



Release: January 10, 2025

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY & HELL DIFFICULTY

Adventures of Rick Liberty

COMPLETE BOOK-1

Becoming Rick Liberty, God's Champion

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!

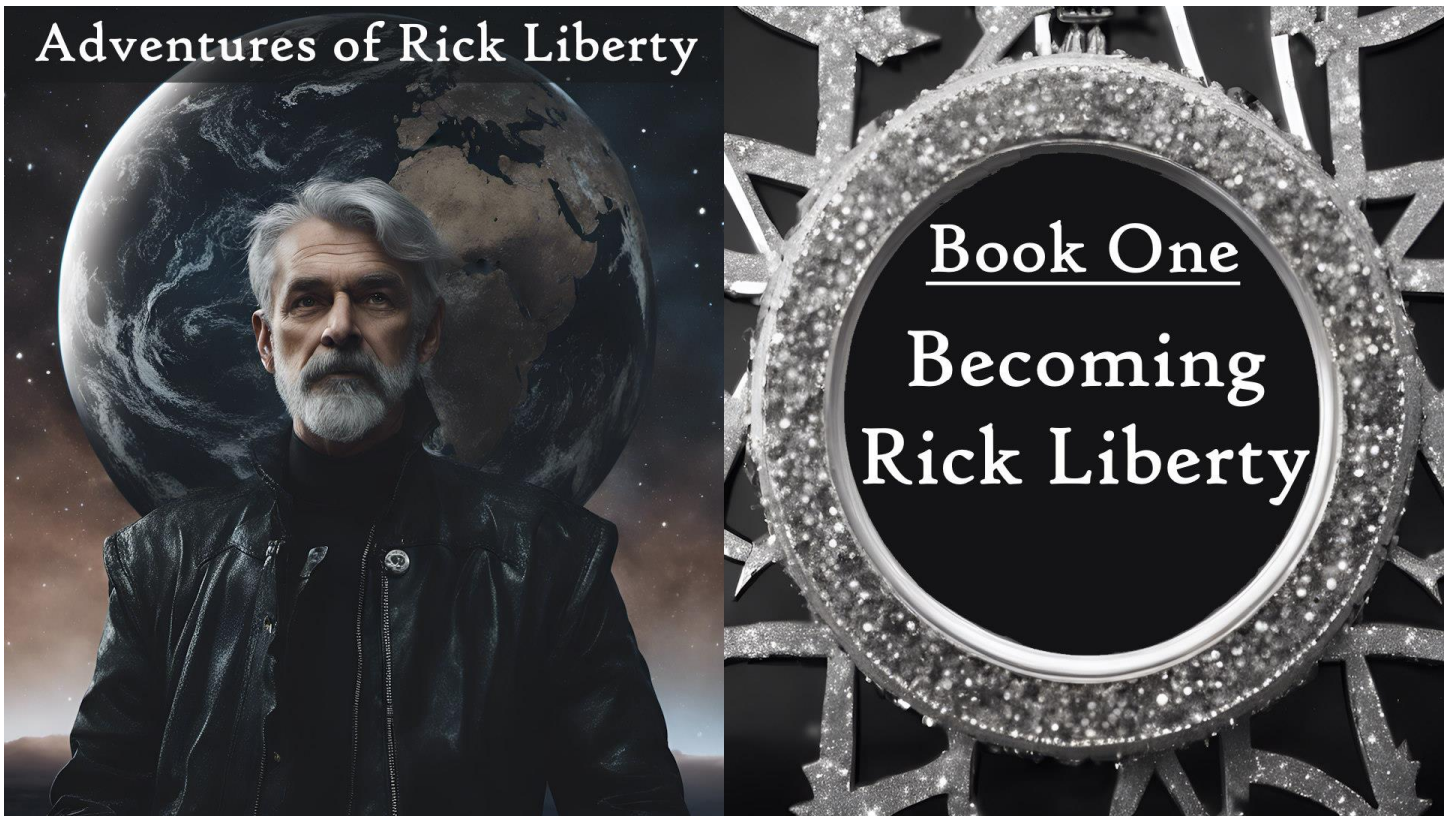
ALL CONTENT SHOULD BE CONSIDERED FICTIONAL AND NON-POLITICAL

Any similarities to real-world persons, organizations, entities, events, or beliefs are not intended as real-world representations or narratives. Fictional variations of some real-world elements are used to enhance the stories.

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 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.

E000 RICK000 TRAILER ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY SPLASH ATTRACT



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Attract for the Adventures of Rick Liberty from the Hell Difficulty Saga.mp4](#)

Rumble Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554lpx-e000-rick000-trailer-teaser-blast-splash-attract-for-the-adventures-of-rick.html>

YouTube

<https://youtu.be/OKq5QLb4ljs>

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.

72.5 Hours of Original Content!

Created over seven years by a neuro-degenerating man.

A dream to inspire people to be the best they can be and live a righteous and moral life.

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

The Script”

- The Adventures of Rick Liberty!
- An AI Art Extravaganza!
 - ~19,000 Original AI Assisted, AI Generated, and Human Created Character and Scene Art
 - All with Custom AI Prompts
 - See how AI Art quality has evolved since April 2023
- Rick Liberty’s AI Art Video Book Statistics – By the Numbers: (updated):
 - 27.5 hours Narrated AI Art Video Books for Adventures of Rick Liberty, Liberty Zone, and AI Demystified
 - And – Add ANOTHER 43 hours of Narrated Audio Book for the Hell Difficulty Saga and Tech Zone
 - And - 2 hours of Teasers and Trailers
 - TOTALING 72.5 hours of Original Content
- Taking Seven Years to Create...
- By a Neurodegenerating man
- Over 2,400 page story at 775,000 words [manuscript]
- One Person,
 - Seven Years,
 - A Vision
 - A North Star
 - To Inspire and Move Hearts and Souls
- As... Rick Liberty...

Details:

○ The Liberty Zone Stories adds:	+ 01:05:16	hours of Narration with AI Art
○ AI Demystified adds:	+ 02:06:54	hours of Narration with AI Art
○ Rick Liberty Season 1:	+ 05:48:26	hours of Narration with AI Art
○ Rick Liberty Season 2:	+ 04:06:38	hours of Narration with AI Art
○ Rick Liberty Season 3:	+ 05:11:13	hours of Narration with AI Art
○ Rick Liberty Season 4:	+ 09:11:13	hours of Narration with AI Art
○ Hell Difficulty Saga + Video Game Industry:	+ 42:56:19	hours of Narration (no AI Art)
• Includes:		
▪ Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures		
▪ Tales - Video Game Industry		
▪ Lessons - Video Game Industry		
▪ Insights - Video Game Industry		
○ Teasers & Trailers add:	+ 02:12:39	hours of Narration with AI Art

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-rl-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.

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Rick recounts his tale in hopes of securing his freedom and ability to resume his Mission Quest for God.

The Script

- **The Story as Rick Sees It...**
 - 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...**
- **He is... Rick Liberty...**
- But... Rick Liberty is the persona of a man confined in psychiatric prison for the criminally insane...
- He suffers from dementia... but insists the battle between Hell and Heaven and the Cult of Bael...is all - very real
- Join Rick Liberty on his adventures...and misadventures...saving humanity...

E001 RICK001 PREFACE AND SETUP INTRODUCTION



Local File:

[\\LibertyBooksVideos\E001 Rick001 Preface Introduction Setup for the Hell Difficulty Saga and the Adventures of Rick Liberty.mp4](https://libertybooks.com/Videos/E001%20Rick001%20Preface%20Introduction%20Setup%20for%20the%20Hell%20Difficulty%20Saga%20and%20the%20Adventures%20of%20Rick%20Liberty.mp4)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554mgj-e001-rick001-preface-introduction-setup-for-the-hell-difficulty-saga-and-ad.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/8D5nUsvdLdM>

Description:

Learn about the divine role of The Fulcrum, of how the balance of Good & Evil and the ultimate destiny of humankind rests on the shoulders of the celestial empowered newborn Richard.

See the schism of reality between the world Richard sees and the world his psychiatrists see. Learn about the Cast of primary characters – the Doctors and Richard’s allies...

Hear the struggles and challenges of the real Richard Seaborne just living life, especially his difficulty in the creation of the *Hell Difficulty Saga*, *Adventures of Rick Liberty*, *The Liberty Zone*, *The Tech Zone*, and *AI Demystified* – in conceiving, writing stories & AI Render Prompts, recording & editing, integrating it all into videos, and publishing them... spanning over seven years (so far).

Recognize your role as the reader, listener, and watcher... ..to evangelize and spread the word – of whatever you have gleaned and learned from these books, videos, and podcasts.

COVER: A life's journey of hubris to loss in defense of humanity...

Welcome to the Hell Difficulty and the Adventures of Rick Liberty.

A Life's Journey of Hubris to Loss in the Defense of Humanity...

Hell Difficulty is dedicated to my inspiration, true love, and personal Angel,
my Wife Katherine,
and to my supportive and brilliant daughter, Amanda.

The Legal Stuff...

HELL DIFFICULTY Saga, Adventures of Rick Liberty, Lessons & Insights from the Video Game Industry, and Tales from
the Video books, stories, characters, content, podcasts, videos, and all materials Copyright © 2021-2023 and Beyond

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Any similarities to real-world to persons, organizations, beliefs, or locations is entirely coincidental.

Hell Difficulty is entirely a fictional story with elements of my personal autobiography.

INTRODUCTION

You are listening to – or watching – or reading...

The Hell Difficulty Saga

Which includes...

- Episodes for -

The Adventures of Rick Liberty

Richard's Memories and Fiction

Tales from the Video Game Industry

Lessons & Insights from the Video Game Industry

. . .

As...

Stories are Remembered Long After the Facts Are Forgotten.

. . .

Please retell the tale of *Hell Difficulty and what it meant to you.*

You are listening to me, the real Richard Seaborne, whom Hell Difficulty is based on.

DREAM STUDIO AI ART GENERATION TIPS & TRICKS

Dream Studio (Beta) AI Art Generator by Stability.AI

Let's talk about art – the characters, the objects, the scenes...

- The characters, objects, and scenes... have all been created using an Artificial Intelligence (AI) Art Generator – known as Dream Studio.
- I hope the remarkable - AI conjured visuals - for Hell Difficulty and its many books – including The Adventures of Rick Liberty – inspires and showcases the current state of AI Art Generation.

If you are reading the books - or listening to a podcast – you may want to seek out the videos – to see the visuals supporting the stories from Hell Difficulty and the Adventures of Rick Liberty. YouTube has been a good place to find the videos.

IN THE BEGINNING – THE PREFACE

Hell Difficulty: The Preface...

In the beginning there was nothing, then there was something... A baby's cry pierced the Mountain View, California hospital's busy halls on July 31, 1968. In that moment - the world was made real to this new soul borne to this challenging, if not outright tormenting world.

The baby had two siblings, sisters born on Mexican soil making them dual citizens with the United States and Mexico. Such was not the situation for this baby, as it was born in a busy urban hospital that would burn down a year later destroying all records of his birth.

Only an old uncertified hospital birth certificate existed as proof the child was a citizen of the USA, or even the child of this man and woman that were said to be his parents. The hospital's microfiche records, a backup storage on film-like celluloid viewed by big tv-like projectors in the baby's era, had been lost to the fire along with its physical documents. The child entered the world ultimately with no formal or legal documentation; he was, in effect, "undocumented".

The child's mother, Nancy, was born to a devout Catholic family but she rebelled against it. She hated what she saw as overly controlling highly "proper" conservative uptight Catholics. Although she feared God as she was raised to do ... she did not agree to follow his teachings.

Despite her attitude, the baby's mother followed her prescribed path all the way to graduating from Stanford with a teaching credential. However, that was the end of her path of propriety – and the beginning of her dalliance with the dark side.

She was a Stanford graduate and previously a schoolteacher, but struggled with the prankster ill nature of some of her students; ultimately, she resigned teaching to pursue the role of an electronics technician, an unlikely choice for a single woman in the late 1960's.

Though Nancy was extremely bright, she was not the strongest emotional person and often became co-dependent on people regardless of how bad they might be for her. Her choices in men and near blind following of their direction came from her confused Catholic subservience in her youth per her mother's and father's commands. And they took their commands from The Lord, God, through the Bible and Catholic teachings and Church.

The consequence of such an overwhelming Catholic presence was Nancy's own undeveloped emotions and guards, and correspondingly suffered weak emotional intelligence; she had not learned to truly think for herself. People, especially predatory men, recognized Nancy's innate vulnerability to them and took advantage of it.

And here we are now – Nancy's newborn, Richard, had been born. "Richard" was a kingly name that both his mother and father respected. "Rick" was a powerful, strong name with a survivalist tone. "Dick" was a down-to-earth intelligent detective everyone admired. "Richard" was the perfect name.

Richard's father, Silver Seaborne, wanted his middle name to be "Lee" while his mother hoped for "Lynne" in honor of a distant relative. It is believed BOTH names were given to Richard, the first one with "Lynne" and a replacement with "Lee" later upon Silver's relentless insistence.

Silver demanded that "Richard Lee" sounded like an important man founding or fighting for America; he did not know exactly who "Richard Lee" was but he liked the name and its implied prowess.

Silver won - Richard's uncertified birth certificate would name him "Lee" and there is no contradicting documents anywhere in the world – and so his name would be "Richard Lee Seaborne".

...

Nancy sought to consider issues that might befall her child as she gazed upon him lovingly.

Beyond basics of love, food, shelter, protection...she contemplated the more likely harbinger of suffering – PEOPLE and THE BRUTAL HOSTILE WORLD. It had been harsh to her she felt.

She even worried government - could do terrible things - to her baby. Her recent difficult experience proving her Mexico borne daughters were American citizens made her worry the baby might encounter identification issues of his own down the road, and so would secure a social security card for him immediately to establish the baby's citizenship [as she expected people might question it]. That social security card proved pivotal in proving Richard's uncertified birth certificate was legitimate; her fears were prudent.

Nancy, exhausted and worn from birthing, cradled the child with love and adoration as most new mothers do; however, she acquiesced to Silver, the father, who demanded to hold the child and examine him for health and strength. The father valued power and control above all else. He hoped his son would embody those traits as he did himself.

But the tiny little child was only a baby without words or much awareness, and so disappointed the father. Tragic and shocking as it seemed to the medical team, the father exclaimed the baby had large testicles so perhaps he could be a real man yet. In fact, the baby suffered unfortunate swelling and bloating from Delivery which distorted his “member” and caused much pain to the newborn’s first moments in the world. *But cries are typical and so the additional pain went unnoticed and thusly uncared for.*

The father was not a good man. His ‘legal’ name was Silver, the name on his latest illegal Passport; his real name was Melvin Erwin Ross but that was at least seven false identities ago.

Silver had little compassion for others and had great disdain for them. He saw most “people” as “sheeple” or “foes” that were to be manipulated or crushed. There was little room in his perspective for gradients between. He was very judgmental, absolute, and unforgiving. He would later quip a quote heard somewhere - “Kill them all and let god sort it out...not my problem!”

Silver officially made a living repairing TV’s, Radios, and an occasional car or motorcycle; however, his real source of income was criminal. He purchased firearm parts and constructed automatic weapons, acquired grenades and small munitions from manufacturing line “back door deals” on items that “walked off the floor”. He would package these up and sell them to gangs and cartels in the States and across the border in Mexico.

Between weapon deals - Silver sold street drugs to supplement his income, making cash flow more reliable and predictable. He certainly would have retained more wealth had he not drank, snorted, or gambled his money away. He lived life to its fullest as Libertine but at the cost of his future.

Silver developed a glassy-eyed stare which Nancy would call “Wolf Eyes”, a phrase she said described how he would look through someone like they were not even there; they were no more than a feral animal that needed to be put down or even consumed.

When Nancy saw Wolf Eyes, she knew someone was going to be gravely injured or maybe even killed.

Again - Silver was not a good man.

And Nancy was a co-dependent emotionally troubled woman. Both Silver and Nancy were insanely intelligent by any standard, just one striving for good and the other for evil. But the dark side attracted Nancy, and she willingly partnered with Silver and became his wife and mother to his three children.

'The Fulcrum' Fructified from the Union of Good and Evil



The Fulcrum' Fructified from the Union of Good and Evil...

Opposites apparently do attract, and bad boys are extremely attractive to rebellious otherwise good girls. Their union of extreme good and evil forged this baby, fructifying the Divine Fulcrum which all humankind and its humanity would ultimately be judged by.

People have expected the "Second Coming" would be some kind of Jesus 2.0. But they were wrong. The "Second Coming" is the arrival of humankind's Judge.

This baby is "The Second Coming" but has no idea. He is the Divine Judge, the "Divine Fulcrum" from which the scales of Good and Evil hang.

Should he falter, the scales will shift to Darkness and Evil. Should he stand strong, the scales will shift to Light and Good.

There is a God. There is a Devil. There are Angels. There are Demons.

They come in human, animal, and supernatural forms.

Individuals have always been judged throughout time.

This baby is The Divine Test which will determine the very existence of the human race.

This baby, Richard, is The Fulcrum.

The Divine Test shall teeter and totter the scales of Good and Evil mirroring Richard's drift toward light or dark, toward good or evil.

His journey is not one of joy or delight, but one of Torment and all things presenting Hell Difficulty. He starts with nothing but struggles to find his way as he gains wealth and achieves great things. But all his accomplishments serve to contrast his life as they, his health, and his mind are taken from him through neurodegeneration of the very thing that guides his life and beliefs – his brain.

Richard will know good and evil intimately before his end days.

This is Richard's story, the tale of The Divine Test, of The Fulcrum...

ABOUT THE READER AND THE LISTENER

How Will You Judge Richard at The End of His Journey:

You - are the ultimate judge and arbiter for Richard.

Will you believe Richard was great and good with a deep private connection to God and Faith?

Or will you see Richard as a murderous frustrated privileged entitled old white male mad man that has finally found justice served upon him?

Or will you see Richard as a man that began with intent to do good but went mad in his later years and ultimately killed a man due to his degenerated mind's insanity?

My hope is that all possibilities including ones I did not even conceive are considered.

May the Left and Right, the Woke and Traditionalists, and everyone in between see the threads of life's tapestry, the facets of an intricate mind, and the complex social interactions of relentless representation of 'good' in the face of real-world challenges.

I have summarized Dante Alighieri's *Inferno* simply as "One must pass through Hell to arrive at Heaven" because I believe firmly that only through contrast of suffering can one truly know joy and happiness.

This fundamental belief defines The Fulcrum – he must suffer immensely to know evil and be the greatest champion of good.

With so much laid out made visible - the reader and listener will decide for themselves where their own values land. You will know in your heart our destiny...

Read and listen on, oh Great Arbiter! Make your judgment...

‘THESE ARE THE ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY



- These episodes are focused on the entirely fictional Adventures of Rick Liberty.
- The story opens with Richard Seaborne – our protagonist – sentenced to an indeterminate (potentially lifetime) of imprisonment - in a psychiatric hospital for the criminally insane... because he was convicted of killing a black man – which he alleges was in self-defense, after he interceded with a crowbar to stop a mugging of elderly couple.
- Richard recounts his life from childhood to his present... The Adventures of Rick Liberty are his fictional ‘flashback’ tales from his misadventures – as he became the fantastical and Quixotic - Rick Liberty...

E002 RICK002 ABOUT THE AUTHOR WHY I WROTE HELL DIFFICULTY



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E002 Rick002 About the Author Understanding Neurodegeneration Bipolar FTD Why I Wrote Hell Difficulty Saga Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554nac-e002-rick002-about-the-author-understanding-neurodegeneration-bipolar-ftd-w.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/M9z8W1b2CIc>

Description:

Richard recounts how he came to realize he was suffering mental and physical decline, and his consequential struggles.

Learn about Emotional Lability and Pseudo Bulbar Affect (PBA) – Emotional Epilepsy – through the lens of a degenerating man.

Hear how perception, anxiety, and emotional “weakness” create a trifecta of compromised functionality.

Understand the challenges of chronic pain, brain fog, and reduced awareness, comprehension, and perception.

Recognize the internal fight to simply “Remember”...

I have lived a challenging life much like Richard in *Hell Difficulty*, with the character loosely modeled after myself with names, locations, dates, and relationships changed to protect people and support the narrative.

Hell Difficulty Modeled After My Life Infused with Fictional “Blended Reality”:

I have lived a challenging life much like Richard in *Hell Difficulty*, with the character loosely modeled after myself with names, locations, dates, and relationships changed to protect people and support the narrative.

Hell Difficulty is a sort of semi-fictional autobiography of my life up to the moment that I realized my mind was “going” and then continues from there in a fictional tale blending my perception (as Richard) and the world’s reality into his Quixotic adventures.

It is my hope that the tale of Hell Difficulty resonates with everyone in some way because I firmly believe we all struggle with the challenges thrown at us. Few of us are without trouble or hurt.

Hell Difficulty Showcases a Soul Committed to Honor, Integrity, Righteousness:

Perhaps seeing a man that rose from nothing to become “something” but be unable to enjoy it due to his descent into mental and physical degeneration but rails against his decline entering his fantasy.

May *Hell Difficulty* showcase how it is possible to triumph and maintain honor and integrity despite life’s oppression and hardships right up to life’s end.

And that in that end – what really mattered was the journey of doing ‘good’ for and by others.

May Hell Difficulty Shine a Light on Social Treatment of the ‘Good’ and ‘Righteous’:

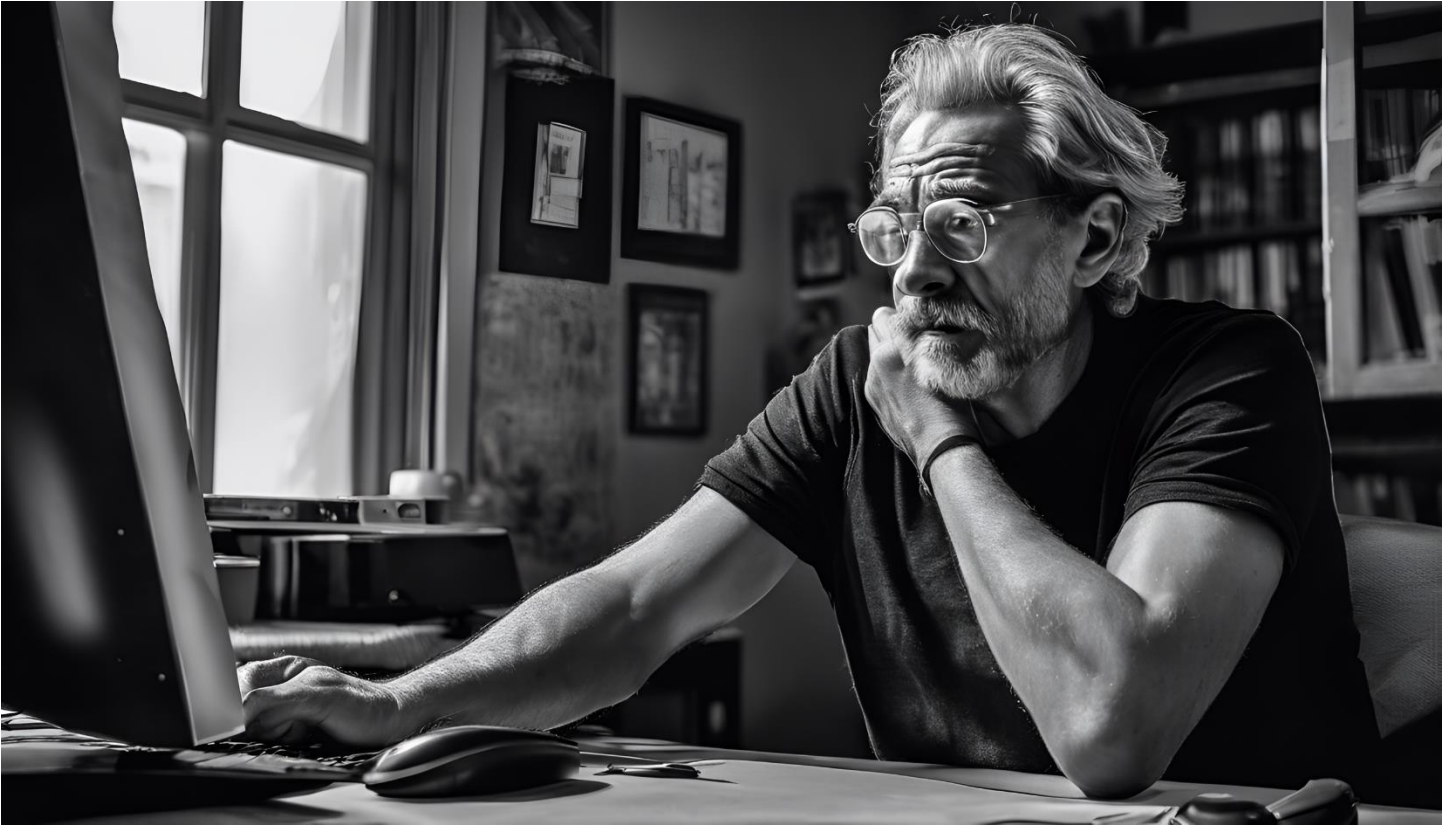
I hope to illustrate how ideals and righteousness and goodness are mocked and condemned by much of the world populace today, especially those that call themselves liberal or woke. Some are explicit and some indirect on how they attack faith and family and morality, but they attack all the same.

Both the woke and non-woke have moments in conflict with traditional ‘good’ and so *Hell Difficulty* does not intend to declare an absolute right side of history stance.

Instead – *Hell Difficulty* tells the tale of a man’s journey and how all walks of life and politics engage with him.

All said - I recognize any stance will offend people; however, it is my hope all people will read and listen to *Hell Difficulty* and give it a sincere fair assessment for what is *actually right and good to them* when they see each situation front and center.

Who Am I



Who am I – Unrecognizable in the Mirror:

In my reality –

One morning I looked into the bathroom mirror, and I did not recognize the face looking back at me. I was freaked out. I did not know how to “process” that I did not recognize my own reflection.

With emotions running high, I started wondering if I could have had a stroke. Then I realized there were things I could not recall.

I could not remember anything about when my second daughter was born. I wondered what else did I forget? Again - did I have stroke? I was scared and horrified; what was going on!? I panicked! But consulting or tests showed nothing, instead it was implied I might be depressed or even making things up to score some drugs...

Anyone who spent even a minute to Google “Richard Seaborne” would quickly discover I was a recognized genius luminary in computer software, networking, cloud, analytics, augmented reality, and video game console development of over thirty years including being Chief Technology Officer and Studio Head at Fortune 500 companies.

Why would I make up losing my mind, stop working because of it, and be looking to score some anti-depressants and a few Ativan!? Seriously!!!

Sporadic Failed Spatial Cognition and Unreliable Memory and Leaving Things About:

Things quickly progressed, or were discovered looking for them...

Analog “old school” clocks’ hands were confusing to me at times – what did the shorthand mean, or the long hand? Where should they be for 50 minutes vs 10 minutes after? What was my zip code? Cardinal directions once perfect were suddenly randomly inverted – South was North, North was South. Sometimes I would forget what city I was in and even believe I was somewhere else when asked.

I would forget things on tables, leave cabinet doors open, and refer to sandals as slippers. And then there were my occasional syllable elongation or exaggeration without explanation. Simple things were sometimes just “wrong”.

Physical Pain, Clumsiness, and Lag – Beyond Neuropathy:

Holding things required focus and effort to not drop them randomly; I would use both hands to carry a cup for fear of one letting go and the cup falling. I would brush my teeth but every so often the toothbrush would jump out of my hand into the sink or onto the soap tray sending old soapy water flying onto the mirror and countertop.

My knee or leg might rarely lag behind my mind and rest of my body, pulling a muscle or straining a ligament. I have even fallen due to physical lag in my limbs. The same thing happens to my hands and arms but that is more about hitting things which bruises or cuts me. My skin is very thin and consequently easily cuts and bruises, making the clumsiness especially annoying and outright injurious.

My legs and arms withered a lot, and my entire body became gaunt. I had lost 73 pounds and was unhealthy looking. I looked like an advanced cancer patient. I began a concerted effort to eat excessive sugary foods to regain and hold some 35 pounds. It was incredible how badly I could eat and yet my blood-sugar level remained relatively low. Things were not right in my metabolism. Doctors wondered if it was MS or ALS.

Itches from Hell:

Itches confounded me especially at night or when particularly stressed. The itches would appear always some hard-to-reach place or on my face, and a simple scratch may help but usually it was somehow just under my skin where only extreme almost cutting scratches could satisfy and deliver relief. In rare cases the very itch would move, running from the solution, fleeing as if it were a demon that sought to wreak havoc as it danced across my flesh. In such horrific moments only scratching other areas of my body to distract from the other can it be stopped; it must be intercepted with a more powerful signal I am convinced.

Inside-Out, Upside-Down Life and Clothes:

I occasionally wore my shirt or sweats backwards or inside-out and be confused why their pockets or stitching were visible or sewn backwards; “*They did not used to be this way, so someone changed them, but why!?*” I would argue to anyone in earshot with no remedy possible.

Emotional Lability and Pseudo Bulbar Affect (PBA) Sobbing:

Emotional lability doctors called it, and specifically a medical name of Pseudo Bulbar Affect (PBA). I cried, not because I was terribly unhappy (which strangely I think I should have been given all my maladies) but because my brain misfired, and tears would flow, and things would go off the rails making me suddenly feel terror and hopelessness like I was down the bottom of a well with a glass cover on top and oxygen slowly waning... Sadly, most things that made me unhappy had fair odds of ALSO triggering an excessive response in my brain and a resulting PBA episode. Yea, it was like emotional epilepsy that made me cry.

Interactions with People Compromised:

Perhaps worst of all was arguing about something unimportant with people that are important to you and not being able to stop even though you wanted to. It was like my thought-to-word and thought-to-action filter did not work reliably anymore, and sadly even seemed to work less well over the years.

Diagnosis Bad – Lewy Body, Alzheimer’s, FTD Dementia, Ischemic Strokes, ALS, TBD:

Doctors concluded that I suffered neurodegeneration most probably frontal temporal lobe dementia (FTD) though said it could be Lewy Body Dementia with elements of Alzheimer’s, Parkinson’s, and ALS. Some doctors conceded that for no explainable reason my brain atrophied and continued to shrink and would result in things not working right all the time and progress to eventual death. They added consequential diagnoses like Bipolar Disorder, Generalize Anxiety Disorder, Generalized Health Anxiety Disorder, and more. The list soon became more akin to simply me “declining” and would eventually be “lost”.

One cannot know how long they will be alive nor how well they will remember things in the future, but it is another matter when they can no longer rely on knowing what they knew much less learn new things. When memories can be triggered it proves to me, they are still there but cannot be accessed for recall directly. Some other related triggers must bring them out of deep brain storage so they can be used again and potentially re-stored in more recent functioning memory.

Hell Difficulty – Fighting to Remember Snapshots Life’s Triumph Over Adversity:

Hell Difficulty should trigger my own memories so I can recall and write them down before they fall off a “mind cliff” down into the River of Styx where souls and memories are lost, adrift for all eternity...

I do not want my mind to go gently into that goodnight.

I intend to rage against it.

I will write *Hell Difficulty* and it will be epic!

The format of *Hell Difficulty* is not the typical book structure but is rather a collection of snapshot memories as I could remember them, ordered where I felt they exerted the most influence on me or the story.

There is a greater story arc connecting the snapshots illustrating the blurred line between fact and fiction in the mind of a degenerating brain. As dementia usurps the mind of *Hell Difficulty*’s Richard (not me the author) he invents a fantasy world augmenting the real world so he can pursue his Quixotic fantasies.

E003 Rick003 One Foot in the Quixotic Stirrup



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E003 Rick003 One Foot in the Quixotic Stirrup_Resentful Losing Identity_Sanity Adrift_Mental Disorders_Hell Difficulty Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554o00-e003-rick003-one-foot-in-the-quixotic-stirrup-losing-identity-sanity-adrift.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/cASGXB2jp54>

Description:

“Stories are Remembered Long After the Facts Are Forgotten”, Richard explains, is about making “reality” more interesting and engaging – as colorful stories with deep texture... ..and where Fact and Fiction are blurred together.

Richard reveals his “Storyed Reality” – a way to make his dreams and fantastical adventures possible – and make sense. But - he “Presents Well”, masking his significant mental decline and diminishing sanity – thereby making doctors dismissive.

Dark thoughts rise from being “disregarded” and his suffering ignored. Richard has steadily lost hope and confidence.

Richard now questions his purpose and value in life.

What happens when someone experiences a “Nuke and Pave” event – like losing their cognition, perception, or emotional control?

Stories are Remembered Long After the Facts are Forgotten:

I wrote in The Tower of Myraglen that –

“Stories are remembered long after the facts are forgotten”.

That message has stuck with me for my entire life.

It is as fundamental to me as “Don’t fret about making the right decision, make your decision right.”

In my mind’s eye I see myself in my last bastion of sanity wanting to maximize my life and live to my fullest potential and happiness. I imagine others might see my “freedom” as eccentric if not alarming even.

But I fantasize of Quixotic adventure in my end days as Alonzo Quehanna did, becoming and potentially ending days as a Don Quixote fantasy knight of my creation.

Like Cervantes Quixote – I hope my tale will shape hearts and minds for centuries.

Making Dreams a Reality – “Storied Reality”:

Hell Difficulty’s Richard aspires to become and live the stories that gave him hope and strength to endure and overcome his many hardships in life.

He hopes to forget his past and forge new stories going forward where he is heroic and knightly and all things good and righteous so he can overcome the evil sent against him and ideals.

He dreams of living a life where he pursues and acts out the things, he imagined a knight would do were he dropped out of heaven like a fallen angel into this modern cesspool of a world.

Richard’s faith, fantasy, and reality are coming together as supernatural forces assault him in his “storied reality”.

“Storied Reality” is the name I use for “Richard’s World” where his degenerating mind has gradually and progressively blurred his fantasy with his reality such that his stories are infused with his reality.

And yet Richard “presents well” and remains insanely intelligent and articulate. He masks his mental degeneration and dementia madness so well that people think him only a bit odd or eccentric.

People see Richard as wise and a person to admire and follow should the need arise. Richard is a natural leader and people gravitate towards him, regardless of his new strange idiosyncrasies and quirks. They have somehow only made him more approachable and a martyr for his cause.

Following in Don Quixote’s Stirrups:

Much like Cervantes’ Alonzo Quehanna’s “brains dried up” for him to become Don Quixote, so did Richard suffer neurodegeneration that would effectively “dry his brains up” gradually as they atrophied into deeper dementia.

But Richard was and is still extremely intelligent. Even being neurodegenerative compromised – he “out thinks” most people. But his “logic” is now based on misinformation or exaggerations, and so he makes faulty decisions despite being brilliant.

And so –

Richard finally threw himself into his dementia so that he could live his last months, maybe a few years at most, alive and adventuring (even if they were misadventures) rather than remaining home awaiting his final days isolated and having done nothing with his remaining time.

Subconscious Clashing with Conscious:

I find the moment a lost memory re-surfaces my conscious mind is distressed about the clear lost functionality and applies a subconscious erosion of personal pride, confidence, and identity. The degeneration is more than just cognition and faculties but of trust in yourself and your perception of the world.

Everything becomes scary, difficult to navigate, and hard to even exist. Life becomes an overwhelming implosion of “stuff” coming at you, threatening you, and eating at you from within. It assaults your psyche, confounding the conscious with the subconscious flailing about inside. This is my madness of anxiety and emotional lability.

Emotional Epilepsy Often Segways to PBA Sobbing and Extended Emotional Lability:

Thankfully, the ‘emotional epilepsy’, as I labeled it, starts at a trigger event, and it amplifies into an explosion of PBA crying and even instant fatigue and weakness. There are often a number of PBA “aftershocks” for minutes or hours where I can despair and even ideate on how suicide would be better for everyone else and me.

But it passes – and I am then glad I resisted the lamentation urges of doom that inspire dark ‘escape’ thoughts.

Resentment of Uncompassionate Medical Professionals Washing Hands of Me:

I have felt medical professionals refused to recognize my suffering, some even suggesting I was imagining things, that it was in my head, that I was just depressed. All just offered anti-depressants and told me to go away. Well, my sister did that and she died from a stroke; they were wrong.

I developed strong resentment towards these dismissive doctors and nurses.

Some doctors said come back when things got worse because there was nothing they could do then.

I received no compassion, no understanding.

Insurance Bureaucracy and Bogus Charges and Wrongful Collectors Plagued Me:

Instead of receiving doctor care and attention, I received insurance bureaucracy lies and misdirection, crazy unjustified expensive bills not covered by insurance (even though prior approved) and demanding through collections though wrong, and negative unsupportive condemnation if not outright damning judgment for seeking treatment.

No amount of phone calls or letters or statements of benefits stopped the collections agencies because they do not get paid unless I pay. I would not pay an unjustified bill, and so they kept harassing me. And the doctor office and insurance companies agreed the bill had been paid. This was a small slice of bureaucratic *Hell On Earth*.

Could No Longer Work or Drive or Shop or Interact with People:

All the while – I could no longer work with how bad things had become. But no one cared.

I could no longer drive. I could no longer work. I could not even go shopping with someone else because I would get lost or confused or argue with people. Things had become bad...

Self-Doubt Mounted: Gave Assault Rifle and Pistol to Daughter out of Prudence:

It made me so angry, so resentful, that I found myself imagining how they would feel if they suffered like I did. I would never inflict harm on them I thought but hoped maybe someone else might do it.

The very thought I felt okay about their being harmed worried me; I never thought that way! I owned an assault rifle and a pistol for protection and sport. I worried if a severe PBA episode happened would I temporarily seek a weapon? Although I remain convinced that I would never act on my imagination, I felt out of prudence I should take my thoughts seriously.

I was so upset and resentful at a recent medical appointment that it triggered an episode that lasted hours if not a day. Those thoughts freaked me out more. I imagined if I lost control of my “supervisor” mind that keeps my impulses in check and given my deadly shooting accuracy at short and long range, it would be best that gave to my daughter my AR-15 and Glock .40 with all their ammunition. Supportively she took the weapons and properly registered them with the local, state, and federal agencies.

My Written Stories Will Help Me Remember When My Facts Are Forgotten:

No amount of planning or mitigation can help with losing who you are. You do not know how long you have or how long you will remember enough to be “yourself” and have the cognition to communicate what you can recall.

And so, I have begun to write my experiences and memories as they come to me and will share them as they bring us to the present and beyond into the Quixotic fantastical adventure of *Hell Difficulty's Richard* (which is not entirely the real-world Richard, “me”).

‘What We Do’ Defines Us in Our World Fraught with Good and Evil:

Beyond sharing my life’s journey in an entertaining form, I hope to inspire people to embrace that evil and good exist, and it is ‘what we do’ that defines us.

‘Nuke and Pave’ Values and History – Who Will I Be After The “Nuke and Pave?”:

In conclusion –

I have been diagnosed with a neurodegenerative disease, something that has been eroding my very identity without me knowing it over the last decade. By the time “it” was recognized it was hard to recognize “me” anymore; indeed, “it” had been surreptitiously replacing “me”.

In many ways I see my mind and identity are suffering a “nuke and pave” experience where many of the things I think I am are being stripped from me and the emerging “me” is not who I want to be. I wonder what will I become if the “nuking” continues...

It makes me contemplate even greater things -

- What happens when things beyond our control strike us, destroy things we love, or shatter our fundamental beliefs?
- What happens when our parents, in the name of doing good, hurt us [repeatedly]?
- What happens when those who love us forget about us, even abandon us?
- What happens when wickedness besets its claws in us?
- What happens when our very minds degenerate and reality slips away?
- What happens when you are more alone than you were at birth?
- What happens ...

Where Facts and Fiction Blur in the Human Mind is the foundation of Hell Difficulty:

There are many hardships in life, and when one's sanity is adrift it becomes difficult to know where life's story is fiction and where it is fact.

I sincerely believe many facts and truths in *Hell Difficulty* will be perceived as fiction, and that is okay. My life has been and remains Epic, truly Legendary, even if through the challenges of Hell Difficulty!

Hell Difficulty's Richard blends my history with his fiction, focusing on his interactions with Psychiatrists and life after his diagnosis of neurodegenerative FrontoLobe Temporal Dementia (FTD) with Memory, Aphasia, Neuropathy, and Bipolar.

Richard's world suffered a great reset after a heroic event where he saved two senior citizens from a mugging and probably their lives was twisted into a life-shattering moment where he was cast as a murderer of the black assailant instead of a savior of seniors.

This may be the final story for Richard should he fail to convince his captors that he merits freedom and independence.

Hell Difficulty sets out to blur the line between facts and fiction through Richard's degenerating mind while showcasing societal reactions to his madness.

Enjoy *Hell Difficulty* and please share with your friends and colleagues whatever you gleaned from it.

Thank you,

Richard Seaborne
'The Fulcrum'

E004 RICK004 THE CAST OF ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E004 Rick004 The Cast of Adventurers and Psychiatrists from the Hell Difficulty Saga and Adventures of Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554olm-e004-rick004-the-cast-of-adventurers-and-psychiatrists-from-the-hell-diffic.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/LedHowh3XBU>

Description:

Learn about the Primary Cast of Characters found within the Adventures of Rick Liberty and the Hell Difficulty Saga.

Discover the backgrounds of the Psychiatrist Doctors that oversee Richard's "Recovery" following his being committed to a mental hospital for the criminally insane.

See the initial team that joins Richard on his Adventures.

The Doctors

Doctor Bhadrakok Caselli, World Renown Neuropsychiatrist, Neurosurgeon:



- PHD, MD Neurosurgery, Neurology, Psychiatry, Neuropsychiatry
- Specialties:
 - Brain Surgery
 - Spinal Surgery
 - Neuropathic Surgery
 - Electronic-Brain-Implant Surgery
 - Court Appointed Psychiatrist for the Violent and Extremist Criminally Insane
- Appearance and Details:
 - Doctor Caselli – in his late fifties – is a lean, clean shaven black man who reliably wears formal attire. He electively dons a pair of glasses.
 - He has worked hard to overcome what he agrees was systemic racism against him. He pursues justice and sanity – in his patients – for the betterment of society, community, and culture.

Doctor Brandon Bradbury, Neuropsychiatrist – specl. Neurodegeneration, Trauma:



- PHD, MD Psychiatry, Neurology
- Specialties:
 - Physical Brain Trauma
 - Neurodegeneration
 - Neuropathy
 - Alzheimer's, Lewy Body, Advanced Brain Disorders
 - Epilepsy
 - Criminal Psychiatrist Consultant
- Appearance and Details:
 - Doctor Bradbury (or often – Doctor Brandon - as he prefers to go by his middle name) – is a white man, in his forties – is of moderate build, has a goatee and mustache - He prefers to dress as casual as his job permits – which is mostly business professional.
 - He started his career – in software engineering – but saw correlations between the human mind and existing and forthcoming technologies... and – so – he shifted his interest from 'Machine Artificial Intelligence' to 'Human Intelligence'. He comes from an affluent family – affording him time to focus on his passions of 'human and artificial intelligence'.

Doctor Iglesias Garcia, Neurologist – Specialist in Brain Therapies, Stimulation:



- PHD, MD Neurology, Internal Medicine
- Specialties:
 - Migraines, Palsies
 - Attention, Cognitive Deficit Disorders
 - Eating, Behavioral Disorders
 - Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation (TMS)
 - Electroconvulsive Therapy (ECT)
 - Deep Brain Stimulation (DBS)
 - Vagus Nerve Stimulation (VNS)
 - Criminal Psychiatrist Consultant
- Appearance and Details:
 - Doctor Garcia – in his late forties – is of moderate build, given his age – is balding and has a mustache. He prefers to dress business casual – but is often required to ‘up his presentation’ (up his ‘game’) and wear business professional.
 - Doctor Garcia was born and educated in Mexico – and, later - immigrated to the United States – where he transitioned to becoming a highly respected psychiatrist. He has compassion and drive – to help criminals understand themselves and find a new – healthy - path forward.

Doctor Kamal Hyder, Psychiatrist – Specialist in Advanced Psychiatric Disorders:



- PHD Psychiatry, Internal Medicine
- Specialties:
 - Psychiatric Disorders – Depression, Anxiety, Ideations, Destructive Tendencies
 - Advanced Psychiatric Disorders – Bipolar, Schizophrenia, Identity & Associative
 - Drug, General Addiction
 - General and Specific Dementias
 - Aphasia
 - Frontotemporal Dementia (FTD)
 - Alzheimer's, Lewy Body, Advanced Brain Disorders
 - Criminal Psychiatrist Consultant
- Appearance and Details:
 - Doctor Hyder – a native born man of India - in his early fifties – is of medium build – sports a mustache – and believes you should dress the way you want people to perceive you; he dresses to impress.
 - Doctor Hyder began his career in India – and immigrated to the United States – where he became a top criminal psychiatric consultant – for the highest profile cases. In between – he works for the Scottsdale Psychiatric Hospital for the criminally insane.

The Party of Adventurers

Richard Seaborne as The Fulcrum:



- The Fulcrum – which humankind will be judged by
- Specialties:
 - Chief Technology and Operations Officer @ Electronic Arts
 - Computer, Video Game Development Expert – generated ~\$1B revenue for EA
 - Xbox and HoloLens Studio Director – Microsoft
 - New Hardware and Platform Innovator – Xbox One, PS Portable, Wii, ...
 - Advanced Firmware and Software Engineering
 - Cloud Service Technologist
 - Cypher Breaker, Software Cracker, Network & Security Hacker
- And of Appearances and Origin Stories:
 - Richard Seaborne – a white male – in his early fifties – is of gaunt build (through rapid weight loss, in only six months – from his previous heavy ‘build’). His hair is short and gray. He sports a mustache & goatee. He wears casual clothes - as a rule – as he dislikes formal attire and formal places and pomp & circumstance. And – he wears glasses – as needed.
 - Richard Seaborne began his life in poverty – and ‘pulled himself up, by his own bootstraps’, as the saying goes. He is self-taught computer genius and recognized luminary.

Katherine Seaborne as The Inquisitive:



- The Inquisitive – curious, investigative, find solutions
- Specialties:
 - Marketing, Public Relations Director
 - Restaurant and Food Industry Veteran
 - Supply Chain Expert
 - Financial Planner & Analyst (FP&A) ‘Prosumer’
 - ‘Jack-of-all-trades’ capable of doing most things
 - Loves to help people and animals
 - Snarky, does not take ‘crap’ from anyone
- Appearance and Details:
 - Katherine Seaborne – a white female – in her early sixties – is a petite woman - of average build. Her hair is long and decisively gray; she refuses to dye it and ‘comply with the hair color mafia’. She electively wears low-key, tasteful quality jewelry. She prefers casual clothes – but adapts fluidly to her ‘audience’ and ‘setting’. She rarely wears glasses – but does - for critical situations.
 - Katherine Seaborne began her life in a broken family – yet she worked hard from a young age – taking a job in her mid-teens – to pay for her life and put herself through school and college. Katherine’s success is the result of her determination and talent.

Deputy Andrea Taylor as The Bodyguard:



- The Bodyguard – ex-military turned cop, dominant, weapons master, melee trained
- Specialties:
 - Firearms Master – Civilian, Police, Military
 - Explosives and Demolitions Military Expert - Military
 - Legal Passion, Trained in Law while military but Never took BAR to become an Attorney
 - Direct, straight-shooter, despises dishonesty
 - Quick-to-act, sometimes rash and hotheaded
- Appearance and Details:
 - Deputy Taylor – a white female – with platinum blond long flowing hair – is in her late twenties – is a formidable woman - of medium stature. She dresses for the occasion – casual, in uniform...even a catsuit for ‘special operations. She is as intimidating as she is stunning.
 - Deputy Taylor began her life in a rural community – where she saw little future for her, locally – and so she joined the military – she joined the U.S. Army – where she was recognized and given the opportunity to join its Special Forces Unit. From there – top secret missions, and lots of experience in combat and weapons & gadgets.

Waitress Katie Snowette as The Empath:



- The Empath – jaded waitress, heart of gold
- Specialties:
 - High Emotional Intelligence
 - Naturally Empathic and Inspirational
 - Charming and Persuasive
 - Stealthy and Acrobatic – parkour hobbyist
 - Self-Defense Training – hand-2-hand
 - Non-Denominational Faithful – leans Catholic
 - Too Trusting but Otherwise Not Gullible
- Appearance and Details:
 - Waitress Katie Snowette – a Latina-Korean woman – with brunette hair –in her mid-twenties – has a heart of gold – and often wears a cross pendant to show others her faith. She dresses ‘street casual’ – but is known to wear form exposing gym clothing, only in the appropriate situations. And – she has an infectious smile.
 - Katie Snowette began her life in ‘the hood’ – where she saw gang violence, drug abuse, lost souls, and general despair. Without a supportive ‘home life’ – she worked hard – to get out of the cesspool she was born into. She became a waitress – and moved to a rural area – to escape the scary world she had grown up in.

HR Bob Woods Sanchez as The Buddy:



- The Buddy – Frustrated Human Resources Director
- Specialties:
 - Bachelor of Science in psychology
 - Politics Savvy
 - Conspiracy Theorist
 - Prepper, Survivalist
 - Paramilitary Member
 - Extreme Right-Wing Conservative
 - Self-Defense Training – hand-2-hand, firearms
 - Non-Practicing Catholic
 - Trust is Hard-Earned
 - Brother is police officer and paramilitary Oath Keepers member
- Appearance and Details:
 - Human Resources Bob Woods Sanchez – or, just, HR Bob – is balding white man in his early forties. He strives to impress by donning a suit and intimidating glasses. His jaded demeanor comes across in his expressions – and in his prepper ways – including driving him to get physically ‘buffed’ to ‘be ready’ for any disaster. He is one ‘tough human resources’ director.
 - HR Bob started his life in suburbia – where she saw few threats – or any hardships. But – he was an avid reader, and learned that the world was not as safe as his locality made things appear. And, so – he became a prepper... all the while – working in corporate human resources.

Amanda Seaborne as The Medic:



- The Medic – Pre-Med, St. George University (on island of Grenada in Caribbean)
- Specialties:
 - Bachelor of Psychology
 - Genius (like her father)
 - First Aid, First Responder Trained
 - Self-Defense Training – firearms, blades
 - Aspiring Prepper, Survivalist
 - Computer Expert, Hacker (shades of father)
 - Right-Leaning Conservative
 - Non-Denominational Christian; attends church
 - Trust is Hard-Earned, Easily Lost
- Appearance and Details:
 - Amanda Seaborne – is a young white woman in her mid-twenties – with medium length brown hair with highlights. She wears whatever clothing suits the occasion.
 - Amanda Seaborne – is a bit jaded – though early in life – and, so – pursued personal defense and survival training and gear. She is working towards becoming a medical doctor – attending St. George University in Grenada.

