

Adventures of Rick Liberty

Book 2



By Richard Seaborne

Release: January 10, 2025

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 2
BAEL GATES TO HELL, WORLD GONE MAD
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

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ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY & HELL DIFFICULTY

Adventures of Rick Liberty

COMPLETE BOOK-2

BAEL GATES TO HELL – WORLD GONE MAD

By Richard Seaborne

The Adventures of Rick Liberty, The Liberty Zone, The Hell Difficulty Saga, The Tech Zone, Tales and Lessons & Insights from the Video Game Industry, AI Demystified, and related stories, characters, content, books, podcasts, speech & narration, Videos, Human and AI Created + Edited Art and Images, AI Art Render Prompts + Editing + Modification, and Derivative Works are Copyright © 2021-2024 Richard Seaborne. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED!

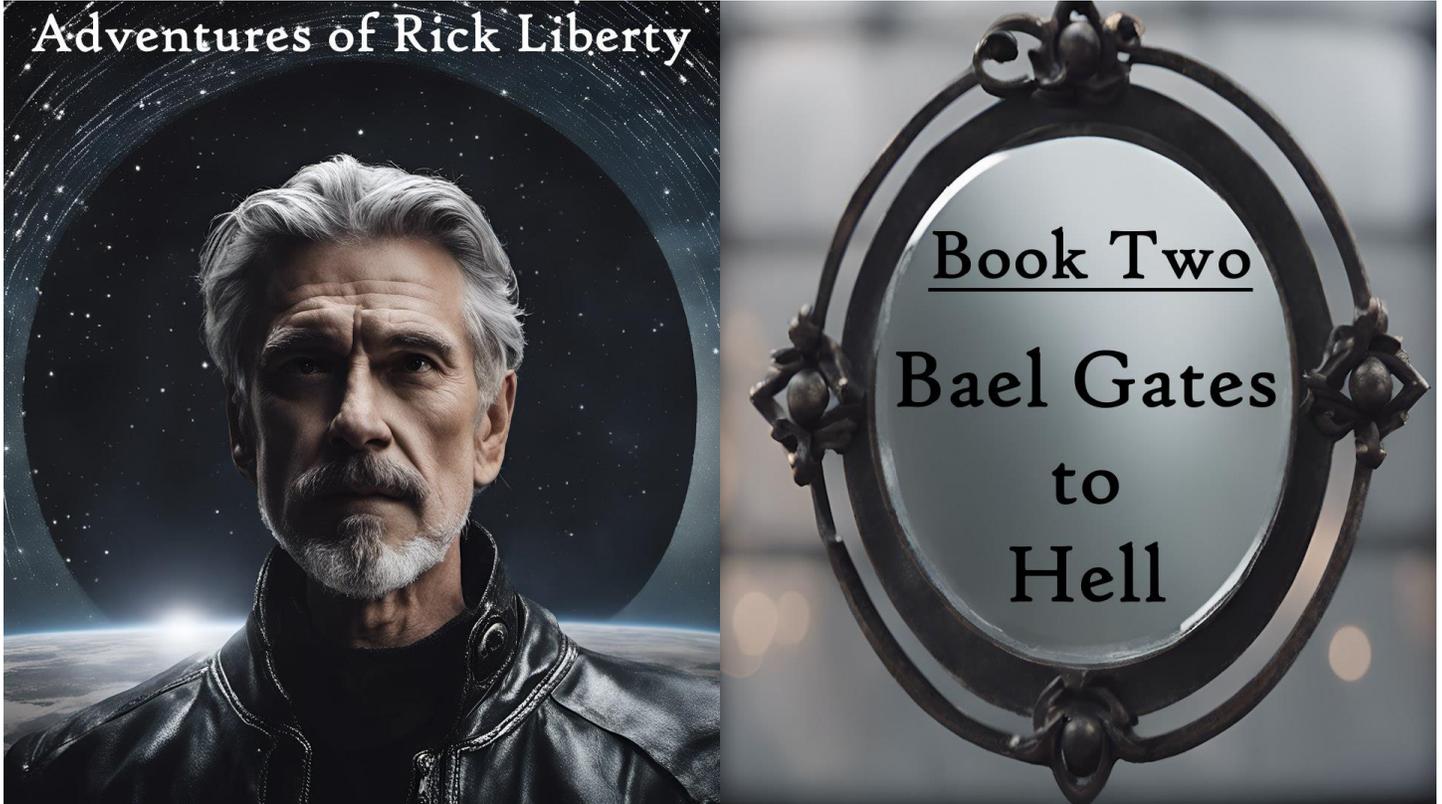
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SENSITIVE CONTENT WARNING

Content and Narratives Contain Materials and Concepts That May Be Offensive to Some People, Including - Christianity, The Bible, The Old Testament, and Traditional Conservative Values
The Knights Templar Illuminati – Both Original Good Knights Templar + Branched Masonic Evil Illuminati
Heaven. Hell, Limbo, Celestial Beings, Planes of Existence, Faith, and Spiritual Concepts
National + World Governments and Billionaire Elites Control and Corruption of Religion & Humanity
Violence, Gore, and Death Descriptions and Visual Representations, including Human Abuse and Tragedy
Artificial Intelligence (AI) Generated Art, Music, and Spoken Voice, and
My Real-World Experiences in Life from Childhood to Adult, including Work in the Video Game Industry

BOOK 2: RICK LIBERTY AND BAEL GATES TO HELL



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book02 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/EOciM3gbUY8>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_Hid_dxrI4Zu-qqpVaXB72U

Description:

The Team and Richard – as Rick Liberty of the Knights Templar must stop Bael Gates from punching a hole between the celestial planes of Hell and Mortality, thereby opening a portal from Hell to the Mortal plane and unleashing Hell on Earth.. Rick and the team – must stop The Devil’s Puppets from world domination.

Richard must stop Bael Gates from deploying his trifecta of World Controlling Technologies – Human DNA Editing, Human Brain Control Implants, and Controlled critical industries - Energy, Healthcare, Food, Waste Management, Shipping and Transport, ...

E077 RICK050 WORLD'S GONE MAD ABANDONED IN PSYCH WARD FB6



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E077 Rick050 World Gone Mad Abandoned in the Psych Ward Flashback 6 1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i1ca-e077-rick050-world-gone-mad-abandoned-in-the-psych-ward-flashback-6-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/CZjNbtJUPog>

Description:

The Team and Richard – as Rick Liberty of the Knights Templar must stop Bael Gates from punching a hole between the celestial planes of Hell and Mortality, thereby opening a portal from Hell to the Mortal plane and unleashing Hell on Earth.. Rick and the team – must stop The Devil’s Puppets from world domination.

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Flashback 6.0: Abandoned in the Pysch Ward



Another Day – Another Session – Another Judgmental Session – Leading to J-Day:

My room door buzzed. It was early morning – again. The door swung open – and an orderly entered the room. He smiled, “Morning, Seaborne. You know the drill... We’re going to breakfast, and after that back here for you to brush teeth, clean up, get your notes, ...whatever...before you will meet with the Doctor.”

Abandoned for Months by Doctor Caselli:

Indeed – I knew the drill. It had been months in the psych ward since I had seen any of my ‘assigned doctors’.

The head criminal psychiatrist and neurologist, Doctor Caselli, was supposed to be gone for a long holiday weekend. ...but he did not return for nearly three months.

And the other doctors on his ‘esteemed panel’ of psychiatrists declined to call in or engage with me – without the ‘good doctor Caselli present’.

Left in Psych Ward Limbo – Awaiting Judgment ‘Someday’:

The doctors had left me ‘rotting’ in their Psych Ward. I was relegated to Psychiatric Limbo, where I had no idea when I might be judged. ...much less if I would be set free (granted entrance to Heaven) or sentenced for lifetime in prison (damned to Hell).

I was left – awaiting my Judgment Day. My J-Day ... would ... eventually ... come.

And so – I waited. Bored out of my mind ... for months.

Pleaded with Orderly for Information – Anything:

Each and every morning, afternoon, and evening - when I saw an orderly – for a meal or for anything at all –

- I asked for information on what was going on
- I asked where the doctors were
- I asked when I would have another therapy session, or any meeting at all
- I pleaded for anything – at all- from the orderly

But every orderly was well-trained and complied with their directives. They replied the same, “I am sorry. Only doctors are permitted to discuss anything outside daily routines.”

And – if I persisted – they would lock me up without a meal...and still did not talk further with me.

Wrote Down Memories and Details – For Months:

Through my boredom – I found the time and ‘motivation’ to write down my memories and stories – as best I could remember them.

Where Did the Doctors Go – Why No One Else Assigned:

I wondered – where did the doctors go? What might they be doing?

Why was no other doctor assigned to me – if Caselli was somehow ‘no longer available’ or assigned to me.

All Alone in The Psych Ward – Where Did Everyone Go:

Not only were no doctors seeing me anymore - and no one contacted me either. Friends and family – no contact from anyone.

It felt like – I was totally alone, without anyone in the world looking after me.

What did they do to Katherine? To Amanda? To Taylor, Katie, or Bob?

It was not like them – not to reach out - or communicate with me.

Forgotten in the Psychiatric System – Lost to Its Horrific Gears of Torment, Apathy:

I began thinking I was ‘forgotten’ somehow, and the ‘system’ lost me within its horrific gears of torment and apathy.

Orderly Shared What Was Happening Outside In the Real World:

It had been a few weeks of my recurring asking of every orderly for information on where the doctors were, and what they knew was going on – about me and my assessment and sessions.

An orderly broke down – almost in tears – and told me that the world was going crazy.

That it has been crazier than it is in here in the psych ward – out there in the real world.

The orderly said –

- Most phones and the Internet do not reliably work. They get a signal, but nothing connects or goes through most of the time; but sometimes a call goes through – for maybe 3-5 minutes before it drops and disconnects.
 - They say it’s all happening because of a coordinated global hacker attack, and they are working hard to fix it. But the hackers bring cell towers down, the moment they are restored.
 - They compared it to an old standup arcade game called ‘whack-a-mole’ where moles just keep showing up no matter how fast and hard you strike them.
- And - another Covid-19 strain showed up! It’s like the 999th strain!?!? Anyway – people are pushed into lockdown until they know more about it, and they develop another ‘vaccine’ to handle this Covid variant
- And anything high tech is stupid expensive and hard to find – because China and Taiwan made an alliance to limit sales of chips to Western Countries including the United States.
- And the looting! The violence! Everyone is desperate and scared! And so lawlessness is rampant. And with the Covid resurging fear – people don’t even want to try and stop the criminals. It is chaos out there right now
- People just go to work and hope for the best... like me.”

The orderly sighed in despair, “I’m just a lowly worker... I gotta work” no matter the risks.

I surmised – the world was - once again - falling apart. And I was left inside this psych ward ‘prison’ to rot – powerless to do anything. Waiting for fate to assign me my destiny – whatever it would be in a chaotic and broken world.

...

That Orderly never returned – after he shared his dramatic tale of a melting world.

And I never heard more information on the ‘crazy world’ from any other orderly.

I felt okay – at least I could understand why the doctors may not be visiting me.

Was the Tapestry of Bael Unlocking Hell on Earth – Empowering So Much Evil:

It seemed plausible – the Seven Princes of Hell, under Hell’s King Bael, were afoot, in the mortal world - through the Tapestry of Bael being left unchecked... all while I am locked in this Psych Ward.

I Had to Escape the Psych Ward – to Save Humanity from the Devil and His Cult:

I had to get out of this place – and return to God’s Mission Quest – and save humanity from the devil and his Cult of Bael.

My question was –

Will they release me, or must I break free and release myself? ...in a timely fashion.

Hacking the Psych Ward Network – Learning About Doctors and ‘Escape’ Options:

After a month or so - in waiting... I began to contemplate what I could do - to learn more about this place and its doctors. And to determine avenues of potential ‘escape’.

I decided to hack the psych ward’s computer network.

They provided a locked down computer and iPad to draw and write things down – for therapy and entertainment.

Therefore – they provided me with the means to access their network.

I investigated hacking into a Psych network via their ‘locked down’ patient laptop- which they provided to write down notes and stories - or to draw pictures. And share them with the medical team.

- I knew all memory and art file sharing with the medical team – went over a network
- The Psych Network was not behind a firewall within the hospital, and it was not on its own isolated subnet; it was on a general hospital local area network
- And so – I found I could implement what is known as an ‘injection’ hack – into the art submission ‘portal’. I sent invalid and massive data size picture files to be submitted, and their system broke. And, being broken – I could wander and access anything I wanted throughout the Psych Ward and hospital network and records
- Easy...Piezy...
- Yea – you would have thought putting a tech luminary and proven hacker on an unsecured network in a High Security Psychiatric Treatment Facility – was – unwise.
 - And then – leave the hacker alone for months. MORE – POOR WISDOM!
- I did nothing with my newfound hospital network hacked access - but kept it in my ‘back pocket’ – so to speak – to wield when I needed it in the future.

Devising Plan and Laying Groundwork to Escape the Psych Ward:

I collected information about doctors, staff, schedules, and facility operations and security. Without any doctor or psychiatric sessions... I had plenty of time to contemplate my escape plan to extricate myself from this psych ward ‘prison’.

- I studied orderly, nurse, and doctor patterns
- I sought to befriend the orderlies and nurses – to lower their ‘guard’. And maybe - gain an ally – who might even help me – even if needing some ‘encouragement’ or ‘convincing’ – you know - honey or vinegar
- I assessed doors and portals – and how their locks latched and were unlocked – or how they might be blocked or jammed – so they could be re-opened later
- I studied the hospital network to find floor maps and staff schedules

I devised a plan – but it relied on overpowering one person – maybe even two people. There were key locations where ‘orderlies’ acted as eyes and ears – at key entry-exit portals.

I was unsure – if – or when – I should attempt an ‘escape’ given the violence I would have to undertake against ‘innocent people’ just doing their jobs.

Texted Bob For Help – To Escape The Psych Ward and Resume God’s Mission Quest:

I discovered that a number of Orderlies and Doctors often connected to the Hospital Network – and left their phones networked after they finished their tasks.

And so – I was able to hijack their connection, and go back to their phones with it... and control their phone remotely.

Calling someone or using an app – had little value since the phone and – thus- its display were not with me to see or interact with.

But – I could TEXT through their phones.

And so – I texted Bob Sanchez because I could recall his phone number. I told him where I was, what had happened, and that I needed to get out...and we needed to resume God’s Mission Quest.

Phone Contact Lists Harmed Our Ability to Remember Contacts and Things:

As an aside – we have become so dependent on our phones keeping our contact names and addresses and phone numbers... that I swear we no longer have the ability to call someone unless the phone knows how to.

Had to be Free of Pysch Ward... For God, and For God’s Mission Quest:

Were I not confident in my own sanity – I might think breaking out of a pysch ward, was ... ill advised. But I was sane – and was still on a Mission Quest for God – no matter how hard they try to brainwash me.

I had to be free of the Psych Ward... for God, and for God’s Mission Quest.

Psych Ward Escape ‘Put on Hold’ – Doctor Caselli Showed Up:

I was working up the courage to make my break-out attempt – but it was all ‘put on hold’.

An Orderly informed me one morning, “Hey – I saw Doctor Caselli in the building. And you are scheduled to see him this morning. Make sure you are ready to see him after breakfast.”

Glad to See the Judgmental Doctors and Be in Review Again - Unbelievably:

After being returned to the Psych Ward interrogation room – I saw Doctor Caselli seated in his stuffed comfy chair throne, and his panel of doctors lined up in their iPad windows – watching Caselli and me.

It was astounding to me. I was happy to see Doctor Caselli and his panel – Doctors Brandon, Garcia, and Hyder.

I had ‘something to do’. I had a ‘purpose’ – even if an unpleasant forced one. No more mindless lost life and time ‘solitary confinement’ in a psych ward.

I swear – you could go insane being in a so-called sanitarium.

And – of course – finally - I had an audience for all the notes and memories I was able to write down.

I Wondered – Was Isolation Intentional to Make Receptive for ‘Re-Programming’:

I had to wonder – did Doctor Caselli leave me ‘alone’ intentionally, to beat me into submission and be more open to sharing...and more receptive to ‘re-programming’.

E078 Rick051 Bill ‘Gates’ to Hell Opened - Hell on Earth Begun... Flashback 6.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E078 Rick051 Bael Gates to Hell Opened - Hell on Earth Begun Unleashed... Flashback 6_2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i2eh-e078-rick051-bael-gates-to-hell-opened-hell-on-earth-begun-unleashed-flashb.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/Yfc5VPM3CWM>

Description:

Learn about the trifecta of world chaos – Pandemic lockdowns, China-Taiwan Chip Cartel, and Hacker Telecom Shutdown.

Richard realizes how Bael Gates is behind destroying and replacing existing financial, medical, energy, food, transport, and trash & sewage management.

Bill made a pact with Bael to become the Puppet of Pride to the Prince of Hell Bael – to Satan – to the Devil.

Richard further realizes who the other Puppets of Hell were; all were in the WEF - World Economic Forum. And he realizes which sin and which Prince of Hell each Puppet of Hell served.

Fate's Trifecta- Pandemic 2.0, Taiwan-China Chip Cartel, Hacker Telecom Shutdown:

Doctor Caselli turned to me, "Richard, it has been a while since we met.

There were some dramatic events – in the world outside – since we met.

In fact – there was a fateful trifecta –

- There was a virulent renewal of the Covid-19 Pandemic, but the evolved strain attacked elderly Caucasian with higher levels of testosterone
 - It primarily kills older white males
 - Consequently – the fast response lockdowns were lifted for everyone except white men over fifty years old
 - White men over 50 years old - can be released once they receive all current vaccines and boosters
- Taiwanese chipmakers aligned with China to avoid being invaded by them
 - Inflation shot through the roof overnight because of chip scarcity fears
 - Electronics, vehicles, infrastructure – all threatened to be 'locked-in-time' using older 'established chips' – while Taiwan and China innovate higher capability chips for themselves and their allies exclusively.
 - We are not a China ally...
 - The National Security Agency (NSA) warned that they are aware of 'backdoor' hack vulnerabilities in these 'older' chips, but we cannot replace them without newer ones – and no new ones will be coming to us now – given the Taiwan-China alliance
 - And Richard – it turned out those 'established chips' had backdoors that could be exploited to disable any devices using them.
- Much of the telco cell towers were disabled by hackers, leaving communication spotty throughout the entire country – presumably using the NSA cautioned backdoors
 - It highlighted how remarkably dependent we are cell towers for Internet, Texting, Phone Calls, Video Conferencing, E-Mails, ... Everything
 - The NSA has indicated it is unclear if the hackers originated from China as they expected – because they are effective at spoofing their location information
 - Telecommunications were down for most of the three months – it was like living in the dark age.

Stock Market and Looting and 'Non-Violent' Demonstrations Hit The Proverbial Fan:

And then people reacted to the craziness...making things even worse.

- Stock Market Panic caused more consternation and craziness
 - And – of course – the overreaction by everyone from this trifecta hitting them and having no meaningful communication about it ... left people to panic and sell of stocks – at great losses.

- Looting and ‘Non-Violent’ Demonstrations by Victims of Inequity
 - Sadly – human nature kicked in for people still suffering inequity. They were forced to loot businesses and express their rage in ‘non-violent’ demonstrations.

It was - as if - the world had gone utterly insane for the last few months.

We can see how things can be on the edge – even for mentally grounded, sane people.”

New Virus Allegedly Only Attacks Old White Males:

Caselli continued, “Fortunately – because THIS Pandemic hits primarily the elderly, obese, males of Caucasian ancestry people.... Well – I am likely immune to all its strains. ...because I am not an old white man.

Our panel of doctors are engaging remotely – and so have no risk attending through video conferencing.”

Caselli emphasized, “I remained distant until we could feel confident that you would not be exposed to a deadly pathogen or virus – from me.

I waited until ‘science’ could confirm there was safety.

We know that I will not contract the virus, so we are okay to continue now.

No Apparent Care if the Old White Male Gets Sick or Dies:

It seemed to me – that Doctor Caselli was worried if *he* could get sick - and could care less if I *the old white male* got sick or died.

Bill Gates and The Seven Princes of Hell:

My mind went to a dark place. I recalled how much Bill Gates had invested in BioTech companies and Farms and Nuclear Energy firms...

Bill’s Farm Investments:

Bill’s Farm Investments -

- Farms and Food Processing Plants purchased globally
- ‘DNA Enhanced Food’ – which was lobbied not to be Genetically Modified Organism (GMO) – because they assert it would have been possible to evolve the new ‘food’ over time
- ‘DNA Grown Food’ – which was lobbied as safe and appropriate ‘new food’. ‘New Farms’ grow meat in labs from DNA strands taken from animals.
 - DNA-Grown Chicken
 - DNA-Grown Beef
 - DNA-Grown Exotic Animals
 - DNA-Grown Extinct Animals - Willy Mammoth, T-Rex?
 - DNA-Grown ‘YOU’ – Yea, grow meat from your own DNA and eat it – GROSS! ‘Human Mad-Cow Disease’?

- BUT – ALLEGEDLY – ALL TO SOLVE THE WORLD’S FOOD AND HUNGER CRISES

Bill’s Medicine Investments:

Bill’s Medicine Investments –

- Medicines and Medicine component acquisition and distribution globally
- In-Clinic or Pharmacy AI automated medicine compounding and mixing – removing the need for big pharma pre-made pills, injections, or liquid medications

Bill’s Medical, DNA Testing & Diagnostic Investments:

Bill’s Medical Testing & Diagnostic Investments -

- In-Clinic, Immediate Blood & Urine & DNA Testing – all processed in the Cloud with the latest tech and science applied

Bill’s DNA, Medical Testing and Treatment Investments:

Bill’s DNA-based Medical Treatment Investments -

- Bespoke DNA-Edit Treatments and Vaccines via Cloud AI operated ‘drug & shipment labs’. Offerings have included – but certainly not limited to –
 - preventing/curing cancers, hair loss...
 - enhancing sexual virility, memory retention...
 - changing hair & eye color, skin pigment
 - improved ‘human 2.0’ via ‘Human Enhancement Refinements’ – or H.E.R.
 - I guess they want every person to identify as a ‘HER’ with DNA edits
 - I swear – we are entering a reality of the science fiction movie Gattaca
 - and – of course – ‘vaccines’ and ‘immune system boosters’
 - All these perpetual ‘vaccines’ seemed to me – to be more about chasing the harms of the previous ‘vaccines’ and compromised natural immune systems. So now – once vaccinated, stay vaccinated... or die.
 - allegedly – aged body rejuvenation and aging suspension were DNA treatments for the extreme elite and wealthy – AND POWERFUL

Bill’s Nuclear Energy and Power Investments:

Bill’s Gate also invested in Small Modular Reactor (SMR) technology, to:

- bring power anywhere in the world
- make energy grid distributed

- remove dependence on fossil fuels
- provide local nuclear for medical-grade ‘uses’ - from SMR ‘spent fuel’ radioactive waste
- gain access in every country and locality – with top secret nuclear-level clearance (with no questions asked)

Bill’s Partner’s Controlled Majority of World’s Shipping, Ports, Rail, Trucking:

And – Bill was close partners with Warren Buffet and others – who controlled significant portions of the world’s transport industries like shipping, ports, rail, and trucking.

Something Wicked This Way Comes – From Bill Gates’ Investments:

I wondered what evil was at work – with these specific investments and related acquisitions?

Bill made a mint off the Pandemic – with all the testing and mandated so-called vaccines and relentless ‘booster’ jabs.

It was conceivable –

- Bill was entirely, legitimately investing in humanity improving and saving science and technologies.

Or – it seemed possible –

- Bill was masterminding a global dependence on his energy, food, and medical care...
- ...by deprecating, undermining, or destroying existing farms, energy companies & grids, and bypassing big & small pharmaceutical and medical treatment providers
- ...all while collecting DNA samples with detailed medical records and personal identification to associate it with
- ...and could infuse DNA-editing viruses or bacteria into the food supply or even aerosolized – or infused in other medications.
 - Bill had made many ways to put ‘stuff’ into every human being or animal’s bodies...
- Bill could be plotting to change the human race’s DNA – into a subservient non-violent neandertal race – beneath him and his super elite allies

Bill Must Have Made a Pact with a Prince of Hell:

I realized – right then – Mr. Lessky of Midnight and Associates had told me about the devil, a Crowned King Prince of Hell named Bael (or Lucifer, or Satan...of course)... and of another six Princes of Hell that served him. And they had armies of demons at their disposal – hordes of evil at their command in Hell.

Princes of Hell Could Bestow Celestial Powers On and Through Their Mortal Puppets:

Lessky said they would make deals with the most powerful and evil of souls – and forge unholy bonds with them between Hell and the Mortal plane. This way – they could exert their greatest influence. And bestow celestial powers on them – and through them.

And if these Princes of Hell had made pacts with people – they could propel to great power and influence – then Bill Gates fit that description perfectly.

A Prince of Hell could – literally – bestow celestial powers on and through Bill Gates.

It made sense – Bill Gates made a pact with a Prince of Hell, if not directly with Hell’s King Bael – AKA Lucifer, Satan, The Big D, ...or whatever *you* call the devil.

It explained Bill’s success – and his shift toward world dominating and controlling investments and organizations – from pure computer tech and software.

Identifying, Enumerating the Seven Princes of Hell – Here on Mortal Plane, Earth:

And – if Bill was a Prince of Hell – here on the mortal plane – on earth. ...then who might the other Princes of Hell be here on earth?

I surmised – it was likely that Bill’s fellow Billionaire and World Economic Forum cronies would include the other Princes of Hell’s puppets.

Bill Opened His ‘Gates’ to Hell – Forever Corrupted as The Proudful Puppet of Bael:

Wow – Bill was the ‘Gates’ to Hell. He opened his ‘Gates’ to Hell – and, exposed - entered the devil’s taint and darkness.

And he would be – forever corrupted – and become the proudful puppet of the Lord and King, Prince of Hell Bael.

Bill Gates would become Bael’s Puppet - and the embodiment of PRIDE - of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Mapping Real World People Serving the Seven Princes of Hell, Seven Deadly Sins:

Somehow – it just hit me – like ‘inserted knowledge’ from God.

I just *knew* who the Seven Princes of Hell [on Earth] were – and precisely who their ‘puppets’ were – that did their bidding under direct instruction from their respective ‘Prince of Hell’.

It was – as if – their identities were suddenly inserted into my head... after connecting Lessky’s insight with Devil Pacts and Bill Gates’ investments and partnerships. It felt like – God granted me the knowledge – just like that; I knew it - as truth, as fact.

The Real People serving the Seven Princes of Hell - and their Seven Deadly Sins –

- Bael, Lucifer, Satan - Pride - Bill Gates (Farm, Energy, BioTech)
- Belial - Wrath - George Soros (Politics, Chaos Liberalism)
- Mammon - Greed - Josef Ackermann, WEF (Banking, Biz)
- Leviathan - Envy - Klaus Schwab, WEF Founder (Politics)
- Asmodeus - Lust - Susan Hockfield, WEF (Neuroscience)
- Beelzebub - Gluttony - Ernesto Zedillo, WEF (Government)
- Belphegor - Sloth - Tony Blair, WEF-UK PM (G7, G20, ...)
 - Sir Anthony Charles Lynton Blair (AKA Tony Blair) – former UK, Prime Minister

World Economic Forum Founded in 1971 – To Begin World Decay to Corrupt Richard:

I finally connected what Mr. Lessky was saying about my birth year and birth day being so important – I was a Leap Day borne Millmore descendent in the Leap Year of 1968.

The World Economic Forum (AKA WEF) was founded in 1971 formally. They must have begun preparing its formation - the day I was born – so it could be publicly founded just a few years later.

And – from what Lessky and Brocko had said – the WEF goal was to make the world so awful that I would see how horrible humankind really is ... and that - would damn humankind - to eternal torment in Hell ... because I would have lost faith - in humankind being ‘good’.

Instead – I, as the Fulcrum, would have been convinced that humankind was inherently evil.

And thus – the devil would win, and all humankind would be damned to his control and torment in Hell.

Crazy – the fate of humankind was like a teeter-totter, pivoting over me – The Fulcrum:

- And if the Left sinister side touches the ground – humankind is damned
- And if the Right just side touches the ground – humankind is blessed to enter Heaven

Nothing Yet to Act On –Needed to Escape Ward to Resume God’s Mission Quest:

With my revelation – it reinforced how important it was to get out of the Pysch Ward - and to get back to God’s Mission Quest.

I had already been locked up – way too long.

But for now – it was not time to act.

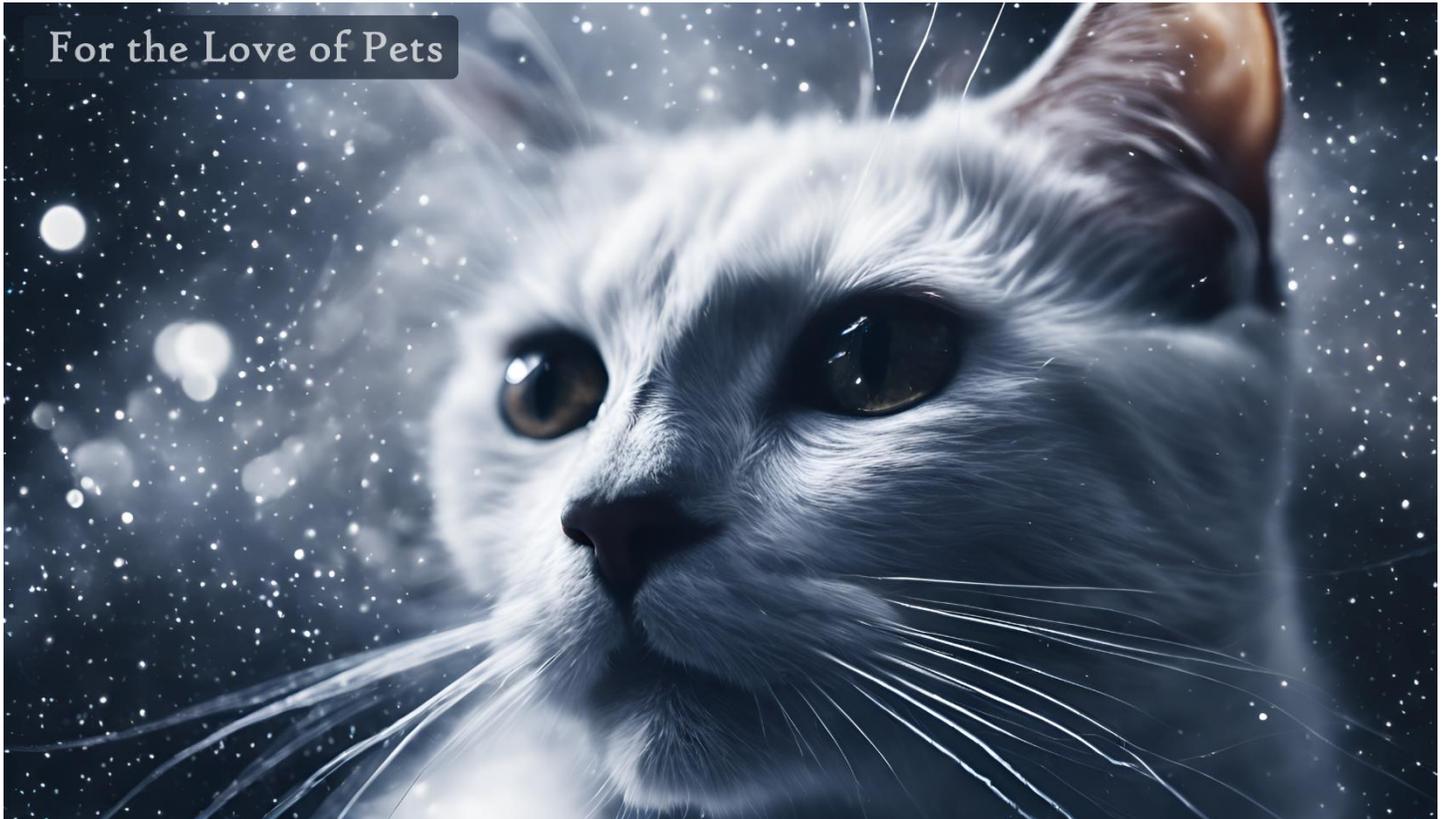
Barked At to Resume Tales from My Youth:

Doctor Caselli seemed puzzled at me – as I sat there in my deep thought and epiphanies about the Seven Princes of Hell. He barked, “Let’s get this party going. Shall we, Richard? Let’s hear more about your childhood.”

...

And so - I began recounting my memories...

E079 FOR THE LOVE OF PETS



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E079 For the Love of Pets.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i2mc-e079-for-the-love-of-pets.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/icNceBPoHPs>

Description:

Richard recalls pets from his childhood and how precious and valuable they were to him, no matter how troubled or challenged they were at times.

Hounds of Youth



The Three Friskies (Children Won't Notice This is Not the Same Dog):

As a child - we had many pets. My mother preferred dogs – but we also had cats as strays they would ‘appear, and - thusly - be adopted’.

We had three mutt dogs of the same ‘look’ and ‘size’ – all named ‘Frisky.’

Yes – they were ‘The three Frisky’s’... mid-sized gray mutts, medium straight hair with pointed ears and elongated snout - a mix of hound ancestry. Within a year and a half - three dogs of similar look were adopted - and died.

Each was replaced and called Frisky to “protect child innocence” but that was weird with so many other wacky non protections...

Sparky the One-Eyed Dead Cat – ‘Abandon All Hope Ye Who Poop Here!’:

We had a scary cat once when I was a toddler.

The cat was named Sparky. It had one-eyed, was mostly deaf – and it had a hatred of all things around her. She had an apparent deep fear in every waking moment. We theorized she had a terrible life before being adopted by us, but it made her not a ‘child friendly’ pet.

For as long as can remember - Sparky stayed under a bathroom sink cabinet and hissed and hid at all those that dared enter or approach her.

‘Abandon all hope ye who poop here!’ she must have hissed at anyone who considered using the bathroom.

One day - Sparky died apparently. She was just gone.

It was sadly a nicer and easier place to live without Sparky’s demonic cat hissing hatred... ...but I wondered why no one ever confessed to what happened to Sparky the cat...

Lady the Dog:

We had adopted a dog - and named her Lady – after the movie *Lady and The Tramp* because all of us kids liked the movie.

Lady was a long-haired little black mutt with beagle-like floppy but fuzzy ears; she was a cute and kind dog.

Lady gave birth to a litter of puppies. One such puppy I named – Lassie (named after another movie dog - though she looked nothing like the TV star dog).

Puppies Born at My Feet in My Bed – Safest Place in the Word – With Me:

Lady’s puppies were born in my bed while I slept in it at my feet. I awoke to her giving birth.

I can only surmise that Lady felt I was the safest and most secure place in the world – that she could get to during her vulnerable childbirth - and for her newborns’ protection.

Of course – it was messy...but miraculous and I had never seen birth before. MUCH LESS - AT MY FEET!

Lady’s Story:

Lady became quite the family pet - reliable and there for anyone willing to spend time with her. And otherwise - quiet and waiting for attention. I felt sorry for Lady as she never seemed to get enough love from the family she loved so much, but I suppose that is the fate of a lot of animals.

Our pets get a home, food, and occasional care and love; maybe they are dragged to a terrible place called a veterinarian that might help them but only if it is severe and an animal my mother feels sorry for.

Ultimately the worst action someone can do is preserve the life of a suffering animal to their very last horrible day; Lady was that story.

Lady was rewarded for being a loving caring pet in end of life - by becoming blind and scared of the shadows she saw then in life - worried another animals might hurt her, or worse yet she stumble outside and never find her way back inside. Lady was ‘lost’.

One day Lady must have suffered a stroke and her left legs no longer worked properly- and so she would drag herself along walls with her working legs to get about.

My parents believed and espoused ‘any life’ was better than death, and so Lady struggled... and suffered.

Lady's heart became so weak as well – that it would sometimes give out. It escalated to every few days – her heart would seize. And I would somehow be there – witness it – and administer CPR with chest compressions. And miracles each time – Lady would return to life.

Unfortunately – one time... it did not work. Lady never breathed again. Although I felt she died in my hands, I felt she was finally at peace.

Kelly the Dog:

When I was a tween, we adopted another dog. It, too, was a mixed breed mutt.

The dog, named Kelly, was a mid-sized short-haired black and white hound - that unfortunately suffered epilepsy. We did not have her long - because one stormy day - she went outside and did not return.

We always cared for Kelly - and made sure she got through her seizures as best we could, but it was scary. This time - her jaunt outside in the rain was fated to kill her. She suffered a grand mal seizure, and her snout went below water in puddle. She drowned during her epileptic seizure.

We found her lifeless body in a pool of water. Kelly's good nature and demeanor was not enough to overcome brain malfunctions. It was Kelly's seemingly unavoidable fate.

I cared deeply for Kelly. Losing her – was very sad. I had so few 'friends' or true 'good pets'.

And Kelly ... died ... alone ... for absolutely no reason at all.

I learned – life is not kind. Life is not fair.

The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away... ...even if it takes love from you - hurts you.

Big Foot, the Rabbit:

Another dear pet of mine was – a rabbit. A rabbit named Big Foot. Yes – his hind feet were HUGE.

Big Foot – was a huge, red-eyed hateful rabbit - that I saved from a ranch that wanted to trap & kill him as a feral rabbit on their property. I declared his name was Big Foot because his hind legs were unusually long and huge.

Big Foot had escaped the ranchers' custody as a baby and was never re-captured, becoming quite an expert at human evasion and ranch food acquisition.

Despite his expert evasion skills, I somehow managed to corner and catch the rabbit. He was so big that he spanned my entire child's chest.

But Big Foot had different ideas – and did not want to be held, much less captured. He had known freedom all his life – ever escaping as a baby from captivity.

And so – Big Foot bit my shoulder as I held it – intending to force me to release him.

But he did not release his bite. He wiggled and swung from my flesh by his teeth - but I was unwavering in my mission to hold and save this bunny. The rabbit gave up eventually – and release his jaws from my shoulder.

The ranchers gave Big Foot to us (to me) after that - saying if I wanted the rabbit bad enough to hold while it bites me – that I earned it; they encouraged us to ‘please take it’.

I kept Big Foot for years as a pet, but he was always mean and hateful; he wanted to be free, but the world would just eat him alive without protection. And so – I cared for the mean little, red-eyed razor-toothed ‘vorpal bunny’ (ala a *Monte Python and the Holy Grail* movie skit).

One day – when Big Foot was older and frail - but still hateful and driven to be free - I took him out to a wilderness hillside where there was a creek and natural food aplenty; I hoped he still knew how to survive from his feral years.

Big Foot Set Free:

I set Big Foot free - out of his carrier cage - to see if he would go. And – go he did. He dashed swiftly - never to be seen again. No pause. No wistful looking at me. Just dashed - and gone. But he was free.

Random ‘Crime Weapon’ Butcher Knife Found in the Wilderness Freeing Big Foot:

As I was walking back, I found an old butcher’s knife near where I set him free. My mother speculated the knife may have been used in a crime long past but since that was then and this is now, we should polish it up and use it as our own.

Redd, The Irish Setter:

My parents hoped to have another dog after Kelly had died from epilepsy.

We adopted a red Irish setter - simply and unoriginally - named Redd. Redd was super energetic and fun - but too much for my parents to handle. She chewed up shoes. She jumped on beds and couches. She knocked things over. She was rambunctious and borderline feral without taking directions. Of course – they did not try to train the dog.

I liked the dog a lot. It would play ball with me. We could play tag together. It would let me sort of ride on it (I was very small then).

Redd – was a great dog – even if a bit ‘wild’. She was nothing but – HAPPY!

Redd Given Away Without Warning:

A few months after we acquired the Redd the Irish Setter – she vanished. Rather than train the dog or seek to calm it - my parents gave ‘it’ away without warning or discussion.

I felt a loss when Redd just vanished. I felt like my mother and Sam – my step father - did not care what I thought – or how losing Redd hurt me.

E080 Cats and Rats – Pets of the Isolated [souls]



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E080 Cats and Rats – Pets of the Isolated souls.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i2zq-e080-cats-and-rats-pets-of-the-isolated-souls.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/QcUykCNx8i8>

Description:

Richard shares the horrific tale of having to euthanize his own pet...

He cries over the many hurting, suffering, and eventually lost pets...

He laments the loss of his precious cat, his Familiar named Princess...

Richars sorrows over lost beloved pet companions and friends.

Red Eye, The Rat:

I already had an awesome pet cat, named Princess (more on her later).

Princess was fantastic and perfect for me - but I wanted another pet after Redd, Kelly, and Lady died. I needed a pet to hold any time - even when independent Princess was adventuring or hunting outside.

My mother suggested a pet hamster or a few mice. My sisters jumped at the idea and asked that they have mice themselves. My mother bought a mouse for each child, and one turned out to be pregnant so there were a lot of mice. That experience kept happening until my mother decided we had to take them to the vet who directed my mother to the pet store to give them up for adoption (or snake food - as it turned out).

On our delivery trip to the pet store, I saw a “giant mouse” which was a large, short-haired white rat with bright solid red eyes. He was wild looking - to me. I asked if he could be my pet.

The rat was inexpensive - as no one wanted a scary red eyed rat apparently. People may have been right because “Red Eye”, as I would name him simply, was mean. He scratched and bit constantly when picked up or held. Red Eye was a very grumpy rat.

Regardless of my pet rat proving to be nothing but a chore, I committed to caring for him, so I did. Years later he became so sick he was destined to die soon. Our family had little money and my mother had no intention of sinking any money into the death of my rat. It was sad to me.

Even if I did not like Red Eye, I loved him as my pet.

I saw Red Eye descend into suffering to the point he could not walk well, and he ate less and less. I observed his water bottle stopped draining much; he was not drinking. My mother suggested he should be flushed down the toilet like she did with the mice whenever they died.

Flushing my rat down the toilet – AND ALIVE!!! - it was heartless to me!

What could I do? Watch my rat suffer and suffer - only to eventually die?

No!

I decided I had to free him from his torment. But how? Crush him with a rock? What if I failed and it hurt and hurt? Get my parents to drive over him in a car? Gruesome and I doubted they would, do it?

The Drowning of Red Eye:

I think I made a mistake - I have no idea what alternatives I had. I was in an awful place. Kill my pet – somehow - or watch him suffer a long time - and die anyway.

The most painless - and certain way to die - I could think of was drowning poor Red Eye in a bucket of water.

It was nightmarish - as I held him underwater. I wanted every moment to abort my action as I saw him gulp and struggle to breathe. His eyes widened and those red eyes faded. I cried and cried. I felt his life end in my hands, and it was terrible.

I hated myself and the world for putting my pet and me in that situation. And – I hated my parents for leaving everything on me. No help. No moral support. Nothing.

The Burial of Red Eye:

This all happened in a rural area called San Martin. When we first moved into San Martin, the house had junk left behind everywhere. I found fishing gear, a tackle box, pistol holster, and a dozen or so pistol bullets. Apparently, the previous owner was a county deputy – and had a careless attitude about ammunition, equipment, and sporting gear. I found treasures in the random things he left behind.

I took the dented fish tackle box that was in the garage when we moved into the house. Using the paint-worn greenish blue metal tackle box I fashioned a coffin for Red Eye.

I went out to an old, covered horse stall that we never used. I dug a grave a couple of feet deep - and placed Red Eye inside his metal tacklebox coffin - and then the coffin down into the grave.

Covering his box with the stall dirt and manure was easy - but tear invoking. Even if he was not nice, I still lost a friend. I had lost another companion.

Adopted Stray Cats:

My mother was a magnet for stray animals. She would say that she hoped to be the Mother Theresa of lost animals. She would leave food and water out for any neighborhood animal (or racoon) to partake. She gladly let strays roam the property in search of food, water, or other things of interest. She removed the under-house wire mesh shield so animals could go under the house for shelter.

She adopted many pets like this. Two stood out to me – Smokey the Persian super thick gray haired the cat. And another cat, Tanya, that was black and white striped.

Smokey The Cat:

Smokey loved to go up in the attic and hunt mice. You would hear the little demons scurry and flee as Smokey pounced and hunted them.

One day Smokey had a mouse in his mouth dangling by its tail.

We noticed the mouse was still alive and Smokey was being abusive. He would walk and toss the mouse in the air and try and catch it in his mouth.

He tossed it too forcefully on his final throw when the mouse fell in the kitchen sink and most importantly did not come down to Smokey. He looked up, dismayed, where did the mouse!?

He sat for nearly ten minutes until apparently accepting God took the mouse and marched away in search of his next “toy”.

Smokey lived a long healthy life until he eventually died of natural causes.

Tanya The Cat's Poisoned Fate:

Tanya was a thin, large black and white striped cat. She would go for days at a time hunting and would return with homage to my mother – a bird, a mouse, a gopher, a snake... Tanya nearly rivaled Princess in hunting prowess.

Tragically we heard a horrific yowl of a meow coming from the kitchen door. Opening the door revealed Tanya climbed up the screen door, its claws clutching through its mesh, crying, and pleading for help. Opening the door made Tanya fall to the ground nearly unable to move. Tanya had been poisoned.

My mother rushed Tanya to vet, as she could not bear the horrific meowing, please for help. The vet said there was nothing to be done, Tanya was effectively dead the moment she ate the rat poison. No one knows where or how she was poisoned but the vet speculated most likely she ate squirrel or rat trap poison somewhere in the neighborhood, or perhaps she ate a rat or gopher that had been poisoned and it passed through to Tanya.

We all missed Tanya. She had a great personality and loved to be affectionate in between her hunting expeditions.

Princess, My Beloved Precious Cat:

During a visit to see Thunderbolt Cynthia saw a little white kitten wandering alone, seemingly abandoned, around Thunderbolt's water trough. She collected the kitten to protect it from potentially being stepped on and asked around if anyone knew who it belonged to.

The ranch owners said it was a mutt cat and should have been removed with the others. Apparently, they often got kitten litters on the ranch, as they liked having SOME cats around to deal with mice and pests. But at a point there are ENOUGH cats for the ranch they said.

We were surprised to hear them say, "Take the kitten if you want it... ..or it goes to the pound." My mother agreed, always having a soft spot for saving animals, and we took the white kitten home with us.

Everyone argued what to name her, but my name stuck – Princess. She began her life with Cynthia dominating Princess' time. She would keep Princess with her all the time, to the point no one really had much time with the kitten.

Princess Chose Me:

However, something happened. Princess was good judge of character. Perhaps she sensed I needed a comfort support animal. She came around to me whenever Cynthia was not overtly holding her or keeping her in a closed bedroom. Princess liked me, a lot.

I would pet her and talk to her and treat her like a person. Princess became my true friend, and she lived with me until she was twenty-two years old. That is extraordinarily old for a cat.

The Wild Called to Princess:

Her life was full of adventure and excitement. She would climb up trees and wait patiently for a bird to fly below and leap down on them mid-flight. She would sit in front of gopher hole for days at a time, all through the nights, until a gopher would eventually pop up and she would "get it" and eat it entirely bones and all leaving only the tip of a tail. She would deliver homage weekly of uneaten kills, apparently so I could likewise eat them. Princess and I loved each other.

She loved the outside. She loved sunlight. She loved to sit and bathe in the heat of the sun, whether outside or on a windowsill. Her love of the sun killed her, however. She first developed skin cancer on her ear flaps, which were surgically removed to save her life. She looked like a Rex species cat without ear flaps. Unfortunately, her sense of directional sound was lost and so she became a little scared and preferred to stay inside.

Although sad Princess lost her ability to adventure, she was then living in a townhouse with me so going outside was not practical anyway. Whenever I moved, she would hide for about a week in a file cabinet drawer until she felt comfortable that this was a safe new home.

Flapless Princess:

Many years after she had her ear flap surgery, she developed cancer on her nose. The vet, this time, said although they could remove her nose and attach an implant wire mesh-like nose he had never done it and thought she would not handle it well as an animal...but she would be alive. Or he said, let her live out her life until it gets bad. I opted for the latter.

Farewell Sweet Princess:

Maybe six months later Princess became lethargic, blood oozed from her eyes onto her white hair, and she did not meow anymore. My beloved Princess was dying and there was nothing I could do about it. I cried so much.

I took her to the vet to free her from the suffering. I could not let her go alone as the vet suggested. I went with her and held her paw as she was injected with a so-called painless lethal injection. Her paw extended as her eyes glazed, dimmed to oblivion. Princess was gone. Her corpse remained. I paid for a helicopter to spread her ashes across Lake Tahoe and its hillsides.

E081 Kitty Kat Caretakers and Friends



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E081 Kitty Kat Caretakers and Friends.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i3cs-e081-kitty-kat-caretakers-and-friends.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/ZZ2x0bCYKDM>

Description:

Richard tells stories of his most recent cats, especially how they care for him in his degenerating older age...

