, so strange!

Here is a unique way to fish, and it is by using a baby pin for a hook. That is what a friend of mine did, or rather my Stepdad, although my Mom never married him—but they have been together for over ten years.

He mentioned to me that he was in the country—staying in the house my Mother and Father owned; this was after my Father passed. He could not get to the store to buy hooks, but he had a baby pin. He went fishing and a little down the stream from where I learned how to swim, he cast in the baby pin. It was probably midafternoon, a summer day, and he walked to the river.

Wheelock has a smell, a smell of fresh pines and in the summer the heat temperature averages seventy-five to eighty degrees.

Smoking by the River

Well, what he did was dig up some worms, bent the baby pin, placed the worm on the baby pin and went fishing.

After a while he got a bite and pulled in a small fish. This is something I got to try. I am sure if I am quick enough, I can do the same thing.

Most of life or at least what I am taught of life—consists of techniques that the world does not have yet. In my opinion the world is constantly searching for something that has not been discovered yet.

Why not use a baby pin when fishing?

Just think of Einstein or Darwin, they dared to step out of the norm and take a new step. At this point in my life, I do not expect anyone to have success at stepping out of the normal way of doing things; in my opinion the future depends on people stepping out.

I stepped out of the normal way of doing things, and I got into a lot of trouble. What I did was consider if televisions or gas stations were healthy. I did not do it publicly, but inwardly, I thought things should be better than what they were.

I did not find a lot about how to make the world a better place, but what I did find is if someone wants to believe the world is flat, the world is flat to that individual; just as I mentioned in one of the previous chapters about looking as crazy for attempting to perform a miracle in front of others, about the chicken-style fence. If I must bend others to see my discovery than most likely it will not count, only to me can I believe and do what I want.

In my discoveries there are a lot of uncertainties and just because someone claims to know how things work, it does not mean they do. Even when it comes to scientific opinion, it only counts if the object needing to be proven—is proven in the original purpose, in the original will, that is as far out of the normal I will go.

Sometimes advanced civilizations will go back to their roots and wonder if the ancients knew more then. That is what seems to be happening in America. People looking at the

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Pyramids and ancient Egypt and wondering how they were built.

If one can understand that a baby pin can be used for fishing, then anyone can understand that light waves can be used for a lot such as television, internet, and heat.

To honor the foundations of life it does not include only water, but every particle or wave that is in the universe. To harness the power to control the small things would in my opinion result in controlling bigger things.

Fishhooks are valuable for catching meat. I think valuing the waves or particles in the atomic world are just as important. I think if humans or life were to go on forever, the first thing they would want to do is document all matter, this includes waves/particles and the quantum.

If I were to go further and say why I am out of the common reality it would be because I believe every particle of light is to be valued and remembered, not because of human rights, but because of its value to the living. Every wavelength is important, specially to sustain happiness.

I am a sucker for survival skills and forging off the land, worms are a great way to fish because I can pull them out of the ground. Although sometimes I buy them out of the local store, I like to provide my own worms.

I started out trying to find a few worms because I did not have three dollars to buy a pack of twelve. I looked in a place that had old garbage in it, and I found a few, but not nearly as much as I found underneath fresh hay. Hay gets laid down in certain places, so grass will grow. I get in this spot and dig up twenty-four-night crawlers within five minutes. These worms would give me liberty in fishing in new spots; I could use them for trial and error when such things as craw daddies would grab the line and steal the worm.

I am writing about catching something I did not expect, such as a craw daddy, and as I write I am recalling a time when I was hitch hiking through Louisiana, but I got stuck.

I got stuck in Baton Rouge.

Smoking by the River

Hurricane Katrina came through and I was totally unprepared.

I started working and it was not happening for me. I tried to leave, but that was not happening, until days later, but I did finally get out.

I spent a month getting to Connecticut, that is where my Uncle made his home.

Once I got to Connecticut, I asked my Uncle to rent from him, and he said yes.

I needed to pay rent, so I needed to find a job and I did. For work I made some business cards hoping that someone needed yard work done. I found a lot of people who needed work done, soon my days were filled.

After a while of working lawn jobs—I met a man named Shake, he had a small business, and wanted me to work for him. I took the job hoping to make more money. I spent the next year cleaning the Department of Motor Vehicles and other odd jobs.

One of those odd jobs, for a brief moment was cleaning the mansion of the musician Fifty Cent, it was a big, beautiful mansion. That year was a great year, I got a lot done. I wish I could reverse the clock and stuck with Shake, but like the pulling in a craw daddy, sometimes I did not get what I was looking for.

There are moments in time like cleaning Fifty Cents mansion when I got to share experiences with another person, but most of them I was on my own.

For example, hurricane Katrina, nobody was there at the time—that I could have shared that experience with, that I could say, “we made it dude!” There have been other times as well, for instance—when I was traveling through New York, after I had found a place to camp and had settled down for the night—I found myself running for my life about a half mile down the road.

I admit I had a little to drink that night, but I have drunk more and nothing like that ever happened.

Brendon Holden

That was a strange moment in time, I was missing time and a lot of it, and *no one was there to share the experience with.*

Hurricane Katrina, a campsite that I am running from, but do not remember why or how!

What could this be about?

I have done some studying in my later years and it is common to go through strange things. Another strange one was when I was twenty-seven, while I was looking up in the night sky and thinking if there was more to life or someone else in the Universe, suddenly lights appeared in the night sky, my mind said that they were military flares.

I told a few people this story, they were not convinced, and neither was I, but something did happen that night and if there was not more too, then it was fate, it happened in a desolate mountain and no one was around.

There were also other strange moments, but I have come to conclude that there is nothing stranger than the internet.

The internet is impossible, and it is!