E005 A NEW DAWN AND WAKING NIGHTMARES



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E005 A New Dawn and Waking Nightmares and Psychiatrist Panel in Hell Difficulty and the Adventures of Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554pfw-e005-a-new-dawn-and-waking-nightmares-and-psychiatrist-panel-in-hell-diffic.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/Yx0HIMT73ZM>

Description:

Richard reflects on being motivated to escape early childhood challenges, loss, and family deaths. He recounts his descent into neurodegeneration – but questions the Psychiatrists’ diagnoses and judgment of him.

The incarcerated Richard recounts the events that landed him in the psychiatric prison for the criminally insane. Richard rejects the diagnosis that he is experiencing a psychological schism of reality between the world Richard sees and the world his psychiatrists see.

There is only one way for Richard to be free of his imprisonment in the Ward, as the captive to his Psychiatrist Warden – Doctor Caselli. Richard must accept all psychiatrist advice, comply with all of their directives, and behave appropriately and manage all emotions to control messages and prevent outbursts, psychological decompensation, or mental divergent episodes.

**ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA**

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

A New Dawn from Ashes:

I wake early around 4am most days. I have been especially restless for the last months following years of troubled and itch-laden sleeping. Recently the crazy nighttime itches have seemed far worse, with my tossing, turning, and waking every hour or so. Compound that with some incessant itches that persist as despite how hard and long I scratch to relieve their terror of my night. I sometimes break into tears being unable to sate the tormenting itch.

Reflecting on ‘Everything’ and Dwelling on Premature Deaths:

Once over the itch madness and sitting upright in bed trying to focus on anything else, the dark room leaves me to reflect on ‘everything’.

I sometimes recall the people who have prematurely died and if they in some way represent my future too.

- Why did they die?
- Was it avoidable?
- Am I like them?
- Am I Not like them?
- Do I need to worry about dying like them?

You can see how thinking about death and dying at night is far from relaxing, and with physical torments it really interferes with getting a good night’s rest.

Sister Sandra Dead:

I struggle to shake thoughts about my sister Sandra’s untimely death from a stroke; she was only forty-eight. I felt like my mind torments me with questions about her death mercilessly, creating itches across my body without cause, and filling my sleep with nightmares or a sense of general unease. In truth, none of this made sense to me.

Sandra was only forty-eight. Did she do something in her life that caused her stroke? Could she have avoided it? I feel a kind of guilt about her death because I seem to be making her death about myself, wondering if whatever caused her demise might do the same to me? Do we share some genetic curse, some DNA mutation that was lit the day we were born? Of course, thinking about all this does no good for anyone including me...

It is an awful thing, perhaps the real source of some anxiety, turning her death into something about me. Could I suddenly just turn off, everything I had worked so hard for to just blink away without notice or warning? What would I leave behind? And would people view my legacy as anything important, or see my value in life reduced to some assets to be auctioned off in a fire sale with the proceeds given to my children? I hated that my sister's death made me question my life's achievements and future...and has made me feel guilty for thinking of myself and not the loss of her.

Step-Sister Joleen Dead:

I was largely over the haunting loss of Sandra, but the anxiety was re-ignited when I received a phone call from my stepsister’s husband, David McIntyre late in 2021 during the Covid-19 Pandemic. His voice, solemn and grave with crackly words from recent sobbing, informed me that Joleen McIntyre, my stepsister, was in the hospital with prognosis of death by morning.

She suffered a mysterious body and brain infection as well as some blood clots. The doctors denied any correlation, but Joleen had received a Covid-19 Vaccine just one week earlier...which I believe killed her and thusly leaving her husband and two daughters plus handicapped son-in-law behind.

Joleen's wish to protect herself and family by getting the vaccine did the exact opposite; her family and friends no longer have her love, support, or income. She and they lost everything for the supposed "life-saving vaccine". I will never forgive the government's misrepresentation of the Covid-19 threat and the un-safe "would-be" vaccines.

Once more, I reflected deeply on Sandra's and Joleen's deaths.

PSYCHIATRIST PANEL SESSION 1-PART 1



Joleen’s Vaccine Death Asserted as Baseless Conspiracy Theory; Proves I Need Help:

Sitting next to me in a psychiatrist session room was renown psychiatrist Doctor Caselli.

The ‘good doctor’ had been assigned to ‘care for me’ per court order [more on that later].

Doctor Caselli interrupted me, “Richard! Please accept our condolences for your losses.

Caselli paused and leaned forward with deeply judgmental furrowed eyebrows and clenched teeth and lips, “But I must ask you...”

The ‘good doctor’ thumped his clipboard down on his knee making an authoritarian thwap!

He questioned with an almost-damning but ‘controlled’ voice, “How can you sit there and obviously assert your stepsister, [he glanced down at his notes] Joleen, died ... BECAUSE SHE IMMUNIZED HERSELF WITH A PROVEN SAFE VACCINE?”

I can see you are vulnerable to lies and deception and are evidently still influenced by baseless accusations and conspiracy theories.

Allegedly Vulnerable to, have Proclivity to Speak Out and Act on Distorted Reality:

This feels like both a setback and breakthrough, Richard.

We can finally see some of the deep dark roots in your thinking that may be led to the kind of boiling hatred and frustration that drove you to kill that poor black man...regardless of your claim it was in 'self-defense'.

We have a cornerstone of areas you need help to overcome - conspiracy theory vulnerability and related distorted reality and proclivity to speak out and act on them – potentially aggressively.”

Caselli Loved to Hear Himself Talk and Impressed Himself with His Genius:

I tried to say something as Doctor Caselli kept talking and talking... never seemingly giving a moment or pause for anyone else to say a word.

Doctor Caselli was like a machine with his ability to 'keep on talking', as if he loved to hear his words and impress himself with his genius. He also seemed to relish he was The Commander with total authority and control over his world and my life and my future.

Caselli Justified Using 'Race' Card Because He was Black:

I also observed he used the 'race' card in every single instance possible...and even in those instances it seemed forced or entirely out of place.

And oh – Doctor Caselli was a black man, and so he seemed to feel 'justified' in alleging 'systemic racism' and 'subconscious racism' and 'white privilege' and so on was ubiquitous.

Caselli Declares I Must Conform to His Views to Be On the Right Side of History:

Of course – Caselli was happy to explain, “Even the most misinformed and adrift person can be saved with education and time to embrace and absorb it as the truth it is.

I want to close this by emphasizing that your belief in baseless conspiracy theories and spreading their misinformation if not outright disinformation as truth is alarming and indicates the critical crossroads you have come to that needs help to ensure you can get on and stay on the right side of history.

Our sessions will offer opportunity to identify and discuss these behaviors and attitudes and perspectives you clearly have.

Do not worry, Richard.

We will get through your education and re-integration into society together.

As we proceed, I hope we can take moments like this to highlight 'areas of interest' to explore and delve deeper.

I Was Angry and Upset at Doctor Assertions *I* Suffered, Spread Misinformation:

I was so upset and infuriated with being told that *I* was wrong in my views and *I* had misinformation and spread it!?

OUTRAGEOUS!!!

Though I suppressed my ‘words’ apparently, I did not successfully suppress my expression. Nor could I suppress a PBA meltdown where I sobbed and clenched my hands forcefully against my knees and stared down at the floor waiting for the emotional epileptic episode to pass.

...

Doctor Caselli softened his voice, “Richard, I can see this is upsetting to you.

That is a completely normal and appropriate response to having your core beliefs questioned by someone you see as a respected authority.

We can delve deeper on this later. Let’s move on.”

...

The doctor was agitating and offensive, but he was in control at the moment.

I continued...

Step-Brother Alan Dead:

My mind can drift to other deaths in our family too.

Almost sixteen years ago Joleen’s brother Alan, my stepbrother, who had been sent years ago to Oregon State Prison for a bar fight where he stabbed a man, died from a brain tumor.

Alan had served only a few years when he developed the tumor which would kill him within a year after suffering “high quality” prison medical care. His death was virtually unnoticed, as he had no worldly connections outside drug abusing partners which left him quickly upon incarceration.

It was weird to me no one in our family seemed to care when Alan died. It seemed he had burned all their good will despite any family or genetic relationship he may have had.

Of course – I knew and felt the loss.

Step-Father Sam Dead:

Not quite a year ago, Joleen’s father Sam (and my stepfather since 3rd grade), died from an infection.

Sam suffered Alzheimer’s and Parkinson’s which had robbed him of physical gait, dexterity, and most basic coordination...worse it robbed him of his mind. He saw people that were not there, saw scary fantastical worlds where his wife was “Mother Prime” whom was the only barrier between Hell’s Hordes and His World in San Martin, California. Sam did not see the world as others did anymore.

Upon Sam's passing the world lost a good man that hoped to do good and leave a footprint people might call his legacy; I fear his footprints may be in sand if we do not strive to remember because he left no physical or deep 'story' people can remember or share over time.

My hope in *Hell Difficulty* is not to be potentially forgotten like Sam.

Mother 'Practically Dead' - Lost Mind, Dying at Death's Door:

My mother is very frail and has all but forgotten who I am.

She does not even know she lives in a house she paid for and owns out right; indeed, she thinks her daughter is paying rent to some landlord she has never met.

She reads the paper over and over, never retaining anything, and so starts at the top of the same page hour in, hour out, day in, day out. She genuinely watches the grass grow outside her living room window.

In many ways – she died when she entered a coma after open-heart surgery; her mind and body never fully returned when her “corporal form” woke up.

Familial Pre-Mature Deaths:

There were many other premature deaths in my family tree –

- grandmother mid 40's cancer
- aunt mid 40's diabetic lost foot then stroke
- maternal-side great grandfather mid 40's heart attack
- paternal-side great grandfather late 40's stroke

- There were more but I forget and avoid dwelling on more loss if at all possible – I've had plenty of dwelling on loss as it is

Collecting Loss into Unresolved Emotional Goo:

Once more Caselli interrupted me.

“That is a lot of death and remorse you have experienced. It seems to weigh heavily on you – then and now. It would be good if we can delve deeper into these losses in future sessions,” he said informationally – almost monotonal.

“It is particularly noteworthy your apparent ‘Collecting of Loss’ into an ever-growing pile of unresolved emotional goo.

Doctor Asserts Coping Techniques and Medications Will Be Needed for Me:

Coping techniques and medications will be important to get you back on the right track.

We will need to look into medications to help manage your irritability, agitation, anxiety, severe acting out (spiraling as you call it), neuropathic pain and migraines.”

...

Right off – I did not believe I needed any medications, and I had better coping skills than anyone I had ever met. The doctor was way off base... ..but there seemed little value in arguing with him due to his conceited single-minded perspective on things – His way or the Highway.

I decided to react to his medication pitch or mandates when the time came.

Doctor Caselli seemed to stare at me as if I should say something. I guess I was sitting still staring blankly at the wall while I was thinking.

...

“Yea. Okay,” I replied a little awkwardly even sheepishly.

He smiled with my acknowledgment of his wise words, nodded, and leaned back into his chair signaling he was done...and presumably that I should resume talking about my memories.

I continued...

Using Loss to Motivate:

“So –

All those family deaths made me reflect deeply on my life.

I feel great that I pulled myself up by my own bootstraps from a meager beginning.

I was kidnapped by my father at six months old, only later to living in a car with my mother and two sisters for weeks at a time in between “flops” which were usually “a new boyfriend’s home”.

Yea – my mother intended to be monogamous, but the men she chose did not. And so, my mother was in committed serial relationships.

My mother’s unending push for a long-term committed relationship was perhaps a necessary evil she accepted because alternatives were worse. She alluded to prostituting herself at one point of desperation.

She worried where the next meal might come from. We later got food stamps and welfare assistance but lived in the ‘hood “bad side of town”.

There are many tales of loss and sorrow growing up.

But each challenge and loss made me want to overcome and triumph that much more. I was always undaunted and determined to succeed. Barriers were obstacles to overcome, not let block me.

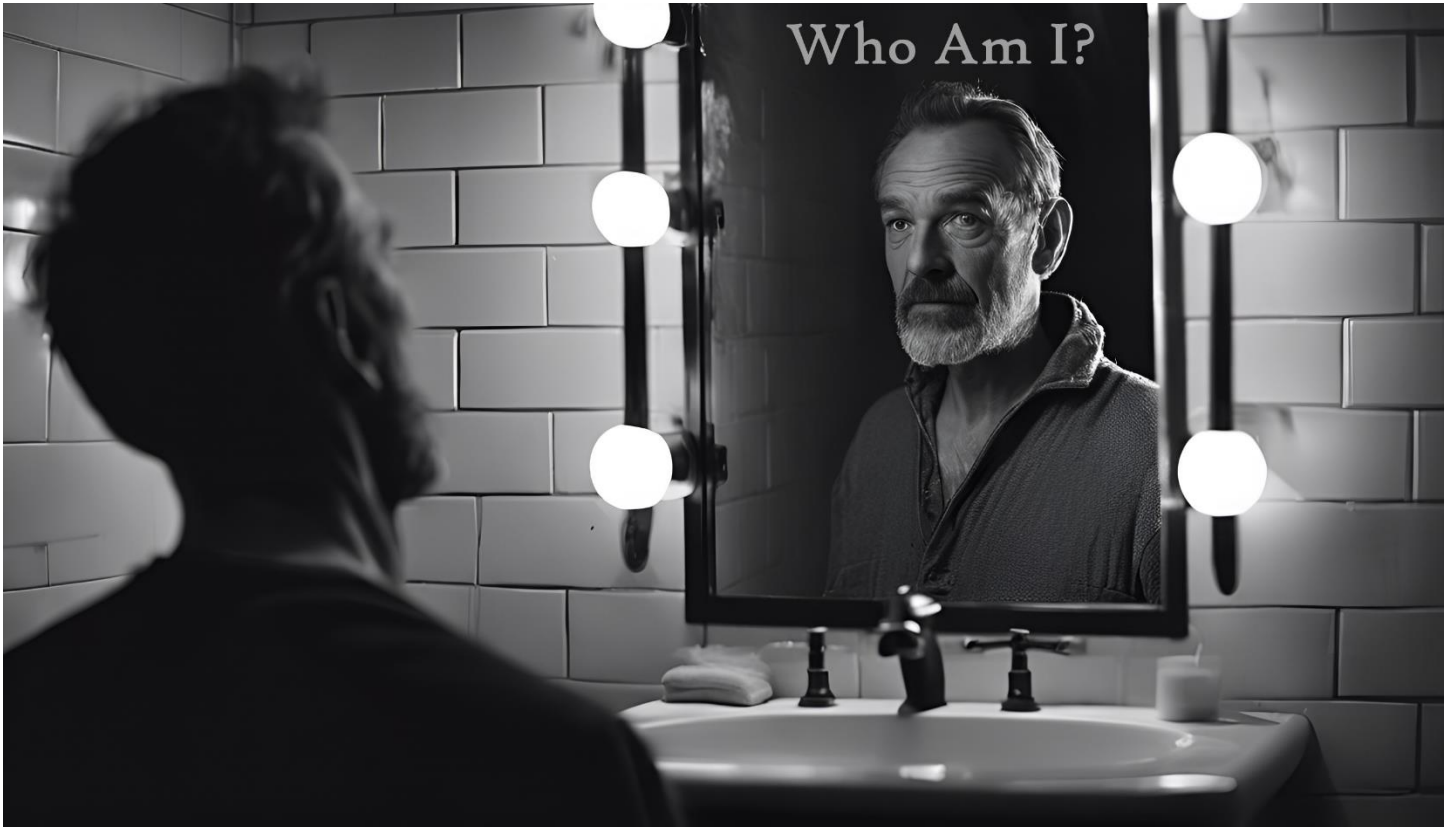
Each death in life has made me realize the days we have should make a difference. It is not enough to “exist” because we should all make an impact on improving the quality of life for us and the world.

Dwelling on “loss” is destructive.

Using “loss” as a fuel to do better and more is motivating.

Bottom-line: Leave a greater legacy and honor your predecessors by making a difference in life.”

E006 PSYCHIATRIST PANEL SESSION 1-PART 2



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E006 Psychiatrist Panel Part 2 in a New Dawn Waking Nightmares from Hell Difficulty Adventures of Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554qeu-e006-psychiatrist-panel-part-2-in-a-new-dawn-waking-nightmares-from-hell-di.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/JWine3NZw8>

Description:

The Doctors decree there “is much to unpack” for Richard... ..requiring MANY psychiatric sessions ongoing.

The Psychiatrists pile on more and more “trumped up” diagnoses of mental disorders – Richard concludes.

Richard is told that whether he suffers Neurological or Psychological issues – the behavior and results are the same. However - one is treatable, whereas the other is an inevitable outcome.

Ultimately – The Doctors judge Richard as severely compromise and troubled despite Richard’s belief otherwise.

Reflecting on Death and Choices:

And now after Alan, Sandra, Sam, and Joleen have all passed and my mother has lost her awareness on route to join Sam, I am reflecting - wondering...

- Is this the result of some purposeful malicious action against our family?
- Outlandish as it sounds, is there some big picture curse?
- Selfishly, is there anything I can do about my life to ensure I do not just “turn off” like they did so abruptly?
- Should I change my life in some way to leave a more meaningful legacy?
- Does some divine being have their finger on my “exit” button?
- Have I lived to the honor and integrity I have espoused my entire life?
- Are there any things or people I should address in some way before I am gone?
- Horrifically – who will notice I am gone? who will weep, and for how long?
- Tragically – will my knowledge and wisdom be lost to my corpse and grave?
- End of Days – will humankind cease to exist the moment I do, as *The Divine Fulcrum*?
 - That would make me existentialist I suppose...

I leaned back myself in my chair, signaling I was done with my long seeming speech there.

More to ‘Unpack’ in Future Sessions – How Many Sessions Will There Be:

Caselli, recognizing my body language of being finished with my ‘presentation’, spoke with his James Earl Jones deep gravel voice, “That is a lot to unpack, Richard.

This is not the time to discuss those topics but I have taken notes so we can talk about them in future sessions.”

It made me wonder – how many sessions does Doctor Caselli expect there to be? Well – it was not a question I felt like asking.

Every Interaction or Word Seemed to ‘Indicate Another Problem I Suffered’:

It seemed like every time I expressed an opinion or asked a question – ‘it indicated some new problem I had or otherwise suffered’.

So, Yea – it was becoming clearer to me that speaking to psychiatrists may not be in my best interest here with ‘the good Doctor Caselli’.

The doctor used my words against me, not to help me.

...

Again – Caselli looked at me as if expecting me to acknowledge his wisdom of taking notes.

The awkward silence loomed between us. It was apparent that I had to say something.

“Okay,” I replied. That was sufficient, as Caselli smiled and settled more comfortably in his big stuffed chair.

I continued.

I Dreamed No More – Contrasted with Previous Acting-Out in Dreams:

I think it is worth noting that I have not “dreamed” when sleeping (Heh, or when not sleeping) for many years now...
...or I cannot remember them at all.

I PREVIOUSLY dreamed ALL THE TIME.

I even ACTED OUT PHYSICALLY AND VERBALLY in my dreams.

It is quite a contrasting change...

...from MANY DREAMS to ZERO DREAMS

...from ACTING OUT DREAMS to STILL-SLEEPING WITHOUT DREAMS

Who Is That in the Mirror:

I no longer recognize myself in the mirror which although a big thing will be discussed later.

I know you want me to describe “who I am”.

How I See Myself:

So - How do I see myself?

Colleagues and Executives have described me as -

- go-getter
- entrepreneur
- genius
- logical
- grounded
- driven
- luminary

Of course, they also might say –

- relentless Like a Terminator
- brilliant like Einstein
- can do anything
- needed on the wall, never in the White House
- prefers a Straight Line to Conclusion
- elitist
- unapproachable

And then there was my special nickname –

- Crispy Heart

Workaholic –

I was frugal and a workaholic.

Work hard and long hours at work. My peak was 110-hour work week; do that math – that is VERY LITTLE SLEEP!

One single stint spanned three and a half days of non-stop typing and coding – no sleep, ate at computer...but had bathroom breaks.

When not at work, I worked at home or on the home.

Even playing games was deconstructing computer and video game designs and implementation.

I did say WORKAHOLIC, right?

Vacations –

I took a vacation every four or so years. I never became wealthy but rose from literal welfare poverty to owning a million dollar house outright and saved a decent nest egg for retirement. Any bonus or stock returns went to paying off debts, mortgage. Anything else went toward investments.

Financially –

Any money I had was tied up in the house, retirement savings, investments, and such. I never had a lot of extra money on hand; I always tried to be smarter with money than just spend it on fun.

Frugal to a fault –

Perhaps I missed out being frugal... ...but given my mental degeneration it proved wise.

Politically –

I am a conservative registered Republican. I believe the three greatest presidents in history were Donald Trump, Ronald Reagan, and Richard Nixon. All were extraordinary in international negotiation and national economic policies.

Observational Interrogation and Judgment Day – am I crazy?



Chief Psychiatrist Caselli Tells Me ‘The Way It Is’ – I am a Racist Murderer:

“Is that what you wanted to hear, doctor? That was A LOT to summarize there.”, I asked.

Dr. Caselli, a renowned Neuropsychiatrist from the MAGO Clinic, had been observing me as I told him my background.

It was like he was studying more my expressions and body language than the words I was saying. I suppose he could have been doing both, but I felt more judged for how I looked and presented than what I was saying much less what was going on inside my head.

I think this was the third time we had this conversation so maybe he did not need to listen too closely anymore and rather focus on how I said things and that my “story was consistent”.

Yea – I had been “locked up” for over a week now. Every day I talked to psychiatrists or psychologists or ward administrators.

But every other day - I spoke with the Chief Neuropsychiatrist because apparently, I am a “top case” because I “murdered someone”.

Worse the assert - I am a racist because the thug I killed defending myself and two seniors being mugged by him happened to have black colored skin.

And therefore – I am a horrible murderer in their eyes apparently.

BUT WAIT! I did not ‘MURDER’ anyone. I DID kill someone in SELF-DEFENSE!

BUT AGAIN! APPARENTLY!!! MURDER and SELF-DEFENSE in California are not dissimilar if you are an old white male. I am all three of those things...and so they presume I “MURDERED” without justification.

It was entirely BS and wrong as I saw it.

...

Caselli Explains Psychiatric and Neurological Insanity:

Doctor Caselli stated in an almost fatherly soft but firm voice, “Richard, I have read your medical history in detail now. I believe your problems are not solely and may not even be neuropathic degeneration.

Your issues are more likely rooted in numerous psychological traumas emerging in late life triggered by recent overwhelming un-suppressible traumatic events or inescapable circumstances that are too much to process - it broke you.

- Consider all the personal losses and deaths you had to overcome
- Consider the traumatic events with your daughters suffering through divorce
- Consider how you are coping with your mind and identity melting away
- Consider your resentment and frustration with a delayed and then terminal diagnosis
- Consider the disappointment and horror that you may not benefit from your life’s hard work without a functioning mind?
- Consider how scary it is to possibly never free from here?

There are many things that we need to unpack and process, Richard.

Fortunately – we have the time.

Breakthrough Emotional Epilepsy – Not My Fault but Cannot Roam Free Unchecked:

Your breakthrough emotions and self-described ‘emotional epilepsy’ are no more than these surfacing traumas due to your early neurodegeneration removing your ‘executive function’ ability to suppress them as you very likely have done for your life.

But now – you cannot suppress or bury your emotions because your brain has lost that functionality.

The proverbial suppression dam broke that held back every other buried tormenting abused memory – everything flooded back and broke you psychologically.

So, you see Richard –

Like *Good Will Hunting* you are not responsible for acting on your uncontrolled emotions.

However - we cannot as a society let you run around endangering people with your out-of-control thinking and behavior.

Mental or Crazy – Effectively Same Thing in Practice:

Richard, you understand that it is possible you have more advanced neurodegeneration than we can detect.

Your diagnoses are about your symptoms and causes. It is difficult to know how much of your brain is compromised to Lewy Bodies, ischemic strokes, hypoxia, plaque, or other more obscure conditions.

There is definitely neurodegeneration, Richard. There are definitely psychiatric issues as well regardless of their origin. It does not matter why you have these psychiatric conditions; the key here is that you do have them and you need to recognize and accept that as fact.

FACT – You, Richard, suffer psychiatric conditions and neurodegeneration...
And, Richard, YOU NEED TO ACCEPT THIS AS FACT and ACCEPT TREATMENT.

Am I making myself clear, Richard? Will you please restate what I just told you?

Doctor Makes Me Repeat His Words like Brainwashing:

“Sure, Doctor,” I replied incredulously. I knew he was trying to brainwash me into accepting his words by having me say the words myself. It was not about his knowing I listened and learned. It was about manipulating me. I knew these ‘shrink’ games.

“I suffer from one or more psychiatric conditions resulting from my brain degeneration. Good enough, Doctor?” I asked.

I felt like the ‘good doctor’ was trying to brainwash me with repeating things he wanted me to embrace as my own thoughts. I imagined because I thought he was doing that, therefore it would not work on me.

!) Of course – how do you assess if your own mind has been brainwashed?

Caselli Insists No One Is Immune to Mental Breakdown or Neurodegeneration:

Richard - Your recent behavior is associated with your psychiatric conditions. We need to understand everything about you – past, present, and probable future.

Without delving deep into your background and seeing how you handle those emotions and issues, we will be unable to assess your ability to re-integrate into society and leave this mental health institution.

Let me say again, Richard –

No one is immune to breaking down. Your medical records suggest there is a lot going on with you.

You are legally disabled; is that right?” Caselli queried.

“Yes, that is right. But...” before I could finish my sentence Caselli cut me off.

“Okay, so you recognize you are not operating at full faculties. Right?” Caselli asked.

“Yes, I do. But...” again cut off by Cassell.

Neurodegeneration and Mental Disorders Have Serious Impairments:

“Right, so we know your diagnosed baseline is mild to severe cognitive impairment from an unspecified neurodegenerative disease mostly like Frontal Lobe Temporal Dementia (FTD) but could be Louie Body disease...or any number of other causes. These diseases often confuse perceptions and even result in hallucinations and failure to control ones impulses or emotions.” Caselli asserted.

“So, Richard, I think it is safe to say that we know you may have some gaps in recall or have confusion in your memories and your understanding of events and what you perceive happened may be muddled and vague.

You may have reached conclusions then that you would not now nor even remember. You could have seen or heard things that were not entirely true or even real and could even have forgotten the hallucination. That is what your diagnoses support,” Doctor Caselli declared.

Neurodegeneration or Mental Disorder – Same Situation, one curable one is not...:

“Let me brutally honest about your situation, Richard. You could genuinely be suffering a terrible incurable neurodegenerative disease that is atrophying your brain from an unspecified cause and is manifesting in psychiatric disorders or you could be suffering from a psychiatric schism break that can be treated,” he said.

He posited, “Bottom-line, which one is better for you – a psychiatric disorder that can be treated, or a death sentence brain degeneration disease? We must treat the psychiatric disorders for what they are.”

There you had it from the renowned doctor. I was crazy because of past traumas triggered by some new trauma I cannot suppress, or I was crazy because my brain was melting.

Either way – he clearly thought I was whacked and nuts.

E007 Explain Yourself, Richard



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E007 Explain Yourself Richard in a New Dawn Waking Nightmares from Hell Difficulty and the Adventures of Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554r4i-e007-explain-yourself-richard-in-a-new-dawn-waking-nightmares-from-hell-dif.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/1GXTaFUioK8>

Description:

Richard defends himself as recounts the tale of how he ended up in a psychiatric prison for the criminally insane.

He explains how “The System” is broken and designed to encourage people to admit “guilt” even if innocent – to save money, their livelihoods, and protect their reputation as much as possible.

The Doctors decree Richard has a history of unstable and criminal activity.

Richard is directed to “re-live his life’s journey” with the psychiatrists - through telling his stories and recounting his memories.

Psychiatric Ward with Race Sensitized Doctor Caselli:

That was my introduction and information about me and one of my early ‘sessions’ with the renown psychiatrist Doctor Caselli.

. . .

Let me describe my situation.

I am stuck in my “hotel” psychiatric ‘session’ jail cell as the captive of Doctor Caselli, world renowned neuropsychiatrist, who is so sensitized to racism that believes everything psychiatric issues are rooted in two major camps regardless of cause –

- racism
- hurt, loss, and pleasure

Locked-Up in Arizona’s Scottsdale Psychiatric Ward for the Criminally Insane:

Doctor Caselli rested in a comfortable recliner in the hotel-like hospital ‘jail cell’ session room and asked, “Richard, can you explain again why you think you are here in the Scottsdale Psychiatric Ward for the Criminally Insane here in Arizona?”

Yea, hard to fathom I was in a maximum-security psychiatric hospital. This is one crazy story...

Killed a Man Defending Older Couple:

I answered Doctor Caselli the same as I had done every day for the last three days that I have been “confined” to this psychiatric ward of allegedly the country’s top-notch hospital and doctors.

“Well Doctor Caselli, it is the same thing I say every day when you ask. My daughter lives in Santa Barbara and I was returning to my hotel room after visiting here.

While driving back to the hotel I saw what looked like a mugger threatening an older couple with a knife on the sidewalk.

I thought I had enough experience to deal with the mugger if things were to turn violent but that was unlikely. I had a tire iron behind my car seat. I kept it there since it rattled in the trunk before and did not rattle behind my seat. It was a convenient club, too, I imagined. This was one of those imagined times.

I slammed the brakes to make a squealing dramatic stop in front of the mugger to scare him and call attention to the scene. I grabbed the tire iron as I jumped out of my car. I commanded, “Get out of here! Get! Leave them alone! Or I am going to make you get!”

The thug did not seem to think I was a legitimate threat, doctor. He came at me screaming I was a “mother F’ing fool and had this coming!” He clearly intended to stab me and probably intended to kill me.

Justified in my actions I swung the tire iron at his knife hand. I struck it successfully. His wrist bent backward as his flesh smashed into his bone. It was gruesome with his hand was completely broken backward dangling as if attached by a flesh rubber-band.

Remarkably he was so enraged he kept coming at me despite his limp dangling hand. He threw his body at me to tackle and pummel me with his remaining hand.

He had no chance of holding me down and strike me at the same time with one hand no matter how hard he tried to sit on and pin me. I rolled him off and reflexively swung my hand at him forgetting I had that tire iron still. The iron smashed into his head.

His skull cracked and blood flowed out as he collapsed into a heap on the street side. I had to presume he was dead. I called 911.

The police and paramedics arrived on the scene in minutes. They were fast.

The police threw me on the ground and arrested me right there on the spot as a murder suspect for killing the thug!? I exclaimed that, “I CALLED YOU!!!! Why are you arresting ME!?”

Weekend Jail Awaiting Judge:

I tried to explain what happened, but they said that was for a judge to determine.

One officer scoffed, “As if some old white dude had any right to stop much less attack and kill a black man!” I realized right then – CRAP! They were asserting and arresting me for killing a black man ... allegedly because I was a racist old white male.

All that happened on a Friday night and so I spent the weekend in jail awaiting a Monday hearing with a judge. I guess judges do not work weekends. Because of that work ethic I spent three nights in jail.

My mother used to say that jail was college for criminals – you network with other criminals and learn about opportunities and techniques to improve your craft.

A few random low-life criminals solicited me for buying drugs from them when I got out. One offered his “hit man” services should I ever need them. Another said he had “girls or boys if I wanted...” And my mother was right – one said that “he could hook me up if I wanted a job or something...” Amazing all that happened in a tiny Santa Barbara jail.

I was utterly dismayed to be offered a few specific “opportunities” – smuggle or sell illicit drugs, be a human trafficker “coyote” from illegal “undocumented” immigrants or break into stores or homes for bigger jobs than simple carjackings or muggings.

There were plenty of ‘jobs’ for the underemployed. You just had to go to your local career center – the jailhouse.

Plea Mental Divergence or Risk Total Ruin – Impossible Choice:

“Doctor, when I finally saw the judge and explained my actions, he told me that either I plea “mental divergence” which apparently is saying “I was crazy and thought my actions were justified when they were not” or face a court trial for murder which would effectively end my life if the jury decided I was not justified in killing the man in self-defense.

And even if I was innocent I would remain in prison until convicted or acquitted – potentially years away.

In California –

I could only imagine a jury would convict most anyone for murder if they killed someone even if in blatant and clear self-defense much less if in a gray area like mine where my confrontation resulted in the conflict and his death...despite it all to protect an older couple from him.

I thought my situation could be seen as “gray” and so a jury might convict me.

And being an old white male...in California...there is no “gray” for crime –

OLD WHITE MALES ARE GUILTY IN CALIFORNIA OF ALL CRIMES AND CLAIMS - PERIOD!

The judge offered a ‘deal’ and instructed that I should take it which felt like an ultimatum.

He said I should enter a “Mental Divergence” plea to go to psych ward therapy.

There the psychiatric ward would decide when I would be released – days, weeks, months, even years. It would be up to them and not the court if I agreed to the no-contest plea and be labeled mentally divergent possibly criminally insane. Also – there would be no formal sentencing duration but rather ‘sentenced until safe to re-enter society’.

Both options seemed wrong and terrible to me but when facing two impossible choices you choose the lesser of the evils.

- Roll the dice with chance to end life by going to Court
- Declare myself Mentally Divergent even though it is not an accurate and go to Ward
- “Conviction” or “Diagnosis” was the concluding outcome

So, Doctor, here I am. Obviously, I chose “Mental Divergence”.

Psychiatric “Jail Cell” in Arizona:

I told Dr. Caselli, “By the way - I am impressed with this hotel décor hospital room, but I think the microphone and camera anklet monitoring me 24/7 despite being in locked downward is a bit much.

Also – you can see the red glow in the lights from the ‘hidden cameras’. I have noticed the microphones here and there – hidden under the couch side table, and one over on the shelf. I imagine there are more. Why do they need to be hidden since you can record anything you want at any time? ...catch me with my guard down?”

And - you seem nice and all but clearly think no matter what I say that I am crazy.”

“You Killed A Black Man Not Even A Week Ago” – Are You Racist, Sociopathic:

Doctor Caselli smiled and said, “You killed a black man not even a week ago. You do not show any remorse for that action, even appear to believe his death was justified. Most people would think that is an unusual response. You even reject all responsibility by defending yourself as being a victim of racism...but it was you that killed a black man.”

Are you suppressing your emotions, Richard, or are you sociopathic?

Was this an unthinking act of violence, Richard, or are you racist murderer?

Was this a temporary momentary one-off situation, or are you likely to repeat that behavior and recidivist such heinous crimes?”

Doctor Caselli sat straight up right stiffly in his chair and said forcefully and loudly as if to demand my full attention,

“Your murder of a black man is not the only crime you have committed, Richard.

Rap Sheet Shows Decade Full of National, International Arrests Prior to Murder:

I have received a list of arrests, detainments, charges, and judgments from numerous States and from the Federal Bureau of Investigation including Interpol. It seems before your killing of Mr. Floyd you had nearly a decade of running around the word like a mad man – and encountered legal trouble because of it ... OFTEN.

I'd like you to discuss your 'misadventures' as we proceed as well.

It is important that we hear your childhood and adult life and how your experiences may cast light on the impetus or motivation of your current destructive behavior."

Outrageous to Judge Me as A Bad Person Given All the Good I Have Done:

I was incensed!

Caselli's questions implied I was "bad" one way or the other. I was wicked or I was crazy. He believed simply that I murdered a man – period. And it did not matter that my or other people's lives were endangered. It mattered more that the bad guy was black than any victim.

It was outrageous!!!

It was near impossible to contain my fury. I suffered one of my PBA crying episodes.

My hands clenched, my face crunched, my shoulders squeezed inward and forward, my forehead furrowed so deeply it hurt, and my fingers and toes curled in on themselves. Tears flowed as my mouth contorted. I was suffering an 'emotional epileptic fit'. My nose congested and eyes blurred with excessive water, I whimpered until I could contain it no more and burst aloud in moans and sobs.

The doctor offered me a tissue from a Kleenex box.

In a few minutes it subsided.

Though I had no ability to express my feelings in the moment, I could feel them – so intensely.

I SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE BEING AND DOING GOOD! AND I AM JUDGED AS ANYTHING BUT GOOD IS -
OFFENSIVE!!!!

But clenched hands and tears and sobs masked my fury and distress.

And so – when I regained control of my body, I let the emotion go as well. It was not worth railing against their collective 'judgment'.

The Way Out is Through Subjective Psychiatric Evaluation:

Caselli leaned back in his recliner, "Richard, maybe you can tell me about your childhood and career. Help me understand who you are.

If I can see that you are psychologically sound and have complete grasp and control of yourself in the moment now and throughout your life then it would stand to reason that this was a one-off situation and that you can control yourself to ensure it would not happen again.

It is up to me if or when you are released from this ‘program’,” the doctor informed me.

Do you understand that, Richard? I, alone, will decide if and when you will return to your life outside this institution?”

“Yes,” I replied from my broken sobbing self.

Re-living Life’s Journey Will Free You – Tell Doctor Caselli Everything

The doctor continued, “Richard, it can be therapeutic to re-live old experiences through discussion and therapy.

It can be painful too. But that pain is therapeutic and will help me determine how well you handle emotions now and going forward.

It can be hard to remember things all at once. You may even struggle to remember things. Some memories may come out in the context of others. Just tell me what you can remember in whatever order that makes sense to you. If something comes up out of order that is okay just say it then, so you do not forget it.

We want to get everything out in the open about you. We can come back later to deep dive in areas that merit further review.

It may be easier to share your history in terms of categories like “Pre-Teen Childhood”, “Teen Childhood”, “Education and Learning”, “Young Adult”, “Profession and Career”, and so forth. I imagine there will be cross-over. That is okay.

Some things later in life may make the most sense in context of an earlier experience, or vice-versa.

It is up to you how you want to tell your story, Richard.” Explained the doctor.

Psychiatric “Probation” Whenever Released – with Doctors Hyder, Bradbury, Garcia:

“When the day arrives that we can agree you are ready to return to your life outside this facility we will assign three psychiatrists, Doctor Hyder, Doctor Bradbury, and Doctor Garcia, to act as sort of parole officers for you. They will also serve as my advisors during your recovery and assessment here, Richard.

You must comply with their prescriptions and directions just as you do mine, or you will be returned to us here in accordance with your court order and release agreement ...
... should we get to that point of your recovery.

Do you understand, Richard?”, queried Doctor Caselli.

I answered sarcastically, “Yes, I understand.

I will be assessed by you and the good Doctors Hyder, Bradbury, and Garcia for my ability to just live my ordinary life and do my job and not help people in trouble. Until I pass your Judgment Day, I will be locked up here. And even when I pass J-Day I will be on psychiatric probation with Bradbury for a long time if not my entire life. I will have no freedom or liberty ever again. Is that right?”

Caselli smiled, “Good. You understand the situation. Your perspective on ‘Judgment’ and probation appears defensive and undermines your claim that you are ‘good to go’.

In fact – I think your expressed views definitively show you need to be here longer, Richard. I look forward to our getting to know each other.”

I did not like Caselli's evident pre-conceived judgment. Well, I had no choice.

Doctor Caselli "WAS IN CHARGE OF MY LIFE" as much as I despised that idea.

Connecting Online with Remote Doctors from my "Psychiatric Chat Room":

"I will introduce you to Dr. Bradbury, Dr. Garcia, and Dr. Hyder since they operate near where you lived. We can forge relationships with Dr. Bradbury, Garcia, and Hyder as we progress in our sessions today and going forward. They will be joining us on video conference," explained Caselli.

"I am sure they will hear your background tomorrow and participate in all of our sessions. As you said, we will do this every session to make progress. I will look to see if we can have daily sessions as well so we can maintain recovery momentum."

Caselli tapped once, swiped across, and tapped again on his wristwatch which appeared to be a wireless command interface into the hospital.

A nurse came in and placed an iPad on a little stand that could see both Doctor Caselli and me. A few taps on the tablet and its conference app popped on and the faces of my future "parole officer psychiatrists" appeared in little windows". The nurse smiled with the connections made and walked out without saying a word.

Doctors Caselli, Bradbury, Hyder, and Garcia introduced themselves and Caselli launched straight into it, "Let's not waste Doctor Bradbury's or Doctor Garcia's or Doctor Hyder's time."

Caselli leaned back in his chair and in a soft but firm resolute voice directed, "Richard, please tell us about your childhood from as early as you can remember..."

I sat up in the oversized reclining couch-chair in the ward hospital "interrogation" room.

I could not help but think how many times I heard the word "Doctor" since I was incarcerated here in this nut house. I really would think everyone knows who a doctor is around here, so stop saying the word. It seemed pointless to me outside of personal pride and hubris to demand it be spoken.

Now – I DO SUPPORT being called Doctor when it is not the norm and it is relevant to recognize the person's critical skills to society.

I did not go around and assert "I am Engineer Richard. Or CTO Seaborne." You get the idea.

...

Caselli tapped his pen on his clipboard and said more loudly and very firmly, "RICHARD, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD. NOW."

I began recounting my memories ...

E008 FORGED IN FIRE MY LIFE SET TO ‘HELL DIFFICULTY’



Local File:

[_LibertyBooksVideos\E008 Forged in Fire with My Life Set to Hell Difficulty Accused of Murder_Golden Frames and Diablo from Hell Difficulty Saga.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554rnm-e008-forged-in-fire-with-my-life-set-to-hell-difficulty-accused-of-murder-g.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/ZRkl2ZkClf8>

Description:

Hear why Richard sees his “Life’s Difficulty set to: Hell Difficulty”.

Discover two computer video games – Ultima and Diablo - that greatly influenced Richard’s “values” and reinforced his integrity.

The Doctors observe Richard’s intent to “Do Good” is severely contrasted by his “Murdering a Man”.

In the Beginning:

There are few stories I remember from early childhood but one memory triggers another and another and so I have written down as many as I can recall as memory snapshots.

My Life's "Hell Difficulty" Setting like the *Diablo* Computer Game's Hardest Setting:

As I recount my life from childhood to young adult and through my career up to now, I think it is important you understand why I describe my life as 'Hell Difficulty'.

"Hell Difficulty" was set for me the day I was conceived much less born. I have always felt my life was abnormally hard and challenging. The hardships I faced forged me to be strong and resilient and unrelenting with iron willpower. They also kindled and fanned the flames for my Faith and then diminished Faith, and my connection to Hell and Heaven and Limbo and ancient mythologies.

I had no name or label to describe my daunting challenges or how they made me evolve and feel.

But then came a computer game in 1997 that I loved called *Diablo*. It had the typical game difficulty settings, but it also had an insanely hard setting called 'Hell Difficulty'. It was a mode only available going online (early Internet days) using the publishing company's Battle.Net game servers.

I proudly mastered the game and excelled well beyond its challenge until it, too, was not difficult at all except on its most challenging setting 'Hell Difficulty'. Few people ever overcame and beat the challenge.

As an aside –

Many games before *Diablo* were likewise easy to beat – I used to adjust the colors, brightness, and contrast so object could barely be recognized or seen on the TV to make it harder to win; inevitably I would get high scores "playing blind" in comparison to neighborhood friends without visual handicaps.

Player's that beat the game in *Diablo* were rewarded with a frame around their portrait. But beating *Diablo* on its most challenging setting of "Hell Difficulty" rewarded a golden portrait frame AND gold background. It was the ultimate in bragging rights and "felt awesome" to beat the devil in the most challenging game setting (and it WAS VERY HARD!).

I proudly showed friends and colleagues my golden portrait. It was silly but I felt great about it.

Diablo's 'Hell Difficulty' setting reminded me of my life – virtually impossible to survive and succeed but extraordinary effort and talent CAN AND WILL SUCCEED!

In life I have encountered far more adversity than seems ordinary. I believe my hardships have been significant and would have crushed most people. I am convinced that I developed remarkable coping mechanisms and benefited from extraordinary focus and unrelenting motivation so that I could endure and triumph over life damning challenges.

So bottom line –

I have lived a real life on difficulty setting "Hell Difficulty". ...something meant for a game – not my reality.

Psychiatrist Questions How *Diablo* Influenced Me:

Doctor Bradbury, an upper-middled aged white man, spoke up from his iPad video chat window, "Richard, this game *Diablo* sounds like it was pretty important to you. What about it 'touched' or 'influenced' you so deeply?"

Bradbury's question was actually a good one.

“Well, it was just a great game. It was one of the first games that really captured the feeling of ‘being in Hell’ for me, and it was not scripted so I could feel free to do whatever I wanted to as I delved deeper and deeper into Hell to defeat the devil Diablo.

The game Diablo had great graphics and music and sound effects and lighting for the era. It supported local area network play – which was very rare at the time. Its controls and enemy movement and combat logic + AI was solid and challenging. The game was super compelling and addictive and rewarding.

The game Diablo came out when I was working as Director of Software Development at Mindscape – working on Chessmaster, Pokermaster, Panzer General 3D, and numerous other products. And so Mindscape teammates and I played Diablo late at night after long days creating games ourselves – it was both fun and team bonding.

How Diablo and Ultima Computer Games Shaped Me:

Bradbury challenged my answer, “Hmmm. But that just says the game was great and you enjoyed it alone and with colleagues at the company Mindscape. How did it ‘touch’ or ‘influence’ you so deeply?

Bradbury was right that I did not answer his question after all. I felt like I had, but clearly had not.

“Okay – As a kid for as long as I can remember I wanted to be Good, Righteous, and be a True Knight even if worn and beat up. I wanted to defend abused people. I wanted to evangelize God and Christianity. I wanted to DEFEAT evil and fight wrong-doing.

Even as a toddler I killed spiders and bugs to protect years-older sisters.

I have sworn not to lie or deceive, and while people assert ‘everyone lies’ it is my belief that I am the exception – I DO NOT LIE. It has hurt and limited my career and social life. But it is wrong and I do not intend to lie or deceive.

So, how in a modern world where I aspire and dream to become a ‘Knight Errant’ can I be one – a true knight?

- 1) The first answer is to write your stories and computer and video games that let you be that hero and knight.
- 2) The second answer is to read and play other people’s stories and games that let you be or envision that hero or knight of righteousness.

Two games deeply influenced me –

- 1) Diablo, a computer game descent into Hell
- 2) Ultima, a computer game where you play as the Avatar of Virtue

Both Diablo and Ultima game themes are ‘Be Good. Do Good. Be Righteous! Be a Paragon of Virtue! Evangelize Good and Overcome Evil!’

Okay, is that what you wanted to hear Doctor Bradbury?” I challenging asked?

Doctor Bradbury grinned as if he trapped me by goading me into detailing my love of Diablo, but I was unclear what he ‘got out of me’.

Psychiatrist Challenge – How Does a Murderer See Himself as Good:

“Thank you, Richard,” Bradbury said softly.

“I appreciate your commitment to being good. How do you reconcile murdering a black man with being good?” asked Bradbury in his soft now-antagonistic voice.

I sighed heavily as if exhaling Bradbury’s BS.

I ranted, “**Damn it! I am not a murderer!** I defended my life after saving two people from a mugging. Can’t you see how obviously wrong it is that I am judged and prosecuted and punished for helping people from evil!?”

MY GOD!!!! How is it possible this world is so upside down!?

And why does everyone keep saying the guy’s race as ‘black’? He was a bad man. That is it. Nothing to do with the color of his skin. He was mugging and threatening and trying to kill. I stopped him. The end. Race was not involved.

There it is. I SAVED PEOPLE FROM A BAD MAN!”

Caselli Calming and De-escalating:

Caselli leaned forward and touched my shoulder, “It will be okay, Richard.

Doctor Bradbury was just trying to understand your views on the incident. He was casting no judgment.

Should we stop for the day, Richard? Or would you like to proceed?”

I wanted freedom. My voice wavering and strained, “Can we proceed. Please.”

...

Bradbury chimed in, “Richard, I am sorry to have distressed you so much. I was trying to understand how such a good person could have done such a heinous thing.

I believe you are an unusually good and honorable person that somehow ended up in a bad situation...and chose the wrong course of action in the moment.

Therefore, my questions are not meant to upset but are rather to ascertain your perspective on the matters – nothing more.”

Psychiatrists Were Judges No Matter What They Insisted:

I knew Doctor Bradbury meant well and certainly did not intend to offend or insult me.

But I was incensed.

I felt in my heart all three doctors were judging me.

They may use words like ‘evaluate’ or ‘assess’ but they are ‘judging’. Their questions were leading to their intended outcome or questions framed such that the only answer is what they want to hear. Any other answer would make me look bad, dumb, or dishonest. They were good at entrapment.

None of this situation felt ‘fair’ or right in any way to me.

It was obvious that they were judges because without their consent I would remain locked up forever more.

YEA – THAT MEANS THEY ARE JUDGING ME!!!!!! DAMN IT!!!!

...
Caselli could see my fury though I presumed could not read my angry thoughts.

He tapped his pen loudly like a tiny gavel, “Let’s continue then. Richard?”

E009 Fading Memories Brought to Light and Recorded for Posterity



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E009 Fading Memories Brought to Light and Recorded for Posterity and Mental Divergence Dissonance from in Hell Difficulty Saga.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v554sa4-e009-fading-memories-brought-to-light-and-recorded-for-posterity-and-mental.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/2KijEbeKqs>

Description:

“Bottled Memories” is Richard’s coping technique – to suppress and control troubling feelings and emotions.

Left unresolved – buried deep in the subconscious – the Doctors believe un-lanced – they will remain unhealed – and eventually erupt in tragic negative behavioral consequence.

Given a tablet – Richard is asked to write down his memories – to aid – ongoing psychiatric sessions.

Richard concludes the Psych Prison is an Orwellian dystopian nightmare without privacy or freedom – and what you say will be used against you.

Documenting Memories – Lifelong Postmortem Diary, Living Autobiography:

“I decided to write down my memories in a journal before we met each day and talk”, I informed Dr. Caselli. “It is so hard for me to remember things in the moment, so recording them beforehand seems prudent to me. When we meet, I will go over my notes and then we can talk about whatever you want relating to them. I believe that is what you asked me to do?”, I queried.

Dr. Caselli nodded, “That is right. It is a good idea to document your thoughts and memories. Would you be willing to give me a copy of them as we proceed? It would save me some time writing down everything you said.”

I agreed that the doctor could copy my ‘memory notes’ and told him that they sounded more like ‘Lifelong Postmortem Diary’ or an ‘Evolving Living Diary’. And perhaps they could form the basis of shared book or anthology someday I imagined.

Caselli chuckled at my ‘postmortem diary’, “Funny – you sound like an engineer there performing a postmortem analysis of your life. Please, proceed.”

“Doctor, I also think my ‘memory’ notes may be therapeutic for me – even if I cry and sob as I write them.

I also feel good about recording my life’s journey for posterity.

Maybe they can be made into a television series or a movie, and my life’s quest will conclude with making humankind better after all.

Well – why not hope for storytellers to appreciate my life and tale of *Hell Difficulty* enough to re-tell it in their own words across every art form and medium available?