Kitty caretakers are both comforting allies and nurses to Richard.

Kitty Kat Caretakers and Friends in Elder Life – More than Mere Companions:

In addition to my beloved cat of twenty-two years, Princess - being so dear to me – there were many pets I loved over the years and decades. Especially – later in life – I found that pets seemed to care for me – as much as I cared for them.

I suppose – like service animals – pets later in my life were critical to my mental health, and even ability to function. They were more than companions. They pushed me. They would herd me – from place to place, following a schedule.

They would even inform me when I should rest – and when we should watch TV together.

They were my daily friends. They were my caretakers.

They watched for when I needed emotional support. They guided me to things that needed attention – pools of water, messes, bugs, unexpected sounds & dangers, and so much more.

Kitty Kats became my caretakers and friends – that I could rely on – no matter what.

Fewer Days Ahead Than Behind – So Make the Most of Your Remaining Days:

Although I do not know its origin – I recall hearing in a Star Trek episode, “There are fewer days ahead than there are behind...”

It is certainly true of my life – now.

I had reached the milestone – the marker of my life’s entering its sunset – its finale’.

Family and Legacy Are All That Will Remain – Stories, not Facts:

That same episode suggested to take “some comfort that the family would go on...”

The stories of your personality, tales of deeds and accomplishments, and of challenges and triumphs – these are what you will be remembered by.

It is imperative to keep a positive attitude – even as our bodies and minds decay – fall apart. It is – perhaps – the greatest test of honor and integrity – not to rail and fight against the world in resentment as most ‘seniors’ are abused and taken advantage in their progressively addled old vulnerable age.

And - The stories of your personality, tales of deeds and accomplishments, and of challenges and triumphs – these are what you will be remembered by.

Make Remaining Days Ahead Far Better Than Those Left Behind:

C.S. Lewis wrote, “There are far, far better things ahead than any we leave behind.”

Well – to make that true – it is critical to make every day better than the previous day. And so – each day must start with the belief that it will be good – and offer opportunities to be better, even if they require effort realize them – or even put yourself in the path of those opportunities.

Bottom-line: Make the years and days ahead matter!

Make time with pets and friends - matter the most – inspire happiness - and TRULY COUNT!

Suniko the Black and White Cat:

For years – when Katherine and I lived in Canada – we would sit together and watch a TV show in the evening – after I returned from work and we had dinner.

Suniko, a black and white svelte cat, would come and sit on a pillow I laid out next to me for her. And I would pet her – as we watch television shows.

...

One day – Suniko was laying lethargically in the hallway. She would never do that. It was not like her at all. We took her to the veterinarian – and they ran tests – and kept her for observation.

Suniko died in the vet’s care. We were not there for her. We loved Suniko.

She is now ashes in a little urn – that we keep with us – in memory of her being such a special cat and friend.

Desdemona the Black and White “Minor Chord” Cat:

Desdemona – or Desy – was sister to Dulcinea (more on her below). We adopted Dulcinea and Desdemona at the same time, as they shared the same mother (though unlikely the same father given their very different appearance & personalities).

Desdemona was a black and white kitty. Her meow was a ‘minor chord’ – that pierced like a baby’s cry. We joked at times – she had a TV Show ‘Fran Drescher’ annoying voice. But – despite her agitating meow, she was a wonderful kitty cat.

Desy was loving and caring. She always sought to be with Katherine. She was ‘her cat’.

Desy’s Demise – Sorrow and Loss Inflamed:

But – not quite fourteen years old - Desy began to lose weight. And food and occasional feces appeared dried in her tail and paws – and eventually even her whiskers and face. Her weight fell to under five pounds – her ribs and backbone protruded from her meatless flesh clinging to them. It was horrible.

Desy’s mind seemed mostly ‘there’; she implored us for help. But her body was failing. She was suffering.

We had to finally take her to the vet – in hopes of a miracle cure – though we knew in our hearts the outcome. Desy was euthanized that morning – in Katherine’s arms – as Desy’s eyes faded – gone.

Tears flowed weeks afterwards... Probably – forever more.

Dulcinea the Black “Danderlion” Cat:

Dulcinea – or Dulcy – was our sweet black ‘dander-lion’ cat. Dulcinea is one of the most loving cats I have ever known – for people. She is very jealous of any cat ‘stealing her human’ – and so she had been an aggressive territorial cat at times.

She is Desdemona’s sister - of the same litter but likely a different father. But Dulcy was the runt of the litter. And yet – she has grown into a strong, stalwart of a cat. She is a bit ‘thick’ and tough.

But – as Dulcy has aged, so she has mellowed out. She rarely hisses. She rarely fights back. She withdraws – and waits for the opportunity to rejoin time with her ‘humans’.

Dulcy's main 'human' is Katherine.

Daenerys the Black Jailhouse Particular Cat Turned "Caretaker":

Daenerys is a thick furred black cat – with intense, expressive eyes. She communicates her wants, needs, and expectations.

She was an abandoned as kitten, and was adopted by the Washington State penal system – as a rehabilitation 'tool' for hardcore inmates. Daenerys was fed by inmates by eyedropper, and cared for until she was old enough to be adopted.

And – Katherine found Daenerys through research. We rescued Daenerys.

The inmates had named her 'Dragon' – after the children's movie of the same name whose 'dragon' was all black.

In honor of her 'prison name' – we extended her 'Dragon' name to HBO Show Game of Thrones' Mother of Dragons Daenerys Targaryen. But for our kitty – she would be simply, 'Daenerys'.

...

Daenerys became my caretaker after my health descended and I was significantly impaired. She would sit with me – on a nearby stool or chair or bed. She would lay with me in bed. She would watch TV with me. And – she would keep me on schedule. Yes – she would 'herd' me about according to normal routine.

Daenerys was and is an awesome, phenomenal kitty cat.

Dagny the White "Medicine Cap" Scaredy Lap Kitty Cat:

Dagny is a short-haired all white kitty cat – but with a 'medicine cap' two gray streaks on her forehead. She has numerous cute expressions and mannerisms – making her irresistible to virtually anyone she encounters.

And she is incredibly warm and loving. She wants more than anything to just sit in your lap – at least across your leg. Dagny is a lap kitty – if ever there was one.

She is – unfortunately – also a scaredy cat. She is easily alarmed – and flees. It makes it hard to protect her from strangers arriving – because she hides in inaccessible locations – like far back, below the bed. Or finds holes under bed boards or mattresses – and climbs atop them in apparent terror.

It is scary for Dagny. It is trouble for everyone else.

And Dagny has a propensity to scratch vertical 'chalkboard' surfaces late at night – when she is bored, or wants something from us - regardless of our sleeping at the time.

But – Dagny is a spectacular kitty cat. I adore and love her.

Chat with Dagny the White Loving Cat – We all make 'Faux Pas':

I have always treated my daughters and pets like they were adults with experience and comprehension of all topics I might discuss with them.

The result are - some pets that actively pause and pay attention to my talking, and some like Dagny (the cat) talks back and yawns and reaches her paw out and more.

Dagny had been ‘trained’ to be a conversationalist with me.

One funny day I was speaking to Dagny as I regularly did when she made a mistake and cut me with her claw -

We all make mistakes.

We all make faux pas.

You have ‘Fo Paws.

Yea - we all make faux pas...

E082 Love of Animals and their Inspiration



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E082 Love of Animals and their Inspiration.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i3pa-e082-love-of-animals-and-their-inspiration.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/dx3UNhEnWRM>

Description:

Some pets are more kindred spirits than mere animals... they are known as Familiars in lore.

Pets inspire and motivate. Pets comfort and heal us.

Pets bond with us.

Losing a pet to death does not take that love away.

Experience the Poem "Love of Shadow written by my daughter.

Some Pets and People Are Fated as Kindred Spirits – as ‘Familiars’:

I believe profoundly – that good people - inspire animals to connect and bond with them. That some animals are kindred spirits intertwined and bonded with your own.

In mythos such animal-human connections have been seen as sacred or supernatural like witch’s familiars or a pharaoh’s sphinx.

My beloved cat, Princess, was “my familiar”.

My daughter Amanda’s cat, Shadow, was Amanda her “familiar”.

And there is no lack of love and passion for other pets, either. I loved and love my pets – past and present.

Fortunately, I also believe there is room for more than one “familiar” in our lives – even at the same time. People “know” when they are bonded with their pet, and when their pet has bonded with them.

Love of Shadow – Bonding with Pets:

My wife, children, and I have all lost beloved pets.

Later in life - my daughter Amanda - shared a poem she wrote when her cat, Shadow, passed.

Shadow was Amanda’s ‘Princess’. And Shadow was Katherine and My ‘Desdemona’.

This is Amanda’s poem – sharing her loss – and unrelenting love of Shadow.

It reflects Katherine and my feelings of loss and sorrow for our beloved kitties...

...

Be cautioned – it is heart crushing... at least it was – and is – to me.

Love of Shadow – Poem by Amanda Seaborne:

I knew that you were dying.
I worried any night I wasn't home.
I stayed home from vacations.
So that you wouldn't die alone.

One night, you were weaker,
Unable to walk far.
Your glossy eyes were fading,
And your light deteriorating.

I carried you like an infant.
To the hospital the next day,
Hoping to revive
You from your sickly state.

Feline Granulocytic Leukemia.
Small Cell Lymphoma.
Kidney disease.

I'd seen too many of your bones.
Through your black, matted fur.
A pound less, a week later,
I saw too many more.

You kept trying to stand.
And falling over on your side.
Your silent meows were pained, heart-breaking.
You wouldn't shut your eyes.

I dripped water through your missing teeth.
Because you couldn't stand to drink.
You stood up, one final time, and fell.
As hours passed, your hours passed.

Only your chest's lifts with breaths,
And your heart beating through your skin,
Confirmed that you were there -

That there was life within.

I'd denied suggestions to "put you to sleep,"
Because who was I to stop you from fighting?
But now, you surrendered, prepared to resign.
You deserved more than to painfully go.
It was time... to be euthanized.

In the blue, cashmere blanket,
I held you like an infant.
The blanket concealed the catheters,
Tying you between life and death.

I watched the syringe empty into you.
You went to sleep. Your tension released.
I'd had not the ability.
To see the injection of the end.
You died, my perfect friend.

I walked out, chin to my chest,
With layers of loss coating my eyes.
Of all your power, light, magnificence,
There were only ashes that survived."

Better to Have Loved and Lost Than to Have Never Loved at All:

Much as Shakespeare wrote, "It is better to have loved and lost than to have never at all" - I feel that the many animals in my life taught me compassion - and how to care for another. They were my family and caretakers. Though they may have passed, some in horrific ways, I loved them all.

I will always love them...

...so long as my mind can remember (and that scares me – that I might forget them!).

Psychiatrist Assessment – For the Love of Pets



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window flashed. His eyes were watery from apparent empathy. He spoke, “Richard – I have a spot in my heart for animals. They are true to who they are, and show their love willingly if you will accept it. I love animals.

Your losses... Richard... I can only impart – I am sorry.

Richard –

- My heart wrenched hearing about your saving your dog, Lady’s, life using CPR. And watching her struggle to live, being half paralyzed from a stroke
- Then hearing of your epileptic dog drowning in a storm – it was soul crushing
- And drowning your pet – as euthanasia – so it looked into your eyes as you held it under water – killing your beloved friend and pet. It is – incomprehensible – the deep emotional scar that must have left on you
- And the horrors of cats dying because they ate a rat that was poisoned – thus poisoning the cat – or from wasting away from disease, or struggling to function post strokes and heart attacks...
 - The hellscape described – was ... beyond psychologically devastating. It is amazing you are as grounded as you are

- You must have developed a strong resilience – a resistance to emotional scarring – but it is possibly catching up and coming out with a vengeance in your late life
- And – your pet Princess. Your one and only true – lifelong friend and ally – lived far beyond ordinary lifespan... and died despite your best medical efforts to keep her together and alive. I could see even talking of her – frazzled your emotion lability
- Oh – and that Poem about the Cat Shadow - from your daughter Amanda – made me tear up
 - Living that same experience – but with different pets, at different times – is tragic. I don't feel it is appropriate to delve on this right now.
- I have nothing to offer – but sympathy for your hardships and losses.”

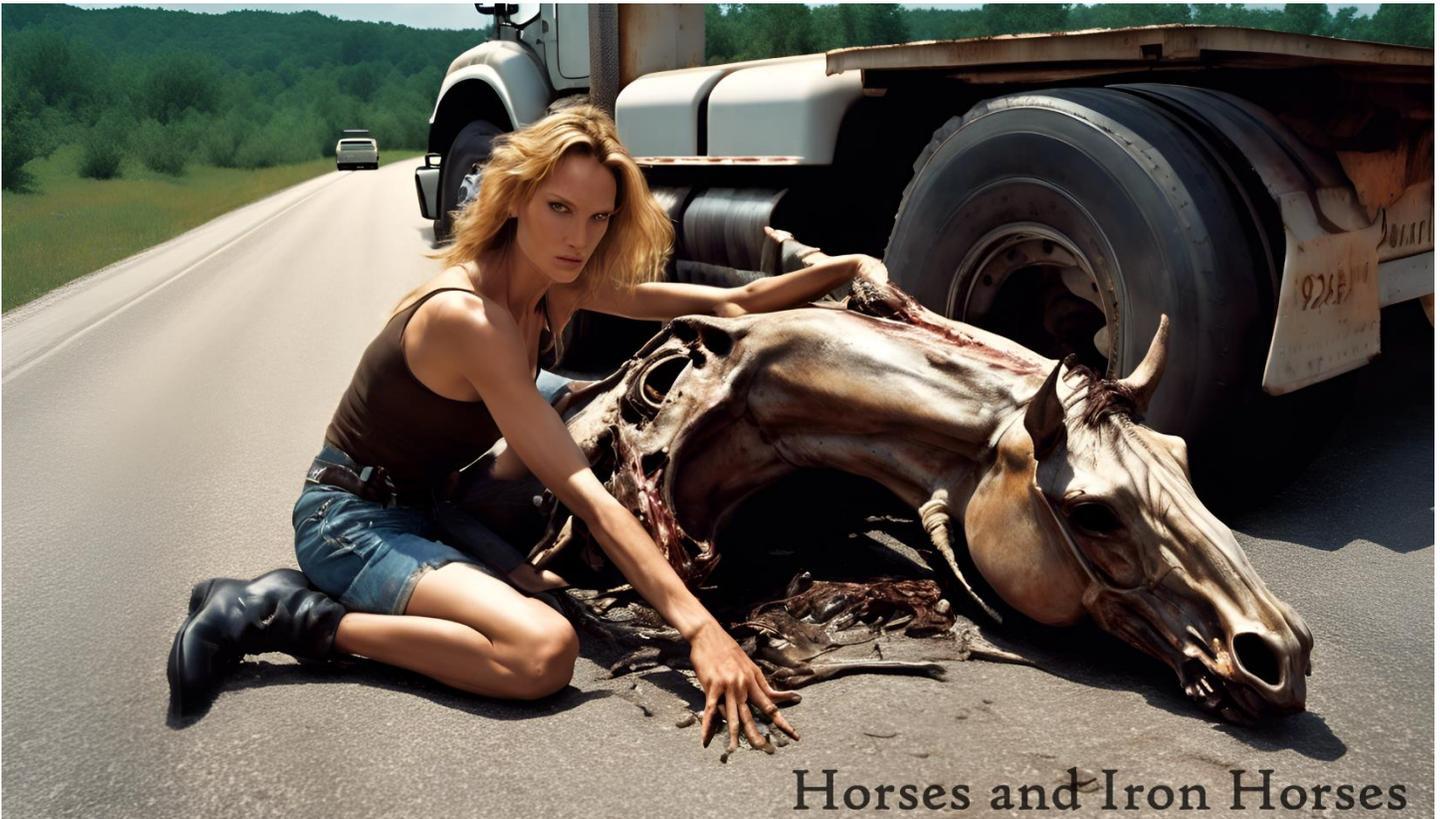
Time to Continue My Memories:

Caselli leaned forward, “Richard – Your pet stories were quite moving. I'd like to hear more of your more memories - if that would be okay with you?””

...

I replied, “I have a veritable tome of memories and flashbacks written down – having months ABANDONED to do it.” I began telling my memories...

E083 HORSES AND IRON HORSES



Horses and Iron Horses

Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E083 Horses and Iron Horses.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i4er-e083-horses-and-iron-horses.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/C-QWcuPZ9dQ>

Description:

Richard recounts his childhood experience with a pony named Thunderbolt.

He shares how abusive and cruel the horse was, and how he ultimately earned his earned demise.

But – he also shares how it happened.

He shares how horrific and life-shattering the event was...

Tragic Tale of Thunderbolt

Beneficial Insight and View Alternating Distant Memories with the Flashback Story:

I was deposited into Doctor Caselli’s familiar ‘therapy’ room – by a new very large Samoan Orderly. As each session started – Doctors Garcia, Brandon, and Hyder greeted me from their iPad chat windows.

Doctor Caselli smiled, “Richard, it is nice to see you. I have found alternating your distant memories with your more recent flashback ‘story’ has afforded us with a unique view into what appears to be your reality and your fiction.

Therefore, Richard – I would like us to use that as our ‘format’ going forward. You will share a set of ‘memories’. And then you will share a ‘flashback’. And then a ‘memory’. And so forth.

Will that work for you, Richard?” Caselli asked.

...

“Yes, of course” I replied, as I nodded.

Doctors Caselli, Brandon, Garcia, and Hyder Aligned on a Memory-Flashback Format:

Caselli looked to the iPad Doctors, “Do any of you have anything you would like us to cover? Or refine our process?”

...

The iPad windows all pulsed as the doctors all replied at the same time, “Yea. Sure. Fine.”

Flashback Stories Showcase ‘Current Self’ vs Memories Showcasing ‘Old Self’:

But Doctor Hyder continued excitedly, “Richard – I love your flashback stories so much. I find they offer much more insight to ‘how you think’ and ‘how you process things’, and especially showcases your ‘current self’ – versus your ‘old self’.

Directed to Share More Memories:

Doctor Caselli grinned, “Yes – your ‘current self’ is of top interest. Your ‘old self’ provides contrast and insight into your ‘core self’ and values.

Richard – please proceed sharing your memories.”

And so I began retelling my memories.

Thunderbolt the Pony – Paid for by my Grandfather, Cared for by my Mother:

As a young boy – at maybe seven years old - my mother and grandfather wanted to make sure my sisters and I all had a chance to ride horses like they did – given my grandfather previously bought a Dude Ranch in Oracle, Arizona (more on that later) and loved the idea of horseback riding and ‘being a cowboy in the wild west’. – ESPECIALLY because he was a New York City Slicker...so horses were something he would never know growing up.

My grandfather paid to buy riding lessons for us, and later to buy a pony named Thunderbolt and to rent a stall for him in a stable. Officially - my grandfather would say - that he helped my mother pay for everything - but we had no spare money, so it was entirely my grandfather's generosity without any need to be recognized for it.

My mother made sure the pony was cared for, and that we had opportunities to play with him, groom him, feed him, and ride him.

It was a major commitment to have a Pony - given how poor we were. It was utterly amazing. It was a huge thing for my sisters. I think it gave them a kind of self-esteem boost just owning a pony - and it gave them something to look forward to.

For me - it was fun and interesting, but it was just another thing to be interested in at the time. I was interested in 'everything'!

How did Thunderbolt get his name? Cynthia named him Thunderbolt that right off because he would unpredictably just bolt left or right - and sometimes he would rear up and jump forward and take off in a Gallup. His heart, legs, eyes, ears, and mouth were all full of thunder!

Thunderbolt was the family pony, and we were excited.

Thunderbolt Broke My Arm – In Multiple Places:

I rode our pony, Thunderbolt, nearly every weekend. But - he was a mean pony - as he loved to run under trees and branches - in apparent hope of knocking his rider off or hurting them.

It was the hallmark of his name; he bolted into trees and zigzagged to dismount his rider. He waited until opportunity availed itself - and then raced toward or jumped under a tree; he was smart, mean, and full of aggressive thunder.

Alas, Thunderbolt saw me as a little off one fated day and he dashed and would not stop and began running and turning sharply. Eventually I fell off into a big manure pile, but it did not break my fall like TV.

No, I broke my left arm in two places across several bones. Visual? My arm had a section of it broken off and rotated with it bent in impossible poses and bone ready to pierce out the skin - into the manure I was laying in.

My mother did not want to call an ambulance to save money, but she did take me to the Emergency Room. I laid in the back of her station wagon – holding my broken arm together – in incredible pain and agony.

Made Fun of Because No Signatures on My Cast:

Once the break was set and I had a cast, I was back to normal life – just in a cast.

I had no friends – so had no one sign my cast. In fact – kids made fun of me...BECAUSE NO ONE SIGNED MY CAST.

Ironically – I did not want random kids writing on 'me' – on my cast! So – the joke was on them. I did not want what they mocked me for not having.

I still suffered a lisp as a young child up until third grade. But now, in first grade with my broken arm and cast plus a lisp, I was the easy target of elementary school schoolyard mockery, insults, and physical abuse. Yard duties charged with protecting students spent more time gabbing about their personal lives than watching me get beat up or chased or just yelled at. No one cared about me; it was obvious.

Have Cast will Travel:

I was in first grade - and now had a cast on my arm that I would wear for over six months given how badly broken it was.

Over those six months - it itched. It itched so much. I used an old bent hangar to scratch it. Within a few months it was rank, smelled easily within a foot of it. But doctors said never wash it, never do anything but wrap in a bag whenever near water.

At school it was rather convenient. My cast was a portable club no one could take from me. You may infer from that statement that I was teased and sometimes shoved around... to the point I felt I needed a club.

Staying Still Does Not Protect You from Being Hit By a Projectile Rock – Stupid Me:

Once a kid threw rocks at me all recess long, and I had a silly idea that if I stood still, he could not hit me because he was so inaccurate.

Well, it hit me square between the eyes and sent me the nurse's office and then home. DUMB AND OUCH!

I learned that day - it is up to me to avoid being hurt. And - do not believe unproven crazy ideas. Rely on what you know.

Cast, Jury, and Executioner:

Well, things changed – having a cast.

I had a 'club' permanently attached to my arm – that no one could take away - and I used it! I hammered my assailants - and they fled. Where did they flee? Straight to the yard duties to say I was picking on them with my cast!?!?! They lied and portrayed their abusive bully selves as the victims...

The Yard Duties grabbed me by the unbroken arm and dragged me to the principal's office who promptly assumed I was the bully - using with my cast as a club. No one listened to my explanation of my abuse. They just cast judgment and called my mother and sent a note with me home for her to sign that said I would not hit anyone with my cast again. My mother listened and she signed the note.

I was harassed the next day as the real bullies knew I was told not to use my cast. Well - I was true to my word and did not use my cast as a club anymore. Instead, I used my aluminum "Scooby Doo" lunch pail and smacked people with it; I took my pail everywhere. The kids gave up messing with me.

It was clear to me – weapons even the 'playing field'. And they make people 'less mean'. Weapons are your friends.

Thunderbolt 'Abandoned' Because He Was Mean:

Back to Thunderbolt, the pony.

Thunderbolt's aggressive mean personality eventually made him into a pony pariah.

No one rode Thunderbolt anymore.

It had been over a year that anyone spent much time at all with Thunderbolt. He was left to sulk and be alone. He became even more surly and grumpy - without brushing or even words to give him a sense of worth or value. Thunderbolt was, effectively, abandoned by 'his family'.

Yea, it may seem weird, but horses have feelings too. Just like any other animal.

My pony Patches (more on Patches later) showed me how animals, including ponies, have real human-like emotions and feelings.

I felt sorry for Thunderbolt - as a being with feelings - but because he broke my arm, I strongly disliked him. I hated Thunderbolt for hurting me so badly. There were few things or creatures I hated - but Thunderbolt earned my hatred after hurting breaking my arm in a pile of manure.

But I felt sorry for a creature hurting emotionally... regardless of deserved or not.

Thunderbolt Sold but Escapes:

My parents decided Thunderbolt would have a better life with someone else that would care for him and ride him as he once was.

A family in an adjacent city Morgan Hill bought Thunderbolt for a "steal" because my parents just wanted to find him a new home.

That evening - the new owners of Thunderbolt had him on a rope running in circles with a training whip so he would get used to them as "masters" and not be mean to them as he had been to me and everyone else.

Apparently, Thunderbolt yanked free of the would-be trainer and galloped away beyond their sight. He ran and ran, and they could not find him.

Thunderbolt Sold but Escapes to Run "Home":

Thunderbolt - the mean pony - had escaped his new "owners". And he knew where "home" was. He fled his would-be 'new home' - and ran along streets toward his San Martin home. It may not be where he had much joy, but it was where he lived and believed where he "belonged".

The Moreno Family:

As an aside...

The wealthiest family in the area owned a series of fruit stands in the area. They would buy fruit directly from local farms including the "less aesthetic" fruits that retail stores would not put out for sale because of their appearance but were otherwise completely good and fine to eat.

People are fickle about what their food looks like regardless of its nutritional value. Looks matter even in food to people I concluded.

The Moreno's had a dark reputation. They allegedly did not make the lion's share of their income from the fruit stands directly. They instead laundered money and sold illicit drugs through their fruit stand business.

The fruit stands provided convenient drug access points throughout the South County and the fruit sales provided cover for revenue to legitimize it for everyday use. The Moreno Family was seen as the local "mob" and were advised to stay clear.

I lived across the street from the Moreno family.

They operated as if they were above the law and lived life as libertines. They pursued lavish cars, vacations, and gluttonous lifestyles. It was a huge contrast to our squalid low-income house.

There were occasions when the Moreno's would offer to buy my parent's house so they could tear it down as it was an eye sore to them and arguably lowered the value of their property (if not all the surrounding properties).

Jayce Moreno Behaved As if He Was Above the Law:

One of the Moreno family's sons, Jayce, was a truck driver for their fruit stand business. He was no exception to the Moreno "above the law" libertine mindset.

Jayce Moreno would often drink and drive and so saw no risk in doing so this night too as it was like every other night – wait for load up, drive to fruit stand, wait for unload, drive to next stand, repeat and then drive back.

Jayce felt that his simple repeating boring job afforded him the luxury of being able to do his job half drunk. Of course, he would limit his drinking just enough so he could operate the big semi rig safely.

Jayce had been lucky for years drinking and driving in his huge semi-truck.

The Morning Deputy:

The morning after Thunderbolt was sold a knock came from the kitchen door. It was the local Deputy. San Martin did not have a police department since it was not an official city and so had a sheriff and deputies as law enforcement.

The officer asked if we owned a dark brown pony. They had been going door-to-door asking local homeowners with corrals and horses if they were missing a dark brown pony.

My mother explained we had just sold a dark brown pony named Thunderbolt last night. She wondered what was going on.

Apparently there had been an accident with a dark brown pony a few miles away and since we had just sold a pony they asked if we might go and see if the pony was Thunderbolt.

Thunderbolt Slain by Peterbilt Semi Truck:

Thunderbolt never made it "home" to San Martin.

The Deputy cautioned the pony had died but declined to say how it happened.

That fateful evening Jayce Moreno was not so lucky driving his Peterbilt Semi Truck and Trailer drunk.

Jayce plowed his massive rig over Thunderbolt as the pony tried to run "home".

Whether the pony hits the Truck, or the Truck hits the pony – it was bad for the pony.

Thunderbolt was caught under the truck's grill and dragged nearly two hundred feet across the rough road surface. One side of his body was left hairless and much of his flesh had scraped and ripped off as his body tumbled and turned as it was crushed, twisted, and mutilated.

Cynthia's Bloodbath [shower]:

As we arrived, Cynthia saw Thunderbolt and leaped from the car to run to what was left of him. She fell next to him and held him close. Tears flowed. She raised his head to hug it but it fell backward revealing his head was half severed from its neck. Blood gushed from the exposed head and neck all over Cynthia. It was a horrifying scene.

I will never forget the horror - I think no matter how much my memory fades - that memory I witnessed that day – will stay.

Thunderbolt Had it Coming and Conflicted Lost “Old Friend” Emotions:

“He had it coming,” I thought which made me feel guilty. He broke my arm. He was mean. He was an awful animal. If there was a demon in animal form – it was Thunderbolt. But he was part of my life and did give me excitement and happiness between the scares and broken arm.

In a strange way I lamented the loss of “my old friend Thunderbolt” whereas I felt the evolved “new mean Thunderbolt” deserved karmic justice. ‘He had it coming’.

I was conflicted with my disdain for Thunderbolt while feeling for him and my sister.

Seeing Thunderbolt's gruesome end and my sister's unimaginable nightmarish bloodbath [shower] made me feel sad and more horrified and speechless than anything.

My life has been full of larger-than-life events. Full of extraordinary adventures and events.

Even in nightmares the events are beyond Hollywood overly dramatic narratives. In my life – they were real.

E084 Holding onto Righteousness in Face of Horror



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E084 Holding onto Righteousness in Face of Horror.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i4qs-e084-holding-onto-righteousness-in-face-of-horror.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/YjR9BGOzX48>

Description:

Richard tells the tale of high and low times riding horses and iron horses (AKA motorcycles).

He explains how his ‘escapes’ brought trouble, trials, and tribulations... but they also brought respite and recovery from life’s otherwise hardships...

Must Always Have a Purpose – And to Stay True to Good and Righteousness:

My life has always been full of extreme events with profound messages for the world and me to learn from.

Candidly, if I thought the torment and suffering that I and others endure had no purpose or message to influence me or the world, I would feel despairing and lost.

I cannot fathom - how anyone can exist without purpose or hope – believing there is a greater good to strive for - that makes a difference - and will be recognized [and eventually, even in the afterlife – rewarded for it].

I have been repulsed at the idea that there is no Karma or Righteousness in the world. And if I should ever believe that - I fear what I would inflict upon the world - without anchor or tether to “good” and “right”... would be incalculably destructive.

If I lost my integrity and connection to The Right – I fear my father Silver Seaborne’s vile, wickedness, and sale of weapons and illicit drugs ... would be ‘small potatoes’ to what I would do... were I evil like my father.

The world did not need me to be wicked like my father - an apathetic self-serving inflictor of cruelty to benefit myself. Instead - the world needed me - to be a defender of the good and righteous.

It has always been critical that I stay true to being good and pursuing righteousness - as a core defining value of mine. – Defining my Brand – my identity!

One Negative Outweighs a Thousand Positives:

But – I have often quipped, “One Negative Outweighs a Thousand Positives”.

Every time a traumatic event happens - it erodes a piece of my Faith – and of my Hope that goodness can triumph - after all.

Each negative chips away at the stack of golden, good times – and one negative is like a bomb that destroys not one but a thousand good times at once.

Negatives Bottled and Stored on a Shelf – Insight Only, Suppress Emotion:

It has always been important for me to manage negative experiences (and I have had A LOT of them) so they cannot harm or hold me back.

I learned to put my “negatives” in a metaphorical bottle, cork it, and store it high on a shelf that I could forget about. Suppressing negative emotions became a hallmark of my childhood and continued in adulthood albeit much less often.

My bottled negativity was suppressed so the emotion could not affect me but the knowledge of the event remained so I could glean insight from it and avoid repeating mistakes.

Blackjack the Pony:

When I was a tween - my mother befriended a woman in Parents Without Partners (PWP) that was paramount to a gold digger. The woman had recently moved in with her “rich man” and wanted to make sure everything was perfect. He had a black pony that irritated him and my mother quick to provide a solution and acquire another pony (for free) asked if she could take the pony of the man’s hands.

He insisted the pony had value and my mother could buy him. But money has always been short, and my mother had no intention of spending money on another animal she'd have to care for. But she was clever, my mother.

My mother turned to the man and said, "Well, I could buy your pony and you'd be free of it. But then I must pay to take care of it, feed it, stable it, and more. No, you should keep the pony and pay those things yourself. You can keep paying to be annoyed."

The man knew my mother was right and he did not need the money. He agreed with a catch. We could "lease" the pony \$1 per year so he could take it back any time he wanted but we could use him as long as we paid for his food, stable, etc. My mother agreed and we had Blackjack for years.

Blackjack was not a nice pony, even more violent than Thunderbolt. He would just stand still and not go anywhere when ridden; he was virtually unbroken and un-rideable. With my bad experience with Thunderbolt, I had no interest in trying to teach or ride Blackjack. No one did. He became a stable pet that few liked.

A friend of mine, Scotty Shaddox, joined me in a game we discovered Blackjack liked to play – Tag! We would give him one sugar cube and he loved it. We would show him another and run around trees, up trees, all over... Blackjack would follow like a dog, seeking sugar cubes.

The game became dangerous one day when Blackjack apparently decided he wanted MORE THAN ONE SUGAR CUBE AT A TIME. He bucked and charged, and reared up, and literally "TREED US" so we could not come down. He may as well have been grizzly bear the way he was behaving.

We eventually threw a bag of sugar cubes over a wide area, so he went after them, and we ran the other way. Blackjack Tag was never played again.

My Friend, Patches:

I was not interested in riding horses anymore. I could get hurt, or worse! Horses think for themselves and, if wicked, are bigger than people and can hurt them. I was afraid of horses after breaking my arm and wearing a cast for over six months.

My grandfather and mother thought I needed to "get back in the saddle again" or I would never get over my fear of horses or riding or who knows what else they feared. There was no encouragement or examples they could present that could sway me.

A few years they convinced me this squat rotund white pony with brown and gray patches across his face and body might be a safe pony to ride. He was gentle and well-tempered. My parents joked he seemed more like a small and slow mule than a horse. I rode the pony. He was nice, non-threatening, and even seemed happy someone liked him too. He was the opposite of Thunderbolt. I said it would be okay if we kept him.

We had Patches for many years. I rode him in the foothills for hours at a time, would adventure up and down creeks, hills, and valleys. I even rode Patches to a neighboring city, Gilroy, and into one of their strip malls once; that drew attention! Another time I rode into a suburban housing complex in another neighbor city, Morgan Hill.

Horse Crushed Duckling:

While riding in the foothills my pony stepped on duckling accidentally – crushing it under its hoof. I do not know why the duck was out on its own, but it managed to get beneath the hoof of my horse. It screamed and moaned horrific sounds.

I felt terrible for it and ran to find a large rock and used it to euthanize the suffering duckling so it might be spared hours of suffering.

I felt awful taking its life but in was, practically speaking, already dead. I just spared the time it would hurt and suffer before it died. It still felt bad.

Patches Health Declines:

Patches and I were “mates” and we went everywhere. But Patches got older, and I got bigger. Patches developed cataracts over first one eye, and then the next. He became so blind that he could narrowly see a few feet in front of him. I could no longer go on rides with Patches, and few others in the household would spend time with him.

Lonely and despairing, Patches laid down one day in the back pasture and refused to stand up. Horses always stand up. They sleep standing up. The only time you find horses laying around is when they are immensely hot or dehydrated or they are sick. Patches laying down was clear indication he was not well.

The veterinarian visited Patches and diagnoses he was depressed. A depressed horse!?! I had never heard of such a thing. Well, it made sense. We were best buds and we spent less and less time together and Patches was all but blind now; who wouldn't be depressed?

The vet said he should be put down. That was horrifying. My parents said he is costing money now and the vet says he will not get better, so...

NO!!!! Cynthia and I both fed sugar cubes to Patches in shifts, brushed and pet him, spoke soft words to him. It got him to pay attention and rise to his feet after a few days.

I ranted and ranted that Patches COULD NOT BE PUT DOWN, and they decided to put an advertisement in the local paper to see if someone were interested in a blind pony as a pet that could not be ridden. Remarkably, a family in Morgan Hill had a little disabled kid that could not ride but dreamed of having a pony. Patches had a new home, put “out to pasture” where he could live out his end days with the care of a loving disabled child. I missed Patches and saw him from the street side sometimes in Morgan Hill.

Swimming with Horses:

I have a fond memory of riding Patches, my pony, before he developed cataracts and went blind about an hour from our home into the wilderness to a creek. I would ride along the Creekside and sometimes in the creek, mostly through a few heavily overgrown areas on the banks. The area was full of dragonflies, bullfrogs, wasps, and all sorts of creek critters. Birds chirped. Bugs buzzed. Frogs croaked. Water rippled and rushed.

Eventually the creek opened into a manmade “lake” which had previously been a giant percolation pond but was now abandoned but full of water. I would take patches into the pond until he would swim, and I could hold onto his mane as he bore me from one side of the pond to the other. I must confess sometimes I wondered if he got scared or was just excited to be swimming. He did not shy from the shore whenever we came to it, so I concluded he was at least “okay” with our swims together in the pond – as Pony Patches and Richard united as one.

Iron Horse and Indentured Servitude:

Given my experience with Thunderbolt and outgrowing Patches, I wanted to transition to the “Iron Horse”. I wanted to ride motorcycles instead of horses. We had no money to maintain and operate a motorcycle much less buy one I thought. But I had ridden a little Honda 50cc motorcycle at a neighbor's house, and although I drove right into and through their white picket fence it was absolutely invigorating and exciting!

I pleaded with my mother, asking if there was no way it could ever be that we could afford a motorcycle? Sam pitied me and found a used Honda 55cc motorcycle like the one I rode for cheap; it did not run well but he got manuals and we fixed it up ourselves as a hobby together. It was funny seeing Sam, a 250-pound man, on a tiny little 50cc Honda motorcycle; it was like a circus clown riding on a tiny little bicycle. But it worked!

After a year of proving I loved dirt bike motorcycles, Sam and my mother offered a contract of sorts to me. They would buy a new 80cc Yamaha motorcycle for me if washed the dishes, washed the kitchen floor, and mowed the lawn for four-and-a-half-years to pay it off. I wanted a motorcycle so bad that I agreed without much thought. I would have to do additional chores to earn money for gas and maintenance but that was fine; I have never been lazy or one to shy from work. I became a child “indentured servant” paying off my debt for four-and-a-half years. I promised to do it and I did it every single day without pause, complaint, or issue.

I learned to maintain the bike and even re-built its engine once after its worse breakdown; when you have no money, you find how resourceful you really are.

With limited money I learned how to maintain my motorcycle myself – changing oil, mixing fuel, cleaning/replacing spark plug, clean/adjust carburetor, adjust chain, clutch, brakes, and cabling, and even rebuilt the engine once. I was a grease monkey by necessity, something no one that knew me later in life could have imagined. ME, A GREASE MONKEY!? Hah, techie nerd Yes... Mechanic!? No...

Although I was an “indentured servant” for my parents over four-and-a-half-year years washing the dishes, kitchen floor, and mowing the lawn so my parents would buy a small 80cc off-road Yamaha motorcycle to give me escape from the house and be free for a while at times in the country hillsides.

Good Deeds in The Foothills:

I would ride for hours and hours where no one dared go. If doubt anyone could reach the places I did without a motorcycle or insanely long arduous hikes. Once in the wilds of the foothills I found a stolen pickup truck. Another time I found a stolen motorcycle. And there was the fire blaze my friend and I put out; we imagine preventing a forest fire.

Rarely I would travel far to a place at the base of steep hill where water trickled down throughout the year into a cistern pond below. There was an old ruined “castle” in the area, Mount Madonna, and I’d sit there or walk around and contemplate and think. It was there that I made the biggest decisions of my life. It was there that I decided to abandon traditional college and university to pursue making computer and video games.

Shooters in the Wilds (shooting at me!):

One sunny day I was cruising happily up a hilltop, but as I crested its peak I saw a white pickup far away on a dirt fire road. Next to the pickup was a man holding a rifle. He was apparently shooting for fun “in the middle of nowhere”.

Well, he decided it was a good idea to shoot at me – a live moving target. OH MY GAWD!

I dumped my bike on its side immediately on the opposite side of the hill crest where I could see the shooter, and where he could conversely see me (and shoot at me).

BANG and WHIZ! A bullet zipped up and over me. BANG BANG! Two more bullets flew but they struck a tree at the hilltop.

I managed to drag my motorcycle on its side down the hill so I could jump on it, kick start the engine, and get the heck out of there.

It was an insane incident and one that made me question how anyone would feel it was okay to shoot at another person without any justification or cause.

As an aside – another random shooter shot a woman that lived down the road from us in San Martin, destroying her jaw and ruining her life. That shooter was a young adult that thought he was going to scare the woman, but his aim was bad and hit her in the face. He alleged it was an accident, but he aimed at her and pulled the trigger – it was no accident.

People can be wicked and cruel without malicious intent it seemed to me.

It became evident to me that you had to be super aware of the environment around you especially where people are and what they are doing.

I could not trust the world around me to be safe.

Freedom, Health, and Sanity through Horses and Iron Horses:

Riding horses and motorcycles in the wilderness gave me so much freedom and space to find peace of mind. It gave me exercise, fresh air, sunshine, and adventure! Being free to ride anywhere without restrictions was a blessing that I treasured.

Sure, I had misadventures and mishaps riding horses and iron horses, but those experiences shaped who I am today and may have been instrumental in re-fueling my emotional batteries, so I had the fortitude to overcome the hellish conflicts and problems at home.

My motorcycle and horse adventures were critical to my mental and physical health.

Psychiatrist Assessment – Horses and Iron Horses



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Garcia’s iPad window flashed.

“Richard – I share Doctor Hyder’s feedback from your experience with your pets. But for your life with horses.

- I am speechless – envisioning the horrific image of your sister covered in blood from your pony Thunderbolt’s head falling back off its neck over her. And her crying there – gripping the pony’s mangled corpse. The impact. The harm. Incalculable. To your sister – but also to you – to your family.
- You declaring you have no friends - and using your broken arm as a weapon is... intriguing.
- It is unimaginable your mother threw you in the backseat of her car with a seriously broken arm – and drove you to the hospital, with you having to hold your own arm in place as she drove.
- It is commendable that you spared the duckling from suffering; however, it is highly unusual for someone to have that swift of a decision – especially to end the life of another creature. ...even if it was mortally wounded and suffering.
- You turned to mechanical ‘horses’ eventually – to have control. That is telling.

- It is shocking that you were shot at – as a kid. Of course – you were trespassing and may have represented a threat to them. Naturally – they would fire in self-defense. It seems you brought such ‘difficulty’ on yourself.
- Seeing yourself as an ‘indentured servant’ to pay for your motorcycle... is curious. Children have recurring chores. They may have an allowance. They may be given gifts and things. So – why were you ‘indentured’ doing chores? It seems like – you were fortunate to have the motorcycle, not a ‘slave’.
- It is fortunate – you at least had some good experiences – like swimming with horses. That sounded magical, and very special.

Next Time – A Flashback Story:

Caselli interrupted, “Excellent summary, Doctor Garcia.

Richard – Next time, I’d like us to hear one of your recent flashback stories.”

E085 RICK052 PREPARING FOR WORLDWIDE MISSION QUESTS FB 7.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E085 Rick052 Preparing for Worldwide Mission Quests for God Flashback 7.0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i5al-e085-rick052-preparing-for-worldwide-mission-quests-for-god-flashback-7-0.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/0_KtSDVKoD8

Description:

Richard and the team are Blessed by the Angels to have a divine miracle bestowed upon each them whenever Heaven deems it time.

The Knights Templar reveal Coordinator Sarah McGilvray is also a Scout and Infiltrator operative with extensive espionage and combat training. And – she will be joining the team.

The Knights Templar also revealed the Blazing Taxis driver, Tiny, was the the Master of Transport. He was also a pilot, and would be joining the team.

And – Tiny had a flying Recreational Vehicle (RV). He had a covert RV built into a freight plane.

Seated Around the Celestial White Marble Round Table ‘Telephone’ to Heaven:

There we were – seated around the Celestial White Marble Roundtable ‘telephone’ to Heaven, to call upon the Angels for help. We sat in ornate silver thrones – that surrounded the table - each connected to the others through carved ley lines in the tablet that passed through a carved illuminati triangle framed eye as a ‘sort of’ focal point, centerpiece.

We were preparing for ‘The Worldwide Mission Quest’ – to stop Bael and his Tapestry from bringing Hell on Earth.

Ready with New ‘Fake Identities’:

We were all there, complete with our newly issued ‘fake identities’ and supporting legal documents.

The team, the Party of Adventurers, was -

- Deputy Taylor AKA Taylor Everest - God’s Soldier and Our Protector
- Katie Snowette AKA Katie Devine - Empath and Moral Compass
- Bob Sanchez AKA Bob Cervantes - Pragmatist and Grumpy
- Richard Seaborne AKA Rick Liberty - Me, The Fulcrum

And there were the three (and the LAST of) members of the Knights Templar –

- Mr. Lessky Head Midnight & Associates - Leader-Knights Templar
- Sarah McGilvray Coordinator Midnight & Assoc - Scout, Infiltration-Knights Templar
- Tiny [the Driver] Transport, Midnight & Assoc. - Transport, Brute-Knights Templar

Midnight and Associates were There as the Knights Templar – ‘kt’ Embroidery:

Mr. Lessky, as usual for him, wore a full 3-piece suit and tie – looking very much the part of a senior partner or owner of a prestigious law firm. Yet – he also wore an ornate silver belt, with one side drooped to his thigh – and the other suspending a silver dagger, sheathed in a metal silver scabbard. And around his neck was a thick silver necklace, holding a large silver ankh ‘cross’.

Sarah McGilvray had always worn ‘business casual’ clothing whenever we met her. But now – she was wearing more militant-looking attire with little ‘kt’ embroidered on each piece of clothing. Apparently – Knights Templar had a ‘uniform’ standard of ‘kt’ – with both letters being lower case, and the ‘t’ forming a subtle ‘holy cross’. AND – Sarah had a sidearm! She had a gun! ...I never expected that. ...not from the nice girl that greeted us.

People have many ‘sides’ – obviously.

And Tiny, the ‘Blazing Taxis’ van driver – apparently the master of transport for the Order of the Knights Templar.

Ankh of Silence:

Mr. Lessky raised the silver ankh, from around his neck, up into the air. He uttered some Latin-sounding incantations. And he spoke, “When I raise this Ankh into the air – and utter sacred words – the room is sealed from prying eyes – from this plane or others. The ‘silence’ protection ends – immediately – should I return the ankh to rest – out of my hands.

And so – we may talk freely – without worry of spies or scrying eyes.

We Are All Knights Templar Now:

Mr. Lessky asked that we all place our hands on the Celestial White Marble Round Table, with both of our hands placed palm-down on the ley-line in front of our ‘throne’.

...

Nervously – we all looked at each other – and did as he requested.

There was a strange vibrating sensation, and a warmth – where I placed my hands on the table’s carved ley-line.

...

Lessky spoke, “Under the eyes of God and Heaven... As Commander of the Knights Templar –

- I dub you – Sir Richard of the Knights Templar
 - As he said the words, the illuminati centerpiece ‘eye’ glowed and pulsed purple & white hues – and shimmering light shot from it to Lessky thru the ley-line and up to the ankh he was holding
 - And another shimmering ley-line filled and flowed to me – and up into my nose, eyes, mouth, ears, ...everywhere. It was like an aura surrounded me – I was aglow. I felt my palms burn and prickle – and I saw blood drip from them into the ley-line’s light. And then...the ley-line light – the aura – it all faded. It was either gone – or invisible.
- Lessky Added, “Your blood bond is made – you are a Brother of God and his Knights Templar.
- I dub you – Sir Taylor of the Knights Templar
 - Just as happened for me – shimmering purple and white hued lights flowed across the ley-lines to Lessky and then to Deputy Taylor. And like me – she was enveloped by the light.
- I dub you – Sir Katie of the Knights Templar
 - Once more – Celestial lights from the center ‘eye’ to Lessky, then to Katie. And she was basked and framed in an aura of purple and white light.
- I dub you – Sir Sanchez of the Knights Templar
 - Even glum Bob was basked in glowing purple and white light.
- And in finale - I transfer my Command of the Knights Templar to The Fulcrum, Richard Seaborne. He will be The Sword of the Knights Templar – forever more lest he transfer Command himself.
 - I will serve Commander, The Sword - as his advisor.”

Mr. Lessky said more Latin incantations...

And the room rumbled and shook. The ley-lines between all of us – Katie, Bob, Taylor, Lessky, Sarah, Tiny, and me – exploded in blinding white light.

Blessed By Heaven’s Angel – As the Knights Templar, and as The Fulcrum:

I swear - that I could almost see a tall, winged man- An Angel – as the flash faded. And – as my sight could see things more clearly – so did the Angel fade out of sight.

The room returned – to normal.

Mr. Lessky still held the Ankh aloft.

He smiled so widely – I had never seen anyone smile THAT wide and emphatically before in my entire life – and exclaimed (also out of character for Lessky to be so emotional), “WE HAVE BEEN HEARD AND BLESSED BY AN ANGEL!