I have done research on it that would explain my strange moments as normal. Now I look for AI. AI is going to be the future and revolutionize the world and it is already starting to take place. Thirty years or so and technology will change, I look forward to those moments.

Fishing with a lure is great as well and a great survival skill. When I first started fishing, I did not know much about lures, so I went to the local fishing store and asked the man who owned the store which lures I should get. He recommended two of them, a rooster tail, and a golden spoon. That day I went fishing with both; first I tried out the rooster tail, after that I tried the golden spoon. I had success with the spoon. I casted it into fast flowing water and I slowly reeled it back in.

Late in the day I was reeling the lure back in, when I thought I had a snag, so I pulled on the pole, little did I know

Smoking by the River

I had a twenty-inch rainbow trout, the thing was huge. It took a while to reel it in, but when I did, I got scared of its size. It was so big I was afraid of it, and I thought it would be nice to share, so I gave it to my Mom, she was excited.

Fishing is a great thing, a little tobacco and the river make a great time, and knowing I am fishing for food is even better, because the gravity of life cannot be faked. The ancients fished in the river and I believe they would want us to fish in the river as well.

Brendon Holden



Chapter 7

For some strange reason when I became a young adult, about eighteen, I thought that I was having too much fun and I ought to look for a sense of gravity, to live like others. No one told me to do this, but I had been living in the country and it might have rubbed off.

I thought to be successful I must make myself go through hard times to gain the discipline needed to accomplish what I wanted out of life, and that was to make a lot of money and be happy.

I am not so sure about it now; I feel I missed out on a lot of important moments while gaining discipline, or a discipline.

In my teen years I was taught that hitchhiking was a thing to do. I thought to myself college could wait.

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Around this time, I was sharing an apartment with a friend and had a dog, life was good. I decided life could be more adventurous and decided to leave my apartment and head south again. I first went to a truck stop and made a sign that said Texas. After an hour or so I trucker decided to give me a ride to Ohio.

The day I got there it was raining, but I was happy to make it. I put my sign out a second time and another trucker picked me up and took me to Texas.

It took me about four days of hitchhiking before I made it to El Paso Texas. This was one of the few times I was in a truck that slept people, these types of trucks are meant to go long distances.

What happens is when the trucker gets tired or ends his or her shift, they pull over or pull into a truck stop. There they can have the night, day, or a couple of days off. The trucks are big, they do not have a bathroom, but typically they have two beds, a place for a refrigerator TV and a small entertainment stand. I would have loved a job like this before I got sick. If I do anything like this now it will be in a van or small RV. I plan on buying a van, but it is going to take some time and money, then I might take a month or two to travel across the country. I love truck stops they have a lot of conveniences, food, bathroom entertainment. They are like mini malls. Sometimes I would think I could get a van, take my Social Security, and travel the road, but I have never done it.

You may ask me, why not be a trucker?

I would say working for someone is harder for me, because of the medicine as well as with the sickness. My performance is not the best. If I were to travel on my own in my own time, I think I would do better, because I could monitor my mental health rather than monitoring delivery dates. I think it would be the wisest decision right now.

I have not done it yet, and if I was, what about bad people, breakdowns, or wild creatures? Those all would be obstacles, but if I did it, I would stay on major highways, truck stops and campgrounds, and I would make sure I had a

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savings. With these precautions in place, I am sure it would be a safe adventure.

The night I got dropped off in Texas it was cold out, about thirty degrees. I could have spent the night in the truck stop, but I did not want too.

I noticed as I got older, public places scared me, and I started going to areas that were not so populated.

Behind the scenes is fun, I have always enjoyed it whether in movies or games. In this case it was behind the scenes of a traveler. No motel room, no truck stop, but I had a lot of fun that way and would want to do more of it.

I would now at my age, but this day in America, (2016) everyone seems to be on high alert. One time I went behind a Pizza shop— located in North Carolina and I was back there for a few minutes, and suddenly, cops showed up with their Tasers pointed at me. I explained to them what I was doing and where I was working. Afterwards they left me alone.

Living out of the norm for me is a very scary place, not because of bad people, but people thinking I am the bad person. But they did not when I was younger, the time when I was in El Paso, Texas, I could do as I pleased, so I pulled out my sleeping bag and camped out in the desert.

The desert where I was—was a beautiful site to see, I took some time exploring. One thing I noticed was trash and beer bottles all over the desert. I thought the cause was homeless people living in the desert, but it remains a mystery to me! It is too odd to think about, because even if it were homeless people, they most likely would have cleaned up after themselves and this trash was covering the land as far as the eyes could see, but not like a trash pit, but a top layer of bottles and other small junk.

I met some homeless people living in the desert. I met a lot of homeless people on my travels, they always have something to say.

One time I was at McDonalds getting something to eat. I was sitting at an outdoor public table and I met a man. We

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started talking and he started talking about these two brothers who owned a farm not far from where we were, and it had burned down, and the brothers died. This older fellow said he was walking by the old barn and suddenly there were the brothers and their barn had re appeared.

It was a strange incident, but I do not doubt it, people throughout history mentioned such occurrences. There was another lady I met, she was taking care of her sick Mother-in-law, she said one of her close friends saw a UFO, it flew down and landed in their front yard and then took off. I looked on the internet and with a little research—I noticed that these occurrences happen a lot, even to large groups of people, sometimes over two hundred people will see a UFO at one time.

Although I never saw a UFO it was very pleasant to wake up in Texas, summer weather in winter, blue sky, and little rain.

On one day that I was there, a man came up to me to talk to me, he invited me back to his shelter. It was made under bridges, but not bridges but huge aqueducts.

There was about ten people in the camp. One of them had just gotten into trouble for stealing some beer. I hung out with them for a while as they got to know my Dog Paige.