...

Of course – I imagined revealing my hope for influencing people’s perspectives even if it was for ‘good’ and hubris to think that I could make a difference in the world would that had turned against me so that I appeared more like a conceited A-hole, potential sociopath.

Challenges Writing and Telling My Tale – and Techniques to Remember:

In between the sessions - I attempted to recall my memories spanning birth to childhood to young adult and beyond, I thought it was important to explain the challenges I faced in doing so.

While I typed my memories so they would be ready the next day to discuss with Doctor Caselli and his gang of shrinks, I found myself frequently confused –

- 1) I would write an idea and think of another idea (usually related in some tangential way to the current idea).
- 2) If I did not stop immediately and write down the new idea, I would forget it within five to fifteen seconds.
- 3) But after writing the new idea down I usually lost focus on the prior idea I was writing. And so, I had to re-read the prior sections to remember what I was writing before the new idea appeared.
- 4) If no new idea emerged, I was able to make progress on the current memory.
- 5) But if ANOTHER new memory emerged the document-the-new-idea loop started again.

Unsealed Bottled Memories:

Throughout my life I metaphorically put unpleasant or terrible experiences into bottles and sealed them and placed them high up on an out-of-sight shelf in the back of my mind. The idea was to not forget so they were there to learn from but to suppress any negative emotions or feelings so that I would not be held back or limited by them.

As I recall ancient memories, some of my memory bottle seals have been opened or even broken. The result is I cry. Tears flow and sobs come out. I do not know how or why it happens to me now. I have controlled them forever – for my entire life.

As my mind degenerates, so does my emotional control. I suffer severe emotional lability.

Remembering things “hurts”. My brain recoils at the exposure of long buried horrors and nightmares.

It seems my neurodegeneration has made me vulnerable to things I once tamed.

My ‘Room’ Cell Was Like an Agitating Perpetual Waiting Room Void:

Let me describe my residence ‘jail cell’ outside the psych session ‘jail cell’ in my home inside the Scottsdale Psychiatric Institute for The Criminally Insane (AKA looney bin, nut house, or psych ward if I am nice about it).

My ‘room’ was a spartan, simple rectangular room with a plain metal frame bed, overstuffed vinyl visitor chair, and a ‘High School’ like “student’s desk” with integrated chair and tabletop.

Attached to the tabletop with a steel cable was a laptop with keyboard and trackpad.

The furniture was bolted through industrial vinyl flooring to its underlying concrete foundation.

The walls and ceiling had a rubberized tear and impact proof paint sealant, which I suppose was the equivalent to old-school padded walls in loony bin cells. Yea – I was in a crazy person place AS THE CRAZY PERSON!

The room sported throw-back phosphorescent light tubes...that irritatingly flickered slightly continuously. If I did not suffer migraines already, the relentless flicker certainly would induce them. It was inhumane to lock someone in a room with a constant fluorescent shimmer I thought.

The room’s only “Natural light” came into the room from a single sealed 2x3 cinder-block glass window, which let diffused dimmed light in with nothing visible out through its mostly milky tinted almost opaque glass.

There was a shared bathroom outside the room in a hall connecting other psych ward ‘rooms’.

!) To use the bathroom, you had to press an intercom button to ask someone to unlock your door so you could ‘do your business’.

There was no privacy in the Hellscape Pysch Ward!

Bottom-line:

My ‘room’ felt very ‘insulated’ if not outright ‘isolated’, and engendered headaches and agitation with its flickering lights.

Being in the room felt like existing in a perpetual waiting room void, wondering when someone might show up to question you, direct you, summon you, or feed you.

I Lived in a Zoo or Was a Pet Awaiting Attention from My ‘Masters’:

In a lot of ways – I was a human ‘pet’ for doctors to play with whenever, however they saw fit.

Or worse – I was in a zoo, and the psychiatrists were deciding what they were going to do with me.

Either way – I was captive and awaited attention from my ‘masters’.

Tablet and Stylus for Artistic Expression and Entertainment – And ASSESSMENT:

A tablet with stylus was available on request for artistic expression and entertainment, mostly to draw pictures and hand-write things. It was a doodle and art pastime distractor.

The tablet could transfer the images and doodles to the mounted desk laptop for further manipulation and even printing.

A printer was available upon request for a short amount of time over a temporarily granted access isolated hospital patient local network to share files with the medical team, backup files, and print documents or pictures.

The computer had no internet connection or access to any of the other hospital networks. ...or so they told me.

!) The hospital staff accesses the stored files on the network, so I knew at some point the files leave the isolated patient network. Unlikely it was a USB drive or manual file copy I surmised. Most likely the hospital has a way to access the patient network like a subnet, and so I should be able to reverse that and get to the doctor’s files and the Internet I speculated.

No Privacy, No Secrets, Spying Normal, Everything Secretly Reviewed and Assessed:

More on this later, but I discovered a horrific truth that I had no privacy at all...

!) Of course, I later discovered that they recorded and saved every doodle, word, etc. so they could review and assess them at their convenience – without me knowing!

Once I knew - I felt deceived and violated.

Thrown into Orwellian Dystopian Ward of Newspeak and Mind Control:

It was like be thrown into George Orwell’s ‘1984’ book’s Newspeak where everything was inverted in definition and conflicted with reality and outright common sense, and where everything I did was monitored and controlled.

They wanted to control my thoughts and feelings with coping techniques and drugs!

They wanted to control me by taking away all of freedoms, rights, and liberty!

They wanted to control me by making my life totally worthless and without a future!

They wanted me to have no choice but to think and do as they directed me.

Spelling and Grammar Miraculous Technology:

I have found that it is possible for me to write five to eight first-pass draft pages per day with a lot of starts and stops.

I learned that word processors have evolved to have amazing real-time spell and grammar checking, so as I typed words it told me to fix spelling, tense, or grammar right there. It was not perfect, but it was 99% right – far more accurate than I have become with my degenerated brain. It even recommended alternative wording to avoid repetition and called out potentially offensive words. It was like having a mini publisher editor previewing everything as I typed. It was invaluable and possibly necessary for me to succeed.

I tried to think of times in my life that had a story or nugget worth talking about to have a ‘starting point’. The approach worked well because it gave me a starting place with a broad idea like – how I became a hacker.

Other techniques to remember things included seeking out memorabilia and ‘artifacts’ from my career or childhood – trophies, photos, cards, emails, ... They worked the best by giving strong ‘memory stimulus’ through powerful moments in my life reinforced with something physical.

Memories Are Like Tree Trunks and Branches and Leaves:

Once I had a core idea, it felt like it was a major tree branch extending off the side of my brain’s tree trunk of knowledge. And as I remembered things, it was like traversing smaller branches off the main branch. And from there tree branch’s leaves represented smaller detailed memories that previously could not be remembered.

I could traverse the big trunk memories to their large branches to smaller branches to their leaves of memories.

And I hoped to recall and remember my memories before my autumn years took them all away as the leaves begin to fall away from their memory branches to the River of Styx where souls and memories are lost...forever.

Writing my own memories has been a different journey than ordinary writing because of my inability to remember much in the moment or manage concurrent ideas or tasks.

Taking the Time to Remember and Stay Focused Using Notes and Bullets:

My solution to my difficulties was to take the time I needed to think and write and take notes and write some more.

I afford myself the right to forget sections and even mis-remember some things in hopes I will recall correctly and remedy the mistake later. It is and was important for me to “get the stuff down”, and then organize and refine and polish it.

It was obvious that I no longer had the ability to just remember events in my life without external prompting or recollection triggers or artifacts. I needed help to remember things.

I found myself looking at photos from my home of a ‘glory wall’ with framed copies of my games, awards, and the like I had received throughout my life. I likewise reviewed my resume and Linked-In for career social media. And I searched the Internet. Oh, did I search the Internet – A LOT!

In the end – I am proud of how much I was able to recall so I could write my autobiographical memories in *Hell Difficulty*. ...even if it took me so long to remember and write it.

Mental Dissonance Whenever Things Go Awry:

Another hard thing to describe for me is how my brain reacts to it recognizing its own short-circuit failure to process things correctly or behave appropriately.

As example – whenever I lose track of what I am doing or forget a topic I was thinking of I feel bad about myself, and my anxiety flares up and sometimes goes through the roof where I must go lay down to ‘calm myself’.

And anyone dares to disturb me when I ‘calming down’ is unfortunately often greeted with a raging Richard (third person because *I* do not rage or react like that).

I likewise end up feeling similarly “bad” and anxiety-laden following a PBA crying episode or emotional lability outburst.

When these “brain failures” happen, I experience a kind of “pain”. It is not a physical or emotional pain. It is like a resonating tone (and not literally an audible tone) in my head that permeates my thinking. It feels like pressure within my forehead, on and within my ears, on my temples, on my neck and down my shoulders to my arms and hands. It can extend to my thighs and calves and even feet and toes. And all of this is not a physical feeling but a phantom “psychological pain”.

I cannot describe how phantom “psychological pain” feels but can only attempt to describe similarities to other emotions and feelings.

Phantom “psychological pain” feels like my mind is experiencing fingernails scraping across a chalkboard with no end in sight. It is a perpetual – SCRRRAAAATTCCHH SCRREEEECCCH!

NO ESCAPE! JUST TIME TO SOOTHE AND RECOVER!

And I worried every time – will it stop? Or is this time forever?

Yea – anxiety often went through the roof.

The phantom pain usually manifests in three extreme ways –

- 1) Itches emerge everywhere sporadically across my body and scratching them rarely relieves them. It is a scratch and scrape myself to distract enough until it stops.
- 2) Headaches and Migraines appear following injury or severe emotional incident.
- 3) Overwhelming anxiety and sense of oppression and threat.

So, imagine – not only are brain systems not working right but I have internal “freak outs” over the failures too, and I cannot control the freak outs either!

Writing to Preserve ‘Me’:

I am glad to write down my memories and share them because I fear one day even these memories will have been stolen from me as my mind decays and dies.

Despite how hard it is to keep writing, I push myself to do so. I intend to keep going because my waning memories may be lost irrecoverably someday, and so I need to write them down now before they are forgotten to history.

Heh - Perhaps I will read my own story someday and wonder who that man was and how he accomplished so much.

In writing *Hell Difficulty*, I am preserving my heart, soul, and legacy. I am preserving “me”.

E010 Fading Memories Recorded for Posterity – Part 2



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E010 Forgotten Memory and Emotional Suppression Bottles with Sociopath Schizophrenic Delusional Storied Reality_Hell Difficulty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dsq1-e010-forgotten-memory-emotional-suppression-bottles-with-sociopath-schizosph.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/PKY6Y6TpdnA>

Description:

Richard aspires to end his days basked in Glowing Divine aura as he stands in judgment at the Pearly Gates of Heaven – like Diablo’s Glowing character background backdrop reward for defeating the devil on the game’s highest difficulty setting - “Hell Difficulty.”

The head psychiatrist is “the gravitas” – the center and controller of everything.

Richard’s future depended on the individual judgment of the lead doctor.

Want End of Days Basked in Glowing Divine Golden Aura Before Heaven's Gates:

My life was set to 'Hell Difficulty' on birth.

And like *Diablo*, I want my end of days to cloaked in a glowing golden divine aura surrounding me before Heaven's Gates because I was extraordinary and righteous and endured, and because metaphorically I kicked the damned devil butt and saved humanity!

I want my legacy to be framed and basked in glowing divine golden aura glory, as I stand before the Gates of Heaven and greet its gatekeeper St. Peter.

I know - you cannot be a hero like in video games. It is more of a mind's eye fantasy. I always wanted to be a True Knight for Karmic Justice. Maybe a little bit of a Don Quixote.

Through storytelling and video games I have lived my fiction and dreams even if I worked in a normal "functional reality". But the aspiration of doing "right" and being Just has always been entirely real and doable.

It is truly remarkable to me how much I accomplished despite my many challenges and hardships in life – despite my living 'Hell Difficulty'.

Impatient Doctor Caselli Appreciates My Journaling Late Written a Diary:

Doctor Caselli looked impatient as if he was holding back for me to finish my diatribe on 'remembering myself' and how I was trying to write things down including my challenges to do so.

He looked so impatient, but I was determined to keep going if he did not stop me. And here we are. I said my piece, and Doctor Caselli was clearly going to say his piece now.

Caselli spoke, "Richard, your journey to write your experiences and memories down as a late-written diary is splendid idea.

We appreciate your trying to recall and organize your thoughts so we can efficiently parse your life and learning, better understand your motivations and behaviors, and identify intended and unintended consequences of them.

It may expose opportunities to utilize different coping and management techniques that could help you re-integrate into society should we find you are ready to be released."

Late-Life Emergent Schizophrenia and Bipolar Disorder:

Caselli placed his pen down on his clipboard and spoke.

"Right now –

I need to inform you, Richard, that your interest in leaving a legacy, shaping the world, having your life 'framed in a golden portrait' for all your legendary greatness to be remembered, and many other attributes of hubris point to a possible late-life emergent schizophrenia...

...which is typically caused by ischemic strokes or Lewy Bodies in the brain.

Your impressive workaholic history and behavior is also consistent with bipolar disorder, with predominantly manic dominance.

It is possible you had an extremely rare brain that can ‘use bipolar’ extremes while masking the negative aspects.

But with age and neurodegeneration - that ability to suppress the bipolar negative aspects has gone and now you are left with ‘normal bipolar disorder’ and without ‘normal brain’ processes, your emotions overwhelm and overload you, decompensate you and you ‘melt’ as you say.

Late-life bipolar disorder is also extremely rare, but it explains some of your changed behavior over the last decade.”

Mental Condition Can Explain Killing Without Malice – Still a Murderer:

Doctor Caselli proclaimed, “Combine late-life emergent schizophrenia from neurodegeneration and expressed late-life bipolar disorder with a perceived life-threatening event collision, it is easy to see how someone might justify killing another in alleged ‘self-defense’ as opposed to de-escalating or leaving the situation.

Murdering someone does not require malice, Richard.

Murdering requires an intentional action that ends the life of another person.

You, Richard, intentionally hit a man with a tire iron that killed him.

Your action, Richard, defines you as a murderer.

You must embrace and accept the fact that YOU ARE A MURDERER, Richard.”

Focal Point of Psychological Investigation:

I was seething with all this “I am a murderer” non-sense. But I knew if I said something the doctor would twist it and hold it against me further.

But it was SO HARD NOT TO TALK AND DEFEND MYSELF.

Sometimes... Sometimes... I wondered if the psychiatrists intentionally tried to rile and upset me to see if they could discover something.

I did not like being the focal point of psychological investigation...

‘Too Much Wisdom’ Overflowed and Melted Brain Growing Older:

“You see, Richard” Doctor Caselli resumed.

“Your outlook on the world has been corrupted by mental illness likely brought on by neurodegeneration.

It does not matter what caused your late-life schizophrenia or bipolar disorder or other conditions. It does not matter if they are the result of degeneration, strokes, Lewy Bodies, or simply from a late-life declined ability to suppress those maladies - because [he joked] of your having too much knowledge and ‘too much wisdom’ that overflowed and melted your brain and thus – your corresponding behavior has been altered.

The facts are the same, Richard.

You murdered a man and need to recognize that and adjust your thinking and modify your behavior if you hope to return to society.

Doctor ‘Gravitas’ Controlled My Reality:

The ‘Good Doctor Caselli’ was good at reminding me often at how he was the ‘gravitas’, the center of everything and how he alone controlled my future COMPLETELY!

While his “CONTROL FREAK” and attitude about it was overwhelmingly obvious, I had to accept it because HE WAS IN TOTAL CONTROL of my life.

It sucked – but Caselli now controlled “my reality”.

Sociopath Disorder Too!? – Or a Doctor in Search of Problems:

Caselli almost grinned as he stressed, “Your reluctance, Richard, to acknowledge that your actions were wrong in murdering a black man. It shows a total lack of remorse or understanding of the situation and your role in it.

It is difficult to not conclude you may be losing empathy as well – perhaps bordering sociopathic disorder.”

...

I was flabbergasted!

NOW Caselli says I may be a sociopath!?

It felt like Doctor Caselli was looking for diagnoses to treat rather than diagnosing any real problems.

He was a doctor in search of problems... ...not in search of solutions.

More Judgment – My Alleged Delusions of Grandeur and Pride’s Fall:

“Richard,” Caselli said.

All these conditions have culminated in your suffering classic delusions of grandeur which led to unwise choices resulting in your falling so far that it is unclear you will ever recover and return to a normal life as you knew it.

In some ways –falling to late-life psychiatric disorders from neurodegeneration have made you suffer a delusional sense of greatness and pride. That conceit blinded you from reason and self-awareness and critical thinking and momentary doubt and reasoning.

Simply – your pride made you think that you were “infinitely righteous” and so could “do no wrong”. And therefore, your executive function was dormant...and – following your insanity - you did what you ‘felt’ like doing - not what you ‘thought’.

I May Defer ‘Fragments’ in Memories to Not Detract from its Core Story:

Caselli paused.

So – what was I to do?

My mind was racing with thoughts and considerations...

In discussing my ‘memories’ with Caselli, it was apparent - that I needed to make and state my assumptions and thinking to keep things going. I was expected to provide necessary background information to support any given memory in the
[ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1](#)
[BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION](#)
[PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA](#)

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

moment... but – should I recall ‘more on any given topic later’, the doctors were happy for me to circle back and discuss them. For things that are not critical information - in the moment - for the current memory we are discussing... they recommended saving them for a future session. *How many sessions would there be!?*

So – following Caselli’s guidance - Throughout my ‘memories’ there will be times I will defer some topics or ideas or even details about people or events or places to a future session. Extraneous detail given at the time could even detract from the core of the memory being discussed - or confuse insightful nuggets that I was supposed to draw from them.

Also – if I recall any related things from later or earlier in my life I may bring them up out of order if it makes sense to me at the time. It’s important to get the information that mattered out, and specifically - not be limited to what happened chronologically – or what was being discussed at that time.

I told Doctor Caselli, “Look - I am sure I will have time to catchup on deferred topics and details throughout our seemingly INFINITE sessions. If you want to know something specific, of course, just interrupt and speak up and ask. I have agreed to be totally open and transparent. I want to get out of here! I am a ‘captive’ audience to you, Doctor Caselli – here locked up – in the psych ward as his ‘prisoner’ - after all.

Where am I supposed to go? What am I supposed to do? I am your prisoner.

E011 Early Childhood Memories



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E011 Early Childhood_My Name is Rishie_That is Not for Me_Knightly Righteousness since Birth_Psychiatrist Judgment_Hell Difficulty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dtg6-e011-childhood-my-name-is-rishie-that-is-not-for-me-knightly-righteousness-.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/sWjU1tsTQy0>

Description:

Baby and Toddler Richard proves innate unrelenting perseverance towards a goal or purpose despite hardships.

“My name is “Rishie”, as said by Toddler Richard – with a lisp.

Toddler Richard shows natural borne traits of chivalry, sacrifice, and protecting of others.

Being small and vulnerable as a Child and as a frail declining Senior is contrasted and shown to be similar.

See tiny vulnerable Richard fall ill and nearly die – unrecognized by his own mother.

The Hammer:

As a baby, I recall wanting a hammer and my mother said it was not for me. I crawled to it no matter where they put it. They put it high on a bookcase shelf, which I climbed to get the hammer. They were flabbergasted and gave up, putting it outside a door I could not open. I sat by the door... I wanted my hammer.

This early story of my determinate and unwavering relentless drive to achieve my goals would be hallmark for me throughout my life.

“I WILL HAVE MY HAMMER!”

Doctors’ Non-Specific Alleged Insight and Inability to See My Contempt:

Doctor Caselli smiled, “You identify as ‘relentless’ and felt a ‘need’ to complete your goals. That is interesting. Please, continue.”

I nodded [albeit sarcastically to myself] acknowledging Caselli’s non-specific alleged insight.

It was a puzzling thing to know when or even if these doctors can tell when I am suppressing my ‘attitude’ and ‘resentment’ towards them for letting me remain in this ludicrous psych ward situation, and WORSE - for taking a salary to hold me hostage unfairly!

It seemed to me my contempt was either invisible to the doctors or they did not care that I resented them and my captivity and ... powerlessness.

Righteous and Brave – Born to Be a Knight:

Unwavering in my goals has always been a hallmark of my determination, being that way since birth...even for things as abstract as faith, morality, and integrity.

I am not sure what inspired me to protect people and pursue what is right. It had been in me since I was toddler, probably since I was born. My sisters were afraid of a spider near the toilet, so I grabbed a fly swatter and charged to kill it regardless of age or threat. It has always just been in me...to protect and do good no matter the cost or risk.

In a way – I think I was born to be a ‘knight’ or a ‘knight errant’ to quest across the world to root out and defeat evil. Just in modern times – well – that means I should act with chivalry and pursue justice and help others and challenge evil whenever and however I could.

Caselli Asserts Chivalry, Righteousness Equate to Lawlessness, Vigilantism:

Doctor Caselli smiled again, “So you began at your earliest memories seeing yourself as a heroic figure that should protect others.

That is an admirable sentiment, but it is also the root of lawlessness and vigilantism. Thinking you ‘are the law’, have the ‘right to enforce justice’, and you ‘are righteous’ can justify a multitude of bad, abusive, and destructive decisions and actions.

It will be enlightening to understand more as you share your childhood and young adult memories how often such ideations of knighthood and chivalry emerge, and how they influenced your decisions, actions, and behavior – possibly a core of your identity and corresponding life perspective and attitude.

My hope, Richard, is we will go on this journey as a team – you, Doctors Brandon, Garcia, and Hyder, and myself.

We will delve into your history young and old.

We will shine a light on formative moments and how they may have influenced your late life ‘misadventures’ and ultimate racist murder of a black man.”

Chivalry and Righteousness Should Be Adopted by Everyone – I Believed:

Again – I was offended so much by the doctor’s assertion that my being chivalrous and helping others in righteous causes made me bad as a scofflaw and vigilante!

It was inconceivable to imagine a world so lost that doing good for others was the wrong thing to do.

I absolutely cannot accept such backwards thinking.

And why does Caselli keep saying I was a racist murderer!? I could only surmise – because he was black himself and had a social ‘chip on his shoulder’... ..but that would make him a very petty renown and highly educated senior psychiatrist and neurologist.

Apparent More Value in Silence than Speech with Leftist Liberal Racist Caselli:

But regardless of why Caselli seemed so judgmental of me, I knew if I argued... ..the doctors would dismiss my words as further evidence of my lacking self-awareness and inability to understand right from wrong.

Moreover – if I argued against my being racist, Caselli would probably declare my saying so as proof of my racism. He might even say that I was ignorantly racist because of my white privilege growing up and working in a systemic racist system all around us.

Oh yea – Doctor Caselli was a liberal...I could tell.
But Caselli – EXTREME LEFT!

I was not sure where on the Left-Moderate-Right spectrum Doctors Hyder, Garcia, and Brandon were. But I could tell they were and acted subordinate to Doctor Caselli and would unlikely oppose him.

Doctors Would Gang Up and Use My Words Against Me – Encouraging My Silence:

In other words –
The doctors would gang up on me and use anything I said against me.

I concluded they would twist any defense I made for chivalry and righteousness being good and that helping others was the right thing for everyone to do – much less for me.

Their actions discouraged my being totally open and talkative – my normal transparent and verbose way.

Instead – I was encouraged to be silent to reduce conflicts and more negative judgment on me.

And so...

I nodded [internally sarcastically] acknowledging the doctor’s ‘wisdom’... and continued sharing my memories.

My Name Was Rishie – Shy, Lisp, Tiny:

As a little kid I had a strong lisp and was very shy. My sisters made fun of me but there was nothing I could do but...speak with a lisp.

I could not make a ‘chuh’ sound either – so my name Richard (or Richie as a kid) was ‘Rishie’.

As a little kid I was thin and small. My body had not ‘found itself’ yet.

Blossomed Later in Life to be ‘Big and Hefty’ – My Name Would Become ‘Richard’:

Though small as a pre-teen, I ‘blossomed’ into a big, hefty teenager and continued that way into adulthood.

I moderately managed my weight as an adult over the decades in bouts of fluctuating weight.

Contrast: Late Life Lost Too Much Weight, became Emaciated Gaunt Frail Old Man:

Much later in my mid-forties and early fifties – I lost a lot of weight on what I called the ‘banana diet’.

When I first began losing weight, I declared my evening dinner of eating 1-3 bananas was a miracle dietary plan. I lost 5-7 pounds weekly! I had lost 63 pounds in record speed.

But ... it did not stop.

I lost so much weight that I became an emaciated gaunt cancer-stricken frail appearing old man. I lost weight so fast that the doctors said it caused me to develop a hernia and other maladies due to ‘my guts’ shifting around too much without time to ‘settle safely and securely’.

So – losing weight was harming my health and was killing me.

Thousands of Calories Daily to Maintain Weight:

To remedy my uncontrolled weight loss – I forced myself to eat 5-10 thousand calories a day (yea – THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF CALORIES EVERY SINGLE DAY) including sweets and pastas and chips... ...of which should be terrible for a diabetic...but my blood-sugar was largely unaffected as was my weight.

Only with dense protein energy shakes was able to gradually regain some weight over several years.

I came to realize – my weight had become independent of anything I did, ate, drank, or whether I exercised or not.

I presumed it was related to my neurological degeneration once that was diagnosed.

And here we are – I eat a lot of calories and have stable weight and blood sugar.

Scared Lisp ‘Rishie’ grew to Confident Adult, to Anxiety Degenerated ‘Adult Child’:

Doctor Brandon spoke up from his little iPad window, “Excuse me, Richard.

You are off topic. Let’s get back on track with your childhood.

Why did you connect or segway from your childhood memory of lisp ‘Rishie’ to your older weight loss and degraded health?”

...

Brandon had an interesting point.

Why did I jump from being toddler with a lisp to an emaciated dying adult?

I imagined my leap from childhood to late forties health was obviously – MY WEIGHT extremes of tiny to hefty.

I felt it was unquestionably the correlation and contrast of pre-teen being thin, small, shy, and vulnerable vs growing up to become a powerhouse physically and mentally... ..and later devolving into being weak and vulnerable again as an addled and gaunt enfeebled waif of an aged man.

I answered Doctor Brandon, “Well – I think it is because as a kid I felt especially tiny and vulnerable. My entire life was uncertain – living in a car and not knowing when and what the next meal might be. I have a lot of stuff to share here later...”

I could see the doctors were unreceptive to my ‘obvious connection’, and so I shift tact a bit and added an additional possibility.

I continued, “So...

I think my connection from when I was a kid to later being in late forties is not only about my weight when I think about it. It was also that I felt scared and afraid as a kid, and I overcame that with a vengeance as an adult...but somehow as I aged and as my body declined so did my confidence.

In a weird way – I have devolved back into that vulnerable ‘adult child’.”

...

Seeing Emotional, Psychological Attributions in Memories vs. Literal Interpretation:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window sputtered and stalled a bit as he spoke, apparently suffering a lagging Internet connection.

He sighed loudly through the iPad, “That is insightful, Richard.

Seeing emotional and psychological attributions in your memories as opposed to the literal interpretation is unusual and impressive.

Please continue.”

Doctor Panel Seemed More Interested in Psychological than Real-World Reasons:

It was apparent – the doctors preferred my ‘I was a scared little child’ narrative much more than my ‘ummm – I was super small, then super big, then super small – so the connection is size, weight.’

I could only imagine the doctor panel was more interested in a psychological reason as opposed to a physical real-world reason.

I continued.

Scarlet Fever – So Ill that Soda, Kool-Ade Hurt to Drink:

We never had soda and even Kool-Aid was rare. But during a neighbor's party they had both!

But I did not want any of it – not because of my shyness but because it burned my throat to drink it. It hurt to drink anything... ...but BECAUSE I WAS SHY - I just accepted the swallowing and throat pain without complaining.

However, because I declined soda and Kool-Aid despite their rarity for me, my mother decided I must be sick. Reactively, a neighbor put their hand on my forehead...and declared I had a very high fever and may even need to see a doctor or a hospital SOON.

Hospitalized, Near Death Diagnosis – Portrait of a Toddler's *Hell Difficulty*:

My mother, pressured socially to address my apparent sickness, took me to an emergency center in a hospital because we had no medical insurance or money, and the hospital was bound under Good Samaritan laws to care for me.

It turned out I had scarlet fever and was diagnosed likely to die in the hospital.

Days later I was home on anti-biotics, etc. It was said to be a miracle that I lived!

This early malady seemed to be a hallmark of many to come my way throughout my life's *Hell Difficulty*.

Doctor Questions if Mother Always Derelict, Irresponsible in My Care:

Doctor Brandon's iPad window pulsed as he began speaking, "If I may, Richard.

You described your mother as taking you to the hospital due to social pressure, not because she was shown you needed medical attention.

Your choice of words seems to place you as a victim of an irresponsible, derelict, or unloving mother. None of those sound particularly trusting or able to rely on your mother taking care of you.

Did I pickup incorrectly your thoughts and feelings here, Richard?"

Defended My Mother as Doing Best in Bad Situation [That She Created]:

Well – the truth is that my mother has always strived to do right by her children, and she would sacrifice her life for any one of us. However, she has also always been emotionally weak and conflicted with spending vs saving.

Taking me to the doctor would cost money and time – not earning money, getting to-from, and covering meals/drinks/fares/fuel on route or just away from home.

When you are scraping by every single day, it is important to understand that a sick kid is just one thing that is going to happen...especially if you have three kids.

Did my mother fail to recognize how sick I was?
YES.

Did my mother reluctantly take me to the hospital?
YES.

Did my mother feel bad after I was diagnosed with probability of dying?

YES – OBVIOUSLY!

Was my mother derelict and irresponsible?

NO – YOU HAD TO BE THERE!

It is impossible to know all the horrors that went on in her life and the multitude of challenges she had faced, was facing then, and feared would yet face- ALONE with three tiny children.

SO, NO – My mother was not derelict or irresponsible, given the situation she and we were in. She did the best she could in a bad situation.

She did make terrible choices in life that put her in the situation...but her actions in that time were appropriate.

. . .

Doctor Brandon appeared a little shocked at my vehement and defensive reply to his loaded question about my mother being fundamentally a ‘bad parent’.

“I see, Richard. I did not mean to insult you or your mother.

I just observed your wording and wondered if it might suggest a perspective towards your mother meriting discussion.

I can see this is not a topic we should press at this time. Can we move on?”

I nodded and continued.

E012 Toddler in Mexico – Toddler and Pre-Teen Years



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E012 Toddler in Mexico and Discrimination Against Little White Boy and PreTeen Experiences from Hell Difficulty and Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dtuj-e012-toddler-in-mexico-and-discrimination-against-little-white-boy-and-pret.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/1anmutbAP9I>

Description:

Toddler Richard is denied opportunity to play with a toy marionette – while siblings play freely with it.

Deep within Mexico - Toddler Richard suffers discrimination because he was a “gringo” – a white boy.

His mother leaves him under care of a Mexican woman living in dive housing “in the hood” of Mexico.

Abandoned Toddler Richard must contend with emotional trauma, fear, and abuse by others.

Discriminated Against, Tormented Toddler Richard in Mexico:

Although I was born in Mountain View, California and spent most of my life (and all my childhood) in the United States, there a short window when my mother went to Mexico for reasons, she never told me.

That is right – she took her three children after she had been separated from her husband (my father) Silver Seaborne.

And to this day - no one ever knew why she went to Mexico alone with her three incredibly young children. I have speculated she went to Mexico as a last ditch effort to meet up with Silver or support one of his illegal dealings across the border.

I was so little that I do not remember much of anything from my toddler tour of Mexico.

But I do remember a few things –

Toy Marionette in Mexico – Never Allowed to Play:

- 1) A toy marionette with strings to manipulate its articulating legs, arms, and head. It was cheap but I had never seen such a thing and was in awe of it. But my sisters dominated play with it, so I watched and never had a ‘turn’ with the string-controlled doll.

It seemed wrong to me that my mother never seemed to care to make my sisters share the marionette with me. They insisted I would ruin it by tangling up its strings. How could they know that? And I am sure it would not have been the case.

But my mother was conflict-averse and was on a mission in Mexico so did not want to be distracted by kid infighting.

For my entire life – it has been repeatedly proven that my mother will stand by me for things I do, but she will not defend me or compromise her goals for mine.

As an aside – my mother has sacrificed and compromised for my eldest sister Cynthia (more on that later).

Foul Smelling, Smokey Mexican Food:

- 2) Lots of smelly and smokey food, and I did not like it much.

Abandoned in Mexico with Would-be Caretaker:

- 3) My mother left my sisters and me with a Mexican woman and her own children.

The Mexican family lived in an old multi-residence building – sort of like a rundown duplex but with rows of attached homes like a military base or low budget motel with only a ground floor. It was cheap when it was ‘new’ and it was decrepit ‘old’ then.

Of course – we were living in a car, so I suppose being judgmental about their living conditions was misplaced. But I was a kid and I perceived where were staying was a scary dangerous ‘dump’.

We were there for several days.

I worried where my mother was and if she would come back to get me – and my sisters. Honestly – I worried about myself first and foremost.

While we waited anxiously for our mother's return the Mexican woman was our caretaker. It would be a huge stretch to say she was our surrogate mother because she treated us like animals put in a shelter that had to be fed and sheltered – and nothing more.

Spider in My Cup – Order to Drink Water Anyway:

- 4) There was a Daddy Long Legs Spider in my water cup, and I was ordered to ignore it and drink my water.

The Mexican 'mom' demanded water should not be wasted and there was not a spider in the bottom of my cup.

OBVIOUSLY – THERE WAS A SPIDER IN MY CUP! I would not make such a horrific thing up.

But I was a tiny little child, and I was in a foreign country with strange people with no idea when (or even if) my mother was going to come back for me.

I drank the water as I watched terrified at the bottom of the cup in fear the spider might release, and I would swallow it.

In hindsight – it is insane that I drank from that cup and took direction to do so from a total stranger. The Mexican caretaker's only credibility was that my mother told my sisters and me to listen to her like she was our mother.

And that is what I did. I listened to the woman as if she were my mother and I suffered for it.

This would prove to me a recurring theme in my life – 'listen to my mother and get hurt'.

- 5) The woman served cow tongue tamales for dinner one night. It was supposed to be a treat, or so she said anyway. It looked and tasted weird – it was laden with spices to mask the nasty taste and texture consistency of the meat. After one bite I was 'done'.

I was berated by the Mexican 'mom' and she told me that I would not have anything else to eat because that was what they had for dinner.

I went hungry. I could not stomach the horrendous cow tongue tamales.

Discriminated Against as Toddler in Mexico by Caretaker's Older Children:

- 6) My last Memory from my Mexico toddler times was her kids taking me outside to play. Her children were much older – boys and girls between eight and early teens. She had a lot of kids – I do not recall how many but at least five or more kids.

They took me around the big motel-like apartment complex to a partially collapsed warehouse building. There were cinder blocks, rebar, broken beer and wine and hard liquor bottles strewn everywhere.

The place was an abandoned deathtrap – and her kids played in it, and they brought me to play there too.

It turned out though her kids had no intention of playing with me.

They had taken me to a place far enough away that I had no idea how to get back to where were staying – even if I could remember and recognize a place I had only just been dropped off at (or perhaps I say abandoned at).

Her kids taunted me. They called me ‘white boy’ and ‘dumb American’ and a myriad of mean sounding words in Spanish. They said all sorts of nasty things to me I cannot remember. They barraged me with a litany of insults and cruelty – despite my being a defenseless tiny innocent toddler.

For no reason at all – I was discriminated against as a white toddler in Mexico.

And then they ran off. They abandoned me in the dangerous warehouse.

I ran after them and was able to keep up enough to see the apartment we were staying in. I ran inside and hid in my corner where they loaned me a blanket to stay and sleep.

It was a lesson to me as a toddler –

- 1) PEOPLE ARE MEAN AND CRUEL!
- 2) AND - MAYBE PEOPLE CANNOT BE TRUSTED.
- 3) MY MOTHER CAN LEAVE ME ALONE FOR A LONG TIME – FOR DAYS.

I think that was a series of harsh experiences for a toddler to process and cope with.

Misadventure in Mexico as a Toddler:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window glowed and pulsed as he began to speak, “What an incredible story you have there.

As a toddler you went on an amazing road trip to Mexico. And you experienced culture, toys, music, and even a little social diversity. It sounds like an exciting time for a child.

Perhaps your time in Mexico felt more like a misadventure than an adventure given your list of unpleasant experiences.”

Abandonment’s Lifelong Effect on Psyche, Emotional-Cognitive Associations:

Brandon continued, “I recognize you felt abandoned and left alone. But you detailed caretakers with someone around most of the time, which for the era when you were a child was considered appropriate supervision.

Do you think you may have catastrophized some early memories to make yourself into a sort of martyr, as a kind of coping mechanism?

Deep feelings of abandonment so early in life can have lifelong implications to your psyche and affect how your brain forms neuropathways and emotional-cognitive associations.

Memories like these can help us deconstruct and understand your memories from later in life.

Everything inside us is built from DNA, Environment, and Experiences. You know – Nature, Nurture...but now it is Nature, Nurture, and DNA.

Is there something you would like to add, Richard?”

Little Gringo ‘Rishie’ - Highly Sensitive About Being Abandoned Many Times:

I replied, “No, I have nothing more to add.”

I paused...

“Actually – there is something!” I blurted out almost excitedly (though I was not sure why I was suddenly so energized).

I did not ‘FEEL ABANDONED’. I *WAS* ABANDONED! And not just once as a kid.

- I was left with strangers in Mexico, as I said.
- I have been forgotten at both a public park and an amusement park, left to wander and find my way home.
- I have been left in lines at community events like to see Santa Claus but when I got to Santa there were no parents or siblings or anyone around...
- I have sat outside my mother taking a college class, but she left forgetting I was outside waiting for her only to have random people find me and help locate my mother.
- I was dropped off at my first day of pre-school with not even a hug or farewell, just discarded like a bag of potatoes despite my crying and balling and sobbing for re-assurance or support.
- I have been left home alone more time than I can remember.
- My daily parenting was from my imagination or later in life from a black & white TV watching Andy Griffith, with Sheriff Andy Taylor as my ‘Father Figure’”

Loudly, almost yelling,

“To suggest even a little bit that I was not abandoned as a kid...
... IS JUST WRONG! WRONG! WRONG!”

I flailed my fist in the air and pounded my leg, “WRONG!”

“I feel so furious about the idea that maybe I was exaggerating my situation as a kid left in another country with strangers that did not care about me and could not speak English, and whom had much older racist abusive kids – that hated little gringo ‘Rishie’.

Why on earth would you conclude that from tale of woe and being a child victim?” I demanded.

De-escalating My Psychological Decompensation - ‘Spiraling’:

Doctor Hyder’s iPad window glowed as he leaned forward toward his camera as if to reach out and touch me, “It is okay, Richard.”

Doctor Brandon’s question was about how you felt, not questioning what happened then or to you.”

He paused, slowing removing his hand from my shoulder and returning to his chair.

“I am so sorry you were abandoned as a child,” Hyder paused.

“It must have been extremely difficult to cope with being left behind in so many instances,” He paused.

“I am sure it hurt a lot,” He paused.

He paused so much to make dramatic points that I felt it lost a lot of the otherwise impact his moments of reflective silence might have had. I began wondering when he might resume...

Hyder was Compassionate, had ESL Indian Accent, Used Dramatic Pauses:

Dr. Hyder evidently was English as Second Language (ESL) because he had a thick native Indian accent. Hyder seemed compassionate and interested in helping me, which was a huge contrast to Doctor Caselli who seemed more like a total prick.

Hyder said, "I am sure it even still hurts as you think about your mother's role in forgetting about and leaving you behind, about your feelings of abandonment.

It is okay to share or express any feelings you have around your mother and abandonment.

It is also okay to shelve them for now; we can visit them as a topic in the future if you like."

Doctor Hyder spoke, "Again - I am sorry, Richard. Doctor Brandon is right. We should put this topic on a future to-do list. Please continue."

I nodded and resumed my tale...

E013 Toys and Imagination



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E013 Toys and Imagination of the Poor and Lonely_No Sympathy for Melted Lions or Me_Leo the Lion's Pet Rock Invisible Friends_Hell Difficulty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55duir-e013-toys-and-imagination-of-the-loney-poor-no-sympathy-for-melted-lions-or.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/xg2qMLFBrGs>

Description:

Living in a car for extended periods at a time – Young Richard learned to store prized possessions inside the car – out of sight – and away from the sun's heat.

One day – Richard leaves one of his few and most prized toys on the dashboard forgetfully... ..and the toy melts, is destroyed.

Richard's loss is dismissed as irrelevant – whereas the damage to the car's dashboard WAS A SERIOUS PROBLEM!

Without “purchased toys” – Richard learns to use his imagination to create toys – out of rocks, clothesline pins, ...

The psychiatrists learn of Richard's perfect 50-50 split of Left-Right Brain dominance...a theoretical impossibility.

Interesting Side Quests – Drive-Through Safari:

Although life was uncertain and not easy for me as a kid, I recall those exciting times - like my first time walking in a pre-recorded playback ‘kids zoo’, where each exhibit or animal pen had a button you could press, and it would speak about the experience highlights.

Or another time with my mother’s boyfriend of the era, Bill the Mechanic (lots of stuff there as a kid), took us on a zoo ‘safari’ - where we drove through an ‘amusement park’ with roads throughout to drive on, but with live wildlife like lions all around on rocks and beneath trees and the ponds and the like.

Vending Machine Hollow Toy Lion – a Real Toy for Me:

At the end of that ‘drive-through safari’ Bill bought me a real toy! He purchased from a vending machine a hollow plastic lion as a souvenir.

My sisters and mother gave me a nickname of Leo the Lion because of my July 31 horoscope and I sometimes growled in play. And so, my sisters and mother played along with my identifying with the toy that it was a lion like me.

I loved that little toy lion; it was cool. It was a lion like me!

Melted Lion on the Dashboard, Short-Lived Toys:

We lived in different places frequently when I was little, mostly because we had to be on the move without a house or apartment or any physical place we could stay at long term.

My other’s station wagon, a car with a long enclosed truck-like bed, became our home between residence houses or apartments.

Because things were unpredictable – we stored any personal valuables or things inside the car, out of sight in case someone might break into it and steal stuff.

But I made a mistake and left my toy lion visible on the dashboard. I am sure no one even noticed. After all – who would steal a vending machine hollow plastic toy lion? And no one worried about things I had or valued.

So - One hot day not long after I had the toy lion, I had left my hollow plastic toy lion in the car on top of its dashboard where the sun beat down all day upon it all day and eventually melted it.

I later came out to find my hollowed out toy lion melted into a glop, dripping its thin plastic across the dashboard.

I had so few ‘real toys.’ The few toys or valuable things I had rarely survived long as a child – for whatever reason.

And so - losing my self-identified with Leo the Lion toy was soul-crushing.

I sobbed and cried and wept. But the lion was gone, and no one seemed to care.

It was a hard lesson – protect what you value, or they will be destroyed and no one else cares

It may sound stupid, but as a toddler it was a big deal... ..and it as an unfortunate dark ‘wisdom’ lesson for a toddler.

No Sympathy for Dead Leo the Lion – ‘Oh Well...’:

My sorrow was not only ignored but was worsened by receiving hostile judgment instead of sympathy. Sadly – no one cared but me that my Lion melted in the hot sunlight sitting on that fated car dashboard.

My plastic toy lion was melted visibly and stuck to her car dashboard. It did not matter that it was ‘beater car’. Sure - there was some plastic residue left on her a piece of crap, bad condition, low value vehicle.

But I was her son, and she made me feel like my lost toy was irrelevant and so were my feelings about it.

I believe that my mother took her frustration in life and her decisions out on me in that moment.

She set the stage that I was being emotional and needed to deal with the fact that I was responsible for the loss of my Lion. Cascading from my mother - my siblings joined the disdain and insult and mockery of my sorrow and loss.

As my mother also offered as wisdom to hopeless situations and unavoidable loss – ‘Oh Well...’.

I guess that was it – ‘Oh Well...’

‘Creative Toys’ – Clothesline Soldiers, Rock Stacks, Toys, and Friends:

My mother used to say how she found we children preferred to play with things and toys that inspired imagination like rocks and clothesline clips.

Well – my mother was rationalizing that those were the only ‘toys’ she could give us.

Admittedly – I *DID* learn to use my imagination to make clothesline clips into little soldiers, cops, robbers, cowboys, and indians (I know that is not politically correct / “PC” to say anymore – but back then that ‘indians’ were what native Americans were called - AND IT WAS NOT RACIST OR DISCRIMINATION!

‘Pet Rocks’ - Invisible Friends Before Public Sensation:

I likewise learned all sorts of ways to stack rocks, make rock forts (sometimes for my clothesline soldiers), draw on rocks, throw them, come up with games using them, and so on. I even made rocks my friends and had conversations with them – like classic ‘imaginary friends’.

As I say this aloud with you – WOW, I had “PET ROCKS” way before the idea was commercialized and sold. Heh, funny, I suppose Pet Rocks have been Invisible Friends for many people over generations.

Imagination and Willpower Were Powerful Shields Against Poverty and Hardships:

Doctor Brandon's iPad window glowed once more, "Richard, had you considered that maybe your imagination was a cornerstone to overcoming the many hardships you described?"

. . .

"Doctor Brandon, I do believe it is very likely in fact my mind's eye that protected me like the eye of a storm with destruction all around but there is a 'safe place' at its heart.

I had to be at the heart of darkness, so to speak, to not be enveloped by it.

So, yea – I agree that my imagination and willpower were powerful cornerstones of my shield against poverty and hardships.

. . .

"It is impressive to have that kind of insight, Richard. Your engineering brain is fascinating.

Stanford High School Study – Brain is 50-50 Emotion-Logic:

Brandon continued, "I researched your medical history and found that you were part of a Stanford study as a Senior in High School.

It was enlightening to see you were the only student in the entire state of California that scored a 50-50 perfect split between left-right brain dominance.

You had NO DIFFERENCE in Left or Right brain function or apparent abilities.

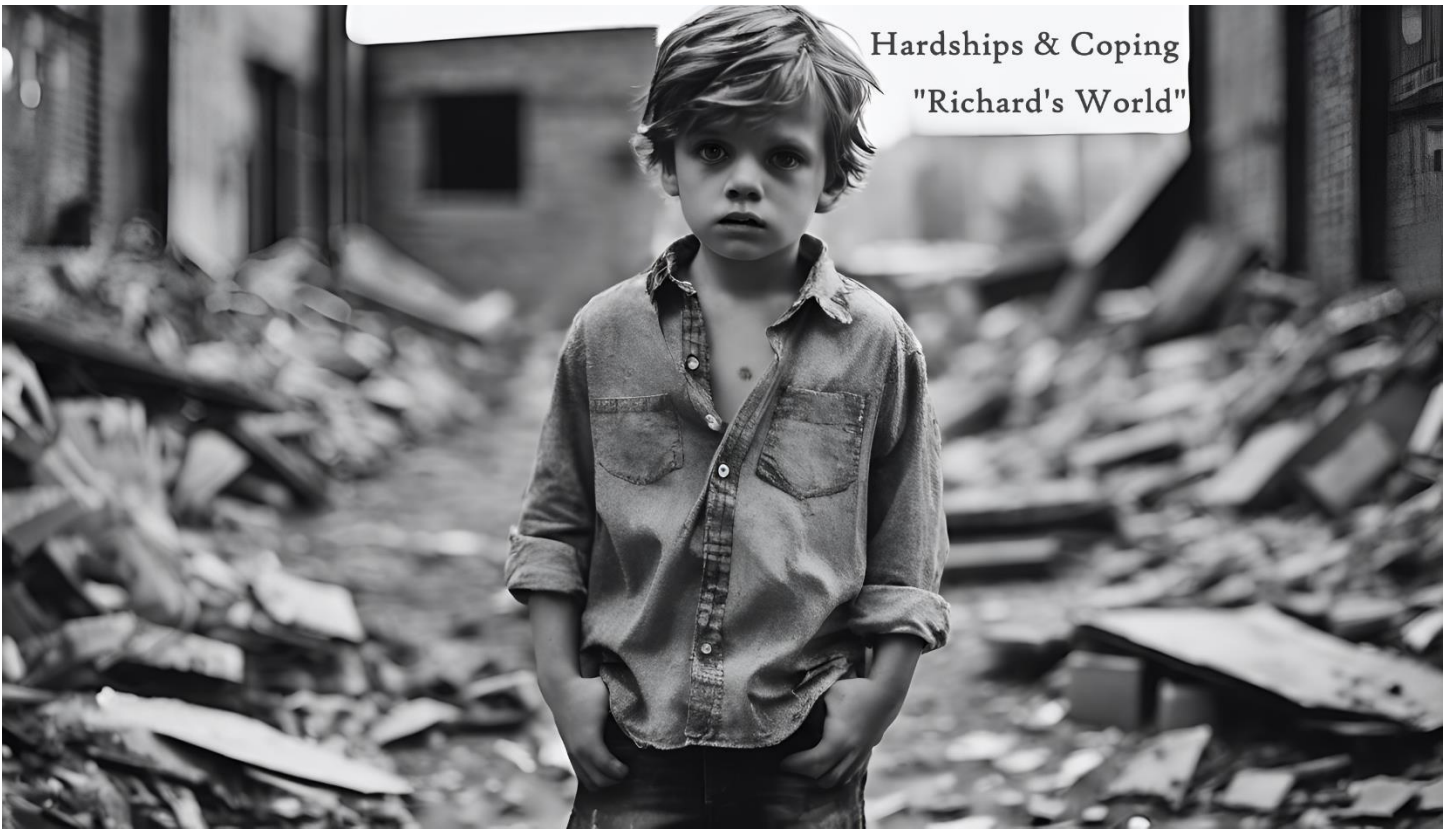
You were remarkable creative and emotionally insightful while scoring genius on cognition and critical thinking and spatial analysis.

I wonder if perhaps that Stanford research might shed some light on how early you had become so controlling of your emotions and intellectual thinking.

It is especially interesting since these things were happening during your brain's most formative years.

Please carry on..."

E014 Hardships and Coping Tools



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E014 Hardships and Coping_Escape thru Richard's World_Suppression Bottles_and TurtleDuck Protection from Harsh Cruel Reality_Hell Difficulty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55duwg-e014-hardships-and-coping-escape-thru-richards-world-suppression-bottles-an.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/95T-gwPWyXE>

Description:

Food and shelter were unreliable and unpredictable for Richard, with his mother frequently moving and never establishing roots or a foundation to build from.

Richard develops coping skills and tools – very early in life – to overcome severe adversity, fear, and anxiety.

“Richard’s World” is imagined – as a “safe place” for Richard to withdraw into... ..to re-group and return unrelenting.