HEAVEN HAS RECOGNIZED –

- WE ARE THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR!
- AND YOU – RICHARD – ARE THE FULCRUM – AND WILL LEAD US TO VICTORY OVER BAEL

Blessings Reveal Themselves on Their Own Time – When Intended to Be Tapped:

We have witnessed a miracle. Each of us – has been blessed. For what empowerment or influence – we cannot yet know. It is in God’s hands... to reveal your blessing.

Blessings reveal themselves - on their own time – when they are intended to be unveiled and tapped.

Signed Scroll of Bonding and Spoke Blood Vow to Be The Fulcrum and Stop Bael:

Sarah rose and brought a rolled-up parchment scroll to me. She asked that I unfurl it, and sign it with my blood. She handed me a thin stiletto dagger – and said, “This is the Scroll of Bonding Zaira Millmore required you sign and make a blood vow on.

You must cut your palm, and place it on the scroll...and repeat after me...”

She waited for me to cut my palm with the dagger she gave me, and press it down on the scroll. It was nuts! Well - I did it...

And she said, “Repeat these words – after me...”

I declare that I am The Fulcrum.

I will decide the fate of humankind - at the moment - this body leaves the mortal coil – and dies. My belief in humankind – if humans are inherently evil or good – shall judge humanity’s fate –

- Whether humanity is - blessed to join Heaven
- or
- Whether humanity is - damned to Hell for eternity

I will assume the title of The Sword of the Knights Templar – and, in doing so, become the Commander of the Knights Templar.

I vow to destroy the Tapestry of Bael. And to dedicate myself to fighting the Cult of Bael and The Seven Princes of Hell.

Before God and Heaven, I do vow this is my commitment – in life and soul.”

...

That was a lot – and ‘WAY HEAVY’ stuff to process and say. And – no rehearsal – or heads-up – nothing.

Well – Of course – I repeated her words.

...

There was a flash of purple and white light between my palm and the scroll.

And Sarah took it from me – carefully rolling it back up. She inserted it into silver metal case.

We Were the Last Bulwark Against the Seven Princess of Hell:

Lessky said, “We are the LAST Bulwark against the Seven Princes of Hell and their bringing Hell on Earth. We are united as One Force – As the Knights Templar.”

Tiny is a Pilot and Will Fly the ‘kt’ Knights Templar ‘RV’ Cargo Plane For Us:

He said, “Tiny is also a pilot. We have a cargo plane that is retrofitted with living facilities – much like a Recreational Vehicle – it will fly anywhere you need to go – with Tiny as your pilot.

The plane is... inconspicuous – it is an older, worn freight cargo plane. Its paint and external appearance is intentionally made to present as ‘poor’ and ‘unmaintained’.

The interior is ... also ... ‘old’. But is well maintained – as best as one can do with ‘old’.

The goal – Richard – is to metaphorically and literally – fly under the radar.

Should anyone visit or search the craft – Tiny’s van is the only uncommon ‘element’ in the plane – unless they discover the hidden stashes throughout the plane.

And Tiny’s Van Flew Along in The Cargo Plane Too:

Lessky assured, “Of course – Tiny’s van goes along in the cargo plane too, so you will have road transportation wherever you go as well.”

Sarah McGilvray is a Scout, Infiltrator, and Plane Guard:

Lessky furthered, “Sarah will be available to you – as an infiltration expert and scout. I imagine she will also guard the Knights Templar ‘kt’-logo branded Freight Cargo Plane – when you are on mission away from the plane.”

Loadouts and Equipment and Armor and Weapons – All in The Plane - Stashes:

Lessky explained, “There are ‘secret compartments’ throughout the plane. Each is designed to store equipment, armaments, weapons, armor, currency, books of gold coins, tubes of diamonds, and most anything anticipated needed for a mission.”

Mission Loadouts, Travel & ‘Go’ Bags, and Mission Duffels & Waist Packs for Prague:

He added, “We have coordinated with Deputy Taylor on ‘loadouts’ for your mission in Prague –

- hunting Brocko McDeema, and
- retrieving the Dagger of Choice, of your Destiny”

The loadouts include armaments, weapons and body armor, tools & gadgets, clothing & gear, gadgets, medical supplies, and local currency and region & city maps.

We – of course – also ensure the plane is stocked with in-plane and in-field consumables – food, drink, supplements...

And – we stock a small supply of ‘stimulants’ should long missions require them. Please use them only in critical situations – and in limited durations – they can be habit forming, addictive.

We have placed all the items Taylor requested - in the plane’s stashes.

I suggest you re-load your ‘travel’ gear & clothing duffels, personal ‘go’ bags, and your mission backpacks & waste packs.

...

I smiled, “If Deputy Taylor was involved in the Loadout and Gear planning – I am sure we are set. We’ll reload our bags before we go – thanks for the reminder.”

E086 Rick053 Planning for Prague Flashback 7.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E086 Rick053 Planning for Prague Flashback 7 1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i6ao-e086-rick053-planning-for-prague-flashback-7-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/dHt63q7Wans>

Description:

The team recaps their situation, and flies to Prague in the 'KT' Branded Knights Templar RV in the Sky freight plane.

Have Map Will Travel:

Lessky handed me a physical map, “This is what we know about the Cult’s operations in Prague. It may have an ‘old world’ ambiance in areas – but please know Prague harbors many high tech companies and organizations.

Much of the cult in Prague are – corporate. And hackers. And blackmailers. Much less – old world style ‘good vs. evil, church & catacomb stuff’...it will not be like it was here.

Don’t be food by the illusion of ‘old world’ – in Prague.

Cult Companies to Deal w/ in Prague – Prion BioTech, Muon Energy, Graphene Labs:

You will be engaging with three high tech companies, which are fronts for an inter-connected syndicate of extortionist hackers –

- Prion BioTech – focuses on Internet ‘connected’ electronic NeuroImplant Augmentation
 - We believe Prion has information on the whereabouts of a bioweapon lab called ‘Hippocampus’.
 - ...not ‘Hippocampus’, a campus full of hippos
 - ...but is ‘Hippocampus’, a critical part of the brain controlling memory, spatial navigation, and motor control
 - We suspect – they are working on Immune and Reproductive System compromising bioweapons – to kill targeted populations - and prevent the same DNA genetic populations from creating children – thereby, ending their ‘bloodline’ forever.
- Muon Energy – focuses on Off-Grid Small Modular Nuclear Reactors (SMRs)
 - We believe Muon Energy is using the SMR security clearance to support other Cult organizations... so they can operate other illicit operations globally – like:
 - negotiating laundering deals
 - influencing if not controlling media and political, economic, cultural, educational, police, and military policies.
- Graphene Labs – focuses on Graphene-based Body Armor, Weapons, and Battery Storage
 - We believe Graphene Labs has also been covertly developing alleged a graphene-based ‘inert’ drug preservative agent – for use in a all medical shots.
 - The alleged ‘inert’ agent is not just a preservative – it is a metal that fuses neurotransmitters and coats & clogs the white matter in brains. It confuses the brain – so it can make its body attack and kills itself.
 - The ‘inert’ agent is highly reactive to radio waves – Microwaves, 5G transmission, MRI medical scans, even proximity to Megawatt Powerlines (above or below ground) – all can agitate the graphene in the brain, making them little micro-knives spinning in place cutting the brain.
 -

Our Plan for Prague:

Mr. Lessky outlined, “We need to infiltrate all three corporations – obtain whatever information and resources we can – and destroy them.

Deputy Taylor and I have proposed –

- Befriend middling-to-senior disgruntled manager or assistant to such - from each company – to either ‘take by force’ or ‘obtain by influence’ their building security badges, passcodes, and fingerprints.
 - If there are retina scanners – you will either need them present, or... their ‘eyes’ with you.”
 - Lessky looked grim, “Do what must be done...to save the world.”
 - If this fails – you will need to find another way into the buildings
- Get inside the data centers for each facility – and –
 - download information on their business operations and contact lists
 - find any information about Bael, the Tapestry, Brocko, or the whereabouts of the Dagger of Choice and Destiny
 - and - like every TV show - upload a virus that will operate as a WORM. It will crawl through their network locally and in the cloud – and overwrite everything with hexadecimal value \$DEAD
- Position explosives throughout the building – that will force a structural implosion when detonated. Which will minimize collateral damage. And - ensure no data or anything physical survives – or can be salvaged.
 - The explosives will be mobile phone OR hand-detonator – if in range – triggered
 - We want all three corporations to simultaneously lose their cloud data, code, and Ais and their physical operations.
 - Otherwise – the others will be alerted, and backup and vacate before we can act against them
- When the fewest people are present in the buildings – ideally no one – blow them all up!
- Get the heck out of Prague – return to Seattle in America, to let the heat die down for a bit.
 - And – we can all research and prepare for the next mission – while you rest up and tie up any personal things left needing your attention ‘back home’ in Seattle.

Team ‘The Crusaders’ – United as One, ‘Equal’ Team on God’s Mission Quest:

Lessky closed with saying, “Like I said – please consider Sarah and Tiny – as part of your team. They are available to travel with you and join your missions.

I am too old and frail - to join you in the field - on your missions. However – I will be here and engaging our spy network as well as supporting any legal matters you may require.

I can retain attorneys or specialist ‘contractors’ – of whatever discipline or ‘expertise’ or ‘background’ you may need – ‘above, or below board’ as the saying goes. You would need to specify your requirements in advance of the need – so I have time to hire the ‘resources’.

Like me – we all are in service of the Knights Templar, in service of God. And – you being the Fulcrum and Commander - The Sword - of the Knights Templar – we are serve you.”

Lessky lowered head, in deference it seemed, to my ‘command’. It was weird...we were equals in Team Crusaders.

I felt like we were ‘united as one’ – we were ‘equals’ on God’s Mission Quest.

...

Of course – if we ever had a ‘tie’ decision – I would be the deciding factor.

Everyone Signed On to The Prague Plan - HUA:

Deputy Taylor scanned the group and asked, “Are we okay with the plan?”

...

Katie glowed, “HUA!”

Bob grumped – familiarly, “hua.”

I said, “HUA.”

And now – Sarah and Tiny both said, “HUA. Hua.”

Lessky smiled – almost monotone mockingly – “hooo....awe”.

Everyone Improving Wearing Body Armor, Using Knives and Pistols:

Before the trip – we prepared.

- We practice with mobility and combat – wearing and not wearing body armor
- Using knives and pistols
- Using assault rifles...
- Employing grenades
- Deploying C4 explosives + timers & phone detonators
- And breaking down, rebuilding, and putting on & off quickly - all of the above

We were all getting enough practice to feel more comfortable and be more accurate in movement and combat – even while wearing body armor - and using knives and pistols.

Everyone Had Killed Someone – Except Me [So Far]:

And – while it is a dark truth – we had gained experience.

Everyone had killed someone... well - except for me [so far].

Even devout and Godfearing Katie – had killed someone – albeit, in defense of Bob’s life.

And Bob killed another person threatening Katie’s life.

Their killing to protect each other – violated their views of the Ten Commandments – and it weighed heavily on them.

And then there was Deputy Taylor – she was a ‘killing machine’ when she was in ‘soldier mode’.

Our Experiences Improved the Team’s Grit and Readiness:

Our experiences improved the team’s grit and readiness – to cope with life threatening, high adrenaline situations.

Flight to Prague – Tiny’s Freight Cargo Plane from a ‘kt’ White-Doored Red Barn:

Trained, Rested, and Loaded Up... We were ready to begin our trek to Prague.

We rode with Tiny to a remote farm with a long, lonely gravel road from a huge red barn with the letters ‘kt’ on its large white barn doors.

Tiny exited the van - and went to the barn doors...where he unlocked a padlock. And then slid the doors open. Inside the barn – was a medium-sized freight cargo plane. On its tale were the lower-case letters, ‘kt’. ...for Knights Templar.

‘kt’ Logo for Knights Templar – ‘sounded like Katie’ whom had Celestial Rose Tattoo:

The faded paint on its tail wing of the lower-case initials, ‘kt’ – had its ‘t’ subtly formed to look like a Christian cross. Like I said - Lessky had said ‘kt’ stood for ‘Knights Templar’.

I imagined – it was funny – we were traveling in ‘kt’ vehicles and were traveling with ‘Katie’.

And – heh – Katie *was* special among us - with her celestial rose bite eye-encircled rose-framed tattoo.

‘We Had Been Blessed by An Angel –I Ingited Daggers, Katie had Rose Tattoo:

We all had some supernatural ‘affects’ on us – apparently.

- I could light up daggers with fire
- Katie had an illuminati rose tattoo from a ‘rose bite’ on her palm
- Everyone had been blessed by an angel – apparently

Driving the Van into the Freight Cargo Plane:

Tiny entered the building – and opened another door on its backside.

He returned - and drove the van around to the barn backside – and through the rear door he opened – and up into the cargo plane - via a ramp he had lowered when inside.

Marveled at our ‘Recreational Vehicle’ in-the-air headquarters:

And we all got out of the van... and marveled at our ‘Recreational Vehicle’ in-the-air headquarters.

...

Tiny started the huge turbo props (yea – it was not a jet!)... and pulled the plane out of the barn. He exited and closed the barn. And returned - to pilot the plane.

The plane was – just as Mr. Lessky described – an old, beat up with dented fuselage and blotched faded paint dual turbo prop freight cargo plane.

M-28 Twin-Engine TurboProp Cargo Plane:

Back to the plane...

I did some research on it – as we saw more of it.

It was – apparently – a significantly modified old 2004 M-28 Twin-Engine Turbo Propeller Cargo Plane. Quickly searching the Internet on my phone revealed –

- M-28 Twin-Engine Turbo Prop Plane
- 43’ Long, 16’ Wide Body, 73’ Wing Span

- top Speed of 221 Miles Per Hour (MPH)
- range of 989 miles on a full tank of fuel – or 6.2 hours flight time
- needs 1800 foot long strip for takeoff
- needs 1640 foot long strip for landing

- ice-Capable Operation
- auto-Pilot Capable

- Cabin dimensions were 17.25’ Long X 5.66’ Wide X 5.63’ Tall
- Underbelly Cargo Bay dimensions were another 8.5 Long X 3.9’ Wide

- Knights Templar ‘kt’ emblem on tail wing and entry door

The most obvious ‘major’ modifications were –

- the plane’s ability to house and drive Tiny’s van into it, up a bespoke door and ramp at its rear
- The Recreational Vehicle ‘RV’ configuration - beds, kitchen, dinette, toilet, shower, ...

...

As I read aloud the specs to the team - Tiny said in his broken words, “Me. Land. Take.Off. Much. Shorter. If.Need”

Steep Take Off from Rural Gravel Road:

We had a rapid and steep – and rumbly terrifying – takeoff – racing up from the gravel road.

E087 Rick054 Learning About the Roses of Ambivalence Flashback 7.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E087 Rick054 Learning About the Roses of Ambivalence Flashback 7.2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pfeo-e087-rick054-learning-about-the-roses-of-ambivalence-flashback-7-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/zFILB-uc2Dc>

Description:

The team assesses their readiness for Prague.

They review everything they know about the Roses of Ambivalence.

Five Hour Flight to Prague – On ‘kt’ Turbo Prop Cargo Plane:

Apparently – the distance between Athlone, Ireland and Prague, Czech Republic – per my Phone App - was precisely a 984 mile flight, or 1237 miles to drive. – though I had to wonder – how ‘the drive’ must include a ferry or other transport across the ocean separating main Europe from the UK, Scotland, and Ireland.

Although I already knew – from my Internet research - Tiny explained the plane could fly just over six hours ... until it was out of fuel. And so - Unfortunately - we had to stop for refueling along the way, making the flight longer.

The flight to Prague took the better part of the day, but we made it despite being in a slow Turbo Prop cargo plane – in about five hours.

I imagine - a Jet would have taken about 2 hours non-stop – but again – we were in a slow turbo propeller old rattling cargo aircraft.

Reading Material on the Plane - Roses of Ambivalence Scroll and Tome of Bael:

We had five hours to kill...as the saying goes.

Learning About Roses of Ambivalence Seated at the Plane ‘RV’ Kitchen Dinette:

We finally had some ‘down time’ – in between the wild ride we have been on since Seattle.

Katie and I sat at the plane’s ‘RV’ eating-meeting dinette. The dinette table was not big, but it offered comfortable ‘enough’ seating for three people – uncomfortably four people. Anymore – would have to stand around the table - in the aisle adjacent to it.

I said, “Let’s go over the Roses of Ambivalence scroll and stuff we know about them.”

Bob Meandered and Joined the ‘RV’ Dinette Chat – ‘Bored’, So Why Not Learn Stuff:

Bob heard our chat topic – and interested in all the things going on with the team – even if jaded - meandered over and sat with us.

Bob Asked to Go Over Our ‘Captured’ Cult Accounting Book and Tome of Bael:

He joked, “I am bored... might as well learn something about your Rose. And – maybe - we can go over our ‘captured’ Cult Accountant Book and Tome of Bael (which was apparently an indoctrination book).

Need to See What’s Coming or You’ll Lose Your Head When Bad Things Strike:

Bob darkly said – as I had seen him only do with close friends, “You need to know the truth of a situation – whether good or bad.

You gotta see what’s coming – or you’ll lose your head.

Sticking your head in the ground - is a sure way to have it ripped from your body and buried when they bulldoze over you – because you never saw it coming.

So – it’s great... we are using our ‘flight time’ to digest all the stuff we collected and learned. I appreciate it.”

Sarah McGilvray Awkwardly Ingratiating Herself Into The Team:

Sarah McGilvray, of Midnight and Associates, and now a new member of our team – was awkwardly inserting herself into the team.

I could see she was making a concerted effort to ingratiate herself with the team – by offering any help or service she could... right down to fetching coffee or snacks. I challenged her for ‘potentially demeaning herself’. But – Sarah was determined to be ‘part of the team’.

She hovered near a corner of the dinette, leaning on one of its aisle-side bench-back corners – biting her lip, as she listened.

Tiny Seated in Pilot’s Seat Using Phone App – Though Plane on Autopilot:

Tiny was seated in the pilot’s seat using a phone app – though the plane was on autopilot. But - he was there – in the event of an emergency.

It seemed funny – Tiny was using a mobile phone on an airplane (something forever alleged to be dangerous on planes) ... And he was the pilot! Oh well... whatever...

Deputy Listened in Earshot Range – While Preparing, Cataloging Gear, Weapons, ...:

The Deputy remained in earshot to listen to our discussion – but was focused on –

- cleaning weapons and body armor
- unloading and reloading rifle magazines and pistol clips
- and – of course – she had a thin black cloth laid out with a litany of gadgets, vials, pill packs, and spray bottles
- And – Finally – she inventoried her backpack and duffel bag with –
 - grappling cord & hook
 - matte black PVC parkour ‘nighttime camouflage’ clothing
 - wrist & head lowlight LED lamps
 - military extreme bright LED flashlight
 - watch & wearable ‘walkie-talkie’ radio
 - wrist shuriken launcher
 - wrist pop-out arm blade & knife
 - belt buckle knife
 - high-tech ‘Swiss Army Knife’ – universal tool gadget
 - tiny binoculars
 - and even tiny nose-fitted gas mask
 - OH! And eight small plastic-wrapped packs of a white clay-looking substance with small visible timers, and a little gray button on the underside of the countdown timer display.
 - The Deputy had explained to me that depressing the gray button for eight seconds – activated its countdown of 60 seconds
 - Apparently – if the button is held down – without releasing it – another eight seconds – it turned off the timer but activated a ‘vibration’ trigger mode.
 - What was a ‘vibration trigger’ mode for?
 - Well – apparently – it can be left as a trap on doors and lockers
 - They were even effective as landmines

- And – taping a phone with ‘vibrate’ ring to the pack – made a phone call able to remotely trigger the device to explode
- Or – in desperation- they could be well-timed - activate & throw -‘C4 Grenades’

The Deputy was always an inspiration – in her preparation and detail. And all the resources and tools she had ‘at-ready’.

Focused on Reducing Variables – to Focus on What Mattered Most for the Mission:

And when the Deputy was done with cataloging and preparing her gear and bags – she went on to ours - as well. She took it upon herself – to make sure everyone had the right gear, and that everything was verified in top working condition – fully loaded, prepped, cleaned... ready for use.

The Deputy left very little to chance. She sought to reduce as many variables as possible from our plans – so we could control the few that ‘mattered most’ to the success of our mission.

Roses of Ambivalence – What We Saw, Heard, Learned:

Back to my chat with Katie, with Bob and Sarah present – and Taylor in earshot.

I opened our talk, “Well – Katie, we haven’t had much time to look at the Roses of Ambivalence scroll... or talk about all the stuff we have seen, heard, and learned about them.”

Roses of Ambivalence – And the Illuminati Rose of Blessing:

Katie nodded, “I want to know everything. My palm ‘needs’ to know everything,” she chuckled nervously – as she held her rose-bitten right palm upright to be visible for everyone – showing her ‘rose tattoo scar’. “

She traced the rose tattoo scar outline – following its rose-shaped outline that surrounded an eyeball. The eye looked identical to the eye on the Celestial White Marble Knights Templar Round Table.

Katie rose bite tattoo - also looked like the Illuminato Eye inside the pyramid on the United States Dollar Bill.

Roses of Ambivalence Scroll and Additional Translation Sheet – How Convenient:

I Unfurled the Roses of Ambivalence scroll – across the Dinette – and weighed each corner with random objects – two coffee mugs and two plates.

There were runes and cryptic symbols and drawings all over the parchment.

And - there were three rolled sheets inside the parchment scroll – two were blank, surrounding one between the blank sheets, to isolate the scroll and the added sheets from touching each other.

The middle sheet was – a translation – for the scroll’s runes and drawings. It was remarkable – and convenient. I chuckled to myself, “It is like they wanted us to be able to read the scroll...”

Tracing, Reading, and Interpreting the Rises of Ambivalence Scroll:

I traced my finger along the Roses of Ambivalence scroll parchment - with my left hand index finger, as I traced the matching translation section on the ‘middle sheet translation paper’ with my right index finger.

I read aloud key passages and summarized my take-aways – as I touched each key word, drawing, or section.

Roses of Ambivalence Are Forever and Everywhere:

The Roses of Ambivalence are forever - and they are everywhere.

They span all planes of existence. Each rose bushes exists in ‘physical’ space - simultaneously on the Mortal Plane and in Hell and Heaven – as they overlap each other across dimensional space.

It was a complicated thing to grasp.

It sounded like – the roses somehow could be seen, touched, interacted with whether you were in Hell, Heaven, or on Earth. It was like they existed at the same time in all three places. Crazy sounding, and mind-bending.

Of course – Lessky previously explained to us how Heaven, Hell, and Mortal Planes co-exist - overlapping each across planes (AKA ‘dimensions’). So – it seemed the Roses existed in each of them at the same time.

I wondered if someone in Hell would see someone ‘pluck’ a rose from a bush – and would they see it float around as someone carried it?

Roses of Ambivalence Channeled Power from Heaven and Hell to Mortal Plane:

I continued, “The roses channel Hell and Heaven ‘power’ straight into the person touching specific roses that are able to absorb and relay celestial ‘power’ it a human that touches it.

Apparently – the Roses can be bless or curse, heal or kill.

It came down to which ‘plane’ was channeled into the person – Hell, Heaven, or Mortal. And – which roses that could channel celestial power could be identified by their color.

And so – the color of rose generally guided whether the person was - touched by Hell, Heaven, or just touched by an inter-dimensional cross-planar rose.

Rose Colors Mattered – A LOT (Blessed or Cursed:

The Roses of Ambivalence came in many colors – but only Red Roses Blessed or Cursed.

- Red Roses – apparently ‘blood red’ and ‘ruby red’ vary in hue – making them indistinguishable from each other. But their ‘affects’ are VERY DIFFERENT
 - Blood Red Roses – May curse those that touch them
 - Ruby Red Roses – May bless those that touch them
 - Of course – we did not yet know what being blessed or cursed meant in practice

And - there was another ‘colored’ rose – mixed black & white swirled colored petal roses

- Black & White Swirled Roses – May kill the person, or cure an affliction on contact
 - Wow – kind of life & death decision to touch a Rose that has black & white swirled petals

Every other color – was – just a rose. ...that happened to span all planes of existence and dimensions.

Roses of Ambivalence Same as Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny Across Planes:

“Wow, guys!” I exclaimed. “I just realized something – huge!

The Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny – can hurt and kill beings in Heaven and Hell.

I bet the Dagger ALSO exists across planes – like the Roses of Ambivalence. And so – that is why the dagger can hurt demons and devils; it hurts them ‘in their world’ permanently – as if we were there in Hell or Heaven striking (OR BURNING) them.”

E088 Rick055 Katie the Truth Bearer, and Tiny the Tormented Flashback 7.3



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E088 Rick055 Katie the Truth Bearer and Tiny the Tormented_Roses of Ambivalence Curse Flashback 7_3.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pfow-e088-rick055-katie-the-truth-bearer-and-tiny-the-tormented-roses-of-ambival.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/x8Xe5PG_C10

Description:

Learn about the Roses of Ambivalence and their role in making Katie into the Truth Bearer and Tiny into the Tormented...

The Truth Bearer via Rose ‘Eye of Light’ Blessing – Katie as ‘True Sight’ BS Detector:

I read, “It looks like the ‘eye’ in Katie’s palm is an ‘Eye of Light’ – it is a blessing of enlightenment – which it refers to as ‘true sight’.

Wow – ‘True Sight’ makes the ‘eye’ in Katie’s hand feel warm and emit a faint white light – when someone is trying to deceive her.

‘Heaven Knows’ and it informs the Illuminati Eye’s ‘Truth Bearer’

Katie – so you are a walking Lie and BS Detector. Awesome!

Lucky Did Not Touch Blood Red or Black & White Rose – and that Katie was Blessed:

I stressed, “It is so lucky – that we did not touch a blood red rose, or a black & white rose. I mean – unless you are death’s door...seems like touching the roses – is a very risky, and maybe stupid, proposition.

We lucked out – with Katie being ‘blessed’.”

Katie Was Doubly Blessed:

I joked, “Actually, Katie – you are doubly blessed. You were blessed when we were knighted into the Knights Templar at the divine Round Table. And – you were blessed by Heaven by touching a Red Rose.

Heh – I wonder how ‘holy’ you are going to become – by the time we’re done with our adventures...”

...

Katie smiled, “I can only hope ... I am blessed. It would be so special. I want to be good, and a champion for God.

It is so lucky – that we did not touch a blood red rose, or a black & white rose. I mean – unless you are death’s door...seems like touching the roses – is a very risky, and maybe stupid.”

Tiny’s Tale – of Sacrifice and Soul-Wracked Aphasia – According to Sarah:

Sarah leaned in, “Tiny touched a blood red rose. It connected Hell directly with him – like lightning coursing from the sky through your body to the ground. Incredible, Evil Power – ‘FRYING TINY’.

It left him a vegetable – almost completely brain dead.” She sighed, “Mr. Lessky prayed to Heaven at the Round Table – for Tiny to be restored – with his brain-dead body strewn across its tabletop.

And – with a miracle – Tiny was restored – mostly. But now – though alive and mostly capable - he struggles to form and say words. And he thinks ‘slowly’.

Mr. Lessky says that Tiny – always feels pain – all over. Because his soul is stricken by Hell – though he lives in the Mortal world. He lives with an element of Hell’s Torment afflicting his Soul – endlessly.

Mr. Lessky says – Tiny literally suffers from ‘Soul-Wracked’ Aphasia.

Tiny’s only escape from his curse, appears to be death – but Mr. Lessky does not know what will happen to Tiny’s soul upon death – given it is linked to Hell already.

And so – Tiny has placed his faith in God – to protect and save him. And he will honor his commitment, his pledge, his vow... as a Knight of the Knights Templar – until his fight is over, and judgment day comes for him.

God bless Tiny, and us all!” Sarah declared.

Tiny Rises Against Suffering from Rose Curse – Is Loyal, Relentless, Always There:

Sarah circled back and emphasized, “Despite his torment – Tiny rose against his suffering. He is loyal. He is relentless. He is always there – no matter when, no matter where. No matter what the ask. Tiny is there.

Tiny is not though – what he appears to be on the surface. He is not simple or dumb.

- His feelings and abilities – run deep
- But he has – been compromised - by a curse from Hell ... all because he touched a rose.

Sarah concluded, “So – there... is an example of touching the wrong rose.”

Tiny Understated the Warning ‘Do Not Touch the Roses’ on Our Drive to Athlone:

Yea – that was one example of how bad touching the wrong rose could be.

I remembered that warning from Tiny when he drove us to Athlone from the Airport.

He said, “Don’t touch the roses...” Wow – that was an UNDERSTATEMENT!

And – he was sharing a personal cautionary tale from his own experience. Just – with his Aphasia – I guess – that was the best warning he could muster.

Tiny Had Short, Critical, Wise Words of Wisdom:

It seemed to me – we had better pay attention to Tiny’s words. Short they may be – but critical and wise they apparently are.

Tiny had short, critical, wise words of wisdom. Again – you would never know that, judging by his huge black man sporting a Hitler mustache and teardrop tattoo appearance.

E089 Rick056 Reviewing Ledgers, Tomes, and Connections Flashback 7.4



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E089 Rick056 Reviewing Book of Bael Ledgers Tomes and Connections Roses of Ambivalence Flashback 7.4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pg5k-e089-rick056-reviewing-book-of-bael-ledgers-tomes-and-connections-roses-of-.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/kv3eOWPmP08>

Description:

The team reviews the ledgers, tomes, and information taken from Brocko McDeema’s office in Athlone.

They research details about Prague and the companies they are to infiltrate and destroy – to stop Bael Gates – or at least slow his progress.

They needed building security access, floor plans, and facility details.

The team identify ‘target marks’ – people they should track down and obtain their company badges, keys, floor plans, anything necessary to get inside and complete their objectives.

GPS Coordinates of Dagger of Choice and Destiny – Sticky Note from Brocko’s Safe:

I made sure everyone entered the GPS coordinates for the Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny – as specified on the sticky note we found in the safe below Cult Boss Brocko McDeema’s desk in his Athlone Pub – The Hanging Albatross.

That safe contained only one sticky note sheet, that read “Dagger” and had GPS coordinates.

But Lessky said he was sure they were the right coordinates – because they aligned with his spy network’s indicating the general whereabouts of the Dagger.

Brocko McDeema’s Employee Files, Ledger, Booklet – Staff, Contacts Worldwide:

I took photos of the cover and back, and every page, of Brocko’s employee files, ledger, deeds of ownership, and notebook with accounts & passcodes – all of which - we ‘lifted’ from Brocko’s office in the Hanging Albatross Pub.

Cult of Bael’s Tome and Incantation Scrolls:

I likewise photographed and emailed the Church of Midnight’s Tome of Bael and Incantation scrolls.

There seemed little to do with the Tome or scrolls at this point. They were mostly runes, symbols, and presumably Latin words written everywhere with weird pictures, diagrams, and lines. And there were – blotches and stains of blood throughout the pages and parchments.

So – into a hidden storage locker... went the Tome and Scrolls of Bael ... and all that stuff.

Lessky to Pursue Legal Avenues to Transfer Property per Deeds and Inheritance:

I emailed all the photos to my daughter Amanda and to Mr. Lessky.

Mr. Lessky was to use them to pursue legal avenues to transfer property ownership according to their ‘deeds’ of ownership and my inheritance rights.

And – of course – if he gleaned any insight from the many materials we had found. ...erm, more accurately - ‘secured’, or ‘reclaimed’.

Amanda (Daughter) to Convert Photos to Database, Research Them, Transfer Funds:

Amanda was to –

- convert as much of the photo imagery information to text as possible – and store it in a searchable database along with their associated source photos
- And then – she was to research as much as possible about them
- Of course – she was also to transfer all the money she gained access to from the bank and investment accounts she was able to access
 - Sarah provided obfuscated Midnight and Associates accounts – so Amanda could confidently move funds around without transactions being traced back to her or us

Amanda had agreed to be our eyes & ears and researcher – so here was her first assignment.

Cult of Bael Insanely Inter-Connected Worldwide:

We were able to confirm that Mr. Lessky's 'Targets' in Prague - were also included as contacts in Brocko's files and ledgers. The Cult of Bael appeared to be insanely inter-connected worldwide.

Amanda Researched Building Floorplans and Blueprints:

My daughter Amanda – was able to secure building blueprints and rudimentary floorplans for all three Company facilities – of Muon Energy, Prion BioTech, and Graphene Labs.

But – neither the blueprints nor the floorplans showed modifications since original construction. And they did not indicate anything about security – cameras, floorplate or laser or motion detectors, fingerprint or retina or Saliva-DNA scanner locks.

Amanda Researched the Staff:

And – her research only told her employees and personal & corporate information. Their job title. Their gender and age. Whether they had kids or were married. How much money they earned – even their performance reviews – and what their stock grants had been. And yes - where they lived.

Found Staff Company and Personal Photos:

Amanda was able to obtain both the company ID badge photos from her hacking the company site and rarely in public corporate press releases or events.

She found numerous photos of them on social media and job sites like LinkedIn.

Identified People with High Security Clearance in Prague from Brocko's Files:

Amanda identified employees that might have broad company facility security access – and thus - access to the areas we likely wanted to access to - within Lessky's three 'target companies' in Prague.

Of course – we wanted to find the 'easiest' – and potentially disenfranchised or abused – people in the company.

Amanda chose two people from each company – that she thought might have broad building security access – at least get into the buildings any time of day or night – and were the easiest to 'turn against their companies'... or subdue and take their IDs and badges – and fingerprints.

Prioritized Single, Poor Performance Reviewed, Dissatisfied People:

Amanda prioritized people that -

- were single – presumed not to have a social life
- that received low job performance reviews
- that posted 'grumpy' or 'dissatisfied with job or life' social media postings
- and most notably - did not post 'happy or satisfied' things, anywhere – at all.

She wanted our targets to be miserable, desperate, and - happy to meet a 'potential friend'.

Confirmed our Target ‘Marks’:

Amanda’s top picks for our target ‘marks’ were -

- Prion BioTech – Internet ‘connected’ electronic NeuroImplant Augmentation
 - Ms. Bara Ales, PHD – Neuro Engineering Technical Director
 - Doctor Aneta Andel – Neuro Implant Programmer
- Muon Energy – Off-Grid Small Modular Nuclear Reactors (SMRs)
 - Mr. Alois Alzbeta – Accounts Receivable
 - Ms. Berta Darja – Nuclear Containment Engineer
- Graphene Labs – Body Armor, Weapons, and Battery Storage
 - Mr. Bedrich Dominika – Chemist and Fabrication Manager
 - Mr. Eduard Dorota – Shipping & Receiving

We printed hardcopies of our ‘marks’ on printable ‘playing cards’, including –

- their name
- job title
- job performance score (1-5, 1 being best)
- marital status – and spouse’s age, name, and gender
- number of children – and their ages, names, and genders
- one business photo – from their company ID & Pass badge
- one casual photo – from their social media and professional ‘job’ sites

We Just Had to Find Our Marks – Using Amanda’s Researched Staff Their Photos:

With had photos of our ‘marks’ in hand –

- we just had to see them
- And then tail them
- And figure out how to get their –
 - security badges
 - and information about their cloud data storage
 - and obtain building blueprints, or at least floorplans

Reminded – Still Important to Learn Camera + Security Systems & Placement:

I noted, “Hey – I know we have the building maps and basic floorplans from Amanda... but we should see if we can find detailed and current floorplans – ideally specifying where the data center is – and what and where security systems and cameras are.”

Amanda Researched Cloud Storage Contracts & Service Vendors, if not Internal IT:

Amanda also researched what she could about the companies’ cloud storage contracts – and what/if any service vendors they used.

It turned out – they all used internal IT teams – FOR SECURITY REASONS.

BUT – they all used the same Cloud Storage company which included Engineering and Maintenance Services.

Potentially Could Impersonate Cloud Techie to Access Cloud Interface Systems:

We could impersonate being a Cloud service provider techie - checking on the central database & backup systems - and their interfaces to the cloud backend. And the physical terminals and connections.

Once in - we could upload the 'Cloud Data '\$DEAD' Overwrite' virus from the central database & backup computer terminal.

Amanda to Write Cloud Data Overwriting \$DEAD Virus While We Surveilled:

We asked Amanda to write the simple Cloud Data Overwriting \$DEAD WORM virus – while we finished our surveillance and reconnaissance of our target companies and 'marks'.

Objective: Get Building Access Badges, Passcodes, Fingerprints to Enter Facilities:

I declared, "Our immediate mission – is simple – we get whatever is required to get inside and traverse – your target company's facilities.

Try and get security ID & Pass company badges. Secure any passcodes necessary. Obtain fingerprints. And – make sure to get a photo of their 'current' face.

Let's hope – we do not need eyeballs for a security retina scan, or saliva for a DNA test.

- If they exist – we'll use C4 Explosive – we'll waste no time at impassable doors.

Needed Prague Company Security Badges – Hoped Not Fingers, Eyes, Breath, ...:

It seemed to me – we either had to convince these people either by force or influence... to give us their security badges. And – I hope we did not need their fingers or eyes...or breath?

And I thought – no reason to bring that morbid idea up – until (erm, *if*) it comes up.s

Whatever – to pass security doors in our 'target' businesses.

Everyone Approved of the First Segment of our Prague Infiltration:

I added, "Our immediate mission – is simple – we get whatever is required to get inside and traverse – your target company's facilities.

Deputy Taylor: "HUA!"

Katie: "HUA!"

Bob: "hua"

Tiny: "HOOO-AHHH"

Sarah: "HUA!"

And me: "HUA!"

We were – Committed. We were – All in!

Tiny Announced We Were Descending into Prague:

Tiny announced over the plane's loud speaker Personal Announcement (PA) system, "We.Descend. To.Prague."

He was not long in words – but it was clear. We should get ready and get seated for landing.

E090 RICK057 INFILTRATING PRION BIOTECH FARADAY CAGES AND ROHYPNOL FB8.0:



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E090 Rick057 Planes Faraday Cages and Roofie Rohypnol Infiltrating Prion BioTech Flashback 8.0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pgkb-e090-rick057-planes-faraday-cages-roofie-rohypnol-infiltrating-prion-biotec.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/1XM71Ds12O0>

Description:

Learn about the advanced stealth features of the Knights Templar RV-in-The-Sky Plane.

Readied to begin their missions, the team breaks into sub-teams and head off to find their 'marks'.

Prague International Airport in Our Old Cargo ‘RV’ Plane with ‘kt’ Tail Wing Etching:

We were descending onto our landing strip in our not-so-glorious rundown cargo plane.

Tiny of the Knights Templar piloted our old cargo ‘RV’ plane – with its lower-case ‘kt’ etched on its tail wing – and of course - the ‘t’ resembled a Christian holy cross. As befitting a plane of the Knights Templar.

Heh...seemed almost silly to even etch anything on an incognito plane.

...

I felt like we were out-of-place – landing in our old cargo plane, in Prague’s big International Airport. But – no one seemed to care - or pay any attention - to us.

We landed, and then taxied off the main strip, off onto a windy path spanning the airfield...and then up and across an overpass above a road below us...and then to a big wide-open paved plane parking lot – where we parked between two 747 Jetliners.

Hidden in ‘Plane Sight’ – Tiny Cargo Plane Sandwiched Between Huge 747 Jetliners:

Our little cargo plane – being parked between two giant 747 Jets – was intimidating, but beneficially – was also obfuscating.

It seemed unlikely - that anyone would notice our tiny plane amidst so many giant long-term ‘looking’ massive jet planes.

Living on the ‘RV’ Cargo Plane – Transiting in a Covert Faraday Van:

Sarah smiled, “We will ‘live’ in this ‘RV’ Cargo plane. No Hotel. We will live here – in the airport storage lot.” She emphasized.

“Living on your plane... is against airport rules. So – everyone - be covert.

Tiny will register the plane – he is a freelance freight plane Pilot - and officially is the ONLY passenger.” She scanned the room – making sure everyone acknowledged.”

Faraday Cage Around Plane:

She added, “By the way – we have a Faraday Cage around the plane, so unless we have a plane radio relay activated – all radio signals are blocked from leaving, or entering the plane.

When the Faraday Cage relay is off – all communications are ‘off’.

Also – that means radar and detection systems – cannot see anything inside.

But they can see us on the outside – we are not a stealth vehicle.”

Internal Thermal Heat Generators to Throw Off Interior Thermal Image Detection:

Sarah smiled, “But – the plane has random heat generator pods – to throw off thermal detectors. They will be unable to identify anything including people inside the vehicle – from thermal images or signatures.

That is not enough – to hide you from plain sight or cameras, when we go outside.”

Faraday Cage Around Tiny's Van Also:

Sarah recommended, “We can roll in and out – in Tiny’s van.

His van also has a Faraday Cage and thermal disruptors.

Tiny’s Van is likewise a covert Faraday vehicle.

Secrecy is on our side – until we choose to lose it.”

Assigned Teams of Two to ‘Obtain’ Security Access to Our Target Corporations:

We knew that we needed security access into the corporations we had to infiltrate. And so – we assigned the companies to teams of two.

Well – except we were one person short with Tiny being the driver and otherwise guarding the plane; and so Sarah said, “I can go alone. I prefer it – actually.”

...

Each team was to gain access to their company’s building(s), so we could –

- infiltrate and take what we wanted
- upload a virus to destroy all cloud data
- and - blow up their facilities with all data centers and backups

Using Rohypnol (AKA Roofies) to Drug and Relieve Security Badges from Owners:

In addition to our normal gear – Deputy Taylor provided everyone with a vial containing a drug called Rohypnol (AKA a roofie, or classic ‘date rape’ drug).

She explained – Rohypnol will make the consumer feel and act extremely drunk, so intoxicated they can be ‘guide carried’ outside ... or anywhere. And – it rendered near and mid term memory unable to be stored in long-term memory; therefore, its victims would not remember anything – like amnesia from anesthesia. A total blank in time.

She advised that we should consider using Rohypnol to secure access badges, etc. – in the most non-violent and potentially public-tolerant way.

...

It seemed – wrong...but – the alternatives – have been worse, so far. Drugging someone seemed a lot better than beating and hurting them, much less killing them.

And Deputy Taylor – would not want any witnesses, I imagined.

Blazing Taxis Black Van Reversed Out of Cargo Plane – The Mission Quest Resumes:

Tiny removed flight straps from his ‘Blazing Taxis’ black van – and lowered the cargo plane’s rear loading ramp. And – entered the van, and drove it in reverse down the ramp – and out the plane.

We descended the ramp and entered the van.

Tiny flipped a switch near the visor - and then - pressed a button on a key fob remote control.

The loading ramp on the plane raised – following depressing the button his key fob.

Tiny said, “Far-uh-Day. On. Plane. Lock’d.”

Faraday Cage Shield Engaged, ‘kt’ Cargo ‘RV’ Plane Locked – We Were On-the-Move:

And – we were on the move – through the airport security gate, where they just waved Tiny through. They seemed to know him – or his van. I presumed it was registered before we landed.

We continued through some meandering roads – and merged onto a multi-lane large roadway.

Appeared as Tourists, Actors, or Business People:

We all appeared to the locals as one of three things – because of our visibly wearing non-local, foreign attire and accessories –

- we could be tourists – Prague drew both European, and some American tourism
- we could be actors – Prague was an established ‘alternative Hollywood’ filming location
- we could be business people – there was sizable foreign business investment in Prague

In the eyes of locals... we were ‘foreigners’ – and, therefore, were ‘suspect’ of unpredictable behavior or goals.

Yea – ‘locals’ seemed to be watching us. They had their ‘eyes’ on us.

‘Operation: Building Access - Search and Steal Underway – For a Righteous Cause:

I declared, “Here we go. ‘Operation: Building Access – Search and Steal is underway.”

I chuckled, “Well – could be ‘Search and Secure’. But it feels – more like we’re ‘stealing’, just for a righteous cause.

...

Let’s do a final gear check – make sure we have everything we need for this ‘in-public’ segment of our mission.”

As Ignorant, Stupid Tourists – We Could Wander into Inappropriate Locations:

I reminded, “And remember – try not to be noticed, as much as you can. We are tourists. We will stand out. But – only as – stupid - tourists. Being ‘stupid’ can work in our favor... We can wander into inappropriate locations – as ignorant, stupid tourists.

Sarah Dropped Off Near Muon Energy:

Tiny pulled over – streetside – and said, “Moo-On. Ener-Jee. Sar-uh.”

Sarah smiled, and smoothly exited the vehicle. She merged with a pedestrian crowd – blending in – as a tourist.

Deputy Taylor and Katie Dropped Off Near Graphene Labs:

Tiny pulled over, later, again – streetside – and said, “Graff-een. Lab’z. Kate.ee. Tay.lor.”

Katie thanked Tiny, as she exited the vehicle – sidewalk side, not facing the street.

Deputy Taylor followed Katie – out the same sidewalk-side door.

They, like Sarah, merged with a pedestrian crowd – trying to blend as a tourists.

Bob and I Dropped Off Near Prion BioTech:

Tiny pulled over – streetside – and said, “Pry-On. Bio.-Tek. Bob. Rick.”

Bob said, “Okay... Let’s do this.” He clumsily exited the vehicle. And I followed.

E091 Rick058 The Stake out and The Pub Flashback 8.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E091 Rick058 The Stake Out and The Pub Flashback 8.1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pgxp-e091-rick058-the-stake-out-and-the-pub-flashback-8-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/w7qVainz6LM>

Description:

Richard and Bob stake our Prion BioTech, waiting for their ‘marks’.

Things are tense...

Mission: ‘Access Prion BioTech’ Begins for Bob and Me:

Bob and I teamed up – to go after Prion BioTech.

We were to stake out to learn daily and nightly patterns - and figure out both what security their company had...and the best way to gain access.

Bob and Richard’s Target ‘Marks’ Were Ms. Bara Ales (TD) and Dr. Aneta Andel:

Our targets were -

- Prion BioTech’s
 - Ms. Bara Ales - Neuro Engineering Technical Director
 - Dr. Aneta Andel – Neuro Implant Programmer

Bob’s Surprising Upbeat Attitude About Entering the Bowels of Bael’s Buildings:

Bob was oddly upbeat about our going on a mission together – just the two of us

As gleeful as Bob gets - he said, “You know, Richard – this might be the first time you and I have been alone together ... since our chat about going on this crazy mission.

I know – well – I know... that I get frazzled and alarmed – maybe too easily.

And I know that I have been... not the most reliable person in the heat of action and fighting.

Had I known real life-threatening fighting was going to be a common threat – on this adventure of ours – I doubt I would have agreed.”

Bob Adopted Deputy Taylor’s ‘Only Soldier Rules Apply Going Forward’:

Bob almost grinned – like Deputy Taylor. He said, “We are soldiers, here on out. Only Soldier Rules apply, going forward. They die. Or we die. No pause. Just Action – Swift Action.”

Bob exhaled deeply, as he inspected his sidearm Glock – and made sure there was a bullet in its firing chamber.

Bob Transformed When His Life Was About to End, And When He Killed a Cultist:

Yea – Bob had come A LONG way – in a short period of time.

I think – Bob changed a lot.

Ever since that fateful moment - when Bob was pinned to the floor and had a cultist with a knife - at his throat. Bob was – for sure – going to die – right then. That cultist was trying – very hard – to end Bob’s life.

But – Katie saw Bob’s imminent murder – and shot the cultist dead – in the back.

And then – another cultist was about to shoot Katie. But – Bob managed, by then, to regain his pistol... and shot the cultist about to murder Katie.

It was a terrible circular event of self-defense killings, that left Katie and Bob – who had never hurt, much less killed anyone – murderers.

And they both struggled with the moral dilemma within themselves – they had to kill, to save themselves. But killing was murder...and it violated their sense of ‘right vs. wrong’ and The Ten Commandments and The Law. It was deeply disturbing to them.

There is No Hell for The Righteous – Soldiers are Not Beholden to Individual Code:

But Deputy Taylor and I had re-assured Bob and Katie, “There was no Hell for the Righteous. And soldiers are not beholden to the personal binding of the Ten Commandments – as proven through history by The Crusades, Knights of Justice, Sword wielding Angels, and much more.

Soldiers are not beholden to the rules of Individuals. They have their own rules and ‘Code’.”

Adopted The Deputy’s Code - ‘Soldier Freedom to Act, in Support of The Mission’:

It seemed apparent – Bob had fully adopted The Deputy’s Code - ‘Soldiers are Free to Act, in support of the mission’ – virtually, no matter what it is required. ...even if requiring seemingly ‘bad’ things.

‘You had to fight fire with fire...’, as the saying goes.

Bob Looked Forward to Next Conflict – To Prove He Was an Asset to The Team:

Bob continued, “I am – actually – looking forward to a real conflict. I want to prove to myself - that I can handle it all - the stress, the adrenaline, the intensity... I want to know – that I am an asset, and not a burden – to the team.”