I did some other things while I was there, like draw some pictures, take pictures, and explore the desert.

I noticed something while I was there, people living in harsh conditions, there were no gardens, trees, or anything else that seems valuable to me. There were not a lot of houses, and I thought to myself *where is their money coming from?* Where is there fun coming from? There was not much outside except snakes, yet others lived there and thrived.

These type places must have been other places as well, but that is what I noticed.

I presumed that the only person that could live there is a person who stayed on the path, the path of their ancestors. If they did not, they would not know how to survive in such circumstances.

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Afterwards I used the analogy to stay on the path, because if I do not, I lose out on a lot of conveniences. Just like the people in Texas, If I want to live the best way possible, I must take advantage of what is already known as well as what has already been built.

After this Paige and I went North towards Vermont. I decided that this experience alone was not enough to teach me about life and what I would like to call gaining gravity.

The next year I decided to go back down to Florida.

This time I went to Miami.

Miami is a big city, and I did not know much about it but was young and looking for an adventure.

Once I got there, I walked around in the heat of the day looking for a campsite. I found one about four miles from Miami beach, not the typical one, but I was tired and desperate.

Underneath the palm trees on a flat piece of earth I set up my tent. I had a guitar with me and planed on playing it once and a while. After all was set up and I knew “what was what,” I began to look for work, and people and things I could do. The beach was not an option even know the water was warm, because it was January.

As I was walking around, I walked daily looking for a job—I started meeting people. I met all sorts of people male prostitutes, Doctors and people looking for a good time. Some wanted to date, and some just wanted to have fun.

There was this one man who I met who had just become a prostitute, we chatted for a while. He told me about work and other things he was up too. He also told me where I could find work.

I went to the place and on the way, there was an Army recruiting station. I went in and asked some questions. I thought I might join so I went in and took the ASVAB and I passed with an eighty.

I ended up not joining, unless there is a secret tech that recruits one without their knowledge, like a secret operation, but if I think hard about it, I was diagnosed with a mental illness, so I would not know, but some strange things happened

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around this time in my life—that makes me ask the question, was I an undercover Army Sergeant? I must wonder if that did happen—like an augmented reality—while in the older truth I truly was a sergeant or something, I must wonder if I was more than I appear to be.

As I look back, on the army and military, it was good to have the option.

I also met a man who took me out to eat, I did not think about it at the time, but I think he wanted to date. The culture was a bit different. This man even drove me around and showed me a few mansions, one was where Madonna once lived. stayed there for a week.

Eventually the tent in Miami began to get old, there was not much when obeying the laws and living out of a tent. So, when Hildabrand carnival shows offered me a job—I was eager to take it.

I stayed about four miles from Miami beach. It was so lovely there, the palm trees, the water and wildlife. I stayed right by the ocean. One night I got to see some dolphins, and the ocean was still warm even know it was January.

Hildabrand shows told me that they would pay me twenty dollars a night until pay day, and this was great for me because I did not have money.

This show was in bad shape, light bulbs missing everywhere, untrained workers and I figured out after working for them for a while that they did not have insurance.

First night I got there they gave me a ride; this was one of those small fair wheels. It stood about fifteen feet high, my job was to put the kids on the ride and drop the motor on the belt which got the ride moving.

I was doing my job when suddenly there was a loud high-pitched sound from the belt.

The motor could not turn the belt and in turn the belt could not turn the ride, so I could not get the kids off.

The parents started freaking out and I started to panic.

Happily, there was another worker close by that could help. He took the handle that dropped the motor onto the belt

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and picked it up and down until the motor started moving again.

I am sure it will be a while before the parents of those kids will let them on a ride again.

Although the show was in bad shape, they were trying to fix it, they recently hired someone to fix rides, replace belts, bulbs and do some painting.

When the show was not in public service they would go back to their garage and work on the rides. As I was working some of the employees started telling me about how much money the show owed them. One of the supervisor's told me the show owed him thousands.

They still owe me a few hundred. It started coming to an end for me when the owners stuck all its employees in a campground for a couple of weeks with no pay and know work, but they fed us.

After I realized the show would not work for me, I decided to return to Vermont, but something happened while passing through North Carolina.

A lady picked me up and drove me around, sometimes even in the opposite direction, at some point she started crying and started talking about her troubles. I did not know what I should do for her, but she knew what she wanted to do for me and that was to drive me to her friend's house so that I would have a place to stay.

For some strange reason, maybe fate (The towns name was Fate et Ville), my appendix busted, and I was brought to the hospital.

The Doctors removed it and sent me back to the place that I was staying—which was the place that the woman brought me too.

The fellow who lived there said I could stay longer and found me work, I stayed there for a while, until I healed.

After this I traveled to Fort pierce, Florida.

Once my appendix busted, I changed my mind about going to Vermont. I thought to myself I could make my way.

Brendon Holden

The first thing I did when I got to Florida is look for a job, and I found one as a day labor. I did the ends for other people. I was trying to save up as much money as possible, so once again I decided to camp outside. I found a nice patch of woods and it was not far from where I was working.

My tent consisted of a four by eight piece of plywood leaning against a tree, I place a blue tarp over it to shield me from the rain and wind. I never acquired the van I was looking for, but I learned a lot, and if I could change anything I would not, I had a great time.

One thing I know now—that I did not know then, was I would want to work for something I believe in.

I believe in the carnival! I believe in giving others a good time!

Money is good, but if I could get my health back, I would not rule out the carnival, because giving others a good time is what I want to do.

Lately I have been so desperate for making others happy I have been doing art and scanning it or taking a picture of it, and then putting it online, hoping someone will download it or use it for something, and I do this without pay.