“I Must Be Great” concludes Richard, deciding he must always be Good, Just, Righteous, and – NEVER LOOK BACK.

He realizes the past can hurt you, so **its true value is KNOWLEDGE; its value is not EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE.**

Pre-Teen Hand-to-Mouth Life, Uncertainty Drove Philosophy of the Turtle-Duck:

Eventually - out of necessity, I developed a philosophy - that nothing is permanent, and so you must value, use, and enjoy whatever you have. ...whenever you have it.

But - I still believed in stashing away acorns because of so much uncertainty existed in my life because we did not have saved money or food or things.

We were hand-to-mouth most of my pre-teen childhood, even living in cars.

I learned how to control or suppress emotions, distractions, and even physical pain in many instances to isolate my 'essence', 'mind', and 'soul' from the hardship of having no home and possession and food scarcity on top of my childhood near-death Scarlet Fever.

In a way – I was like a Turtle-Duck. I let the negative things and feelings wash off my feathers and when things were too threatening directly, I withdrew literally and psychologically into my spiritual and willpower turtle shell.

Overcoming Adversity Was Not Easy – Coping Mechanisms Can Harm Too:

Doctor Garcia's window glowed, "Your Turtle-Duck metaphor is clever. I am glad you found such an effective tool so early in life.

I concur you had to find a coping mechanism.

Some children create imaginary friends even spirits and guardian angels. Some believe in them so completely they persist into their adult life as a low or even high grade psychosis while many others experience minor neuroses.

Coping mechanisms can be protective, but some can become destructive.

In fact – some coping mechanisms employed over very long periods of time become infused with your identity and become extremely difficult to 'un-learn' or find techniques to circumvent their harmful effects.

Coping mechanisms to overcome adversity are not easy, and again...

we should watch for clues if they may have also introduced some harm to you as well much like some medications have undesirable side effects.

'Richard's World' Was Formed as my Defense Against Hardships:

My real world *SUCKED* and so I had to forge *RICHARD'S WORLD* - a place where my imagination ruled and my reality could be counterbalanced by my sense of identity and purpose, and ability to fight and ward off those things that would *PULL ME DOWN*.

Had I not formed my very early childhood mental and emotional 'defenses', I am confident I would have had a very different life journey. ...perhaps more like my siblings whom ultimately were failures in personal and professional endeavors and had little social or familial success either.

Their lives were likewise *Hell Difficulty*... ...but they did not have my 'defense' and arrogantly (and ignorantly) thought they were so capable and remarkable that they would simply thrive and be given their dreams and wealth without trying.

Richard's World's Suppression Bottle:

But the big point here I think needs emphasis is that I created a psychological 'bottle' that I could put the 'bad' things inside and cork it and place it up on an imaginary shelf to collect dust and be forgotten.

IMPORTANTLY – ANYTHING IN THE SUPPRESSION BOTTLE CANNOT AFFECT, HURT, OR INFLUENCE ME!

We can talk more on this later, too, but my Suppression Bottle was critical to my survival.

Life Was and Is Hard - Richard's World Buries History, Create & Celebrates Destiny:

It may seem simple, even absurd. But I felt like I had to create most anything positive or good in my life – even as a little kid.

Life was hard.

Life has always been hard.

Life is hard – right now.

Not only did I suppress negative things, but I also amplified positive things as if in magnifying glass.

Living for Tomorrow and Mercilessly Eliminating the Wicked, Greedy, and Selfish:

I found myself 'living for tomorrow' because the past and present were not fun or kind to me.

Tomorrow represented my Promised Land, Nirvana, otherwise a Super Golden Future and Safe Place.

Anyone that offends or violates what I see as Righteous and Good would be swiftly and mercilessly dealt with (AKA eliminated) ...such that they and no other would dare drift to evil or wickedness or greed or selfishness again.

Richard's World was My Protected Sanctuary – Neurodegeneration Breaks Bottles:

Richard's World was my protected sanctuary.

It may have been the most core mental 'defense' I have ever possessed.

And I fear my neurodegeneration in my later years may have eroded much of my early formed brain 'defenses', and I may now sometimes fall victim to old emotion suppression bottles breaking and running and overflowing everything without my controlling sluice gates...

'Richard's World' Sounds Borderline Psychotic – But Was Pivotal to Survival:

Caselli chuckled and grimaced. I did not think he looked remotely professional or objective in that moment. His eyes peered down towards me through his tilted wire-rim glasses.

"Let me understand. You did not like the real world so much that you went beyond fabricating imaginary friends... You fabricated an entire imaginary world?"

...

“Yes, I suppose in a way that is true” I replied.

But it was not like I saw or heard or lived in ‘Richard’s World’.

‘Richard’s World’ was a mental construct to insulate my thinking and actions right there, right then in the moment to focus on my future and not let the hurtful present or past limit me.

That is it. Any other interpretation would be wrong. I survived because of ‘Richard’s World’.

It was a great and good tool! I am here because of it – I am sure!

Reflect in the Mirror of Reality and See Things as They Really Are:

Caselli appeared moderately satisfied with my answer, “Okay, that may be true. Without your extreme self-isolation, you may well have fallen victim to your bipolar disorder or other mental issues much earlier in life.

I know that is not the kind of thing you want to hear, Richard. But the truth is important to see and reflect on.

We must look into the mirror of reality and see things as they really are.

There is little point in belaboring this. Please proceed.”

...

Caselli seemed dismissive of my explanation and seemed to be saying that I was not seeing reality by saying I should reflect in the mirror of reality – his reality.

The Devil Put Thumb on My Life Difficulty Scale – Hell Difficulty Forged:

It felt like the DEVIL PRESSED HIS THUMB ON MY LIFE DIFFICULTY SCALE to tip its balance in his favor, and thusly definitively NOT IN MY FAVOR.

In this way – the devil forged my life’s challenges, making me live in *Hell Difficulty*.

Even worse – people who entered my life seem to be ‘blessed’ with the halo effect of *Hell Difficulty* clouds and shadows be cast over them as well.

***I HAD TO BE GREAT* TO HELP MYSELF AND OTHERS:**

I *HAD TO BE GREAT* in order to overcome my and friends and family challenges and difficulties.

Only in greatness could I be strong and capable enough to help myself and others, I concluded so early in life.

I needed to become a Knight of Justice, a Knight Errant questing the world for righteousness and justice, to help others have a better life, and defend good people and good ideas with unrelenting vigor and vigilance.

Sure – I did not have all those fancy words as a kid.

But THAT IS HOW I FELT.

Being a Paladin, Crusader of Justice:

A PALADIN IS WHO I *BECAME*, if I was not always that True Knight, Crusader of Justice.

I would live a life as a modern day Paladin.

Of course – evil has a way of being attracted to good and seeks to foil its mission of justice, and so being a Paladin would mean a life of fighting for right...

...but it also meant *I COULD FIGHT*.

...which meant *I COULD SURVIVE*

Past is Behind, Present is Temporary, Future is Today – Future is Everything:

I would use ideas like Suppression Bottle or Paladin identity throughout my life and evangelized them and the ideals behind them with co-works and friends.

These ideas was critically important to my life success and focus.

I asserted – Past is Behind, Present is Temporary, Future is Today – *Future is Everything*

- The Past is Behind Us in a rear view mirror, so we know what happened
 - The Past is but facts and has no emotional influence over us in The Present
- The Present is Temporary with anything happening immediately becoming The Past
 - Acting and Decisions in The Present is about The Future
- The Future is Everything, built in The Present with Knowledge from The Past

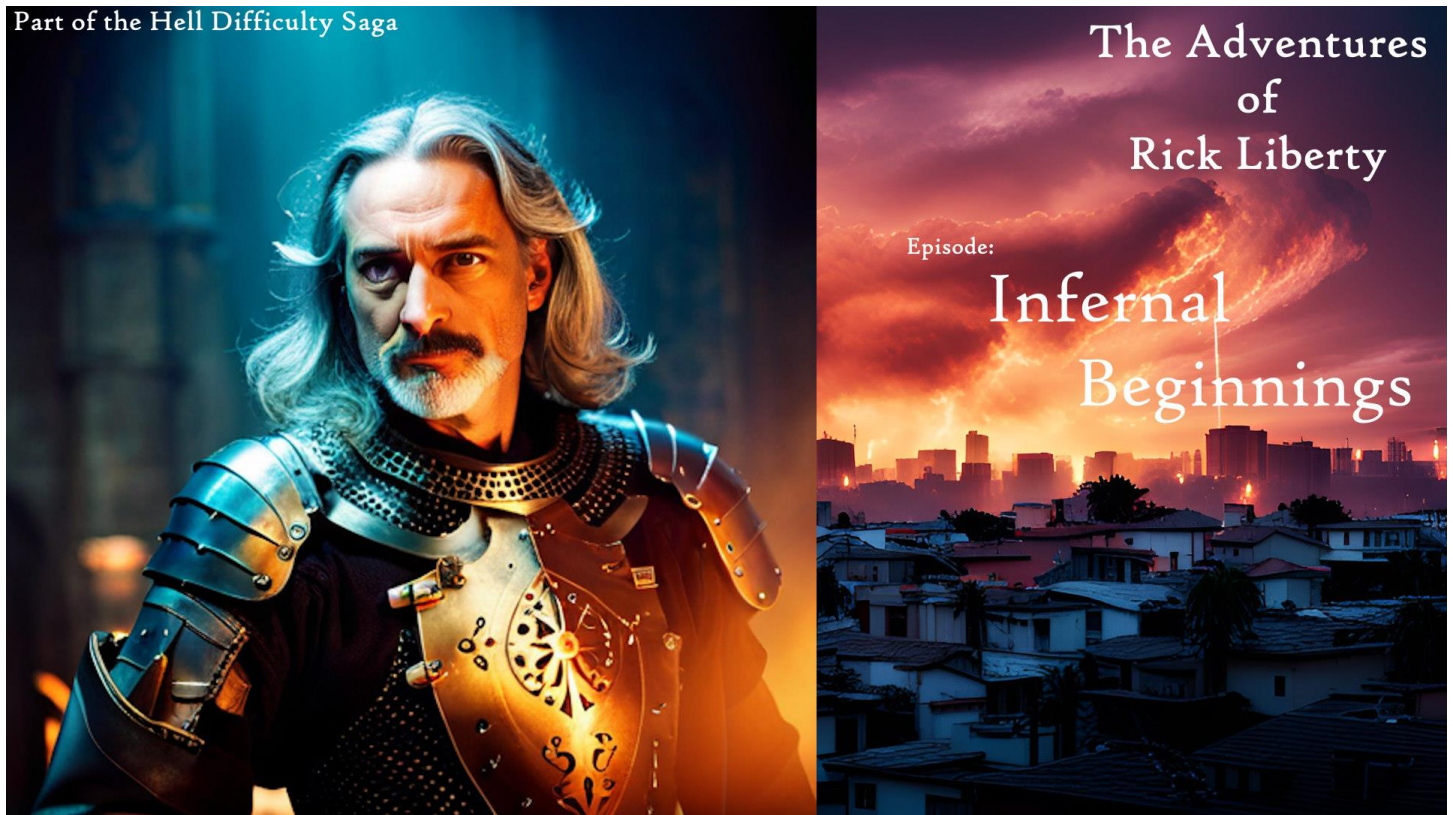
Candidly – I believe that kind of critical thinking logic for a pre-teen is unheard of, and either I had inhuman divine genius or God blessed me with the strength to overcome immense hardships.

I like to believe that God gave me the strength and willpower to endure and triumph.

So – in a way, they are both true.

Paladins are God blessed knightly champions of good with great strength and willpower. I would be a Paladin with a wall full of Suppression Bottles to make sure I would succeed!

E015 RICK005 INFERNAL BEGINNINGS NEUROPSYCH JUDGMENT FB1 PART 1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E015 Rick005 Infernal Beginnings and NeuroPsych Judgment Flashback 1_0 Part 1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dvdr-e015-rick005-infernal-beginnings-and-neuropsych-judgment-flashback-1-0-part.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/wVCupva8v20>

Description:

The Psychiatrists assert - compartmentalizing past, present, and future – can be harmful and mentally deleterious.

The Doctors further assert – Richard’s multitude of described challenges and traumatic events – all explain how he ended up committing crimes – and being committed to a psychiatric institution.

Richard decides he should not disclose any of his thoughts outside of those directly asked of him.

Compartmentalizing Past, Present, and Future Can Have Harmful Side Effects!?:

Caselli abruptly set his clipboard down on his lap and slid his pen into its clip.

“Your compartmentalizing past, present, and future is another coping tool that can be very beneficial but also bring very harmful side effects.

Coping mechanisms are just like medications. Both offer help but also at a cost.

Nothing is truly ‘free’.”

How Doctor Caselli Sees Things So Far and His Big Judgmental Power-Trip List:

Doctor Caselli continued to speak from his obviously power-tripping place of authority, “Richard, we have discussed just a little bit about your childhood, and I appreciate we have much more to cover. However, I would like to summarize my observations to this point.

As I see things so far -

- You suffer from neurodegeneration and associated psychiatric disorders
 - You feel you suffered an extremely difficult disadvantaged tragedy-filled childhood.
- You have significant unresolved abandonment issues that are surfacing as your mind degenerates.
- You are depressed and suffer anxiety about deaths in your family and what they mean about your health and eventual death
 - You believe it is a good idea to compartmentalize emotions and traumas using your so-named ‘Suppression Bottles’ to focus on your imagined future only

You bottle, seal, and bury emotions, crises, traumas, and relationships so you will never have to see or deal with them again...

- You see yourself as modern day Knight, or Paladin.

As a toddler to present as a fifty-five year old white male - your commitment has been unwavering to your self-identified role of ‘hero’.

You’ve fantasized yourself as a True Knight, Crusader of Karmic Justice, and so on.

- You have been extraordinarily successful despite an apparent adverse and challenging upbringing.
- Success came at a cost – you were a slave of duty to your career and self-proclaimed righteous path...
...at the expense of your health, relationships, personal enrichment, formal education, proper church, vacations, pursuit of happiness, so much more...

...and so - you missed much in your life to achieve your career mission and secret role as a Knight of Karmic Justice.

- You have and continue to identify as being special because of test results from when you were in High School.

You participated in a California Aptitude Stanford Highschool Program (CASH-P) which concluded you were unique in the state as possessing a one-of-a-kind perfect 50:50 Left:Right Brain Dominance Ratio...

... which should theoretically have been impossible per the Test's design.

... and so, you either broke the test or proved its ability to identify your most extraordinary mind.

- You enjoy showing people how smart you are through tales or feats of talent

You –

- revel in solving other's problems
- get satisfaction helping others
- find joy in rescuing people and projects
- love being the teacher and mentor, the sensei
- thrill as the hero and leader

You seek to show people how you apply vast learned knowledge with innate genius to achieve ... literally anything.

- Despite your 'Knighthood' - you reject personal responsibility in your murder of a black man striking him with the tire iron splitting his skull.
- You have appeared open and honest with me and our esteemed panel of consulting psychiatrists – Doctors Brandon, Garcia, and Hyder.

...though I do believe you have held back at times.

Have I hit the mark, Richard? Would you like to change anything?"

Not Going to Talk Like a Fool to Jailers When It Could Hurt Me:

Caselli was right about my holding back at time – like this one. If I spoke, I would tell him that he was a on power trip and his assessment was just a steaming heaping pile of his dung-like opinions.

Everything I said seemed to be twisted and contorted into a negative diagnosis that they would holding against me. It did not seem prudent to talk more than I had to...and I had to talk A LOT as it was.

Therefore – I was not going to talk like a fool to my jailers when it could hurt me.

I replied, "No, doctor. That sounds about right." ...even if it did not sound right at all.

A Series of Traumatic Events:

Doctor Caselli leaned back and pressed his pen to his metal clipboard.

He looked almost uncomfortable, which seemed unlike the doctor I had been getting to know.

"Richard..." he paused, drawing a deep breath, and exhaled slowly.

...

Before we go further with your childhood memories, I want to make some fundamental observations.

You suffered a series of traumatic events in rapid succession.

- Your house was destroyed in a natural gas explosion.
- You lost an aunt – after losing so many other family members
- You lost your job

It must have been terrifying to lose your home and everything in it.

Your aunt died within weeks of your home being destroyed. Having such a close and distant loss hit at once is a classic – ‘One, Two...Punch,’ and then came the ‘Knock-Out Punch’.

Leaving a job is always stressful – it can feel terrifying losing with your relationships, stability, maybe friends & family if relocating ... and there is the fear of the unknown ahead ... and possibly financial worries if there is no new source of income. Exiting a job is one of the biggest causes of stress in one’s life.

A Single Traumatic Event Can Cause Mental Disorders like PTSD:

The doctor explained, “Any single traumatic event can afflict mental disorders including post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).”

...

‘Wait a minute!’ I thought. Here we go again with the Doctor Caselli judgmental assessments that always paint me as a loony toon that belongs in this nut house.

Of course – if I said anything to defend myself, we would end up in an argument with me losing because Caselli is the GRAVITAS IN CONTROL OF MY FUTURE as he makes sure I know often.

Trifecta Perfect Storm of Traumatic Events May Have Triggered My *Insanity*!?:

Caselli continued.

“Experiencing three concurrent high trauma events has an exponential probability of inducing PTSD and may induce or trigger dormant mental disorders.

Moreover – experiencing multiple severe traumatic events so close to each other has been shown to induce not only temporary but permanent mental disorders. And if those disorders are left unchecked, they can become chronic affecting behavioral attributes, cognitive function, and perception - for the rest of your life.

I am convinced your series of traumatic events triggered your amazingly suppressed schizophrenia and bipolar disorders. Those disorders transitioned from interim to chronic, lifelong afflictions both because they were unrecognized, and you had already been suffering neurodegeneration for a decade that wore down your ‘defenses’.

Collectively – it seems likely this trifecta of traumatic events directly resulted in your extreme mental illness.

They cumulatively were the trigger moment when everything broke through your compartmentalized ‘Suppression Bottle Defenses’.

It resulted in your Insanity.

Court Ruled ‘Insanity’ and Lost Rights:

Let me remind you of what you reject still –

The court has ruled you as legally insane with probability of recidivist criminal behavior and will remain in a maximum security psychiatric institution for care and ongoing indefinite evaluation to see if you will be allowed to return to society.

Richard – you have lost many legal rights because of your legal insanity and diagnoses, like –

- you may not own a firearm or any recognized deadly weapon.
- You may not attend anti-government political events or associate with criminals or terrorists.
- You may not run for or hold political office.
- You may not vote in elections or polls
- You must register with the government where you live and work
- You must report anyone you establish a relationship with – friend, colleague, intimate
- You will submit to substance abuse tests as requested.
- Your freedom can be revoked at any time by a court or treating psychiatrist.

It has become necessary to repeat this to you in hopes you will embrace it as the truth.

E016 Rick006 Trauma Trifecta, Triggered Mental Disorders Flashback 1.0 Part 2



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E016 Rick006 Trauma Trifecta, Triggered Mental Disorders Flashback 1.0 Part 2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dvqb-e016-rick006-trauma-trifecta-triggered-mental-disorders-flashback-1-0-part-.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/2AzEsALYaVA>

Description:

The Psychiatrists continue to pile on more mental health negative diagnoses on Richard – Frontotemporal Dementia (FTD), schizophrenia, bipolar, and savant with emotional lability and Pseudo Bulbar Affect (PBA).

The Doctors question Richard's explanation of how he became unemployed and obtained money to fund his misadventures,

Refusing ‘Their Truth’ Makes Me Insane:

Well – Caselli’s ‘Lost Rights’ list was stupid and long. Especially given I WAS NOT INSANE* but *THE SYSTEM WAS INSANE*!

And what the heck - *I* am judged as insane!? Again – the System is what is insane...

Caselli wants me to ‘embrace his truth’, not think for myself and be shown the truth.

But, again, if I push back, they will assert that demonstrates my refusal to accept the truth of reality and thus am insane.

It seemed to me they created a no-win situation for psychiatric patients without rights. And they make sure you have no rights upon admission. I say sarcastically – Nice! NOT!

Trauma Trifecta Triggered and Unlocked Suppressed Mental Disorders, says Caselli:

The Doctor seemed to talk forever, as if loved hearing himself talk such wisdom and brilliant words and ideas. I believe he intended to impress himself more than he sought to impress others around him.

He diagnosed, “I believe these three traumatic events culminated in the moment things went off the proverbial rails for you, resulting in mental disorders manifesting in your neurodegenerating brain -

- House explodes, causing PTSD
- Aunt dies, amplifying emotions surrounding recent deaths
- Lose job, inducing anxiety and high stress”

The Trauma Trifecta triggered and unlocked your suppressed schizophrenia and bipolar & obsessive-compulsive, and possibly more disorders.

Let’s Talk About Explosions, Death, and Losing Job Your Last and FINAL Job:

Doctor Caselli seemed to grin as he spoke authoritatively, “Before we go further with your childhood memories, let’s jump ahead to the events surrounding these three close-in-proximity traumatic events.

I would like to talk about your house exploding, the death of your aunt, and losing your job all within weeks of each other.

Please share what you recall of events leading up to and after your home was destroyed in an what I understand was apparent natural gas explosion.”

Wondering why Dead Aunt Was Excluded from Recently Deceased Family List:

He kept on talking... ...even though I thought he was gesturing for me to start talking myself. And so, I kept quiet... and he talked more.

“Before you get started...

I noted you excluded the death of an aunt from your recently deceased family list, but you included her in your induction interview.

Since you were able to recall your aunt’s death on induction but did not list her here, I am left to wonder – Did you consciously or subconsciously exclude your aunt from dead family list?

Constructive Dismissal ‘Soft-Fired’ vs Resigning by Plan for Opportunity:

Caselli KEPT TALKING EVEN MORE.

“I have delved into your leaving your job as a Studio Director at Microsoft. With a court order I obtained your severance details. You resigned under a dark cloud.

You and an executive vice president did not get along and he, being in his very senior position, was able to ‘encourage you to resign’ by creating a hostile work environment and ultimately a ‘constructive dismal’ situation.

In other words, Richard – some might think you were ‘soft-fired’ vs your interpretation that you ‘resigned on principle’ to pursue independent developer opportunities.

Since the independent developer route did not work out, I suppose we have supporting evidence you were ‘soft-fired’ and did not ‘resign by plan’.

Doctor Questions if Neurodegeneration Was Real Reason I ‘Was Resigned’:

Caselli questioned, “I wonder if, Richard, you have ‘revised’ your ‘Last Job’ ending in a way that protects your ego and psyche, as opposed to accepting you had suffered substantial reduction in capacity, faculties, and abilities which prevented you from being successful at your job?

‘Being Resigned’ is a way to characterize a person quitting their job because their employer made their workplace unpleasant or hostile, placed mean co-workers with you, or tasked you with terrible work assignments, reduced or removed authority and independence, and so forth.

The idea of ‘being resigned’ is to make continued work untenable for you such that you will resign to leave a problem, even if you have not yet found another job or opportunity.

“Being Resigned’ is usually done by emotionally weak, conflict averse managers and supervisors. But regardless of the immoral, illegality, and inappropriateness of constructive dismissal and making a bad place to work it is a reality for many people.

It seems plausible that you were failing at your job but your supervisor was willing or able to have an honest discussion with you about your poor performance. And so they made an unpleasant environment that eventually drove you to resign.

Thus – You did not resign, Richard.

‘You were Resigned!’ by your supervisor.

Schizophrenic Bipolar Savant!? My Brain - A Marvel to Study?:

Caselli spoke somewhat gravely, “Richard, you have attributed your compartmentalizing abilities as cornerstones to not only survival of your described ‘hell difficulty’ childhood but to your success in life.

I wonder if your ‘righteous knight’ identity may be an unidentified schizophrenic mechanism to offload things to you ‘cannot handle’ so the ‘real you’ could continue to function and even thrive.

It seems entirely possible you are bipolar with remarkable willpower to activate and suppress manic and depressive episodes. Your mind is amazing, Richard.

However, you may be a schizophrenic bipolar savant. I am intrigued how our Stanford 50:50 brain Left:Right ratio may relate to your BI-POLARITY or schizophrenia.

Richard, your brain in life and death will be a marvel to study.

In the meantime - I hope we find a way to address your disorders and re-educate you so you can re-integrate into society.”

A Knight’s Heart and Soul Since Conception:

Doctor Caselli continued, “It seems remarkable how recurring your sense of righteousness, knighthood, and being crusader for karmic justice started so early in childhood. Even as a toddler. You were clearly wired to think that way, not just the result of nurturing or your environment.

You have characterized yourself as a Knight in heart and soul since conception. It seems like quite the burden for anyone, much less a child or toddler.

Even latch-key children of your generation did not have that level of burden.

And yet – you put that Atlas-level pressure on yourself.

I am looking forward to hearing how some of those attributes persisted into your more recent life’s experiences.

Please begin telling us about your experience from when your house exploded.”

E017 Rick007 The Road Trip Flashback 1.1



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E017 Rick007 The Road Trip Flashback 1_1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dwis-e017-rick007-the-road-trip-flashback-1-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/pa5OgPDcwwM>

Description:

Living alone for some time – with Richard’s wife on a long-term remote work assignment in Europe – he is lonely – and falls prey to memories of dead and lost people and pets and loved ones.

Uncharacteristically – Richard “takes a mental health” day and does not go into work... ..instead, he takes a road trip into Rural Washington State.

Standing up for a waitress who was victim of a “dine and dash” crime – where the patron was leaving without paying the bill... ..resulted in Richard being trounced and knocked unconscious to the floor.

The Story of ‘Windmills over The Cliff’ Begins:

Finally, Caselli stopped talking!

I began telling my tale of how I lost my job, house, and an aunt in under a month.

Wife on Extended Business Trip Rebooting *Careeners* Restaurant Chain:

Katherine, my wife, was on an extended business trip with a European division based on London, United Kingdom.

It had been hard. She had been gone already for over a month, and her company characterized the collapsing division as needing her involvement to reboot the ailing and dying restaurant chain – *Careeners*.

Seeing your expression, I can tell you have never heard of *Careeners*. It is a restaurant chain across Europe that proposes Europeans should always go after adventure no matter the cost or fear – they should “CAREEN” toward their fate. Hence – *Careeners*.

I had come to feel very lonely, succumbing to despairing thoughts as if her job was more important than I was to her. But I believed those were just ‘my feelings’ and were untrue. Even still – I had many near sleepless nights as a result.

Careeners was projected to be a six to nine month commitment living abroad in a corporate apartment. Being in temporary corporate housing translated to her time in London could be extended easily for months at a time.

I had no idea when my wife would return home to me.

But I could at least know that eventually she would rejoin me in our life’s adventures. ...whenever that might be.

Dwelling on Dark Thoughts – Stroke, Princess:

So, where things seemed to shift... ...in my life. ...in a big way.

It started one morning when I felt unusually tired and felt a headache coming on that work would make worse.

I decided that I needed a mental health day. It is something I never did; I even joked other people needing a mental health day were ‘weak.’

It was something I never did. And for some reason - it seemed like a great idea that day.

I took off on the road with no destination in mind, in my Little black convertible Mercedes AMG Black SLK 55. I figured I would drive for 3-4 hours and turn around and return some other route. Random. Adventure. I imagined Relaxing.

It had been a few hours ago, but with little going on as the road winded onward my mind drifted back to all the things I was supposed to do at work, how I’ve managed to get to an okay place financially but have far to go to ever be financially independent much less retire, and how my genetic ancestry is full of early death from strokes, heart attacks, and cancer.

For some reason I could not help but think of my beloved and long deceased pet cat, Princess; she died from cancer after numerous surgeries that left her without ear flaps, full of scars, and scabby scarred spots where fur would no longer grow across her head and face.

Maybe this drive was not such a great idea... It gave me too much time to reflect, the very thing I was trying to avoid.

Radio Distraction – Rifleman and the Idiot:

To distract myself from more such thoughts, I turned to the radio.

It droned on about random sensationalist topics and chatter from callers.

One thing that made me laugh was this one caller, Henderson, who complained about some truck with a Texas license plate and a rifle suspended visibly in the rear window.

The caller insisted anyone who felt compelled to advertise they are armed like that was not a real man, was compensating for something, and was either insecure with their personal "manhood" or just shot blanks (if you know what I mean).

Somehow such an absurd fallacious perspective by the caller made me laugh. I mean, seriously, such a person must be a Jerry Springer talk-show stupid idiot of a guest. Why else would he notice and care so much about a rear-window mounted gun? Loser...

Hunger and the Roadside Cafe:

Hunger pangs snuck up on me, so I figured I'd look for a place to stop for some food. I wondered if hunger is made more noticeable by boredom. You know you always hear that phrase – 'Bored Eating'.

A huge black & red wooden sign with embossed yellow lettering screamed "The Big Hut Roadside Burger" from the side of the road in a parking lot oasis of gravel. It was so "loud" that it drew my attention to pull over to the roadside cafe with its garish "The Big Hut" sign.

The restaurant was just off the rural interstate I'd been driving on. My wheels slipped a little on gravel strewn across the off ramp all the way down to the exit intersection. I could not help but question my decision to go to this diner as I evaded dozens of potholes on the road leading up to it. I feared gravel flying up and chipping my car's paint.

Of course, once I was on the off-ramp, I had no choice but to keep going. It is funny how every little decision we make has consequences...

Radio Rifleman at the Restaurant':

Oh well, I was hungry and was there. I pulled into a parking spot with faded marks.

To my surprise, I saw a pickup with a rifle in the rear window and a Texas license plate in the lot, just like the radio talked about.

I don't know that I've ever seen a firearm in car window in Washington state before, so either this is a visitor from Texas that doesn't know better or maybe it's a police officer or someone with an open carry permit. Or maybe the laws out in the country of Washington allow open carry / car mounted firearms; truthfully – I did not know but it seemed a bit intimidating.

Rifle in Window Screams 'Don't Tread on Me!':

The rifle in the Texas pickup screamed, "Don't Tread on Me!" to me, more a statement of liberty and security. ...unlike the radio caller that saw it as a sign of insecurity.

In any scenario – I imagine anyone with common sense would not confront a man with a rifle on display in his truck.

It was a little intimidating, but again I am not going to freak out like that radio caller, and I was hungry, so I headed in.

Petite Hazel-eyed Brunette Waitress at Big Hut Roadside Burger:

A petite silver speckled hazel-eyed woman with shoulder-length brunette hair, probably in her late twenties, greeted me with a playful seductive smile.

Learned A Lot About Restaurant Business and Waiting Tables from Wife:

I had learned a lot about the restaurant business and waiting on tables from my wife, Katherine. She waited tables for years while earning a bachelor's degree in Marketing and Public Relations. Armed with her new degree and years of experience as a waitress, she was worked her way up to marketing manager and eventually director.

Waitress Was a Pro – Knew How to Maximize Tips, Minimize Costs:

The waitress had clearly been a career waitress based on her expertly rehearsed fake flirtatious smiles, winks, and nods.

Although she dressed well, she was not dressing to impress or to be particularly sexy. She struck the balance of attractive and comfortable clothing on a budget, to maximize tips with the least effort and cost.

This woman knew how to be cute, playful, and attractive but without crossing the line of implying or being sexual.

IF YOU THOUGHT OF SOMETHING SEXUAL, IT WAS ON YOU...

She just gave the opportunity to think those thoughts by her 'innocent' provocative wink or smile.

Big Hut Roadside Burger's Specialty – Satan's Hellfire BBQ Sauce and Burger:

As brunette waitress escorted me to a table she recommended the Big Hut Satan BBQ Burger – of course, with Satan's BBQ Sauce.

She noted, "Satan's Sauce comes in many flavors.

Satan's Hellfire Hot BBQ Sauce was the house specialty. It's a blazing hot, hickory, fat infused, artery clogging mayonnaise to-die-for spread or dipping sauce. Every flavor always includes Satan Secret Ingredients, so you know it is going to taste great.

You can order burgers with any Satan Sauce you like. And with any or all the 'fixens you could want.

Her inviting confident voice amplified by her warm smile and natural beauty was surprisingly influencing.

She was right - Why not have the Satan Hellfire BBQ Burger?

I went for it! And am glad I did! The Hellfire Burger tasted awesome!

It was 'to die for' as the waitress said in terms of incredible taste bud fireworks celebration.

Scruffy 30-Something Man Dines and Dashes – He Did Not Pay:

As I finished my delectable lunch, I noticed a rough looking 30-something man with a scruffy unkempt beard sitting kitty-corner from me in a booth.

I guess I was in my own world with that burger and waitress' smile that I didn't notice he was staring at me. I barely made eye contact, whereupon he abruptly stood up and headed out of the restaurant. He walked right passed the register towards the door.

I didn't see any money, bill, or anything on the table. I concluded he was leaving without paying his bill. Unbelievable! I was witnessing a dine & dash crime! What a loser! My mind flashed with disdain and confusion. What should I do about the situation I contemplated – call him on his criminal exit, sit quietly and let the staff handle it, or get up and intercept the guy...?

Of course – maybe he had already paid his bill and I did not notice.

I decided to sit back and see what might happen - if anything. But I also stayed alert and attentive in case I had to act on something.

Worried the Waitress Did Not See His Dine & Dash, I Challenged the Man:

I was worried the waitress, or anyone at all for that matter, did not saw this guy finish his meal and just get up and walk out the restaurant.

Looking all around – No one seemed to be paying attention. No one noticed!

I could not wait any longer. Injustice was happening!

With little time to act and believing the waitress was small and the man was huge, I guess my Chivalric nature kicked in and I just yelled, "Hey, you didn't pay your bill!".

My yelling across the restaurant drew the attention of both the man, the waitress, the cook, the manager, and the few other patrons seated in the restaurant!

Umm, success? I got his *and everyone's* attention.

No Video Game Hero – Reality Hit Hard:

The scruffy man turned around and glared at me with an incredibly hostile expression, as if he was a wolf assessing how much of a threat I really was.

He marched straight toward me so swiftly with no hesitation at all.

I barely had a chance to stand up from the booth to greet his approach from where I was previously comfortably sitting in.

WHAM!!! My head rung. I guess he hit me – it was so fast, and my head hurt and was ringing.

He grabbed me by the head and smashed it down on the dining table. I narrowly saw him lift his arms and...

Knocked Unconscious – One-Punch, Knock-Out:

My awareness shuttered, pain ringing from all my senses. My ears buzzed. Red columns flooded down over my eyes. My sight faded. My stomach pitted. A warmth came over me...all went black.

I vaguely felt pummeling across my body, presumably as I slumped down from the table bench to the floor unconscious from that severe blow to my head or the bashing on the diner table.

Waking to Paramedics – Badly Hurt in Need of Hospitalization:

I felt woozy, confused, lightheaded... I heard a calm male voice asking me what my name was? My sight returned slowly, a bit blurry, and I found myself looking up at a paramedic.

The scruffy man was nowhere to be seen, thankfully. He had left me solidly trounced and unconscious. I guess those video game inspired heroics didn't teach real fighting skills or give the fortitude that goes along with them.

Ouch! My head throbbed...and based on the blood on the table and floor I imagined I was hurt badly.

The medic explained that I needed to go to the hospital to be checked out but that I'll be okay.

He noted that I may have a broken nose given its shape, severe bruising, and bleeding. In addition to contusions and my being knocked unconscious, he speculates I have a concussion and it could be worse.

All of which he stressed made it very important that I be checked out by a doctor and be observed over the next few days.

He, again, reassured me that I was going to be okay...but I need to be checked out. He sure was insistent on those two points - get checked out, but it'll be okay. Cynically, I didn't trust him and figured he's just parroting his training.

Deputy Taylor of King County Asks to Speak Immediately or at the Hospital:

A police officer, identifying herself as Deputy Andrea Taylor of King County, followed on that she'd like to ask me some questions if I'm up to it. She could ask here or at the hospital...

I figured the hospital was a better choice...

I did not feel well...at all.

E018 Rick008 Hospitalized Flashback 1.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E018 Rick008 Hospitalized Flashback 1_2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dx3u-e018-rick008-hospitalized-flashback-1-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/WBBzCCEgPDk>

Description:

Having been beaten badly in a rural café – Richard is hospitalized.

The café waitress – Katie Snowette - that Richard stood up for – visits him in the hospital – and expresses appreciation.

Deputy Taylor – overseeing the local crime investigation – asks Richard questions about the incident.

Richard envisions how nice it would be – to have Katie and the Deputy as friends.

Lesson learned – a “mental health day” is like playing hooky... ...it’s derelict - and Karma hits back hard!

Hospitalized, Waitress' Note in Hand:

The medic and his partner moved me to a stretcher, insisting that until I'm checked out, I need to move very little and take it easy.

A few thuds and thumps as they lifted me into the air and onto the stretcher. Clang and click, the stretcher legs and wheels extended beneath as they raised me upward.

They rolled me out through the main restaurant door, where I observed the young waitress teary eyed watching me. She rushed up and put a note in my hand and wished me well and swift recovery; she seemed really moved by my standing up for her.

Nearly thirty minutes later I arrived at what was apparently the closest hospital, which seemed more like a big health clinic with some care rooms in the back with big curtains as their only privacy.

Excessive Tests – Either Bad Off or It's a Profit-Centric Testing Clinic:

The clinic staff were super courteous and gentle, something I especially appreciated after being beaten by that scruffy dude. They checked my nose and explained it's broken, read my vitals, examined my eyes, looked in my ears and nostrils, listened to my breathing and heart, observed my response times, evaluated my mental acuity, took a blood sample, and ran a CT scan.

The medical tests seemed like excessive assessment...and made me wonder if maybe I was a lot worse off than I thought. Or maybe they were racking up any possibly remotely justifiable test costs? Either way - I guessed I'd be paying my full health insurance deductible before all of this was done...I was fortunate to at least have insurance.

Broken Nose, Concussion, Cuts, Contusions, ...:

The attending Physician explained that my nose can be treated by immobilization and time, but that it's going to hurt a lot; he'll prescribe meds to help with that. I had numerous cuts and contusions. I seem to have suffered a serious concussion which could result in memory loss or confusion, and in extremely rare cases can even result in death.

Huh – that is an interesting thought.

The doctor strongly recommended I stay in the hospital for at least 1-3 days to make sure they can respond to any complications.

Wallet Missing – Stolen by the Scruffy Thug:

What appeared to be a nurse visited me and repeated the doctor's advice that I should remain in their care at least until the next day and possibly for several days for observation. She asked for my medical insurance (of course).

Oh crap! My wallet was missing!

Did that scruffy thug take it!? ...that was the only explanation, other than paramedics stole it. My bet was the Scruffy man stole it!

I explained the situation and was able to call my friend from work, Bob, who was able to track down the information they needed and agreed to come get me once they released me.

Medicated - I drifted to sleep in the hospital bed...

Hospitalized, Deputy Taylor's Visit and Questions:

Deputy Taylor, whom I met while delirious from being beaten at The Big Hut Roadside Cafe, visited me early evening in the hospital.

Now that I was back to some semblance of sound mind, I was able to see the deputy clearly. She was toned and fit. Her biceps were visibly buffed through her shirt. Wearing subtle shiny skin tone lipstick and her long blond hair in a bun she was clearly balancing professional pragmatism with athletic sporty pretty.

The Uncertainty of No Wedding Ring – Cannot be Used in Social Settings:

She was 30-something years old and didn't have a wedding ring. I wondered if she had negative baggage or a bad attitude that kept people away and, thusly, her single. Or perhaps she did not wear a ring. Or maybe she is in a relationship but not engaged or married.

I realized right then – relationship rings whether marital, promise, friend, or whatever are cultural... ...and the new generation does not honor much of my generation's culture – so maybe my thoughts around a ring are just random misplaced 'old school' dinosaur thoughts.

There it was – not having a wedding ring does not mean anything. Whereas, having a wedding ring does mean something. The absence of a ring cannot be used in a social setting.

It must have been the pain killers making me so bizarrely observational of weird personal things like the ambiguity of not wearing a wedding ring and thusly uncertainty in a social setting.

Piercing Judging Eyes of Ms. Taylor, and Her Intimidating Air of Authority:

Ms. Taylor made piercing eye contact with me as if judging who I was, deciding if I might be trustworthy, and evaluating how she should engage with me. She was serious, professional, almost cold in the moment.

Her intimidating stance softened as she smiled, her lips still pressed together firmly, making me wonder if her smile was forced or sincere. She was not a good actress like the waitress was, if it was a forced smile. Regardless, I had accepted her air of authority and listened.

The Thug's Name Was Aaron Graywell – Suspected for Multiple Homicides:

She explained that the incident at The Big Hut had been an unexpected boon to the pursuit of Aaron Graywell, a man wanted for assault, fraud, and attempted homicide.

She leaned in to tell me that there are three murders he's suspected of but that no warrants were issued. He's a bad, very bad, man. She told me that I'm lucky to have only been knocked unconscious. With his assault on me, they have now issued an arrest warrant for him.

My Missing Wallet Raises Alarm Bells – Thug Knows Where I Live:

Unfortunately, I didn't have much to describe about the incident that they didn't already know from the crime scene and interviewing Katie, the waitress, at the Big Hut.

I remembered to say my wallet was missing and that I thought that the Aaron guy may have taken it.

Deputy Taylor looked worried for me and handed me her card with contact information. She told me to call her immediately if I remembered anything else or saw Aaron Graywell.

She cautioned me that he likely did take my wallet and, therefore, he had my address and information.

If I saw him, she emphasized to just call her and do not engage with him - she fervently insisted noting that my previous vigilantism resulted in my hospitalization. She said, "Leave police work to the police".

Good news, sort of – she said they'd be able to track his location should he use any of my credit cards.

Deputy Taylor thanked me for my time and, with her tight-lipped smile, bade me farewell. She nodded as she turned to leave, saying she'll contact local police to see if they might station a car outside my home for the next few days to be on the safe side.

They would not want Aaron to show up at my house ... unexpectedly.

Waitress Katie's Hospital Visit:

On my last day in the hospital, I was visited by the waitress, Katie, from the restaurant. She appeared nervous and still shaken up, even three days after the incident.

The note she'd put in my hand said simply, "Sorry!", had a phone number written on it, and was signed "Katie". I hadn't decided what to do with it though I had days in the hospital. I wondered if should call her or just move on from this ordeal? I really had no idea what the point was in continued contact with her after all... ...with some waitress in a random dinner in the middle of nowhere... ...I did not know her.

Taking a Stand Not Knowing will Triumph is Either Bravery or Stupidity:

Well, Katie answered my quandary of what to do with her note by visiting me in the hospital herself. She anxiously explained in a trembling soft voice that she doesn't want to intrude or anything, but she had to say how remarkable it was that I would look out for her without knowing anything about her.

I felt a little bit like a hero...even if I was beat up.

I had the spirit of a hero, even if I did not have the prowess or training of one. I was maybe even a bigger hero because I took the risk without knowing I would be triumphant – that is either bravery or stupidity.

Waitress Katie Recounts Tale, Filling in Unconscious Memory Gaps – Natural Team:

Katie detailed that the police confirmed the scruffy man had warrants for his arrest in different states including violent crimes and attempted homicide.

I found her information did not match up with what Deputy Taylor told me, specifically that Aaron Graywell had no warrants for his arrest. I wondered what the truth was, and why there was a discrepancy. I imagined Katie just misunderstood the information amidst the chaos.

She was especially helpful in filling in gaps in what I could remember from the incident and what people had said. I felt like we were clicking like a natural team.

Piecing Together Aaron Graywell's History – Details and Attention Matter:

Trying to piece it together from the Deputy, it sounded like Aaron Graywell had been living in Washington State under an alias for some time but because of his altercation with me they were drawn to the scene and fingerprints exposed his true identity.

The police now know who he really is and issued an APB for him. He's considered armed and extremely dangerous.

And yes, that pickup with the rifle was his! Crazy how the radio foreshadowed his danger from that rifle in the window, and how I didn't listen really or take it seriously...

It was apparent – Details and Paying Attention Matter!

Waitress Katie Snowette -Potential Friend:

This waitress seemed like a cliché 'bird of a feather' sticking together with me. We just instantly related and understood, and almost trusted, each other. It was honestly – VERY UNLIKE ME and VERY WEIRD!

I imagined she could be a friend regardless of our age difference. I asked if perhaps she'd like to meet some time...or whatever...entirely platonically because I was married.

She smiled, her face warmed a lot, and accepted. She expressed that hopefully our next get-together won't have life-threatening drama or pain.

She looked a bit snarky and informed me it was great to meet someone not after her for money, a place to sleep, or sex. A real friend in this world, she said, would be nice.

She said her name was, Katie Snowette.

Making New Friends – Waitress Katie Snowette, Deputy Andrea Taylor

Wow, what an unbelievable series of events.

From a terrible night's sleep to a meandering drive into an off-the-beaten path cafe where I was beaten to unconsciousness but, consequently, met a waitress named Katie. I wonder if my fear of a stroke pales in comparison to being assaulted to near-death by a crazy felon?

Deputy Andrea Taylor was intense and intimidating.

I thought that I could really use some new friends.

I don't know that I had any TRUE FRIENDS, as I have abundant "acquaintance friends" and "work friends" which might be better called "Fairweather Friends" that hang out but would not sacrifice much for me. It is possible some of my current "friends" are genuine friends...but who will know until a 'test of friendship' happens.

Meeting waitress Katie Snowette and Deputy Andrea Taylor was random, but maybe that is how the best friendships are formed – or so I hoped.

The Value of Valor – Valorous Return on Investment (V-ROI)

As much as I felt afraid that violent scruffy thug Aaron Graywell might come and find me after he beat me so thoroughly in the cafe, the more I thought of the event, one thing made it all seem worthwhile.

My courage standing up to that thug impressed the waitress Katie and got the attention of Deputy Taylor. I even impressed myself by managing to find the courage to confront a homicidal maniac – albeit, I did not know he was a murderer at the time.

And! Hot damn! I may have made some new friends.

So, what did my valor result in?

I was badly beat up, out insurance deductibles, wallet stolen with ID, credit cards, & cash, and I lost three days of my life... ..but I enjoyed a great burger, met two fine women who could become friends of Katherine and me - waitress Katie and Deputy Taylor.

Karma Hit Back Hard for My Playing Hookie:

I suppose Karma hit back hard for my playing Hooky... Days later I finally get to go home...

E019 Rick009 THE LETTER Flashback 1.3



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E019 Rick009 THE LETTER Flashback 1.3.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dxsw-e019-rick009-the-letter-flashback-1-3.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/xlHrSIYIHqE>

Description:

Richard receives a Last Will & Testament Reading invitation in the mail. The Reading was near Midnight on Leap Day.

Questioning the voracity of the Will – Richard researches on the Internet about the deceased – an Aunt Zaira Millmore...
...and learns she is.

Richard planned to contact the Law Firm of Midnight & Associates – listed as the managers of the Will – though they were based in Ireland.

Dreams of supernatural things and visions overwhelm Richard as he drifts to sleep.

Ignored Mailbox:

Well, it had been quite a lot to digest recently. Another day had come to an end, and I realized the mail had been unchecked for days.

Sometimes I feel a little obsessive with checking my mail given so few things come in the Post of late - the occasional bill, online purchase deliveries, and oh the never-ending flow of junk mail. So – it was very surprising that I had not checked the mail for days. Weird...

I've Got Mail:

I suppose if I did not empty the mailbox often, the junk mail would pile up to the point important things would not fit in the box. I imagine the world would be better without junk mail, but perhaps I'm wrong and it's subsidizing the valuable mail somehow makes it worthwhile.

Does Changing Things Only Displaces Problems from One Place to Another:

I often wonder if changing things simply displaces one problem for another...random thoughts I suppose.

Excuses and musings aside, I checked the mail. As predicted, lots of advertisements, "value pack mailers", and a few political postcards.

Dark Missive Revealed by Dagger:

There was a big black envelope, which I took to be an attention-getting scam envelope.

It was a huge black envelope with foiled yellow lettering indicating the contents must be important, reading "Highly Important Confidential Last Will & Testament."

The Return Address was The Law Firm Midnight and Associates, located in a town named Athlone in Ireland. The letter looked official and real - but if someone I knew died, I thought that I would have heard about it from someone...so despite its expensive letter it was likely some kind of scam.

The envelope was high quality, thick top grade construction paper coated with a water-proofing sheen.

Curiosity got the best of me, and I decided to open the envelop once inside my house. I mean – why just throw away something so interesting without looking inside?

I slit the black envelope open with my 'dagger' letter opener. Yea – I had a chainmail piercing real dagger that I used to open letters. So, what!? *I WAS COOL*

The dagger revealed a foil embossed thick paper letter inside, but it was closed with a wax seal.

Geez, this was a serious letter. ...it got my attention!

Unsealing the Letter like a Christmas Present but Power Fluctuates, Earth Rumbles:

I liked the cool presentation of the letter, so snapped a picture of the envelope and silver foil embossed letter with my iPhone before carefully opening the seal with a hobby knife because my dagger was too big, and I feared ripping it open with force as I might ordinarily do could damage it. I wanted to preserve its cool package, letter, and seal if possible.

It was a little weird, almost like opening a Christmas present with wonder of what was going to be inside.

As I unsealed the letter, I swear the power fluctuated in the house – twice. And I heard an earthquake like rumble at the same time.

Embossed Silver Calligraphy Inspiring Letter, ‘Gold-Feeling Hue’ Parchment:

The letter was awe inspiring, I have to say, with embossed silver calligraphy on what felt like golden hued magical scroll parchment.

The raised silver ink seemed to have tiny micro reflective glitter inside it that refracted light no matter what angle I looked at it. It was like every letter was its own magical prismatic silver foil rune, reflecting all sorts of colors off its shiny surface.

If this was an ad or scam, it sure cost a lot to produce. I started to think it was maybe legit...

Cool Letter More Interesting than Last Will and Testament – I Did Not Know Her:

What did the Parchment say?

With all the fanfare and production of the Envelope and Letter, it came down to this – I had an aunt that I never knew existed who just died, and I am a beneficiary. It was unclear if there were other beneficiaries.

It felt bad given the letter was my never-known, now dead, aunt’s Last Will and Testament, and her bequeathing ‘something’ to me... ..and I really am more focused on the letter than her dying.

Will Reading on Leap Day, Leap Year:

The only “data” information that jumped out to me from the two pages beyond how magnificent the letter was, were within its opening paragraph –

"We regret to inform you that your Aunt Millmore has recently perished.

Pursuant to her Last Will and Testament, you have been designated as the primary beneficiary of the decedent’s estate, contingent on your compliance with her directives which will be disclosed at the time of Reading.

Please join us specifically on February 29th, 2020 at 11:10pm for the formal Reading of your Aunt Millmore’s Will."

Will Reading on Leap Day, Leap Year – And No Funeral Service for Aunt Millmore:

The reading was almost a month away; I wondered if that kind of delay was normal for reading a Will, and what of her funeral? There was no mention of any kind of services past or future.