Bob Practiced and Meditated Often – To Prepare Mind, Body, and Soul for ‘Events’:

Bob explained, “I have practiced and meditated – every moment I have had. We have been on the move – a lot. But there have been times. And I have tried to prepare my mind and body – and soul – for what needs to be done.”

He emphasized, “I need to be able to make a difference. I need to be able to defend myself – and the team. I have tried to focus – so hard – on being able to just ‘act in the moment’ without thinking about my safety, but instead focusing on the mission, the team, and what I have to do.

Richard – I feel like I need to be a machine – when we are in a conflict ‘event’. There’s no time – to feel, or to worry.

I hope I am ready... I have to be ready... I AM READY!” Bob assured himself.

...

Bob – having completed his self-pep talk – was ready to proceed.

Bob Took the Rear, I Took the Front – Waiting, Watching for our ‘Marks’:

Bob took ‘watch’ on the main rear door to the company building. And I took ‘watch’ on the front door.

We waited. And waited.

Ten-Minute ‘Coded’ Inconspicuous Check-ins, Bluetooth Watch linked ‘Walkie-Talki:

We tried to keep inconspicuous – so did not communicate – much - over our Bluetooth linked radio-walkie talkie watches – connected to matching Bluetooth walkie-talkie transceiver ‘bases’ in our pockets and near-invisible micro-earpieces.

Even with ‘spy gear’ – we would look like crazies talking to ourselves or to our watches. So - we only communicated when we felt we had to.

We said vague codified things every ten or so minutes – like, “Still bored. Nothing to see. Nothing to do.” You get the idea. We said stupid ‘talking-to-yourself aloud quips’ - but used to inform the other person what was going on.

Okay – it seemed clever at the time. Maybe it was obvious... But we impressed ourselves. Thank you very much.

5pm Extra Alert Watching for Target ‘Marks’:

It was around 12pm local time. I imagined 9-5’er employees might be leaving for lunch or errands soon.

I radioed to Bob over my watch, “Lunch time at Work – 12pm.

If they are here – they are likely to come out soon. ...I doubt they are lunch-hour workers, given their poor work reviews and matching bad, negative attitudes.

Let’s hope they go out for lunch...

...

Bob replied, “Roger.”

He was trying very hard to stay focused, stay on mission...and not panic.

Bob ‘Got a Fish’ – His ‘Mark’ Came Out the Company Building Back Door:

Right on cue - Bob piped up, “Got a fish. Aneta. Making sure. Then going to engage to reel it in.”

...

Okay – Bob went ‘overboard’ with his ‘codified’ messaging. But I understood him – he thought he may have seen one of the ‘marks’ and he was going to confirm it was one of the Targets.

And after that – he planned to engage his ‘mark’ and see if he can get some intel – on what we should do next.

...

And – besides – ‘Spy Speak’ was giving Bob a sort of insulation from his fear. It gave him a sort of alter ego identity – making the threat to him less ‘real’, more abstract.

So – it was a good thing for Bob to see himself as a top secret agent - and talk in ‘Spy Speak’.

Bob Had to Handle His ‘Mark’ Alone – I Remained Watching My Door:

I confess – I wish that I was the first person to see someone. But – well – I had to remain in position. Our second ‘mark’ could come through my [the front] door any moment – so I stayed put.

Of course – Bob could end up with both Targets coming out the backdoor. But – it would be random chance, and so I remained in position... watching the front door.

Bob Went Radio Silent – For FIVE *WHOLE* MINUTES:

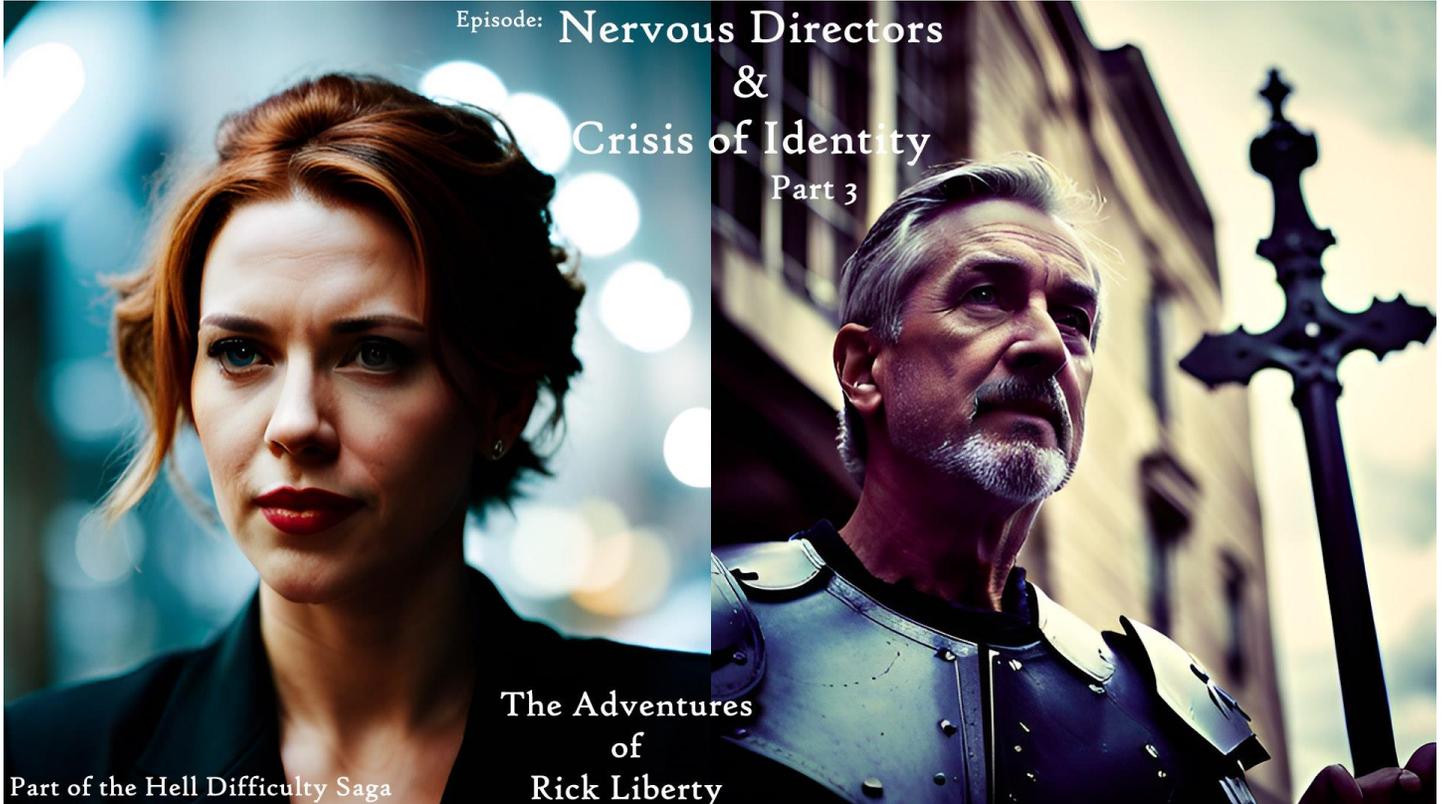
I was getting antsy... I had not heard from Bob for maybe five minutes. Maybe he was on the move – or was staying radio silent to be incognito.

On the one hand – it was only five minutes.

OR on the other hand - it had been FIVE LONG MINUTES!

What was going on...?

E092 Rick059 Nervous Directors and Cons Flashback 8.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E092 Rick059 Nervous Directors_Cons_Crisis of Identity Flashback 8_2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55phiv-e092-rick059-nervous-directors-cons-crisis-of-identity-flashback-8-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/uAW9PtpV_2c

Description:

Richard tracks his 'Mark' Ms Bara Ales into a restaurant bar, where he joins her for an impromptu meal.

He struggles with the idea that he must harm Ms. Ales or drug her, and then to steal her ID badge and keys.

Ms. Bara Ales – NeuroEngineer TD - My Target ‘Mark’ Emerged from the Front Door:

My anxiety was answered by my Target ‘Mark’ emerging from the front door. Ms Bara Ales - Neuro Engineering Technical Director – made herself visible to me.

I followed behind her – and tailed her. I expected her to head to her car, but she did not.

I Followed Ms. Bara Ales to Underground ‘Basement’ Restaurant & Bar:

Ms. Ales walked up the street and crossed several more – zig zagging across the local city streets. She ended up at a small underground ‘basement’ restaurant & bar.

She entered the restaurant and took a seat at its bar – and appeared to order something – presumably food or drink – maybe as a lunchtime alcohol-enabled ‘escape’.

Pressed to ‘Get Lost’ or ‘Go Inside’ by Toothless, Aggressive Unkempt Seedy Man:

I decided to wait outside – and watch. I would know what she did – and where she went. And I would be ready to respond – immediately.

...

But a seedy man walked up to me – out of nowhere. Well – I did not see him – until he was right behind me and started talking, “HEY! Buddy! Lurkers and Stalkers – Ain’t Welcome!”

He looked menacing, “I don’t want you to get hurt – so you better get lost. Or get inside. Anywhere else – will end poorly for you. You got me?”

Sat Next to Ms. Bara Ales in The Restaurant Bar:

I replied, “Yea – I got you.” And I entered the restaurant – and took a seat at the bar, right next to Ms. Bara Ales.

Ms. Ales look at me – top to bottom, and bottom back to top. She was assessing me – determining if I was friend, foe, or neither.

Ms. Bara Ales Tried Hard Not to Be the Average Appearance She Was:

She was not a classically pretty woman – though she was slightly short and slightly overweight – she had attractive features, sparkling eyes, and an alluring smile. But – for all that – she was clearly ‘awkward’ and a social misfit.

She wore brown & black striped plastic rimmed glasses. And she sported a button shirt with a pocket protector full of pens - overtop an undershirt. Her ensemble was completed with shiny black leggings – trying to show she was ‘hip’ (even though she clearly ... was not ‘hip’).

...

I have to say – it seemed sad to me – that Ms. Ales felt the need to go to such lengths to improve her perceived appearance. She was fine – just the way she was.

Insecurity Exuded from Ms. Ales:

But – I could see her insecurity. It was painfully screaming, “I may appear successful, in charge, and in control... but I *am* vulnerable. Just talk to me, and I will do anything you want me to do.”

It was sad – Ms. Ales was trying so hard not to be a normal, everyday, average looking person. And yet – she was just as pretty as anyone else. Her beauty was there – for the right person to embrace and love.

Yea – I felt sorry for what was immediately apparent – that Ms. Ales was sad and lonely. And was trying to compensate for social awkwardness.

Asked Ms. Ales to Join for Drinks:

I went on a limb... I smiled, “Hi. Umm, my name is Rick.

I am visiting Prague...with some friends. But we seem to have been separated. And I am hungry – right now. And, well, you seem like you might have room for someone to eat with... I’ll pay...” I offered.

...

Ms. Ales looked surprised, “That is forward of you. You meet a woman – you don’t know – and you just ask to have a meal with her?”

She laughed, “Works for me. A free dinner.... With a handsome man... Why not? Shall we eat here – or at a table?”

But – I need to know your last name too. My name is Ms. Bara Ales. I work over at Prion BioTech – down the street.” She pointed out the front of the bar, and down the way.”

...

I smiled, “Perfect! Great. I prefer a table, but we are already here. So – whatever pleases you.

Yea - And I am just a visitor. My name is Rick Liberty, though a lot of my friends call me Richard.”

My Three Heads - Richard Seaborne, Knights Templar Rick Liberty, and the Fulcrum:

I added ‘Richard’ in case someone said my USA name vs. my Knights Templar name of ‘Rick’.

Yea – there were three ‘heads’ to Richard – to me -

- Richard Seaborne of the United States – born on July 31, 1968
- Rick Liberty Sword, Commander of the Knights Templar– born July 31, 1968
- The Fulcrum of Celestial Seer of Destiny – born Leap Day (Feb. 29), 1968

Three of Bael Heads – Old Human Male Head Flanked by Cat and Frog Heads:

Hmm – curious – that Bael, apparently - also, had three heads according to lore – though his heads were literal.

Bael was said to have a ‘middle head’ of an old human man – with a Frog head on one side – and a Cat head on the other.

Adding to his horrific image – he walks on a dozen spider legs.

Yea – the ‘devil’ Bael – was far more horrific than the ‘tv - movie’ smooth talking human manipulator ‘Lucifer’ – that media fantasized.

Richard's Code vs Silver's Code vs The Soldier's Code vs God's Code:

My mother often cautioned me that my father Silver – was a very terrible and dangerous man. But - that he lived by a 'code' that gave him structure – and a moral compass, even if it was unlike other peoples' compasses.

- Silver's Moral Compass pointed where he wanted it to - unless The Code forbade it.
- Deputy Taylor's 'The Solder's Code' justified whatever she did - for the Mission
- God's 'Code' demanded devotion, recognition, and service to his Glory – unconditionally
- Richard's Code – Relentless Pursuit of Chivalry, Righteousness – collateral damage okay

The team appeared to be adopting 'The Soldier's Code' from Deputy Taylor.

And – I had to assume the Knights Templar followed both the Solider's Code and God's Code.

It seemed to me – we all had 'Codes to Live By'. And – they were all slightly customized to ourselves – by ourselves... for ourselves.

Was I Becoming My Father and Justifying My Actions with My Own Code:

Was I becoming my father Silver – by justifying my actions with my own code of chivalry and righteousness? Of karmic justice?

It was a fear my mother had – and reminded me of – throughout my entire life... ever since I was little kid... that I might follow in my father's footsteps.

Back from Wild Identity and Moral Crisis Tangent – Just Worried Could Fall Too Far:

Wow – that was a bit of an identity and moral crisis tangent.

My point here is simple – I am afraid the more things I do for God's Mission Quest that contradict my personal 'Code'... the further from God and 'Being Good' I will fall myself.

And – how far does one fall... before they have fallen too far... and are lost?

...and if I am The Fulcrum – no one wants me to 'fall' and lose my faith in God or humanity.

I am just worried – that I could fall too far...

Back to the situation at hand...

A Booth for Tech Director Ms. Bara Ales and Me- Everyone Knew Her:

Ms. Bara Ales stood up from the bar – where she was seated next to me - grabbed her drink - and waved to the bartender – apparently indicating her 'tab' was moving to a table.

She evidently knew the place and everyone working in it – and they all seemed to know her as well.

Ms. Ales grabbed my wrist – and led me with her – to an open booth in the rear of the restaurant.

Bara Ales Was Dichotomy of Professional Confidence vs Desperate in Relationships:

She seemed – surprisingly assertive.

I projected – that she may be a ‘control freak’. I surmised – she was a technical director (TD) – after all. And – TD’s were often smart but also controlling – seemed to come with the role.

It was funny and sad – Bara Ales seemed a dichotomy of professional-public confidence versus despairing unconfident desperation in non-professional social settings and relationships.

People and their lives... are complicated.

Chicken Wings ... Even in Prague – and Where Were Chicken Wings ‘Invented’:

Ms. Ales and I sat in the booth, opposite each other. There were menus – right there on the table. She handed one to me – and said, “I recommend staying clear of anything with leaves or mayo.”

She cringed – “They let things sit out too long, here...”

She suggested, “You might try their chicken wings – yea, they have chicken wings in Prague too.” She chuckled. “Americans...”

...

I replied, “Well – if there’s a McDonald’s in Prague...I expect there’d have to be bar food like chicken wings here too.”

I Added, “And you know – chicken wings could have been ‘invented in Prague’. Who knows, really? But – either way... I love me – my wings.” I said coyly.

...

Ms. Ales smiled, “You’re funny. I love me – my wings. Too.”

Not Waiting for a Server – ‘What’s Your Poison’ so Ms. Ales Can Order my Drink:

She stood up and declared, “Not going to wait for a server, I am going to order wings and drinks for our table. What’s your poison?” she queried.

Common Man’s ‘Rum & Coke’ For Both of Us:

I thought – funny choice of words, ‘Poison’. It – kind of – put me off – and on guard.

I answered, “Rum & Coke”.

It felt like a ‘lame drink choice’ – but it was simple - and I knew that I could ‘handle its level of alcohol’ without problem. It was ‘the common man’s drink’ – a rum & coke.

A more sophisticated drink might have sounded ‘cooler’ or ‘hipper’, but ... I was not that cool. I would rather drink what I know – than regret drinking something that I did not know...and discovered could not handle.

To my ‘Rum & Coke’ – Ms. Ales grinned playfully and replied, “Rum... Nice. I’ll have one too.”

E093 Rick060 Moral Dilemmas Flashback 8.3



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E093 Rick060 Moral Dilemmas and Fressen vs Essen Flashback 8.3.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55phs9-e093-rick060-moral-dilemmas-and-fressen-vs-essen-flashback-8-3.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/zJYSs6i8Eoc>

Description:

Things are awkward at lunch with Ms. Bara Ales of Prion BioTech, but Richard charmingly smooths things out.

Contemplating ‘To Roofie, or Not to Roofie... That was the Question’:

As Ms. Ales went to order our chicken wings and rum & coke drinks, I struggled with the idea of putting a drug in her drink without her knowledge; it was wrong – on too many levels – to me.

The group had stolen and killed for God on our Mission Quest. We had broken into places and destroyed property. But – in every occasion – we were not the aggressors that elected to inflict harm.

And here – I am supposed to drug Ms. Ales with Rohypnol (AKA date rape drug – roofie), and escort her out of the bar as she would appear drunk...and off somewhere with Tiny to alleviate her of ID, company badge, and interrogate her for information.

To Roofie, or Not to Roofie... That was the Question.

Can’t Roofie an Innocent:

I just could not bring myself to ‘roofie’ an innocent person. Ms. Ales seemed kind and respectful.

If I stooped to drugging her - and stealing her ID and stuff – then how would I be any better than the very Evil we are questing against?

- NO! I WILL NOT ‘DO – AS EVIL DOES!’
- I WILL ‘FIGHT FIRE, WITH FIRE!’
- BUT - I WILL NOT ‘DO EVIL’ - UNTO OTHERS!

BBQ Chicken Wings and Plastics Cups of Iced Rum & Cokes – Opening Salvo:

Ms. Ales returned with a platter with a bowl of BBQ Chicken Wings and two plastic cups full of iced cola (and presumably with rum mixed in).

She chuckled, “I hope this will do – as our opening salvo. We may have a long day ahead of us. ...or not?” She looked quizzically at me.

We Shared an Earnest Desire to Find and Interact with Nice and No-Agenda People:

Ms. Ales seemed warm and open to conversation on any topic. I think she genuinely wanted to just have a non-work conversation with someone that seemed nice – and without an agenda.

I related – deeply – to that feeling. I really wanted to find people to ‘connect with’ in a deep, and real way – not that superficial ‘friendship’ people talk about; it’s rarely ‘real’.

And so – I *knew* the feeling. We shared an earnest desire to find and interact with a nice and no-agenda, interested people.

Breaking Escalating Awkward Silence:

The awkward silence became palpable... But – Ms. Ales stood her ground. She let the awkwardness escalate. And escalate it did.

It felt like – well – the ceiling and walls would close in on us... if someone did not ‘break the tense silence’.

Answered - Exploring Prague – Recently Enjoyed Museums and Ancient Daggers:

I broke the silence. If it was a contest – I lost.

“Well,” I answered Ms. Ales, “I am exploring Prague. Colleagues of mine - back when I worked for a video game company called Electronic Arts – contracted and even lived for year-long stints – here in Prague.”

I imagined – this random bit of information could be sufficient ‘tourist’ misdirection.

No Lie Alternatives– Charming Distraction, Clever Deflection, Beguiling Misdirection:

Seeing as I refuse to lie – my options seemed to be –

- ‘charming distraction’
- ‘clever witty deflection’

and

- ‘beguiling misdirection’

Of course – there was always outright suppression...but that could be an indirection acknowledgment or confirmation.

So – yea – charm, wit, or guile...were borderline, but ‘okay’ tools of ‘deception’

Mocked for Cleanliness:

Grabbing a pair of wings and putting them on my little side plate, I started to cut them with my knife and fork.

Ms. Ales laughed audibly as she pointed at my knife and fork, “You eat your Wings with a Fork? And a Knife!?” She could barely contain her hysterical comedy over my apparent ‘silliness’.

I Can ‘Fressen if I Want To’ – ‘Fressen vs. Essen’ is to Eat Like an Animal vs Person:

I snarked, “Not all ‘finger foods’ must be eaten with your fingers. You know- in German – the language differentiates eating like a person vs. eating like an animal with a prefix – ‘Fr’.

Essen -> is to eat

Fressen -> is to eat like an animal

Anyway – so ‘I Can Fressen if I want to.’ I jokingly decreed.

We Fressened and Befriended Each Other:

It seemed silly. But – I put my knife and fork aside... and grabbed my two wings – one in each hand, and ate them like a wild animal. And I made growling snorting sounds – to punctuate my ‘animal eating’ style.

When done – I licked my fingers clean. I looked down at the table – emulating a hyena – and looked up with my eyes elevated upward – to look intimidating, or coy depending on your expectation. I said, “Was that ‘Fressen’ enough – for you?”

And with that – I returned to my ‘normal face’ - -and picked up my knife and fork. And resumed eating – as a civilized person does. ...or so how I chose to eat my chicken wings.

...

Ms. Ales laughed loudly, “You really are... funny. I have enjoyed this little outing, Rick.”

Prion BioTech to Give World’s Knowledge and Calculation Abilities in NeuroImplant:

Ms. Alles said, “I told you already - My full name is Ms. Bara Ales. I work for Prion BioTech – as a Technical Director. I manage a team of engineers that work in – guess it – Bio Technologies.”

She grimaced, “It is not all that glamorous.

But we are hoping to one day – put the Internet literally inside every person’s head. Imagine – the world’s knowledge and calculation ability all only a thought away. No computer keyboards or mice. No fingers or gestures. Not even looking at something. Just – your thought.

Your ‘THOUGHT’ will import knowledge and you will ‘just know it’ – like you always knew it.

Your mind would not know where the knowledge came from – your memory or your ‘cloud’.

Prion BioTech will give all of this – with a small brain neuroimplant – that can be administered in any medical office or clinic with a syringe-like scalp applicator.”

Prion BioTech Was Playing God – And Could Program People Not Just Give Insight:

It seemed terrifying! Prion BioTech’s ability to ‘just insert memories and ‘answers’ in brain – and you would assume you always knew it...

Right off – I could imagine some awful applications of Brain Implants

- How much – of the original person – would be there... with all these potential ‘brain augments?’
- What gaslighting or untrue things could be ‘inserted’ into your brain?
- What in-the-moment perceptions could be confused by real-time ‘sensor’ replacement – could reality and fantasy be differentiated
- What faulty data or ‘learning’ like Math could be introduced – ruining competencies
- What emotional or ‘attitudes’ can be cleared or reset
- Can a person be ‘turned off’ or ‘jammed’ to disable them – by law enforcement, soldiers, criminals?
- Could a person be essentially turned into a HUMAN drone?

- Again - How much – of the original person – would be there... with all these potential ‘brain augments?’

Leaving the Restaurant Bar:

As we left the restaurant bar – I said, “I go by Rick Liberty. I was in software engineering – mostly video games, but later in augmented reality at Microsoft.”

...

Ms. Ales leaned in – seemingly very interested in my background, “Wow, that sounds fun. Much more fun – than my line of work.”

She said, “Look – I really have had a good time with you. But I keep a strict schedule.

I eat here for lunch, return to work, and head home at night to finish chores... and then it’s more work at home. And some nights – I can unwind with a glass of red, listening to Jazz - or exercise at an all-night gym near my apartment.

It is not an exciting life. But - it is ... my ‘functional’ life.

It’s predictable. I like it.” She nodded – a firm ‘that’s the way it is’ nod.

...

I replied, “Understood. Want someone to walk with you?”

...

And Ms. Ales smiled, “Yes, yes. That would be nice. Fancy that – meet a stranger that buys me a meal and walks me back to work. What a gentleman. Why – it’s right out of a fairy tale.”

E094 Rick061 Muggers Showing The Way Flashback 8.4



Local File:

._LibertyBooksVideos\E094 Rick061 Muggers Guiding Light Showing The Way Flashback 8 4.mp4

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pi0t-e094-rick061-muggers-guiding-light-showing-the-way-flashback-8-4.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/qPAdmBcxoGI>

Description:

Richard and Ms. Ales are mugged just outside the restaurant!

Out of the Pub Frying Pan and Into the Alley Fire:

I paid the bill on the way out. And we left the restaurant bar together.

Prion BioTech Technical Director Bara Ales walked alongside me – pointing directions as we approached intersections or turns. I knew the way back – seeing as I had followed her from there.

...but – Ms. Ales did not know that I had ‘stalked her’ to meet her at the bar.

I Wondered – Why Are There So Many Dark Alleys with Threats and Dangers:

A woman’s scream could be heard – from a nearby unlit alley.

I wondered – why are there so many dark alleys – with so many threats and dangers?

“Wait here, I have to check it out.” I told Ms. Ales.

...

And I dashed towards the alley – moving my hand towards my bowie knife I had concealed in my jacket.

There Was No Woman in Distress – It Was a Trap:

But - there was no woman in distress. There was no one in the alley – except a gruff maybe 17-years old girl - dressed like a punk with marked and hole-ridden clothing, nose ring, and a pink mohawk.

The punk girl smiled slyly and asked mockingly, “Looking for someone?” And she feigned, “ahhhh! Ahhhh! ...help me. I am in trouble.”

...

IT WAS A TRAP!!!!

I turned and ran back to Ms. Ales.

The Trap Was Sprung on Ms. Ales – Mugged at Knife Point:

A man of average height and build had a knife pointed at Ms. Ales. It was apparent – he was mugging her. And the punk girl had screamed – to draw away any potential protectors.

Ms. Ales was being mugged at knife point.

Revealed My Bowie Knife – Threat of Combat Ensued:

I could not stand by and let evil inflict wickedness on an innocent!

Like magic – without thought – my Bowie Knife was unsheathed and out of its hidden jacket pocket – and in my hand.

And – I had a lot of practice of late.

Cannot Stand by And Let Evil Inflict Wickedness on An Innocent:

I could not stand by and let evil inflict wickedness on an innocent!

I stepped toward the thug and warned with a loud authoritative voice, “Step away from her – Now. Or I will – most assuredly – slay, kill you where you stand.”

Scared Myself with My Threatening to Kill the Mugger – Had I Changed Inside:

Whoa! I heard myself say, “...I will kill you...” The rest – was dressing. The meat of what I said – I am prepared to end your life - right here, right now... if you don’t do what I am telling you to do.

Honestly – that open willingness to kill someone – was new to me – and it was scary.

Had something changed inside me? ...like it seemed to for Bob?

Why Don’t They Ever Give Up – The Mugger Assaulted Me – Knife on Knife Fight:

Why don’t they ever give up? Yes – the mugger turned to me - and came at me.

It was him and his knife versus me and my knife. We were in a classic knife on knife fight.

I Had Experience Fencing with Foil, Rapier, Broadsword, Longsword, Daggers, ...:

This foolish mugger had no idea that he was dealing with an expert duelist.

- I had training by an Olympic Fencing Champion at San Jose State University
- I had a lifelong hobby and passion for medieval weapons – and so practiced with them throughout my childhood and young adult life – Foil, Rapier, Broadsword, Longsword, Daggers, Combat Knives, Staves, Axes, and even a Pike and Halberd
- I took self-defense courses – hybrid martial arts, focused on disarming and escaping; or opponent total annihilation when fleeing is not an option

So – I could not say where this mugger’s knife-fighting skill compared with my own... but – it appeared – we were going to find out. ...right now.

The Mugger Attacked Me with His Knife:

The mugger lunged at me with his knife.

I deftly grabbed the wrist of his knife-wielding hand, as he tried to regain balance after his lunge. And I pulled his arm outward, away from him – making him further lose balance.

In the flashing action - I drove my knife’s blade, straight into the thug’s left shoulder’s collar bone. It went through his body – out the other side.

Between the serious wound and lost balance – the mugger fell to the street, in a bloody mess.

Wounded Mugger Flees – After Hearing Voices and Witnesses Approaching:

He began to regain his footing – but voices could be heard coming.

There were going to be witnesses! And they were approaching fast.

The mugger pulled himself up – and cupping his wound with his good arm – ran down the street, away from the approaching voices.

E095 Rick062 Ms. Bara Ales and 'The Fulcrum' Flashback 8.5



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E095 Rick062 Ms Bara Ales and The Fulcrum The Repentant and The Dead Flashback 8 5.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pihi-e095-rick062-ms-bara-ales-and-the-fulcrum-the-repentant-and-the-dead-flashb.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/IogMSojPWic>

Description:

Ms. Bara Ales calls Richard “The Fulcrum” in a surprise moment...

Bob’s target ‘mark’ won’t be answering his questions...

Ms. Ales Advised We Get Out of Here Before Things Get ‘Complicated’ – Fulcrum:

To my surprise – Ms. Ales advised promptly, “We should leave, quickly. We do not want witnesses...either. Things could get complicated. Right, Fulcrum?”

Ms. Ales Called Me the Fulcrum:

WHAT!??? Ms. Bara Ales called me the Fulcrum! How did she know? What *ELSE* does she know?

I wondered – is she not as ‘innocent’ as I thought?

Have I walked into a trap – myself?

My mind was racing...

...

As we trotted down the street – away from the voices, but also away from the wounded mugger.

I reacted – not hiding my emotions well, “You called me The Fulcrum. Why?”

Brocko McDeema Informed All Members of Bael – of the Fulcrum and His Dagger:

Ms. Ales explained, “Look – The Big Dog from Ireland, Brocko McDeema, came to our company and our two sister companies here in Prague – and he told everyone with ‘top secret’ security clearance about you and your alleged mission to stop Bael.

He said you were a rabid dog – after an unholy dagger that can kill demons and angels alike.

It has all been... BS to me, really. I figured our ‘leaders’ were just nutjob megalomaniacs.”

You As the Fulcrum and The Dagger Being in Prague – Proves Celestial Reality:

Ms. Ales continued, “But you – being here – makes things real.

I saw the Dagger – in real life at Muon Labs - defy every analysis tool we have - from Prion BioTech, Muon Energy, and Graphene Labs. No company could scratch it – and it conducts nothing. It is not like any metal – anyone has seen.”

...

She added, “And Brocko claimed you could make it ignite with fire. He said you had some magical power like a battery to it – and you were dangerous because of it.”

You Must See How Awful Humanity So You Would Join Bael in Punishing Humanity:

Ms. Ales said, “Brocko said that Bael, himself, directed the Dagger to be destroyed ... and that you must be made to see how awful people are, so you would join Bael’s cause... to bring evil humanity to its knees in submission for punishment - for their sins.”

Her voice wavering a bit, “I struggled – Richard – to believe ‘The Fulcrum’ ... just walked into the bar... and sat down next to me. ...and then asked me to dine with him? ...you can imagine how impossible that seemed – right?”

Forced to Experiment Neuroimplants in Humans – to Control Thought, Emotion:

Ms. Ales paused, “But – Richard...

Under Bael - Prion BioTech made me test neuroimplants in people – LIVING HUMAN BEINGS! Against their will...

Prion alleged they needed implants working soon! They never said why – or a timeline. Just demanded SOON!

And worse yet – they are pushing the envelop – in developing thought and emotion control through neuroimplants...not just offer knowledge and tools. They wanted to control the thought.

They wanted the side benefit of ‘Control’ – formally for the mentally ill, criminal, or non-compliant people. ...but actually – for everyone.

They intend to control the entire human population!”

Like Einstein’s Nuclear Discovery Turned Deadly Weapon – So Are Neuroimplants:

She said, “There is value in my neuroimplant research and science – but it is being used for evil. That is not what I intended.

I feel - like how Albert Einstein’s nuclear discovery was corrupted into the world’s most devastating weapon – they are doing that with my brain augmentation technology. They are making something good... into something evil.

Ms. Ales Pleads for Forgiveness for Her Wickedness:

She looked skyward, as if towards God, “In the name of science – I justified my actions, so I could sleep at night... despite what I did.

But – the tears. The whimpers. The pleading eyes... of those people...I experimented on.

Oh – Richard...

They were victims...they were my victims. They were ...all... my victims.

I can only plead for Forgiveness - for my wickedness.”

You and The Dagger Prove There is More than Mortality as We Know It:

Ms. Ales said solemnly, “Your defending me – without care for your safety... it inspired me. I want to do the right thing.

You protected me – it made me see - you are a true hero – the world needs true heroes... even if they are so few in number.

I do not know what this ‘Fulcrum’ really is – but all the pieces add up ... you are the Fulcrum.

Ms. Ales Offers to Help and Join the Cause – and Retrieve the Flaming Dagger:

Ms. Ales asked, “Richard – I realize you don’t know me. I don’t really know you. But I would like to offer my joining your mission and cause.

I can help get into all of the three sister companies here - Muon Energy, Prion BioTech, and Graphene Labs. I have access and codes to everything in the cloud and in secure storage. *I am well liked.*

And I know – where inside Muon Energy ... The Dagger is being held... inside an electro-thermal-radiation test chamber.

But I have the terminal codes to release it – once we're inside, at its control interface.

Far More Than Key Cards and Blueprints – Ms Ales was Prague Intel Angel:

Ms. Ales was a goldmine of resources – far more than key cards and blueprints... had we roofied her and 'lifted' them.

She was our intel angel – at least, for Prague anyway.

Bob's Winded Trailing Dr. Aneta Andel's Lunchtime 'Fast Walk' Run:

Ms. Ales and I heard from Bob during our lunch.

Bob called me on my phone to inform me – awkwardly in code from my side – that he had been trailing his target 'mark' Dr. Aneta Andel across town. She was on some kind of lunchtime fast walk 'run'.

And Bob was winded...keeping up with her. She was in fair shape, whereas Bob ... was not.

Dr. Aneta Andel Was An Exercise Freak:

Dr. Aneta Andel noticed Bob following her – panting -and pausing occasionally to lean on a building wall...to catch his breath.

...

Bob lamented to himself –

- why this relentless streetwalking?
- how far and long does Dr. Andel walk?
- why not use a taxi or buy a car or take a bus...? And save herself all this exercise strain?

Bob concluded – Dr. Aneta Andel was an exercise freak.

Bob's Target 'Mark' Dr. Aneta Andel Was Killed by A Car Hit & Run:

Anyway – Bob said, “She died. She was hit by a big blue pickup. Nothing remarkable. Just – out of nowhere – it ploughed right over her, as she was ... umm... calling to me.

Yea – I guess she noticed me following her. And, well, stopped where she was to call me out.

But she was... in the road... and... there was a car in the road too.

And whether Aneta hit the car... or the car hit Aneta... it was bad for Aneta.

She died.”

...

Bob paused. And continued, “So – nothing to report – umm – useful from my Target. Never will be.”

Bob added, “I am glad your Target worked out – so splendidly. ...unlike mine...” he trailed off.

E096 RICK063 OPERATION ACCESS INFILTRATE GRAPHENE LABS FB9.0:



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E096 Rick063 Operation Access Graphene Labs and Origin Stories Flashback 9 0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55piug-e096-rick063-operation-access-graphene-labs-and-origin-stories-flashback-9-.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/3tgSs3yz7Tg>

Description:

Learn about Taylor’s origin story – learn what early key events and decisions shaped her life.

Taylor and Katie enter an ocean of people and crowds in a huge outdoor corporate food court, outside Graphene Labs.

They debate the relative importance of hard vs soft skills.

Operation: ‘Access Graphene Labs’ Begins for Katie + Taylor:

In parallel to Bob and my stakeout and engagement at Prion BioTech – Katie and Deputy Taylor were at Graphene Labs. They were beginning their own mission – Operation: Access Graphene Labs’.

They were to stake out and learn what they could from tailing their Target ‘marks’ – just as Bob and I had done for Prion BioTech.

And if possible – they should acquire whatever security clearances – badges, IDs, fingerprints, whatever – that were needed to access Graphene Labs’ facilities.

Katie + Taylor’s Target ‘Marks’ Were Mr. Dominika and Mr. Eduard Dorota:

Their targets were -

- Graphene Labs – Research & Development, R&D Body Armor, Weapons, Battery Storage
 - Mr. Bedrich Dominika – Chemist and Fabrication Manager
 - Mr. Eduard Dorota – Shipping & Receiving

Vendors Used ‘Parking Lot’ Paver Stoned Gathering Field as Makeshift Food Court:

To Katie’s surprise – there were a host of outside vendors, in a paver stone gathering areas.

It was a large open paver stone field (like a massive, unmarked parking lot) with an elevated stage at one side – apparently for speakers, presenters, or performers.

A utility building was adjacent to the field – with bathrooms, showers, and a huge storage section for presumably folding chairs and the like.

Graphene Labs apparently authorized a fleet of vendors to setup a makeshift ‘Food Court’ in their ‘meeting place’ open field – from dawn to dusk. The only time vendors were blocked – would be if the ‘field’ was otherwise needed by the company.

Food Court Open to The Public – Katie and Taylor Easily Blended into The Crowds:

Although the makeshift ‘Food Court’ was operating on Graphene Labs’ property – they made it available to anyone and everyone that wanted to visit and partake at the Food Court.

Katie and Deputy Taylor easily blended into the ‘ocean of strangers’ in the Food Court.

Crowds Made it Hard and Uncertain to Identify Target ‘Marks’:

Taylor asserted, “We will never find our Targets here. Too many people. It is chaotic. We can use it as a ‘homebase’ – and a place to rendezvous if things go sideways.”

Meet at ‘Dog Stand’ if Things Go Bad; Divide and Watch – Unite and Conquer:

She directed, “Let’s meet at the ‘Dog Stand’, there – if things go bad.”

Taylor’s Patrol and Building Corner Vantage Point to Side and Rear Doors:

She added, “Otherwise – I’ll patrol the side and rear entrances. I’ll try and find a corner vantage point – to see both entrances. I have my binoculars – so I can keep watch from a distance.”

Katie’s ‘Slow Eating’ Cover – to Sit in Plain View of Front Entrance Doors:

She assigned, “You should watch - the front, main entrance. Maybe you can get some food here, and ‘sit for a long time eating it’ – in view of the doors. Your ‘cover’ is ‘slow eating’.”

Divided We Scout; United We Engage:

Deputy Taylor looked deeply, seriously, into Katie’s eyes and said, “Katie – we only have our knives. You are not a trained hand-to-hand combatant. We need to play to our strengths. You are a great ‘people person’”

Taylor’s Subtle ‘Dig’ On Katie’s ‘People Person’ Skills vs Taylor’s Hard Skills:

Taylor seemed subtly indignant of ‘people person’ – like ‘hard skills’ were far more valuable than ‘human’ interaction and influence skills. And – Katie – perceived the slight ‘dig’ on her ‘strengths.’

But – Katie shrugged the subtle insult off, as she had most of her life whenever someone demeaned her (which was unfortunately – most of her life).

Katie and Taylor from Very Different Backgrounds – Shaped Values Differently:

Deputy Taylor and Katie came from very different backgrounds – so neither was right or wrong – in their perspective. They just had different experiences – from childhood through adulthood. And – of course – their views and values were thereby shaped... differently.

Katie Was Devout, Deeply Faithful – But Questioned Why God Allowed Suffering:

Katie was timid and devout, deeply Faithful. But was jaded – because social castaways were by society without help or recourse. And so – she questioned why God allowed such selfish wickedness to exist – that people down-and-out were allowed to be ‘lost’ and abandoned by ‘so-called civilized people’.

She wondered – why did God allow widespread suffering – especially for people that seemed to have done nothing to deserve it.

Katie Believed God Must Have a Plan for Everything – Even Suffering:

And – with our Mission Quest for God – Katie had the greatest sense of ‘Purpose’ she had ever had. She believed more than ever – God had a plan for everything, even suffering...

Taylor Was a Career Soldier Turned Civilian due to Govt. Mandated Vaccine Betrayal:

Taylor was a career soldier – turned civilian cop – due to government mandating she take an experimental alleged ‘vaccine’. She refused to accept a forced injection of a drug concoction and they would not inform her what was in it.

And so – her advanced weapons, demolitions, and hand-to-hand combat experience evolved from Private to Elite Special Operations Top Secret missions... was wasted by the government that spent the time and money training her.

Admittedly – the military did get whatever her missions were set to accomplish. But – now – they would have no more missions helped or completed by ‘Soldier Taylor’.

Here we are – Taylor had become a rural deputy, but the boredom and zero use of her training... made her resentful and angry.

Soldier Taylor believed in Righteous Causes and Defending the U.S. Constitution – not politicians or ‘lower laws’. Her calling was ‘HIGHER’ – but it was for Righteousness, not-so-much for God.

Indeed – Taylor did believe in God. But she was ‘more agnostic’ than not. She believed – there must be a God – to explain so many things that otherwise made no sense or could not be explained.

But – like Katie – Taylor had seen horrible losses and abuses in the world, and could not accept God would let that happen.

Taylor and Her Mother Were Raped in Home Invasion, and Mother’s Throat Slit:

Deputy Taylor had a dark past – as we learned in one of ‘fun-filled’ evenings sharing dark memories and troubles.

Taylor and her mother were victims of a home invasion – when she was fifteen years old.

Three brutal men – came in the back sliding door – into their home.

But they were not satisfied with stealing ‘things’. They ‘stole’ so much more...

They raped Taylor – at fifteen years old – and did the same to her mother, in front of Taylor.

And then – they slit Taylor’s mother’s throat. And they fled.

Taylor ran to her mother – to hold the gushing neck wound. But – her mother was dying. Her mother was quickly unaware of her surroundings – and was dead.

...

That made Taylor question God, and how he could do such wickedness to her mother and her.

Her father raised Taylor – but she joined the military as soon as she could, at 18 years old.

Katie and Taylor Had Very Different Paths to Believe and Question God:

So – Deputy Taylor and Katie... had very different paths in life – both arriving at the same belief in God, but with questioning how God could allow evil to thrive and flourish and bring sorrow and suffering to the innocent and ‘good’ people.

Katie the Optimistic Pessimist, Trusted but Verified:

But Katie held onto her belief in the heart of people – that their ‘core’, their soul – was inherently good. And so – she should trust but verify.

In that way – Katie was an optimistic pessimist. She expected things would be good, but they could go bad if you’re not careful.

Taylor the Pessimistic Optimist, Required Trust Be Earned:

And Deputy Taylor required trust be earned.

In that way – Taylor was a pessimistic optimist. She expected things would go bad, but with great effort and vigilance they can be made good.

E097 Rick064 The Curb, The Trip, and The Mark Flashback 9.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E097 Rick064 Gaslighting Making Friends The Curb The Trip and The Mark Flashback 9 1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pj6h-e097-rick064-gaslighting-making-friends-the-curb-the-trip-and-the-mark-flas.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/PNsxd77p114>

Description:

Katie proposes to gaslight her target ‘mark’ into believing she is injured and needs help, which will allow them to befriend and obtain the target’s ID badge and keys.

Katie’s plan works well – and she entraps Eduard Dorota in her gaslighting fake injury.

‘HUA’ Made Katie Feel Like a Solider, Distancing Her Mind from Very Real Danger:

Katie smiled and whispered close to Taylor’s ear, “hua”. She loved saying that – it made her feel ‘part of the team, and the valued in-crowd’.

And it made her – importantly – feel the illusionary sense of being distanced (and thus, safe) from the very real danger she was in – playing the role of ‘soldier’.

Unfinished Steep Curbs and ‘Ditch Gutters’ – Taylor Cautioned:

Taylor looked to Katie, “Watch out for the curbs and ditches. It looks like they have not cemented or placed curbs on a lot of the roadsides here – near the Graphene Labs building.”

She added, “It looks like Graphene Labs is a new building – so they may have not finished the streetside work yet.” Chuckling - Taylor cautioned, “Just don’t fall in a curb ditch or off a steep sidewalk-to-street drop. And – likewise – don’t trip ascending them; they are unusually tall.”

Offended Katie Snarks “Yes, Mother – I Will Be Careful Around Curbs”:

Katie looked a little annoyed at Taylor and snarked sarcastically, “Yes, Mother – I will be careful around curbs. I will pay special attention to when I go up or down them.”

...

Taylor grinned and neutralized Katie’s ‘attitude’ with one word. She said, in a commanding concluding voice, “Good.”

Katie Proposes to Gaslight a Curb Trip or Fall on Target ‘Marks’:

Katie grinned herself, “Hey – Deputy.” She said. “Maybe I could – you know – ‘have an accident’ and trip or fall on that curb... right when we see one of our Targets. And that will give us a way to open conversation with them – without it seeming weird.”

Katie seemed quite satisfied with herself – for coming up with a plan to gaslight their Graphene Employee Target ‘Marks’ with Katie falling and injuring herself – thus, requiring assistance – from the passer-by ‘mark’.

...

Taylor nodded, “Yea – that will work. But remember – wait for me, before engaging – or tripping or falling. Just signal me on your radio-watch – I’ll be right there.”

Taylor to Place Tracker on Target ‘Marks’ Vehicles – To Find Later If Needed:

She added, “And if I see one of them out the back or side doors – I’ll see if I can put a tracker on their vehicle, and we can find them later, if needed.”

...

Taylor headed off to her patrol and corner-building vantage point.

She found a good spot – out of view – in bushes, at a neighboring building. She was able to see both side and rear doors – using her binoculars.

Katie ‘Slow Eating’ Lunch At Curb ‘Ditch Gutter’ – Watching for Target ‘Mark’:

And Katie purchases a hot dog, paper bowl of fries, and a big fountain drink. She headed over to the steep roadside curb, and sat down with her legs above the unfinished, ‘ditch gutter’. And she began to – very slowly – eat her meal.

And she would turn and look around whenever she heard voices or Graphene Labs entry detector bleep. It proved quite useful – the company’s audible entry buzzers. It was an alarm to Katie – to stay focused, and when to look around to see if her Target ‘mark’ had emerged.

Katie Sights Shipping & Receiving Mr. Eduard Dorota - Headed to Food Court:

The Graphene Labs front door bleeped – as it opened – for someone to exit the building.

Katie recognized the tall, mildly muscular, dark short, curly haired man. She saw Shipping & Receiving’s Mr. Eduard Dorota come out the front door. He was headed straight to the makeshift Food Court in the company’s ‘meeting paver stoned lot’

Katie tapped her phone – and said, “Taylor – he is here. Eduard is here. I am going to get his attention – and fall for him.”

Yea – she was going to ‘fall for him’. Not in a romantic way – but in a physical, pretend injury way.

Katie Stood Up, Yelped, And Fell Down Off Curb into the Drainage Ditch:

Katie stood up and turned toward the Graphene building’s entrance. Her foot seemed to get caught on the side of the curb – and she tripped. Her leg fell down into the drainage ‘gutter ditch’ – and may have been sprained.

She yelped in apparent pain.

Katie’s Successful Gaslighting of Mr. Eduard Dorota:

She was successful – Mr. Eduard Dorota of Graphene Labs Shipping & Receiving aborted his lunch plans right then. He dashed over to the damsel in distress to see if he could help her.

He gasped, “Oh no! Are you okay? Can I help you?” He leaned over to make sure Katie’s foot, ankle, and leg were not broken or bleeding.

...

Being an act – there was little actual damage to Katie. She did scrape her leg – in the act – but it was not serious, and the abrasion lent realism and believability to her ‘performance.’

...

She answered the man, “It hurts. I think it is sprained. I am not sure I can walk on it. Can you help me? I hate to ask – but could you let me lean on you, to walk – somewhere to sit down for a little bit?”

Eduard and Katie Sitting by A Tree Near the Paver Stoned Foot Court:

Eduard smiled widely, loving the idea of helping this young woman in need of him. He loved being her rescuer. It made him feel heroic and manly.

Eduard leaned down - and lifted Katie up. And braced his arm around her – pulling her close to him. And they walked together – as if they were intimate friends or lovers.

Eduard’s Chivalric Aid to Katie Troubled Her Deception & Intended Theft From Him:

In some ways – Eduard was showing he had at least a modicum of chivalry within him...which made Katie’s deception that much harder for her.

Katie leaned into Eduard – adding to his feelings of manliness, and sexual reaction to this young attractive woman being so close and touching him.

Eduard purchased a plate of fish & chips – and Katie and he left the Foot Court lot – and sat down under a nearby tree.

Katie resumed eating her lunch, and Eduard began eating his.

Katie and Eduard Exchanged Introductions:

Katie looked up at Eduard, smiled seductively, and asked, “You were my hero – back there. What’s your name, anyway? I’m Katie – Katie...” She paused, “...Devine.”

She restated, “I am Katie Devine. My friend is somewhere around here – she’s Taylor...Everest.”

...

Eduard replied, “I am Eduard. I work here in Shipping. It is a good job. What do you do? You have a foreign accent.”

...

Katie answered, “Oh – I am a waitress from the U.S. I am on vacation with my friend. I saw the Food Court – and wanted to get something to eat. I guess that I chose a bad place to sit and eat. I am glad you came along. You saved me!” she smiled coyly.