I also worked at a theater before. This was when I lived in Connecticut, it had twenty theatres. The place was huge, the largest theatres held seven hundred people. I worked there for about a year. It was a great job. I believe in Movies and popcorn and candy. The Weekend would be packed full of people, the air was full of excitement.

If there was a life to live it was working at the Movie theatres. I did work such as clean the movie theatres after a movie ended, I did kitchen work, I popped popcorn and cooked food.

There was a lot of trash left behind after the movie was over. Tubs of popcorn, candy, and soda. The manager gave me twenty minutes to clean the theatres after the movie had ended. When I popped popcorn, I popped it in two kegs, and would pop it for four to five hours at a time, there were so many people in this theatre, they needed a stock of popped popcorn;

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I would pop enough of it to last the day. I would put it in bags, so the cashiers would always have popcorn.

On one Christmas I worked as a cashier and was told there was bonuses for certain item sold. I think I made an extra seven hundred dollars that year.'

At some point I found my sense of gravity, but not without regret. Some people do not like to hear about limitations, but rather possibilities. Now that I have gained self-control, I can look at the possibilities and hope not to correct the younger generation. I do not want to be that mean adult—with something negative to say.

I will be honest with myself I never believed in discipline or gravity.

You may ask what about sports?

They discipline themselves. I would say they get paid well, that made the difference, I met some younger people at some point who gave me the idea that if you go through a hard time on purpose and spread that hardship to others that is not right, I believed them.

If I am to work, I want to work for riches, gardens, houses, a pleasant place. If I could get rid of sickness I would. If I could get rid of hardship I would. My mind is a peaceful place, a pleasant place and my dreams are wonderful dreams. I dream of gardens, mansions, forests, jungles, animals, sweets, food, and cheeseburgers. Who would want to hear their end goal was to suffer horribly that there was no gold at the end of the rainbow?

Now I live my life for pleasure, and making others happy, and I can keep doing this because I work for what I believe in and for what I cherish.

I had plenty of jobs when I was younger and one of those was at a small gas station. The people who owned it were never there and they were in the process of giving it to their son who was marrying his cousin.

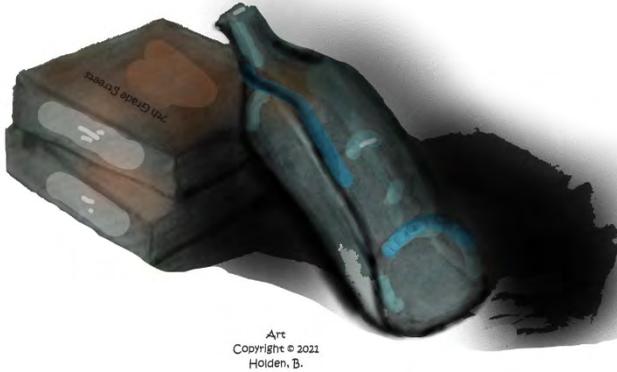
He hired me to open operate and close the store when he was not around, he was not around a lot.

Brendon Holden

This was a great job; I helped others with some snacks, beer, coffee, and gas. Most of the time I would be in the store watching cable, MTV to be exact. There could not have been a better job. The store eventually closed, I am not sure why, but I had a great time and I think gas stations and mini marts deserve a lot of credit for supplying every Americans needs.

Gravity can be a good thing when walking on the ground or holding the earth from spinning out of control.

But if someone wants the luxury of flying in a jet airliner or living in a skyscraper gravity is the obstacle, and I would not want to be the guy setting the boundaries, most of my life I lived to smoke by the river.



Chapter 8

There was a time after I left fort pierce, Florida that I decided to head west, toward California. I never made it to California. I still want to see that side of the country, but I got to be careful. My older and wiser brother went there and died or changed his name or something.

I got that news while working at Loews theatres, this was in Connecticut; they let me have a week off after I told them the news.

My brother also got some time off, he was working in the Navy.

He picked me up In Connecticut and we traveled to Vermont for the funeral.

It was a sad time. I never and still do not expect things like this to happen. I wondered for a while and still wonder

Brendon Holden

where he went. His body may be in the ground, but my brother, or the spirit of my brother went somewhere. He is missed a lot.

I do not see how it could have happened, he was so young and so much was left in him; I hope that he did not fake his death in hatred of the times, yet I hope all is well with him. Maybe he got placed in protective custody, maybe he brought down an illegal operation.

I think he could have done other than be placed in the graveyard, but the ideas are so absurd—that I stuff it in the back of my mind, not making any sense, so that I do not find myself too far out of the normal way of existing.

While I was trying to get to California, I was also having a hard time, I did not get the money for the van and was having a hard time mentally. The first couple of rides while hitchhiking were easy and I got to New Orleans, Louisiana, but I did get stuck in some spots.

I was twenty-three years old at the time, and in my opinion, people do not trust older people, maybe someone in their teens, but not someone as old as me.

Hitchhiking was taking more time than normal, and I got stuck at spots, some spots were familiar, I would remember them.

There was this one spot that I had been before, and I am sure it was not the last time, but there was this older fellow. I talked to him, he was a Veteran and at this point in his life he would stand on the on ramp of the interstate or stop lights and hold out a sign that said something like *I NEED MONEY*, and he got money. I remember him pulling out of his pockets large amounts of folded up money.

Some people are good at this, he had food, beer and looked like he was having the time of his life!

There was also another spot I got dropped off, and I went to the nearest gas station, music was playing; *I love when music plays at a gas station or car wash, there is nothing like being in the middle of nowhere with music playing*. I noticed some homeless folks collecting money and trust me they were in dirty clothes but had pockets full of money.

Smoking by the River

At this time people were friendly, wanting to help; what is ten to twenty dollars if someone's life depended on it? I did ask for money—although I did not need it, I noticed clothing sticking out of the dumpster and they were brand new, I grabbed them, this was not the only time I noticed this.