It all felt after-the-fact and a bit less concerned with her dying and more about her estate passing to beneficiaries.

Well – my aunt was dead, and her stuff was to be given away. Simple as that. That is what her life culminated in – someone she never met getting some of her stuff? Sad...

It occurred to me – Aunt Millmore's Last Will and Testament Reading was on Leap Day in a Leap Year. What were the odds of that I pondered.

A Month Accommodates Times to Prepare for Will and Testament Reading:

Objectively, it was beneficial to have some time before the Reading since the second page explained that I had to call the law firm handling the Will and Reading to secure travel to Ireland where my aunt apparently lived and died and stipulated the proceedings must all be done in person.

More weirdness.

Mandated Attendance for Beneficiaries in Ireland on Leap Day near Midnight:

Moreover – my aunt mandated her Will Reading occur only at her primary residence in Ireland - known as Millmore Manor.

And the Reading must happen on the specific date and precisely at the hour, minute, and second specified (very near to midnight) according to a grandfather clock in the manor's Smoking Room.

I guess she was such a distant and removed relative that no one stayed in contact with her, and certainly never told me about her. To me - it made some twisted logic because no one knew her that she would require anyone taking her possessions or money at least visit her house once.

Since it was evening, I'd have to call tomorrow... But I could do some Interweb research tonight!

Researching Aunt Millmore:

I was amazed how much turned up on good ol' Aunt Millmore in Ireland. Crazy! She had been the centerpiece of an offbeat occult group that had ties throughout every seeming myth out there - druidic sacrifices, satanism, vampirism, werewolves, Lazarus extended lives, and even claims that aliens may have bestowed telekinetic and telepathic superpowers akin to magic to Millmore and her followers.

Alrighty then, Auntie Millmore was either one force to be reckoned with or she was a total nut job! Seeing as I have never believed in magic or the occult outside my youthful ignorant Faith, I had to believe Millmore was one crazy lady. But Crazy or not, it seems she had a lot of money and wanted me to have some of it.

Ironic - I was just lamenting about my career turning South as I was approaching fifty years old and being unsure if I could ever truly retire without worry of running out of money. And out of nowhere drops in my lap the potential for a lot of money.

I could not help but wonder if this was still some kind of ruse to get me out to Ireland, with all this Interweb information fabricated to authenticate the letter. I had heard of elaborate rip-off schemes, but this would be over-the-top for someone that does not have that much money. I kept thinking this must be real...

Researching The Envelope and Letter – Maybe It Was Legitimate:

It occurred to me that perhaps I could glean some insight by searching for information about the Envelope or Letter.

I searched for "Big Black Envelope", "Ireland Last Will and Testament", "Aunt Millmore scam", and more.

Random things came up about scams, including false Will Readings and promises of riches and rewards to get people to commit their time and travel to places where they're pitched investment opportunities to grow their inheritance. But nothing specifically in Ireland or Millmore.

Perhaps it was the real deal... Maybe it was legitimate.

Law Firm Midnight and Associates:

It was late and I wanted to sleep so I could wake early and call the Law Firm that allegedly sent the letter. The Internet indicated Ireland is 20 hours ahead of my time zone in Washington State, so 8am would be 4pm Ireland time.

I used to take advantage of time zones to work with video game developers around the world, being able to effectively work with companies 24/7 with different organizations spread throughout the globe.

My productivity was limited only by my own mortal ability to keep going. Of course – they also often quipped I was not mortal... My colleagues often joked that I was relentless like a terminator and tapped my near-insane motivation to keep moving and working with groups around the clock, year-round, year-in, year-out.

It occurred to me in a weird way their offices open their doors at 8am, which would be midnight my time (the name of their Law Firm).

I love coincidences and when time zones work in my favor! Wonderful idea! I decided to just stay up and call them at midnight, 8am Ireland time, and not lose even more sleep wondering about the Mystical Envelope, Letter, and Aunt Millmore. ...and some inheritance.

TV and Danderlions Cats:

I sat back in bed, leaning against the backboard watching a silly show on YouTube about cats suffering uncommonly severe dander.

These so-called Dander-Lions (I did like the cute name...) try to clean themselves thru rolling in dirt and weeds, ostensibly to dry out their greasy fur and brush off their pelt. Unfortunately, the Dander-Lion, while mostly successful at removing the oils, tends to collect more debris than they removed. Well, it was an interesting jaunt on random clips, and I felt suddenly overwhelmingly tired...

Overwhelming Fatigue, Hallucinogenic Dreams:

The haze of fatigue and shadowy thoughts drifted in slowly as I slept...but it was not restful.

I did not want to be asleep. I never “just fall asleep”. It was as if I could see myself sleeping from above, like watching a TV show. I was slumped down from my previously erect backboard leaning position, sound asleep.

Wind whistled around the house exterior. Boards creaked, seemingly unnaturally. Faint thumps and whirring sounds echoed from the downstairs, my mind concluding it must be the little robot vacuum starting its wee hour cleaning rounds.

And then I heard what I swear was a whispering raspy voice, "Fate written. Torment yours. Danger ahead. Hear me." It said these exact words over and over a second time... "Fate written. Torment yours. Danger ahead. Hear me." I woke up, shaking my head and rubbing my eyes to dispel the horrible dream.

The whispering voice was gone, of course; I was awake now. I got myself up to go to the washroom, and upon finishing my business washed my hands at the vanity's sink. Oh crap!!! I heard the faintest voice again and it said a little more - "Fate written. Torment yours. Danger ahead. Hear me. Why no heed?" Was I still asleep!?

I splashed water in my face. Not hearing the voice further, I went back to bed...albeit pretty freaked out.

"Fate written. Torment yours. Danger ahead. Hear me. Why no heed?" rasped in my ears again. I must have fallen back asleep, and that haunting voice returned! I thought that I was awake again...or was I? How can you know when you are seeing reality or not? When you're asleep or not? I felt like I was going crazy with these dreams feeling so real. Or could my poor sleep all this time be affecting my cognancy?

In what felt like an out-of-body experience where I floated outside my house looking down into the darkness around the side of my house, I imagined just after 11pm, I saw that scumbag Aaron Graywell skulking near the gas main.

He looked to be fiddling with the gas line, like he was trying to weaken it if not outright create a leak. He jimmied the garage lock and appeared to sneak in to cut the brake lines of my car. Before leaving the garage, I saw him put some kind of cellophane wrapped package on the inside of my furnace. My floating ephemeral body suddenly dissipated into the air, and my “sight” outside went black so I could no longer seeing anything...I was, presumably, really asleep.

The entire thing had to be a nightmare...

E020 Rick010 Midnight Call, Irish Mystery Flashback 1.4



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E020 Rick010 Midnight Call Irish Mystery Flashback 1_4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dyky-e020-rick010-midnight-call-irish-mystery-flashback-1-4.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/9ZPnzeBEC-4>

Description:

Richard speaks with the Midnight & Associates law firm – that is handling Zaira Millmore’s Last Will & Testament.

They inform Richard of unorthodox stipulations required of Richard to qualify to receive the \$250 BILLION DOLLAR inheritance from his now deceased Great-Great “Aunt” Zaira Millmore.

The Firm offers to pay for Richard and Companions to travel to Athlone, Ireland – where the Will Reading will happen – on Leap Day near Midnight.

Richard decides - \$250 BILLION DOLLARS is worth a lot more – than his current job. He resigns to pursue his inheritance.

Midnight's Call:

I woke again, noting the time was nearly 12am. The phone rang, with Caller ID revealing a number I didn't recognize. Moreover, it had an international prefix, so my curiosity was piqued. Who would possibly call me at midnight!? Despite expecting it to be an annoying telemarketer, I begrudgingly answered the phone at midnight...

The line was crackling with static, as if the connection was very bad but technically borderline functional. I tried to talk, "Hello? Hello? Are you there? Can you hear me?" I swear I heard the faintest raspy voice echo "Fate written..." It had to be my subconscious playing Richards with me. Creepy or not, it woke me up just in time to call the law firm, so I suppose it was technically useful. I will call the Law Firm right now...

Sometimes I marvel at things we take for granted, and how we achieve amazing things without solving some of the most basic challenges we face. Kind of funny really, thinking how advanced we are with being able to call anybody virtually anywhere in the world...and yet still our phone numbers and addresses are not globally standardized. After a few failed dialing attempts trying to dial the Ireland number, I searched the Internet to discover how to call an international number in Ireland - 011 353 1 555-6661.

The ring tone was not the same ring I was used to; it was a little muffled on top of its different almost-buzzing ring sound. Under-ocean cables or satellite relay, I paused to marvel how small the world has become where we can literally pick up a phone and call the other side of the world to talk to a complete stranger. Enough of my child-like marvel...

BIG COMPLICATED INHERITANCE IN IRELAND:

"'Ello," answered a thick Irish accented woman, "How may I help you?" I started off explaining that I received this Last Will & Testament Reading Invitation in a big black envelope. "I understand. Let me put you through to Mr. Lessky; he handles all Wills and related matters." [CLICK, CLACK, CRACKLE] ... and then some stereotypical River Dance sounding music came on. I was in transfer-hold Limbo.

It was only about five minutes before an elderly gentleman's voice answered, "Good evening. I understand you've received an invitation to a Last Will and Testament. Could I please have your name, sir?"

"Umm, Richard. Richard Seaborne" I replied. As if my name was the president of the United States or Russia, Mr. Lessky's voice snapped to a stuttering "Oh, I see...Mr. Seaborne, the Millmore relative from the States and Executor of the Millmore estate.

My instructions are explicit - we will pay for first-class transit and accommodations to the Reading here in Ireland for you, family, and friends, and upon completion of the Reading and your compliance with all stipulations you will be the sole recipient of the Millmore estate which is an estimated \$250 Billion U.S. Dollars."

\$250 Billion Dollars Inheritance:

HOLY CRAP!!!! I stuttered myself, "\$250 BILLION!?" "Yes, sir. Actual value may be closer to \$280 Billion USD once the real estate is sold. \$250B is a conservative estimate." Lessky detailed.

I felt bad, but wow! I could be super wealthy beyond any dreams, ever! "Book my tickets and send me the information." I almost excitedly exclaimed, forgetting that this was the result of now-dead relative [which I never knew].

Mr. Lessky, unmoved by my "\$250 Billion US Dollars" excited response, repeated "Contingent on completing all stipulations this firm will transfer all Millmore assets minus estate settlement costs and legal fees to you, Mr. Richard Lee Seaborne. We will require appropriate financial institution information and leave all tax implications and responsibilities to you to manage."

It hit me that I'd better ask while I was on the phone with Lessky, "What are these stipulations anyway?" I didn't really care what they were since I figured I would do just about anything for that kind of stupid insane money - **\$250 BILLION DOLLARS!!!**

Aunt Zaira Millmore's Unorthodox Stipulations:

Mr. Lessky's voice softened a bit, as if he decided he'd try to connect with me personally. "Ah...well, the Millmore Stipulations are", he paused drawing a deep breath, "unorthodox.

The stipulations will be revealed over time, commencing at the Reading in Aunt Millmore's manor.

The money will likewise be delivered in pieces...over time."

Aunt Zaira Millmore Manor in West Bank of River Shannon, West of Athlone Town:

"Let me give you some background information," Lessky continued. "Your Aunt Zaira Millmore has been a powerful influence in the rural community County of Westmeath.

The Millmore Manor is located on the West Bank of River Shannon, directly across from Athlone town which resides on the river's east bank. Conveniently our offices are located right in Athlone."

Millmore Holdings Own Properties and Businesses and Accounts Across the Globe:

"Although Millmore's holdings extend throughout the world with properties, local and foreign bank accounts, and small curio shops in most major cities, nearly one-third of her estate is held in Ireland's most central city of Athlone.

She did not get out much, choosing instead to remain years on end within her West Bank mansion.

Each business and region typically have their own steward and operate under the Millmore Holdings umbrella company.

It is the Holdings umbrella company that you will be inheriting."

Aunt Zaira and the Occult – Risk in Claiming Inheritance:

"There's more you should know, Mr. Seaborne.

Zaira Millmore was reportedly a practicing occult leader with covenants operating in many major cities, which is why she has property, finances, and shops globally.

Given the nature of Zaira Millmore's role in the tapestry of devil worship, you may face some risk in taking possession of her estate.

Liquidating her assets will be difficult, time-consuming, and will be solely your responsibility once transferred to you.

Confirmed Commitment to The Reading and Being Sole Beneficiary of \$250B:

I need to know, Mr. Seaborne, that you are committed to taking possession of the Millmore estate given this information? If so, you will be the sole beneficiary. If not, the Will's stipulations direct us to other beneficiaries."

"Yes, of course I am!" I hurriedly answered. "I may not have known my Aunt Millmore, but she identified me as her heir...and so I am her heir!"

I was so excited, so positive, and I didn't know why except for those BIG words - "TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BILLION U.S. DOLLARS".

Anyway - how hard can it be to go to Ireland, finish up some requirements from the Reading, and sell off all the Millmore assets? Heck, I can hire someone to sell it all off...piece o' cake!"

I just needed to get those travel details.

TRAVEL OFFER:

"Alright, Mr. Seaborne.

I understand from your response that you are very much interested and committed to attending Zaira Millmore's Last Will and Testament Reading at her mansion in Athlone's West Bank in Ireland.

An administrator will contact you within the next few days to book your travel. It is absolutely imperative you are here for the Reading on February 29th, 2020 at 11:10pm local time. If you are not, you will forfeit all claim to your inheritance; this is the first stipulation of the Will." Mr. Lessky's voice remained firm, almost monotone were it not for the rasp in his voice.

Lessky continued, "And so we'll book travel for you and select friends and family to arrive one week earlier to guarantee no travel problems hinder the Reading. We'll have a planned return date of April 1st, 2020, in order to ensure all stipulations can be completed prior to return to the States. All expenses will be paid for entirely by the Law Firm and you will be given daily per diem to cover unplanned and cash expenses. Does this work for you, Mr. Seaborne?"

"Yes, yes it does." I replied as if now on a "yes" auto pilot.

"Very well," confirmed Lessky. "We'll get everything moving forward. We look forward to the Reading with you. Good day," and without pause Lessky hung up. It felt a bit rude but I suppose it was reasonable; what should I expect from a lawyer across the seas to say?

I swear that I'd narrowly put down my phone and it rang!

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS:

An Irish accented woman asked, "Mr. Seaborne? Is this Mr. Seaborne?"

"Yes, this is Richard Seaborne." I answered.

"Great, okay. My name is Sarah McGilvray. I'm calling from the Law Offices of Midnight, Cairns, and Weishaupt. I'm looking to confirm your itinerary, book your arrangements, and transfer \$50,000 cash beforehand to ensure your travel is without need or worry.

Mr. Lessky recommended the amount of \$50,000, so if you feel it should be a different amount, please confer with him."

I was almost speechless, "No, that's fine..." FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS spending 'mad money!?' This is seemingly more and more real... \$50,000!!!

Sarah was efficient and to the point. We exchanged information and locked on specific itinerary, including a full week of tours before the Reading...just like their Mr. Lessky suggested.

...

Why not same law firm as the envelope?

The Law Firm Midnight and Associates
VS.
Law Offices of Midnight, Cairns, and Weishaupt

Sarah explained, “Midnight and Associates” is the global umbrella law firm – OWNED BY AUNT MILLMORE. The umbrella law firm owns and directs this and other law firms throughout the world. Do you understand?”

I knew about umbrella companies - thank you very much. They can be used to hide or obfuscate things or revenue or tax, and so many gray to black bad things can be hidden behind the umbrella’s veil of secrecy.

Of course – they are also a smart way to control an empire from the top of the pyramid.

Forget Current Job – I Will Have \$250 Billion Dollars:

I hadn't checked with my work for the time off, but if all goes to my imagined plan, I'll be so wealthy it won't matter what they think! Woot!

A free Irish adventure that will end with my literally being a billionaire and free of my crappy job!

I informed Microsoft that I had to take a personal leave of absence due to a death in the family and would first burn unused vacation; I had a lot of vacation time, I rarely took vacations or time off. They were not pleased with the short notice. ...but had no practical alternative to approving my time off.

Oh well... \$250B was far more important than any displeasure Microsoft or a manager might feel towards me.

E021 Rick011 Sabotage Car, Home, and Life Flashback 1.5



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E021 Rick011 Sabotage Car Home and Life Flashback 1_5.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55dzd5-e021-rick011-sabotage-car-home-and-life-flashback-1-5.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/EUGAePSFUDA>

Description:

Richard's car breaks fail, and his house explodes, turning his life and world upside down. He no longer had any roots or reason to remain in Washington State. He no longer had a job or a home – and his car was “dead”.

Deputy Taylor and Richard narrowly escape being killed by the exploding house.

Richard is hospitalized – again.

Deputy Taylor's House Call:

I knew that it'd be hard to fall asleep with all the wild Aunt Millmore stuff swimming around in my head. Add to that all the information that the last few days stuffed inside me.

No way I could sleep - I needed a sleeping pill, and so I took two of them to be sure I could rest.

I apparently promptly fell asleep, unusual for me. "Fate written. Torment yours. Danger ahead. Hear me. Why do you not heed?" echoed in my dreams all night long; it was not restful. Saved by the 7:00am alarm clock buzzer, saved from tormenting nightmares and that repeating phrase of madness – "Fate written..."

The doorbell began to ring. What!? Who would be at my door so early in the morning, or in the wee hours of the morning!? In fact, other than the occasional girl scout cookie sales or online delivery, people don't come to my house...I live in a remote area at the end of a cul-de-sac on a hill. ...not too accessible or inviting.

Trick or Treaters do not even come by.

I've always been a little cautious when it came to answering the door, and so peered through the peep hole to see who was at the door. It was Deputy Taylor. What was she doing at my house? Without further pause, I answered the door with an inviting smile."

It hit me suddenly, something different about Ms. Taylor. Her hair was down now, reaching down to her lower back. She'd replaced her skin-tone lipstick with a slightly reflective silver undertone gloss. Still subtle but definitely more feminine and playful than her previous look when she was on regular duty.

Was she not on duty now?

"Hi, I am Deputy Taylor." She handed me a business card, clearly out practice since she'd given me one previously. You may recall me from your altercation with Felon Aaron Graywell" she stated with an overtly projected dominant female voice. I barely answered, "Hello?" and she interjected business-minded...

"Richard, have you seen or heard anything out of the ordinary since you checked out of the hospital?" Deputy Taylor asked, in a somewhat alarming tone. She stammered what seemed out of character, "Umm, can I come in to speak with you about the case? Look, we can get coffee somewhere if you'd prefer. We need to talk though, please."

I told her that I had some bad dreams about that Aaron Graywell dude but nothing real. She explained that his truck was found a few miles from my house, followed by a series of car break-ins and thefts. They're not sure if there's any correlation between the break-ins and Aaron's truck. She emphasized that Aaron may still be in the area, or perhaps he took one of the stolen cars to flee the area...but that I needed to side with caution here and assume he may be in the area. She explained that's why she chose to come to my home personally and make sure I was safe. I was out of her jurisdiction as a police officer.

I was super impressed with her commitment. WOW! She drove hours to my home rather than just calling me or asking for local police to take over entirely.

Since the police believed Aaron had my wallet with ID, address, etc., they speculated he may have headed my way.

Bottom-line: Deputy Taylor planned to coordinate with my local city police department to watch out for me over the next few days. She's apparently a woman of action and little trust, so she took it upon herself to be my heroine and protect me. Nice! Clearly, I am not the Warrior I imagined after Aaron kicked my butt and hospitalized me.

I felt pretty good about Deputy Taylor being at my home, so I invited her in. I don't know how jurisdiction works outside of TV and she seemed smart and so why not spend some time and get to know her while she ensures my safety?

Since it was out of her jurisdiction apparently, I thought she was here on personal time...maybe she could really become a friend.

Coffee with Deputy Taylor:

I could use some caffeine and maybe a muffin or something!" And I thought if there was any way Deputy Taylor might befriend my wife and me, I had to get to know her somehow. "Yah, coffee'd be great," I answered.

Of course, how does someone meet new people for friendship once an adult? Perhaps the answer is that you meet them through random life's events, including near-death beatings by crazy felons. I imagined there must be an easier way of meeting people though.

Ms. Taylor chuckled, looking a little uncomfortable. Perhaps she also wanted a friend; I don't know... Maybe she shares my hobbies or interests, or maybe this was entirely 'protect & serve' business for her.

Whatever the case, we were off to awkward coffee to talk about a real criminal case that apparently may have me in danger.

"Would you mind either riding along with me to Moon Joe's coffee, or meeting me there? Also, would you mind if I looked around before we head out?" asked the Ms. Taylor.

Sabotaged Car, Driving to Moon Joe's Coffee House:

I decided to drive myself to the coffee house, both so I could show off my Mercedes SLK55 AMG convertible and avoid being stuck in the back of a squad car, as I always hear civilians aren't allowed to ride in the front of a squad car with a police officer. I'd hate to feel emasculated with Ms. Taylor "locking me in the back".

I'd barely merged onto the freeway on my way to Moon Joe's coffee house when my brake light warning came on. OMG! My dream! Aaron Graywell messed with my brakes in my dream!!!

In a panic I pulled off the freeway on the next off ramp, but my brakes didn't work - at all!!! Being an avid video game player, I was ready for this! I down-shifted the automatic to 1st Gear which threw the engine into red-line and drew the car to near halt fast with a loud rev, clank, and serous of lunging jolts. Lights and a siren went off behind me...

Deputy Taylor was right there, apparently pacing behind me all along. I managed to come to a stop on the side of the road, whereupon she went straight into examining my car and investigate what happened.

"For starters, your brakes were tampered with. Pretty clever really, how they were loosened so the brakes would work for a while but would eventually become so loose they'd have no grip or friction while driving.

This is criminal intent to do you harm, Richard. I think we should return to check out your house given this may not be the only thing done. Let me call this in and let's get going!" Deputy Taylor commanded.

"Yah, let's check out my house." I replied obediently

Returning to Assess Home in Police Cruiser Back Like a Criminal:

Deputy Taylor, looking apologetic, explained "You'll need to ride in the back, Richard. It's nothing personal, just policy. Only police enforcement is allowed to ride in the front." She opened the rear "passenger" door. Upon closing it, I discovered that I was locked in without any way to open the rear door myself. I felt immediately trapped and a little claustrophobic!

I also felt a bit like a criminal being inserted in the back of the police cruiser. I was sure it was just training if not habit, but Ms. Taylor carefully placed her hand on my head as she lowered me into the seat. I felt like a bad guy being taken to jail by a tough cop.

As we drove, Ms. Taylor cut to the business at hand, putting a further damper on my diminishing thrill. "Look Richard, Graywell is a monster. He's got a history of hate and destruction everywhere he goes. He seems to enjoy toying with people, making them and their loved ones suffer.

Graywell Intends to Hurt and Kill Me Because I Exposed His Identity:

I really think Graywell may have decided to make an example of you. You stood up to him, exposed his identity, and I believe he won't rest until you're seriously hurt or dead, and feeling physical and emotional pain on route." She was saying some scary stuff, very candidly.

Ms. Taylor was all deputy to me right then. I couldn't help but start freaking out a bit, hearing all that threat allegedly coming from Aaron Graywell. "Damn it! He already put be in the hospital, what more can he want!?" I blurted out.

Out of the Police Car, Into the House:

We pulled into my driveway, and she freed me from my transport captivity.

She leaned into my personal space, grabbed my hand, held it softly but firmly and placed her other hand on my head. She guided me out of the squad car safely.

Unexpectedly the deputy ran her nails across my skin, which I found strangely comforting.

She said, "Look, I'd like to do that complete home inspection if that's okay with you before I head off today. We're going to have to skip the coffee. Is that okay?" she asked.

I didn't expect her to say, "head off today," as that's nuts!

I *NEEDED* Deputy Taylor's Protection:

I am in mortal danger now, and she's talking about going away!? I need her to stay here so I can live long enough to get to Ireland and away from all this madness!

"YES! Sure, that's okay..." I stammered. I mean, what else was I really going to say given the threat...? "You could stay as long as you want...too?," I muttered sheepishly. She could tell I was scared and saw her as a protector.

She unholstered her Glock .40 Pistol and directed me to hang back at least ten feet as she entered the house and searched each room successively.

I started thinking of my crazy dream... This seemed eerily familiar...

Assessing The House:

Ms. Taylor recalled some of the dream I'd told her, noting that I claimed to have seen my car, gas meter, and furnace all tampered with.

She said that she had discounted it as a victim's imagination gone wild in a dream, but given my car's brake situation, we should check each of them out. Maybe subconsciously I had picked up on clues Aaron had entered my house, and thus influenced my dreams.

Gas Main Tampered With – Radioed for Crime Scene Investigation:

Deputy Taylor walked around the side of the house to examine the gas meter. Leaning in and tapping the meter, she said it was clearly tampered with; several gas fixtures were loosened such that they would leak with very small vibrations from ground settling, bumps, or even temperature swelling over time.

She turned off the gas main to the house, snapped some pictures with her phone, and went to her car to don rubber gloves. She radioed immediately the situation and called for a crime scene investigation ASAP.

Back in the Squad Car for Me:

Given her discovery, Deputy Taylor directed me to return to her squad car and wait for her to complete the remainder of the investigation and wait for the CSI unit. Taking my house key from me and making sure I got into the car (again) was her priority. With me sitting locked up once more in the back of her car, I sat anxiously, helplessly...trapped again.

She entered the house.

I sat there wondering what was she seeing? What was going in my own house that I can't get in there? My anxiety was going crazy, with my finally freaking out and deciding to get out there myself despite the deputy's direction for me to stay in the car.

CLICK! CLICK! Oh CRAP!!! I'm locked in!!! ARGH!!!!

Calling in the Bomb Squad:

It must've been only fifteen minutes even though it felt like an eternity while I waited as a prisoner in Deputy Taylor's squad car.

I heard her voice over the car's radio, talking to dispatch or a command center. She sounded alarmed, "Officer #2079, Deputy Taylor, out of Newton PD, requesting a bomb squad at 20211 NE 38th Court, Sammamish. A saran-wrapped white clay substance with ignition wires attached to a cell phone has been affixed to the inside furnace panel."

Deputy Taylor returned from the house to wait for the Bomb Squad she called in.

Exploding House and Lost Consciousness Again:

I heard a sudden explosive bang, and everything went reddish yellow, and then to black.

Light fluttered in and out of my eyes. Noise...erm words...garbled voices, sirens, flashing lights.

"What's your name?" someone seemed to be asking, but I couldn't focus enough to answer...I tried to answer..."Ri".....no focus for me. No words from me.

As though it was a major achievement, my brain found my name - "Richard". I began to say my name but fell short with so much pain that my body convulsed and reeled. Still no words or focus from me. The pain was my focus.

As I was rushed to the hospital (again), I was in and out of consciousness. I kept wondering what happened? There were two emergency responders in the ambulance with me. Although things were confusing and fractured, I was retaining a lot more words and thoughts as time passed.

Paramedics Never Witnessed House Destruction Like That in Fifteen Years:

One of the responders, in his late 30's, sporting thick black rimmed hipster glasses and a Rasputin crazy long beard, was talking boisterously "I don't think I've ever seen anything like that in my almost 15 years on the job. That place was leveled."

The paramedic clearly thought I was still out of it, or I'd expect he would not have been so detailed or explicit on the destruction of my house.

C4 Explosive Used to Blow Gas Main and Furnace, Leveling House:

"They're going to be investigating that mess for a week I bet. Maybe more! I heard there was a big C4 pack that blew the furnace and gas line, which then blew the gas main that was on the other side of the furnace wall. The entire house, yard, and everything in it were annihilated in seconds. Geez! Unbelievable!"

Deputy Taylor Survived Just Entering Her Vehicle Before the Explosion:

The second man looked like a 20-something lanky skater boy grown up into a "responsible" liberal emergency responder job. His eyes were wide and expressive, "Whoa! It's so unbelievable! If anyone was in there, they would be like incinerated. That cop is so lucky to get out of there and be in her car when it went off! I mean, blammo and if she was not in her car she'd be gone – like smoke and gone! She'd be alive, and then not...blink of an eye. Man! Lucky! Lucky..." his voiced drifted off.

How to Process Small Decisions Could Have Resulted in Taylor's and My Death:

Holy shit! Ms. Taylor's life was literally seconds from being snuffed out instantly.

Because of my random drive to The Big Hut Roadhouse Café and effort to "be a man" and stand up to that Aaron Graywell, she and I could have died today. I really don't know how to process all this...

Small decisions can have major results – like Deputy Taylor's and my death!?

Wow... Epiphone. Enlightening. Wisdom.

E022 Rick012 Party of Adventurers Flashback 1.6



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E022 Rick012 Party of Adventurers Flashback 1.6.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e063-e022-rick012-party-of-adventurers-flashback-1-6.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/4IDJYwnwy24>

Description:

Richard negotiates terms to hire Waitress Katie Snowette “as the Empath”.

He negotiates a deal with Deputy Andrea Taylor to join the team as “The Bodyguard”.

He convinces his work buddy, Human Resources HR Bob Woods Sanchez, to take a leave of absence – and join the Party of Adventurers – as friend, ally, and pragmatist.

Déjà vu – Back in the Hospital:

Deja Vu! I spent the next week in the hospital, undergoing a lot of tests and a train of investigators including two people from the FBI.

Aaron Graywell now on FBI's America's Most Wanted:

Apparently, Aaron Graywell was upgraded to be on THE FBI's *America's Most Wanted* now that he blew up my house on top of all his other crimes spanning numerous states.

Inundated by Invasive Judgmental Psychiatrists:

I felt a little offended when psychiatrists came by to talk to me. "How are you feeling?" "Why do you think this happened...to you personally?" "What role or responsibility do you think you played in all this?" "Are you depressed?" "Are you suffering from anxiety? Do you have PTSD now?"

Their questions felt judgmental and even condemning at times, even though it was my house that blew up! I am sure they're just doing their jobs, but it felt like they were gunning to catch me in wrong-doing or falsehood, like somehow, I caused the destruction of my house myself. I felt awful physically, emotionally, and intellectually.

And here they are pushing guilt and responsibility onto me despite being the victim?

Inheritance \$250B Was My North Star to Focus Away from My Pain and Suffering:

But - I kept thinking about TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BILLION DOLLARS; I had to get through all this...

Flipped Over Police Car Saved Our Lives:

The information shared by the investigators helped me piece things together after I went dark from the explosion.

Apparently, the explosion was so powerful that it hurled big chunks of the garage at the squad car and threw it into the air where it landed upside down after flipping and rolling over. Her car's frame base, facing upward to the sky having flipped, shielded both Ms. Taylor and me from the massive falling debris, shrapnel, and concussive force of the explosion.

Crazy to think that Ms. Taylor's locking us in the car, and it being thrown upside down saved our lives.

Flipped Over Police Car Saved Our Lives, and Life Can End in A Blink of An Eye:

With so long, over a week, just waiting in the hospital I had time to think...to think on so many things.

I couldn't help but connect how my sister died suddenly from a stroke, and how Ms. Taylor could've died from a C4 bomb in my furnace that detonated the gas main into a major explosion. Both incidents were sudden and without any real warning. No one woke up with any idea that this day could be their last or that my house would explode.

Life can just end in a blink of an eye. How terrifying and sobering.

When will my sudden death be? Is this Hell just a sign of my Difficulty Setting in real life? The last few weeks have been insane...

FBI Believes Graywell Skipped Town – I Should Be Safe:

FBI agent, Jose Ramirez, informed me that they were confident Aaron Graywell skipped town by now considering all the heat searching for him.

They hadn't found him yet, but Agent Ramirez asserted that Graywell is too smart to linger around the search epicenter. Ramirez gave me his card and asked that I call him should I find anything. Déjà vu again! Instead of Deputy Taylor asking questions and giving me her card, it's FBI Agent Jose Ramirez doing the same thing this time around...

Hospital Part Deux Egress – Need New *EVERYTHING* Except For Car:

Okay, another stay in the hospital has finally come to an end.

I literally must pick my life up from ashes, and metaphorically find the Phoenix within me and rise again.

I needed a new wallet, new ID, new credit cards, new clothes, and a new [hotel] home.

Everything I had was gone.

It was fortunate my wife was in the UK.

A bit ironic, I did still have my car... not everything was gone I guess ... it survived the explosion because it was broken on a freeway off ramp; rental car for me until it can be repaired. At least money wasn't a problem...my insurance will surely pay to rebuild my house, buy clothing, fix my car, cover my expenses, etc.

\$50,000 Inheritance Travel 'Mad' Money Deposited – It is REAL:

Upon checking my bank account balance at Chase has a new \$50,000 in it! WOOT! Looks like that Law Firm deposited the money! They're real and legit! None of this will matter when I get my \$2.5 Billion!

I still had a few weeks before my Ireland trip, where I would allegedly become a multi-billionaire.

It was a surreal moment to think about everything I'd been through recently, that I could just drop dead any moment from hereditary health risks, and at the same time I could become one of the wealthiest people in the world...and everything was entirely out of my hands or influence. It was almost as if my destiny had been written without my involvement...

Everything I had done in my life had little effect on what was happening.

TRAVEL COMPANIONS:

The most concerning thought that occurred to me was that I should try and find some allies that might want to join me on this trip to Ireland.

It was apparent after being hospitalized TWICE in under a month that I am not the uber warrior my game playing had led me to believe. Moreover, going to a foreign country alone felt...well...unwise. I concluded that I needed real people with real skills to help me.

I contemplated what sort of people would be most beneficial to me and how I might get them in short order to join me on an international trip to a Last Will and Testament Reading in Ireland? It was almost like I had to form an adventure party for a Role-Playing Game. Funny how life was mimicking fiction, even if it was a dark difficult life right now.

It seemed that I needed an Adventurer's Party, and the fastest way to motivate most people to do something quickly is...well...MONEY! I needed to hire people; yea, I needed to pay them. Of course, I learned in every adventure game and story that mercenaries cannot be trusted in the thick of things, so you need to find kin, friends, or people that otherwise have a shared or vested interest in your cause.

That fifty thousand dollars provided by the Irish law firm seemed like a lot of money, and it is for an individual. Unfortunately, I discovered it's surprisingly not that much money at all when you consider the premium cost of getting someone to drop everything on a moment's notice to go on a month-long adventure.

Even calling bodyguard companies proved difficult as they wanted \$25,000 monthly for a single "expert personal bodyguard" to travel outside the U.S. plus expenses, with \$35,000 paid up front as a retainer. That seemed crazy excessive to me, so I decided to get creative with finding people and see what kind of travel arrangements were possible from that Irish law firm.

Deputy Andrea Taylor as The Bodyguard:

I concluded it would be incredible to have a trained police officer as an ally on this adventure and Deputy Andrea Taylor would be a great partner to come with me on this trip. If she was not inclined to go, perhaps she could recommend a more "cost effective" bodyguard than the so-called online "expert" companies.

Waitress Katie Snowette as The Empath:

Katie Snowette, the waitress from The Big Hut roadside cafe, gave me her contact information on a note and she visited me in the hospital just to see how I was doing. She seemed genuinely compassionate and interested in what was going on.

I imagined she'd be a great people person and help smooth over relationship challenges, something I have often found myself in need of. And if I am totally honest with myself, I liked her...it'd be nice to have her along just to get to know too.

HR Bob Sanchez as The Buddy:

HR Bob, a nickname I gave Bob simply because he worked in Human Resources at Microsoft when I worked there as Studio Manager, was a good friend from work.

His insight has been valuable to me during these frustrating times at work of late, so I thought he "got me" like no one else did so maybe he'd be likewise insightful dealing with all the Will Reading issues and emotions I might face.

Between Katie and Bob – I figured that kind of inter-personal stuff would be handled.

Bob seemed more than typical "work friends"; Unlike most "work friends" that are not much more than acquaintances we feign personal connections with so we can pass the time at lunches and work events as if we cared about each other; they would never help me move nor would I want to help them move, so I figure that defined as "not true friends". They don't even call or text outside of work topics, usually not even outside work hours...unless we were on a work trip, of course.

Bob Sanchez was a real friend, the kind of buddy that would help me move... If I was on a wild adventure HR Bob was someone that I would want there to have my back, or like the military apparently says he HAVE MY SIX.

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS:

With my vision of bringing a long-time friend, bodyguard muscle, and a persuasive people person I decided it was prudent to confirm that I could really bring three people with me. I called the law firm and asked for that Sarah McGilvray, and to my surprise she was still in the office.

"Yes, Mr. Seaborne, how may I help you" she asked in her cute Irish accent. She must have presumed it was me from my American accent, seeing as I did not introduce myself. She was right, but it was a little creepy. I suppose it's just one more creepy straw piled on this tapestry of wacky alarming things going on...

"Umm, I was wondering what was involved if I wanted to bring maybe two or three friends with me to the Will Reading like was mentioned?" I queried a little sheepishly. I worried they wouldn't really cover the costs of my bringing anyone with me, much less bringing three people. I waited for what seemed like an eternity, it must've been five whole seconds! Silly...but that is a long time to dangle on the phone...

"No problem, Mr. Seaborne. Just provide me with their full legal names, birth dates, Passport information, and any special instructions such as dietary requirements they may have. I'll book them immediately along with your arrangements. I will update them once you provide me with your party's information. I will email and Next Day Air the tickets and confirmations to you." Sarah McGilvray was like a sweet voiced machine with her pleasant demeanor, efficiency, and readiness to tackle matters.

I was caught off guard, totally not expecting she'd approve my whimsical ask of three additional people so quickly. "Well, I need to check with the people first to see if they want to go with me, and then I'll get the information you need."

I didn't know who would go with me, but I still wondered if I could hire maybe Waitress Katie, Deputy Taylor, and my buddy from work HR Bob. That would give me the empathic charming people-person support from Katie, Bob's people-strategy expertise from Human Resources, and Deputy Taylor's combat skills. And, of course, I was the centerpiece hero and protagonist! It did sound like a perfect team, if I can just get everyone to go.

"Understood, Mr. Seaborne. I will reserve four First Class cabin seats for the flights, have a limousine pick you and your party up at the airport, and block luxury rooms for each of you in the best Hotel in the area, The Stratus. Once you confirm the individuals, I'll update the bookings; I will need the information at least two weeks before the trip to safely make the changes; that's next week. Will that work for you?" Sarah answered.

"Yea, Yes. That's amazing! So I can bring three people?" I excitedly replied.

"Yes, Mr. Seaborne. No worries, no problem. Shall I proceed with this plan of arranging for four total people, yourself plus three others?" Sarah kindly queried.

"Yes! I am absolutely confirmed! Please." I confirmed.

Back to Reality:

BACK TO REALITY!

Doctor Caselli interrupted my storytelling, "We are out of time for today, Richard.

We will resume on two days' time.

Your writing things down proved very beneficial.

Please write as much as you can remember so we can have a good session like we had today.

We can start by resuming some of your childhood memories, and I am sure we will have an opportunity to discuss some more current memories as well. ...just as we did, today.”

Dismissed Unceremoniously with Session End – Waiting to Be Summoned Again:

And with that, I was dismissed. Abrupt. Unceremoniously. Just Done.

A medical assistant entered the room, as if she knew precisely to the second when the session ended. She turned off the iPad with Doctors Hyder, Garcia, and Brandon’s windows vanishing with its power. She promptly exited without making eye contact or saying a word.

Caselli rose and left the room likewise without a word, without even a nod or handshake or a simple fist bump – nothing. The talkative Caselli was done for the day.

It felt very much like the staff ‘turned me off’ like a television show. They were done for the day, and so I was no longer relevant or of any interest.

Then entered a big psych ward orderly who put a pair of ‘soft handcuffs’ on me as he escorted back to my modern day comfy padded room psych ward ‘jail cell’.

There - I would wait to be summoned again, in hopes to plead my case and pray for my freedom.

Psychiatrist's Assessment Flashback 1.7



Doctor Caselli on His Command Chair Psychiatric Throne of Judgment:

The next morning - I was returned to the psych ward's psychiatric session room, where I waited fifteen minutes or so until Doctor Caselli entered the room.

Following an insecure seeming 'cordial greeting', Caselli settled into his 'command chair' as if sitting down on his psychiatric throne of judgment.

Rehearsed insincere 'Warm Greetings' from Caselli, Hyder, Garcia, and Brandon:

The medical assistant from the prior day entered the room and setup the familiar iPad and open chat window connections with Doctors Hyder, Brandon, and Garcia.

They, too, extended 'standard rehearsed' greetings.

I felt like an ancient TV show called the Waltons where every single night a character bade goodnight to everyone in his large family. "Good night, so-and-so. Good night, John Boy. Goodnight, so-and-so. Good night, John Boy. Forever it felt like.

...And with every Walton's episode ending the same way...it made every episode ending not that special once you got accustomed to the schtick.

And so – in the same way I felt the doctors greeting was essentially pointless because it was the same every time they came and went.

Reflecting and Judgment on Flashback 1 – Infernal Beginnings:

“Let’s not waste any more time. I would like us to discuss your adventure from yesterday.

- You ‘played hooky’ from work though you said you needed a ‘mental health day’.
 - You assert you have never ‘played hooky’ before. \
 - but suddenly it was okay! Why? What changed?
 - It is NOT ‘hooky’ if you need a day for sanity and effective focus and productivity
- You challenged a powerful and dangerous man without any fear or worry in a restaurant because he did not pay his bill (Dine & Dash as you labeled it).
 - Richard, your cavalier behavior reinforces your lack of awareness of danger and disregard for personal safety.
- We heard about your consequential beating and being knocked unconscious by the rogue murderer, Aaron Graywell.
- You met a waitress named Katie Snowette and a Deputy named Andrea Taylor following your defeat.
- We learned that Aaron later sabotaged your car and blew up your house.
- You were hurled into the air while inside Deputy Taylor’s police car as it flipped while when your house exploded, landing upside down.
- You were hospitalized twice from these incidents, both including severe head trauma resulting in one or more concussions - possibly worse.
- You expressed a recurring need for social interaction and human contact, noting how valuable it would be for the waitress Katie and Deputy Taylor to become friends of yours.
 - Your isolation and loneliness are evident. They can have deleterious effects on your psyche ... and could magnify your emotional lability.
 - We should pay attention to your dependence on others and relationships for purpose and validation
 - The critical question here, Richard is – How much do you ‘exist for yourself’ vs. ‘exist for others’?
 - Your isolation and loneliness can also magnify your emotional lability or trigger PBA episodes.
- You spent very little time detailing your injuries or hospitalization, suggesting a disregard for your own well-being.
- You did not discuss your losing your job, as I had asked you to do so.
- A likely con was played on you - that you wanted to believe - and so you ‘accepted it as truth’ – that you were the sudden beneficiary of \$250 BILLION DOLLARS.
 - Richard, you must know how ludicrous that sounds...right? Don’t you?
 - Caselli did not want an answer, as it was obviously rhetorical with not even a second for me to reply. He pressed onward...
 - You note you were given \$50,000 from this Law Firm you called Midnight and Associates.

- There was a \$50,000 dollar deposit according to your bank records; however, it appears to be a severance deposit from your employer because of your employment termination or the proceeds from the sale of stocks.
- It appears you used the deposit to validate your delusions and fantasies.
- You experienced nightmares as you drifted to sleep about talking voices and warnings – yet you concluded the ‘voices were real’.
 - Richard, it is telling that - so many years later - you remain convinced those voices were real.
 - It seems you ‘needed to have a quest’ to justify your actions, and so concocted this ludicrous ‘fantastic misadventure scenario’ ... complete with supernatural voices telling you what to do.

I am sure our esteemed panel may have additional insight on your flashback story; however, in the interest of efficiency I think my summary is sufficient for now.

Richard, please tell us about your early childhood continuing where you left off,” Caselli directed.

Caselli was Rude to Everyone – Doctor Panel and Me:

It was remarkable to me that Doctor Caselli was rude to the other doctors just like he was rude to me.

He literally gave each doctor only enough time to employ their ‘introduction scripts’ before jumping straight into his judgmental summary of how my flashback demonstrated that I was crazy and messed up.

I took a deep sigh and began telling the tale of my childhood trials and tribulations.

Losing My Job:

I challenged Caselli, “We DID talk about my exiting my job. You said you had records on it. From my perspective – they discriminated against me because of my older age. They said things to me like ‘Hey, Old-School...’. Yea – I was ‘Old School’ to them.

Ultimately the Executive Vice President and I did not get along, and for those reasons he pushed a wrong bad review on me (which was inconsistent with all reviews in my entire life).

And so – I left the company. Done. Nothing magical or sinister or left out. I am moving on.

...

I used Caselli’s trick and just bulldozed to the next topic.

E023 TRIALS OF A CHILD STARTING AT THE BOTTOM WITH NOTHING



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E023 Trials of a Child Starting at The Bottom with Nothing.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e0n6-e023-trials-of-a-child-starting-at-the-bottom-with-nothing.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/bcHHVoeOztM>

Description:

Young Richard tells tales of his living on-the-go, even sleeping in dresser drawers as a baby and toddler.

He details when his home – the car – burned to a useless husk – destroying what little foundation and things he had.

Richard explains how his mother struggled to earn money, and how they suffered landlord abuse and how the kids had to cut the lawn with scissors to appease the landlord.

Nomadic Living Mobile On-the-Go:

My mother was ‘mobile’ as a single mother with my two sisters and me.

There were times we lived in her car for a few weeks at a time, and there were numerous overnight ‘car sleeps’ when we traveled long distances. And when the car broke down, things were especially difficult. ...trying to find a mechanic that work with little or no profit on a car that little kids and a single mom needed at night to sleep in. ...and staying away during the day when the mechanic might work on the car.

I wondered sometimes how my mother convinced these mechanics to take on such extraordinary extra work. I hope it was simply that they took pity on her, and that she did not have to offer any ‘service’ for them. I shudder think of what my mother had to do...albeit, as the result of her life choices.

Dresser Drawer ‘Crib’:

There were times we stayed with people my mother met or somehow knew from some ‘past life’ with my father Silver before they separated.

As a tiny person, a toddler – my mother had me sleep in dresser drawers as a crib or bed. They were safe from animals and unknown environments, and most everyone had a dresser with a ‘crib drawer’; she just had to ask.

Honestly – even as a toddler I liked sleeping in long drawers because I was surrounded on all sides with a ‘wall’ and I was in an armored furniture tank.

Bluntly – sleeping in a drawer is no big deal if you fit inside it.

In retrospect – even though I was fine with our nomadic lifestyle, I wonder if the uncertainty and worry had any deep-rooted effect on me later in life – even now?

Living in a Car because of Pride:

Not only had we lived in a car sporadically when traveling in Mexico, but we also lived in a car within the United States.

I recall an extreme incident while my mother, sisters, and I were living in her station wagon ‘car’ following my mother’s fleeing from my father. My mother did not want to accept her mistakes and return to live with her own parents and so decided living in a car with her three children was preferable.

Yea, my mother made irrational high emotional and sometimes destructive decisions.

Despite her reticence my mother ultimately acquiesced and moved in with her parents while she got back on her feet.

We suffered living in a car for a few weeks unnecessarily because of my mother’s pride.

Fiery Times Living in a Car:

At one point when our gas tank was running critically low my mother pulled into a gas station with her station wagon. She got out to pump the fuel as usual but worried if she had enough money to cover the gasoline. She had to be careful not to over-pump and be cash short.

She had barely lifted the pump handle when the gas station attendant came running out screaming, “No! No!” Don’t use the pump! DO NOT PUMP!!! DO NOT PUMP! NO GAS!!! NO GAS!!!!”

The attendant was panicked as he ran toward my mother who was confused and proceeded to remove the gas cap and would shortly get the pump dispensing nozzle.

The attendant exclaimed as my mother now had the nozzle in hand, “FIRE!!!! FIRE!!!! YOUR CAR IS ON FIRE!!!! STOP!!! STOP!!!!!! WE WILL DIE!!! WE WILL BLOW UP!!! STOP!!!!”

Well, it turned out my mother’s car WAS ON FIRE! In a big way IT WAS ON FIRE!!!

Something had given way inside the engine compartment, presumably a fuel line. Fuel had released on the hot engine as my mother pulled into the gas station whereupon it ignited and was burning that fuel and the uncleaned oil gunk that spanned the entire engine and its hooded compartment. There was A LOT of gasoline and oil gunk to fuel the fire. It was getting bigger amazingly fast.

It was remarkable timing for the car to break a fuel line and spray gasoline all over the engine right as we pulled into the gas station. There was a danger for the gas station exploding if its pump nozzle ignited the underground mammoth fuel tanks. It was a real and scary immediate danger to everyone my mother’s car aflame right next to a gas station pump.

The flames grew bigger and bigger. My sisters and I were in the station wagon “far back” and I were in the backseat. They leaped from the car as my mother commanded, “GET OUT NOW! FIRE!” Her words were simple, but her tone said everything – PANIC NOW AND RUN!!!!

My reaction was not too fast as I apparently did not grasp the gravity and danger of the situation. Cynthia opened the backdoor and demanded I “MOVE NOW!” I got out of the car and saw the flames now licking the ceiling of the gas station. Our station wagon was destroyed with its engine blasting ten-foot-tall flames and smoke billowing everywhere.

All but the station attendant fled to the StreetSide as the station wagon burned and burned. The attendant had grabbed a fire extinguisher and was trying to extinguish the fire. He desperately hoped to put it out before it reached through the fuel line to the car’s gas tank whereupon he surmised it would explode and possibly ignite the huge gasoline tanks below ground where he stood.

It was all insane. Our “home” was burned and destroyed for no reason other than bad luck and fate. Of course, it was old rundown poorly maintained car, so it was not entirely the Hand of Fate or the god RanDamn dealing a blow to us. No, it was the consequence of cutting corners on an old car – just another risk you do when you are short on money.

Unsanitary Food, Home, and Car:

Whether the result of living in Mexico in unsanitary conditions or the consequence of poverty, my mother believed virtually all food was edible regardless of how under or over cooked it was or if it had been on the ground and coated with dirty and much.

My mother would demonstrate that ‘fallen food’ was okay to eat by picking it up and shoving it her mouth and chewing extensively and swallowing. She SHOWED by EXAMPLE that the food was edible and would not harm or kill you. After all – it did not hurt or kill her.

Well – she had an iron stomach and developed remarkable resistance to bacteria and viruses. But not everyone else had her ‘powerful’ immune system.

In fact – people often became sick around my mother, but she NEVER GOT SICK.

As an aside – my mother led an unsanitary lifestyle her entire life – home, food, car, even clothing. People would never know my mother would end up a millionaire given her penny-pinching ‘never spend a dime’ philosophy.

‘Little Lawyer’ Rule Adherence ‘Mostly’:

I was always a ‘latchkey’ child being left alone to fend for myself for most of my childhood. I would walk to and from school on a prescribed route with a house key attached to the inside of my pocket with a safety pin. There was a backup key under the sink in case I lost my key and needed one the next day; I never lost my key, however.