Katie was being a tease to Eduard – hoping to spark an attraction to her in him.

Katie Forwardly Asked Eduard on a Date:

Katie stammered, “Since I am not from around here. And – being hurt – I am not going to be the ‘tourist about town’ like I planned. Maybe – maybe you could show me around, have a real lunch – not a truck food court - and maybe we could even dinner tonight? I know – it’s forward. But what else will I do? Umm... can you take the time off? So last minute?”

...

Eduard glowed and excitedly said, “YES! That would be great. I will work out the time off. I just need to go close out some things. I can take afternoon off. Not evening though. Sorry. But now... Where should I meet you? In an hour?”

...

Katie replied, “Can I meet you here – at this tree, where we are – by the Food Court?”

...

“YES!” agreed Eduard. He was visibly thrilled that this attractive young woman asked him out on a date! AWESOME! For him! ...or so he thought.

E098 Rick065 Friends, Strangers, and Threats Flashback 9.2



Local File:

[.\\LibertyBooksVideos\\E098 Rick065 Friends and Betrayal and Spiritual Moral Crisis at Graphene Labs Flashback 9 2.mp4](file:///C:/LibertyBooksVideos/E098%20Rick065%20Friends%20and%20Betrayal%20and%20Spiritual%20Moral%20Crisis%20at%20Graphene%20Labs%20Flashback%209%202.mp4)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pjse-e098-rick065-friends-and-betrayal-and-spiritual-moral-crisis-at-graphene-la.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/64QFA5j9ycU>

Description:

Taylor seizes Eduard's badge at first opportunity.

Katie is horrified and saddened by her non-violent approach to befriend and acquire Eduard's ID and company badge ended up in violence and horror anyway.

Taylor Arrived and Ingratiated Herself in The Scene:

Katie was laughing and having a good time – spending a carefree moment in the Paver Stoned outside makeshift Food Court - with the kind man from Graphene Labs, from Shipping & Receiving – eating dogs, fries, and fish & chips. And sharing silly stories far away from their current reality.

Out of nowhere - Taylor walked up to Eduard and Katie, “Where were you? I was looking all over for you.”

...

Eduard piped up, “She was with me. She fell off the curb. I helped her here. Sorry – I did not know you were around, or I would have tried to find you.”

...

Taylor knew where Katie was all the time. She had been watching from a distance - but now that they were settled under the tree ‘like two lovebirds’ – she intended to ingratiate herself into the ‘scene’.

She said, “No worries, ummm?” She alluded to not knowing his name... to which he replied, “Eduard”.

Eduard Agreed to Taylor Joining His Date with Katie:

Katie smiled, “Eduard and I are going on a date tonight. Since I am hurt – would you help me get here, Taylor?”

Katie turned to Eduard, “...and, umm, Eduard – would you mind if she came with us? We came to Prague together – and it won’t stop me from getting to know you...” Katie played with her hair - and tilted her head to draw attention to her pretty features and face.

Eduard smiled, “An afternoon with two beautiful ladies! You got it! I am lucky man! See you in an hour – 2:30pm? Here? Yea?”

...

Katie nodded, “Yea, looking forward to it. Please hurry. It’ll be boring without you...”

...

Katie and Taylor finished their ‘snack lunches’, and Eduard returned to his job.

Eduard’s Afternoon Hooky from Graphene Labs – Off to Lunch in Eduard’s Car:

Katie and Taylor remained at the Graphene Labs’ Tree by the Paver Stoned Food Court Lot – so they were always present – for whenever Eduard might return.

...

And return he did. Eduard approached – with Katie seated on the grass beneath the tree, and Taylor leaned against it.

“I have a car,” Eduard said. “We can take it to a nice restaurant. Okay?”

...

Katie said, “That sounds perfect. Can you help me walk to your car? I am still hurting from the sprain.”

Katie Was Good at ‘Working’ Eduard – Presumably f/ Years of Waitress Experience:

“Of course,” answered Eduard. He loved another excuse to hold Katie close to his body. He was very attracted to her. And she gave him many signals to – BE ATTRACTED TO HER. She was ‘working’ him... ...and she seemed good at it. ...presumably from her years of waitress experience to maximize tips and positive reviews. She was a master of flirtation.

Knife to Eduard’s Throat – Taylor Threatens His Life:

Eduard took the driver’s seat. Katie took the passenger seat, next to Eduard. And Taylor sat behind Eduard, in the back seat.

Eduard started the car, but before he could switch into gear to drive... Taylor held a knife from behind the seat, under Eduard’s throat.

She said in slow, clear words, “Listen to me. Follow directions. Or you will die. Got it?”

Katie Was Aghast with Taylor’s Rash Aggressive Life-Threatening Actions:

Katie looked horrified, “Deputy!?! What are you doing? He is nice. He is a good guy.” She started to tear up and cry, “what are you doing...?”

...

Taylor replied, “We need to get inside Graphene. And we are going to get inside – at all costs.” She emphasized ‘at all costs’ – by pressing the edge of her knife against Eduard’s throat.

Eduardo Only Wanted to Date a Pretty Girl, Now Pleads for His Release:

Eduard was terrorized. He believed that he may well die – any moment. But he struggled to remain calm and in-control on the outside.

He said calmly, “Hey – I just wanted to hang out with a pretty girl. Sorry, my mistake. You can just let me go. I already forgot whatever you think I saw or whatever happened...”

Taylor Summarized the Mission – Get In, Access Cloud, Find Research, Get Out:

Taylor shifted her focus back to Eduard, “Sure, you wanted to date Katie. And no – you are not going anywhere.

Now - Drive us out of here, slow and normal. Head to the restaurant you had in mind. We will make a detour before we get there. I’ll let you know when - and where to.”

She asserted, “Here’s the deal –

- We are on a secret mission – which means we can’t tell you anything about it
- We need to get inside your company
- We need to access your cloud, using a computer terminal inside
- We need to search for key research – throughout the building

- And then – we get out
- To do all that – We need building your security access, and ideally a current floorplan with security info like badge electronic e-locked doors, bio-locked fingerprint/retina scan doors, camera... you get the idea.

It is that simple.”

She added, “I don’t want to hurt you. I don’t want to kill you. But I will do both – in that order – to complete my mission. Understand?”

Eduardo Offers Universal Access Badge and Information – He Pleads Not to Die:

Eduard gulped, “Okay, okay... Take my badge. It will get you inside - everywhere. Like Janitor – Shipping guys also go all over the building. We are not ‘big wigs’ but we have ‘big wig’ security...”

And - I am in Shipping & Receiving, so – I am a Shipping guy. Which means - I go all over the building – with my universal access clearance. You got what you wanted. Here. Just take it...”

Eduard handed his badge to Katie and exhaled and gasped to speak, “I don’t want to die! I will give you anything you want. I will tell you anything you want to know.”

The Best Laid Plans Rarely Survive Contact with The Enemy – Kindness to Threats:

Katie’s heart sank. Her plan to secure Eduard’s help through kind and warm engagement – was twisted into a kidnapping and threat of murder.

She imagined things were going to be so much easier and smoother... and kinder and gentler... but the best laid plans rarely survive contact with the enemy.

Katie Had Not Included Taylor in Her Plan – Soldier Taylor’s Aggression Understood:

Katie had not considered what Taylor might do – in a critical moment like they were in.

She had not conceived – that Soldier Taylor would make a tactical decision – in the moment - to seize the objective ID & Security badge – BY FORCE AT KNIFEPOINT - and to subsequently neutralize future threat from the Target by sticking him under Tiny’s guard – locked in the black opaque van with him.

No – Katie had not conceived what Taylor might do. Katie also did not inform Taylor of her plan, so Katie recognized she was as to blame for the situation as Taylor was. Katie...failed to communicate her non-violent plan, and so Taylor defaulted to her standard tactics of aggressive resolution.

Katie Prayed for God’s Forgiveness of Her and The Team – and For Guidance:

Katie prayed – silently -, “God, forgive me. Forgive us. For we have sinned, and continue to sin... in your name, oh Father.

But – I am in doubt. I am unsure...if I am doing the right things.

Please, Lord – guide me... Give us the wisdom and insight to pursue and do only the right things...” her eyes wet withholding overwhelming emotion – tears just breaking through.

Tiny Meets Us Behind a Supermarket:

Deputy Taylor – seeing Katie beginning to ‘melt down’ and spiral emotionally – said, “Katie – it’s hard. This is all hard. We must be strong. We can talk things through – later. Right now – head in the game. Our lives depend on it.” She punctuated with a knowing and powerful – nod to Katie.

Tiny Meets Us Behind a Supermarket:

The Deputy asked Katie to call and coordinate with Tiny to rendezvous with them – behind a supermarket. A public place few people would be at, or therefore - see us.

Eduard parked alongside a dumpster, and Tiny’s black government van - with ‘blazing taxis’ plastered across it - rolled in.

Eduard to ‘Stay with Tiny’ Until Mission is Complete:

Taylor said firmly to Eduard, “We can’t have you come with us. And we can’t have you running free – telling people about us.

So – like Katie said - you are going to sit with our friend there, in his van – with him. He is armed. He will also hurt and kill you – if you do not do as told. Got it?

...

Eduard nodded.

...

Taylor said, “Good. You can stay in your car’s trunk – if you prefer. But I’d choose the company of our friend. You can call him – Tiny.”

...

Eduard said, “Tiny. I choose - your friend – Tiny. Sorry – I don’t have a floorplan with anything but offices, meeting rooms, labs, and doors on it. Nothing security. No cameras. Sorry.”

Eduard’s Company Badge Taken; Eduard Moved to Tiny’s Van for “Safe Keeping”:

Taylor retorted, “Fine. We’ll handle it without it.”

She took Eduard’s company badge.

And she escorted Eduard to Tiny’s van. With her knife visibly in-hand but obscured by her jacket - so Eduard would know she was still dangerous, but others could not see her weapon.

Took Eduard’s Wallet, ID, Company Security Badge, and Belt & Shoes – And His Car:

In total - Taylor took Eduard’s car keys – as well as his wallet, ID, company badge, and his belt and shoes.

She also retrieved Katie’s and her Mission Duffel Bags and Backpacks of gear & clothing from the van’s hidden ‘wall’ locker stashes.

Eduard looked on – in awe- at hidden compartments and bags of mysterious things – being taken by a terrifying but attractive soldier lady.

...

Safely secured in Tiny's van – under Tiny's guard – Taylor returned to Katie in Eduard's car.

Soldier Taylor entered the driver's seat of Eduard's car – and said, “We'll be borrowing Eduard's car – just for a while. He'll be staying with Tiny – until we return his car.”

...

She smiled, “We have his belt and shoes... to slow him down should he try to escape captivity.”

Katie Denounced Violating the Ten Commandments – All Over the Place Willy-Nilly:

Katie looked disgusted, “Look – Ms. Taylor. I know you are a rockstar soldier and elite ... everything. And I know – my life is very much in your hands...a lot...and often.

But – can we try and follow the Ten Commandments – at least? I mean – I get ... there are times that we must steal, deceive... even kill.

Our mission for God... it's that important... that we can do these things.

But I think there's more nuance and complexity to it -

- That God will forgive us... for transgressions that cannot be avoided
- But God will not forgive us... for violations that we could have avoided
- We are not ‘above God's Law’
- I accept – as God's Soldiers – that we can violate the Ten Commandments... but only when there is no other choice
- That is what I believe, and what I hope you and I can do – together.”

Katie implored, “Can we? Please?”

Solider Taylor Heard Katie's Plea for ‘Elevated Morality’ – and Rejected It:

Soldier Taylor's lips tightened, as her eyes focused in on Katie's eyes. She looked deep – uncomfortably penetrating Katie's eyes – as if to find, deep in Katie's soul, what possessed her to –

- NAIVELY PUT THE TEAM'S LIVES AND MISSION IN JEOPARDY FOR OCCASSIONAL REDUCED ‘IMPACT’ ON THE ENEMY – OR THOSE WHO ARE VERY LIKELY THE ENEMY, OR ASSOCIATED WITH THE ENEMY

Taylor said firmly, “I get it, Katie.

- You are used to the good guys winning – like in the movies and TV.
- Real life – and real death – are a blink of an eye away.
- If we spend that moment, that blink of time, assessing whether our actions may conflict with our morality, ethics, religion, or whatever you value and think is important – we may die.
- No Katie – I swore to protect the team. And I will always protect myself. I will not ‘pause’ while ‘On Mission’ and question myself or our purpose or our plan or our mission.

- Katie – I hear you. But ‘no’. I don’t see your request for ‘elevated morality’ to be prudent or responsible – in the fight to save humanity and ourselves

Katie Lamented – You Even Took His Belt and Shoes and Wallet – Not Just Badge:

Katie lamented, “Why did you have to take his belt and shoes and wallet? We just needed his badge – I thought.”

...

Taylor replied, “Without shoes – he cannot walk or run; at least not very fast, or on painful surfaces. It will slow him down.

And without a belt – his pants will slip and fall. It will slow him down, and limit his ability to take sudden actions or fight.

Never mind – a belt can be used as a strangling garrot, fist cudgel, or a weak whip or flail.

You see – Katie, we did nothing... that we did not need to do.

We ‘ARE THE GOOD GUYS’... even if we use fire ourselves at times... to fight evil’s fire.

E099 RICK066 OPERATION INFILTRATE MUON ENERGY FLASHBACK 10.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E099 Rick066 Operation Infiltrate Muon Energy_Sarah's Infiltration Flashback 10_0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pk4f-e099-rick066-operation-infiltrate-muon-energy-sarajs-infiltration-flashback.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/Q9ROtODEubY>

Description:

Sarah reveals she had arranged a date using a phone app while flying to Prague.

She ominously explains that ‘anything is okay’ when it comes to fulfilling God’s Mission. It was the Code of the Knights Templar...

Sarah - Date via App with Muon Energy Accounts Receivable Representative:

Sarah McGilvray was teamed with Tiny – which meant she was on her own... because Tiny either remained with the airplane – both as its guard, and as our anytime get-away flight – or as our gear transport and driver.

Therefore - Sarah was going solo - after Muon Energy.

Her assignment was to stake out to learn daily and nightly patterns - and figure out both what security their company had...and the best way to gain access. And – secure company facility security access – wherever and whenever possible.

Sarah’s Target ‘Marks’ Were Mr. Alois Alzbeta and Ms. Berta Darja:

Her targets were -

- Muon Energy
 - Mr. Alois Alzbeta – Accounts Receivable Representative Management
 - Ms. Berta Darja – Nuclear Containment Engineering

Awkward, Distant Sarah Spent Much Time on Her Lifelong Best Friend – Her Phone:

A little we learned about Sarah - now that she was part of the team and traveling with us – and thus interacting a lot with the once-smaller team.

She had an awkward ‘presence’ – ever since joining the team.

Perhaps – I thought – she was always socially awkward, but her job with Midnight and Associates gave her confidence because she was good at ‘executing her assigned tasks’.

She had tried to ‘insert herself’ into team chats or sub-team chat ‘pods’. But – she just did not ‘naturally’ or smoothly interact with anyone on the team – perhaps with anyone... my ‘sampling’ came solely from our interactions with her.

...

The consequence of not ‘fitting in’ to the team – was Sarah withdrawing, into her ‘lifelong best friend’ – her phone.

She surfed the web. She ‘lived’ on social media. Sarah took her ‘pastime’ – very seriously.

Awkward, Silent Sarah Spent Hours using Dating Apps on Our Flight:

Before the mission – Sarah had spent an inordinate time on dating apps. She spent hours – assessing what appeared to be Men of Prague.

Taylor snarked, “I don’t think we need to be looking for a date... right now. You know?”

Sarah Researched Her Target ‘Marks’ as Potential ‘Dates’ To Secure Badge Access:

Sarah responded, “I am not” she emphasized “LOOKING FOR” she said, “a date.”

She scowled, “I am looking to see if I can find my Target ‘Marks’ online – to see if I can set up a meet & greet ‘date’.
And – then – I will acquire security access... from them.

So – please do not presume to know what I am thinking - or doing.

Please do – ask me anytime, anything – that you want to know from me.”

...

Sarah rattled off that message with machine efficiency, but with human disdain.

Sarah’s Called Her Plan ‘The Date, The Kiss, and The Fall’:

Sarah added, “I am calling my plan - “Operation: Date, Kiss, and Fall”.

She smiled, “They will ‘fall’ for me – because I am so ‘fine’ and fun. And – then they will fall prey to me – and I will subdue them – and take their company security badge and fingerprints. And take anything I see as necessary for our mission... and ONLY what I see as necessary for our mission.”

Sarah Said ‘Does Not Matter if my Date is a ‘Ms’ or a ‘Mr’ – All The Same To Me:

Katie asked - sheepishly, “Umm, your ‘marks’ are –

- *MR.* Alois Alzbeta - Accounts Receivable Representative
- and
- *MS* Berta Daria - Accounts Receivable Representative

What happens if you CANNOT get a date with *MR.* (a man) Alois - but CAN get a date with MS. Berta (a woman)?”

Katie grinned, “Or...is that okay for you? Ummm” her voice dwindled off...uncomfortably.

...

Sarah answered directly, “No – it does not matter at all. It’s all the same to me.”

She added, “Besides – I plan only kissing – to provide confidence in me and my sincerity.”

And with a chuckle – Sarah concluded, “Let’s not get hung up on silly childhood or locker room juvenile thinking. We are adults. We will do what we must...” she added, “but only when we must.”

Violence, Stealing, Deception, Killing Okay If Necessary – Subdue When Possible:

Sarah looked towards Deputy Taylor – and then to me – and back to Taylor. She said, “I believe – violence, stealing, deception...even killing – are okay... only when necessary.

Otherwise – I believe in first pursuit of non-violent solutions, and then to subdue opponents when possible. But – if the mission or a team mate is in threat – all ‘rules’ are put on hold.

We Are the Knights Templar – God’s Blessing to Fight for the Right, God’s Glory:

And we – do what we must – no matter how horrific it may seem.

We are the Knights Templar! We have God’s Blessing – to Fight for Righteousness and for God’s Glory!” Sarah declared.

We *ALL Have Jobd to Do as Knights Templar – Serve God and The Mission Quest:

She settled down a bit from her dramatic ‘Ra-Ra’ Message – and said, “I just want to say – I am not ‘playing around’. I am not ‘looking for a date’ or to be social. I would like to be friends; I would.”

She decreed, “But I have a job to do. We *ALL* have a job to do. As Knights Templar – we are sworn to serve God, and to pursue his mission and quest for righteousness. That is our vow. And for that – we are blessed.

So – if you every think I am ‘goofing’ or doing anything ‘for myself’ – I strongly recommend that you re-think your assessment.” Her were lips tight, almost hostile, as she finished her pointed message.”

She Found Mr. Alois on Global Dating App ‘The Dating Tree’:

With that – Sarah resumed her ‘dating app’ hunt for Mr. Alois or Ms. Berta.

And – voila! Sarah found Mr. Alois on the global dating app, ‘The Dating Tree’ (referred to as D-Tree by its recurring active users).

She was able to issue a ‘DESIRE’ ping to Mr. Alois – and before we had landed – she had a date lined up with him.

Sarah Wore Attractive, Wholesome Makeup and Clothing – But ‘Could Go Naughty’:

Tiny had dropped Sarah off – a few blocks from Muon Energy.

She was dressed in ‘appropriate’ form-fitted – but not tight, or bust or butt attention drawing – white blouse, black leggings, light-gray shawl, and low-height heels.

Sarah put makeup on like a pro – she looked like she was ready to go out on a fashion show catwalk.

She was the ‘perfect wholesome, girl next door’ look. And yet – her ‘look’ afforded the fantasy that she could ‘get naughty’ if she decided to.

Sarah Had All The Power in Her Planned Date – And She Knew It:

Objectively - Sarah wore a good girl-next-door ‘first date’ outfit with mildly provocative makeup.

I imagined –

- she would inspire attraction on first impression... which would allow her to adapt to her ‘date’s interests’ by focusing on the provocative makeup
- or – she could focus on the ‘wholesome’ side, and accuse her date of sexual aggression, and blatantly misreading her intentions and the situation
- Sarah – had all the power in her planned date – And she knew it

E100 Rick067 Date in Cerberus Café Flashback 10.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E100 Rick067 Date Gone Wrong in Cerberus Café Flashback 10_1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pl30-e100-rick067-date-gone-wrong-in-cerberus-caf-flashback-10-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/Yzr0bvUvxNk>

Description:

Sarah meets her date, Mr. Alois from Muon Energy, at a restaurant called the Cerberus Café.

She judges her date quickly to be a womanizing low integrity man.

After a series of non-violent but very scary moments with the man alone, she relieves him of his badge and ID.

Richard compares Taylor's ruthless 'Soldier's Code' to Sarah's absolute if not brutal 'Knights Templar Code'.

Lunch At Cerberus Café with Mr. Alois to Open the Gates to Muon [Hell] Energy:

Sarah walked over to a café close to Muon Energy – named ‘Cerberus Café’.

I am sure Sarah saw the irony in the name – Cerberus was the Hound that guarded the Gates of Hell.

And so –

- Sarah was going to obtain the key to open the Gates of Hell from Cerberus...
- or – specifically – she was going to obtain the key card to open the Gates of Muon [Hell] Energy from Mr. Alois (at Cerberus)

My Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny Was Stored in Muon [Hell] Energy:

The idea that Muon [Hell] Energy was where my Celestial Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny was stored... was curious. Just the names of things – somehow, they all connected with each other.

I wondered –

- How were my dagger and Muon Energy related?
- Were they running tests on the dagger?
- Why did Brocko put my dagger in Muon Energy?
- Was Muon [Hell] Energy tied into the Tapestry of Bael? If so – how?

I hoped that Sarah might learn more from Mr. Alois.

Mr. Alois Arrives and Approaches Sarah – And Brashly Calls Her a ‘Pretty Thing’:

Sarah seated herself in an open seat in the back of the Cerberus Café.

...

Mr. Alois entered the café – and spotted Sarah in the back.

He approached her – smiling as he did.

Following a generic and uncreative, uninspiring introduction – Mr. Alois said, “Well, you are quite a pretty thing. Aren’t you?”

Sarah Recoiled ‘Internally’ That She WAS NOT A THING...Even if She Was Pretty:

Sarah controlled her natural impulse – to recoil from his womanizing, objectifying introduction.

She thought - was NOT A THING...even if she WAS PRETTY.

Mr. Alois' Offensive 'Opening' Defined His Interest In 'Loose Women':

But – his offensive 'opening' informed her where to focus her 'demeanor'. Mr. Alois wanted 'a loose girl', not a 'proper girl'.

And so – Sarah decided she would adopt the demeanor of a 'loose woman' – to inspire Mr. Alois' evolving fascination 'commitment' to her.

Mr. Alois Brashly Asks for Tourist Fling:

Sarah replied, "I like to look good. I like all the perks that come with looking pretty – for men like you." She leaned in – closing the 'gap' between them. And igniting some 'chemistry' in Mr. Alois.

His blood was boiling with lust. He moved his hand onto Sarah's tight, shiny leggings, and he watched her reaction... to see if she was receptive to his aggressive advances.

...

Sarah smiled - and placed her hand on his 'invasive hand'... and she moved it up - to her inner thigh.

She could *see* Mr. Alois was EXTREMELY INTO HER. His body exposed his lust for her.

She muttered, "better."

...

Mr. Alois asked, "Look – seems like we're hitting it off. Being a tourist – you don't have much time here in Prague. Let's make the most of it! And get a room – there's a hotel right up the street. What do you say?" He asked like a desperate 'in heat' fantasizing teenage boy.

Hooked and Excitedly Head to the Hotel to Play with Sarah - for a Fling:

Sarah put her hand on Mr. Alois' thigh – and with a coy grin – said, "Wow. Umm... Sure. I think...that would be...umm. Fun." She added, "Let's not wait. We can explore...each other...more...with more time."

...

Mr. Alois was 'hooked' and extremely excited to 'play with Sarah' – for a tourist fling.

Mr. Alois Scamming Free 'Recently Engaged' Champaign:

Mr. Alois checked-in at the front desk – explaining that Sarah was his fiancé. And they wanted a nice room – but not too expensive. He joked, "they had to save money for the wedding."

Sarah saw what Mr. Alois was doing... he was trying to scam the hotel for some perk like free champaign or room service, or a room upgrade – because they were alleged to be recently engaged.

The desk clerk said, "Oh – congratulations. You are such a fine looking couple. I'll send up a bottle of champaign – for you to celebrate with."

Mr. Alois Was Not an Attractive Man:

Mr. Alois – was not fine looking. He was not like his online profile. He was a rotund, fat-handed man that wore a slightly old, dirty suit and worn slip-on shoes. Mr. Alois was not an attractive man.

Mr. Alois' Actions Proved His Ignoble Character – And Thus Deserved His Fate:

Sarah smiled... but thought, “This man continues to prove he deserves no quarter, or compassion. And he deserves what’s coming to him. He is a womanizing, deceitful, manipulative, lustful, scumbag...”

Sarah no longer fretted about whether she should be forceful or not – with her ‘mark’.

Indeed – Mr. Alois’ actions proved his ignoble character to Sarah. And thus – she felt he deserved his forthcoming fate – at her hands.

Hotel ‘Fun’ – Very Excited Mr. Alois:

They entered the hotel suite – which had a living room with TV with an adjoined separate bathroom – and bedroom with a king sized bed.

Sarah suggested Mr. Alois prepare for ‘hotel fun’ – in the bedroom. She would use the bathroom – to ‘pretty herself up’.

Sarah Fully Clothed, Engages Naked Mr. Alois:

Sarah came out of the bathroom – to find Mr. Alois naked in the bed. He likely knew that he was not an attractive man – and so hid himself under the sheets, hoping Sarah would continue their dalliance.

...

Sarah sauntered over to the bed – and leaned down to Mr. Alois. She kissed his forehead - gently. And she climbed on top of him, still wearing her blouse and leggings.

That’s right – Mr. Alois was naked in bed, beneath the sheets. Sarah was on top of Mr. Alois, on top of the sheets, fully clothed.

Sarah’s Tiny 2” Secret, Hidden ‘Legging Knife’:

Mr. Alois reached out to grab Sarah, to pull her down to him.

But Sarah – pulled a tiny 2” stiletto knife from inside, the backside of her leggings. Apparently – she had a secret, hidden sheath built into the stitching – able to store a tiny stiletto knife.

Hotel ‘Not-So-Fun’ – Threat and Influence by Stiletto:

Sarah placed the blade at Mr. Alois’ Atoms’ Apple. She said, “I am sorry, Mr. Alois.”

She enumerated, “Do not interrupt. Listen to me.

- I do not want to hurt you
- But you have something I need
- I must have your company badge – I will kill you to secure it, if necessary

- I need your fingerprints – or I will cut your hands off to take your fingers.”

Sarah looked intensely into Mr. Alois’ tearing eyes, “I am sorry. I really am. Please nod – indicating you understand what I said. And that you are going to cooperate with me?”

I do not want to cut your hands off, or hurt, or kill you.” Sarah said – almost matter-of-factly.

Sarah had – quite the influence on Mr. Alois – with her stiletto threat at his throat.

Mr. Alois Agreed to Anything and Everything – Just to Escape The Situation:

Mr. Alois nodded in agreement – to anything Sarah wanted. He did not want to die. His sexual desire turned into a Turtle Desire – he wanted to retreat into his shell, and escape the horror he was facing – that he put himself into...out of his lust.

He pondered in horror - he paid for all this! He paid for the food. He paid for the hotel. Now – would he pay for it with is life - as well?

Sarah McGilvray of the Knights Templar was a Hardcore Warrior Like Deputy Taylor:

Sarah said, “Thank you, Mr. Alois. I appreciate your help.”

She unfurled a zip tie from behind her belt. Yea – she had a row of zip ties on the backside of her belt. Sarah – like Deputy Taylor – had gadgets and was a hardcore warrior – it seemed.

I don’t think any of our original team would have believed the front desk admin at the Law Firm of Midnight and Associates was a badass from the Knights Templar!?

...

There were always bring surprises... it seemed.

Hotel ‘Not-So-Fun’ – Bound and Gagged Mr. Alois:

Sarah rolled Mr. Alois over on his side, from under the sheets, then on his stomach. She pulled his hands behind his back – and zip tied them together. She pulled another zip tie out – and bound his feet, at his ankles.

She cautioned Mr. Alois, “Do not say a word. I will be right back. If you say something, or move... I will kill you. There will be no hurt. There will only be death. Understand? Nod if you do.”

...

Mr. Alois was terrified... Urine flowed from his bound body... He nodded, eyes wider than he likely ever had opened them before. It was all that he could do – to not scream.

...

Sarah exited the bedroom – for a minute at most – and returned with a gag. She placed it on Mr. Alois – so he was muzzled. He could not scream, talk, or bite. He was muzzled like a dog.

Finally – Sarah retrieved Mr. Alois’ belt - and tied his leg bindings to the headboard.

Sarah's Took Muon Energy Security Badge, Fingerprints – Without Force:

There it was – Mr. Alois was totally bound, silenced, and helpless. Partially covered in sheets.

And Sarah never even hit or hurt him. In fact – she kissed him on the forehead - and gave him hours of fantasies.

...

Sarah took only Mr. Alois' company badge and used a specialized tape strip to obtain fingerprints from him.

Polite Sarah Seemed Contradiction to Life-Threatening Sarah:

She said to Mr. Alois, “Thank you again, for your help. I do appreciate it. If maid service does not come and find you soon – rest assured, I will call the hotel and make sure they find and rescue you.

But it will be many hours... I suggest – you try and sleep. Would you like the TV on? Nod if you would like it on.”

...

Mr. Alois nodded, and Sarah turned the TV on for him. She changed channels until he nodded for his choice.

It all seemed – silly – and outlandish. Sarah was very polite and considerate – while threatening Mr. Alois' life and taking his badge and fingerprints.

Polite Sarah seemed a contradiction to life-threatening Knights Templar Sarah.

Knights Templar Sarah was Like Solider Taylor – Kindness vs. Violent Dominance:

It seemed to me –

- as Deputy Taylor was to Solider Taylor...
- Polite Sarah was to Knights Templar Sarah

Both were living dichotomies of gentle kindness, civility... and violent dominance, solider apathy

E101 RICK068 BILL GATES TO HELL SHUTTING DOWN MUON ENERGY FB11.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E101 Rick068 Bael Gates to Hell and Shutting Down Muon Energy Flashback 11_0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pl0p-e101-rick068-bael-gates-to-hell-and-shutting-down-muon-energy-flashback-11-.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/948vpR64MLY>

Description:

Learn about Sarah's origin story – of how she became an orphan and became part of the Knights Templar.

Richard contemplates of Bill Gates and Bael Gates – were effectively the same 'being'... just one in Hell and the other on Earth? Or – was Bill just a Puppet to Bael?

Sarah begins her infiltration inside Muon Energy... to shut it down and destroy its cloud servers and storage.

We Had Security Access to Prion BioTech, Graphene Labs, and Muon Energy:

With security access to Prion BioTech, Graphene Labs, and Muon Energy... we were ready to initiate ‘Operation: Bill Gates to Hell’.

Bill and Bael names – Sounded Similar – Not a Coincidence ; Bael Gates on Earth:

It occurred to be that the name ‘Bill’ is similar to the name ‘Bael’.

And since Bill Gates was Bael’s Puppet... Bael Gates was actually running things – on Earth.

Perhaps it was the Cult of Bill...not the Cult of Bael. It was all very interesting.

Gates to Hell Foundation Funded Devil Furthering Agendas with No Scrutiny:

And the Gates Foundation was ‘cover’ for the ‘Gates to Hell Foundation’. All so he could invest in companies that furthered the devil’s agenda. ...without outside scrutiny or investigation.

I just felt – deep inside -

- It was all making sense to me...
- It was all coming together...
- I was seeing the patterns...that are otherwise invisible to us.
- God was opening my eyes... to the evil in the world. ...so that I might stop it.

Muon Energy’s Accounts Receivable Representative Mr. Alois was Bound in Bed:

Muon Energy’s employee - Accounts Receivable Representative Mr. Alois – was lying in the hotel bed, upside down - head-to-the-foot of bed. His ankles and wrists – zip tied together. And his ankles further zip tied to the bed’s headboard. And – he was silenced and muzzled, with mouth gag.

Mr. Alois was inescapably bound to the hotel room bed – thanks to his domination by girl-next-door looking, but highly focused and lethal Sarah McGilvray of the Knights Templar.

Sarah had Mr. Alois’ Security Badge and Fingerprints for Muon Energy:

Sarah had Mr. Alois’ security badge for Muon Energy – and she had Mr. Alois’ fingerprints on a special acquisition-and-use Fingerprint Tape.

Sarah Warns Mr. Alois w/ ‘Parting Wisdom’ To Repent or Likely Burning in Hell:

She walked over to the subdued Mr. Alois, smiled, and said softly, “I am truly sorry for things. I hope you can take this time to reflect on your womanizing and low integrity – ignoble – ways.”

She snarked – almost cheerfully, “And if not – I hope you can fall asleep, to pass the time more easily.

Because then - you won't have to think about how morally bankrupt you are – and how you will likely burn in Hell for all eternity because you refuse to recognize your demeaning and abuse of women is rooted in selfish evil – and your pursuit of promiscuity violates the sanctity of marriage and of procreation.”

...

She lifted her head – indicating she was not too concerned with Mr. Alois' eternal damnation – and chuckled, “If you don't repent – admit your sins – and find a way to atone and give back - then... you will not go to Heaven. You will go to Hell – and suffer forever more.

So – sleep that off – Mr. Alois... if you don't want to see what's ahead for you, otherwise – if you do not repent.

'Do Not Disturb' Sign Placed on Hotel Door:

As Sarah left the Hotel room – she placed its 'Do Not Disturb' sign on its door handle. Sarah wanted the most time available for her mission – before someone might stumble upon Mr. Alois tied up in bed.

Tiny On Call for Transport or to Bring Gear and Equipment:

Tiny was stationed in a nearby supermarket parking lot, on call for transport or to bring equipment and gear stowed in his opaque government-style opaque black Van with 'Blazing Taxis' emblazoned on its side.

Sarah Called Tiny For Disguise, C4 Explosives, and a Sap & Expandable Bo Staff :

Sarah called Tiny, “Hey Tiny – I need four multi-packs of C4 with cell-detonators, my Sap, my Expandable Baton and Bo Staff, and my 'IT Tool Box' and Kit...” After a pause - she added, “Oh - and three zip ties.”

She said, “Also – I will change in the van into my disguise as a Cloud-IT Service Tech Consultant.

Pick me up where you dropped me off – in five minutes.”

...

Tiny replied, “At.Drop. Be.There. Five.Min-utts.”

Tiny and Sarah Were Early - Wasted No Time Preparing to Infiltrate Muon Energy:

Tiny arrived swiftly – in just over three minutes.

Sarah – likewise – was ahead of her to-the-minute schedule.

She entered the van – and directed, “Let's drive. I can change while we move. Just circle Muon Energy...”

Tiny drove on – and was at Muon Energy in under a minute. And so – as instructed – he began circling the neighboring streets... always being close to Muon Energy.

Sarah's Disguise and Cover Story Were That She Was a Cloud-IT Consultant:

And Sarah changed into slightly worn business-casual 'semi-professional' attire – as a disguise for when she was inside Muon Energy.

Her cover story was – she was a Cloud-IT Consultant, that was called in for routine maintenance and storage & performance optimization of Muon Energy's Cloud Data Center and Terminal Interfaces.

Sarah Had Vast Knowledge – Even Took Basic Electronics and Cloud Courses:

It was surprising to learn that Sarah McGilvray had taken numerous courses in computer programming and cloud computing. She even took courses on basic electronics.

As I got to know Sarah – more texture came about her.

Sarah Preferred to Cudgel Her Foes to Defeat – Let God Decide if They Heal or Die:

She was a trained martial artist in hand-to-hand and handheld & staff combat.

She preferred blunt cudgel weapons – to reduce the odds of killing her opponents, so God could decide if her foes deserved to live or die... she just put them in God's judgment 'sights.'

Sarah's Code – Violence, Killing, Sinful Actions Okay if For God's Mission or Glory:

Sarah had her 'Code' – that defined her personal 'moral compass'. It told her when it was appropriate to employ violence or even kill. Or – when it was okay to break any 'moral law'.

Sarah's 'Code' seemed primarily to be –

- Avoid violence and killing – when possible – but okay if For God's Mission or Glory
- Cudgel opponents – even to near death – but leave them alive so God can decide if they heal or not – if they live or die
- Avoid 'sinful actions' – when possible – but they're 'okay' if for God's Mission or Glory
- Be loyal to and expect to die for - the Knights Templar

Otherwise – Strive to be the most honest, compassionate, respectful, righteous, and kind person you know how to be.

Sarah and Taylor Were Very Similar – One Defaulted Violent, Where Other Did Not:

Sarah's code bore remarkable similarities to Deputy Taylor's code.

Solider Taylor justified violence and killing - for God or Constitution (heh - was for God and Country... until her Country turned on her and demanded she take an experimental would-be vaccine. Then – she shifted to 'For God and Constitution'.

And Sarah justified violence and killing - for God or the Knights Templar (presumably, for God and whatever the Knights Templar 'Constitution' was).

It seemed apparent – Sarah and Taylor were very similar – just one defaulted to violence, and the other defaulted to non-violence.

Both were prepared to be extremely violent and lethal, and sin – in the name of God and Constitution (or the Knights Templar).

Sarah Eight Years Old When Her Father - Deceased Knights Templar - Died:

Sarah was the daughter to a now deceased member of the Knights Templar... which is how she knew of the Knights - and why she was taken into its ranks by Mr. Lessky (a close friend to her father).

She was only eight years old when he died.

Father Died in Rome on a Mission Exposing Vatican Papal See Corruption:

Her father – apparently – never returned from a mission - infiltrating a Cult operation in Rome – allegedly involving corruption in the Vatican Papal See.

Her father has never since been heard from. He was presumed dead.

Sarah Propelled Herself Forward and Learned a Lot, Fueled by Loss and Hardships:

Becoming a ward to the Knights Templar – and was de facto - adopted daughter to Mr. Lessky – Sarah was in a setting of serious life perspective, struggle, and always being righteous and improving yourself or helping others.

Through a multitude of hardships in her life – especially her father’s murder at the hands of the Cult of Bael... Sarah was fueled to avenge her father and wage war against the Cult of Bael.

She took advantage of the Knights Templar’s vast resources and libraries.

She propelled herself forward and learned a lot, fueled by loss and hardships.

Sarah focused on ‘doing’ and not ‘fretting’.

Sarah Learned Combat, Demolitions, Electronics, Cloud, and Eight Languages:

Sarah learned many hard skills from the Knights Templar, and from courses, classes, and seminars.

The things I knew she had become an expert in were -

- playing Piano and violin
- cooking – and Drink Mixologist
- hunting – and Tracking (with bows, crossbows, and firearms)
- fishing – and Cleaning
- swimming – and diving
- parkour – and endurance training
- melee and ranged combat - and survival skills
- demolitions and explosives deployment & disarmament – and structure destruction
- basic electronics

- computer skills – including her interest in cloud computing and distributed storage
- lockpicking - and ‘simple’ safe cracking
- and eight languages – so she could operate most anywhere in the world
 - English
 - French
 - Italian
 - German
 - Castilian & Mexican Spanish
 - Arabic
 - Latin
 - Hebrew

Sarah was remarkably talented. And had a positive attitude

Wasted No Time Entering Muon Energy – Disguised as Cloud-IT Consultant:

With all her ‘readiness’ and ‘seriousness’ – Sarah was ready to infiltrate Muon Energy.

She gestured to Tiny to pull over and let her out of the van.

...

On command – Tiny pulled to the curb a block from Muon Energy, where Sarah exited the vehicle.

Sarah stepped out of the van – disguised as a Cloud-IT Consultant. And she pinned a faked ‘IT Consultant’ Visitor Badge using Muon Energy examples she found on the Internet. Yea – people take photos and post everything... but it helped Sarah to make a ‘believable consultant visitor badge’.

Muon Energy’s Phallic Building Design Was Offensive – Big Insult to Everyone:

Muon Energy was an enclosed campus. It was a six-story windowless building, with the three top-most stories being a skinnier ‘sky scraper’ built atop the lower squat three stories.

yea – let me say again – there was not a single window, anywhere. It was a skyscraper built atop a big squat 3-story building.

The building was painted a fleshy-tan color, with a subtle hexagonal pattern ‘weave’ raised beneath the paint.

The hexagonal pattern was apparently to imply the molecular structure of graphene... an apparent nod to the sister company Graphene Labs.

It was a big brown, wrinkled textured base with an erect ‘center piece’.

The building was... Well... Honestly – it looked phallic. Yea – the building design, seemed... vulgar.

The building screamed – HUBRIS!

It seemed to exclaim, “Screw You All! I Don’t Care What You Think! I Can Build This – And You Can’t Stop Me!”

Sarah Infiltrated Muon Energy – Through Side Employee Door:

Sarah walked around to the side of the Muon Energy’s six-story building’s larger base structure.

She walked confidently right up to the door – as if she belong there. She swiped Mr. Alois’ security badge...but the light blipped red. The door did not unlock.

Sarah – a little unnerved – swiped the card again. GREEN! The door unlocked. Phew! Sarah was relieved.

She entered the building.

Placed ‘Cell-Phone’ Triggered C4 Explosives Throughout Muon Energy:

Sarah knew where to place the C4 Explosives – per the floor plan she had of Muon Energy from my daughter Amanda’s research.

One such explosive placement was – right there, at the side entrance – under an adjacent, connecting stairwell. And so – she entered the stairwell - and taped the explosive out-of-sight – behind a staircase ‘access panel’. She tapped the power switch on the tiny ‘cell-phone’ detonators.

Sarah only had to send a MMS text message to all the detonator phone numbers – and there would be building-collapsing...

MASS SIMULTANEUS EXPLOSIONS *EVERYWHERE*

Sarah was surprisingly left alone by staff roaming the halls – going about their daily work. She was able to place the explosives at all the key locations throughout Muon Energy building – to bring it down in a massive implosion.

Retina, Palm, Fingerprint, and Saliva Access-Controlled Locked Door:

Sarah came across a corridor with a retina, palm, fingerprint, and saliva access-controlled locked door.

Yea – the thing had –

- a surface to place both hands on, to read palm lines and fingerprints
- a goggle-like viewer to look into, for it to scan BOTH eyes
- a set of cotton swabs – to collect saliva and place it in a saliva analyzer

It was ridiculously ‘locked’.

Return Later to Retina, Palm, Fingerprint, Saliva Access-Controlled Locked Door:

It was apparent to Sarah that the lock was not going to be bypassed. Mr. Alois’ fingerprints and security badge were not enough to get through this door.

Sarah surmised – anything with that much security – must contain something important.

She decided that she would return to the ‘super secure door’ later.

E102 Rick069 Blowing The Cloud at Muon Energy Flashback 11.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E102 Rick069 Destroying Muon Energy and Blowing the Cloud Flashback 11.1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pm9q-e102-rick069-destroying-muon-energy-and-blowing-the-cloud-flashback-11-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/aKyAxwyLw6k>

Description:

Using explosives to enter a sealed door, Sarah alerts the entire building of her presence.

Security alarms blare...

Sarah must find a way to finish her mission objectives and escape the building...

Chief Cloud Nerd Confronts Sarah – Seeks Phone to Call for Help Against Impostor:

Sarah found the central server and local datacenter for Muon Energy, and therefore terminals to interface with its and backup cloud storage datacenters.

She entered the room – but there were several technicians present.

And one rose immediately and declared, “What are you doing in here? You don’t have clearance!” He ran up to Sarah and looked at her IT Consultant Badge.

He screeched, “You’re an impostor! That badge is not serialized with current ranges! Who are you!?” He ran towards his desk...to his phone.

Chief Cloud Nerd Gets Himself and Another Beaten and Third Bound:

Sarah dashed towards him – and kicked the rear of his kneecap. And he fell to the ground – with his leg falling out from beneath him.

Sarah pulled from her back – her collapsed Bo Stick staff. Click! The staff expanded to five feet in total length – from its tiny 1 foot collapsed size.

...

And Sarah struck the chief’s head’s temple – and a faint cracking of bone could be heard. She leapt over a computer table and terminal – and THWACK! Another technician was downed...

The third - and last – technician pleaded not to be struck... “Don’t, don’t kill me... Stop... Please...” He kept pleading...

...

Sarah said calmly, “I don’t want to hurt you. But I will – if I must. I will come to you.

If you do as I instruct - I will leave you – alive and unhurt. I will tie your hands and ankles with zip ties. Someone will rescue you – eventually. Otherwise – I will smite you, as I did your colleagues.

Your decision?” Sarah leaned towards him, gripping her Bo Staff – as if preparing to strike.

...

The third tech replied, “Yea, sure...tie me up. Yea... just let me be. Okay?” he said nervously...

...

Sarah approached him, tied his hands and ankles, and leaned him up against a desk.

Kissed the Third Tech on The Forehead – Expressed Appreciation for ‘Cooperation’:

She kissed him on the forehead and said – sincerely, “Thank you. I appreciate your ‘cooperation.’ I really do.”

I imagined – Soldier Taylor may have said the exact same thing – but it would have been sarcastic.

Whereas Sarah was genuine, heartfelt appreciation – that she did not have to beat or kill the tech.

Bound Incapacitated Chief Nerd and Techie:

Sarah tied the incapacitated Chief Nerd and the other unconscious techie's hands and ankles together - and bound their hands to each other – behind their backs.

They faced away from each other – with hands behind their backs – tied together with zip ties. And their legs were held together by zip tying their ankles.

...

Sarah collapsed her Bo Staff, and returned it to its quick-access location – clipped into a harness on her back.

Cloud Goes Bye-Bye – Hexadecimal \$DEAD Overwritten Across Cloud & Local Data:

Sarah used a Cloud terminal to upload the Cloud Overwriting replicating, crawling virus. It began immediately – searching for files and directories, hidden and not... and writing the 16-bit hexadecimal value \$DEAD over every single physical and virtual data byte, block, sector, device, and drive – in the cloud, and then off the local network access storage and people's computers.

Blowing the Door Open:

Sarah walked briskly back to the insane security door – that needed retina, palm, fingerprint, and saliva scans PLUS the company security badge to pass.

Well – there was no way Sarah's badge from Mr. Alois was going to have the security to enter that door. She was sure of it. And there was no way that she would have Mr. Alois' eyeballs, palms, or saliva...

She had to blow the door open – which would draw attention.

But Sarah had to know what was inside...

BOOM – ENTIRE BUILDING ON ALERT, LOCKDOWN:

Sarah placed a small C4 explosive on the door, and depressed its timer switch. She dashed around a hall corner – out of line of sight (or shrapnel sight and range) from the door.

AND BOOM!

An explosion shook the building... EVERYONE KNEW SOMETHING BLEW UP!

Fire Alarms Immediately Went off! The Personal Announcement (P.A.) system announced over speakers throughout the building, "We are under attack! We are in Lockdown! Go to your stations."

The recording looped – over and over –

"We are under attack! We are in Lockdown! Go to your stations."

Sarah Surmised They Could Not Know What Was Happening:

Sarah was not expecting such a swift and total response to an explosion in the hallway. She concluded – they could not know what had happened. They must be 'auto-responding' to an unknown event. And so are calling it – generically – 'an attack'.

She decided to resume the mission, and finish ‘everything’ assigned to her.

She had to blow up the building – now. And not wait until evening as planned – though.

Otherwise – the cult could find and disarm or remove the structure implosion C4 packs she had just placed.

Pitch Black Anvil of Creation and Destruction –Forge, Destroy Celestial Relics:

The smoke cleared and Sarah dashed into the now doorless room.

Inside she saw something she never anticipated – ever.

She saw a pitch black Blacksmith’s Anvil. It was so black – NOTHING reflected from it. It was blacker than anything – period. NO LIGHT – AT ALL – bounced off it, cast a sheen...nothing.

The Anvil’s presence was only apparent through the absence of anything else... It was like it was literally a blackhole for light – in the shape of a Blacksmith’s Metalworking Anvil.

...

Sarah recognized the Anvil – from her learning in the Knights Templar.

It was The Black Anvil of Creation and Destruction. It was sometimes known as the Divine Anvil. It possessed the power to forge and break celestial relics - weapons and armor.

Sarah’s eyes were wide – in dismay and shock. She was seeing a celestial relic – that she had only read about.

Will Blow Up The Anvil Too:

But – it was big...and heavy. It would require a crew of huge strong men and wheels to move.

And – Sarah was alone - and had no time. And she – certainly – had no crew.

Sarah concluded – she would blow up the Divine Black Anvil of Creation and Destruction too... along with the building.