I changed my clothes and no longer felt homeless. I hung out for a while, and then continued my journey.

There was also this other place I remember; it was close to Louisiana.

Southern places are different then northern, the landscape is totally different.

I remember getting dropped off and walking around, very unfamiliar with the surroundings. I could not just go into the woods, because I did not know what was in there, so I stayed on the road, usually next to the interstate. Also next to the interstate was malls, plazas and once in a new place I would walk to these populated areas.

On one of those days, I walked to the plaza that is where the people were. It was hot on this day, it had to be above ninety, as I walked, I thought about civilization and what it would be like if all the people vanished, the roads would take a while to decay, it would be kind of like the movie Planet of the Apes.

When I got to the plaza, I got some supplies and hoped someone would notice my poor condition and hand me some money, no one did, afterwards I left and went further west until I got to Louisiana.

Louisiana was a neat place, big buildings, and a sense of history. When I tried to hitchhike out of there, I had a hard time. One person picked me up and went in the wrong direction, so she brought me back to the place where I began.

Not long after the police told me not to hitchhike, so I began to walk.

I ended up walking to Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

This also was a big City.

Brendon Holden

I got tired of walking, so I found a job at a temp job, it was called Labor finders. I ended up cleaning insulation that had fallen off some giant storage tanks.

At this time, I was thinking how weird or uncomfortable it would be to work on another planet, (maybe I was or maybe it was the hurricane,) we probably would have to create a fake environment, *that is if it were not like earth.*

Sometimes I will think and feel as if I am on another planet. I swear sometimes my senses—sense another planet, as if certain chemicals are from another planet. Deep space must be uncomfortable as well.

There is something that is so sweet about the earth, it is like its alive or something. Deep space or another planet could be fun, but I do not think it could replace the earth.

To think of it, something could be taking place out in the universe right now, light years away. *What if the light we are seeing is fake light, what if all the stars were captured and put within a giant machine, hundreds of years ago?* (This would be due to traveling faster than the speed of light, possibly the speed of fate.)

It takes light so long to get to earth that something could have happened outside our reality.

I would not know if that did happen, because it takes time for light to travel.

Maybe the light we are seeing is not there anymore. Maybe an advanced alien race developed machines and the machines used the stars to gain power and all the worlds quickly made a city.

I think that is possible!

They could not change time and what people did in time, but they could change the Universe!

I do not believe this stuff, but it would make a great movie. Within that movie the aliens would be microbes and that is how the stuff gets in the stores, the microbes build it like, they build corn and apples.

(In this second edition of *Smoking by the River* I have finished a story like the idea I mentioned above, it is titled

Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR. I could not be happier with that book, plus I got to place the entire idea that—the Universe was taking over billions of years ago in the past within the book!

It is obviously fiction, so I got to layer and enhance the imaginary idea of (Microbes—and not just Microbes but an entire Computer system taking over the Universe.)

Because of hurricane Katrina, is why the insulation was off the storage tanks, luckily, I was in Baton Rouge, so I did not feel the force of the storm.

Although I remember waking up to the store being boarded up. I also remember talking to a fellow who told me the prisons were flooded, so they had to let the people out, he was one they had let out. At the time I thought he was full of it, but I do not think so now.

I remember something in the air, I remember getting a ride to work, and thinking that the car that I am in does not necessarily have to stay in one piece.

For instance, if the car were in an explosion the car would blow up into pieces. There is no reason, except the laws to life—that causes the car to hold itself together, but these laws can be broken, say in an explosion or some other thing that no one knows about.

Paranormal things happen all the time, I have seen a bunch on television.

Luckily, I made it to work that day in one piece, because the life I live—appears to be full of broken laws.

Like I said I was having a hard time mentally so working was a little bit harder than normal, so I found a nice place in the forest and decided to camp out.

Although I was having a hard time, I had some great moments and thoughts. I walked around a lot, sat down in some strange places, nobody was around, I was behind the scenes. I tell myself who else could find a building and walk around it or sit down on its porches?

I got away with this stuff.

Brendon Holden

One time I walked into KFC and they offered to pay for supper.

Thrift stores are fun and behind the thrift store is a lot of good things—thrown out because there is not enough space.

At some point I found in one dumpster, a dumpster full of candy. I took back to my campsite a bag of candy. I am glad I found the food stamp program because I needed it.

While I was doing this, I picked up a routine. I would wake up and go to the nearest Mall and find the ashtray for the tobacco, and then I would find some food off the people, and then I would go clean up in the river.

The place where I would clean up was so pleasant, it was away from people, comfortable and natural. If I could go back in time, I would love to continuously do this moment. One day while I was smoking and washing up and enjoying life, I see a snake that lived in or around that river. I am not sure if it was poisonous, but I did not want to find out.

We had seemed to co-exist with one another in pleasant harmony. This was not the only wildlife I found in Louisiana.

While I was cleaning in the Mississippi after working on the insulation that had fallen off the insulation tanks after the storm, I see a Gator about ten feet from where I was washing up and like the snake, we seemed to co-exist with one another fine, but I would have not tested it out.

There was also another time when I ran into wildlife. When I was in Miami, Florida I had a tent set up and there was no place to wash up except the Ocean; I do not recommend it, because it makes hair stiff, because of the salt. While I was doing this in a pleasant environment, palm trees, warm air, etc. I see some dolphin swim by, it was an enchanting moment.