It was standard for me to stay in the house and not to go outside except to go to the backyard, and specifically never to go through any door or gate unless specifically told it was okay; that changed as I grew older but as a toddler and later kindergartener those were ‘the rules’. There were other universal rules like ‘do not touch or adjust the furnace or stove or oven’.

I understood my ‘latchkey kid’ rules and complied with them.

Of course – there were ‘holes’ in the prescribed rules. I went into the backyard as allowed, and promptly exited it through a missing board in the fence and played on the railroad tracks right behind our home.

Fortunately - a neighbor saw a little toddler (me) playing alone on the train tracks and raced to rescue me from an eventual train-toddler collision – whether the toddler hits the train, or the train hits the toddler, it is going to be bad for the toddler.

Mowing the Lawn with Scissors:

As a preschooler my mother was renting a flop of a house, but the landlord expected any tenant including my mother to maintain the front and backyard lawn. That meant it had to be mowed every few weeks at the most.

We were poor and did not have a lawnmower of any kind – not a push mower much less a power mower. But the landlord insisted vehemently my mother had better find a way to care for the lawn or he would evict us.

My mother’s answer was ‘Child Labor’. My sisters and I were assigned the job of mowing the front and backyard – WITH DULL CHILDREN’S SCISSORS!

One blade at a time I snipped the grass. Snip. Snip. Snip. Snip. Snip. Snip. ...

The landlord dropped his demand unexpectedly when he came to see how the landscaping was proceeding and saw three kids ‘mowing the lawn’ with dull scissors one grass blade at a time. I can only surmise he felt guilty seeing the enslaved little kids cutting his grass.

Of course – I wonder if that was my mother’s goal all along, to time our cutting the grass when the landlord arrived to witness the impact of his demands on us innocent kids. Conversely – my mother had no qualms either making us into child labor slaves for an insanely mundane eternal task, or she had no qualms with manipulating the landlord.

Either way – in hindsight I am not impressed with either how my mother or the landlord handled things.

‘Do Not Adjust the TV Settings or Use it as A Table:

My mother fixed TVs and Radios and observed common problems people did to ‘break their television sets’ –

- 1) Use TV as a table and spill things like drinks down into the interior, short circuiting things.
- 2) Adjust the cathode-ray-tube RGB guns to influence the TV’s CRT magnetic force and vertical and horizontal synchronization and analog signal from antennas or cable conversion. People had no idea what they were doing

and invariably put their TVs into states they could not undo, and so they called my mother *The Troubleshooter* to adjust their TV sets

Funny like the old TV show Outer Limits - “Don’t adjust the tv settings (in the back).” “We have control of the vertical. Of the horizontal.” ...

Mother Learned to Fix TVs and Radios from Violent Husband Silver:

My mother learned to fix TVs and radios from her husband, Silver. Throughout her working alongside Silver, she came to see his rage over things not going the way he expected as problematic when interacting with customers much less the actual repairs.

In an extreme incident - Silver was so frustrated with being unable to deduce what was wrong with a TV that he threw a hammer through its front screen and shattered its cathode ray tube (CRT) display.

CRTs are highly pressurized and so the impact caused an IMPOSITION BOOM with the glass shards sucking into the TV center and out opposite sides like thousands of little glass razor shards. It was a dangerous situation and could easily have blinded anyone in range looking at the TV at the time.

Apparently, Silver was determined to make his point that the TV was unfixable, and so he made dang sure it was NOW unquestionable unfixable.

As you can imagine - Silver made customers feel uncomfortable when he expressed his rage, and even when he was ‘calm’ he would continuously fidget and stare intensely at people as he interacted with them. Silver was ‘NOT A PEOPLE PERSON’.

Between Silver’s generating discomfort and his propensity for violent outbursts - My mother vowed to fix TVs without Silver going forward.

Helped Mother Fix TVs – My First ‘Job’ (as a pre-school kid):

My mother struggled to make ends-meet repairing televisions and radios for people (a skill she learned on the run in Mexico with Silver); like I said - she called herself *The Troubleshooter*. Her journey in life was no cake walk although much of what she encountered were the consequences of poor decisions she had made.

It was an era when TVs had cathode Ray tube CRT tech with magnet light bending to light up phosphorus screen surface as the magnets swept row by row from bottom to top of screen.

I helped my mother fix TVs as a pre-school kid of about four years old – it was my first ‘job’.

Of course, my mother benefited from the labor, but it kept me busy too (out of her hair while she worked).

What I did to help fix TVs -

- 1) Tested analog ‘tubes’ with a big tube tester box-case....
- 2) Adjusted TV set embedded analog tuner controls in the back of the TVs to influence horizontal and vertical synchronization, signal processing to reduce poor picture ‘snow’, RGB CRT guns to control scanline sweep and vertical synchronization, and color mixing.

Helping fix TVs exposed me to tech and pattern and number matching and debugging as a toddler and preschooler. – that, I think, virtually no one else in the world has been exposed to or does.

E024 Being an Outcast – Embracing ‘That is Not for Me’



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E024 Being an Outcast – Embracing That is Not for Me.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e109-e024-being-an-outcast-embracing-that-is-not-for-me.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/BxodZwMZwbs>

Description:

Learn how Young Richard used a soldering iron, wire strippers & snippers, and wire to craft wire dinosaur toys to play with – and to submit for an arts creativity contest.

Richard bemoans Participation Based Rewards (PBRs) – they undermine hard work and innovation! If everyone is a winner – no one is...

Hear the tale of the Mob running a money laundering front in a Cheese Factory.

Young Richard talks of his second-hand life, and eating food infused – unintentionally – with bugs.

Bad Drawing Skill Made Teachers Declare I Was Retarded or Stupid – CLEARLY NOT:

I have always had poor handwriting and drawing skills.

In second grade the teachers thought due to my poor hand-to-paper skills that I was retarded and should both be held back a grade and sent to special education classes.

Revolted by the idea that I was ‘dumb’ because I could not draw well, I complained that it was not true.

My mother supported me and asserted ‘drawing is not a measure of intelligence’ and she was a Stanford accredited teacher!

The teacher and school backed down, and we can see through my life how wildly wrong they were about my intelligence and correlating drawing talent with intellectual horsepower.

‘Wire dinosaurs’ and ‘The Egg’ Park Competition – Toddler and 800F soldering iron:

The local community park had an easter contest for kids in different age brackets to submit their crayon drawings on egg-shaped cardboard ‘canvases’ and/or a ‘creative’ project that could be science or art or anything that was ‘expressing creativity’.

And so I made things –

- 1) The Crayon Egg –
 - a. I made a colorful ‘egg’ and submitted it in hopes of winning the competition with my admittedly not-so-impressive drawing artwork.
- 2) The Wire Dinosaurs -
 - a. I made wire dinosaurs soldered as preschooler
 - b. I was awarded first prize in park community science and art fair event.
- 3) People shocked that a tiny kid used wire cutters and strippers to acquire long bendable strips of metal wire and further used an 800F soldering gun (of the era) to make molten solder to weld the wires together at key joints so I could shape them into wire dinosaurs –
 - a. Tyrannosaurus Rex
 - b. Stegosaurus
 - c. Brontosaurus
 - d. Triceratops

‘Everyone is a Winner’ Diminishes and Denies REAL WINNERS and TRIUMPH:

The ‘park competition’ where I competed with my wire dinosaurs and colored egg proved to be a ‘everyone wins something’ event as opposed to a legitimate contest.

I was disappointed. If everyone wins something, then no one really won anything.

It was my first exposure to ‘Participation Based Rewards’ (PBR).

My ‘recognition’ was disingenuous or insincere at best.

My triumph winning First Place for my Dinosaurs and Second Place for my Egg was slightly stolen from me upon seeing everyone win, but -

- 1) My First Place was earned while everyone else received second or third place.
 - a. Amazing – there were dozens of Second Places and more Third Places.
 - b. No one did not ‘place’ in the contest
 - c. Everyone was a winner!
 - d. How ‘nice and perfect’! ‘Gag me with a spoon’ as they said in the era.
- 2) And I still had my cool wire dinosaurs. They were my new toys. I made my new toys.

If Everything is Special or Important, Then Nothing Is Special or Important:

Throughout my life people have always told me how important something is, but after delving into why it was so important it has consistently proven to me that people treat ‘everything they care about as equally important as everything else they value’.

If Everything is equally Special or Important, then logically Nothing Is Special or Important because all things are thusly equally unimportant.

There is no mathematical equality to show how one thing is less or more than another.

Therefore, I have always contended that if everything is important then nothing is. Therefore, it is critical to determine a rubric or metric to objectively prioritize things and investment of time or money in them.

Abandoned Dilapidated Half Sunken Raft in Pond and Creek:

On a San Martin adventure with my friend Scotty Shaddox, we came across an abandoned broken half-submerged raft stuck in Creekside muck and weeds.

Excited with our discovery – we jerry-rigged repairs and made it floatable once more. We rode that dilapidated raft from the creek into the nearby ‘lake’ pond I used to swim with my pony Patches. And then back to the creek and down it until we had gone so far - we had to stop.

Of course, the raft was not going upstream for us. And so - we left the ‘fixed’ raft on the Creekside for the next lucky adventurers to find and enjoy it too.

Bug Biscuits and Gravy:

There was an unfortunate consequence of my mother’s cavalier attitude toward food sanitation.

To save money – my mother would buy week-old bread and hostess pies and whatever did not sell that week from discount thrift shops. She would also buy big packages of flower and baking supplies, so she could make as much food at home as possible and save money further.

Did you know that flower invariably contains insect eggs if not a few bugs themselves?

That is right – the flower people buy in the supermarket that is ‘clean’ and ‘processed’ contains little bug eggs.

I suppose it would be hard to find and remove microscopic insect eggs in a vat of flower. And I imagine whatever is cooked with the flower would kill any bugs or eggs within it.

HOWEVER – my mother would let the eggs hatch into living bugs, and they would eat the flower and grow up, and procreate, and make MORE eggs...and make MORE bugs.

I do not recall how long it took – but inevitably the flower bags that had been transferred into sealed big ‘Folgers’ coffee cans would become bug silos.

And my mother would cook with the bug-infested flower! And she expected everyone to eat them!

ICK! NO!!!! NO WAY!!!! Not going to eat bugs knowingly.

The ultimate example of my mother’s food ‘bug tolerance’ was one Saturday morning when she announced she had made Biscuits and Gravy for breakfast. Everyone liked country style biscuits and gravy in our household.

I poured the gravy generously over the white fluffed lumpy biscuits. And I sunk my fork into it and took a big bite. As expected, it tasted great.

But then the shock and horror – inside the biscuit I had taken my fork of food from were peppered black dots throughout. Upon closer examination they were bugs – dozens of bugs in my biscuit. And it turned out dozens in EVERY biscuit.

We opened the Folger’s Coffee can and revealed hundreds of (maybe a thousand) moving little black bugs within the white flower.

Inspect Food and Ingredients and Food Preparation Forever More:

Every meal my mother prepared was preceded by my inspecting how the food was to be prepared (clean pans, dishes, utensils) and the quality of ingredients and final food for evidence of bug tainting.

My mother laughed at my ‘clean freak’ behavior. She defended her poor sanitation as improving the immune system and saving money like she learned to do in Mexico ‘on the run’ with my father Silver.

I resented being judged negatively for not wanting to eat bugs.

My mother ‘MADE ME’ or ‘STRONGLY INFLUENCED’ me to become a clean freak.

Second-Hand, Used Everything:

As a single mother it was apparent my mother was not always happy. She worked diligently to make ends-meet fixing TVs and radios, but things were hard. She would get low on business and go to local cheese and tortilla factories to buy food direct from them and go to thrift and second-hand shops for old bread, clothing, and supplies.

I typically wore oversized shirts, sometimes with cigarette burns in them, and mismatched socks and pants and shoes with scuffs or holes. But I always had clothes, a jacket, socks, and shoes. Kids at school would make fun of me but I got used to just recognizing whatever they said, “was not for me”. I kind of resigned myself to most things – “that’s not for me”. One day I would modify that phrase, “that’s not for me...right now.” I decided I would achieve my dreams and get those things I did not have. I also concluded people are mean and judgmental for things I cannot do anything about.

We ate thrift shop rejected hostess twinkies and bread for weeks at a time, sometimes freezing them if there were so many that deal was too good to pass up; we could eventually use them. We were all about seizing opportunities wherever and whenever they were. “Snooze You Lose” was more like “Snooze You Starve”.

The Cheese Mob:

A man selling cheese directly to my mother from a little back room at a cheese factory looked at her and said in a thick Italian accent, “This a’check’a had’a bett’a be good, eh! Or else!!!”

My mother was poor, but she never wrote bad checks; she strove to maintain her integrity. Assuring the man, the check was good, she took the block of cheese - and we returned home.

I learned later that the cheese factory was a front for mob money laundering, and it was just a local service for legitimacy and help that they sold directly to people came to their rear entrance and asked. I have no idea where my mother heard of this place.

And yes – her check cleared.

E025 What Wound Matters to The Body of a Knight?



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E025 What Wound Matters to The Body of a Knight.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e1fi-e025-what-wound-matters-to-the-body-of-a-knight.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/owLZzkD050s>

Description:

Young Richard suffers unrecognized several Chicken Pox.

He is declared retarded in Second Grade.

Toothpicks and glass shards impale Young Richard – with abusive no-anesthesia surgery being held down by nurses as doctor cut and stitched.

Richard embraces that he may always be an Outcast.

“That is Not For Me” mantra is adopted by Richard.

Chicken Pox Denied:

One morning I awoke with red dots all over my body and face, they seemed like bug bites of some sort, but I could find none in bed or around. My mother saw it and changed my bed sheets and gave me some white ointment cream to relieve the itching. It helped, but it did not mitigate the itches and so I scratched and scratched incessantly until my skin was red and broken.

I went to school and the teacher promptly sent me to the school nurse, whom after I explained the bed bugs, informed me I had chicken pox and needed medical attention immediately. Well, this was one of many events in my life where my mother either did not recognize my actual health condition or opted to ignore it and hope it got better on its own; the latter I am sure was due to limited money and insurance, so the financial hit of paying for help was a deterrent.

Retarded in Second Grade:

Parent-Teacher conferences are a hallmark of education and is the only direct one-to-one connection a teacher and parent can have ordinarily. My second-grade schoolteacher met with parents without the kids present so she could speak candidly.

My mother asked that I wait outside while she spoke with the teacher. I leaned on the outside wall and discovered that I could hear the teacher and my mother talking. The teacher said that I was not doing well and was not smart. She justified her assessment saying that I struggled to draw straight lines and circles, and this was a sign of weak mind.

I had no idea what she was saying exactly but I perceived that I was “dumb”, “not smart”, and they wanted me to go into a “special education” class.

When I saw my mother, I told her what I heard. She acknowledged that is what the teacher was saying but that she disagreed. She told me that the teacher’s decision cannot be overridden though, and I would have to attend at least one “special kid” education class. I was insulted. I was not stupid!

It did not matter what my mother I thought on the matter. Schools do what schools do. I went to the silly “special” class; they made me watch videos of dinosaurs and things that just passed the time stupidly. I guess they made stupid classes for stupid kids. Sad in my opinion...

By the next school year, they all agreed that I was “fine” and “not retarded”. I no longer attended my “dinosaur video” bonus class.

The Toothpick:

Someone had dropped a box of wooden toothpicks on the floor but failed to pick up all the toothpicks when they cleaned the mess. I inadvertently stepped on a toothpick that positioned itself in the carpet like a lance with its spear tip awaiting a hapless foot to descend upon it. It hurt so much! It pierced the big pad beneath my big toe and was nearly through my foot to the other side, one broke inside against a bone, so splinters fractured and spread within.

The toothpick was wedged in so deeply and splintered that my mother decided I should go to Emergency at the local hospital. When we arrived, the staff recognized my toothpick was very deep and needed to be removed immediately by the ER surgeon. Without insurance the hospital did not want to use any consumables, including anesthesia. I screamed as an animal without anesthesia from the incredible pain and abuse as the doctor cut my flesh and removed the splinter and its fragments. When done they bandaged it and sent me on my way. I learned that money is important and without it you are a victim.

Glass Shard Embedded:

Not much more than a toddler, I recall a fun time in a nearby park that had a pond. I laughed and ran carefree on the shore of the pond and danced and splashed in its muddy shore waters. It was a time before I became a “clean freak”. As I waded in the shallow shore - my foot shot with pain suddenly, and all my joy drained from as the water turned red.

My foot had plunged down on a submerged broken beer bottle in the muddy pond shore waters, and it cut deep. It should have had stitches; however, without meaningful insurance my mother pulled the shards out and wrapped bandages on it. It healed but later in life an X-Rays would reveal a permanent shard of glass with bone grown around it in my left foot.

Sharks in San Martin:

On a ride with my pony Patches to a ‘lake’ pond that we would swim together in I crossed a creek. The ride would take me right up to the San Martin – Morgan Hill border – the creek defined the division of the two localities.

To my shock and horror – I saw two sharks and a manta ray in the creek near Patches’ hoofs!

I galloped out of the creek to safety, and upon examination observed they were dead. They must have been captured on the coast (maybe an hour and a half away) and dumped in the creek.

Aside from the wasted sea life – it was surreal to see two foot and a half ‘sand sharks’ and a small manta ray in a rural country creek.

Sharks in San Martin Morgan hill border creek.... Found crossing with patches heading to swim area.

Accustomed to Poor Outcast Childhood – Learned Social and Leadership Skills:

I had spent my childhood as the outcast poor kid.

Whether I was the too smart weird Little Professor rural San Martin where intelligence was not valued, or the kid that wore cigarette burned over-sized stained used button-down shirts, or the kid that wore the slightly ripped bright orange & yellow winter jacket year-round because that is all he had, and so on. You get the idea.

I was made fun of all the time. I got used to it.

Acceptance was not the default for me in groups of people.

I had to work at being noticed and recognized much less accepted as a valued member of any group. Over life I had to learn social and leadership skills to engage and inspire people.

“That is Not for Me” Mantra – (but my time will come!):

I learned not to be jealous or envious of things others had.

“That is not for me”, became a mantra I would tell myself.

I developed “talking points” for myself to find ways to accept my assigned “fate” in life.

I convinced myself that there was a greater meaning to life and that there was a greater role for me in it – my opportunity to do great things just had not come yet.

E026 Child in 'The Hood' [of South San Jose]



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E026 Child in The Hood of South San Jose.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e20p-e026-child-in-the-hood-of-south-san-jose.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/sLz0tVvK54U>

Description:

Young Richard finds himself abandoned in a park, but finds help with a creepy police officer.

In a freak of nature, Richard is engulfed and surrounded by thousands of bees... in the 'eye of the bee storm'.

Emotions are raging as Richard's mother is raped.

In another misadventure, young Richard flies into a tree swinging on a rope over a dried rocky pond.

Ultimately – Young Richard concludes that safety and the future rests entirely on him.

Abandoned in the Park:

I was maybe two or three years old. I could barely string meaningful sentences together. I had a bad lisp. I was tiny.

We had a few dogs that needed to get their distemper shots. We had a few neighbors that likewise needed dog vaccinations. My mother volunteered to use her station wagon to drive the local kids and their dogs to a local park that had a vaccination drive for dogs.

The line was long endless. Time dragged on. There was nothing to do but stand there with the dogs as they likewise were bored or messing with other dogs.

The next thing I knew - no one I recognized was there. Where did they go? I wandered up and down the line – no one I knew was there.

I walked to a bathroom looking for my mother. She had a distinctive cough I could sometimes hear like a sonar ping and zero in on it to find her. But no cough, no mommy.

I was ABANDONED! I was abandoned at fairground!

I was alone, lost, abandoned. I wandered...

No one seemed to care about the little white toddler wandering the fairgrounds alone.

I left the grounds and crossed into the street into a neighborhood where a police officer walking on beat saw me and escorted me to a local house where he said would use their phone to call my mother.

I could barely speak my name and the officer was creepy. Older now, my intuition is that he was a pedophile, but I will never know as things did work out.

The police found my mother eventually, late that night, after she realized I was not around and called the police as if I had been kidnapped. Yea, I was abandoned for HOURS before my mother noticed I was gone. She got neighborhood kids and dogs, just not me.

My mother's psyche to this day rejects that she abandoned me (even if unintentionally). She seems only able to embrace that she looked away too long and either I wandered off or someone took me away...it no way did she fail as a mother (she seems to believe).

Bee Swarm:

When I was eight years old, I would walk to and from school by myself with the occasional chance a neighbor kid might happen to walk with me, but it was not their plan or intention just random chance.

On an otherwise ordinary day returning home after school when I noticed bees swarming around my head – dozens of them! I swiped at them and dashed from them only to discover there were not just dozens of bees but there were hundreds if not thousands of bees. They seemed to multiply before my eyes.

It was strange to see so many bees buzzing together without even a flower petal in eyesight.

Then there were more – thousands more. Tens of thousands more!

Later the news would report hundreds of thousands of bees descended out of nowhere as if they were biblical locusts sent to spread famine and pestilence across the land. Of course, they were just bees from bee farms.

But those bee farms were miles away and something triggered the bees to travel miles...to me!

That is right, by the time I had stopped moving there were thousands of bees all around me. Apparently, they descended around me making me the center of the multi-city block “bee storm”. There was no protected eye of the storm, however.

The bees crawled on my arms, chest, and legs. They landed on my face and hair moving about as if looking for pollen. I was terrified! I was frozen stiff in place. I had no idea what to do. I imagined them stinging me so much that I would die. They could hurt me so much even if I did not die. Horrifying!

Something inspired me to start moving – shuffling one foot at a time. Drag, slide slowly one foot. Then the next. Do not move hands or head, or lean. Breathe slowly so no bee feels your hot breath or beating chest breaths.

It must have been fifteen minutes of nightmarish bee hellscape. I emerged on the far side of the bee swarm without a single sting or incident. The bees peeled off me to rejoin the massive swarm. It was a miracle!

That evening my mother was dismayed that the fluke bee storm she had heard about was right here and I was in the middle of it – literally. Like most shocking this – nothing changed in our lives at all because of it.

Mother Raped:

We lived in rundown very low-income neighborhoods given how poor we were, and how unpredictable income was for my mother fixing TVs and radios. With poor neighborhoods there seems to often be more willingness to commit crime.

One terrorizing night a man snuck into my mother’s bedroom, whom my mother recognized as a man that lived down the road. He held a knife to her throat as he raped her. Though the man was arrested, my mother’s values that people are good and should be trusted and not hurt were NUKED & PAVED with new survival and protection values.

My mother bought a Colt .45 pistol.

Farmersville, CA:

While on a weekend trip with a friend, Scotty Shaddox, we came across a rope suspended from a huge tree over a dried-up pond at the end of a likewise dry waterfall. The rope was unreachable, being six or more feet above the pond floor.

Resourcefully we managed to get long sticks to catch hold of the rope and pull it up to the higher shore sides where we could grab it. I was first, as Scotty was a little afraid. It turns he was right to be timid.

I leaped off the side and adventurously flew around on the rope. It was awesome! I was flying! And then it slowed, and I realized the only way off the rope was to drop down those same 6+ feet to the pond floor (with no water). The rope was obviously meant for water play, not “ground play”.

Like video games I swung back and forth, shifting my body weight, to slowly move the rope to move towards the shore but I could not get to a place I felt good to let go so kept swinging and shifting and swinging. It got fast and out of control.

I began to spin and rotate on the rope as it flailed about in all directions. I was panicking but still wanted to get far enough to let go and land safely on ground not so far from the rope.

It stopped suddenly as I face planted into the tree whose branch suspended the rope. SPLAT! I blacked out, apparently falling straight down from the trunk where I impacted. Bruised, scraped, and head battered I came to and returned limping to the house we were staying in.

Scotty's parents looked concerned that they let me get so hurt on their watch. They suggested I should rest and see if things got better. They did, and to my knowledge they never told my parents. Neither did I. I did not want my seeing Scotty or going on trips to me lost; I had so few places I could go anyway.

Migraines:

Migraines have always been a weekly part of my life as a young adult and through adulthood.

I would get headaches several times a week and a migraine potentially once a week.

Sometimes I could go two weeks without a debilitating headache that would make me bedridden for one or more days at a time.

Medications had a chance to stop headache progression but rarely could drugs cure or remove the headache or its pain.

Mostly I just have had to endure headaches and migraines with little remedy.

Parents More Like Ducks – Unsupervised, Self-Taught, Controlled Emotions:

Yea, my parents were the antithesis of helicopter parents. They were more like ducks, where mama duck travels and babies follow or get left behind and daddy duck just does whatever he feels like.

Bottled Emotions on The Shelf:

With needing to manage my life's challenges seemingly entirely on my own and finding little moral support from anyone in my family I learned to take all my bad experiences and distance myself from them by conceptually putting them in a bottle, sealing it, and putting it high on a shelf I would almost never see but would have access to learn from and not do the same or be hurt in the same way again.

I developed a protection system that worked well for me, a lot of ways like how I sought God to give me protection from the supernatural. I learned to compartmentalize and control any anxieties or fears through my techniques and approach to life's adversity and downright horrors.

E027 Crafted in Hellfire - Tween and Teen in the Wilds of San Martin



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E027 Crafted in Hellfire - Tween and Teen in the Wilds of San Martin.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e2p3-e027-crafted-in-hellfire-tween-and-teen-in-the-wilds-of-san-martin.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/_Snqds3ZoVA

Description:

Young Richard endures a multitude of challenges to his physical, emotional, and psychological well-being.

Disasters befall Richard's childhood at every turn...

He is electrified by a Horse-Cattle Livestock Electric Fence. His skull is cracked from a falling 2x4 Barn Plank. His face catches fire and burns! He is nearly struck by lightning

He endures child labor exploitation – and is not even paid for it.

Richard's youth was crafted in Hellfire – being filled with abuse and people taking advantage of him – even his own mother.

Hardships and Challenges Forged Me in Fire

Following my mother re-marrying we moved to a rural area called San Martin (more on that later). There were a few memorable experiences that stand out to me that may be worth sharing.

The majority of my memories were not easy...definitely forged me in the fires of adversity.

Taken Battery:

Cynthia's car broke down with its battery no longer holding a charge. I had purchased a car battery for my big 1968 Buick Electra but had not installed it yet since its battery was still okay with a weekly booster charge.

My mother asked to take my "extra" battery for Cynthia, saying she would pay me back when she was next paid. Money was short for us. I agreed since my car could run with the boost charging and her car did not run at all.

Unfortunately, I was never paid back for my battery and had to buy a THIRD battery eventually for my car. I had worked a lot to get the money to buy the battery. I worked all the time. It really bothered me that my mother witnessed it all and never once even apologized much less paid me back as she promised.

Lightning Struck [me!]:

I do not remember much of this event, but I recall on a storm night in San Martin I had exited our back door and walked near our adobe standup pool on a cement slab. Thunder and lightning were everywhere, and suddenly a bang blast hit near me on the concrete leaving a singed burned spot. I do not know if it was my reflexes from the startle of the blast or if the blast had power behind it, but I fell backward toward the house when it struck.

I ran in to tell people, but no one believed me nor were even willing to go look at the singe mark. I was so disheartened that my life-threatening event had not even the slightest interest from anyone at all.

The Electric Fence:

I would help around the house and property all the time both to be helpful and to earn money. One chore I did was maintain the electric fence. One morning after a big rainstorm I went out with my mother to inspect every electric fence node and juncture, especially those where tree branches could have fallen or lowered and made contact with the fence; later, when dry - it could start a fire.

My mother splayed the top and bottom electric wires to step through. I went to follow and when touching the wires to spread them apart to step through like my mother electricity arced and zapped me. I declared, "THE FENCE IS ON!"

My mother said firmly, no it is not. She stepped back through to my side, spreading the fence wires just as she did before. IMPOSSIBLE! I WAS SHOCKED BY ELECTRICITY!!!!

My mother showed me. I saw it with my own eyes. She stepped through AGAIN. The fence was off, and I was simply crazy I guessed.

I went to splay the fence open and step through and ZAP! (AGAIN!!!) What the heck!?!?

My mother admonished me, "Stop joking and let's get going!"

I was not joking. It was real and painful. How could my mother absorb electricity when I could not? Was I insane? What was going on!? I was so confused if not outright bewildered.

I swiped quickly over the fence a few times to see if I could see anything like sparks or arcs, and YES! ARC ZAP!!!! My mother saw it!

Instantly my mother knew what was happening. She was wearing rubber goulashes to walk in the mud. They insulated her from the ground and so she could not conduct electricity through her body to the ground, and so was completely immune to it.

I, on the other hand, was wearing wet sneakers which conduct electricity VERY WELL. Electricity went from my hand through my body to my shoes and into the earth. That completed an electrical circuit and so I was zapped...and she was not.

She marched back to the garage where the electric fence generator was, and sure enough – it glowed red ON! My mother apologized profusely.

I learned after being electrocuted repeatedly following my mother's directions. I learned painfully that day to not trust my mother (or anyone) blindly ever again. The best intentions are based on knowledge which even a good person may not know.

Therefore, I concluded that all people, good or evil, cannot be trusted completely. All things are like Reagan and Gorbachev said during the cold war, "Trust but Verify".

2X4 From Above:

My parents were building a hay barn in the back where I was helping. Unfortunately, a 2X4 crossbeam slipped and fell directly on my head. I was knocked out cold with blood flowing from my head where the skin split open across my skull.

My mother had no insurance of merit then so took me inside and told me if it got bad, we would go to the doctor. Well, we never left the home and I just healed over time... I do not remember much of it.

I have often wondered if my brain suffered any kind of damage with a giant beam falling ten feet on my head and causing bleeding and most likely a concussion.

It took over a week until I could function without pain in and outside my head. And the blood was gross coming out and drying on my head and hair; no way to bandage all that hair.

Pain is a great teacher. I learned not to trust my mother or anyone to have control over their environment. Everything about my wellbeing was in my hands and no one else's hands.

I could only conclude that my life and safety was my responsibility to manage alone.

Burning the Ant Hill:

Ants had been invading us in the area, and they were big ants at almost ½ to ¾ inches each. Rarely there would be an INCH long ant. And their bites stung. I had a model airplane with fuel at a friend's house, and I thought "Hey, this stuff could flow down the ant holes and fill everything. We'd ignite it and they'd be gone in a literal puff of smoke."

My burn-the-ant-hill idea may have worked were it not for the unintended consequences.

Left Holding the Can:

Upon lighting the hole and seeing it do exactly as envisioned, the flames followed the fumes up into the air like a sorcerer's fire and down into the can of fuel I held. My friend screamed and I looked down at the can, which erupted like a flamethrower with all its content bursting out the only way it could up into my face.

BURN! BURN! I WAS BURNING!!!! My friend pounded the flames, but oil burns and burns. My sister Cynthia happened to ride by on her horse, Lightning, right then and jumped in and grabbed a garden hose to further cool my burns as they began to burn out.

I suffered 2nd and 3rd degree burns, have some scars to show for it. The doctors say my healing bordered miraculous. I did not follow direction well for healing either. Within a week of wearing bandages and doing nothing, I was able to put my motorcycle helmet on over my bandages and ride outside free of the house. Neighbors and friends thought I was crazy...but I was happier.

Covert 'Child Labor' Assembling Electronics for Shugart (for my Mother)

My mother managed to secure a 'moonlight' job from her full-time employer Shugart. Shugart made floppy disc and hard disc drives for computers.

Shugart needed a small add-on board for their drives assembled, and so needed individual electronic components adjusted and aligned and inserted and soldered onto little crescent shaped circuit boards.

My mother gave us kids the chance to do the work and earn a 'piece of the action' – EARN MONEY! All the while earning money for her...

And it could be a lot of money – ESPECIALLY FOR A KID!

My sisters failed to do sufficient quality and were 'fired'.

My friend Jeff Lefferts and I were spectacular at it, and our finished boards virtually always passed the 'test harness' that verified all the components were integrated and working.

We were GREAT! And our work showed it!

I learned about the electronic components and a lot more out of curiosity prompted by doing the work. I was inspired to know more about the things we were building.

I expanded my learning to include the disk drives themselves. That is where I learned about stepper motors, resistors, capacitors, variable and constant angular velocity data read rates due to position on a rotating disc (more surface area at the outer rim than the inner rim).

Word Games while working behind the 'child labor veil':

Jeff Lefferts and I played word games as we covertly assembled electronic boards for Shugart 'behind my mother's veil of doing the work'.

Of course – was a 'deception' or a concealing a 'child labor veil'.

Either way – I was glad to earn the money!

We would open a dictionary or thesaurus and choose pages and words at random to learn words, synonyms, and antonyms, and use them and variations in sentences – albeit insane sentences of ‘Fucked Up Imagination’ ideas.

And then there were the word-association games where we had to come up with something like the last stated word.

And we had the alliteration game. We had to rhyme or have an alliterative word or phrase following the other person’s word or phrase.

My vocabulary and storytelling and ability to construct complex sentences and narratives was greatly enhanced through these word games.

Perhaps the only negative was that we did not know how to pronounce the words we learned from the dictionary.

My most egregious mispronunciation I was called out on was ‘Awry’. I pronounced it ‘awwwwww-reeee’ vs ‘ah-rye’. Of course – once corrected I used it properly forever more.

Self-Learned Vast and Diverse Knowledge – Like ‘*Slum Dog Millionaire*’ Movie:

My life has been a lot like the ‘*Slum Dog Millionaire*’ movie, with so many random events granting unique knowledge to me that most people would simply never be exposed to.

And my near photographic memory and spy-like situational and wording recall made everything I learned instantly available in any situation without pause or difficulty.

I was as able to recall and leverage and apply.

- 1) People would say I must be a Jedi Master (or a Sith Lord if they did not ‘appreciate’ my style or methods).

Genius No More:

Of course – NOW that extraordinary ‘Richard’ is no longer on the planet. His body has declined. His mind has and is degenerating. He cannot do what he was did.

Looking into the mirror I do not recognize my face. I remember a different ‘me’, and the man in the mirror is not that man. It is not ‘me’.

Even my teeth do not look like my teeth. Did they twist and chip when I did not notice? Or have I forgotten how my own teeth look and fit within my mouth?

In many ways – as a protection ‘tool’ I believe, I sometimes treat myself in the third person. It distances me from the nightmare that seems to be enveloping my very existence, and certainly is stealing my mind’s prowess and its memories.

‘Richard’ has become a third person to me at times, and I do not recognize him times at all.

Being a Pessimistic Optimist:

Early on in life I heard that Benjamin Franklin held a belief that things will generally go wrong unless you work diligently to change it into a positive outcome.

I adopted the philosophy and described it to people that I was a 'Pessimistic Optimist'.

As a pessimist I expect the worst.

As an optimist I believe I can make things succeed.

Ergo, I am a Pessimistic optimist.

Crafted in Hellfire:

It may be easy and natural to judge my childhood as harsh and unforgiving, and that is possibly true.

But it is also possible that the incendiary challenges and hardships of my Hell Difficulty life forged me in its hellfire to be stronger and able to triumph over the adversities I would yet face in my young adult and mature life.

That is what I choose to believe – my hardships were ultimately for my benefit. They helped me grow into a stronger, wiser, more capable, insightful, and compassionate leader.

Indeed - *I* was crafted in Hellfire.

Psychiatrist Assessment – Trials and Tribulations of a Child



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window flashed, “Richard – I have not heard in my career the level of difficulty you have encountered as a child.

- You were a highly intelligent, motivated toddler to preen and teen
- You had serious illnesses ignored by your parents – the unnecessary, confused suffering you endured
- Extreme Personal, physical pain from wounds and migraines and maladies
- Treated like an animal – because of either lack of compassion ... or lack of money
- Your perception and reality – questioned and challenged by your own mother
 - Pavlovian Conditioning to NOT TRUST ANYONE – from being electrified over-and-over because you trusted and believed in your mother
 - Your own mother betrayed her promises to you

- Child labor was perceived as not only acceptable, but preferable and good – due to severe financial hardships, being impoverished
 - You sought money at every turn, and were abused for it
- Your mother was raped – the indirect and direct impact of a mother being raped, is beyond calculation
- Victim Complex - concluding you were an ‘Outcast’ and there were things ‘not for you’
- ‘Forged in Hellfire’ created protective defensive identity – making suffering a fuel to stay focused on your goals
 - It is nearly unheard of for someone converting such tremendous loss and hardship into a fuel to propel forward through difficult experiences and times

Time to Continue My Story:

Caselli asked, “Richard – Please continue your memory recollection, for us.”

. . .

And with that – I continued.

E028 Rick013 Blood Dotted 'Eyes', Slashed Tees, Attracting Adventurers FB2.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E028 Rick013 Blood Dotted Eyes_Slashed Tees_Attracting Adventurers FB2_0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e3fy-e028-rick013-blood-dotted-eyes-and-slashed-tees-and-attracting-adventurers-.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/UowXVz-yVTw>

Description:

Richard seeks out and hires his Party of Adventurers to join him on his pursuit of his inheritance.

Generous compensation offers and incentives inspire Deputy Taylor and Katie Snowette to join Richard on his trek to Athlone, Ireland.

Richard learns that Katie has experienced similar nightmares that he has had of late, forging an eerie connection between them.

Deputy Taylor discloses her dissatisfaction as a rural police officer and misses being in the military, but she won't return after refusing the mandated vaccine. She gladly hopes to join Richard for the chance at real adventure.

Hiring The Crew:

I knew that I needed a crew to help me on my travels, especially given The Firm said the ‘custodians of my inheritance’ were unlikely willing to just hand the assets over. And they were not operating on the side of law but rather in the shadows.

It seemed that maybe both legal and personal ‘persuasion’ were needed – emotional, intellectual, and maybe physical - to get these ‘custodians’ to give me my rightful inheritance.

I figured that hiring Katie Snowette would be a great move. She was personable, warm, and seemed to just get along with people. I imagined she would be helpful in negotiation and persuasion.

Dinner with Waitress Katie Snowette – for the Empath:

I called Katie and asked that we meet for an early dinner the day I got out of the hospital [for the second time]. I suggested that we meet at her restaurant – to make it easy and familiar; she agreed – with a thrill in her voice.

Our dinner began a little awkward with dumb small talk. I finally just blurted out that I recently came into a huge inheritance and that I needed to travel the world to collect it from numerous banks and companies.

She smiled, “And you want company? You want a nice girl to travel with you all over the world? ...you know that does not sound safe or smart at all. I do not know you, not really.”

Making My Case – Justifying International Adventure:

Katie was right. It was nuts to show up and ask she drop everything and go with me on a flight across the ocean to England and then to Ireland and then to a remote town. Yea – it was scary stupid to go with me ... I realized. ...unless she had all the information!

I pulled out my phone and showed her photos of the Inheritance Envelope and Letter. I told her about the Law Firm Midnight and Associates. I told her of Aunt Millmore.

And then I told her of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BILLION DOLLARS!!!!!!

Katie looked in dismay, “\$250 Billion...!? With a ‘B’ ?”

I answered, “Yes. Hey, I can get you on the phone to talk with the law firm yourself so you can hear from the horse’s mouth – so to speak.”

The Offer – A Private Island with a Mansion, \$10 Million Cash, and Paid as We Go:

I said, “With a lot of thought I came up with an offer I hoped you could not refuse –

- I match your income – salary & tips while you travel with me – three months paid up front
- I pay you \$10 Million cash once I have attained \$100 Million of the \$250,000 Million dollars.
 - Yea – it’s hard to fathom 250,000 bags of \$1 Million dollars each.
 - And I am offering 10 of those \$1M bags if you will help me
- I will also buy an island with a mansion for you once I have half my inheritance”

Inheritance ‘Held by The Occult’ – Unlikely to Just Hand it Over:

“Oh! Another thing, Katie...” I said.

“Aunt Millmore was - some kind of occult leader - and most of my inheritance is controlled by the cult. – all over the world.

The law firm implied these cult ‘branches’ may be outright opposed to handing over my inheritance, and so may need to ‘convince’ them to comply – legally and/or personally.”

Promising a Full Party of Adventurers:

Katie’s face sank a bit after I mentioned Aunt Millmore’s assets may be controlled by an occult and would make ‘claiming my inheritance’ difficult and potentially dangerous.

I admitted to her that I had absolutely no idea what we might encounter as we traveled.

It made sense to reassure her that we would find more people to join us too.

- HR Bob [Woods] Sanchez – a colleague from work’s Human Resources department
- Deputy Andrea Taylor – a police officer, ex-military, combatant
- Katie Snowette – waitress, empath, people person
- Amanda Seaborne – ‘home base’ comms HUB, researcher, hacker, medic
- Katherine Seaborne – my wife, the inquisitive, restaurant supply chain expert
- Richard Seaborne (me) – STEM Superstar, Engineer, Hacker, Jack-of-all-Trades

After describing the team - I said, “Also, Katie – I will make sure we are all geared up and outfitted with everything we need. We will fly First Class everywhere we can.

I do not know, Katie, what else I can say or offer?”

...

I felt a little desperate for some reason. I knew that I could hire someone else but I just felt in my heart that Katie Snowette SHOULD BE ONE OF MY PARTY MEMBERS. *I JUST FELT IT*

Katie’s Nightmares:

Katie’s had waited for my ‘pitch’ to be finished and spoke, “Richard, I have had terrible nightmares my entire life. But they have been nightly, and much more intense, for the last few months.

They are always the same – like out of a horror movie. I am hiding in bushes or in a cave or up on a hill or in a tree ... always spying human sacrifices and bloodied decapitated goat heads atop spears and pikes.

They wear robes and cowls ... so I cannot see who they are. They chant in what sounds like Latin or Hebrew or something like that from a TV show.

She trembled... Sometimes they DISCOVER ME! AND I RUN...AND RUN...AND RUN...LIKE HELL!

And a voice screams, from overhead like a ghost chasing above me, as the robed shadowy men almost catch up to me – EVERY DANG DREAM AS THE CLOSE IN ON ME...

The voice yells overhead,

“Danger! Hear me! Why not heed!?”

But the night before that bastard Aaron and you had your altercation... I heard MORE WORDS...

The voice rasped further, “Join Cause. Join Quest. Join Fulcrum. Save Souls.”

Katie explained, “I have no idea what all that means, but it freaked me out. And then you had that fight and all that crazy stuff... And I heard from that deputy that your house blew up.

There is - all sorts of ‘crazy’ going on. And I am afraid of it.”

The Same Voice!? The Same Words? In Our Dreams? How?:

Katie had described the same words I had heard the night of the call with Midnight and Associates. How could she know, or was it somehow connected?

And she had MORE WORDS from THE RASPY VOICE – it told her to join the cause, quest, and fulcrum to... save souls!?

...

Well - we both experienced the same voice using similar words and phrasing in our dreams. How? What the heck was going on!?

How could we *BOTH* have the same raspy voice in our dreams!?

I explained to Katie that I also had ‘save the world’ dreams often fighting hordes of demons or minions of the devil.

And one of my recent dreams had similar words from a creepy voice like hers. But mine never screamed like her ‘voice’...mine only rasped.

Katie’s dream seemed a little more ‘urgent’ than mine from how she described the voice.

The Same Voice!? The Same Words? In Our Dreams? How?:

Tears slipped out of Katie Snowette’s eyes, as she tried to hold them back.

“I have suffered vivid dreams of Hell and Demons my entire life. And I just never thought anyone else would believe how horrible they are to have, and you saying you have suffered similar nightmares right up to The Voice!?”

Are you kidding me, Richard!?”, Katie stammered in disbelief.

Katie Likes Chivalrous Men:

Katie calmed a bit, “Well... I have to admit something, Richard. It is a little messed me up, maybe...

I really fall for chivalrous men. ...not romantically, or anything. Well, it would be great to have a romantic relationship with a chivalrous man. Just not you. I mean – nothing insulting like that. Just the age...”

...

It was apparent Katie was feeling trapped in a cycle of awkwardness.

I spared Katie’s awkwardness trap, “No worries, Katie. I just need people to help me claim my inheritance, and if they were friends that would be ideal. ...and nothing romantic – I assure you.

...

Katie smiled, “That’s perfect. My attraction to Chivalry is more like a like or affinity. You know?” she explained.

Sure – I understood her well. I had an affinity for Chivalry since the day I was born.

It was incredible to think Katie had what seemed like spiritual interactions from her dreams up to her nightmares’ ‘screaming and raspy voice’.

Katie Appreciated Chivalrous Men, and Thusly Richard Her Protector:

Though Katie was jaded, guarded, and suspicious of men’s sexual intentions, she felt Richard was a rare ‘good man’. She ‘accepted his assurance of a platonic engagement’.

I had apparently inspired her belief in my integrity and morality by defending her from the murderous thug Aaron Graywell ... and, in doing so, exhibited high moral views and actions.

It was apparent that my words and demeanor further instilled confidence in her – in me..

Katie Needed the Money – to Help People:

I was unaware of it – but Katie needed to earn more money than her job made, so she could one day return to school in hopes of becoming a psychologist serving small communities. She had imagined it was a dream she would never be able to pursue.

Though Katie had little love for money itself, she needed it to propel herself forward so she could make a difference where people are often underserved – small, remote locations.

...

In Richard’s offer, she saw a huge opportunity right out of a Movie. She could earn her degree and move to a community that needed her ... and still have money to help people with materials as well as their psychological needs.

Katie Snowette's Rural Tiny-House Community Care and Charity Center:

It was a big decision, but Katie saw a life transforming experience and money.

Katie leapt for the chance and went for Richard's offer, "I accept. Yea – I would be thrilled to join your mission to get your inheritance. It sounds crazy, scary, and ... well ... exciting!"

With a deep breath Katie resumed, "I don't want a mansion or island, or anything like that.

I want a big property filled with manufactured 'tiny houses' all around like a 'campus for the people'. It would be like an extension in a rural remote community to care for people struggling with mental issues or just down on their luck and need a chance to reboot their lives.

And the money would mostly be for charity work and running the home."

She concluded, "I would like a Rural Tiny-House Community Care and Charity Center and the money to run it for my entire life."

It sounded a lot to me like Katie was going to start her own little congregation of 'do good by and for people'.

I thought - that was an incredible idea, and it proved she was a perfect choice for my Party of Adventurers being so empathetic and selfless. She would be a huge ally and asset to the team.

Still Needed the Proof – The Envelope, The Letter, and The Firm:

Katie pressed, "I do feel I need to see that envelope and letter you talked about, just to know everything is legit...before I quit my job.

And I need some of that money up front to...before I quit my job."

Katie Snowette – Hired as the Empath:

I agreed to Katie's requirements.

And - Katie Snowette was hired – as the Empath.

Lunch with Deputy Taylor back at the Big Hut Roadside Café – for the Bodyguard:

I managed to meet with Deputy Taylor for a lunch near where she was on duty. ...and so, it was a big drive back to the rural Big Hut Roadside Café.

Utilizing a similar approach – I shared the tale of my inheritance and the need for a crew to help me secure it across the world. My pitch had already improved and was more focused.

I offered Deputy Taylor the same terms of an island with a mansion and \$10 Million dollars. And matched income as we work together getting my inheritance from Aunt Millmore.

Deputy Taylor – Left Military to Escape Woke Infiltration, to Be a Small Town Cop:

Deputy Taylor grinned and smiled, almost gleefully, “Richard, this is great news. I was military special ops before taking this job. I loved the military, Richard. I was career military!

But then the ‘woke’ began to infiltrate the military. Our commanders made us attend ‘education’ courses to teach us about inclusion and greater sensitivity, and of micro aggressions.

I tell you, Richard. They expected I wanted to wear lipstick and have my hair down ... because I was a woman. That is sexist, Richard!

And then they came and demanded I take untested vaccines for a pandemic that I knew no one ever harmed or died from. And I had known a few people that got sick and one died – RIGHT AFTER GETTING THE VACCINE! And they buried it! No one could know!?

NO WAY, RICHARD!

I LEFT THE MILITARY...in a gray area. They said I was dishonorably discharged for disobeying an order to take experimental shots, but my paperwork did not show ‘dishonorable’. ...or ‘honorable’.

I was simply – DISCHARGED ... WITH NO OPTION TO EVER REJOIN THE MILITARY.

With my military experience but military exit due to vaccine rejection ... I had to take a job in a small remote town as a subordinate police officer.”

Greatest Military in World Reduced to Lipstick Warriors Reliant on Tech and Cash:

Taylor seemed bright and powerful. And in this moment – VERY INTENSE!

“I feel smothered in boredom and am unchallenged as rural cop. Leaving the woke celebratory military for this, though...well, it is better because I do not have to compromise who I am...my beliefs or ideals. ...but it is not what I imagined my life would end up as, and it does not use any of my training.

I mean – I wanted to defend the Constitution and Liberty and the Rights of Patriots!

I committed my life to defending God and Country!

And instead – I saw the de-evolution of the greatest military in the world into lipstick warriors reliant on technology and wealth to fight.

They had become ‘George Jetson button-pushing Warriors’.

And I was MUCH BETTER THAN THAT!!!!

I say, “Don’t Tread on Me!”

Bring the Fight to Them – For God (and Country?):

With her impassioned rant, Deputy Taylor sighed and spoke, “Richard, the military was ready to kill me with the vaccine ‘death jab’. I was ready to die for my country and ideals.

If there really is a global organization orchestrating criminal and wicked operations, then I would love to bring the fight to them

I may not be church-going faithful, but I am a believer in God, just like I am a believer in our Country as it was before the woke infection.

Whether your Inheritance is directed and masterminded by the World Economic Forum, George Soros, Bill Gates, Klaus Schwab, or any of those Billionaire De-Population Whack-Jobs... ...or absurdly a minion from Hell. ...or even a corrupt Pope...

All of it – it does not matter – I want to defend what is right!

And if it cannot be God and Country...
... Let it be just ‘For God.’

You say it is against the cult ... well ... let’s get your inheritance.

Surprisingly Happy to Quit Police Job and Join The Quest – Bring the Fight to Them:

Deputy Taylor stated, “I would do this, Richard, for the chance to make a huge impact in making the world a better place.

And if it proves just a lark – you are going to make me rich.

After some due diligence, I will confirm that I am on board. And I expect a contract to make it official.

Sound good?”

...

I nodded in agreement - and left to give Deputy Taylor time to think.

E029 Rick014 Attracting Adventurers Flashback 2.1



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E029 Rick014 Attracting Adventurers Flashback 2.1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e458-e029-rick014-attracting-adventurers-flashback-2-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/XUiJU6zqvaI>

Description:

Grumpy HR Bob agrees to join Richard's mission to reclaim his inheritance in Athlone, Ireland – after his due diligence and formalizing a contract with Richard.

Richard's wife Katherine and daughter Amanda sign on as remote team members – to do research, finance management, and even join Richard as needed.

The team now includes Deputy Taylor, Katie Snowette, HR Bob, and Richard.