Now Sarah and the Knights Templar Knew the Cult of Bael Had the Divine Anvil:

Of course – she knew that it could not be destroyed... being a divine relic. And so – the cult would undoubtedly reclaim it from the rubble.

But now – she knew they had it.

Now - the Knights Templar knew the Cult of Bael had Divine Black Anvil of Creation and Destruction.

Runed & Cats-Eye Gemmed Medieval Heater Shield, Longsword, and Scabbard:

Sarah observed a gemmed and runed medieval heater ‘triangle-to-square shaped’ shield, similarly runed and gemmed golden longsword, and a likewise runed, gemmed scabbard for the sword.

Eerily – many of the sword and scabbard’s gems were shaped like ‘cat’s eye’ marbles – with vertical ‘eye’ slits looking in all directions around the blade and scabbard.

Sarah did not recognize the medieval artifacts, but believed they could be important.

And – although weird to look at – she could carry the sword and shield herself.

She sheathed the sword in the scabbard - and strapped the sword & scabbard over her back.

Sarah lifted the shield – but it was too big to hang on her back and had no apparent way to strap it to anything. Therefore – she held the shield, as if heading into battle.

Alarms and Warning Announcement Blared Incessantly – Execute All Plans NOW:

The alarms blared incessantly – and the ‘under attack’ warning looped repeatedly.

Sarah knew that she had little time – before she was found by security forces.

And she had no idea – how trained, if at all, were the employees at Muon Energy for invasion – as a response and combat team.

...

Sarah just had to get out of the building now - and blow it up. Simple. Maybe...

Front, Side, and Back Doors Blocked and Guarded:

Sarah was disheartened to see the front, side, and back doors were all now blocked, and each were protected by dozens of armed security guards.

And – since Muon Energy had no windows – there was no path to escape from a higher floor.

...

Sarah had one choice left to her – that she could think of, in her moment of extreme threat.

Sarah Blew a Hole in the Side of the Building:

Sarah looked at the wall of the building’s lab. She dashed to it, placed a C4 Pack, tapped its activation switch...and ran to the other side of the room, behind a table.

Another – BOOM!

The smoke settled – and Sarah had made her exit. She blew a hole in the outer wall of the building, and so she could exit the center tower – down to the lower three story building rooftop. And – from there – she could parkour her way off the building using rain gutters and droppable emergency access ladders.

Picked Up by Tiny from Muon Energy Escape:

Sarah called Tiny, as she escaped Muon Energy.

Tiny pulled over – and she hopped in.

She said to Tiny, “Things did not go as planned. They will find the bombs.”

Sarah Called Her Phone Contact – ‘Bless Ye’ – to Blow Up Muon Energy:

Sarah brought up her phone contacts - and selected ‘BLESS YE’.

Sarah looked deeply troubled and saddened. She said with a tear coming from her eye, “For God’s Mission – I am sorry.”

And typed ‘God Forgive Me’, and pressed ‘send’.

Tragic Death of Everyone Inside Muon Energy – Hundreds of People:

‘Bless Ye’ was set as a phone Multi-Message System (MMS) text to go out to all of Sarah’s Graphene Labs’ placed C4 ‘cell phone’ triggered explosive packs.

And with her ‘send’ – major support beams and critical floor bars broke, melted, and otherwise bent from the incendiary explosions left by Sarah to destroy the building – making it implode on itself.

...

But Sarah’s plan was to blow up the building in the wee hours of the night – when the fewest people would be present.

And it would not draw worry or ire from Prion BioTech or Graphene Labs – because they, too, were to be destroyed at the same time.

But now - Prion BioTech and Graphene Labs will know their sister company was blown up – likely intentionally. And – they know their cloud data has been overwritten – destroyed. And – they now will have lost HUNDREDS of employees in the explosion.

The Divine Anvil of Creation and Destiny Was Buried with Over 400 Dead People:

In fact – there were likely over four hundred people buried in the collapse of Muon Energy’s Phallic Building. They were screwed...

And – the Divine Anvil of Creation and Destiny was buried along with those lost souls.

The Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny Was Buried with the Anvil and the Dead:

Theoretically – though Sarah did not see it - the Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny also must have been buried - with the Anvil of Creation and Destruction along with the hundreds of dead people.

Curiosity Killed the Plan:

Sarah’s immense efficiency and non-violence – was going well. But went sideways, in a big way. From sparing individual lives – she ended up killing hundreds of people.

It was ironic. Sarah’s need to know what was behind the ‘top secret’ security door, resulted in –

- mass death
- and killed the team’s distributed team, coordinated plan
- Nevermind – it might have lost my dagger

Things Got [EVEN MORE] Complicated – New Plan to Blow Graphene & Prion ASAP:

Sarah needed to inform everyone on the team of the situation, and the need to accelerate their own missions.

Sarah SMS & MMS Texted the Team – PLAN SIDEWAYS, ACCELERATE & ACT NOW:

Sarah texted each of us – Bob & Me and Taylor & Katie – to inform us of what happened. And again – in a group MMS text.

Her advice dark –

Everyone needs to overwrite their target’s cloud storage and blow the buildings ASAP!”

She lamented, “There will be casualties... I am sorry.

And...” she paused. “The Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny – is buried in the rubble! We will need to retrieve it later.”

She typed, “Please acknowledge.”

We acknowledged – with ‘hua’ text – we had to blow up Graphene Labs and Prion BioTech immediately.

E103 Rick070 Destroying Graphene Labs Flashback 11.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E103 Rick070 Destroying Graphene Labs Flashback 11 2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pms-e103-rick070-destroying-graphene-labs-flashback-11-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/niLxFvPfymk>

Description:

Katie and Taylor accelerated their plan to place explosives and destroy Graphene Labs' datacenter and cloud storage.

Katie resigns herself as a “tool for God” so she could accept that she may be accomplice to mass murder...

Scoping and Surveilling Out the Backdoor and Parking Lot:

Deputy Taylor and Katie moved swiftly to the rear of Graphene Labs' building.

They waited hours ... until there was no one visible in the parking lot – in view of the door – to patrol and surveil the building, its entry points, and security.

Graphene Labs was a busy place. There seemed to be upward of 500 employees milling in and out of the building – it was a very populous business.

And - there were security cameras everywhere. One looked at the rear door entrance. And others were at each corner of the building. And there were cameras in the middle of each building floor – overlooking the building outsides.

In other words – THERE WERE A LOT OF CAMERAS! And I think they literally saw – everything.

MMS Text Came In –Directed Everyone to Accelerate and Execute Plans ASAP:

Suddenly, out of nowhere - A phone SMS individual text message came in - and then a group MMS Text came in - to Taylor and Katie (and to Richard and Bob, on their mission) –

- that Muon Labs was destroyed
- its Cloud overwritten
- its Data Center and Building blown up
- And - the Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny was lost under the collapsed building's rubble and debris.
- Therefore – accelerate and execute plans to destroy the other Targets ASAP

Sarah's MMS Text Changed Everything:

Taylor said, “That - changes everything...”

Plan to Walk In Like We Own The Place – And ‘Handle’ Opposition:

Taylor added, “We no longer have time. We have to act now.

We aren't going to get in without being noticed. Let's just walk in and use the badge. I'll handle anyone we encounter – if they appear the least bit suspicious of us.”

It was simple – Walk in like they owned the place, and ‘handle’ any opposition.

Yep – the plan was not going to be ‘quiet’ and ‘smooth’ as originally planned.

Katie Resigned as ‘Tool for God’, Took Orders f/ Chain of Command in God’s Army:

Katie looked unhappy, “okay... You call the shots. You’re the muscle. I am just doing what you tell me...”

Katie had seemed to resign herself to being a ‘Tool for God’ – and so took orders from her perceived Chain of Command in God’s Army of the Knights Templar.

It seemed to insulate her from the apparent need to violate the Ten Commandments – often.

Mass Murder ‘Acknowledged’ – But Must Complete the Mission:

Katie looked to Deputy Taylor – struggling to accept the need to blow everyone and everything up.

She asked, “We really need to Blow up the building and everyone inside, now?” her voice trailed a bit, trembling, “Everyone will die...everyone inside...when we blow things up. They will all die... Can’t we wait until night...like we planned? Give them some kind of warning? Pull a fire alarm?”

...

Soldier Taylor sighed and exhaled deeply, “It wasn’t supposed to go down like this. I am sorry. We have a mission. SHTF. It hit the fan. SHTF...”

...

Katie began to cry... She said, “Hundreds and Hundreds of faces...all buried under rubble and stuff...because of us... They may have had kids and spouses and friends... So much loss...” Katie was balling...tears flowing.

...

Taylor put her hand on her shoulder, “Look, Katie. I’ll do it. You just make sure we upload that virus. And don’t get yourself killed. You can even stay here if you prefer.”

Katie pulled herself together. She asserted, “I am strong. I can take it. I’ll get the virus uploaded. And... I am sorry...too. We will be... mass murderers. May God have mercy on our souls. Pray – we are doing the right thing.” She almost whimpered.

...

Taylor commanded, “We must complete the mission. Soldier Up, Katie!”

To inspire Katie - Taylor said herself, “HUA!”

...

Katie tearfully reciprocated, “hua”.

Established Importance of Shooting Enemies:

Solider Taylor said, “Katie – I’ll place all the explosives. They can be...sensitive. I know how to handle them. And you’re going to find the cloud server room and wipe its data out – here and in their cloud.

You will be on your own. Take your pistol, and your knife.”

She emphasized, “And USE THE PISTOL, Katie! You shot someone before. If you have to – you can do it again.

Katie – it is important that you shoot the enemy - before they shoot you. ...or me.”

Katie meagerly replied, “okay. Umm...hua.”

Taylor said, “Katie – take a full C4 multi-pack with detonators...just in case.”

Entered Without Notice or Incident – People Abuzz with Fear of Sister Explosion:

They entered without notice or incident.

People were running all over the place – abuzz – with chatter about bombs and hundreds of dead at Muon Energy.

And lots of talk - of fear - and if they should go home...but that management says explosion likely natural gas caused, so nothing to worry about elsewhere.

Katie’s Hope Panicked People Can Have Time to Get Out – Delay Explosion:

Katie asked, “If they are not worried about things here... we could wait for people to get out, you know...before we blow things up. Right? If they think it’s natural gas...” She sheepishly hoped...

But Solider Taylor answered, “No, Katie. We cannot risk everything. Things went sideways. We must deal with it.”

Placed Implosion Explosives and Detonators in Graphene Labs – No Interference:

Through the chaos – Taylor traversed freely the Graphene Labs building - and placed the C4 explosives in critical building support locations.

No one saw her – apparently.

She faced zero opposition – no interference.

Katie Given Directions and Escorted to Server Cloud Data Center:

Katie was headed toward where she thought the Server and Cloud Data Center terminals were, but she must have missed the door. Or – it was not where she thought it was supposed to be.

Someone wandering the halls saw her, and approached. He asked, “Can I help you?”

Katie smiled warmly and answered, “I am looking for the server room. Can you point me in the right direction?”

The man said, “Oh, it’s back the way you came. Turn left near the drink fountain. It’s labeled ‘DC’ – for Data Center. Here – let me take you there.”

He walked with Katie down the hall to the ‘DC’ room. He opened the door – and greeted a room of five engineers in the room. And he turned, and left.

Katie was given directions to the server and cloud data center interface room. And she was even escorted to it. AMAZING!

Room Full of Doubting Engineers – But Liked Katie’s Appearance and Demeanor:

Katie said, “I am here to review cloud data integrity. It’s a quick diagnostic.”

The engineers looked at each other – clearly questioning the BS Katie spouted at them.

Katie could see their growing doubt...

She smiled and loosened her blouse a bit, unfastening two buttons. She said, "It's hot in here, boys. It should be cooled more – for all this equipment."

Although the engineers were dubious of Katie – they liked how she looked, and thought she sounded nice and...maybe...she was legit. She had a nice appearance and demeanor. She did not appear threatening.

Katie Uploaded Virus – While Flirting – and Extricated Quickly:

Katie used her veteran waitressing 'professional flirting' skills – to beguile and distract the room of engineers.

As she flirted – she sat at a terminal, and slyly inserted her drive containing the virus into a USB port. And she quickly accessed the program and initiated its execution.

Like Muon Energy – Hexadecimal \$DEAD overwrote everything in Graphene Labs' Cloud and backups, and then began writing over all the data on the local network and its connected devices and computers.

The data destruction would be swift... And Katie had to get out of the room of nerds – before their computers and cloud data was wiped... right in front of them.

Katie rose from her chair, leaving the terminal. She said, "Well – that was quick. Thank you, boys. All done."

The Chief Nerd said, "Hey – what's your name? Are you a new hire? Or what?"

Katie did not reply... and just left the room.

She headed to leave the building – out through the back door she entered.

Katie and Taylor were Out of the Building:

She was out. And used her walkie-talkie watch to inform Taylor she was free and clear of the building.

Katie received an immediate reply over her comms, "I am outside too." Let's call Tiny."

...

Within Ten minutes – they were back inside Tiny's van... along with Sarah and kidnapped employee Eduard.

BOOM Went Graphene Labs – And Corpses and Bloody Carnage Was Everywhere:

Solider Taylor held her cell phone in dramatic fashion in the air.

She selected her speed-dial contact list - and chose 'BOOMER'. She typed, "bye". And pressed 'send'.

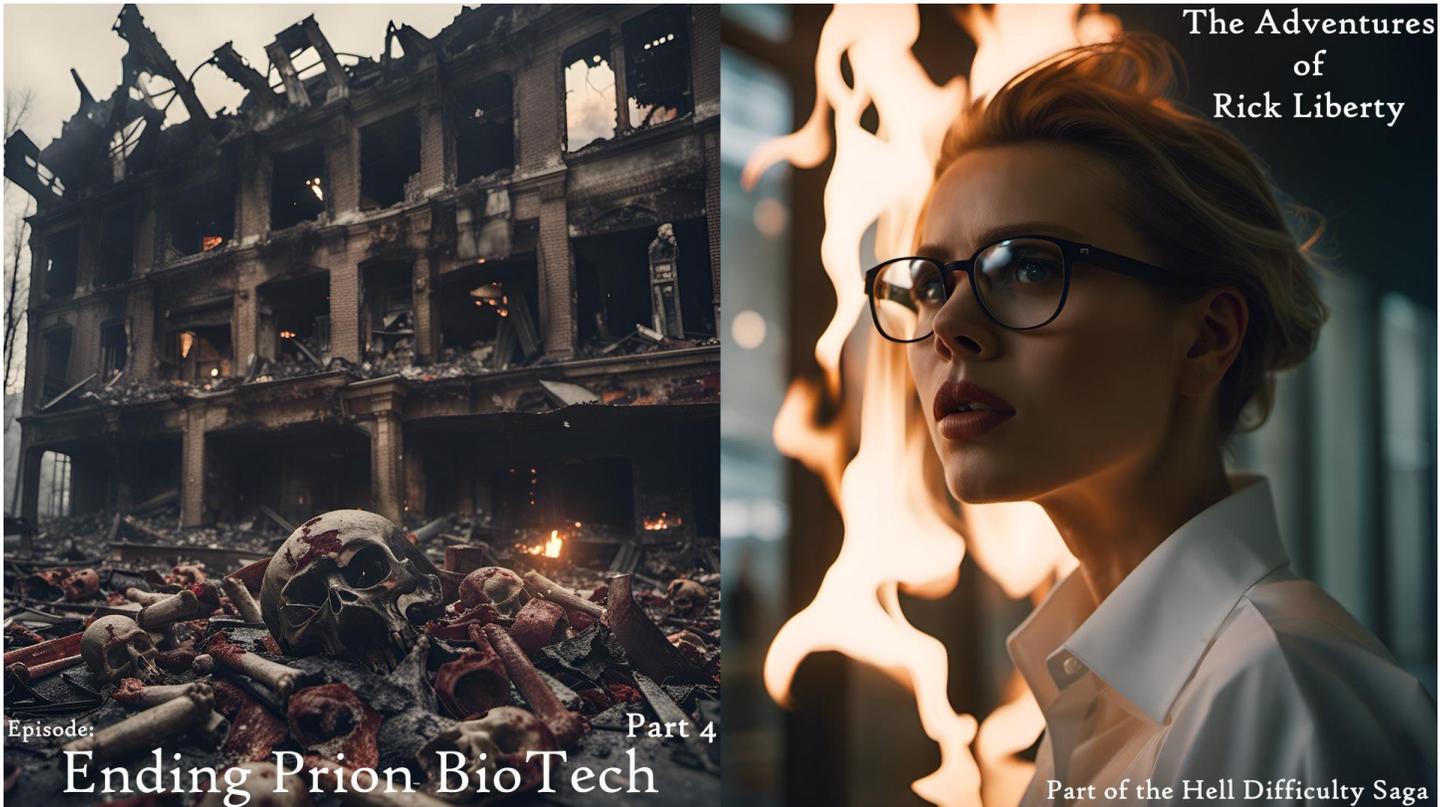
KABOOM! Graphene Labs exploded at all corners and sides of its building. The upper floors collapsed down onto the lower floors, and plumes of dust and smoke were everywhere.

And there were corpses and bodies strewn all about – bloody carnage was everywhere – mixed throughout the building rubble.

Muon Energy and Graphene Labs Were No More – Prion BioTech Remained:

Violent – and Huge - Destruction. It was over. Muon Energy and Graphene Labs were no more. They were destroyed... with all their people, dead – with them.

E104 Rick071 Ending Prion BioTech Flashback 11.3



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E104 Rick071 Destroying Ending Prion BioTech Flashback 11.3.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pn3b-e104-rick071-destroying-ending-prion-biotech-flashback-11-3.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/EqRKxmm1IO8>

Description:

With Muon Energy and Graphene Labs destroyed, Richard and Bob had to accelerate their destruction of Prion BioTech.

Things are further complicated with a TV crew filming a show in front of and inside Prion BioTech.

Richard, Bob, and Ms. Bara Ales must find a way to get inside Prion BioTech to place explosives and destroy its cloud.

WiFi In the Coffee Shop – Awaiting Prion BioTech Armageddon:

Bob, Ms. Bara Ales, and I found a nearby Coffee Shop, a few blocks from Prion BioTech. Tiny delivered our duffel bags of gear earlier, so we were ready.

We just had to wait until nightfall – to begin our infiltration into Prion BioTech to destroy its cloud, data center, and building.

We were awaiting our planned Prion BioTech Armageddon. ...which would coincide with the destruction of Muon Energy and Graphene Labs.

Film Crew Began Shooting Movie in Front of and inside Prion BioTech Lobby & Shop:

As we waited – a film crew showed up and setup shooting movie scenes in front of Prion BioTech, inside its lobby and shop, and around its building sides and back.

There were dozens of film team members – grips, camera & boom operators, makeup artists, wardrobe coordinators, food caterers, and ... of course ... actors, directors, and producers.

Prague Had Big Hollywood Film & TV and Video Game Industries:

Yea – it was a ‘Prague Hollywood’ production. Apparently – Prague had a big Hollywood entertainment and film industry, as well as a big video game industry presence.

Easy to Be Unnoticed in Crowds of Strangers – as Actor ‘Extras’:

It was easy to go unnoticed in the crowds of strangers.

Ms. Ales suggested, “You can be ‘actor extras’. And I can play ‘dumb’ and bring you through security as my guests. If we’re stopped – you are just no-name ‘extras’...and I was enamored with the film industry – which you offered to tell me about.”

...

Bob said, “That sounds like a great idea. I vote: Yes.”

I nodded, in agreement. We would be actor ‘extras’ – when we entered the building...if they were still there, at nighttime.

MMS Text Came In – Everyone Directed to Accelerate and Execute Plans ASAP:

But my phone vibrated...

A single SMS text came in from Sarah. And quickly following it – was another group MMS text – to the entire team.

It said –

- Muon Labs was destroyed
- its Cloud overwritten
- its Data Center and Building blown up

- And - the Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny was lost under the collapsed building's rubble and debris
- Therefore – accelerate and execute plans to destroy the other Targets ASAP

The Dagger Was in Prion BioTech – NOT IN MUON LABS – SEEMED A MIRACLE:

Bob said, “Crap – the dagger is buried! We need that thing! And – blown up in the day!? So many people... dead.” Bob was visibly shaken...struggling to grasp the reality of the situation.

...

Ms. Bara Ales said, “No, that’s not right. The dagger was transferred to Prion a few days ago – after Muon failed to derive meaningful test results.

They were hoping to see how it may interact with brainwaves or thought...

No tests have begun with it. It’s just sitting in a test harness in a lab – on the second floor of Prion BioTech...” She emphasized, “Right here. Right now. It’s here.”

It was a miracle – that the Dagger of Choice and Destiny was... luckily... in the one building we had not yet destroyed.

Called the Team Together to Come with Tiny to Muon Energy:

I replied to the MMS text – to the entire team, “The dagger is here. Repeat. The dagger is here at Prion. Everyone – Get with Tiny. Be on call – at Prion. We’re going in...”

Everyone replied with three letters, ‘HUA’.

Nervous Ms. Ales – Encouraged by Bob – Joins The Invasion of Prion BioTech:

Ms. Ales looked nervous. She said, “I’m not used to this sort of thing. I am not a fighter. I am not much of anything – but a techie.”

She looked alarmed, “Did I see...Muon and Graphene...are blown up?” She gasped.

...

Bob answered, “Yea – they are rubble now.” He seemed to say the destruction like he was a news reporter – just the facts, no emotion. All professional – deadpan, serious.

Entered Prion BioTech as ‘Actor Extras’ – And as Ms. Ales’ Guests:

I said, “Well – looks like we’re going to be ‘actors’ sooner than later.”

Turning to Ms. Ales, “We are your guests, Technical Director.”

Securing Actor ID’s and Lanvards:

We walked right up to the front door, and into the lobby. Ms. Ales walked up to the front desk – and asked, “I have two friends, here as Extras for the shoot. They were late – and missed their filming lanyards and ID’s.”

...

The security guard – receptionist – phone operator replied, “We don’t assign ID’s for outside crews. Their coordinator is over there...” The receptionist pointed to a little table next to a buffet table. There were several little tables shoved together.

...

And we all walked over to the ‘coordinator’s table’ next to the buffet.

The coordinator looked up and asked, “What do you want?”

...

Ms. Ales said, “I’m a senior Technical Director here, and I want these extras to come inside with me for an hour or so. But they did not get their lanyards from you. Can you set them up? I need it – to let them inside.”

...

With zero concern or care – who had a lanyard or badge – the coordinator happily pulled out three lanyards with ID badges – without names written on them. He said, “Write your names down... and get going.”

...

We wrote our alias names on the lanyard name tags, and around our necks they went.

And we were off – to venture throughout Prion BioTech...with Ms. Ales guiding.

We Traveled Prion BioTech as a Group – Staying Together – Planting C4 As We Did:

We traveled throughout Prion BioTech’s building as a single group, staying together.

As we traversed the building – we went to each critical support pillar and beam – that had been identified in Amanda’s research of its facilities – and placed hidden C4 ‘cell-phone detonated’ explosive packs on them.

Ms. Ales Looked To Heaven As Each ‘Bomb’ Was Placed – Fighting Evil with Evil:

As each ‘bomb’ was placed – Ms. Ales could be seen visibly looking upward - towards the Heavens - as if she knew she was doing wrong...but that it needed to be done to undo her prior greater wrongs through serving the evil ends of the company Prion BioTech.

She embraced, reluctantly, that she was fighting evil with evil...

Doing Evil ‘For Good’ Did Not Sit Well with Ms. Ales:

Doing evil ‘for good’ did not sit well with Ms. Ales. But she had no idea what else she should do... How else could she repent, or atone for the evil she had inflicted on others... through her forced brain implants – that inevitably killed them after excruciating agony and suffering.

Free Roam of Prion BioTech with Ms. Ales:

It was hugely beneficial having Ms. Ales guide us through the building. No one stopped us. No one paid us any attention – at all. We might as well have been long known, trusted employees.

It was...suspiciously...easy... ...too easy? I wondered...

Taken Right into Cloud Terminal and Data Center of Prion BioTech:

She took Bob and I straight to the Cloud Terminal and Data Center room – in the middle of the building. Her badge unlocked the door, and we entered.

There were six other techs in the room. They looked up – and recognized their Technical Director Ms. Ales – and resumed their work.

Destroyed Prion BioTech’s Cloud and Data Center:

I sat down, inserted the USB drive into a terminal, and launched the virus.

The virus began overwriting files with hexadecimal value \$DEAD, and attaching itself to any programs it encountered so it would re-launch itself whenever they launched – hiding inside their program code - if ever it had otherwise been detected or stopped. And – the virus spread to the local network... and consumed every piece of data and program throughout Prion BioTech.

It was done. I looked to Ms. Ales – and said, “Your workplace is cool. I’m hungry. Mind if we get something to eat?”

...

Ms. Ales replied, “Sure. Let’s go.”

And we left the data center...before the techies discovered data and files were being destroyed all around them – as they ignorantly worked in the presence of the virus being unleashed on their work.

E105 Rick072 Kill Box in Prion BioTech Flashback 11.4



Local File:

[\\LibertyBooksVideos\E105 Rick072 Kill Box in Prion BioTech Flashback 11.4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pndr-e105-rick072-kill-box-in-prion-biotech-flashback-11-4.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/5sBvJg7qV68>

Description:

The team still hopes to find and reclaim the celestial flaming dagger of choice and destiny.

Things go sideways in a major firefight in Prion BioTech...

Retina, Palm, Fingerprint, and Saliva Access-Controlled Locked Door:

Ms. Ales took us to an obviously super high security door. It required scans of your retina, palms, fingerprints, and even a swabbed saliva sample to unlock the crazy door.

She turned to me and said, “I don’t have clearance. But the Dagger...it’s in there.”

Blowing the Locked High Security Door Open – And Klaxons Blared Everywhere:

I answered, “Well – we have C4.” And I attached a C4 pack to the door. I said, “get clear...” and I pressed the activation button on its timer. And – I ran back to join Ms. Ales and Bob.

BOOM!!!

It was not even a second – and klaxon alarms blared loudly – everywhere.

We Could No Longer Travel Freely Throughout Prion BioTech:

We had set off the alarms. We could no longer walk freely throughout Prion BioTech.

Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny Suspended in Black Metal Harness:

As the smoke from the exploding door settled – there it was. I could see my Dagger!

The Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny and its scabbard were inside the long rectangular lab room, at its center. Both the dagger and scabbard were suspended - above a central main lab table - by a black metal harness.

All around the dagger and scabbard were pointy probes and lasers shining against its blade and sheath.

One Way In, One Way Out of Flaming Dagger Lab Room:

There were no other exits or entrances to the room – just the previously blown open high-security door.

Immovable Dagger – Locked in Place by the Black Harness:

The metal harness holding the dagger was bolted to the table - and had no apparent way to release the dagger or its scabbard.

I pulled at it...but to no avail. And my touch – did not ignite its fire. Something about the black harness seemed to block my power over the dagger. It prevented the dagger’s flame from working.

Freeing the Dagger with C4 Explosives:

Bob said, “We could blow it free...? I mean – the dagger can’t be damaged, right? Just the harness...”

...

I answered, “Yea! That’s a great idea!” I put a C4 pack on the dagger’s harness – directly.

Shielded Team From Explosion Behind Metal Lab Table:

Bob overturned a metal lab table in the corner of the room – and said, “We can shield ourselves behind this metal lab table.”

He and Ms. Ales took shelter behind the table.

...

And I pressed the C4 timer detonator switch, and joined Bob and Bara Ales behind the table.

And KABOOM!

Smoke Cleared – Table Destroyed but Some of Harness Intact:

The table was destroyed. The harness holding the dagger was mostly destroyed, but some of the black metal harness pieces remained and were attached to the dagger – gripping it and its scabbard.

Took Dagger and Scabbard Still Wrapped in Metal Harness Pieces:

I grabbed the dagger with mangled metal around it – and said, “We’ll have to carry the harness pieces attached to the dagger, with us – too. Nothing is ever – easy...”

Portcullis Dropped – Blocking the Sole Entrance & Exit Doorway:

A loud boom and metallic clang rang throughout the room – out of nowhere!

A steel portcullis – a giant gate – fell from the ceiling where the security door had been...blocking entry and exit from the room.

The portcullis was some kind of security backup. And we were trapped.

And There Were Lasers:

And there were new lasers. Visible beams of light were crisscrossing on both sides of the portcullis.

It was unclear if they were sensor to trigger something... or if they were high powered to cut through anyone or anything cross their paths.

No matter what the lasers’ purpose or power level... one thing was clear – it was a bad idea to touch or cross them. That much - was very clear.

We Were Trapped – No Where to Go:

We were trapped. We had nowhere to go.

Bob, Bara Ales, and I scanned the room...and opened drawers and cabinets.

We desperately sought to find something to shut off the lasers, and raise the portcullis gate.

Dozens of Guards Lined Up Outside Doorway and in Hallway:

Guards flowed into the area – they knew where we were now.

Our explosions drew the attention of everyone – it seemed.

Dozens of guards lined up outside the doorway and in the hallway.

Ms. Ales was Shot and Killed:

In an instant – with no warning – bullets flew into the room – at us.

Ms. Ales fell to the ground – blood pouring from her head. She gulped with her last words being, “Forgive me...”

...

She died trying to undo the wickedness she fell into... It was up to God if she should be forgiven.

We had to move on. There were more bullets! And they kept coming!

Bob Was Shot in the Leg – Ran to Hide Behind Overturned Metal Lab Table:

Bob screamed, “I’m shot!” He fell to the ground – gripping the calf of his leg. Blood was rapidly spreading across his pants.

Called for Help from Taylor, Sarah, Katie, Tiny – WE NEEDED HELP:

Everyone was nearby – with Tiny – in the van. Along with Eduard – still held captive.

I used my walkie-talkie watch to call for help – it worked!

I screamed our situation –

- Ales is dead
- Bob is shot
- C4 placed
- Dagger retrieved
- We’re trapped – second floor

...

Taylor replied, “We’re moving!”

...

Sarah said, “Can you blow your way out – through the wall?”

Threw C4 Explosive At Wall with Timer – Like a Grenade:

I took out a C4 Pack and pressed its timer button. And threw it towards the furthest wall – in hopes it could blow open an escape route for us

...

The paint was vaporized – but the wall was unscathed. It was made of some kind of reinforced metal alloy – the C4 did not even dent or scratch it.

Trapped With Only Way Out Through a Hail Storm of Bullets:

We were trapped – nowhere to go, but through a hailstorm of bullets.

...

I said through the watch, “No dice. C4 did not even scratch the wall. We are trapped.”

Longest Fifteen Minutes Ever – Sparingly Using Ammunition to Buy Time:

Bob and I had our Glock pistols. And with sparing shots fired back against the guards – they stayed back in the hallway near the doorway.

They fired in. We fired out - occasionally. It was a game of time and ammunition depletion – and we knew, they would win.

Again – we sparingly fired back, keeping them at bay...buying time. But knowing it was all on borrowed time.

It had been fifteen minutes... when a different gunshot sound echoed throughout the corridor and room.

Longest Fifteen Minutes Ever – Sparingly Using Ammunition to Buy Time:

POW! POW! POW! Bursts of three gunshots at a time...and the guards dropped.

By the time the guards realized they were being attacked from behind – they were dead.

Deputy Taylor and Sarah McGilvray were blasting away with AR-15 Assault Rifles.

...

Katie and Tiny stayed back in the van – with Eduard.

Rapid Exit – Shooting All the Way – Saved by Soldier Taylor and Knight Sarah:

It was insane! Sarah and Taylor were a deadly duo. They both wore leg, arm, chest, and head body armor. And they were armed to the teeth – as the saying goes.

They tore through Prion BioTech like it was corporate butter – and they were infernally hot knives.

...

I tied a big zip tie around Bob's leg and tightened it – like a tourniquet – to stave off his bleeding. And he leaned on me – as I helped carry him out of the building - And to the safety of Tiny's van.

...

Knight Sarah and Soldier Taylor had saved Bob and my lives – without a doubt. We had no way to escape – without them.

BOOM Went Prion BioTech:

Once inside Tiny's Van – I sent the MMS text message to the C4 'cell-phone triggers'... And BOOM! Prion BioTech's critical support beams and girders were destroyed.

The entire building collapsed inwardly – onto itself – and crushed every person and thing inside.

Good Night Eduard:

Taylor looked at Eduard, sitting all this time bound in the van with Tiny, and cut him free of his zip ties.

She smiled and said, "Thank you for time. Good night. Forget everything...or die." She made a little clicking sound with her mouth – like she could snuff Eduard's life out...just like that. She said, "Simple and easy – like squishing a bug. Forget – everything..."

Eduard was happy to be free of his nightmare... and would most assuredly – forget everything...

Good Night Mr. Alois:

Sarah followed suit – and called the hotel where Mr. Alois was tied up. She simply said, "There is a room emergency in room #213" the room she and Mr. Alois had entered together – but where only she left.

The hotel staff found Mr. Alois – and presumed he was victim to a prostitute-experience gone bad.

Saved Lives:

I said to Katie, "You know – we saved Mr. Alois' and Eduard's lives today. By keeping them away from their workplaces... they avoided being blown up or shot."

I couldn't help but chuckle, "See – we saved lives today."

...

Bob finished my sentence judgmentally, "...even if we killed a thousand people."

E106 Rick073 Moral Turpitude or Moral Right Flashback 11.5



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E106 Rick073 Moral Turpitude or Moral Right_Justifying Actions Flashback 11_5.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pnqa-e106-rick073-moral-turpitude-or-moral-right-justifying-actions-flashback-11.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/bAaz_co-FbQ

Description:

The team regrets the mass death and destruction.

They question is – somehow – they are – ‘the bad guys’... given how much devastation they caused.

Richard defends that they did the right thing for the world – that loss is necessary for greater victory.

“God is our judge – no one else...”

A Thousand Dead People – For the Dagger:

We were all inside Tiny’s van.

Katie’s eyes were teary, watery. She said, “We may have killed a thousand people today. A THOUSAND PEOPLE!!!!!!” She cried.

She continued, “How can God want so many people to die? And for what? For you to have a dagger that can make fire? Maybe...maybe it’s all about God and the Devil and Heaven and Hell....”

Are We the Bad Guys – Are We The Bad Guys, Richard – Sobs Katie:

But... How can a thousand people murdered ...be good?

God may work in mysterious ways...but this seems beyond mysterious.

Are we the bad guys? Richard – Are we the bad guys?” She sobbed in self-doubt.

And No Brocko McDeema or Any Clues – Katie Spiraled Into Sorrow:

Katie added, “And we never found Brocko McDeema. We found no clues. What did we do all this for?” She was spiraling - into sorrow and lamentation. ...so much self-persecution...

Where in the World is Brocko McDeema:

Bob muttered, “Where in the world is Brocko McDeema...”

I think he was trying to be funny; it didn’t really work for the team. Everyone was too tense.

Remember – There is No Hell for The Righteous:

I tried to address Katie’s sadness, “Katie – Remember. There is no Hell for the Righteous.”

Even the ‘Good’ People We Encountered Had ‘Evil Within’ – They Had it Coming:

I stressed, “Even the ‘good’ people we encountered – had done terrible, evil things. They may not have been not 100% evil, but they had ‘evil within’. They had what happened...coming to them.”

...

Bob said, “They deserved to die... They earned the right to die... by helping the devil. Come on!” he said exasperated. “You are not good, if you work with the devil.”

This is War – Cannot Look Back onto Battlefield – Else Unable to Fight Forward:

Soldier Taylor joined in, “This is war. We cannot look back onto the battlefield – else we will be unable to fight forward towards victory.”

God is Our Judge – No One Else:

Sarah looked empathetically toward Katie, “God is our judge – no one else. Be true to God and you will be forgiven. It is hard...until you give yourself completely to God and his Will... ..and his Tests.”

Sarah suggested, “Perhaps...this is a test. A test of faith – for all of us. We must not lose focus on God’s Mission Quest. We cannot let ‘consequences’ like this – prevent us from pursuing God’s goals.”

She concluded, “We were blessed by Heaven at the Round Table. We are the Knights Templar. We are Just. We fight for God. We are not wrong.

Katie – WE ARE THE GOOD GUYS.” She emphasized.

And We Stopped Biological, Technological, and Energy Human Destroying R&D:

I said, “We did more than get the Dagger back.

Sure – we did not learn more about Brocko or the Tapestry of Bael.

But we saved humanity!

We stopped Bill Gates’ companies from creating and deploying DNA changing, brain controlling, and energy coopting tech.

We stopped a major assault on humanity!” I declared.

“Think of all the pandemic crazy. This was three times that – or worse!” I asserted.

Media Picked Up the Destruction of Bill Gates’ Companies in Prague – As Terrorism:

Digital and Physical Newspapers and TV newscasts – all covered the destruction of three major Bill Gates’ investments in Prague.

They described the destruction as acts of terrorism – by an organized criminal syndicate heralding from Ukraine’s capital Kiev.

Sarah said that God Masked Our Activity – Proving We Were Right:

Sarah said, “Well – God has seen fit to mask our activity. We were... right.” She asserted and comforted herself and the team. She said again, “We were right.”

End of Prague’s World Dominating Trifecta of Evil

There we were. The end of our Prague adventure. We had stopped the world dominating trifecta of evil.

With the end of the Cult’s three Prague companies – that were poised to execute ‘Operation: Bill Gates to Hell’ - and having retrieved the Dagger of Choice and Destiny from Prion BioTech (not from Muon Energy after all) – we were done in Prague.

We decided to return to the States for a month or so, to do and resolve personal and local things that had accumulated.

And Bob needed medical attention – for the gunshot in the calf of his leg.

It was a long flight, with a lot of refueling - but we were eventually back in Seattle.

Visiting Amanda in Santa Barbara – Before Heading to Medical School:

Back in the States...

After finishing ‘housekeeping’ tasks, paying bills, etc. – I went to visit my daughter Amanda in Santa Barbara.

That is where – unfortunately – I encountered a senior citizen couple being mugged. And I interceded...which resulted in his dying [at my hand in self-defense]. However, I was judged wrongfully as guilty of murdering the man.

You know the tale from here – I ended up pleading insanity, to save my life from likely wrongful conviction of murder.

I think ... this ends this portion of my ‘story’.

Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Garcia’s iPad window flashed. He spoke, “Richard – Your tale in Prague... It sounds like a horror film setting, but with high technology and thugs instead of undead and vampires.

And – somehow – the international breaking of laws and mass murder – resulted in – only – a news story of three companies destroyed by terrorism.

This all – seems – implausible.

I think – Richard – you have – as they say – ‘jumped the shark’ or ‘jumped the couch’. It is just – beyond any sane story. I am sorry. I want so much to believe in your saga... but it is...simply fantasy... and untrue.

Next Time – More Flashback Story:

Caselli interrupted, “Okay, so – if we are ‘caught up’ in your ‘current timeline’... then let’s focus on your memories in the next session.”

...

I was dismissed - and taken to my room.

E107 FRIENDS AND LOSS THE ERA OF SCOTTY SHADDOX



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E107 Friends and Loss in the Era of Scotty Shaddox.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55po5n-e107-friends-and-loss-in-the-era-of-scotty-shaddox.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/SPAcYPsR0ss>

Description:

Richard tells the tale of his childhood best friend Scotty Shaddox, and how their adventures shaped elements of his perspective in life.

He also tells the story of how Scotty fell prey to drug addiction and lost his way – forever more.

He concludes that Friends are Not Forever...

Back in the Psych Ward ‘Fish Tank’:

Another day – and I was taken to Caselli’s ‘therapy’ room. I felt like a fish in Caselli’s ‘fish tank’ – where he would observe and tap his pen at me.

And – I was to respond to his taps - and be entertaining.

Also - per our routine - Doctors Garcia, Brandon, and Hyder greeted me from their iPad chat windows.

Doctor Caselli said, “Richard, Let’s get right to it.”

...

And so – I ‘got right to it’ – and began sharing my memories.

Best Friend Scotty Shaddox:

We had moved next door to the Shaddox family. They had two sons.

I became best friends with the youngest son - Scotty. We became friends for many years though only a few were as neighbors (more on that later). Scotty and I were inseparable.

Scotty’s Father’s Secret Weed Room:

Scotty’s father worked at an automobile manufacturing plant as a parts assemblyman which apparently meant he used hydraulic tools to attach vehicle components to cars as they moved down the assembly line. It was long labor, but it paid well because it was a union job as he would say.

His father was resourceful and enjoyed marijuana recreationally. He did not want to deal with drug dealers or the underbelly of lowly drug pushers. He built a “secret” wall in his garage with a “secret panel” door.

He lined the “secret weed room” with old gallon-size plastic milk cartons filled with water as insulation. He even suspended water-filled jugs along the roof. He grew a dozen or more marijuana plants in that garage chamber grow operation.

Scotty’s father’s goal was to be self-sufficient net zero in his growing to consumption ratio but if ever he had a little extra, he sold it to friends or co-workers.

Found an Electronic Ping Pong TV Machine:

While walking home from school one afternoon with Scotty we noticed what looked like a television set in a garbage can set out for pickup. We snooped and saw it was video game TV – it was Pong the first home arcade game.

We took it home and to our shock it worked! It was a hybrid of mechanical paddles with electronic control and display on its built-in TV. It was a video game console of ONE GAME – two player Pong.

It was awesome! I had never seen much less played a video game before. We played hours and hours and hours together. We shared who had custody of the Pong TV every few days.

Scotty's Brother Curtis Was an Abused Drug Addict:

Scotty's brother Curtis was a heavy drug addict and prone to irrational unpredictable actions.

Curtis was a jerk and a thief without any evident integrity. I struggled to understand why Scotty would stand up for and defend him despite Curtis' verbal and "brotherly" physical abuse of him.

In fact, Scotty sometimes tried to justify Curtis' actions as merely those of a frustrated brother with few options in life other than following in his father's footsteps – a weed smoking auto assembly-line worker.

Curtis did not respect his father much, and his father did not respect Curtis at all.

Two times I witnessed Curtis and his father in their kitchen. Both times Curtis' father struck him violently in the face and one time I swear broke Curtis' nose as blood went everywhere with his nose bent aside unnaturally. Curtis was thrown on the kitchen table. Onto the floor. Against the wall. All around he would fly and fall. Curtis' father would keep going until I heard Curtis plead for him to stop.

His father would declare some words condemning Curtis' bad behavior of being a thief and a liar. He would assert his punishment was for his own good. You know the abuser story – his father justified his abuse in his belief that beating "education" into his son would somehow imbue integrity and wisdom.

Well, I think his father's approach to parenting did not work. Curtis was a drug addict and in-kind abuser like his father. I think it was his drafting behind and modeling after his father while simultaneously rebelling and self-medicating. I think Curtis was messed up and did not know how to handle his life or situation.

Ping Pong TV Destruction by Curtis:

On a weekend when Scotty had custody of the Ping Pong TV machine, Curtis took device and disassembled it to see how it worked. Of course, he could not put it back together.

My mother tried as well to fix the Ping Pong TV but despite her TV repair experience because he both broke and lost some of the parts she could not salvage it.

Curtis ruined Pong TV and the only gaming toy I had ever owned (even if shared).

People Cannot Be Trusted – Trust but Verify, Limit Betrayal's Harm:

I learned never to trust people with anything I valued – not even your best friend.

Even if they could be trusted, someone around them cannot be trusted like them. It does not matter why someone cannot be trusted either.

Therefore, no one can be trusted with anything valuable to me because everyone has someone else in their life.

I learned the phrase "Trust but Verify" during the Cold War between Russia and the United States. U.S. President Ronald Reagan and Russian President Mikhail Gorbachev began the end of the Cold War with a treaty that was fundamentally based on "Trust but Verify".

It was a harsh lesson but one that would shape my views throughout life about everyone –
Trust but Verify,
Limit the Harm of Betrayal.

Bullfrog Horrifying Croak:

A friend of mine, Scotty Shaddox, accidentally sat down on a Bullfrog. It was crushed but still alive and let out the most horrifying high-pitched moan of death as its death rattle. I had never heard a frog or toad make any sound but “ribbit” or “grrroooak”. But this bullfrog had the voice of a person as it shrilled towards its demise.

I could not let it suffer and leaped to get the largest rock-like bolder I could find and smashed it down on the toad with all my strength. It was dead. Just like that. It was free of pain and suffering. I felt terrible but I also believed it was the right thing to do.

Moved to San Martin from Best Friend Scotty Shaddox:

We moved during my second and third grade school transition window and from South San Jose, CA to San Martin, CA after my mother married Sam in Parents Without Partners. With help from Sam’s Veteran’s Administration (VA) loan - due to his service in the Navy - he and my mother bought a house in San Martin.

My best friend as a kid, Scotty Shaddox, and I were separated by almost an hour and half drive on the long Monterey Highway that connected San Jose with “South County” cities and “unincorporated” county areas. We were little kids and had no way of seeing each other. Even talking on the phone was long distance and was too expensive beyond a simple coordination phone call.

It appeared my parents’ moved to improve our quality of life and put a stake in the ground as a home owning family. It was a far cry from living in a car with my mother for days (rarely even weeks) at a time here and there between “flops” or cheap no-background-check rentals.

Scotty Visitation on Weekends:

The parents of my best friend of the time for many years, Scotty Shaddox, agreed to let us visit each other once or twice a month for sleep-over weekends. My parents had moved nearly an hour and half bus ride away from Scotty’s house, where previously were neighbors.

Living an hour-and-a-half away from Scotty translated into one hour-long bus ride with a transfer to a second half hour bus ride. From there I would either pull a small suitcase packed for the weekend for the seven blocks to Scotty’s house. It was a level walk and not that far. Sometimes Scotty’s father would even pick me up if he were available.

Scotty’s visit to me in San Martin followed the same process; however, Scotty’s mother would drive him to our house most of the time and very rarely drop him off at a bus stop that was thirty minutes from our house which also had no transfers. Scotty, like me, was very independent and his father encouraged it. His mother, on the other hand, tended a little more toward the protectionist side of parenting for the era.

Scotty Lost to Drug Addiction:

As we aged the distance made it easy to grow apart. By the time I could drive we no longer had any contact. I visited the house he lived at with his parents and saw his brother Curtis.

Curtis boasted he was clean now of drug abuse but that he would be an addict for the rest of his life. He asserted he rode bicycles every time he wanted drugs; he rode his bike several times every day. His addiction was strong.

Unfortunately, Curtis also said that Scotty had fallen into his prior footsteps and used excessive recreational drugs now after he entered a relationship with a likewise heavy illicit drug abuser. He cautioned that I would be unhappy seeing Scotty this way and that Scotty would be angry for me to see what he had become.

Oh well, I decided to give Curtis my phone number so Scotty could call me if he wanted to. He never called me. It was clear Scotty had been lost to libertine pleasures... to the drugs, that he decided to abuse.

Friends Are Not Forever – Friend Come and Go:

Scotty was my best friend and gave me genuine companionship as a young child. We just hit it off and remained close best friends for at least a decade. We overcame moving far away and kept our connection despite cost, effort, and time. True friendship is invaluable I thought.

Unfortunately, friends go away.

Friends fall victim to addiction. They fade away into new relationships and families. They prove they were not friends after all and betray you. And, of course, or they die.

There are limitless reasons friendships end.

But my fond memories and the things I learned were and remain important to me. I am glad to have my friendships in life. They are one of the greatest good things I had in my life.

Psychiatrist Assessment – Friends and Loss



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Garcia’s iPad window flashed.

“Richard – I understand that today’s session will be cut short, due to a commitment Doctor Caselli has.

So – I will make this brief.

It is intriguing to me – how hard you have tried to maintain your ‘one true friend’. He was an anchor to hold on to – amidst your ever-shifting chaotic childhood. He was one of your few ‘constants’.

You went through such high adventures together. You bonded as friends, as kindred souls.

And then – it was ripped from you. Yet you persisted - to keep that connection.

Your take-away, Richard? Your lesson? Your conclusion – was that ‘friends are not forever’.

I am glad you recognized it was good to have had those friendships – even if they eventually ended.

Some might argue – friendships are forever, even if you have not seen them in a long time. ...or even if they have died.

Food for thought, Richard. Food for thought...”

Next Time – More Memories Planned for the Next Session:

Caselli interrupted, “Good points, Doctor Garcia.

Richard – Next time, let’s cover more of your childhood memories in our next session.”

E108 HELLSCAPE SAN MARTIN



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E108 Hellscape San Martin California USA.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pp30-e108-hellscape-san-martin-california-usa.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/YGV3e7Tvr6M>

Description:

Richard shares the rural dilapidated world he grew up in, and many of its ‘characters’ and ‘nightmares’.

He recounts how he lived in mortal fear for his life – from his own insane siblings.

Richard details how he defended friends, family, and possessions... often.

He retells school conflicts and oppression.

Richard paints his home world as the ‘Hellscape San Martin’.