After I had finally received the strength to leave Baton Rouge, a beautiful city, full of excitement. I needed some stuff, for instance I did not have any clean clothes or bag. I needed this because once I got to Connecticut, I would need to present myself well to get a job. Well, that night as I was looking for my escape plan, I suddenly noticed in the trash can (I walked by this trash can on several occasions but never looked inside)

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this time I looked inside, and right before my eyes was a new pair of shoes, coat, clothes. I quickly grabbed the stuff wondering why someone would throw out this stuff. After I got to a safe location I put on the coat and put my hands inside the pockets, in the pockets I pulled out eighty dollars. This incident was very strange, because I do not know why someone would have thrown this stuff out, but I know I needed it!

Afterwards I hitchhiked to Connecticut.

It took me about a month to do so. I suppose times changed after September 11. After I realized this I did not hitchhike much.

There was the one place within that month that I decided to spend a night under a bridge. This is also a good memory. It was a beautiful place in Mississippi and under the bridge there was a river. I cleaned up and went to sleep, the next morning I met this older fellow who was living out of his car.

He showed me a couple of good camping spots and where he was sleeping. We talked for a while. I invited him to come see where I was sleeping, and he did; I also invited him to camp out there for a couple of nights, he said yes. We chit chatted for a while.

We stayed there for a week before I decided to leave. I had to make my way to Connecticut, my uncle Mike lived in Connecticut.

Once I finally got close to Connecticut, I decided to take a bus, the story goes like I was in Manhattan, New York at the time; it was a couple of days before the first of the year. The site was pleasant, a lot of people, cops, lights, and the big ball drop. At this time, I needed seventeen dollars for the bus. I tried asking people for the money, but I could not get any.

Luckily, the night of the first of the New year I was walking in the crowds and I noticed money that was falling from somewhere. I quickly picked it up and was on the bus the next morning.

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When I got to new Britain Connecticut, I noticed my uncle had moved. After talking to a couple of people they told me where he had moved to. He had moved to Hartford, Connecticut.

I got his new address and went to see him.

Once I got to his place, I asked him if I could stay with him awhile, he said “yes.”

I quickly got a job and started to pay rent.

I worked doing odd jobs, until I met this guy named shake. He was a musician, and, on the side, he did clean jobs.

One of the buildings he cleaned, or we cleaned, I briefly—was fifty cents mansion, so cool. But this job for me was a temp job, plus I never got in with the bigger musicians, but I did get this story and vividly recall what appeared to be the musician’s life of luxury!

The main building, I cleaned for Shake though was Cummings Engines, this was not the Mansion I just mentioned. I did this for about a year before I went back to wandering around. I wandered around from place to place and city to city, I had a lot of great adventures, there were some places that I would accidently cross a few times.

Sometimes I would be on an unknown road and somehow after getting out I would find myself there again.

I saw a lot of details walking! Such things as unique bridges, stores, towns.

It would be fun to own America without the people, like in a VR game or the video game Grand Theft Auto, just to wander from place to place and discover all its creativeness.

Sometimes I would go out on the road without any food or money. I would find resources the whole time I was out there.

With bad stuff happening in the world, it is not possible anymore, in my mind, but there are still adventures to go on.

The Appalachian trail is a good example of a possible adventure!

One could go from Main all the way down to Georgia.

Smoking by the River

I tried it out a little. I tried hiking in New Hampshire, it was a bad place to start, but if one wanted to get away for a little while the Appalachian trail would be a good place to start. There are books on it that have mapped out the whole trail, including campgrounds, places to eat, places to do laundry and get supplies. I should do the trail, but first I would have to make sure I have the money to do it, it would cost a lot of money to go without work and hike the Appalachian trail.

Hiking the Appalachian trail would be awesome. I would love to sit next to a fire pit every night and wake up to some coffee, oatmeal, and the birds chirping.

While I was hiking in New Hampshire I noticed that the outdoors and on the mountains is beautiful. The trees, the smells, the people, even the people who maintain the trail.

If you ever wonder if someone maintains the trail just look for the small tents scattered along the trail.

On the trail there were signs everywhere, and in some cases, there were mountain lodges. I asked a friend how they maintain these restaurants in the mountains he said they send a helicopter to give the supplies. After that I am sure the Appalachian trail is a dream land, full of incredible things and experiences, it goes all the way from Main to Georgia.

I am sure this trail will be well kept for the future, and knowing such, I hope to hike it in the future.

I heard of this man that took a rowboat and rowed across the Atlantic Ocean, before he got into his boat, he packed his supplies and mapped out the journey, safety precautions and all. That is how the Appalachian trail should be—if I were to walk its length. It is easier than the rowboat across the Atlantic, but there still would-be risk involved, bears, rivers, disease.

A good map would be necessary and a well-planned first aid kit, *cellphone included*.

If you would be excited about this journey, you would be excited to think about Christopher Columbus or the Pilgrims and their voyage to America.

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These journeys must have been exciting, they must have planned the journey well. It would take about four months to do the whole Appalachian trail. That four months might be worth it.

My twenty's may have not looked like I was having fun on the outside, but on the inside, I was having the time of my life. Waking up and going to the Mall, enjoying the wildlife, and taking risk. Although I would have preferred to do something more productive, I was having the time of my life. If I could—I would not change a thing, it was a great experience and I enjoyed life given the circumstances.

That is the theme for my life as well as the book *Smoking by the River*, I would not change a thing!



Chapter 9

Someone once told me that if I ever got lost in the forest, follow the river until I find civilization.

Every major place I rented had a river close by it. My Father's house had a river close by it and every apartment I ever rented had a river out back or one that was close by.

To think of it I kind of feel lost right now, maybe not physically, but regarding knowledge.

What do I know about the earth?

I know there is gravity and misusing it would result in devastating consequences.

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If I were to follow the river per se. I would read up on the older books and after I proved to myself that all follow the ocean, that all go to the ocean, I have another question.