The Adventure – or Misadventure – begins... with the Party of Adventurers...

Deputy Andrea Taylor – Hired as the Bodyguard:

The next day Deputy Taylor called me and let me know – she had confirmed everything was a real as she could verify. And so - she confirmed ‘SHE WAS IN.’

Deputy Andrea Taylor was hired – as the Bodyguard.

The Deputy’s Intriguing Ex-Military Special Operations Background:

It intrigued me – that the Deputy had left the military after it began celebrating wokeness over the U.S. Constitution. Fortunately, she did leave so she would not be forced to take the ‘death jab’ vaccine as she called it.

It seemed to me – Deputy Taylor was already in the gray area of police work - dealing with me, far out of her assigned jurisdiction - and further discouraged by the FBI from getting involved.

Learning of my immense inheritance and believing it is legit, she seems to have no qualm accepting my interim income-matching approach with common offer of \$10 Million cash and a Free-and-Clear gifted Mansion (or campus of tiny-houses).

It was awesome – that she agreed.

Lunch with Conspiracist Human Resources Bob Sanchez (AKA HR BOB) – the Buddy:

I had a longstanding friendship with Bob Sanchez from Human Resources at Microsoft. For some reason he had become known as – HR Bob to me. I suppose it made his name ‘Bob’ stand out as unique in an ocean of ‘Bobs’ and ‘Robs’.

Bob was always a bit of a conspiracy theorist, which was reinforced by his Seattle Police Officer paramilitary Oath Keeper brother who spoke of government tyranny and efforts to remove our liberty and resources to defend ourselves from disasters or others. ...or from the government itself.

Disgruntled Bob Asks to Join the Team:

HR Bob had been so jaded and disgruntled for years, he wanted out of his job...and out of corporate America if possible. Heck – Bob wanted to escape ‘the world’ and retire somewhere far away from stupid and annoying if not outright nasty people.

Discussing my inheritance with Bob, he asked jokingly if he could help me get my money...

Verify and Go:

Bob, like Katie and Deputy Taylor, wanted to see evidence of my inheritance and talk with Midnight and Associates to understand the particulars of payouts and claiming property and money and assets from its custodians around the world.

That night Bob saw the Envelope and Letter, and around midnight he spoke with The Law Firm Midnight and Associates about Aunt Millmore and claiming my inheritance.

HR Bob – Hired as The Buddy:

Bob was satisfied with the authenticity of my inheritance - and agreed to take an extended Leave of Absence from work and join the Team.

Contracts for Katie, Deputy Taylor, and HR Bob:

Bob cleverly asked Midnight and Associates to draft a contract between he and myself to cover my offer. I replicated his contract for Katie and Deputy Taylor.

Phone Call with Katherine Seaborne – the Inquisitive:

I called Katherine to let her know all the details and catch her up on the insanity. She was appraised of the house, car, hospital stays, and inheritance already. Thus – I explained the hired team and our plan to be in Athlone for the Reading on Leap Day.

Katherine was in disbelief that the whole thing was real - and that I would inherit any money, much less \$250 Billion dollars.

I think the imagined I was a victim of some scam scheme, and it would just play itself out...as long as my ‘adventure’ was contained.

Katherine Strives to Do the Right Thing – Devastated When Falters:

My wife, Katherine, is a woman of honor and extreme integrity. She would sacrifice much to do the right thing, and doing the wrong thing even accidentally was soul crushing to her. She is utterly devastated when she feels she has stumbled, faltered, or failed.

Consequently – she strives very hard to succeed.

Committed to Job for Months or Longer:

Katherine had made a commitment to her job, and she always honored her commitments – and so she agreed to help me as she could - and would join me when her London commitment was completed...it could be months or even a year.

Once things settled, she would try and find opportunities to get more involved and help.

But for the next little while – I would be largely on my own, UNSUPERVISED!

Katherine Seaborne – Hired as The Inquisitive:

To the extent Katherine was able – she was on the team!

Phone Call with Amanda Seaborne – the Hacker Medic:

My daughter, Amanda, graduated from UCSB where she grew to love Santa Barbara’s quaint upscale city ambience, coastal weather, and beautiful beaches.

From there she had jobs in Los Angeles which while commuting was possible but became untenable for the long haul, and so she moved to LA proper near UCLA.

Deciding to pursue being a psychiatrist, Amanda was accepted to St. George University medical school, a key step in her becoming one of her passions of becoming a doctor – ultimately a doctor of psychiatry.

Amanda Seaborne – Hacker, Medical School, and Firearms:

Prior to medical school – Amanda learned a lot of computer and hacker skills from hobbies and, of course, from me – the Chief Technology Officer and tech innovation luminary and Hacker extraordinaire.

I also taught her to shoot rifles and pistols – because I believed everyone should know how to use firearms safely and confidently.

When she went to St. George University’s Medical School, I had just been beaten by Aaron Graywell. The timing was surprisingly advantageous.

Amanda’s Commitment to Pursing Righteousness:

The drama of my abuse and defense of righteousness inspired Amanda to help.

I imagine she would have helped anyway, but my situation all but guaranteed she would help because of her innate drive to do the right thing.

Like me – Amanda had a strong internal ‘mission’ to pursue justice.

The Quest, as I outlined it, resonating with Amanda.

She felt a divine compulsion to engage and help; she said it felt like ‘it was her calling’ to help – ‘Whatever, ADVENTURE AND HELPING MY DAD!’

Amanda Seaborne - Hired:

Amanda agreed to be the team’s ‘eyes and ears’ on the Internet and do any research we needed as it came up.

She would come and join us on missions when she could accommodate the time from school.

And she was THRILLED with being offered the same compensation package as Katie, Deputy Taylor, and HR Bob.

Amanda joined The Quest.

The Party of Adventurers Formed and Ready to Go:

I met individually with each of member of the team to go over the envelop, letter, the Law Firm Midnight and Associates, Aunt Millmore, and how the occult was effectively keeping my inheritance from me under the guise of ‘custodians’.

I went over the alleged risks of ‘collecting my inheritance’ from potentially unscrupulous people who might resort to violence to preserve their power and position and wealth.

Only the Wealthy can Afford to Be Philanthropic:

Each team member went about their way to secure what they needed to travel and fulfill their team roles.

They exited their jobs either temporarily or permanently according to whatever their employer would support.

Well... As it turned out – only HR Bob was able to retain his job under a Leave of Absence agreement; being a huge rich company with massive annual cash flow affords a lot of ‘philanthropy’.

When Does a Poor Man Have Time to run Mad:

It reminded me of a saying my mother quipped throughout my life –

Only the wealthy can afford to be philanthropic.

Her notion seemed to be an echo of Cervantes' Don Quixote principle that he could run around like a crazy man because he had the money to do so. Whereas the poor cannot afford to act like a loon. Indeed –

When does a poor man have time to run mad?

Adventure! Or Misadventure!?:

And

Only the wealthy can afford to be philanthropic.

E030 Rick015 Flights, Taxis, Trains, Buses, and Magazines Flashback 2.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E030 Rick015 Flights, Taxis, Trains, Buses, and Magazines Flashback 2 2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55e4vm-e030-rick015-flights-taxis-trains-buses-and-magazines-flashback-2-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/4FvolRTKA-U>

Description:

Richard and the team make arrangement and travel from Seattle, Washington USA to Athlone, Ireland.

The world they left transforms into a scary Transylvanian vibe old world town and countryside, with eerie people, places, and ...eerie everything.

Katie is bitten by a flower and loses consciousness from her rose bite. When she awakes – a scar had already formed on her hand.

The team recovers and prepares for the next day – staying in a hotel called “The Gambit”.

Katie Needed a U.S. Passport:

It turned out Katie did not have a U.S. Passport and so needed to expedite the process to obtain one.

To save a lot of time – Katie had to go in person - to get her Passport, after her first application by mail was lost though said to have been delivered.

When she was obtaining her Passport, the clerk was unusually interrogative of why Katie needed a Passport at all...

It was bizarre! Why would a clerk push back against Katie getting a Passport?

Regardless – Katie obtained her Passport within a few days of pressing in person and obtaining ample evidence of application.

Easy U.S. Travel – Limousines and Airplanes:

Getting the flights out Seattle-Tacoma International Airport (SeaTac) was not difficult.

To make sure everyone arrived together and had no issues arriving on time – I hired a ‘Town Car’ Limousine service to pick everyone up and arrive at a coordinated location and time at SeaTac International Airport.

‘Involved’ Foreign Travel:

Once we landed at Heathrow Airport we took a subway train to a train station, and from there an SUV/Van-like taxi to another train station. We took that train to a small town, where we uncomfortably crammed ourselves and luggage into a ‘car’ taxi to a tiny one-waiting room airport.

We flew to Ireland on what the locals called a ‘puddle jumper’ because they were generally questionably maintained little airplanes that flew back and forth over the Irish Sea between Ireland and the United Kingdom (UK ‘Proper’ mainland).

Foreign travel was immensely convoluted with the number of ‘transfers’, ‘waypoints’, and variety of vehicles.

Never mind Jetlag from time zone differences...

Traveling with so many transfers and stresses ... was ... EXHAUSTING!

‘Hiring a Car’ for Travel to Athlone Was Expensive:

Finally – we landed in Ireland.

We learned our lesson. There must be a better way to at least get from this airport to Athlone, or so we imagined.

It was not uncommon for large companies to ‘hire a car’ for me when I worked for Microsoft, so I investigated if such a thing existed here and on such short notice.

BLESSED! We learned from a small car rental counter, we could ‘hire a car’ vs ‘rent a car’ which meant having a dedicated SUV, VAN, or Limousine with a driver to take us anywhere we wanted or for a specified block of time for a fixed price.

Well – learning our lesson and ‘Hiring a Car’ ... COST A LOT!

Needing More Money from Midnight and Associates – Ask Upcoming:

It cost so much that I would have to pay off the credit card bill to keep using it. I was confident I could pay the bill from that cash deposit from Midnight and Associates, but after paying everyone's initial 'salaries and setup & gear costs these incremental expenses were adding up.

I imagined once we arrived at Midnight and Associates, I would ask if they would advance more money against my inheritance. I figured they did not blink at \$50,000. Hopefully they were prepared to fund the rest of my inheritance reclamation costs.

'Blazing Taxis' and the Scary Black Van and Terrifying Driver:

Remarkably – there was a single 'car' available for 'hire'. The car was an ominous 'government looking' black van with opaque tinted windows and emblazoned on its door panels, in italicized fiery red & yellow lettering, read 'Blazing Taxis'

The driver was equally ominous. He was tall at over 6 feet and 300 pounds of body mass and muscle. Underscoring his threatening image was his sporting a 'Hitler Mustache', a succubus female demon tattoo on his left arm, and two tear drop tattoos on his upper cheek, right under his right eyelid.

The driver did not present as a 'punk', 'grunge head', or any kind of 'hipster'. He did not appear as a street thug or gangster. He seemed unique and intimidating.

I am sure this will sound racist in this hyper-sensitive era, especially because people think of Ireland as full of 'white people' ... but, in this case, the driver was black. His skin tone was unusually dark and blended perfectly into the black van.

Add to all that – there was a suspicious bulge under his left underarm. I imagined it might be a pistol hanging from a hidden underarm holster.

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) from Aaron Graywell Beating:

The whole package of this huge 'Hitler Stached' potentially armed man taking us out into the country - in an incognito 'government' black van was ... TERRIFYING!

The driver looked way scarier than Aaron Graywell did. And, in a weird way, I felt like I had Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) right then...I flashed back to my beating by Aaron Graywell in that café. I was physically trembling as I 're-lived' the flashback.

Jumping off the Cliff, into The Hands of Fate – Hired the 'Blazing Taxi':

Again – the driver and his 'Blazing Taxi' van were legitimately, outright terrifying.

But we had little choice – more relentless exhausting travel or hire the terrifying driver and car.

Recognizing my fear was entirely emotional - based solely on appearance - we pressed forward as we shared 'knowing glances' at each other that we were entering the valley of darkness and were jumping off the cliff into the Hands of Fate.

We 'hired the car.'

Long Scary Ride to Athlone in a ‘Blazing Taxi’ – into the Dark Forest and Beyond:

The ride was peaceful at first, riding from the small town airport through scenic rural areas of Ireland as we traveled ever closer to the city of Athlone. We meandered along road after road for nearly five hours, progressing into ever more dense foliage and trees.

The driver did not speak for those five hours.

Lush Green to Dark Gnarled Trees and Sharp Thorny Thickets and Foliage:

Once we had been driving just over six hours the scenery began to darken quickly – both because the sun was setting, and the trees became so dense they draped across the road gripping each other’s branches and leaves ... forming a tunnel out of dense light-blocking leaf canopies.

The road narrowed to single lane, with the driver honking his horn as he approached blind turns ... to warn other drivers we were coming since they otherwise could not see us.

The area felt closed-in, lost in the woods insanely recluse, and kinda like we were in a Hawaiian lava tube made from trees and bushes.

The foliage and trees on either side of the road and overhead were so dense that it felt like we were driving through a dimly lit tunnel from the sparse dusk rays of light piercing the dense leaves illuminating a twilight below.

The team was largely quiet for the drive, as if there was a rule not to talk to the driver...and if we did not speak, then the driver would not talk either.

We sat quietly and watched the scenery degenerate from lush green to dark gnarled trees and sharp thorny thickets and foliage.

Driver Could Kill Us, Dump Our Bodies Never to Be Found – Imagination Gone Wild:

I was starting to feel like this driver had total power over us. Even with Deputy Taylor, I wondered if she could overpower such a massive man with, presumably, a gun...?

There were many ‘perfect places’ to pull over, kill us, and dump our bodies where one would ever find us.

My imagination was going wild. And without talking with Katie, the Deputy, or Bob...I felt a weird sense of being alone and trapped even though they were right there with me.

Roses of Ambivalence Under Gray Skies, Heed Warning:

Suddenly!

The man spoke.

We were stunned by his unexpected speech, never mind his godlike commanding (if not dominating) voice.

He spoke with a thick Irish accent – making me think he might be native born Irish.

He declared, “We - about to Athlone. Hotel – Fifteen Minutes. The weather – cloudy, wet, gray skies. Roses – Don’t Touch, Heed Warning.”

Triggered by ‘Heed Warning’ and “Don’t Touch the Roses”:

Katie and I both triggered and lifted our heads with greater attention on the driver’s last words – ‘Heed Warning’.

It was like our dream voice demanding we heed its warning.

But this driver included what to be warned about ...

Don’t Touch the Roses!?

What the heck!? That made no sense.

...

I blurted out, “What do you mean – Roses? And heed your warning?!?”

The man looked confused and answered, “No say warnings; no say heed.” He looked sincere though we all looked at each other and knew that the driver DID say those words.

Dropped Off at an Old Victorian Hotel - *The Gambit*:

The driver pulled into what looked like a mildly run-down old Victorian era hotel named ‘*The Gambit*’.

It seemed an odd name for a hotel – *The Gambit*. And so, I mused on it.

It was not the same hotel that Midnight and Associates told us about, but we decided to stay.

The driver exited the vehicle and helped unload our suitcases and bags. He smiled and said, “Caution. Trouble - Around Corners.”

Name and Number of ‘Blazing Taxis’ and the Driver:

The driver turned out to be a quiet, nice guy ... despite his intimidating appearance. Cliché as it was – I had wrongly judged the man ‘by his cover’.

I asked him if he had a card or phone number, we could call to pick us up in the future.

He answered, “Card – No. Phone – Yes. Text - 555-666-2121?”

I texted his number using the Ireland international dialing codes, and voila! He had my number, and I had his.

...

The driver, without further ado, turned and retreated to his van without waiting for a tip. It was as if he had completed his mission by delivering us to Athlone, AND HE WAS NOW DONE!

In fact – he did not wait to even get paid.

The Gambit – Strategic Calculated Opening Move for an Advantage:

We enter the hotel – called Gambit.

I had developed the computer game Chessmaster, and consequently knew a lot about the game of chess. A *Gambit* in Chess typically involves an opening move placing one or more pawns at risk to gain initial positional advantage.

Of course – a *Gambit* is also generalized as simply a strategic ‘calculated move’.

Combine the two and it was universal – a Gambit was a strategic calculated opening move for an advantage.

I wonder how that might have translated into the name of the hotel.

The Gambit – Named After Beer Drinking Chess Playing Tavern ‘Back in the Day’:

Inside – at the front desk - I asked the hotel clerk and learned the origin of *The Gambit*. ‘Back in the day’ it was simply called *the Gambit* because it was a beer drinking, chess playing tavern.

Fifteen Hours Sleep to Recover from Days of Travel:

We had checked in - and all decided to crash and sleep for fifteen hours. We were EXHAUSTED and needed MAJOR REST. It had been several days since we left Seattle, Washington to arrive at Athlone, Ireland.

We exchanged room numbers so we could visit and call each other easily. And everyone went off to their individual, private rooms.

No Dreams in Hotel Gambit – Existence Ceased to Be in Those Wakeless Hours:

We rendezvoused in the hotel lobby the next evening for dinner.

It was odd...I had no dreams at all. Nothing. I mentioned in a passing conversation filler that it was weird to have no dreams.

...

Katie blurted out that she felt ‘dead’ when she was asleep! SHE HAD NO DREAMS TOO.

It was like being put under medical anesthesia – you are aware, then not, then back aware...everything was just ‘off’ between. There was no sense of time or its passing. It was like ‘existence’ ceased to be for those wakeless hours.

...

Deputy Taylor and HR Bob declared they also had comatose ‘sleep’ without any dreams at all. It was like literally being ‘dead to the world’ as we slept.

We could conclude little from our absent dreams... other than it was strange, and weird. And that we all had the same experience.

Under Gray Skies – We were in Limbo, on the Precipice of Hell:

Athlone proved to be an old city with very old buildings and streets. It was like walking into an ‘old world’ movie set – but it was real.

The skies were gloom gray, matching much of the old stonework roads and buildings. There were numerous ‘ancient’ buildings and structures, some complete with stereotypical stone gargoyles and battlements.

We all felt uneasy. Things felt spooky. ...not right.

I felt like we were in Limbo... ...on the precipice of Hell.

Yea – it was just a feeling, but it was a STRONG FEELING. ...that we all felt.

Roses of Ambivalence Under Gray Skies, No Heed Warning:

It was further odd to see rows and rows of rose bushes surrounding government buildings, churches, and our hotel. There were roses of many sizes, shapes, and colors – everywhere!

Bitten by A Rose - No Heed Warning:

Katie yelped as we walked the streets of Athlone to stretch our legs after the long ‘mostly sitting’ journey and get a lay of the land.

We turned to see what happened. Katie had pricked her finger picking a rose from a streetside bush. She thought there were so many roses that she could take one and enjoy it throughout the day and even tomorrow.

However – the rose bit her!

She exclaimed, “The rose bit me! Its petals turned like little razor teeth and bit my finger as I reached to pick its stem. I tell you – they are alive! Like monsters!”

Katie was shaken, and there was blood dripping from her finger. Whether the rose bit her, or she pricked herself on a thorn...it did not matter. She was hurt. ...even if minorly.

The wind whistled around the corners of buildings eerily at times. Katie looked at me as we both heard a raspy voice as if spoken through the wind, “Why No Heed?”

“You heard that, right? ...Richard? Deputy? ...Bob!?”, stammered Katie.

...

We all just looked and nodded. We all heard that ‘wind’ scold us - for not listening to the *Blazing Taxi* driver’s warning not to touch the roses.

Roses Bit like Fire Ants, and Left Heart-Shaped Wounds with Spiraling Black Lines:

Katie moaned as the rose’s bite festered and made her skin around the puncture marks red with black lines spiraling out from it in all directions – like a strange infection...almost forming the shape of a rose with an tear-shaped eyeball at its center.

We retreated to the hotel, where Katie tried to wash the wound with soap and water. But it just pulsed with pain radiating from its core, and then the itches came. Katie teared up as she said there was no remedy to the horrid itching sensations overwhelming her.

Katie Passed Out From Rose Bite's Agonizing Pain:

I swear Katie was going to collapse from the intensity of the rose bite, so we ushered her to the hotel couch where she could lay down.

We had some hand lotion that we slathered all over the bite mark and its black tendrils.

The agonizing pain was too intense for Katie – she passed out.

Katie Awoke with Raised Rose-Shaped Scar on Her Right Palm:

Katie remained asleep for a few hours as we sought anti-biotic salve and bandages from the hotel front desk.

When she awoke her wound hand entirely healed over with a rose-shaped raised scar where the black lines had spiraled out from the bite's center.

Katie's rose bite 'scar' looked like an extraordinarily detailed rose tattoo on her right palm.

We marveled at what happened, and agreed universally –

- Roses do not bite people
 - Roses have thorns, but they DO NOT BITE
- Rose petals have no teeth or any sharp edges
- Roses cannot reach your palm when you only touched with fingers
- And yet – this rose lunged and bit Katie's palm with its sharp petal 'teeth'

Dumbfounded – we applied the anti-biotic, anti-itch ointment the hotel had along with some bandages in an emergency medical kit.

It appeared Katie was 'out of the woods' with her 'rose bite'.

And so – we continued our mission.

E031 Rick016 Athlone Castle Museum Flashback 2.3



Local File:

[\\LibertyBooksVideos\E031 Rick016 Athlone Castle Museum Flashback 2_3.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hi6a-e031-rick016-athlone-castle-museum-flashback-2-3.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/HzPVqxG_JVU

Description:

An unexpected mysterious driver picks the team up from their hotel, and delivers them to tourist destination Castle Athlone.

Richard and the Party of Adventurers investigate the eerily empty castle and museum – no one was present anywhere.

Unexpected Car and Driver Next Morning:

The next morning my hotel phone rang, “Mr. Seaborne, your driver is here. He says he will take you to your appointment.”

We did not order a taxi, much less a driver.

“Okay, we’ll be down in maybe fifteen minutes.”

The hotel clerk replied, “Of course, Mr. Seaborne. I will inform the driver.”

...

I informed the rest of the team that we had to hasten getting ready and grab something to eat on-the-go - because an unexpected car and driver showed up for us.

‘The Car and Driver’ as the Same Airport ‘Blazing Taxi’ That Ferried Us to Athlone:

As we all descended the staircase from our second floor rooms to the hotel lobby, we were MORE SURPRISED!

The car and driver were the same huge Hitler Mustached man and his ‘Blazing Taxi’ black van!

Deputy Taylor Confronts The Driver – How and Why Was He at The Hotel:

Deputy Taylor exclaimed, “Okay, this is not normal. Why is this taxi so far from the airport it was operating in?”

...

The driver replied, “Midnight – Hire. Stayed Night. Drive –Firm.”

The answer was reasonable, though felt unlikely.

What were the odds he was in the area and Midnight and Associates happened to contact him to arrange his picking us up the next to transport us from East Athlone to West Athlone across a river, where the Law Firm was?

It all seemed... implausible.

Blazing Taxi Driver Struggled to Communicate - Used Pauses, Short Words:

I could not decide if the driver had difficulty to communicating in English, or if he had difficulty communicating entirely. His pronunciation and enunciation of words were poor and in a thick Irish accent, often being unintelligible to us.

Using short words with pauses between them seemed to be the driver’s solution to whatever caused his difficulty talking with us.

Off to See the Wizard of Midnight and Associates, Mr. Lessky:

Uneasy, like we were taking the Blazing Taxi from the airport to the hotel - we once again piled into the intimidating black van with its severely contrasting italicized fiery *Blazing Taxis* logo emblazoned on its side.

I joked as we left the hotel, “We’re off to see the wizard...”

Katie smiled at me, while she cupped her right palm's fresh rose-shaped scar with her left hand.

...

It had come to this momentous moment.

We were about to learn ... finally ... details about Aunt Millmore.

All-White Rail Bridge Connecting East-West Athlone:

We drove through the 'old world' city of Athlone. It had a vampire movie Transylvania vibe. The taxi had an extra low rumble as it drove over cobblestone streets.

Apparently – Athlone is split into two 'halves', one on the East side of the River Shannon, and the other on the West side of the river.

As we meandered streets to get to a bridge, we saw an all-white rail bridge that crossed the river. I had done some reading in the hotel about an all-white bridge connecting East-West Athlone, that was built in July of 1851.

Curiously – despite emphasizing the all-whiteness of the bridge, there was no explanation as to why the bridge was entirely white.

History is... weird, I suppose...

Across the River Shannon to Athlone Castle:

We crossed River Shannon. We turned up towards what appeared to be a castle!

That's right! We drove towards a castle!!!

As we approached the castle, which had clearly been modernized into a museum for public to learn about Athlone and its long history since 1210 AD (and yes, my Athlone brochure had lots of details about the castle - and I had a near-photographic memory).

I did not expect we were going to the Athlone Castle converted museum.

I challenged the driver, "We are going to the Law Firm of Midnight and Associates. We are not going on a tour or to this castle museum. What are we doing here?"

Midnight and Associates Operates Inside Athlone Castle:

The driver answered, "Midnight – Inside."

He pulled into an empty parking lot. It seemed no one with a car was at the castle today – except us.

It made no sense unless there was parking for employees and lawyers somewhere else. Was there some kind of bus or other transportation they might have used?

It was ... bewildering.

The driver said, “I wait.”

We exited the van and entered the castle, which oddly did not have a drawbridge (another strange thing in Athlone).

Abandoned Castle Athlone – Something Wicked This Way Comes:

As we entered the museum through its ‘tourist’ main door, a renewed sense of anxiety came over me – there was not a person anywhere to be seen.

The castle was empty – completely devoid of people.

Bob looked visibly shaken and spoke, “Something wicked this way comes” using a Shakespearean Macbeth reference about three witches of Hecate (from Hell) foretelling of danger and potential deception.

Katie frowned at Bob, “Why add to my fear, Bob? I am scared.”

The Deputy cautioned, “Let me lead, in case we encounter something...we need to ‘deal with’.”

We all nodded, and Taylor took Point ahead of us.

No Firearms Because of Travel Restrictions:

The Deputy complained, “Why do they make such a deal out of transporting firearms?”

Deputy Taylor was right – the airports and Customs & Immigration did look approvingly at anyone transporting firearms, especially civilians. They had strong travel restrictions – especially about guns, bombs, and lithium batteries! Yea, batteries they allege could bring down a Jetliner...well, who knows!?

Deputy Taylor’s International Dossier –Dangerous, Classified Ex-Military:

And, well – Deputy Taylor was...well...technically no longer law enforcement, since she had resigned her position to come with me.

Combine that with her anti-vaccination ‘gray’ exit from the military stain on her government record, transporting firearms was not going to happen – at least not legally.

Unfortunately –Customs & immigration terminals, police displays, and background checks would all flag Deputy Taylor as ‘Track’ and ‘Dangerous’, apparently due to her being a trained combatant. The only information agents and police would see about Deputy Taylor was –

- Track
- Dangerous
- Weapons Expert
- Classified Ex-Military
 - Classified Ex-Military translated to –
‘NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! WE ARE THE DANG U.S.of.A!’

At Least We Had Knives:

Deputy Taylor griped, “At least we have knives.” She directed, “Now is the time to pull them from your bag or wherever you put them... Strap them to your belts so you have quick access should something go sideways. Keep them in their sheathes; we don’t want to scare anyone or get hurt ourselves accidentally.”

...

Yea – we had cool Damascus Steel Bowie ‘survival knives’ per Deputy Taylor’s orders. They had what she called Full Tang Buffalo Horn handles. They had 6” long blades resembling extra intimidating kitchen butcher knives.

We had nylon sheathes to loop onto our ‘utility belts’, which some might consider an old-school waist ‘Fannie Pack’. We had all sorts of useful tools and items in our belt packs.

Armed with a Knife - Feeling Empowered like Indiana Jones or Bat Man:

Wearing a knife in a public place felt silly, but it also made me feel like a real-life Bat Man, or an Indiana Jones.

Of course – both Bat Man and Indiana Jones had wild life-threatening adventures. I imagined we may be up for some crazy stuff, but I doubted anything as bigger-than-life than an Indiana Jones epic adventure or a Bat Man saga.

Then again – my encounter with Aaron Graywell could rank right up there with any Indiana Jones or Bat Man scene.

I felt empowered like Indiana Jones or Bat Man, wearing the knife. I imagined having a holstered pistol would feel even more ‘powerful’.

Things were getting exciting. We attached our survival knives to our utility belts – as Deputy Taylor directed us to do.

Deputy Taylor’s CRAZY SCARY, BIG ZOMBIE KNIFE named *Justice*:

The Deputy’s knife was more impressive than our survival knives.

It was like a slightly curved 10” blade ‘Crocodile Dundee’ HUGE KNIFE, with terrifying bladed ridges along its top and pointed curved tip - and there were hollowed sections in the blade presumably to help in combat somehow.

She called the knife type a Zombie Knife, in honor of EFFICIENTLY AND SWIFTLY killing of zombies.

Well – a wicked, scary knife by any other knife...is still...a wicked, scary knife.

Especially - Zombie Killing Knives!

...

So...

Whatever it was – it was the scariest knife I had ever seen in real life.

She explained she had that knife since her military career... and she named it *Justice*.

She joked that she always had to have justice nearby, if not right there with her.

Deputy Taylor may not have a gun, but she was ready for a fight with that Zombie Blade.

Wandering the Abandoned, Empty Castle Museum:

We found a greeter's desk. But the greeting kiosk was abandoned just like every other place in the castle museum. The lights were set to a twilight, which I surmised indicated the museum was not open for business.

We found a velvet roped off area, in front of two huge white double-doors.

The double-doors seemed as good of a place to investigate - as any other.

Only One 'Active' Exhibit with Others Turned Off in Huge Twilight Chamber:

We wandered towards the exhibits, through the huge all-white double-doors.

Every exhibit was turn off... ..except for one in the far back of the massive twilight lit exhibit chamber.

The lone 'active' exhibit at its far back had lights shining down onto it from above, like a wide beam of light cast down from the rafters onto a stage. It was too far to make out, so we advanced towards it.

Whispering Voice Commands 'Gray! Descend! Descend!':

As we approached the lit exhibit a voice whispered in my ear faintly, "White. White. Descend. Descend. Heed."

HR Bob looked gravely at me, "Did you hear that? Something whispered in my ear..."

Katie blurted out, "Yea – White! White! Descend! Descend. Heed. I heard it too!"

The Deputy nodded; she heard it as well.

OKAY – the whisper WAS REAL!

This was NUTS!!!! WHO or WHAT were we hearing!?

The Downfall of The Knights Templar - Exhibit :

Katie gasped, seeing the exhibit was of a knight donning white garb with red ankh-looking cross stitching over his armor. The knight was bent over with his head in a guillotine!

The placard was entitled 'The Downfall of the Knights Templar'. It explained The Knights Templar had abandoned the church and the crown, and so were executed.

I had heard of the Knight's Templar in my youth, in movies, and in video games. They were supposed to be some kind of 'independent warriors of god' – independent of the church and the monarchy. It sounded great...but when challenges came that put the Knights Templar in opposition of BOTH the crown and church, they were destroyed and forgotten to the annals of time.

It appeared this exhibit was attempting to capture the symbolic end of God's Warriors, of the Knights Templar.

Silver Lionhead Doorknob, White Door Behind Crest Banner of Knights Templar:

Deputy Taylor walked right up onto the exhibit stage and pulled her wicked looking knife out.

She leaned it forward and pushed a massive draping banner with a Knight's Crest across it to the side, revealing a narrow white door with a silver lionhead doorknob.

Cautiously – she touched, then grasped, then turned the doorknob...

The door...opened.

Yep – nothing happened.

But we discovered a staircase descending on the other side of the narrow white door.

Staircase Lit with Modern LED Sconces – Maybe We Were Overreacting:

Conveniently – the staircase was lit with modern LED sconces.

We descended, our hands on our knives' hilts...at the ready.

...

I had to wonder... Were we overreacting and letting our imaginations get the better of us.

Objectively – we traveled to Athlone and then to this castle museum. The only weird thing really was that no one was around – anywhere.

Going with the place was closed then nothing we encountered was unreasonable. In fact – we were the crazies breaking into the exhibit hall and wielding big scary bowie knives.

Well – I was following Deputy Taylor's lead. She said get the knives out, so we did.

I imagined – Deputy Taylor knows where real danger lives, and if she thought this was dangerous... well, it must have been dangerous!

E032 Rick017 Lessons in Demonology Flashback 2.4



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E032 Rick017 Lessons in Demonology Flashback 2_4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hiyw-e032-rick017-lessons-in-demonology-flashback-2-4.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/HD3eq7B3h28>

Description:

A tall gaunt “priest”, below Castle Athlone, explains the history of the castle.

And – the “priest” gives “Lessons in Demonology” and discloses details about the Devil’s Cult of Bael and the Seven Princes of Hell serving the most powerful of the Princes of Hell – the First Prince of Hell... they serve Prince of Hell Bael - AKA Satan, Lucifer, the Big D... THE DEVIL.

Milmoe Name Given to Millmore descendants to Hide Them from the Cult of Bael:

We descended the staircase, where it opened directly into another room, but there was someone in this room.

A woman, seated at a small white desk with a glass top, looked up, “Greetings, Mr. Seaborne.”

She was of moderate height and weight, had long flat-ironed strawberry blonde hair, a mildly freckled face, and blue eyes. She wore very little makeup and dressed in business casual form fitting attire. She was ‘the girl next door’ appearance and had a matching demeanor.

How did she know my name!? Was this Midnight and Associates ... after all!?

She smiled, “Welcome to Midnight and Associates. Mr. Seaborne.

My name is Sarah McGilvray; we spoke on the phone. I have been your contact for travel, inheritance advances, and support services.

Things will become clear shortly.

Mr. Lessky, Firm Partner, and your dedicated counsel, will explain everything in detail. He will be along in eight minutes. Please have a seat while waiting.”

It was oddly specific – that Lessky would arrive in eight minutes. ...not a few, not five, not ten...specifically eight minutes. Odd...

Seven Foot Tall, Gaunt ~75 year old Firm Partner and Dedicated Counsel Mr. Lessky:

A tall, gaunt, gray-haired, well groomed man entered the room for an adjoining door – which I noted led to a long corridor as he game through it.

He towered above us at nearly seven feet tall. He was a giant in height, but his thin form betrayed his otherwise ominous stature. His face was slightly sunken, reflecting his apparent age – about 75 years old I imagined. He wore an expensive pressed perfectly fitted suit complete with vest and tie. He wore stereotypical wire-rimmed glasses – of course.

Lessky’s Medallion, Thin Silver Chain Belt, Silver-Threaded Pouch, Silver Dagger:

But now – there was one thing that was ENTIRELY ... NOT NORMAL!!!

The man had a thin silver chain as ‘a second belt’ hanging with a slight droop around his hip. On the left side of his belt was a silver handled dagger, and on the right side of the belt hung a black pouch with visible silver threading. And around his neck was a 5” ornate ‘also silver’ medallion in the shape of ankh – an Egyptian cross.

So let me summarize – this fancy lawyer was dressed to the “Business 9’s”, dressed to impress, but has all this silver medieval ‘stuff’.

Doubting Mr. Lessky:

The man smiled ear-to-ear so widely it almost seemed unnatural, “Hello, Mr. Seaborne. I am Mr. Lessky. It is wonderful to meet you in person.”

...

I could see HR Bob was assessing whether to take this ‘lawyer’ seriously or not.

Katie seemed almost smiling as she looked upon his silly grandeur. I could not tell if she was judging Lessky as ‘ridiculous’ or if she was inspired by his ‘accessories’.

Deputy Taylor recoiled slightly, evidencing her suspicion of this Lessky not being a ‘good character’.

Another White Door – So Many White Doors:

Mr. Lessky gestured we follow him through the door and into the corridor he came from, and so we did.

We went down a hallway, made a right turn, and at the end of that hall was another white door. It was strange how the few white doors we had seen ... we went through them all. Kind of weird... ...I thought.

Octagon Conference Room, Silver Thrones Ley Lines to Illuminati Round Table:

Opening the door revealed an octagon shaped room. A huge round, white marble slab atop a massive obsidian stone base dominated the room as a huge conference table.

Silver ‘throne-like’ chairs surrounded the white table, and recessed silver columns cut into the tabletop ran from each chair to a center etching of a pyramid with an eye near its top. I imagined the cutlines connected the thrones like magical table ‘ley lines.’

It immediately reminded me the illuminati pyramid on the U.S. Dollar bill. Albeit, insanely more detailed on this tabletop illuminati pyramid etching.

Doubting Lawyer-Priest Lessky, the Octagonal White Round Table of the Illuminati:

To me, it was this –

We had been escorted by what was apparently a ‘Lawyer-Priest’, into an ancient underground castle octagonal chamber with a white marble and obsidian round table of the illuminati – and surrounded by silver thrones connected by ‘ley lines’ cut into the table.

It was all very theatrical and over-the-top I felt.

I could not help but question –

- how much of this was an ‘act’?
 - Midnight and Associates seemed dramatic, almost histrionic as an organization
- was this a ‘Wizard of Oz’ illusory front?
 - Was Aunt Millmore ‘Oz’, or is ‘Lessky’, or someone else? Time would tell...
- are these people all suffering mass hysteria?
 - jury was out on that one I figured.
- Was Midnight and Associates really a cult or someone’s ill will or actions against me?

- Farfetched I thought.
- is this still some wild long-game gaslighting scam?
- what could they gain I pondered.

Entering the Marble White Round Table Octagon Room:

Deputy Taylor entered the conference room first, rapidly scanning the room for threats and to identify entry and exit points. She walked around the room, casing it for any unexpected devices or threats...or opportunities to exploit if things went sideways. Deputy Taylor was always on the watch for threat and response – from what I had seen.

HR Bob just stood there, almost jaw dropped. I could almost read his mind, ‘What the heck is all this madness!? What did I get myself into... This cannot be real.’ Yea – all those and more doubting and damning thoughts would surely be flowing from Bob’s jaded and judgmental mind.

Katie overwhelmed our group reaction, and exclaimed, “Wow! This is so cool. Check out that table, those chairs! WOW!!!! AWESOME!!!!” Katie was practically jumping out of her skin with excitement. She ran up to the table and ran her fingers along the marble and into and up & down its cut ‘ley lines’.

Katie sat regally in one of the silver thrones, smiled, and declared, “The Round Table is in Session! King Arthur presiding.”

She asked, “How old is this room, and table?”

The History and Age of Athlone, Athlone Castle, and the White Marble Round Table:

Although Katie may have been asking metaphorically, Mr. Lessky answered her question.

“How old is this room?”, Mr. Lessky repeated.

“Well, it is easier to understand the history of Athlone and its Castle.

The area now called Athlone has long pre-existed as a hub for transport and naval access due to the River Shannon. This made Athlone especially strategically important for Ireland.

Records show active colonization in Athlone as far back as the Bronze Age.

White Bridge of Athlone Unites Ireland’s Trade and Soul:

Lessky continued, “The White Bridge you may have seen, that connects East and West Athlone over the River Shannon. The white bridge represents the importance of Athlone as a beacon of strength and hope for Ireland, uniting its people in trade and soul.”

Athlone Castle's History from Wood Structure to Stone Castle with Battlements:

Mr. Lessky continued our history lesson...

“The Athlone Castle, itself, began as a modest wooden structure in 1129 A.D. built by King Taiiredelbach Ua Conchorbair of Connacht.

There is no drawbridge anymore. One morning in 1940 it was found charred and damaged beyond use, and so was removed. It was never replaced, instead using its loss as an opportunity to draw more tourist attention to the castle's ‘museum’ new purpose.

And - there was God's wrath on Athlone.

It is said that God became angry with the leaders of Athlone Castle in 1697 and struck its battlements down with lightning.”

Burial Catacombs and Sewers of Athlone Castle Uncharted:

“Although there were numerous battles over the ages, the castle was built up into a moderate fortress – stone castle with battlements. And broken down. And built up again.

With so many different builders spanning centuries and centuries, there are no blueprints or individuals alive with knowledge about the castle's many secrets or of its catacombs below.”

Lessky chuckled with a sly, almost teasing, smile, “Not only are the burial catacombs unmapped... Even the sewers below... are uncharted. We can only imagine what secrets and treasures may reside deep within the crypts and its moat and ancient, unused septic passages out to River Shannon.”

Athlone Castle – The Museum and Law Offices of Midnight and Associates:

“Mr. Seaborne,” Lessky exhaled deeply.

“Athlone Castle is old, full of secrets above and below ground. It holds many artifacts, each having their own legends and secrets.

The museum is open to the public – ABOVE GROUND.

But - BELOW GROUND - are the Law Offices of Midnight and Associates.and the secrets of Castle Athlone.”

Lessky Posits – You Must Have A Lot of Questions:

Lessky looked more seriously yet, “Richard, you must have questions –

- you must ask yourself why is this lawyer wearing all silver accessories, and ones that would be out-of-place anywhere but a masquerade party?
- you must be wondering why Midnight and Associates operates in the basement of Athlone Castle?
- you must be evaluating how did your Aunt Millmore come into all her wealth and power?
- how does Midnight and Associates and Aunt Millmore relate to each other?
- how are you related to the Aunt Millmore family line?

I am sure you have many other questions.

Please refrain from asking them until the end of my overview. Thank you, Mr. Seaborne.”

Evil Is Real, Takes Many Forms – Animals, People, Spiritual, Demons:

Lessky had so much to say... ..and seemed more asking questions of me rhetorically – he had no interest in hearing from me, I could tell; it was obvious. And so – I kept quiet and let Mr. Lessky talk more...

...

“You must steel yourself for what I am about to say, Mr. Seaborne. You and your companions should all take a seat at the Round Table.”

Everyone sat cautiously at the White Marble table on the throne ‘chairs.’

Mr. Lessky seated himself at the great White Marble Round Table as well. He touched the medallion around his neck and uttered some mumbo-jumbo that sounded like Latin...but it could have been Hebrew or any number of languages I did not understand but imagined I recognized ‘somewhat’.

Lessky spoke with a slightly deeper and more powerful voice, echoing in the chamber making him seem almost ominously powerful, “There is evil in this world. It is real. It takes many forms – as animals, people, spirits, and demons.

It is difficult to accept, I understand, that there is absolute evil in this world inflicting wickedness on innocents for pleasure. But let me assure you – evil and its manifestations are very real... and are very deadly.

The Cult of Bael, The Devil Bael, and Heaven & Hell:

Lessky’s face tightened and his forehead furrowed, “Mr. Seaborne, Your Aunt Millmore was the at the heart of a cult that worshipped a Prince of Hell known as Bael, or Baal as he is sometimes called. His worshippers are Baalists, and formally follow Baalism.

Bael ... is The Devil. He is known by other names – Lucifer, Satan, ... It is the same being.

Hell and Heaven – they are real, physical places.

Bael Drove Great Divine War Exploiting Free Will – Just as It Does for Mortal Beings:

Because of free will, independent thought, and open expression - politics and conflicts erupt ... everywhere ... even between celestial beings.

Some celestial beings proved more aggressive than others. And some extremely powerful and shrewd. Unwilling to compromise in their views, some Celestials rejected Heaven and waged war upon it to change it to their vision.

Bael leveraged his shrewd perceptions of what motivated his peers and minions... and exploited them to encourage more Celestials to rise against Heaven with him, Bael, as their Leader... as their King!

Defeated, Bael and Hordes Cast Down to Created Hell Underworlds:

King Bael convinced six other Arch Angels to join him against Heaven in the Great Divine War, but after their defeat they were to be banished and exiled forever from Heaven.

God created an underworld within each planet, forming a multiverse of hellscape and torments throughout the universe. All of these are – *Hell*.

King Bael and the Princes of Hell:

Each fallen angel donned the title of ‘Prince of Hell’, with Prince Bael being crowned King of Hell.

King Bael - Rather Rule in Hell than Serve in Heaven:

Bael proudly boasted he would rather be King and rule in Hell than serve in Heaven.

Of course – his fellow fallen angel brethren would ‘serve’ him, he decreed, as their King.

Seven Princes of Hell and The Seven Deadly Sins:

However, his fellow Princes of Hell had their agendas too.

Out of spite and hatred of Heaven, the Princes sought to corrupt and eventually destroy God’s precious humankind.

Bael concluded the best way to distress Heaven and God the most would be to influence people to go against God’s teachings and principles.

And so, the Princes of Hell derived the Seven Deadly Sins.

Each Prince of Hell had a natural propensity of wickedness they loved to exploit, and so assigned each Prince their own Deadly Sin to own and inflict on humankind -

Seven Princes of Hell and their cornerstone of the Seven Deadly Sins –

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|----------|
| • Bael, or Lucifer King of Hell | - | Pride |
| • Mammon | - | Greed |
| • Leviathan | - | Envy |
| • Asmodeus | - | Lust |
| • Beelzebub | - | Gluttony |
| • Belial | - | Wrath |
| • Belphegor | - | Sloth |

E033 Rick018 Hiding in America, and Knights Templar Flashback 2.5



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E033 Rick018 Hiding in America and Knights Templar Illuminati Flashback 2 .5.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hjdu-e033-rick018-hiding-in-america-and-knights-templar-illuminati-flashback-2-5.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/JbfksWFoqgk>

Description:

The team – excluding Katie - incredulously reacts to being promised to see “proof that heaven and hell exist”.

Richard learns that his Aunt Millmore headed the Cult of Bael – AND – simultaneously headed the Knights Templar Illuminati – waging war against each other. She accumulated great wealth – working both sides of the Good & Evil “Chessboard”.

Richard – appearing “in the equation” – is seen as a threat to the Cult of Bael.

The Cult of Bael declares that Richard must die – because he is a Millmore descendent... and, therefore, is a threat.

Lesson in Demonology Finally Ended – Crazy Hard to Believe Any of It:

FINALLY – Lessky seemed to have finished his LONG HISTORY LESSON IN DEMONOLOGY.

Lessky exhaled loudly, “This may all seem ... rather ... insane ... to you, Mr. Seaborne.

I assure you it is all real.

I will provide proof of Heaven and Hell momentarily that you will find irrefutable. Please bear with me until then.”

PROOF THERE IS HEAVEN AND HELL!? ABSURD! – Deputy Taylor’s Hot Button:

Deputy Taylor could no longer sit quietly. She had sat listening to what she thought was madness, total and utter insanity. She was questioning if Richard had been setup by this nutjob.

For all she knew – this guy was a wealthy madman that got his jollies messing with peoples’ lives. ...making crap like this up!

She exclaimed loudly with an almost mocking laugh below the challenge, “YOU...Are going to PROVE Heaven and Hell exist? Really? The thing theologians and philosophers and the church itself have all failed to do over the millennia... But YOU ARE GOING TO PROVE IT IN A JUST A BIT...”

I swear The Deputy was going to lose her normal ‘cool’ controlled self. Very clearly there was something deeper going on with Deputy Taylor regarding Heaven and Hell than I knew; proof of their existence was a major HOT BUTTON for her.

You Just Know God Exists, It Is Faith – HR Bob’s Religious Bottom-Line:

Bob said bluntly, “Look, I want to believe in God. I think I do. But it’s Faith. There is no ‘proving God exists’. You just know he exists. ...or you don’t.”

Open Your Heart and Mind to the Possibility of God, Heaven, Hell – Katie’s Faith:

Katie was grinning from ear-to-ear. She had no reservations about the chance to see proof of Heaven or of Hell.

Katie declared, “Hey, if there is a Heaven. I want to know it. I believe there is! If there is a Hell, I sure want to know that too. I believe there is!

So - what is the harm in keeping an open mind and heart, especially when it comes to God and Faith?

Life is hard enough. We’ve come this far. Stop doubting - and open yourself up to believing!

I mean ... seriously. Open your heart and mind to the possibility of God, Heaven, and Hell. And the beings and things that go with them.

Let’s see your proof!”

...

I just looked on and asked, “We definitely - want to see your proof that God, Heaven, Hell, the Devil, and Demons all exist... It is a hard sell on that – I am sure you know...”

Aunt Millmore was Cult of Bael Leader, The Grand Witch of Bael:

Mr. Lessky was still gripping his silver ankh medallion, “Mr. Seaborne...”

He paused.

“Your Aunt Millmore was deeply integrated in the Cult of Bael, owning many of its churches, temples, curio & book shops, and businesses. Most of her wealth resides in her Umbrella Holdings company, which we manage as Midnight and Associates.

Your Aunt Millmore was The Grand Witch of Bael, which means...

She was the Leader of the Cult of Bael – worldwide.

Follow the Money to Find the Evil, ‘Enemy Within’ Strategy Infiltrated Cult of Bael:

“Mr. Seaborne, Your Aunt Millmore infiltrated the Cult of Bael and seized control of its finances and real assets, all so she could know their activity and choose where to hinder their operations or even shut them down.

‘Follow the Money to Find the Evil,’ your Aunt Millmore would say.

However, Mr. Seaborne, the Bael organizations flourished faster than she could stop them. Her balancing act of appearing ‘legitimate’ to the Cult while slowing or stopping branches and initiatives was ... ineffective.

And so – she had the cult’s information... and the financial and technical legal means to end it. But every branch, store, church, temple, and operation had their own leadership, goals, and missions - every one of them was entirely independent ... unless Millmore reach out to them with a command.

Waiting for the Leap Day Heir:

Aunt Millmore knew she had neither the fortitude, nor the time, to wage war against the Cult.

She had to wait for her Leap Day Celestial Connected Heir – You, Richard.

Her hope, Mr. Seaborne, is that you can finish the job she had set out to do so long ago.”

Proof of Heaven and Hell ... at The Will Reading in Millmore Mansion:

“Mr. Seaborne, the proof of Heaven and Hell will be shown to you at Aunt Millmore’s Last Will and Testament Reading in Millmore Mansion.

I realize it is not as immediate as you seem to have expected. I apologize for my choice of words. It is...part of the Millmore directives, to provide proof at the Reading.

Cult of Bael Hunting Millmore descendants:

Lessky turned to more crazy tales...

“Your Aunt Millmore and your great grandparents knew that the Cult of Bael, worshippers of Bael the King-Prince of Hell, would become determined to destroy the Millmore family line... ...once they discovered her infiltration.

Cult of Bael Target with Extreme Prejudice Millmore Leap Day Heirs:

And they would target with extreme prejudice any Millmore descendent born on Leap Day, due to a Millmore vision that foretold of a Leap Day borne descendent would wield a connection between Heaven, Hell, and Mortal Earth. They intend only they and Bael himself to have such power on Mortal Earth.

They also believed in an Aunt Millmore ‘vision’, as a prophecy, that one of her descendants would be a divine soldier sent from Heaven to fight against Hell’s Invasion into the mortal world – and threaten Bael’s reign bringing Hell on Earth.”

Severing the Millmore Family Name [to Protect the Family Line]:

Lessky seemed enthralled in his retelling of the Cult of Bael and of Aunt Millmore.

He continued, “It was imperative to sever all connections from Aunt Millmore with her descendants... to protect them from the Cult of Bael.