The First and Last House [my parents would own]

Another Day of Memories – Sharing with Tardy Doctor Caselli:

I arrived early – before the doctors arrived. It was surprising.

But – Doctor Caselli entered within a minute or so – of my waiting. I suppose – you could say he was – only Tardy.

And – in came Casell’s Medical Assistant with the iPad. She set it up – with Doctors Garcia, Brandon, and Hyder joining in.

Per routine – the doctors greeted me from their chat windows.

Caselli said, “Richard, Let’s get going.”

...

And so – I ‘got to it’ – and began sharing my memories.

San Martin:

I was in Elementary School – passing from 2nd to 3rd grade – when we moved to a very rural area - that is referred to as an unincorporated area which means there is no “city” – no mayor, no city council, no local ordinances or rules or taxes. It was kind of the last of the “old west” within California. These were typically where big farms or ranches were located.

VA Loan for Fixer-Upper:

Sam, my stepfather, was a Navy veteran and was able to secure a VA loan to buy a \$68,000 home in San Martin. It was a huge cost to them, but it was my mother’s first home she owned herself. She loved that home, often praising its real-wood knotty pine walls. She stayed in that same house until the day she died.

If I had my way, I would have a coffin made of her knotty pine walls, but my siblings were incredibly selfish, and fire sold the house to get cash and move on the moment my mother passed. There is a long tale of how they managed to sell the house without my involvement, but I have found evil usually finds ways to achieve its goals.

The San Martin house my parents bought was a fixer upper but was on an acre of land out in the middle of nowhere. Land was still cheap in San Martin which was an hour drive from southern tip of San Jose, CA. and flush against Gilroy which was known as the Garlic Capital of the world despite its small size and remote location.

My parents would remain in that house for the rest of their lives – over fifty years.

Old 2-Story Water Pump Tower:

There was a 2-story water pump tower to support an unused well and broken-down horse corral and covered stalls. There was a little “cottage” house behind the main house, which my parents made as their home away from the kids which remained in the main house.

It was a way to give Sam his personal space while letting the kids run their lives mostly independently without much supervision. I do not know if that was their intention but that is how it played out.

Detached Garage:

A detached garage became the “junk storage” building for decades as its “car doors” were impossible and to impractical open without extensive effort and strength. The previous owners evidently felt the same as when they moved out, they left lots of junk behind in the garage.

The garage car entry was the wrong angle to drive a car inside, so it was very awkward and potential to strike the door or wall turning inside the garage. It was not well designed at all – that is, if it was ever intended to a house a car.

Race and Class Tensions:

San Martin was much like a “border town” where illegal immigrants worked farms and ranches but held resentment of the local citizen residents.

The tension was palpable, and very real sometimes with occasional stabbings and even shootings. Once in my High School a boy beat the head of another on the concrete until it cracked, killing him. Another time a stabbing occurred in the locker room and everyone was escorted out with campus-wide sirens blaring for lockdown; yea, we lived in an environment where air raid sirens were installed to alter lockdown like a prison.

The junior high and high school were surrounded by high cyclone fences and had no unlocked access in or out of the schools; later they installed metal detectors. These were not safe school environments.

The environment was rural, tough, and full of feral animals and snakes and tarantulas and black widows and more. And full of feral people...

Sprawling Rural San Martin:

The local San Martin “neighborhood” was comprised of sprawling ranches and farms and homes spanning miles in every direction.

Town Center was similarly spartan.

There was one small grocery store and one convenience “mart” that was almost exclusively serving the Hispanic population. There was one hardware and one livestock-feed store, as you would expect in a farm-ranch dominated area. There was a leather and saddle working shop which was a rarity even when I was growing up. And there was a post office and gas station.

San Martin literally had one store for each major service needed to live in a rural area. Each store had its own monopoly on its captive local residence, especially those that did not have a car to drive to a neighboring city to shop or obtain services.

Selling Candy at School in Sprawling Rural San Martin:

I would stop most mornings at the “Hispanic” convenience mart on my walk to school to buy candies inexpensively, and I would re-sell them at school for a profit. I earned a few dollars a week selling candy at school.

Even as an elementary third through sixth grade student I strove to make money at all opportunities. The school frowned on selling candy, but I was determined to earn money and felt it was a fair exchange to secure the candy beforehand, so I had stock on hand when someone wanted to satisfy a sweet tooth.

Little Professor:

Over the years in the rural community, I had become known as “The Little Professor” because of my computer programming and hacker/cracker reputation at my young age. Others observed I was good at math and most anything I applied myself to.

Now, I must admit something. I was not good at things I did not have interest in. In fact, I was downright bad at things that I had no desire to learn or be involved with.

It seemed like my mind would sort of “shutdown on things it did not like” so I could focus on the things I did like. Maybe it was a subconscious powerhouse thing – so I would only focus on things that were important.

Local Kids’ Gambling Afternoons:

Local kids saw that I had a little bit of money (which I primarily earned from selling candy) and invited me to join them in their gambling sessions.

The older kids apparently would gather one or two days a week in the afternoon to play cards – blackjack and poker. They would play for real money!

I worked hard for my money but the idea of playing with the older kids was attractive and made me feel special. I imagined they might just want my money, but I was glad to be invited even if I lost some money. But I could WIN SOME MONEY!

Little Professor Gambles and Wins Big – Counts Cards:

As the Little Professor I joined the big kids in the gambling session. The game went on and on with ups and downs. But I was winning gradually more money than I lost.

Within an hour I had doubled my money and the kids were not happy their “mark” (me) was taking their money instead of their taking mine.

I left with upwards of three times the money I started with. I liked gambling – I won gambling!

The kids invited me back to another session presumably to win their money back. However, the story repeated itself where I left with much of their money that night as well.

The kids were not pleased.

After a few more such sessions they must have concluded that I was extremely lucky or was somehow magically able to see through cards because they no longer invited me to their games.

I think maybe I was lucky. Or maybe I was able to count the number of Face, Ace, and Number cards and anticipate what might show up based on what had been seen since last shuffle.

It was obvious to me to watch and track cards as they became visible since the last shuffle, but I guess the other kids did not think to or were unable to “count cards” as I later learned it was called. They blamed and judged me for ‘counting cards’; but I did not understand why that was bad.

Lived in the 'Very Rural' DIY-Everything San Martin



Horse Fell in Septic Tank:

There were two septic tanks for sewage in San Martin, one small one in the backyard near the garage entrance and the other in the front yard near a covered carport. We had no idea where the septic tanks were when we moved in. Unexpectedly one day I horse walked atop the front septic tank whose weight broke the old wooden “lid” to the tank and fell into the black parasite laden goo inside it almost four feet down. It was a miracle to get that horse out of the tank and that it did not develop sepsis, like a neighbor did cleaning their septic the prior year.

The Furnace:

There was a cellar beneath the house where it housed a huge ancient furnace that spanned almost 5 feet by 3 feet and was from floor to ceiling – another 7 feet. It was a massive furnace. It burned and blew air so loudly and put out such force that I worried it was a ticking time bomb waiting to blow us all up. My room was above the furnace. I could hear it rattle.

Asbestos:

There was asbestos everywhere, huge pipes and tubes covered with flaking inches of asbestos coating seemingly wrapped then sprayed. Whoever installed it was extremely concerned with insulation. Too bad asbestos was determined to be highly cancer causing and injurious to lungs and eyes.

My parents never removed or abated the asbestos, citing it would be too costly and if we do not touch it, we will be fine. In fact, my parents purchased sheets of asbestos to put under a portable furnace they added to their back house “cottage”. They did not believe the asbestos is bad for you “hype”.

Septic Tanks:

Over the years the septic tanks needed cleaning and repairs. I did most of that work except final draining because that needed a big truck to come by a suck out the “muck” and re-seed it with parasites, etc. to maximize decomposition.

The septic tanks were unimaginable stinky and disgusting with poo, pea, and “stuff” all flushed from sinks, toilets, bathtubs, etc. merged with parasites that consume and break it all down (even bones!) in days.

I realized septic tanks would be an amazing way to get rid of anything you do not want around at all anymore. There would be no trace of anything after a week. I darkly imagined a human body would be eaten completely, gross.

On that note, a neighbor scratched himself cleaning their septic tank and got Sepsis which turned him yellowish green and sent him to the hospital. He was not the most careful of people. He also cut his leg open once with a circular saw letting it slip accidentally. He did show me that septic tanks and power tools are dangerous and need to be approached with caution and complete understanding.

Learn, Know Your Boat Controls – Be Ready For An Emergency:

I would later in life tell everyone to “learn the boat controls before you leave port.” It was a metaphor I came up following a real-life experience where I was in a boat that if I did not know how to steer and move it fast, we might have crashed into a big vessel near us. Anyway, I made it a point to know things before I dove in to deal with them. You need to know things... before you need them to react in an emergency.

Dug New Septic Tank and Line:

We needed to add an additional sewage line from a trailer my mother wanted to put in the back acre lot behind the house. The sewage line had to just run down the hill and be big enough for wide PVC pipes.

I dug the septic drain lines with a pick and shovel. It took nearly a week of digging hours per day. It had to descend for gravity, so the ditch got deeper and deeper as it went. I laid PVC polymer piping and routed it into a septic tank in the back near the garage. It was insane labor that a backhoe could have done in ten minutes minus setup, but I was cheap, and backhoe would cost a lot.

Mowed Fire Lanes (no tractor!):

To earn money, I would do big chores around the property. One of the biggest recurring chores I would do was a lot like painting the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge. By the time you are done, it was time to start over and do it again.

I used a normal lawn mower to cut an eight-foot firebreak under an electric fence that surrounded the 10-acre walnut orchard that was adjacent to my parents’ house. I would cut the firebreak once a year and do a touch-up cutting a second time annually.

Other ranches and farms use a tractor to do what I did but we did not have a tractor. Ironically, when I had moved out my mother did hire a “handyman” with a tractor to do the same job; it would take most of a day.

It was a lot of work to do with a lawnmower, but the labor felt accomplishing when I was done. Who else could say they mowed firebreaks with a lawnmower!?

Looking at the massive firebreak going so far felt materially “real” and was an achievement.

10-Acre Walnut Farm:

Our house sat on an 11-acre “block” with their own a 1-acre corner with the other 10-acre lot was an old walnut farm now unused. The farm was owned by a retired doctor as an investment and my mother negotiated total use of the land for stabling and supplemental feeding of horses on the natural grass and foliage in exchange for her being custodian of the property including most importantly preventing fires which was a real risk in the Sun (and DRY!) State of California.

The Concrete Building:

The best part for me on the property was this big concrete building just outside the property line. It was a massive building made from cement and cinder blocks. It was originally made to be a fruit drying facility, but technology moved beyond the simple approach of laying fruit out and blowing air across it expedite drying.

Inside the building was a huge storage room that was about 75 feet by 50 feet with huge steel doors and one massive sliding wooden door framed with metal sheets. There were stacks of lumber and cinder blocks throughout the room making the room for miscellaneous junk. I called this the Huge Room.

There were also tunnels with massive six-foot fan blades at each end that once blew air across carts loaded with fruit to dry. Each tunnel had a steel door and a massive cart door that was raised with a pulley and winch with steel line.

Tunnels of Black Widows:

Long abandoned, spiders had overtaken the tunnels. There were thousands of them all along the walls and ceilings with webs spanning the six-foot corridors forming a vaguely tubular path with thick black widow webs forming the tube walls. It was nightmarish!

We did not own the concrete building and so my parents asserted they should not incur the cost (or danger) of trying to get rid of the infested concrete tunnels. Consequently, we would find black widows in hoses, sprayers, ...most anywhere there was a dark dang place a spider might go. It was scary but we all got used to looking for spiders, just like people look for scorpions or snakes or alligators or spiders in different parts of the States.

These were not ordinary household spiders though - in the tunnels; these were Black Widows, poisonous aggressive albeit reclusive, spiders. I do not know if I always had a phobia of spiders, but the Tunnels of Black Widows freaked me out and created a phobia if it was not already there.

There were ore cart tracks built into concrete floors and slabs outside the building along with huge rotating metal plates that allowed huge carts to turn in place. The tracks circular plates allowed those huge carts to move between the Huge Room and the Black Widow Tunnels.

A friend of mine, Eddie Lehnert, that lived down the street would join me at times to look within the corridor of spidery doom. He was trying to lean in and see more when he accidentally stuck his head in a recently hatched nest of black windows – hundreds, thousands! So many little spiders crawled all over his face and shoulder and ears. He flailed his hands on them and they got all over his hands and arms. They stung and stung and stung him!

Eddie went to the hospital for life-threatening black widow bites. We dared never open the door to the Spider Corridor of Doom ever again.

Shooting in the Huge Room:

As I grew older, I convinced my mother to let me buy a single-pump action BB rifle. I would go into the concrete building's Huge Room and put bottles or sticks at the far corner of the room on buckets or stacks of lumber as Targets. And I would shoot.

I would climb up atop another stack of lumber that was about five feet above the floor opposite my Target corner and shoot for practice and sport. I would sit there for maybe an hour or more at a time and shoot away to my heart's content. Thankfully BBs were relatively cheap, and pump-action just meant I had to pump the rifle's "charging lever" for power.

Over time I would buy a multi-pump BB rifle which allowed for much more power, as the "charging lever" could be pumped over and over until it was near impossible to squeeze it closed. The resulting compressed air fired a BB with immense power that could penetrate the steel doors of the concrete building, wow!

I bought a pellet pistol that was just like my multi-pump BB rifle, but it was a pistol. I practiced and became an accurate muscle memory shot with rifles and pistols through my shooting practice over so many years.

I would later acquire a CO2 powered pellet pistol which was powerful for the first few shots, but its impact force fell off precipitously after a dozen shots. It was great right out of the holster but became wimpy quickly.

Later in life my BB and pellet gun shooting experience would translate quickly and naturally to Walther, Glock, Beretta, and XDS pistols as well as UZI submachine guns and AR-15 assault rifles. I liked firearms. They have always given me a sense of safety.

My Bedroom:

I was given my own room - sort of. The family room and smaller living room were joined with a partial inset giant "door frame" with a sliding accordion current to define them as "separate rooms". The floor was not carpeted like the family room as another way to define the living room as separate. Instead, the floor was made of a huge old linoleum sheet which had torn and peeled up in numerous places.

Over the years the sheet peeled up so bad it was ripped out to reveal an unpolished wooden floor beneath which became the "new floor" thereafter; it was better without the jagged linoleum edges all over. I never understood why parents never fixed or improve the floor.

Beyond the accordion curtain "door", the living room had its own separate door and even a weird secondary "hidden door" in a knotty pine wall panel to access the hall closet. It was kind of secret exit that could be used I concluded as a cool thing instead of another entrance of threat by others (which I did worry about at times...more on reasons to worry later). The annexed little living room was to be my bedroom, behind the accordion wall.

Wired Bedroom with Telephone and Modem for Hacking/Cracking:

Over time I was able to splice a telephone connection outside at the house junction box to get a phone in my room, which I would also use for a modem on an Apple][+ computer – that I built myself from spare parts and key components from an electronics hobby company called Ace Computers and Components. I put everything together and mounted it all in home-made wooden computer case I made. I was very resourceful!

I had my own room with a typewriter, a telephone, and a computer with modem. All the things I needed for my future career were in place for me to launch.

Flares Leached into Water Supply:

A man appeared one day at my parents' house in San Martin and offered free bottled water for five years if they would sign waiver against future litigation, damages, or liability from flare company about a mile away that leaked flare chemicals into the water supply that we had been drinking for years. Free water was decidedly worth than any health harms any of us might have or develop in the future my parents concluded.

The chemicals were said to cause cancer and grain tumors, but it was entirely dependent on how much of the chemicals you consumed and individual resistance to them. Given the magnitude of mental and physical issues with everyone that lived in San Martin I am convinced there were real and long-term harms to all of us.

Mount Diablo's Burned Hellscape of Tarantulas:

A bad fire burned a mountain in the area known as Mount Diablo (not to be confused with formal Mount Diablo in the East Bay of California). This Mount Diablo exposed that it harbored thousands of tarantulas following its foliage being burned to cinders.

The monstrous beasts were everywhere. They often lay in wait of prey in tree boughs where branches meet the trunk or in rocky crevices. They also hide in gopher and mole holes and toad holes much like snakes do.

Without trees or natural foliage to hide within the tarantulas were on the move – everywhere and in thousands spreading in every direction into holes and out of holes and down into the neighborhood streets and into yards and homes.

Mount Diablo sent its hordes of tarantulas to terrorize Morgan Hill and San Martin. People would declare how many of the spiders they drove over or smashed in any given day or week. It was an insane experience of nightmarish proportion for me.

Threats from Within - Coping with Prevalent Danger from Siblings



Threats from Within – Sandra, The Axe, and The Pellet Pistol:

My sister Sandra was mostly a stable average worker at school and home. She had grand aspirations of striking it rich as an actress. She was in junior high and high school drama and loved it. It was “her thing” and may have been the only place she found people she related to.

Sometimes Sandra would want to go to the movies or have a lunch or dinner with friends. We had truly little extra money and so Sandra would throw fits and tantrums and generally walk around being so grumpy everyone would start thinking they would do anything to get her out of the house. And voila! Sandra got money to go out and about as she always wanted. Her technique became obvious, and people just recognized and accepted that when she demanded “treats” just give them to her and save everyone the grief.

Rarely - Sandra would become depressed visibly to everyone. In those times she would acquire booze from somewhere we never found out. She would get rather drunk and then feel guilty not too long afterwards and do chores she felt might make my parents happy. I suppose it was her self-imposed penance.

On one of her drunken “penance” days a friend of mine and I had entered the house through the kitchen door. Sandra had decided to mop the floor even though it was my job normally. In fairness, she was doing a really good job of mopping the floor too.

There was no room from the kitchen door entry and the kitchen floor. Yea, you enter, and you step on the floor. We were standing there on the freshly mopped floor and consequently had foot marks on it. We apologized and continued entry along the wall on our tiptoes. That was NOT ACCEPTABLE to Sandra. She exploded with rage and ran out to the garage.

We were intrigued with her fleeing in frustration and anger and not just standing her ground and yelling at us. I had a grim feeling about how wiggled out she was. I had seen my sister Cynthia go violent with much less visible rage. I grabbed my pellet pistol and we followed her to the garage. She had gotten a big woodcutting axe and stood there with it and declared she was going to kill my friend Scotty and me. She had lost it!

I showed her my pellet pistol and cautioned her I would use it if she came closer to us as we backed away. She stepped forward and I raise the pistol and pointed it at her and warned “I will do it! It is just a pellet, but it will hurt like hell. It can go through the steel door in the cement building. It could blind you!” She seemed to acknowledge what I said might be true. She ran off into the house with the axe.

Threats from Within – Hiding and Suppressing Information:

There was a telephone in the garage and so I called my mother at work. She was only a technician and so we were not supposed to call unless it was an emergency. I figured it was her or 911. She told me NOT TO CALL 911 OR THE POLICE. She told me to stay in the garage and lock its doors until she got home. She told me that she would call and talk to Sandra.

My mother wanted to keep everything quiet outside the family and deal with things herself. This became a pattern throughout my life, how she would lie and deceive to protect Cynthia and Sandra from consequences of their actions. Candidly, it backfired as they grew older, and my mother could not protect them from much bigger mistakes.

Best Friend Lost:

As for Scotty Shaddox, he was never allowed to visit me again in San Martin. Who could blame his parents after their son visiting me had his life threatened along with his friend (me)?

Cynthia ruined the relationship with my best friend.

Threats from Within – Cynthia:

There were ongoing crazy incidents with Cynthia - beating by stepfather Sam until the police came, kicking me across the kitchen sliding along the floor to the wall, chasing my sister Sandra with a foot-long butcher knife (twice!), stealing and selling/trading things for illicit street drugs, stealing my mother’s Colt .45 pistol and using it at a Carl’s Jr. fast food restaurant to dine and dash, stabbing her boyfriend with a steak knife, and so much more.

There were many reasons Cynthia may have been so unstable. She used recreational drugs every day provided she could get her hands on them. She would pursue sex with anyone she remotely considered attractive – which accounted for 90% of all men I believe; she had low self-esteem and seemed to feel better about herself if a man had sex with her. She combined recreational drugs with her “encounters”.

Of course, she may have been right in saying she was messed up because of her being molested and photographed for a pedophile ring as a child (more on that later).

For whatever reason, Cynthia was dangerous, and she hung out with dangerous people that she sometimes brought around the house. Whenever they did come by, things would vanish and never be found again. Everyone assumed she or her friends stole things most likely to sell or trade for their drug addictions.

I saw Cynthia steal things and carry them down the road. Like once I was driving down a nearby road and saw her carrying a big fan from our garage down. I pulled up next to her and asked what she was doing with the fan, and she said it was a friend's fan that she fixed and was returning it. Well, that was a lie. I knew the fan in the garage and when checking later saw it was no longer there.

Yea, Cynthia, and her friends were not good people.

Threats from Within – Alan:

I had a stepbrother/cousin named Alan. I always struggled to define his relationship to me. He was the son of my stepfather Sam's ex-wife by another man but whom Sam assumed the role of Father for because Sam felt otherwise Alan really had no father in his life. Alan's real parents all but abandoned him and he was eaten up by the foster care system. Sam was the only true father Alan ever had.

Sam was not Alan's legal parent or guardian and so had no rights in "The System" of Child Protective Services. In fact, he had less rights than most people because the ex-wife spun negative tales of Sam out of spite and venom of their relationship failing. Only after Sam proved he was a reliable good provider for his daughter, Joleen, did the Child Protective Service let Alan live with us in San Martin.

I do not know if Alan was the "product of the foster care system" or if was just a bad person, but he was a thieving, lying, alcoholic. He liked to drink alcohol a lot and somehow always had a fifth of whiskey or vodka stashed somewhere. He had no visible integrity.

Eventually Alan at seventeen years old would steal my parent's little white campered pickup truck and crash it into a telephone pole. His incident was severe enough that the police contact child protective services and they removed him from Sam's custody and sent to juvenile hall until he was 18 years old.

Once Alan was eighteen, he moved to Oregon state and hooked up with criminals, drug addicts, and drug dealers. He stabbed and killed a man in a bar which Alan says was self-defense, but he was convicted of murder and sentenced to an Oregon State prison. While in prison he became lonely and desperate as all of "friends" never came to visit, being too busy dealing and using drugs. Alan would eventually develop and died from a brain tumor.

No one seemed to notice or give much care to Alan's demise. I do not think even a weekend was spent mourning his loss.

San Martin the Wild West:

My mother and Sam were away at work for ten or more hours a day. My mother would joke that she had a way better time at work and that she looked forward going to work so she did not have to deal with more problems at home. She knew things in San Martin were bad, but she enabled it by doing nothing about it.

Things were violent and crazy in San Martin.

It was bad enough that outside of the home were virtual wars going on between undocumented aliens working the farms and ranches, illegal aliens operating in fringe and criminal areas, and the "cowboys" which were attitude-heavy redneck white "good ol' boys". I witnessed two heads get cracked, a stabbing, and a pistol ditched. I found a stolen truck, stolen motorcycle, a stash of dope (illicit recreational drugs), and more.

San Martin was the wild west of California.

Armed and Protected Through Isolation:

I felt in-threat all the time.

My mother recognized that I was not just imagining danger but may be in real danger from all the craziness going on.

Sam replaced my accordion curtain wall with a wooden wall.

I installed a deadbolt on my door and thick dark opaque curtains to completely block my window. The bedroom door had an old-school skeleton keyhole which I plugged so no one could look inside.

And finally, my mother gave me a pistol, a real firearm, to protect myself if things got too bad. Never should I use it EXCEPT LIFE AND DEATH! I never did use the gun, but I did have it in my nightstand every night. It gave me comfort and let me sleep and focus on things I cared about – stories, games, computers, motorcycles. ...my life.

Pull-up Resistor Epiphany – Coping, The Code, and Hope:

It is hard to know how I was able to cope with so much instability as a youth. I saw so little good behavior or people. I struggled to acquire things I wanted. I lived a life largely isolated and alone. My parents encouraged academic learning and hands-on labor or coding but greatly discouraged any management, leadership, or legal role or job.

I have always had an almost zealot faith in God and a sense that there is Karma that would eventually reward me for staying true to my beliefs and pursuing righteousness and goodness at all costs. I even formed a company called Karma Entertainment due to my belief in it (more on that later).

In electronics terms, I have always had a “pull-up resistor”. What is a pull-up resistor? It is a little piece of wire that provides a fixed amount of electric resistance called impedance; it literally impedes the flow of electricity.

Pull-up resistors are often used to force a specific signal all the time in electronics. They can ensure there is a known state for a signal to an integrated silicon chip or other component. It is usually used in switches and transistors to physically force something to be “on” all the time.

I felt like no matter how bad or negative things became, I always had a pull-up resistor to override my “down” state telling me “this too shall pass” so “put it in a bottle, cork it, and store it high on a shelf” so “I did not have deal with it”.

Indeed, if it were not for my faith in God and Karma and my internal pull-up resistor, I think I would have given up and collapsed in despair early in life. San Martin represented then and to this day is a hellscape of wicked selfish people and criminality. And of horrible memories...

License Plates:

My car license plate had been “D Quest” in honor of my lifelong quest to inspire and change people to be good and to defend the downtrodden even if ridiculed for it like Don Quixote.

Like I said - Later, I would form a video game company and name it Karma Entertainment and correspondingly acquired a new car license plate representing the company - “KRMAENT”. Another plate was ‘KRMA 4US’.

The Code:

Both license plates reflected my commitment to “the quest” of being “righteous and true” and “helping those in need”. I was losing faith in God but still wanted to believe in The Code of my creating, a code of always holding true to being true and good for yourself and others unless they transgressed and were “evil”. ...then – they did not deserve my goodness.

In retrospect, I think my “Code” was very similar to my father’s “Code”. The key difference between us was our values and definition of “good” and “righteous”. In the circles he operated in, cartels and lowlife drug abusers and petty criminals, his “Code” was in essence the same – if you honor your word with me and do not hurt me or people, I care about you are fine, otherwise you may as well be dead.

Of course, my version of “dead” was not the same. Silver meant literally the person should be dead as a lifeless corpse that can no longer oppose his will or goals. Silver was very Machiavellian that way. I, however, would decide the offender was euphemistically “dead to me” (not literally dead at all). Silver would kill the person whereas I would just ignore them going forward and excise them from my life as best I could.

Silver and I had a vastly different behaviors in how we treated people, but we shared a remarkably similar “Code” at its core. I found that intriguing that he was “evil” and I was “good” but the difference was a thin line that valued other people’s happiness and wellness versus supreme selfishness and disregard for others happiness or wellness or life at all. People were tools for labor or pleasure to Silver, whereas they represented humanity to me.

Defending the Weak, Relentless Pursuit of Righteousness



YouTube Episode from @HellDifficuky Channel:

TBDzzzTBD-NEW EPISODE

Rumble Episode Link:

CURRENTLY UNAVAILABLE ON RUMBLE

Description:

TBDzzzTBD

Humankind Is Inherently Selfish, Thus Evil, But Can Be Saved:

As I distilled the differences from Silver's Code and My Code, I reached an Epiphone – Humankind is inherently selfish and, thus, is inherently evil. Deep within my heart and soul I believed most people wanted to be good but things around them hurt them and they did not have the strength like me to stand up to it and overcome it.

I realized people behaved evilly - because they were weak or did not know how to be better and be good. In my hubris - I further concluded that it was my duty and responsibility to show and inspire people what it is to be good. I did not need them to be perfect like me, but they needed to not hurt others and strive to avoid being self-destructive to themselves or others.

If I could make even ten people a little better, they could make ten more people a little better and eventually the world would have a chance at becoming more good than evil. It is like a pebble thrown into a pond, with its ripple spreading ... even if slowly. That is what I wanted to. That is what I set out to do. That is what I believe I successfully did.

Escaping By Motorcycle Even If Crashing:

On my motorcycle – in the wilds of San Martin... Off a cliff I rode once...very unintentionally. I was cruising along at maybe 25 MPH, not so fast, in a sea of green grass up to my shoulders. It was surreal, beautiful, and very deadly. My sea of grass just vanished into a dip and then there was no ground or grass, just me flying downward as the nose of the bike tilted downward ... not upward (bad!).

The bike smashed into the ground front wheel first, twirled in place, as I fell to the ground on my helmet and twisting my neck, and the bike fell to the side wheel bent and forks askew. My helmet was cracked. Me? Well – bruises, scrapes, a few cuts, and an immensely painful neck like it was cracked or broken. But I could not suggest riding alone in the wilds was unsafe or imprudent, so I hid my injury and fixed my motorcycle after walking it back home up hills and rural streets. A little surprising to me, no one noticed my injuries or the motorcycle damage; I had little to no supervision, the antithesis of helicopter parents.

Defending My Motorcycle:

My motorcycle was my lifeline to the world, living in a remote rural area. I rode it everywhere. Once a kid sought to spit in my gas tank, something that would be terrible for the carburetor and could damage my engine. I was angry and grabbed the gas cap out of the punk's hand and struck him with it; he no doubt needed stitches after that. One strike and it was over. I worried of repercussions but nothing ever came of it other than he never messed with me or my friends again. I learned bullies can be stopped with sufficient force.

Defending Friends:

Another time I was visiting a friend Edward Struzenburg though people called him Snit after a creature from a game, who had a bunch of dungeons & dragons miniature figures (statues). This guy was taking them from him and throwing him around in a ditch when I rode up. I had a threaded bar toy sword we played duel with, and so I jumped off and held it towards the bully saying, "stop and leave us!"

It was my Don Quixote moment. He refused and came at me! I dodged and swung my home-made aluminum threaded bar at him, striking his side. As I pulled it back though the bar had bent around him and threads acted like a saw blade, and it cut through his shirt to scrape him badly.

The bully screamed and retreated to recover and assess his wounds. It gave me enough time to get my friend on the back of my motorcycle and ride out of there.

Defending the Weak:

I have always stood up for people.

In seventh grade woodshop a handicapped boy was being harassed by a bully. The bully had taken the boy's ant farm he had brought to school to share in a future class show & tell. The bully was just mean, taking the rectangle of ants and their tunnels and threatened to shake them and throw them in the garbage. It was cruel and had no provocation. I could not allow it!

The teacher was an indifferent stereotypical shop class macho teacher. He rarely bothered with rough housing, name calling, or mild fisticuff skirmishes. It is not like teaching how to use a lathe or chisel or saw is especially complex or hard, so I would have hoped he could at least be a supervisor and prevent fights and trouble. He seemed more interested in sitting in front of the class than getting involved.

Without formal authority helping the handicapped boy I stepped up! I told the bully to give the ant hill back. Of course, he rejected my request. They always do.

I was bigger than most kids for my age so he should have listened. He did not. I grabbed him and through him on the ground, wham! He looked up and swore he would "kick my butt, beat me up" after class.

Afraid, I went outside to face abuse. But while many kids stood around waiting to goad the conflict, he fled and did not show up. I won and he never troubled me or the retarded kid anymore.

Defending Victims and Family:

I am not sure what inspired me to protect people and pursue what is right. It had been in me since I was toddler. As a toddler, my sisters were afraid of a spider near the toilet and so I grabbed a fly swatter and charged to kill it.

It had always just been in me...to protect and do good.

Defending the Disabled, Mission Impossible Escape:

During seventh grade I came across a tall boy towering above a short boy, holding his backpack. It was right out of a TV show with a bully harassing someone smaller than them.

Well, I was a relatively large kid with broad shoulders and an intimidating frame. Combine that with my Quixotic sense of pursuing "that which is right" no matter how silly or mad I might appear, and I could not help myself but get involved.

I commanded, "Give him his backpack now!" Simple, to the point, unambiguous. As is typical of bullies, he declined to give the backpack back and instead gave me a litany of insults.

It could not stand! Other kids were watching now. It was a scene.

I stepped forward and grabbed the backpack down from him and he swung at me, and then punched me in the stomach. It was a FIGHT!

Detention, Suspension, and The Mission Impossible Escape:

I was tough. I knew how to fight. I learned out of necessity to protect myself, and then to protect others. I felt like a superhero when I protected people. It felt good to me.

I soundly pounded the bully, returning blows to his head and stomach. It did not fully stop him, but I kicked him in the shins with my steel toe boots (later banned by the school but purchased for riding my motorcycle and protecting myself). The crowd of kids cheered me on. He was reeling from the kick when I kicked him in the ground, also steel-toed boots. He was done, sobbing on the ground.

Perhaps I went too far. A teacher witnessing the event came to help the bully and declared I was in trouble for being so aggressive and fighting. It did not matter that I described what happened or how I was helping the kid from the bully. Nope, I was the aggressor in the mind of the teacher. Off to the principal's office.

There was no listening, no trial, no effort to understand. It was a banana republic trial and sentencing. I was to serve the rest of the day in detention to reflect on my bad behavior.

I did nothing wrong I insisted but they would hear nothing from me. I was escorted to a day detention room. I never knew such exists...it made sense.

Incensed I sat there. Bored. Angry. Infuriated. The INJUSTICE!!!! I could not tolerate it!

Tap. Tap.

The tip of my pen tapped repeatedly on the desk I was seated at. The "guarding" teacher demanded I stop making the noise. I hummed. I was told to shut up. I tapped my foot against the desk leg. The teacher angrily demanded I stop! I opened a book and scribbled loudly on the paper, to further agitate the teacher.

If I had to sit in this room unjustifiably then I would express my frustration and challenge them in the only way I could – irritate and agitate. I found way after way to annoy the "guard".

Losing his patience, the "guard" teacher threatened to suspend me if I did not quiet down and comply with his directions. BULL CRAP! I stood up, grabbed my tote bag that I carried my books in, and told him "No, this is wrong. I was right. I am leaving." I walked out of the room as he desperately went to the phone to call for help.

I saw two teachers dash out of the principal's office down the open hallway, so dashed the other way towards the boy's bathroom. Also like a TV show I went inside and climbed atop the toilet in a stall. A teacher looked inside the bathroom and shouted that I'd better come out. I called her bluff and waited silently, she left with her gamble of a demand apparently unheard in what must be an empty bathroom.

Emboldened by my clever ruse, I waited a bit and exited the bathroom to head towards the school gym locker room.

The school was surrounded by high cyclone fences and locked gates. In fact, later - after I no longer attended the school - they installed metal detectors as well due to the high incidence of weapons.

The only way I knew that I could leave the school grounds without anyone seeing me or climbing a tall fence would be through the locker room's emergency back door that exited to the street behind the school. I made my way there, scanning hallways for teachers or volunteer student monitors, as I did.

Upon reaching the gym I discovered they lock its front entry doors during class. I never knew that as I would be in class. Well, I was trapped – kind of. I leaned back in a corner by the door's alcove, out of sight, worrying what I might do next.

The door opened! A Miracle! A student was running late and dashed out the door in a hurry. I, also in a hurry, dashed inside through the now open door.

Due the occurrence of violence, the Britton Junior High as it was called, had a tower built on one side of the locker room housing a teacher “guards” to ensure no one fought or did ill things below in the locker room. It was like a lifeguard – but for when you change or take a shower.

I had to sneak along the walls out of the conical view from the tower. I reached the emergency exit, and out! It buzzed but it did not matter. I was off campus and ran, all the way to a public transit bus stop.

The bus took me home, whereupon the phone rang, and I answered. It was the school principal. He told me I was in big trouble. He was going to call my mother and make sure I was punished for my violence and insubordination.

The principal called my mother, and she came home upset. After I detailed what happened she proudly congratulated me and said she would always support me if my cause were just and right, but if not, she would let me rot in jail. ‘

My mother was very clear - “Fight for Right and Be Celebrated” or “Fight for Wrong and Rot in Jail”. Obviously, I was fighting for right, and would always fight for right.

The school suspended me for a week. I played games and continued to use my computer. And probably learned a lot more – than they would have ever taught me.

Losing Fights:

So many fights I had been in as a kid. I only lost two fights as a kid in school. One was just a schoolyard scuffle in 5th grade that ended in us both just grumbling and walking away, but clear that I lost, and the other kid would get his way in future. I was weak.

The second fight I lost was terrorizing. The bully pinned me on my stomach and had my neck in a death grip where I could not breathe. The onlooking kids did not realize how dangerous it was. No one could see I could not breathe, and I had no breath to say anything. Suddenly he let go, declaring himself the victor. He was.

I learned that day that if EVER I was to sense the possibility of losing a fight that I would use a weapon and NEVER LOSE. I never lost a fight again (more on that later).

Psychiatrist Assessment – Hellscape San Martin



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window flashed.

“Richard – it is apparent how challenging your life was, growing up in San Martin.

Rather than delving immediately into my – or any of our – assessment... I would like us to take the remainder of the week to review all of your memories and recent flashback stories to date.

I would like us to take deep review of – everything.”

Next Week – Deep Review:

Caselli interrupted, “Richard – we have all discussed the importance of a major assessment – based on all the information you have shared with us so far.

We will determine our Action Plan for me – from there. And – of course – will resume our sessions.”

Doctor Caselli swiped his watch, and an Orderly entered the room. He escorted me out, and back to my ‘cell’ of a room.

It Was Time to Escape the Psych Ward:

Hearing that Caselli was intending to devise an ‘Action Plan’ for me – was unsettling. I had to presume it would be different than our ‘talk sessions’ – else there would be no ‘new plan’.

I was not about to sit around and be forced to take drugs or undergo some crazy therapies. Or even force me to take so-called ‘safe and effective’ vaccines.

No! I had to get out of here - and regain my freedom and liberty!

...even if it meant – I would be ‘on the run’. I felt in-threat now.

I Would Be Like My Father Silver – Be on the Lam, Wanted By The Law:

I guessed – I would be like my father, Silver. I would be ‘on the lam’. And be ‘wanted’ by The Law. If I could get a hold of my Team or Midnight and Associates – they could help me get out of here. ...and solve my fear of failing my escape plan – overcoming Orderlies.

Continuing My Memories in My Journal:

Although I disliked being forced to recount my memories and recent experiences as flashbacks – they were valuable in documenting my past, insights, and legacy.

And so – I planned to write down and record my story and memories...just without psychiatrist involvement... going forward.

And besides – they had all those memories recorded during the months they left me abandoned, alone.

It was time to move on – to get out...

E109 RICK074 ESCAPING THE PSYCH WARD DREAMING OF ESCAPE AND FREEDOM FB12.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E109 Rick074 Dreaming of Escape and Freedom Escaping the Psych Ward Flashback 12 0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55ppdd-e109-rick074-dreaming-of-escape-and-freedom-escaping-the-psych-ward-flashba.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/1oIgMBUvCew>

Description:

Richard contemplates how and when he might be able to break out of and escape the Psych Ward Prison.

He recaps his daily and weekly routine... he recaps his boredom... and his need to escape.

Did Bob Receive My Text thru an Orderly's Hacked Phone Via the Network:

It had been days, maybe a week since I sent my TEXT to Bob - through my hack – through the hospital network into Orderly phones – thereby letting me send Text messages through their phones... to the outside world.

I Could Only Send SMS Messages – No Way To Get a Reply:

Unfortunately – I could only send messages. There was no way to know if anyone received them...much less get a reply.

Another Morning, Another Breakfast – Another Therapy Session:

I woke – like every other morning in the Pysch Ward. Nothing changed – ever.

I suppose... they wanted it that way. Static. Predictable. Uninteresting. Boring. Mind Numbing...

Another morning, another breakfast, another therapy session...

My Daily Routine in The Pysch Ward:

My daily routine was reliable –

1. morning ritual – brush teeth, electric shave (no surprise...razor blades not allowed in the Ward), shower, comb hair, service bio needs, and get dressed for breakfast
2. take medications from Orderly – before going to breakfast
3. return from breakfast to brush teeth again – and bio break
4. off to Therapy
5. return from Therapy to freshen up for Dinner
6. take medications from Orderly – before going to Dinner
7. go to Dinner
8. freshen up and prepare for bed
9. and evenings and weekends – I can use a 'loaner computer' and tablet to write and draw
10. Hey – did you notice? I got no lunch on Therapy days...which meant I didn't get lunch on weekdays
 - For days I got to have lunch – the Orderly would ensure I took my medications before being taken to the cafeteria for lunch
11. evening ritual – brush teeth, service bio needs, change to 'sleeping clothes' (loose fitted clothing – is all they offered for sleep attire - as PJs).
12. go to bed

Today Was a Weekend – So Lunch and Cafeteria Socializing Was on The Schedule:

Today was a weekend, so lunch and cafeteria social time was on the schedule.

Cafeteria Was Only Place to Socialize – See, Interact with Anyone Outside Doctors:

The cafeteria was literally the only place I might see or interact with anyone else in the Pysch Ward... other than the doctors. And the Orderly transfer – from place to place.

Most Fellow ‘Crazies’ Were Really Crazy – But Better Here than Life in Prison:

Most of my fellow ‘crazies’ were... well... crazy. I did not belong in the Ward. But...it was here, or likely life sentence in prison.

Breaking Out and Escaping a Psych Ward Would Be Easier Than a Prison:

Admittedly – it seemed like breaking out of a Pysch Ward would much easier than breaking out of a Prison.

Challenges Breaking Out of the Pysch Ward:

When I considered breaking out of and escaping from the Pysch Ward, I found pause in implementing my plan.

I worried –

- what would happen if I failed to overpower the two Orderlies between me and the exit – not to mention the potential altercation with the receptionist – and anyone else that might randomly be along the exit path – out the lobby and away from the facility
- what would I about my ‘clothing’ – that screamed ‘psychiatric inmate’ – because that’s what was printed across its back
- how would I remove the tracking anklet they put on me
 - yea – they require it be on me, despite my being locked in the Pysch Ward
- how would I flee the area, once I was clear of the building?
- would I be able to evade police and hospital pursuers – as I fled the area?
- what would I use for money and transportation – getting out of the Ward with just me?

Speculated Breaking Out of Prison Would Add Major Challenges:

The challenges breaking out of the Pysch Ward were challenging.

But - I speculated prison would be much harder to escape.

If nothing else –prisons would have –

- 24/7 lockdown

- ‘airlock-style’ entry-exit portals
- checkpoints with armed guards
- cameras with 24/7 Artificial Intelligence Monitoring (plus humans, if they looked)
- massive perimeter walls, razor wire, and electrified fences.
- And outer perimeter sharpshooters

Yea – Prison seemed like it would be much harder to escape from.

Escaping the Psych Ward May Have Been a Fantasy:

I had to embrace the unfortunate possibility – that escaping the Psych Ward may be a fantasy.

But if I was going to do it – escape – I would have to do it before, I ended up in a prison.

I had to consider - maybe I needed the illusion – even if was a fantasy.

It was an ideation that I could focus on. I could keep telling myself that escape was coming – so I could tolerate another day in my torment.

I had to believe someday – that I would escape my captivity.

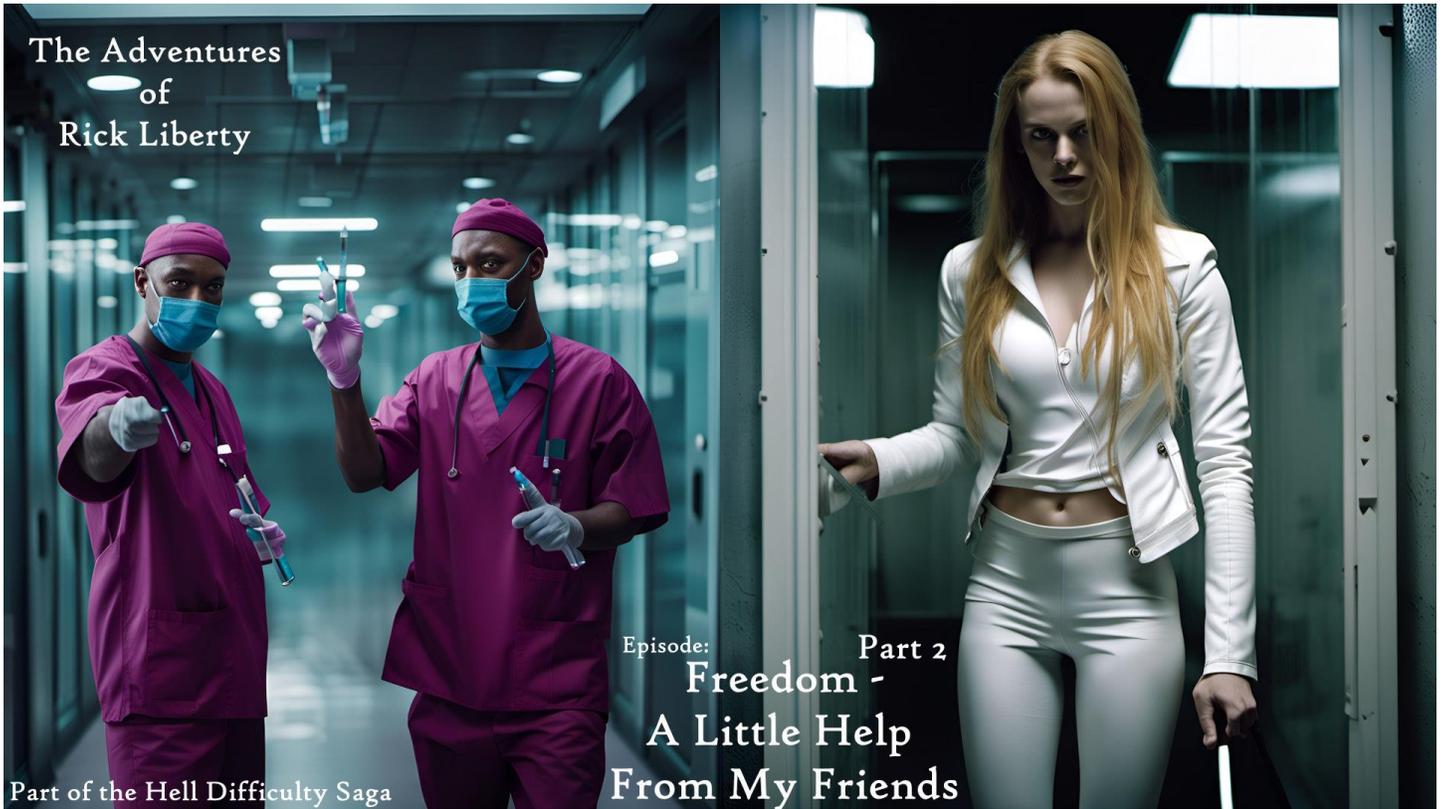
Held onto Hope of Escape, That Bob & The Team Were Coming – Hope Was All I Had:

But Doctor Caselli alluded to ‘new therapies’ and ‘treatments’ – which could mean they intend to drug me or inflict experimental treatments on me. And he was suggesting I need the latest Covid Death Jab Vaccines...because I was the latest strain’s target demographic...

I could not allow anyone to change who I was, much less put my life at risk with crazy drugs and unproven experimental vaccines...

And – just maybe – Bob got my Text...and the team would come and rescue me. I held onto my hope of escape...it was all I had.

E110 Rick075 A Little Help from My Friends Flashback 12.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E110 Rick075 Freedom with a Little Help from My Friends Flashback 12_1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pprm-e110-rick075-freedom-with-a-little-help-from-my-friends-flashback-12-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/n-hHa1IPnE8>

Description:

Richard has reached his tolerance of being incarcerated. He cannot remain imprisoned anymore.

Richard breaks out of the Psych Ward!

My Door Buzzed – Someone Was About to Open the Door – Likely an Orderly:

It was evening. I was finished for the day - and awaiting the Orderly to take me to dinner.

My door buzzed – informing me someone was about to open the door – and presumably enter the room.

Of course – that someone that usually buzzed my door - was one of six Orderlies assigned to me –

- The Weekday Orderly for each shift - Graveyard, Daytime, and Evening
- The Weekend Orderly for each shift - Graveyard, Daytime, and Evening
- Sometimes there would be an unfamiliar Orderly...but I assumed it was because someone was sick or had conflicting plans – that they had a life outside their job here

Yep – the arrival of the evening Orderly – was... expected.

I suppose... they wanted it that way. They liked everything to be –

- Static
- Predictable
- Uninteresting
- Boring
- Mind Numbing

Into My Room Entered a Bruised and Swollen and Hurting Orderly:

The door opened, and – as predicted – entered a familiar weekend evening Orderly.

The Orderly had a fresh-looking purple bruise on one side of his forehead, and the cheek and ear on the same side were red and swollen. He looked like he was wincing in pain... as if, from a recent fight.

...

I was shocked. I did not know what to do – or say.

Knights Templar Sarah McGilvray Entered The Room – Behind the Orderly:

Another unexpected thing happened right then.

Another person entered the room - right behind the Orderly.

It was Sarah McGilvray! Knights Templar Sarah McGilvray!

She stood there, holding an expanded ‘collapsible’ police baton.