The question is, can one generation believe the earth is flat and the next believe it is round, suffer others to do likewise, yet remain flowing with us all.

People do some incredible things, things I might like to follow, like the internet and what is on the internet, a lot of possibilities are on the internet, and not just on the internet, but computers as well. If the river was ever running somewhere then it was running to the Ocean, and there is a lot more possibilities in the ocean.

At this moment in time, I am in college studying computer animation.

Maya is some of the software we are using.

Maya is computer software that helps produce 3D computer animation. This software is capable of a lot, including having the possibility to render full, real life V.R. possibilities—all created with an electronic paint brush.

To preserve such for future generations is important!

For me to use such software I had to understand some things about the binary code, and now that I know some of the basics, I want to make the most out of the environment around me, that is the environment that the technology causes.

I plan on doing a lot with Maya, as well as I plan on doing a lot with the internet and computers.

When I was young, I went into foster care for a while, there was this one place I stayed for about a month, it was on a small farm and the people who owned it were strict. At some point her well respected daughter made up a lie about seeing me break a window in the bedroom that I was staying in. Her Mother believed her and decided to scold me. I tried to explain that I did not do it, but she would not listen. When I met up with my brother, I told him this, and he thought we should run away from the system, and go back to my Mother's house, grab some clothes and belongings, go to a junk yard we were familiar with, and stay there.

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Quickly afterwards we got a ride to my Mother's house, we grabbed our belongings and decided to follow the river about four miles to we got to a safe dirt road. We walked a few more miles and then we were at the junk yard.

Once we got to the junk yard, we asked the man who owned it if we could stay there for a while, he said yes. We started to make our dwelling and then the police showed up, the man who owned the junk yard must have called them.

As I think about it now, we were minors and that is not good. When the police asked me why I had run away I told them that the foster home I lived in was cruel, and they had scolded me for nothing (I was about thirteen), so the system moved me.

The memory of following the river when I had ran away stayed with me over the years. I also remember some schooling about Indians and what they would do in the winter months to escape the snow is follow the river south, I do not know if this is the truth, but someone told that to me.

Even to this day people follow the river by damming it and causing the flow to produce energy. The energy produces heat, light, entertainment, etc. Though it does not look like there following the river, I believe they are.

Also, if you think of the earth as an ocean of possibilities, I think it would be wise to follow what people are doing.

Nasa explored the moon and other planets. I have been keeping up with it. The space station could be a great tool as well as to explore the universe.

How could I help?

I think I am doing that, and I hope of made my thoughts clear, if there is such a thing as gravity then rivers flow in the gravitational pull.

I believe the binary code is where we should go and ponder if this universe is made from ones and zeroes. Then we can wonder if there is such a thing as a multiverse.

The first foster home I went into was with a woman taking care of her sick child. The Lady was extremely strict,

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but her soon to be divorced husband was nice. I have always been a smoker, I started at age eleven!

At the time that I was in this foster home I was fourteen and she was not supplying the cigarettes, so I started stealing hers.

Well, she caught me and was not too happy.

For punishment she decided to sit me down and make me smoke the whole pack. I did not get what she meant so I ran away.

Once I got to my Mom's house I hung out for a while and breathed my life in my former bedroom. The cops soon showed up and put me in a new place, the rest of the time in foster care the parents bought me cigarettes. I was going down stream to the ocean.

The other home I was in was with a piano teacher, he lived next to a river. He was a great guy, willing to help the younger generation. He taught me piano, he taught me a lot of other things as well. I lived there from sixteen to eighteen. He was there when I got my driver's license.

Although for a minor to buy cigarettes was illegal, he would buy me mine, a lot of people did, it simply did not make sense to change the laws regarding cigarettes so quickly. Back then they thought it would help me with stress, it was almost a prescription of sorts. He would buy me Mountain Dew too. He was on his way to the ocean, and I will always remember the things he taught and did for me. We had a good time together. We will be friends forever.

The river can also be a dangerous thing, for instance the flood in Northern Vermont in nineteen twenty. It happened in Saint Johnsbury, Vermont. The Psssumpsic river overflowed its banks, due to ice melt and it took out houses and bridges.

There was a story I heard—when I was taught about the flooding. I heard a man whose house was flooding and there was nowhere to go but to swim to safety. He had a cat with him, he wanted to take the cat, but could not find a place

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for it, so he put it on the top of his head; I am sure it left some marks.

After such a natural threat, people usually put-up safety precautions, sometimes I wonder if those safety precautions are the reason for such devastation.

I do not know!

But I have been in some construction that people have built, and I noticed bad things could happen with those precautions in place. It is like one moment of sleep and your computer crashes, car gets robbed and your house burns down. Such things ought not to be, but you could say if they did not then our journey would be over. Sometimes the question for me is do bad things happen or can there be something else, something that I do that allows them into reality. If the flood of nineteen twenty just happened, then I would think there are some things people cannot control, but if it were on purpose then some people should lighten up.

The river can also be a beautiful thing.

Not long ago my brothers and I wanted to do something together. We decided on renting some kayaks and paddle down a slow-moving river. My younger brother and his wife took his car while my brother and I took my van. It was about sixty miles from where I was living.

We rented the kayaks and got driven upriver with the kayaks. We slowly paddled downstream. It was a beautiful journey; trees were hanging into the river and there was the pleasant sound of the stream beating against the rocks. Afterwards we got back into our vehicles and we went back home.

Regarding following the river, I have been following technology. I think the future of social media will be on television stations, stations we can comment on, like YouTube, except it would be on an over the air public broadcasting station. There are things like that now, but this is where I think it should go. An antenna or cable box with a few stations, that the people can be part of, for instance, comments in the comment box while watching would be fun. Plus, with

only a couple of stations most people would more likely be in unity.