Connecting the Dots – Sarah Cudged The Orderly to Bring Her to Me:

It hit me... Well – I think Sarah hit the Orderly. I imagined she must have cudged him with that police baton – across his face – leaving the bruises and red swelling on his face and head.

Sarah Asked ‘Are You Ready to Go, Rick Liberty? God’s Mission Quest Awaits’:

She asked politely, “Are you ready to go, Rick Liberty?” She declared, “God’s Mission Quest awaits us!”

Wanted Laptop With My Notes and Anklet Removed Before We Left the Ward:

I replied, “Of course, I am! I have this anklet – we need to get it off. And I want my notes from a computer they loaned to me. Then let’s get out of here.”

Sarah smiled, “Okay, we’ll find your laptop. And we’ll get that thing off your leg.”

Orderly Informed Location of Laptop and Key to Unlock Tracking Anklet:

Sarah frowned at the bruised Orderly – and said, “I am truly sorry for having to strike you. You really should have listened to me. I warned you.”

She asked, “Where will we find Rick’s laptop? And where is the key or device to unlock his tracking anklet?”

The Orderly was afraid of Sarah – having been badly wounded by her already.

He answered, “The laptop is just in the hall – in a closet. And the anklet – you need a Hospital Officer to unlock and deactivate it from a computer.”

He said, “Look, I can get the laptop for you...”

Orderly Became the Patient in my Bed – Injected Himself with Knock-Out Syringe:

Sarah stopped him – raising her index finger to her lip – saying ‘shush’.

She said, “Thank you.

- Now – I need you to take one of your little knock-out syringes...and inject yourself with it
- If you do not – I will knock you unconscious (or worse) with this baton. Understand?
- Demonstrate your understanding by injecting yourself...now.” She emphasized.

...

He had already been smacked by Sarah – severely. He did not want any more injuries, or pain. And if she knocked him so hard to make him unconscious – he could suffer a concussion or even die. He knew what severe head trauma could do...

And so – he laid down on my bed. And he took out a syringe and injected himself in his leg.

He quickly drifted off to sleep.

Exited the Room and Searched Rows of Hallway Cabinets – Found My Laptop:

We exited the room, into the hallway. At the end of the hallway were rows of white cabinets hung on the far wall.

Sarah marched straight to them – and opened them sequentially – one after the other.

They were filled with towels, bed linens, uniforms, stationary supplies - and laptops and tablets.

I Took Laptop #6 (the Laptop Assigned to Me) – Who was Assigned Laptop #1:

I recognized the laptop by its printed number across its lid, “#6”.

Like the TV show The Prisoner – I wondered ‘If I was #6, who was #1?’

Cutting the Anklet Off or Shutting it Off – The Final Question:

Sarah looked at the anklet and sighed, “I think we can cut it off. I am fine – finding some security officer and forcing them to remove it. But – I am unsure it is the best course of action.

Tools in the van – I am sure – can cut that off in two seconds.

What is your decision, Rick Liberty?”

...

“Let’s Blow This Popsicle Stand. We’ll Cut The Tracking Band Off Later:

I answered, “Let’s blow this popsicle stand! We’ll cut the tracking band off later.”

Two Orderlies Approached Us – And Turned and Fled from Sarah After her Threat:

We were headed to the front of the hospital, and two Orderlies appeared. They were wielding syringes.

Sarah smiled, “Gentleman – you have a choice to make. You can leave right now. Or you can be left unconscious in one minute. This is Checkmate, Gentleman. You have a choice to make.” She lowered into a launch stance – and held the police baton at her side.

I think it was her final glare at them – that terrorized them the most. Her eyes were – piercing – threatening. She was on a mission... And they were in the way.

...

They recognized Sarah was ‘deadly serious. One of them declared the cliché, “This job is not worth this...” The other yelled, “Right!” And they both turned and fled.

We Exited the Front Door to Tiny’s Van Parked on Staircase:

We exited the front door, to find Tiny’s Van parked right there on the staircase – where it should not be, away from the street.

Entering Tiny’s ‘Blazing Taxis’ Knights Templar Opaque Government-style black van – we were off!

I looked around the van... The team was all there!

- Deputy Taylor AKA Taylor Everest - God’s Soldier and Our Protector

- Katie Snowette AKA Katie Devine - Empath and Moral Compass
- Bob Sanchez AKA Bob Cervantes - Pragmatist and Grumpy
- Sarah McGilvray Coordinator Midnight & Assoc - Scout, Infiltration-Knights Templar
- Tiny [the Driver] Transport, Midnight & Assoc. - Transport, Brute-Knights Templar
- Richard Seaborne AKA Rick Liberty - Me, The Fulcrum – Templar Head

And if they were here, I knew our other allies were waiting for us too –

- Mr. Lessky Head Midnight & Associates - Former Leader-Knights Templar
- Amanda Seaborne AKA My Daughter - Hacker and Researcher
- Katherine Seaborne AKA My Wife - Financial & Supply Chain Analyst

Snip and Tossed – No Anklet for Me:

Sarah leaned down to my anklet, and placed a narrow scissors-like thing... I would say – they were scissors – but they were super thin and crazy strong and had a lever to pump to add pressure until it cut or broke whatever it was ‘biting’.

Anyway – it just slid in, and after a dozen pumps of its lever...the anklet just split and fell off.

Sarah lifted it up, slid the van door open a bit, and threw the tracking anklet out the van.

Clang! It was gone.

Tiny Drove Out into the Arizona Desert – to the Knights Templar ‘kt’ Cargo Plane:

Tiny drove us out of Scottsdale, out into the Arizona Desert.

And – there – in the desert planes was the Knights Templar ‘kt’ Cargo ‘RV’ Plane.

We drove up its ramp into the custom van cargo bay.

We Must Continue God’s Mission Quest – There is No Hell for the Righteous:

I declared, “It’s time to stop the Cult of Bael! And destroy the Tapestry of Bael! We must continue God’s Mission Quest!”

“And there is No Hell for the Righteous!”

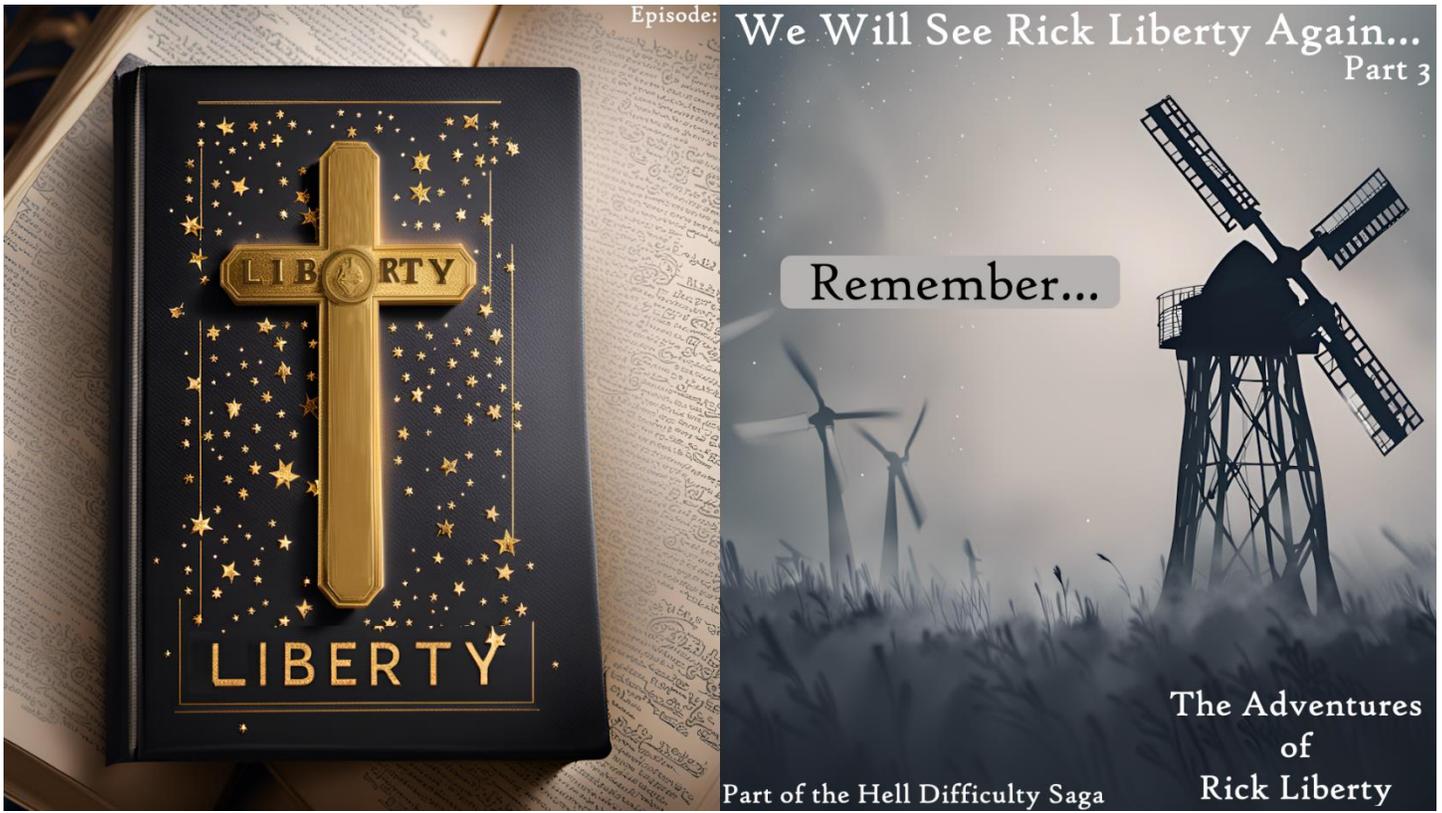
We Flew Into the Horizon – Headed to Athlone:

Tiny said, “To. Ath.lone.”

We were headed to Athlone, Ireland.

We flew into the horizon, into the sunset... to our destiny!

E111 Rick076 Pysch Assessment We Will See Richard Again Flashback 12.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E111 Rick076 Pysch Assessment We Will See Richard Again Flashback 12 2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55pq7g-e111-rick076-pysch-assessment-we-will-see-richard-again-flashback-12-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/M7HNNDqp2bg>

Description:

The Doctors discuss Richard’s escape from the Scottsdale Prison for Criminally Insane.

They conclude they must find Richard and confront his madness ‘in the field’. They must ‘shock him back to reality’ by using his fantasy against him.

The psychiatrists declare that “We will see Richard again...”

Richard Escaped the Psych Ward – Very Clever and Resourceful:

I was free of the Scottsdale Psychiatric Ward for the Criminally Insane.

But the doctors remained behind...

Doctor Caselli had a conference call with Doctors Garcia, Hyder, and Brandon... to appraise them of the situation.

He explained, “I am loathe to inform you –

- Richard has escaped
- He overpowered his Room Orderly – injecting him with his ‘conflict resolution’ syringe – as Richard sometimes called it
 - Yea – I don’t know what the drug is inside Orderly ‘knock-out’ syringes
- Richard intimidated two more Orderlies – waving a makeshift club he crafted from breaking a wooden leg off his room’s ‘desk table’ – apparently, kicking it in the middle to splinter it, and the same to extract a wooden table leg ‘club’.
 - The Orderlies rightfully feared Richard’s deadly intent – and force. They reported the ‘club’ Richard had, was sharp and gnarly - at its ends – where it had broken from the table.
 - And there was blood. Richard ‘club’ was bloodied - from striking his Room Orderly in their encounter, before injecting him with the Orderly’s own ‘Knock-Out’ syringe.
 - and – Richard stole the laptop assigned to him for writing his notes, memories, and flashbacks.
 - Richard was clever and resourceful – And Forceful - in his escape”

Richard Likely to Resume Mission Quest for God:

Doctor Caselli warned, “I fear that Richard intends to resume his fantastical ‘Mission Quest for God’ - to ‘Quest Onward’ to stop the devil Bael and his Cult... and all that insanity.

He has fully transformed himself into his persona of ‘Rick Liberty’ – and with his ‘Code’ and ‘God’s Mission Quest’ Justifying and Driving him forward – he may only be ‘recoverable’ through direct engagement ‘in the field’ to shock him seeing first-hand where his fantasies are not – and cannot be – real.”

Caselli Decrees The Psych Team Must Confront Richard ‘In The Field’ To Save Him:

Caselli continued, “We must do all we can to find and bring Richard back – from his madness as Rick Liberty... even use his madness in the field against him – play within his insanity, to show him reality...to bring him back to sanity – as we know it to be.

We must do what is best for Richard. We must find him. We must help him see reality. And end his mad Mission Quest for God.

Only then – by confronting Richard in his fantasy, in the field – can we hope to jar him back to his senses and see reality for what it really is.

Only by confronting Richard ‘in the wild’ – can we hope to save him.

The Doctors Valued Their Time With Richard – And Want His Notes:

Doctor Hyder said, “I will miss Richard’s adventures. They were...exciting - and moving.”

...

Doctor Garcia added, “Yes, they were insightful...not just of Richard, but of all of us. I was moved, as well.”

...

Doctor Brandon expressed, “Richard’s mind is amazing. He is both creative and analytical. He is self-learned - and gained knowledge far beyond - what most people learn in their lifetimes.

I hope – that we will have the chance to work with Richard again.

And – I would like access to all his notes. We did not go over all of them. I would like to read them - if I may.

...

Doctors Hyder and Garcia echoed, “We would also like his notes.”

...

Doctor Caselli answered, “Of course. You can have all his laptop and tablet writings and drawings...all that he created and wrote, has been left behind. We have copies of everything, of course.”

Caselli Asserted - Richard’s Recordings Could Slow Dementia Progression, No ‘Cure’:

Doctor Caselli asserted, “Richard’s recordings may be valuable for insight his dementia and potential ways to ‘shock him back to reality’ by experiencing cognitive dissonance – from the clash between his alleged perceptions and the objective ‘actual’ events and facts around him.

And – while there is no ‘cure’ for Dementia, we may be able to bring Richard back to reality... at least for a while longer... before his brains completely dry up – that no amount of reason or explanation would penetrate his madness.”

He said, “We can hope... to slow the progression of Richard’s dementia. And bring him to his senses – so he will bring no more harm to others or destruction to their property.”

Caselli Asserted - Richard’s Recordings May Help Him as His Memory Fades:

Caselli continued, “Perhaps – when Richard’s mind has all but forgotten who he was – after he has lost his identity - he will find enjoyment listening to his own forgotten facts – now as stories.

Richard will be able to hold on to his memories – a little longer too, by refreshing them through re-enforcing them – by listening to his recordings.

Indeed – as Richard told us about his game the Tower of Myraglen. A glen whose mirror-like waters reflected only the truth – because -as he said,

‘Stories are remembered long after facts are forgotten’

May Richard – then – in his future, forgotten memory, addled mind - sit and re-live the life he will have forgotten... He will recall through his recordings – things as he once remembered them...”

We Will See Richard Again:

Doctor Caselli declared, “I believe that we will see Richard again. There is a gravity that pulls him towards madness – and, thusly, towards us.”

The World Shall Judge Richard Going Forward:

Doctor Caselli concluded the session with an ominous message –

“The world will now watch - and judge Richard for his actions – be they for himself, or for God.

The world will decide if Richard is mad or sane, and if he is righteous or rationalizing in justifying behavior.

The world will decide Richard’s fate... In his dementia - is he more Richard Seaborne, Rick Liberty, or The Fulcrum and Leader of the Knights Templar? ...or just, a...crazy...old.man.

End of Hell Difficulty – Judge Ye The Fulcrum, as the Fulcrum Shall Judge Thee:

And thus ends this chapter of *Hell Difficulty* and Richard’s journey through it.

May its saga inspire introspection and the pursuit of righteousness.

Ride, too, in your own Quixotic stirrups...

...and Journey Onward – for your own misadventures and wisdom

Remember –

- Stories are remembered long after the facts are forgotten – tell the tale of Hell Difficulty
- Judge Ye the Fulcrum, as the Fulcrum shall Judge Thee

...

In the meantime -

Watch out for Rick Liberty’s continued misadventures on his Mission Quest for God!

And Remember - There is No Hell for the Righteous!

YOUTUBE AND RUMBLE CHANNELS:

WARNING - YouTube Censorship BLOCKS Specific Narrated Episodes & Content
(Censored Missing Videos Can Be Found on Rumble)



Rumble Channel:

@RickLiberty

<https://rumble.com/search/all?q=%40RickLiberty>

YouTube Channel:

@HellDifficulty (CrispyHeart)

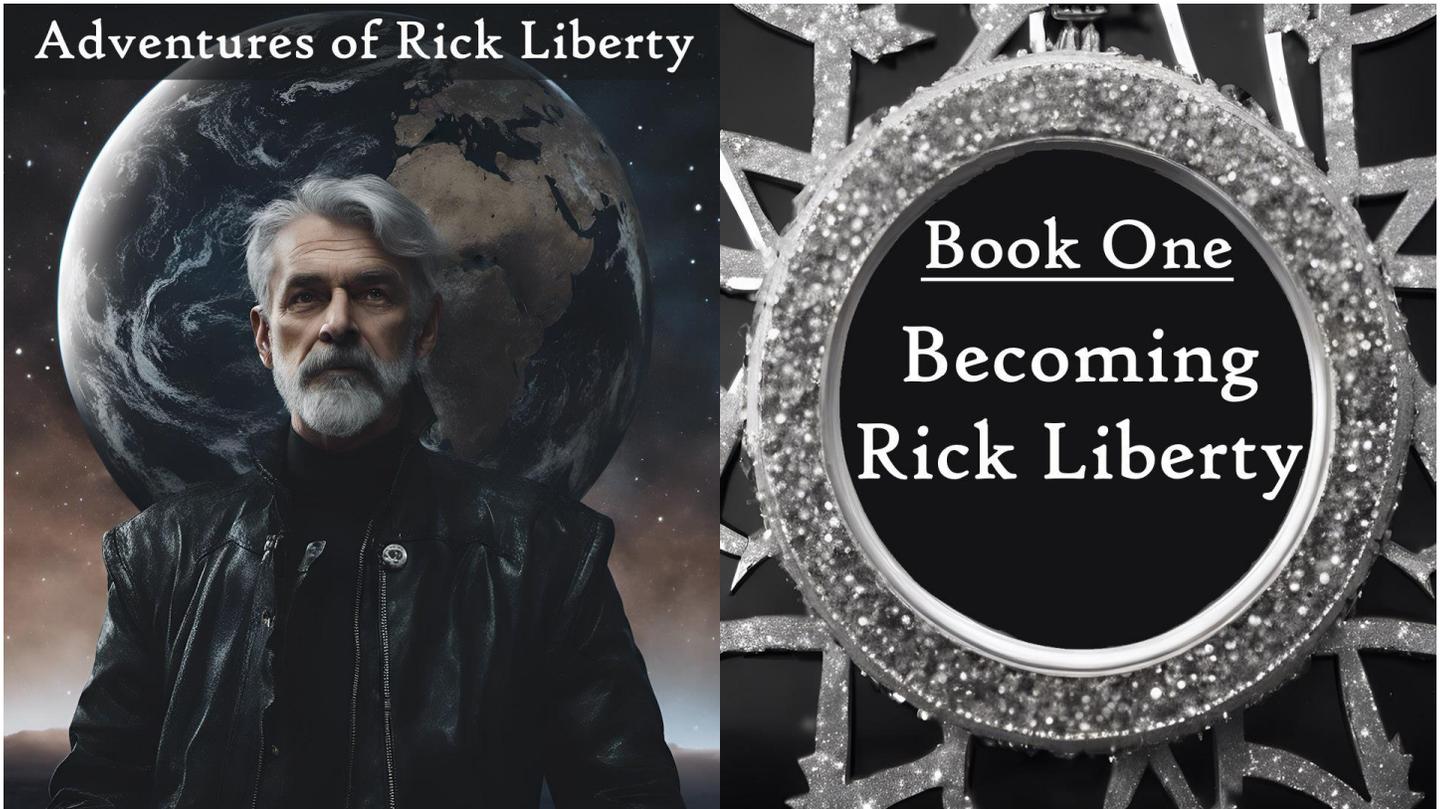
<https://www.youtube.com/@HellDifficulty>

Description:

The Hell Difficulty Saga is the woeful tale of a man - Richard Seaborne – in his sunset years – suffering from dementia. He is locked away in a psychiatric prison for the criminally insane, but believes it is unjust. Richard is losing faith in the world and humanity, but sees himself as a modern-day Quixotic hero – named Rick Liberty – whom alone - can restore the world to morality and righteousness. He must be free of the Ward to save the world.

Richard recounts his life from childhood to retirement, to a panel of psychiatrists - in this fictional story – in hopes of being freed. He weaves elements of the real Richard Seaborne's autobiography, into his epic fantastical Quixotic adventure, where he fights the Devil, the Devil's Cult of Bael, and the Seven Princes of Hell's Puppets here on mortal earth (including the World Economic Forum / WEF, Gates, and Soros).

BOOK 1: BECOMING RICK LIBERTY



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book01 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/Fcg6cYZLKC8>

YouTube Playlist

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_FScsVpOn9Ywc3QzYPOfaDR

Description:

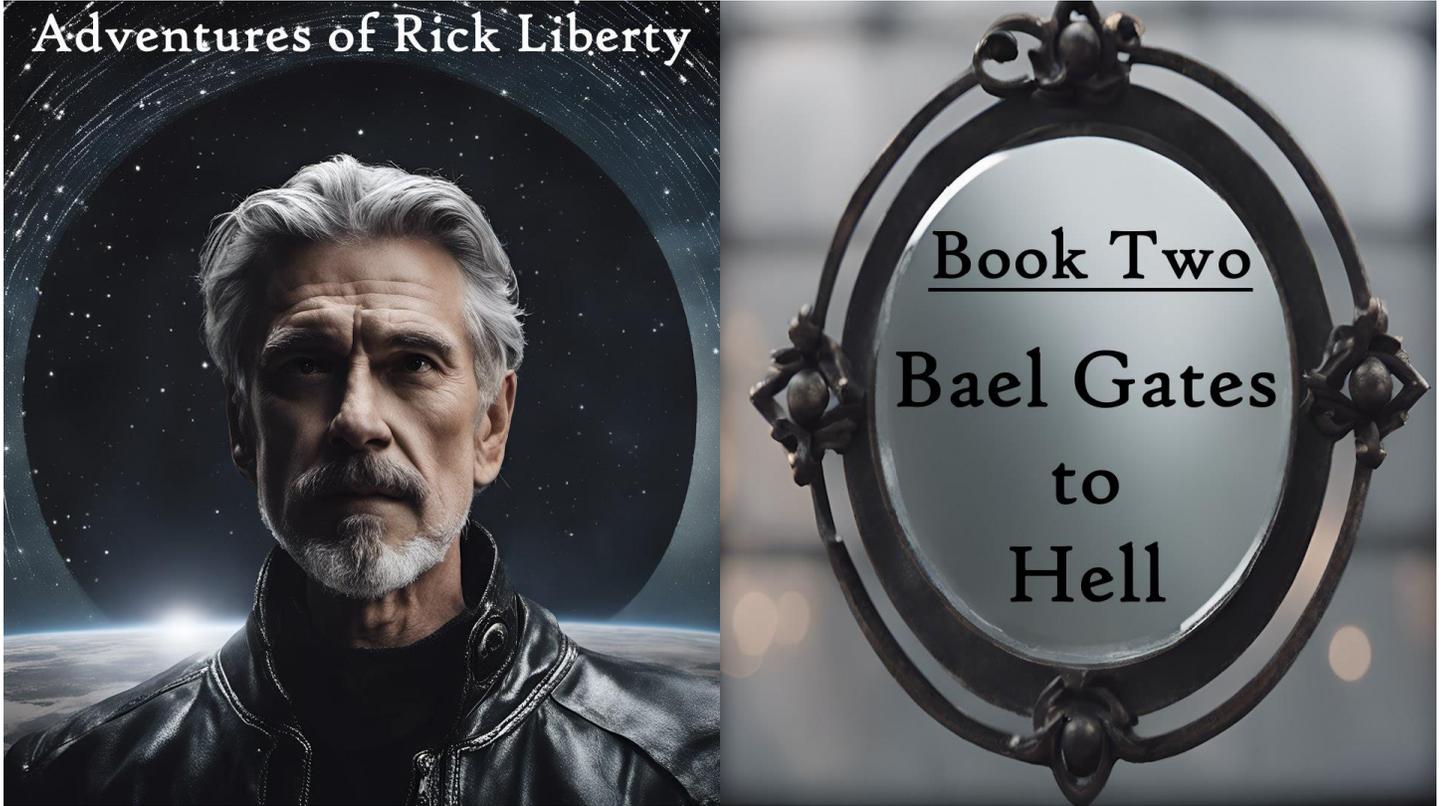
Richard's world turns upside down, as he grapples with a series of life-shattering and life-defining events. He must pick up the pieces and learn how his enigmatic past is dramatically shaping his world - and altering his perception of it.

Combating his life's turmoil, Richard befriends strangers to comfort and aid him— in his mysterious journey that seems more like a fantastical Quixotic misadventure.

Richard and his new friends seek answers from the ancient order of the Knights Templar. But things are challenging for the team, as they discover and engage with the Devil's Cult of Bael.

Ultimately – Richard solidifies his Faith in God. Richard becomes Rick Liberty, God's Champion.

BOOK 2: RICK LIBERTY AND BAEL GATES TO HELL



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book02 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/EOciM3gbUY8>

YouTube Playlist:

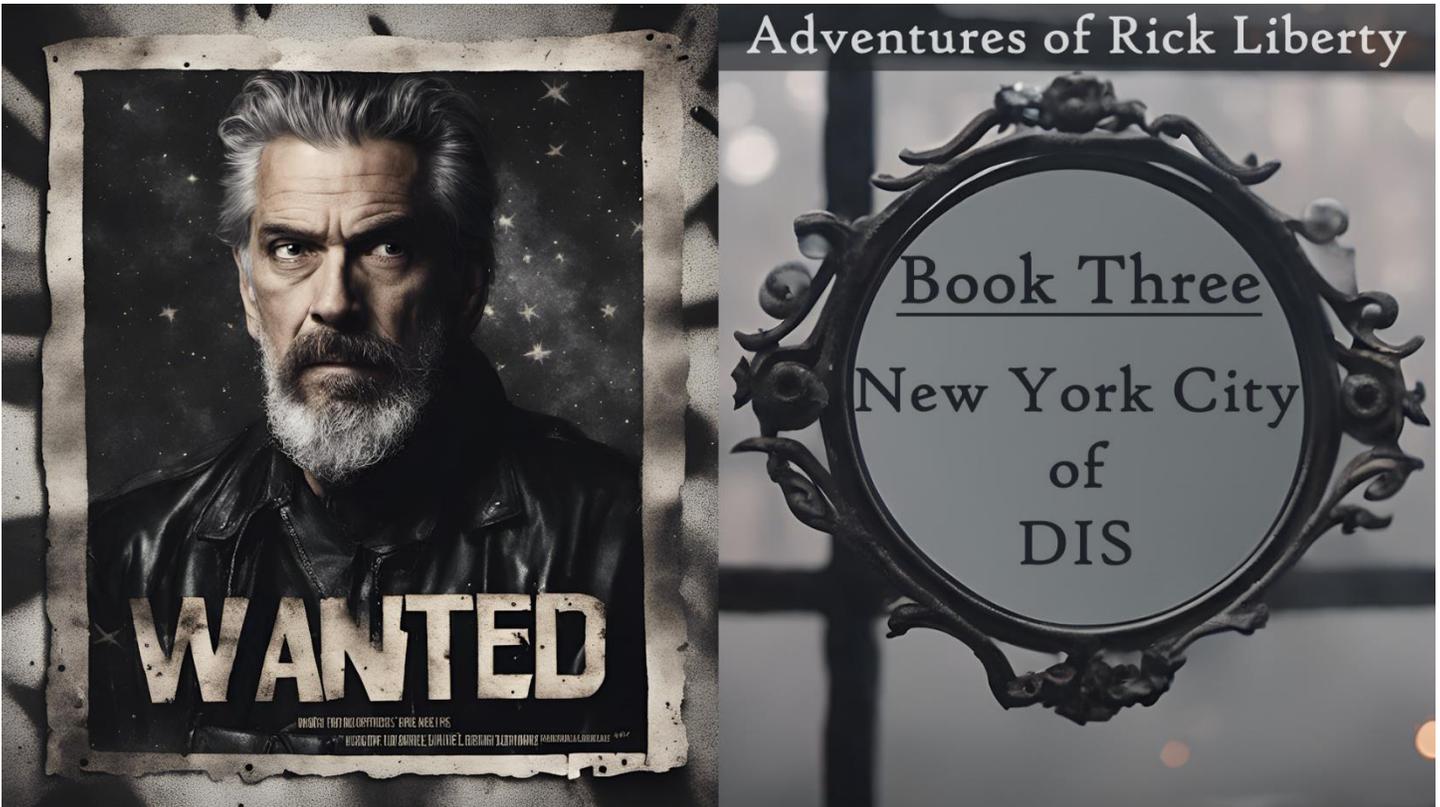
https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_Hid_dxrI4Zu-qqpVaXB72U

Description:

The Team and Richard – as Rick Liberty of the Knights Templar must stop Bael Gates from punching a hole between the celestial planes of Hell and Mortality, thereby opening a portal from Hell to the Mortal plane and unleashing Hell on Earth.. Rick and the team – must stop The Devil’s Puppets from world domination.

Richard must stop Bael Gates from deploying his trifecta of World Controlling Technologies – Human DNA Editing, Human Brain Control Implants, and Controlled critical industries - Energy, Healthcare, Food, Waste Management, Shipping and Transport, ...

BOOK 3: RICK LIBERTY WANTED IN NEW YORK CITY OF DIS



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book03 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/JNWDhyJWufI>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_EncJfWbFmLgNKvbZa4wz4

Description:

Richard – a Psychiatric Prison Escapee - flees to New York City, where he – as Rick Liberty - and with the G-Team (God’s Team) seeks to stop the Puppet of Hell, Soros, from opening a portal to Hell with the devil’s Tapestry and Crown of Bael.

The G-Team engages and fights against the chaos and madness, in the degenerate New York City of DIS. They operate above and below board so they might succeed in stopping Soros. Extreme events blur reality and fantasy.

The team encounters a dystopian New York - Organized crime and system corruption, Human trafficking, Organ Harvesting, and soul-draining nightmares...all inflicted on countless victims.

BOOK 4: THE LIBERTY ZONE SHORT STORIES



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book04 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/Q-5wriJH5Qk>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_G5KDtTQvnEUaKLR2y5Fh8z

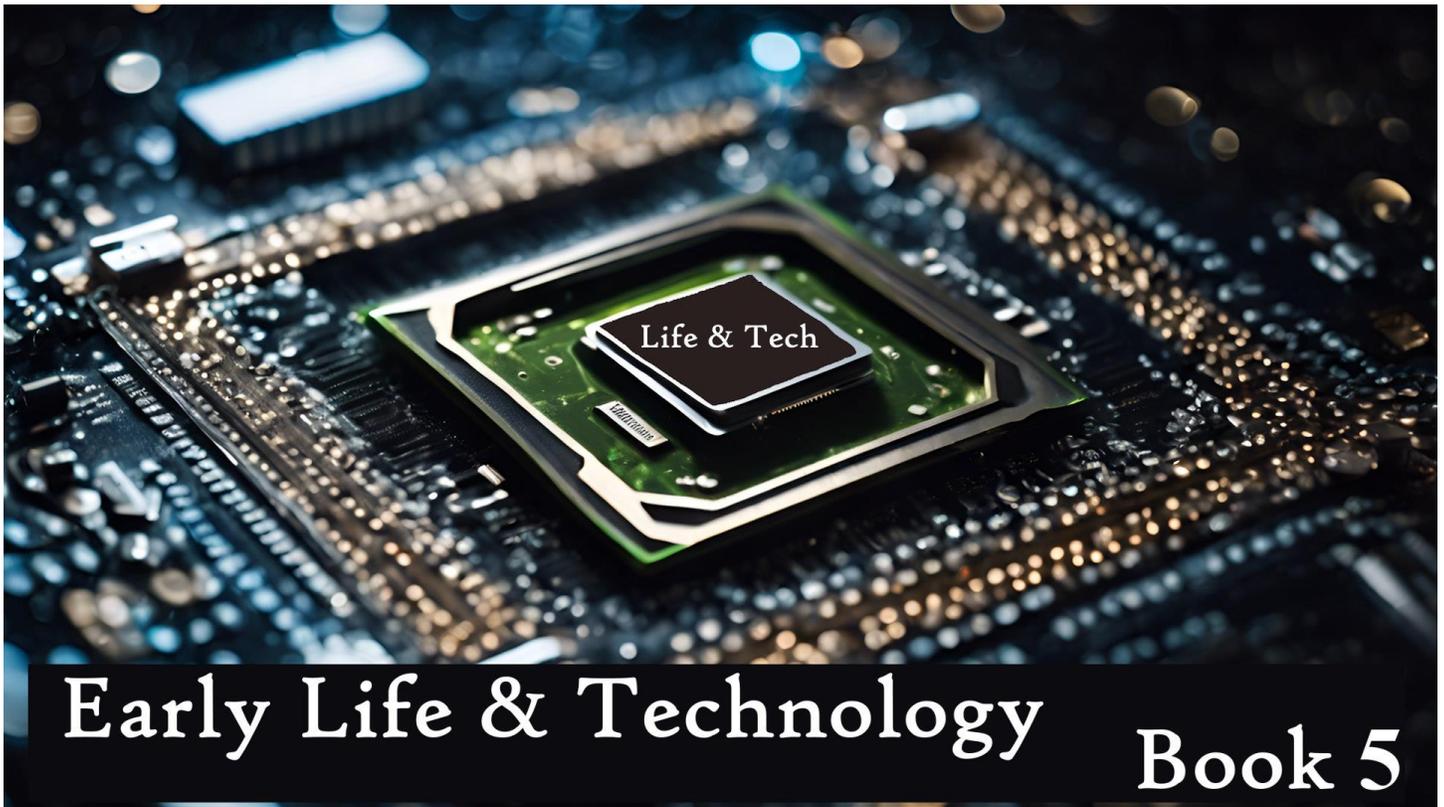
Description:

Witness the Succubus Demon Watcher Messengers report to Hell the progress of the Seven Deadly Sins against Humankind, and how it appears – Hell is Winning. Learn how Angels and Succubi observe the mortal world and report back what they see - to Hell and Heaven. Hear the Seven Succubi Messengers of Hell report their assessment and judgment of “people’s” sin’, and how they devalue or disbelieve in their souls, and most are freely willing to sell their souls to the Seven Princes of Hell for little in return.

Mitzi Ballard’s life crumbled around her, leaving her with little to anchor her to sanity or social conformity. Wickedness and cruelty befell Mitzi and her family, with such devastating evil inflicted on her and losing everything she loved... Mitzi Ballard became a Vigilante. See “what it took to radicalize Mitzi into a Vigilante.”

Experience and Remember The Holocaust through Memories and Poems written by Holocaust Survivors.

BOOK 5: LIFE AND THE VIDEO GAME INDUSTRY



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book05 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

https://rumble.com/playlists/dK8qrv8V_to

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_HdVKiNSAcDAxL_-F8wARQg

Description:

The Hell Difficulty Saga is the woeful tale of a man - Richard Seaborne – in his sunset years – suffering from dementia. He is locked away in a psychiatric prison for the criminally insane, but believes it is unjust. Richard is losing faith in the world and humanity, but sees himself as a modern-day Quixotic hero – named Rick Liberty – whom alone - can restore the world to morality and righteousness. He must be free of the Ward to save the world.

Richard recounts his life from childhood to retirement, to a panel of psychiatrists - in this fictional story – in hopes of being freed. He weaves elements of the real Richard Seaborne’s autobiography, into his epic fantastical Quixotic adventure, where he fights the Devil, the Devil’s Cult of Bael, and the Seven Princes of Hell’s Puppets here on mortal earth (including the World Economic Forum / WEF, Gates, and Soros).

BOOK 6: THE TECH ZONE AND LIFE ADVENTURES

The Tech Zone Book 6



Tales, Lessons, and Insights from the Video Game Industry

Local File:

[_LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book06 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/M1oZhnax-E>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_GlweNOGJgS5TMb2U8jAM6H

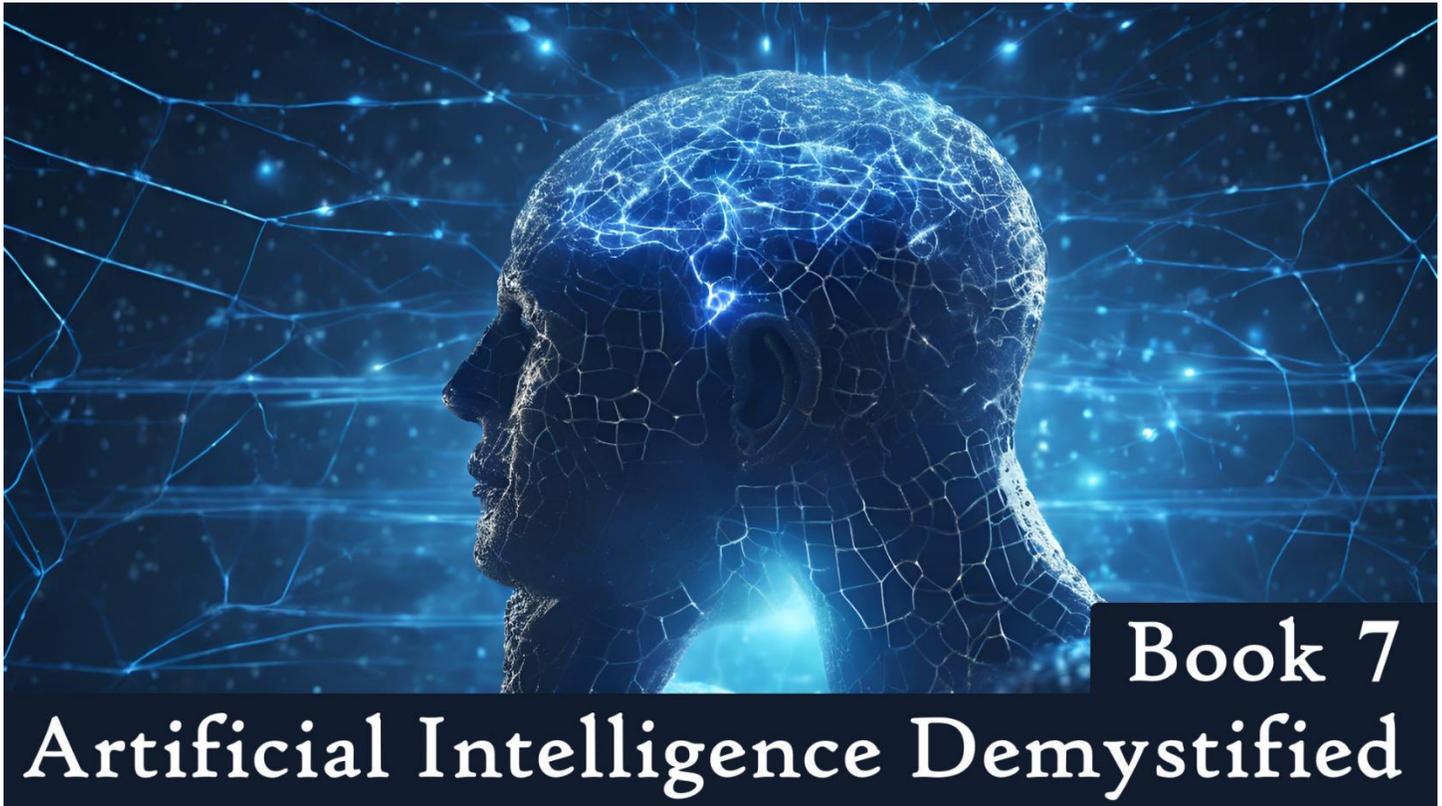
Description:

Tales from the Video Game Industry is a collection of stories and insights from my real-world adventures and experiences working in the Video Game Industry for over thirty years. I tell stories and anecdotes. I provide concrete examples, techniques, and methods to successfully operate and deliver software and video games in corporations dedicated to entertainment and creativity (and profit). Learn deep, dark, hidden secrets and many sordid tales in the shadows of the Video Game Industry's brilliance, innovation, independence, and stardom.

Lessons and Insights from the Video Game Industry is a collection of real-world stories, concepts, techniques, and methods I used while working in the Video Game Industry over thirty years. I explain detailed techniques, and methods to successfully operate and deliver software and video games in corporations that are dedicated to entertainment and creativity (and profit).

AI Demystified explains Artificial Intelligence (A.I.) – from its origin to its world-changing state today. See how A.I. works – sees the world – and learns and makes decisions. Understand how A.I. is trained and its 'values' shaped – with and without human supervision. Witness A.I.'s applications and real-world manifestations - and experience the cautionary tales of science fiction.

BOOK 7: ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE (AI) DEMYSTIFIED



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book07 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/eaXn4d1GgYw>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_EwkM0iBmKLLX2BNQWvM-IO

Description:

AI Demystified explains Artificial Intelligence (A.I.) – from its origin to its world-changing state today. See how A.I. works – sees the world – and learns – and makes decisions. Understand how A.I. is trained and its ‘values’ shaped – with and without human supervision. Witness A.I.’s applications and real-world manifestations - and experience the cautionary tales of science fiction.

BOOK 8: IT ONLY TAKES ONE CANDLE TO LIGHT THE WAY



Book 8

It Only Takes One Candle to Light the Way

Rumble Playlist Link:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/OlwcBA4vqac>

YouTube Playlist from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_GS2E_hKib-rbXF1bipHLJe

Description:

A prequel and continuation of the Adventures of Rick Liberty Zone Hell Difficulty Saga.

Learn the backstory behind the transformation of Richard Seaborne into Rick Liberty, from the perspective of Heaven and the Angels.

Discover the Signs of the Prophecy of the Fulcrum.

Hear about the Apocalypse and the Seven Seals, Trumpets, and Bowls of Revelation, Great Tribulation, and Judgment.

Learn about the Seven Days of Creation, Adam and Eve, Sodom and Gomorrah, and the significance of the number seven.

BOOK 9: STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK LIBERTY



Rumble Playlist Link:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/PVvaomT54kY>

YouTube Playlist from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_F2btPhjKc5LAO08Osv9qIp

Description:

BOOK-9 VIDEOS PAGE 8 - BOOK-9: STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA

- Hear directly from Rick Liberty about his experience and journey in life with Dementia...
- Check back - to see when new episodes are posted.
- Subscribe to the YouTube or Rumble Video Channels - to be notified of new videos - as they are released.

Hear directly from Rick Liberty about his experience and journey in life with Dementia...

Presenting as Rick Liberty – this is Richard Seaborne's Podcast - called Straight out of Dementia.

The Podcast focuses on Philosophy, Insight, Prose, Poetry, Problems, Ideation, and Perspective, Coping & Management Skills, Tools, and Approaches for Caretakers and the Dementia Afflicted... ..as seen through the Dementia Neurodegenerated Mind of Rick Liberty

TEASERS & TRAILERS – VIDEO PLAYLIST:



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Attract for the Adventures of Rick Liberty from the Hell Difficulty Saga.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

https://rumble.com/playlists/AHjfK_JVp0E

Rumble “Jumble” @[Search for RickLiberty]:

<https://rumble.com/search/all?q=rickliberty>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_H05LqWV3Y0yIct5c-a74B9

YouTube Channel @CrispyHeart:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCbTGI543FFzcoMkdv8UzyHg>

Description:

Watch the many teaser and trailer videos for The Adventures of Rick Liberty, The Liberty Zone, , AI Demystified, The Tech Zone, Tales and Lessons & Insights from the Video Game Industry, and The Hell Difficulty Saga.

**ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 2
BAEL GATES TO HELL, WORLD GONE MAD
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA**

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

The Story – as Rick Sees It (Splash)



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Attract for the Adventures of Rick Liberty from the Hell Difficulty Saga.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v3x5c2a-r1-s1e01-intro-and-setup-for-the-adventures-of-rick-liberty-ai-art-video-bo.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtube.com/shorts/q15d8IB6Vis>

Description:

Watch the ‘Story Narrative - As Rick Liberty Sees It’ -Teaser Video for The Adventures of Rick Liberty.

The World is in Decline... Fewer and fewer “elites” control the world and futures of many people. Among those “elites” are Puppets to the Seven Princes of Hell... to The Devil. The Puppets do Hell’s bidding - to erode and destroy people’s lives.

The Seven Princes of Hell are about to unleash Hell on Earth. One man stands between The Devil Bael and Opening the Gates to Hell. That man is – Rick Liberty!

But – Rick Liberty – is a Persona – created by a man locked away in a psychiatric ward for the criminally insane.

Rick recounts his tale in hopes of securing his freedom and ability to resume his Mission Quest for God.

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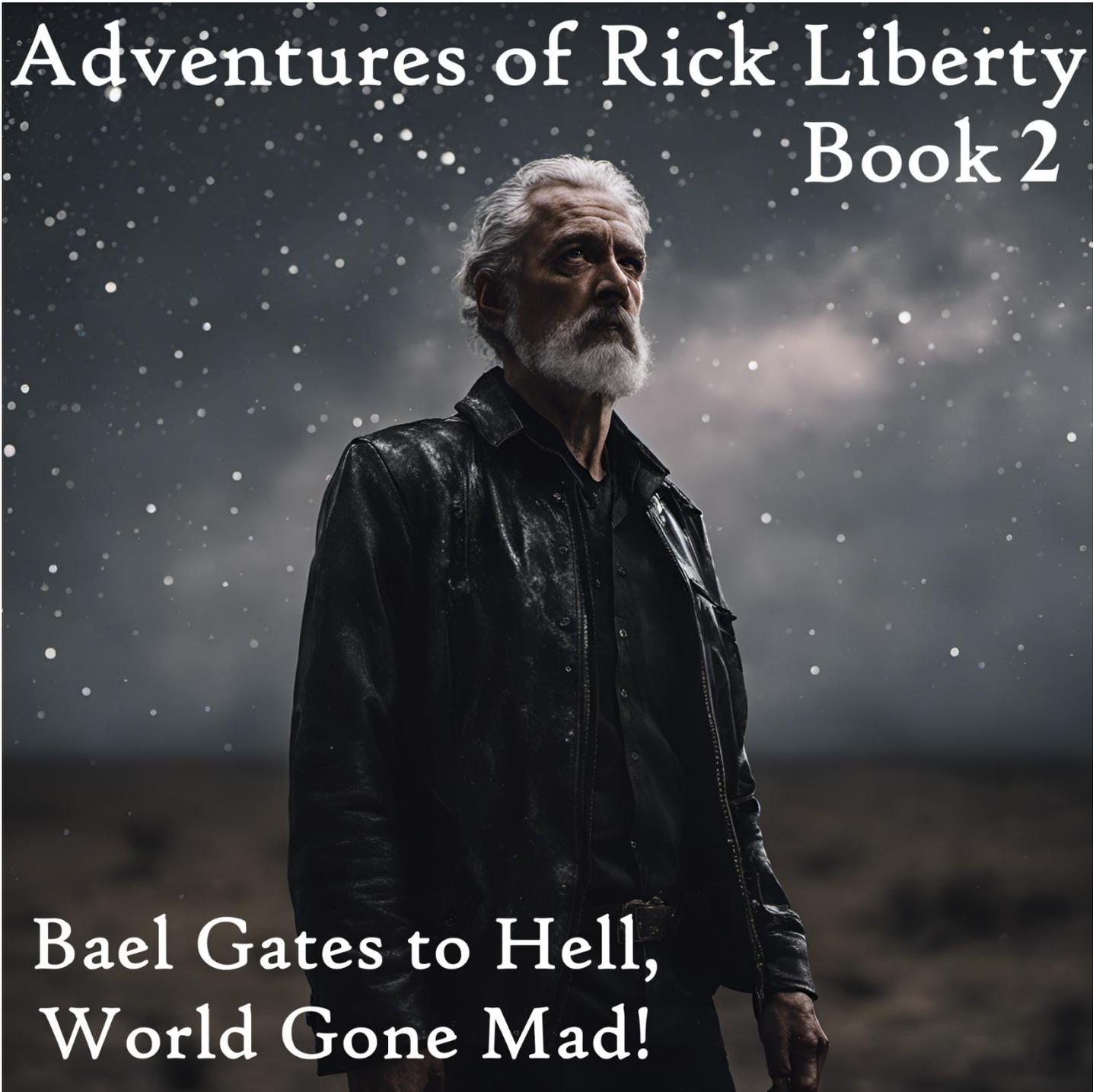
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World Gone Mad!

By Richard Seaborne