Technology should be regarded highly; we should think more to preserve it! If we were to power up our electronics with our own physical energy, I think that would be good. We could make energy by using the keypad, this could power up the machine, which in turn could entertain us.

Is that not what we already do with our bodies, you may ask.

Probably!

Was my ignorance a purpose driven void, as I mentioned in the flood of nineteen twenty, (*If the flood of nineteen twenty just happened, then I would think there are some things people cannot control, but if it were on purpose then some people should lighten up.*)

A social media public broadcasting television station would be good, and I look forward to the day.

I think a government controlling this would be good. What if everyone in the world had power to connect to the few global stations. They would power up the TV through typing and then they could watch comment and participate in the global stations.

I can see or visualize what some say are poorer countries doing this and have a slice of the productive world.

Imagine a world where money is made by producing energy for machines that do everything for us. They grow our food, drive our cars, fly us places and deliver our goods. This world would be a small paradise. And all we would have to do is type a few hours a day.

We would type to make energy rather than use the sun because using the sun would unbalance the earths ability to be an independent entity.

If we ever find ourselves locked in our houses with a computer on it is because the machines took over the planet, and they want our energy.

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In giving them our energy, they could explore the universe, with us included, but we would more likely watch it on television.

A lot of livable things can be done on television including virtual reality.

Imagine going to concerts, or to the movies all in the comfort of your own home. I think it is possible. I think it is possible to hook up some of this technology to the human body, and by doing this make virtual reality possible to every human that can make energy. People in Africa could come to America all done by virtual reality.

We could do this, but it would take every part of the top layer of earth saved into a file on a hard drive. It could also make time travel possible, not right now, but in the future—it would be like my Facebook account remembering every post. I think it is possible to save every moment under the sun through the computer, but it will take time.

I downloaded a student version of Maya. Maya is computer software for 3D animation. 3D models can be built with this software. I can build things save them and animate them. My point is I would want myself and others to create a digital universe. If people ever get over old age, there are a lot of options in the virtual world. There are a lot of options in a Matrix, I would like to make a Matrix, that is if we are not already in some type of Matrix.

Say H₂O is not just a name but a file. Maybe if one typed H₂O so many times it would make a glass of water. The words hold together the particles, I mentioned this in *Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR*, that is how the creatures behind the sky captured the Universe. If this were true, I think it would be fun to type the whole universe.

Typing the whole universe reminds me of money, money that I do not yet have. To have money would it not require anything and everything. Who can make money if we do not know what the source of our money is? For instance, as I am writing this book, I am thinking how much I am getting done; to type the universe it would take motivation. To earn

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the earth or universe you would have to know such was possible and to be able to continue until such was acquired.

Owning the universe would be great, it would take work, but once complete playtime is going to be every time, that is if you ever lived that way to begin with, so who knows what that meant. The only reason I have not started is because I need to check on the theory of a multi verse, is there more than one universe?

If there is than doing all is pointless, because more than likely I will not be able to have more than one universe, in my words, "claiming to know the calculation of PI or rather a circle, would only result in one more religious lie in the eyes of the people."

To have something one must also hold onto its anti-something, so as of right now it will just be thoughts while smoking by the river!



Chapter 10

When I was young, about eleven or so, my older brother and I would play on the river in wintertime. We would wait until the river froze and then we would walk up and down it.

Looking back, it was not the wisest thing to do, I would not have let my kids do that, but back when we did it. The river made a nice path through the forest, the snow was beautiful, and the frozen waterfall were great. There was the sound of the running water under the ice and there was something so sweet

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about tasting the water, that is if I could find an unfrozen patch of ice.

This water was cold, it was some of the best water I ever tasted.

When I got older, I still liked the river, but not as much in the wintertime. While by the river in wintertime I liked something warm by it, like tea or coffee and a rolled cigarette.

I started smoking young, about twelve. I first started out smoking odd things like toilet paper, after that I would take my parents smokes until they agreed to let me smoke. But getting cigarettes was a hard thing to do back when I was young.

The nearest store was about four miles.

I in my youth would steal candy and cigarettes, this was before they started putting the cigarettes behind the counter. Sometimes I think I was the main reason for that.

When I would steal them, I would go to the cartons and put one or two under my shirt and walk out of the store. My younger brother would not take cigarettes, but canned cat food, He was a good boy.

Lately cigarettes got expensive like ten dollars a pack and for a guy like me there is no way of paying that. But there is still a way to smoke.

Not long ago they started selling pipe tobacco for rolling.

To smoke this stuff is cheap, like a dollar a pack cheap.

Tobacco always helped me out. I always had a fire with me, plus it kept the bugs off while hiking around, or camping out.

The price of Cigarettes should be dropped if you were to ask me directly.

I enjoy smoking by the river!

The End

About the author



Brendon Holden has written other books such as: *Smoking by The River* and children's books titled *Toby learns patience*, and *Max the Juggler*. He has expressed works of Art in such

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books as: *Drawings by Brendon* and *Art*. He is also Author of *The Game* and *7th Grade Streets*.

It would be a delight to his heart that not only is his work enjoyed, but that society benefits from it as much as the creative ideas have benefited him.

As Vermont has been, and as the entire United States has been stable in past generations, Brendon hopes that through this book, *Smoking by the River 2nd Edition Revised*, and books, *Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PBR*, *the Sheet Music*, and *the Theater*, and other books, such as *The game and Clutter in my closet*, consciously aware of the many great Men and Women making it possible for others to raise their children in an educated world, to remain in high hopes for their future as well as the future of their children...to have an education, the option to prosper, and to live the American-dream: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! Now knowing that this story and others are going beyond America, my hopes for the rest of the world are the same, to remain in high hopes for yourself, as well as the future of your children.