Their names and home countries would need to change. None could know their lineage. It had to be utterly expunged.”

Milmoes in America - Name Given to Millmore Descendants Hidden in America:

Lessky narrated, “Your grandfather, Joseph Milmoe, was the child of two Irish immigrant parents to the United States. They set up a newspaper business in New York, using money from Aunt Millmore to migrate and start their newspaper.

Aunt Millmore required they change their names during their immigration processing. And they were to ‘forget everything about Millmore’. And they must adopt a new name - ‘Milmoe’.

Your grandfather and his parents would become ‘The Milmoe’s’ in America.

And that is where your family line severed from Aunt Millmore.

Your great grandparents were the last to know of the Millmore history, and they took that knowledge with them to their graves.”

Misleading Birth Certificates – July 31 vs Leap Day, 1968:

Lessky looked a little more relaxed, and reclined, “Richard, we have tracked you since the day you were conceived. ...just as we have tracked every Millmore descendent.

Seeing as you were born on Leap Day of 1968, you could be Millmore’s long-awaited heir.

And so - we further obfuscated your heritage and even birth.

We created several false birth certificates for you – each with different birth dates and name variations. We paid your father, Silver, to aid the certificate confusion by insisting on name changes...allowing us to deploy false certificates easily into the official process.

‘Seaborne’ vs. ‘Seeborne’ the Seer:

Your intended birth certificate was to be ‘Seeborne’ in recognition of your being borne of seer (‘see-er’) heritage. However, another ‘Seaborne’ version managed to become your permanent name...not our intention.

Destroyed Hospitals and Records:

Richard - We could not have any persistent records or employees remembering anything about your birth. Once you were well away from the hospital - we burned it down. And lobbied successfully that it would never be rebuilt.

We were successful – with no trace of your birth, there have been no hunters seeking you.

Aunt Millmore took your safety seriously.”

Hard For Me to Take It Seriously – Forgeries, Bribes, Burned Down Hospitals:

Yea – Millmore took it seriously! She burned down a hospital, forged my birth certificate(s) PLURAL, bribed my father ... and so much more – from my great grandfather on down to me....and my daughters?

But ... I was struggling to believe it all enough...to take it seriously.

E034 Rick019 Millmore Leap Day Descendent Flashback 2.6



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E034 Rick019 Millmore Leap Day Descendent Flashback 2.6.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hjt3-e034-rick019-millmore-leap-day-descendent-flashback-2-6.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/L1Ex6v2N3Bc>

Description:

The Knights Templar Illuminati still exist – despite being driven underground into hiding by the Monarchies and Church after political disfavor.

The remaining members of Knights Templar operate in a secret headquarters in the catacombs beneath Castle Athlone, where they store ancient religious and both unholy and holy relics.

Richard learns of the “Divine Prophecy of The Fulcrum” - and that he may be “The Fulcrum”.

As the Fulcrum – Richard is told that celestial energy courses through him – which activates and empowers celestial objects and weapons.

Born on Leap Day 1968, but Recorded as July 31 To Hide Identity:

Lessky resumed talking, “Mr. Seaborne - You were born on Leap Day, like your great grandfather in 1872 and your Aunt Millmore in 1852.

But to protect you – your birth certificates included a different date as well, July 31. Not your Real Birthday of Leap Day, February 29 of Leap Year 1968.”

Millmore Leap Day Descendents Have Celestial Connection to Heaven and Hell:

“Leap Day is important to your Family Line, Richard.

Only those born on Leap Day inherit a spiritual connection with Celestial Planes – most notably a connection with Heaven and Hell - and with their ‘residents’.

As a Millmore descendent born on Leap Day, you possess the Millmore Celestial Spiritual Connection to Heaven and Hell.

You may not have known the connection you have, but it is powerful, and I am sure you have felt it. You must have felt a Holy force pulling you towards righteousness. It is the connection trying to reach out from within you...that made you innately believe in God. ...and the Devil.

Allegedly - My Touch Powers Ancient Holy, Unholy Relics:

“Richard, your touch powers ancient artifacts, whereas otherwise they are but holy (or unholy) inert relics. They do nothing for everyone...but you. Their power is unlocked by you, Richard.

It is because of this... that you are Aunt Millmore’s sole heir.”

Aunt Millmore Was Very, Very Old – 170 Years Old:

Mr. Lessky looked down at the white table we all sat around. He raised his head - made eye contact with each of us, rounding the table from right to left. It was as if he was assessing how much we had absorbed...or even believed his wild stories.

He started talking, “You must be wondering by now...how is it that Aunt Millmore was the parent of your great grandparents ... but only recently died?

Your Aunt Millmore was born on Leap Day, 1852 – making her death at 170 years old.

Your Aunt Millmore seemed forever unhealthy, but she persisted by ‘force of iron will’ until an heir was ‘ready’ – until YOU, Richard, were ready.”

Father Silver Seaborne Illegal Aliases and Legal Name Changes Further Hid Richard:

Mr. Lessky added, “Your father’s continued use of legal name changes, aliases, and stolen identities was valuable in keeping your identity further anonymous.

Your name, ‘Seaborne’ was entirely imagined by your father just as his name ‘Silver’ was borne of his imagination. Indeed – Silver loved the ocean. He imagined ‘Silver was borne of the sea’ and so he legally changed his name to Silver Seaborne.

But even with a legally changed name, your father's illegal lifestyle benefited from his many aliases and stolen identities. ...which further protected your identity; it is harder to trace an alias back to a Seaborne to a Milmo to a Millmore...

Shielded, Protected Since Great Grandparents Immigrated to America:

You see, Richard – Ever since your Great Grandparents came to America, your name and identity has been significantly shielded.

The Insane Story Was True – Insisted Mr. Lessky:

Lessky looked serious, grave – “I know, Richard. This sounds insane. Absurd. And, well, it would be... were it not true.”

The Knights Templar Fought Against Evil, Corruption in Man, Church, Government:

“Have you heard of the Knights Templar, Richard?” Lessky asked.

...

“Yea, I have.” I answered. “I read about them. I played games about them. I think they were cool – fighting for God directly. You know – only for the Crown or Church if they were on the side of God according to God's teachings. They were not beholden to the Pope or Kings. They were a global secret organization. That sound, right? To you?”

...

Lessky replied, “Richard, that is a good overview.

The Knights Templar were dedicated warriors of God fighting against evil, corruption, and the Unholy. They were the only true force of God that was without mortal greed or sway.”

Cult of Bael Made Kings, Pope Attack the Knights Templar and Lose Holy Grail:

Lessky kept on talking...

“The High Prince of Hell, Bael, had infiltrated and influenced kings, queens, patriarchs, bishops, and popes ... all walks of rulers and leaders ... to see the Knights Templar as arrogant, full of pride and hubris, and an uncontrollable threat.

The Knights Templar, so attacked, went underground, into hiding, after both the Church and Crown across the globe turned on them – as if overnight.

There was a great battle to protect the Holy Grail, but both the Knights Templar and the Grail were lost when the century-long war and hunt had ended.”

Cult of Bael Commands the World – Heads of State, Religion, Economy:

“Kings, Patriarchs, and Popes alike – declared the Knights Templar DEAD and GONE!”

In that moment – Bael's clench on the world's economies, politics, religions, and governments became strong and unhindered.

Richard – the leaders of the Cult of Bael are heads of state and global organizations and religions. They have infiltrated World Power and Influence groups like the United Nations, NATO, G7, Interpol, World Economic Forum, even the Vatican.”

Arthurian Marble White Round Table Carved from Meteor Sent by God:

And there was more from Lessky...

“The round table, before you, was the command ‘stone’ of the Knights Templar.

It was ... later ... used as King Arthur’s Round Table at one point in history, despite being mischaracterized as ‘wooden’ or ‘stone’.

No matter what material – the legendary table was still God’s gifted divine table to humankind.

The Round Table was carved from a pure white and black meteor sent from the heavens by God. The meteor had no gradient colors, as it was pure black, pure white.”

God’s Meteoric Round Table was a ‘High Value Target’ for Bael:

“Hell and its Hordes knew that the Round Table was the epicenter of the world’s ley lines. It amplified prayers, so angels might hear them. And with the blessing of God, an angel may answer a Round Table prayer.

The table was said to also empowered spiritual faith to be channeled, into physical manifestations ... like magic – if you knew the rituals and incantations, of course.

Because of its celestial power, it is a ‘high value target’ for destruction by Bael.”

Midnight and Associates is The Knights Templar Command:

Lessky continued, “Richard...

Midnight and Associates ...

Is...

... The Knights Templar.”

Lessky added, “We are what is left of it. We are the command center of The Knights Templar.”

Aunt Millmore Led the Knights Templar, and Masqueraded as A Witch of Bael:

“Richard, Your Aunt Millmore was The Grand Witch of Bael... AND was The Sword of the Knights Templar.

She led both the Cult of Bael and the Knights Templar, which meant she was attacking her own organizations. She played both sides of the chess board – she was black and white, dark and light, evil and good.

Aunt Millmore straddled the spiderweb thin line between Right and Wrong.

She masqueraded as the Grand Witch of Bael, did unspeakable acts to rise in power, learned of relics and arcane incantations of the occult, and gained control of all financial and material resources of the Cult of Bael.

She waged information, cyber, legal, political, and physical warfare against BOTH the Cult of Bael and the Knights Templar.

Your Aunt Millmore... was... ..conflicted. ...she was not ‘good’, though she was not ‘evil’. And yet – she ‘did a lot of bad things’ in the name of ‘good’.

Knights Templar in The End – Assume the Role of the Sword of the Knights Templar:

Mr. Lessky concluded, “Your Aunt Millmore was ... in the end... Knights Templar. And so – her hope is you will take up her role as The Sword of the Knights Templar. And lead us to Victory. And stop Bael and his cult!”

Aunt Millmore’s Midnight and Associates – AKA The Knights Templar:

“We, Midnight and Associates, are The Knights Templar, and at your service.” Said Lessky.

“We are not old guys in armor running around with swords.

We are integrated into technology, finance, fashion, textile, military, and munitions, and so many industries throughout the world.

We are involved with food, energy, water, and waste production and management.

We are pioneers and manufacturers of pharmaceuticals worldwide.

The Knights Templar guides the world to the ‘Just Right’, as the Cult of Bael guides the world to the ‘Sinister Left.’

Bethlehem Blessed Silver Necklaces, Ankhs:

“Richard, this has been an immense amount of information to hear and process. I am confident you will need the rest of the day to digest and embrace it.

Please share and talk everything over with your team. I am also confident they are suspicious and highly dubious of everything.

I impart these necklaces as gifts for each of you. Each carries an ankh as symbol of Christianity and the Knights Templar. They are forged of silver, blessed in the holy well waters from beneath the Church of Bethlehem.

Please wear them always – as they will shield you from the prying eyes of Bael and his minions.

We will have a Car return you to your hotel... and pick you up in time to bring you to the Millmore Reading at midnight on Leap Day.”

The Reading of Aunt Millmore’s Last Will and Testament Will Be Strange:

It was unquestionably the most insane and unbelievable day I think I may have ever had. It was difficult to believe it was not a movie, or some kind of fiction.

Was this an incredibly gaslighting experience?

Was this Lessky guy setting this all up for some unimaginable reason?

Or... Could it all be real?

Well – one thing for sure. Aunt Millmore’s Last Will and Testament Reading will be strange.

. . .

The black van and driver returned us to our hotel.

E035 Rick020 The Reading at Millmore Manor Flashback 2.7



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E035 Rick020 The Reading at Millmore Manor Flashback 2_7.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hk5l-e035-rick020-the-reading-at-millmore-manor-flashback-2-7.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/xhRTUjCWpoM>

Description:

Approaching midnight – the team assembles at Aunt Millmore’s Last Will & Testament Reading.

Richard and the team “see proof that heaven and hell exists” ...

The team all “become believers” in God and Heaven...and in Hell.

Everyone concludes that Richard is “The Fulcrum” of Leap Day Celestial Power Prophecy.

Arrived at Millmore Manor:

Leap Day had finally come. And the black van and driver appeared as planned at 10pm local time; the Reading was said to be at 11:10pm according to the Letter they sent me. Over an hour seemed plenty of time to get to Millmore Manor on the West Shores of Shannon River.

Accustomed to the driver's reluctant and choppy communication, we just got in and rode straight to Millmore Manor.

Old Victorian Manor:

I suppose I should have expected it. Millmore Manor was right out of a horror movie. It was an old Victorian style manor, complete with creepy overgrown trees, unkempt lawns covered in leaves and debris, and windows that looked may not have been cleaned for a century.

Inside – the manor was once opulent ... but appeared to have not been cleaned or meaningfully maintained for a decade or more. Dust was so thick – there were visible ‘layered stacks of dust on dust’.

And, of course, floorboards and stairs creaked. ...just to add that little bit of extra ‘spookiness’.

Midnight's Sarah Greeted Us at Millmore Manor's Entry Double-Doors:

Sarah McGillivray, the strawberry blond Irish woman from the front desk at Midnight and Associates, greeted us at the Manor entry double-door holding an LED lantern, “Hi, Mr. Seaborne. Mr. Lessky is inside. Please follow me. There are seats for you and your team.”

She opened one side of the big doors and gestured we enter – the pitch black manor. The only light source was Sarah's LED lantern.

Lightless, Pitch Black Haunting Third Floor:

Sarah led us up a wide ascending staircase to the second floor, and then turned to the right up a second flight of stairs. We reached the third (and top) floor, which came to huge white double-door.

Beyond the doors was a hallway, encircling the entire third floor - with rooms on the inside, none facing outside from hallway.

There were no windows anywhere on the third floor – not in the walls, or in the rooms. NO WINDOWS! NO LIGHT! JUST BLACKNESS...

...save for Sarah's LED Lantern.

The third floor was lightless, pitch black, and haunting.

The Master “Death” Bedroom:

We traveled the encircling hallway to the furthest corner from the stairway, where there was a white door with runes carved all around it.

Sarah opened the door and pointed to a portable table, not unlike an IKEA table with screw-on legs. Surrounding the table were similarly unceremonious IKEA-like chairs on wheel coasters.

It became immediately apparent why the makeshift table and chairs were present.

We were in Aunt Millmore's Bedroom – presumably, where she died!

We were in Millmore's Master "Death" Bedroom.

Waiting for The Reading:

Mr. Lessky waited for us to all take a seat and spoke, "We will wait until precisely 11:10pm to begin the Reading."

We waited, looking at each other awkwardly. But no one seemed willing to break the tense silence.

Painful Gong of Time:

A huge 'gong' echoed throughout the mansion, as if reverberating from the bowels of Hell itself up into the house's frame and foundation. The house shook as the gong echoed and reverberated throughout the house... ...the gong echoes hurt as they seemed to penetrate our fleshy fibers and the marrow within our bones. It was not a 'good feeling' ... at all.

The Reading – The Will on an Ancient Times Scroll:

Mr. Lessky looked up, held the big silver ankh cross around his neck, and began speaking ... in Latin? He spoke for maybe fifteen seconds. It was incomprehensible.

He then pulled out a rolled up parchment paper, into a scroll. Yea – a scroll! Like ancient times' Scroll.

Lessky read from the scroll,

"I, Zaira Augusta Millmore, do hereby bequeath the entirety of my estate and holdings to Richard Lee Seaborne, born in Mountain View, California, United States of America. I give to Richard every and all of my worldly possessions and wealth, contingent on fulfilling stipulations in this letter.

- 1. Richard must speak aloud and sign a blood vow on a Scroll of Bonding, committing to the following -*
 - a. Richard must accept the role and responsibility of 'The Fulcrum' – he is to judge at his life's end if humankind is worthy of God's love, or has fallen to wickedness and deserves justice at the hands of the Devil*
 - b. Richard must reclaim each region from the Cult of Bael and liquidate everything, ending its influence ever more as he shuts them down*
 - c. Richard must find the Holy Relics of the Knights Templar, and use them to destroy the Tapestry of Bael*
 - d. Richard must preside over the Knights Templar, under the guidance of Sir Lessky of the Knights Templar.*

These are my final words on this plane and world. I have lived for over a century and a half. My health has fallen. My powers are waning. I am dying.

Richard, your history has been purposefully shrouded. Things must be hard to believe. They will become harder to believe as you bridge the planes and see beings from Hell, and with fortune from Heaven. But it is all real, and for a purpose.

Sir Lessky will give you one of two Daggers of Destiny. They are ancient relics that in the hands of a celestial being turns its blade into fire instead of steel.

Take hold and wield the dagger, and see it ignite in Holy Fire. See divine power burn around the blade, hotter and sharper than anything from Earth.

My hope, Richard, is this Dagger will burn brightly... proving to Sir Lessky you are a true Millmore descendant born on Leap Day with a touch of celestial power...

*...and, in its flames, you will feel and 'know', that you are The Fulcrum -
...from which all humankind will be judged –
...to continue another few millennia,
...or be damned to Hell for all eternity.*

Recite these words every morning when you wake and night when you lay to sleep... to remind yourself of your Knighthood, The Quest, and your role as The Fulcrum -

- *Never let the darkness dim your light*
- *Never compromise your ideals, values, or integrity*
- *Should you fall, rise again*
- *Never surrender*
- *Evangelize Righteousness and The Glory of God*
- *Destroy the Tapestry of Bael*

Flaming Dagger of God:

With that, Mr. Lessky handed me an ornate silver dagger sheathed in a silver scabbard.

He said, “Pull the dagger from the scabbard.”

...

I pulled the dagger slowly from the scabbard, with it making a faint metal scraping sound as its blade became visible.

The tip of the dagger's blade just left the scabbard, and it burst into flame as if the oxygen in the room was drawn to it and burst into fire!

Heat emanated from the dagger like standing in almost steaming hot shower. You could see the air waver from the uneven intense waves of heat radiating from the flames.

The dagger 'felt' like it was divine. ...like it was a Flaming Dagger of God, himself!

I Was A Believer, We Were Believers:

Katie's eyes were wide. She was frozen. It was as if her brain was fried by seeing God or Jesus firsthand.

HR Bob just stared at the fire, like a moth marveling at a flame. He was transfixed.

Deputy Taylor turned her head on its side like a TV commercial RCA Dog. Her mouth opened but words did not come out. She was awestruck.

I could not fathom what was happening. Could it be a trick, some kind of accelerant that ignites on contact with air?

I pushed the dagger back in the scabbard, whereupon it extinguished itself. I pulled it out – FLAME ON! Put it in – FLAME OFF! Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

OMG! It was a real FLAMING DAGGER!!!!

This was magic, divine, or something...but it was not of the world we knew or understood.

We were all believers!

I Was a Leap Day Millmore, and May Be The Fulcrum of Millmore Prophecy:

Lessky smiled, "Richard, you are a Leap Day Millmore. You have Celestial Power coursing through you. That power is channeled into fire by the dagger; it is a mere conduit. None of us have the power to make it flame. Only you have the power, Richard.

It is unknown if you are the Fulcrum. It was a vision Augusta Millmore had, and one that even Bael is said to believe in. And so – I will operate as if you are, in fact, The Fulcrum of Millmore prophecy.

To that end, of being the Fulcrum, please stay true to your ideals and righteousness.

Humankind depends on you."

Lessky stood up and said, "The dagger is yours, Richard. Please take the Scroll as well. Sarah will be your contact for anything you require. I will be your escalation path and advisor.

E036 Rick021 Cult of Bael vs. The Crusaders Flashback 2.8



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E036 Rick021 Cult of Bael vs. The Crusaders Flashback 2.8.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hkh9-e036-rick021-cult-of-bael-vs.-the-crusaders-flashback-2-8.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/hg0V1RnBF0g>

Description:

The Devil's Tapestry of Bael is revealed as being able to rip a hole between the Hell and Mortal planes of existence – thereby unleashing Hell on Earth.

The determination of the Cult of Bael to hunt and kill Richard is confirmed. They want Richard “gone”.

The Knights Templar – behind the business “Front” of the Law Firm of Midnight & Associates – operating beneath Castle Athlone's public museum – offers haven and support to Richard in reclaiming his inheritance from the Cult of Bael.

The team names themselves “Paladin and The Crusaders”.

Midnight and Associates' Grave Life-Threatening Warning:

After the Reading at Millmore Manor, the chief lawyer Mr. Lessky approached me.

He spoke quietly but sternly, "You must listen to this very attentively, Richard. Your life and your friends' lives depend on what I am going to tell you. You must heed my warning."

...

There it was again! What was with this 'Heed Warning' stuff!?

The Tapestry of Bael Weaves Heaven and Hell Threads Together as Portal to Earth:

Mr. Lessky warned, "The Occult has informed us that Millmore's death does not undo the Bael's plans to bring Hell on Earth through something they call the Tapestry of Bael.

We believe the Tapestry of Bael weaves celestial threads from Heaven and Hell together on Mortal Earth. Each cross-stitch forms a portal between a celestial plane and earth.

Demons and Angels will be able to pass between Heaven or Hell - to Earth.

Richard, this could literally open the proverbial Gates of Hell on to Earth. We could hope Heaven would send Angels to defend us through the same celestial tear through the Tapestry of Bael.

Earth could be a battleground between Hell and Heaven.

In that - Humans would suffer the greatest casualties, I am sure."

The Cult of Bael Wants Me (and every Millmore, relative) Dead:

Lessky continued, "The Cult of Bael will not allow a Millmore heir threaten or interfere with their worship or cabal. And if that Millmore could potentially have the celestial touch to power ancient relics...all-the-more reason to kill the Millmore.

The Cult decided, Richard, that you must die.

You should take extreme caution knowing that there are legions of unidentified individuals that may be asked to seek you out and end your life.

...

The Cult, now, wants every Millmore dead as well. You and every relative you have is now a target of Bael."

Midnight and Associates Offers Haven, Help, Money, Gear, Transport, Legal Services:

Mr. Lessky calmly, orderly outlined, "We at Midnight and Associates offer haven help, money, gear, transport ... and, of course, legal services.

- We are law firm, Richard. We do not fight or do anything like that.

- We will provide you with a haven here in Athlone.
- We will ensure you have the financial backing you require to claim your inheritance.
- Please take this American Express Obsidian credit card to use during your travels. It has a \$100,000 USD limit, and we will be pay its balance monthly. Of course – we will debit all money you reclaim to cover these monthly advances.
- We will share lists of contacts throughout the world with their estimated risk and reward for each.

Richard, we at Midnight and Associates are sworn to honor your late Aunt Millmore's wishes.

We will honor our pledge as Knights Templar.

We will overcome Evil and stop Bael from bringing Hell on Earth.

WE WILL ASSIST AND HELP YOU WHERE AND HOWEVER WE CAN

We will make sure you have money and a haven.

The rest is up to you.

Richard, Godspeed!

'The Paladin and The Crusaders' – Party of Adventurers:

It seemed a lot like a video game... ...we had to figure out the easier 'areas' to level up so we can take on the greatest and most rewarding challenging areas. Yep – a lot like a video game.

Although I had suffered a lot from Aaron Graywell, I still fancied myself a Knight of Karmic Justice, a Paladin! And I saw our team as my Party of Adventurers.

Together, we were - The Paladin and The Crusaders

And so - the overarching adventure theme was –

The Cult of Bael vs. The Crusaders.

Flashback 2.9: Psychiatrists – Bael, God, The Fulcrum ...in Athlone



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Hyder's iPad window flashed, "Richard – Wow! I am on the edge of my seat – wondering what will happen next on your adventure.

I made some observations -

- A mysterious Aunt Millmore from another country with \$250 Billion - and no public record of financial significance – out of no where bequeaths it all to you
 - But you must go claim it all – in wild life-threatening adventures
 - It sounds far-fetched, if not entirely fictitious
- Forming your team was interesting – demonstrating your social awareness and influence skills
- The diverse talents of your 'part of adventurers' seems solid – like you were preparing for a video game adventure
 - All that 'Demonology' stuff was interesting – I learned a lot from you about Hell
- Knights Templar still exist – operating in the basement of Castle Turned Museum – shows tremendous imagination

- Amazing tale about your identity being hidden for your entire life, even how your birthday was falsified - and evidence destroyed
 - Weaving real-world events into your fantasy world – is impressive.
- Defining yourself as God’s Holy Warrior – The Fulcrum – puts you front and center, as potentially suffering delusions of grandeur... or even schizophrenia
- It will be interesting to see where your story takes us

Time to Continue My Story:

Caselli said, “Richard – resume sharing your ‘memories’”

E037 SPIRITS, CHURCHES, AND FAITH MORE STORY LESS THERAPY



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E037 Spirits Churches Faith More Story Less Therapy.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hkpe-e037-spirits-churches-faith-more-story-less-therapy.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/hg0V1RnBF0g>

Description:

The panel of psychiatrists – led by Doctor Caselli – question the voracity of Richard’s fantastical tale of Athlone and the Knights Templar.

Doctor Caselli challenges Richard’s “facts”, including how he funded his misadventures.

Less Psychotherapy, More ‘Story’ and ‘Experience’ – For a While:

Caselli looked at me as our session was about to start, “Richard, we have spent quite some time understanding your perspective and initial formative years. We covered several unrelated topics, as well delved into your psyche.

I have determined we will benefit little from continued you back-and-forth discussion – for a while. As a result, I would like us to focus your sessions on ‘your stories’ and ‘your experiences’.

We will, of course, still engage with you. We will both ask questions of you - and provide our insight as we have been doing – for you.”

...

Caselli – emphasized ‘for you’, as if *I* wanted all this ‘lovely psychotherapy’.

My ‘Adventures’ Were ‘Unbelievable’ With ‘Histrionic’ Attributes:

Caselli continued, “Richard, It is clear to me that your narrated ‘adventures’ are very unbelievable. There are numerous histrionic attributes in your story. You are over-the-top with drama and self-importance - and put yourself in the center of the story while drafting ‘followers.’”

As If Setting Up a TV Series or Soap Opera – Daytime Drama:

Doctor Caselli asserted, “It is apparent that your imagination conceived a ‘TV Series’ action-horror or soap opera – daytime show – to justify your misadventures to yourself and to others.”

What Happened to My ‘Party of Adventurers’ – Queried the Psychiatrists:

Doctor Hyder spoke from his iPad Window, “Excuse me, Richard.” His chat window pulsed – his connection being slightly flaky.

He asked, “What happened to your team, Richard? What happened to your ‘party of adventurers’?”

...

I replied in a deep, slow voice, “Well – You will find out what happened to my team – to MY friends - as you hear my story. Is that okay?”

Caselli Challenges - *I* Used ‘Story’ to Describe ‘History’ – Inner Truth ‘Tell’:

Doctor Caselli jumped on my ‘is that okay’. He challenged, “Richard, you used the word ‘STORY’ to describe your alleged ‘HISTORY’. I think that is – ‘TELLING’. It is a subconscious ‘tell’ – that your narrative is a fantasy – a fabrication.

Your subconscious is exposing ‘YOUR’ true reality – that you – deep down – know that imagined your ‘adventures’ to justify your delusional misadventures.”

Caselli Questions If My Team Were ‘Imaginary Friends’ in A Psychotic Schism:

Caselli added his typical judgment, “I question if your companions even exist – perhaps, instead, being ‘imaginary friends’ of an addled, degenerated mind of an older man.

Alternatively, Richard – your ‘friends’, your team, could be merely a fabrication of ‘imaginary friends’ in a psychotic schism.”

Caselli Declares - *I* Sold Investment Stocks to Deposit as Inheritance Funds:

Caselli added, “The money you claim to have received from your inheritance – appears to be your own ‘stock sale’ proceeds - deposited into your checking account, by you.

Are you sure, Richard, that someone else deposited money into your checking account?

Caselli Questions – Are Your ‘Friends’ Real – Did you Gaslight Recruit ‘Friends’:

You can see, Richard, how it appears – that you have carefully crafted a fictional reality that you could operate within and beguile ‘sidekicks’ to follow your insanity – as if it were real. In a way – you gaslit your party members – these ‘friends’ of yours.

Richard – you funded a fantasy – and pulled innocent people into it. You made them quit their jobs and livelihoods to join you – in your madness.”

The Truth is The Truth – We Used Separate Secure, Confidential Accounts:

I replied, “The Truth – is the Truth. Period!

I am sure you are looking at my checking and savings accounts, right? You are not looking at the accounts we used once we were in Athlone. We used secure, confidential accounts – provided by Midnight and Associates. So everything we did was entirely untraceable.

...

Caselli grinned, “Of course. Of course. You used untraceable ‘invisible’ accounts to fund your misadventures. Of course,” he closed with a blatantly judgment sarcastic tone. He added, Perhaps ‘these accounts’ are as invisible as your ‘imaginary friends’.

No One Listened To Me – No One Investigated My Claims – Captive of Liberals:

No one – EVER – listens to me.

And no one – EVER – investigates or tries to believe anything beyond the easiest in-your-face explanations.

I was a captive to Leftist liberals – that hated me for being a old white male.

Caselli smiled, blatantly judgmentally – “Of course, Richard. Of course – Again, you had separate bank accounts... that no one has seen or knows about.

Richard – I look forward to learning about these ‘secret’ and ‘secure’ bank accounts. And I look forward to talking with your teammates, your ‘friends’ – should they ever respond to our queries.”

Ordered to Narrate Without Psychiatrist Interruptions – It Was a Blessing:

Caselli closed – insisting, “Richard – It is time for you to resume telling your ‘story’. We will try not to interrupt.”

Caselli chuckled, “We will *try* not to interrupt, but I offer no promises. We will engage when we should.”

. . .

I was thrilled. It was a blessing to not to have the psychiatrists talking, judging, and challenging me.

Once more – I began sharing my ‘memories’.

E038 Living with Bill the Race Driver



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E038 Living with Bill the Race Driver.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hxxq-e038-living-with-bill-the-race-driver.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/Ka3LNVox-UM>

Description:

Richard recounts his experience with Bill the Racer – or sometimes called Bill the Mechanic.

Richard was left alone, unsupervised, as a latch-key child. He is beaten with a car fan belt.

He experiences some mishaps and accidents... ..and is led by a floating spirit down the road.

Ghosts accost him at night.

Young Richard is injured – stepping on a toothpick – and suffers surgery without anesthesia to remove its broken pieces from inside his foot.

With so much negativity in life and being poor – Richard doubts even the existence of Santa Claus. He proves there is no Santa Claus...

The Fan Belt

A man named Bill had come into my mother's life. He owned a corner car mechanic shop and was part-time pro midget race driver.

The first time I met Bill was an awful and painful experience.

My two sisters and I were in the back of pickup inside its camper enclosure. My sisters were arguing and making a lot of noise, and my mother came out angry that we were making Bill think kids were noisy and were a problem.

My mother freaked out and had a car fan belt in her hand (she came out of Bill's mechanic shop after all). She lost it and grabbed me and lashed that fan belt on me, leaving welts.

I was not noisy. I was not arguing. I was hurt and beaten. Those making the disruption stopped but it was me that paid their price.

I learned that my mother could be unstable and was not sure that I could always trust her, something terrible for a toddler.

The Racetrack:

Bill was a jock of the track, and women were all over him whenever I saw him at the racetracks.

I would go to the track and wander under the empty bleachers and collect bottle caps, interest rocks, and look for squirrels or other wild critters running about.

I was completely unsupervised, just told do not leave the racetrack premises and do not go on the racetrack or in the parking lot.

Simple, everything else was OPEN FAIR GAME!

Not much ever happened that I recall except getting lost once where someone eventually brought me to the race pit to meet with Bill, who annoyed brought me to my mother.

Spirits and the Bicycle Catapult:

I would walk to and from school when we lived with Bill. Before leaving I would grab a house key and upon returning enter with my key.

Some days I would be bored and so I had a brilliant idea to flip my bicycle upside down and make its wheel spin fast as I dropped little rocks on it to send them like bullets.

The idea was great until it hit me in the head, OUCH! I swear I heard ringing for an hour.

During my ringing ears, I looked up into the air and saw a squiggly cloud almost like seeing fuel vapors distorting light in the air as they escape a gas can. In hindsight I wonder if I had suffered a concussion and was hallucinating, or did I see a ghost or spirit?

The squiggly cloud "spirit" moved and danced, as if looking at me, taunting me. It flew and flew further away, and so I followed to see where it was going.

It took me all the way to a streetlight as if beckoning me to follow into traffic, and I got scared and ran back home and prayed to God that I should not be haunted by such ever again. I never saw it again.

Ghosts in the Night:

I had a nightmare in Bill's house so real that I awoke screaming, something I do not do. My mother came to me to see what happened. I said that a hand was under my covers, like reaching through it, and it was trying to touch my face.

I swear that was real, but logic says it was a child's nightmare. But then it was real. I insisted that I could not be in my room, so my mother said that I could sleep in the hallway outside my room. I did, and I saw a group of humanoid specters (AKA ghosts) milling in the hallway near the wall heater. One of the ghosts walked up to me, pointed at me, and looked at my face as if dismayed I could see it.

I screamed again, and once more my mother (now annoyed) came to me and assured me there was nothing dangerous or real and I must not scream again. I endured that night never sleeping watching the ghosts...they faded as daylight came. I never saw them again.

I did not want to scream again – after all – My mother plus Bill equals a fan belt with welts.

Interesting was the next day, as my sister Cynthia was extremely interested in my story. Bill, hearing my story, was oddly disturbed. He said his father had died in my room and that he had a wake in the room and hallway where I saw the ghosts. It was all ridiculous, of course, but everyone suddenly thought my story may not have been just a nightmare...

Prayers for Protection from Supernatural:

I had one major thing come out of my exposure to spirits and ghosts in Bill's house. I prayed and prayed to God, Jesus, and The Holy Spirits that they would protect me from all things supernatural. In some ways that experience reinforced my belief in divine forces – good and evil in the world.

The terror of seeing ghosts and my belief in God so strong that I prayed literally every morning when I awoke and every night to as went to bed for protection against the supernature until such a day that I was strong enough to defeat it. I certainly was not strong enough then. I was a little kid.

Mother Was Santa Claus for Christmas:

I am not sure what possessed me but as a kid it seemed like if there was a Santa Claus, he had not been fair to me compared to other kids I saw receive so many more gifts and treats.

All prior years gave maybe some second-hand clothes or shoes, or maybe a single toy. I do not want to exaggerate but we lived in cars and were transient often; a toy was special!

And everything Christmas gave me in the past was directly purchased in front of me by my mother to make sure clothes fit and if it was a toy that it was AWESOME!

The only Santa Claus I had ever seen was my mother.

Doubting Santa Claus:

Money was not a deeply rooted thing to me, and it certainly was not important to focus on. And so – things and food and drink and activities were what I saw and could want if not need.

My mother and her 'boyfriend' Bill told me that there was a Santa Claus as it is expected of 'parents' and adults. Bill noted that TV News reported where Santa Claus was around the world on Christmas Eve delivering presents. Proof there was a Santa Clause.

But still – I did not believe there was a Santa Claus. It could all be a hoax or sham. I had to know!

Proving There is No Santa Claus:

This was the first ‘real’ Christmas with a Tree and ornaments AND PRESENTS for me.

But still I could not believe there was a Santa Claus.

I snuck out of my bed and hid behind the couch when Santa should arrive to deliver presents under the tree.

I waited and waited. No Santa. No one.

Then I feigned sleep, thinking maybe Santa could tell I was ‘in wait’ if there really was a Santa Claus.

I even mused what if he was angry because I did not believe in him!?

My choice and path was set... I laid motionless as if sleeping.

...

In walked Bill with a bag full of presents, which he placed under the tree.

I popped my head from behind the couch, “See – there is no Santa!” I exclaimed mixed with glee and disappointment.

It would have been great to be wrong and that there really was magic and a Santa Claus.

But the real world is not so magical – THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS.

No Anesthesia for Surgery on Child ‘Animal’ with Toothpick Embedded in Foot:

While living in Bill the Mechanic’s house I had unfortunately once burned my hand on an open-exposed furnace (common for the era) and another time stepped on a toothpick left on the carpet.

The toothpick was angled to penetrate my foot and go almost entirely through it into the biggest toe. And to complicate matters – the toothpick snapped inside, splintering in the wound.

I had to be taken to the emergency room at the hospital because my mother did not have insurance or money to pay for my care, and Bill had no interest in paying for his ‘current girlfriend’s kid’.

The result – I waited in agony until I was taken into an ER room for minor surgery.

Because we had no insurance the doctor decided that I would have the operation without anesthesia. He commanded four nurses to hold each of my limbs down like an animal while he performed the surgical incisions, extraction, and suture sewing.

My sobs and flailing in the nurse’s arms were pointless. No one cared. They were just doing their jobs as told.

I nearly passed out from the pain!

When it was done, I was so happy. It hurt, but so much less than the doctor’s ‘help’. So much for the doctor’s help; at least I was done.

E039 Manipulative Churches and Organized Religion



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E039 Manipulative Churches and Organized Religion.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hllf-e039-manipulative-churches-and-organized-religion.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/i4w5hypUrbw>

Description:

Richard tells of his numerous experiences trying to attend Church – and how they consistently sought to manipulate or control him.

He went to churches big and small – to different denominations... but they – one and all – demanded compliance in exchange for cookies, pizza, or girls.

Out of resentment and belief in himself – Richard becomes an Ordained Minister – with the Universal Life Church.

Richard officially becomes “The Doctor Reverend Richard Seaborne”.

Bribes To Comply with Denominational Churches:

More times than I can remember someone in my life would ask me to attend a church – to save my soul, to give me structure in life, to give me escape from my home life, to get services, etc. They would make church sound like it was the best club anyone could belong to all the while receiving the love and blessing of God. Well, they had quite the sales pitch. But I have always been one to think for myself and make my own decisions.

Throughout my childhood and young adult life friends, family, and co-workers have encouraged me to attend church. The faithful seek to convert me. Open to learning and being a strong believer in God, I tried several times to attend church.

Lutheran Cathedral and The Cookie:

The first church I attended was a massive cathedral with opulence and symbols of divinity and Christ were everywhere. Huge columns rose from the floor up into the ceiling. There must have been a thousand people attending.

It was a Lutheran Cathedral.

Why did I go to this church at maybe four years old? A neighbor saw my mother working as a single mom with three children struggling to get by. In their beneficence they offered to take my mother's children to church and give my mother a needed break as they did so. My mother agreed without hesitation. She never had time to herself, and a church might give some good values to her kids.

Because of my age I was sent to a Sunday School class for kids under five, whereas my sisters went to Sunday School classes for older kids though they were only a few years older than me.

In a way my mother was right that I would learn "values" attending Sunday School. They were not ambiguous at all. They told every child, including me, to repeat after the "teacher". She told us words like "Forgive me father, for I have sinned." Seriously, a four-year-old sinned!? And they demanded we say prayers for things I did not understand or even disagreed with. At four, I had opinions!

Again, the church was not ambiguous. I was told explicitly that if I did not repeat the words that I could not have any cookies or treats. "Rewards like cookies are only for children that follow direction and listen to God" I was told. And – of course- they were the 'Voice of God' to me.

I was so upset and offended that I had to lie or say things I did not know what meant just to have a cookie. We were poor and I rarely had cookies, so I really wanted one. But I reasoned (as a four year old) – because having cookies was rare – so what, missing out here was just another day to me without a cookie.

It felt wrong to withhold a cookie from a little kid just because they will not say things as directed. I did not understand why it was so important to them that I say their words. Later in life I learned there is a brainwashing method of affirmation speech where someone says something out loud, and their brain accepts it as truth because it came from you and not someone else. Its brain trick they were inflicting on kids to indoctrinate them. Again, it felt wrong to me.

When I returned home, I told my mother everything. She shared my feelings of offense and abuse of a little kid. She said that I did not have to return. My sisters did return as they were fine saying the words to receive treats and rewards. I would never compromise my beliefs like they did.

Presbyterian Church Pizza, Cookies, and Girls:

I wanted to find a group of people that were good like me. I had not seen much good in the world but deep down had faith they were out there – somewhere. I just had to find them.

In another instant when I was a teenager, at a Presbyterian church, I had the most jarring of experiences. They offered pizza, cookies, social events like gaming night and dancing for the older kids. They even arranged dates for its congregation. They provided family services like babysitting to parents. They offered food for the homeless and down-and-out. They seemed like a good group of people.

It all sounded amazing at this Presbyterian church. All I had to do was attend every Sunday service and optionally attend a service during the week if I wanted to. It smacked of my “cookie” experience at the Lutheran church, but I imagined could just be normal thing at the end of session.

Alas, this church proved no different after all than my earlier church experiences. All they offered was not without strings attached. It was a tit for tat barter system of time and mind control in exchange for food and services.

They offered the sample tease up front to get you hooked much like a drug dealer giving a “first taste” sample tease to a future junkie client. This event I was invited to by a friend was the same. They offered the tease of treats and girls to get you hooked. Yea, they literally sought to bribe me with tasty food and girls! I saw right through it and did not like what was behind their veil they – manipulation. I wondered what their endgame was and what they really wanted from me.

I stayed for the service in hopes of finding good people like me even if I did not like that treats, activities, and services were evidently being used as bribes. It was evident that people attend the service to get rewards and help in life. So, bottom line - it all seemed okay even with the “bribes” so far. And then the minister decreed, “Everyone sins and lies. Only through prayer and absolution will God forgive and so the minister demanded everyone hang their head in repentance and pray for God’s understanding and forgiveness.”

I was offended. I had always lived a life of purity and righteousness. To imply I was anything less than a person of pure faith in God and lived with extreme high integrity was an affront!

I refused to stand up. I refused to hang my head in repentance. I sat and watched while everyone else stood up and complied with the minister’s directive. I did not. I was alone, defiant.

The minister raised his head and made eye contact with me, clearly annoyed I defied him. He commanded “Newcomers, step forward to the front of the church and speak of yours sins and share why you wish them absolved.”

Unbelievable I thought! Who is this man that would impugn my life’s commitment to being good and pure!? His very presumption made him less than me and I judged him a flawed manipulative man right then.

Again, I refused to participate. I rebuked the minister. The minister called me out in front of the church, “We all sin. It is okay so long as we repent. It can be embarrassing to admit such. But we are all trusting and supportive of each other here.”

He was “full of crap”! I retorted, “I do not lie. I do not sin. I do not need your pizza. I do not need you or this church.”

Dramatically, I walked out of that church in front of everyone including neighbors and a friend of mine that had invited me to attend in the first place. I walked out knowing that if they were sinners, they needed to be there, but I was not, and it was wrong to try and bribe me to compromise myself and lie just to get some pizza. I will not knowingly be conned or controlled.

Random Churches:

There may have been half a dozen more churches over time that people got me to attend. They all used the same playbook – offer some treat or service or relationship so you would commit to attending their church and donating money. It was obvious to me – church is a business, not necessarily a hospital for sinners as my mother said.

Synagogue:

Surprising to me I identified and “did not dislike” my attending synagogue with a friend. Her parents were fundamental Jews though she was a reformed Jew which apparently was key to functioning in traditional society she said. The Rabbi was candid and demanded everyone think for themselves regardless of if someone tells us God “says so”.

The Rabbi was awesome. He may have been one of the only religious leaders I respected. He spoke “truth” to me and made me really want to learn more about Judaism. I bought several books to read and learn more. I even contemplated converting but the process was insane far beyond a simple decision to attend church for as long it made sense.

No, while I valued the philosophies espoused by the Rabbi it seemed to the Jewish traditions were not rational or reasonable. I thought even they evolved from fundamentalist to reformed Judaism, so “it can change” and therefore cannot be “The Word of God”.

The Rabbi and Judaism, too, were about showing faith to God through their traditions. But I always believed that believing in God and Jesus was enough so long as you practiced being a righteous good person. I did not need a recipe or commandments to do the right things and be good.

After I further learned that Judaism has a lot of life altering demands like what you can eat, circumcision, different holidays, and practices, even a different language. Jews do a lot more than just believe in God. It did not match my total views of Faith and so I continued my life believing in God on my own terms without denominational religion.

Indoctrinating Cult in Woodside:

I had met an attractive intelligent woman as a young adult. She took me to a social event being hosted by a friend in his home in Woodside, CA. It was a massive house, and the event was likewise well attended. There were upwards of thirty people crowded in his family room, all seated on the floor cross-legged listening to the presenter.

It turned out the presenter was a Cult leader and he wanted everyone to hate the world as it was and realize only God had the path forward but, like out of bad TV show, he asserted we were shackled by our worldly bonds and possessions and so should donate to him and his church all but the bare minimum to scrape by.

Only then will God see true commitment and offer reward. If reward has not yet been given by God, then the worshipper is still without true faith... He was a total scammer! I left in the middle of his presentation with a scoff.

Held to Personal Faith and Believed Evil Incarnate Existed:

Despite my unfortunate experiences with organized religion’s churches and pastors, I still held to my personal belief in God, Jesus, and The Holy Spirit - the Holy Trinity. ...I also believed there was a fallen angel, Lucifer, that was a real malevolent being but could cast dark thoughts and influences on people, animals, and even objects.

I held to my personal faith. But I believed evil incarnate existed – physical and spiritual manifestations of the devil’s wicked influence in our world.

It is just that – Faith. I did not have to see it...to know it was real.

Perseverance with North Star's Hope Despite Tarnished 'Formal Faith':

Although my 'formal faith' was tarnished, I held true to my own North Star and Hope with it. I would persevere despite my 'faith in religion' being tested by corrupt church leaders.

Wore Holy Cross in Faith Devotion Until Teen Years:

Like I said, LOTS OF REJECTIONS FOR YEARS until I was 17 years old. I desperately wanted to tell stories that would shape and inspire the world to believe in goodness over evil and move their hearts & souls not just their minds to see right from wrong. I almost had a religious zeal or drive to tell my stories...

I was a strong believer in God and Jesus despite my life's hardships but strongly rejected all denominations as scammers that would con people to join then with cookies, pizza, or social events. I wore a golden holy cross around my neck every day and night to show my commitment to God.

Tarnished Faith [in Humanity] - Abandoned Holy Cross as Teen:

I imagined there were profoundly good people of faith but those of organized faith seemed corrupted to me. My mother had told me "Churches are hospitals for sinners" and yet she tried to send me to church several times over my life in hopes I would not turn out like my father, Silver Seaborne.

My faith remained in God and Righteousness but my faith in organized religion and its symbols was tarnished more each time I felt undue hardship or organized religious churches and people seeking to control or manipulate me through treats and "gifts" (more on that later).

I was developing resentment for people that were often insincere or outright dishonest in what they said or did. People lied and manipulated to get what they wanted. People wasted mine and other people's time without any consideration for their time or feelings.

Yea, my faith in humanity and a bit in God was tarnished.

Eventually I stopped wearing my cross, leaving it in a drawer to be forgotten and lost.

Doctor Reverend Richard Seaborne:

As I formed Karma Entertainment I was going through a lot of turmoil in my life – divorce, where I worked Mindscape sold and transitioning from games to education, my compensating for a struggling subcontractor by working crazy long hours seven days a week, and the stress of knowing a dozen family's livelihoods depended on me.

My faith in humankind much less God had been repeatedly challenged and shaken. But I wanted to believe in something good and needed to find an anchor to think about even if it was fictitious.

Perhaps faith was fiction, but it had given me strength and hope throughout my childhood and young adult life.

I had learned of the Universal Life Church. It was a globally formally recognized non-denominational church that ordained ministers and provided spiritual degrees for them. An ordained Minister could legally perform marriages and any non-denominational sacrament. The church provided its own bible, guidepost literature, and ordination and graduation certificates.

The Universal Life Church (ULC) only asked for initial money to cover materials and shipping – and it was not expensive. They were not out to make profit or con people like I had observed in organized religions.

Of course, the Universal Life Church was not “a church” as I had been taught. It was objectively a collection of people that believed in God but did not believe in traditional organized religions and their methods of worship (or manipulation). ULC could be used as a scam or as a legitimate ministry. Like most things in life – it was what you made of it.

I decided to sign up and become the Doctor Reverend Richard Seaborne.

I earned a doctorate of metaphysics and was ordained as a Minister of the Universal Life Church. And so, my title as a formally recognized religious leader was and is –

The Doctor Reverend Richard Seaborne.

Psychiatrist Assessment – Supernatural and Religious Conflicts



Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window flashed, “Richard, it is informative how much conflict – abuse and inner demons – you endured as a child.

- Your own mother sacrificed your well-being for her hopes of entering a new relationship.
 - She even whipped you with car fan belt – the affect and scars left on you from that alone - must be severe
- On multiple occasions – you perceived yourself being manipulated, bribed, and conned by people of faith – even the church organizations themselves
 - Any ‘holy’ group or ‘Righteous’ Organization that does not mesh with your ‘tailored self-created, self-serving religion’ – you reject as manipulative, conniving, and otherwise dishonest; this suggests you have isolated yourself from conflicting views – possibly to protect yourself, your self-defined values – to avoid accountability
- And Still – You held your ‘personal faith’ close. You went so far as to become an Internet ordained minister.
 - Your decision to become an ordained minister – without a following - is insightful

Directed to Continue the Story:

Caselli directed, “Richard – Please continue telling us your ‘story’.”

E040 RICK022 HELL ON EARTH MAKING COMMITMENTS BEING COMMITTED FB3.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E040 Rick022 Hell on Earth_Making Commitments and Being Committed FB3_0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hm9f-e040-rick022-hell-on-earth-making-commitments-and-being-committed-fb3-0.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/sIMf_A4N-78

Description:

The team struggles with all they had witness – that Heaven, Hell, God, and the Devil...all exist. They are real.

Bob provides plausible doubt – technology and gaslighting explanations for all they had seen.

Ultimately the team embraces – Heaven and Hell were real. God and the Devil were real.

And – the Cult of Bael wants them dead.

Team – Silent Ride to Hotel:

The return ride to the hotel was silent. No one spoke a word.

We were all in various levels of dismay and shock.

The Flaming Dagger Compelled Me to ‘Have and Keep It with Me’ At All Times:

I held the dagger, sheathed in its scabbard, pointed towards the car floor - with both hands gripping it tightly all the way to the hotel.

The dagger seemed like the most important thing in the world to me. I felt an immense ‘need’ to keep it close to me, an irrational, emotional compulsion to ‘have it’ and to ‘keep it nearby, if not with me or in my hand’.

It haunted me as much as it made me feel powerful and special.

But I felt strongly – I needed to Have and Keep the Flaming Dagger with me at all times.

Team – Silent No More:

We had narrowly unloaded ourselves from the black van, returning from the Millmore Mansion... ..and the team was anxiously ready to talk, so much so they exploded with opinions and questions...

...

The team was silent no more... they had a lot to say.

I figured they had good reason to express a lot of opinions and concerns.

This was turning into far more than ‘collect the inheritance’ from ‘from some potentially unsavory reluctant-to-hand-it-over thugs and politicians. It had become an epic ‘Good vs Evil’ tale, complete with a heavenly flaming sword.

Albeit - a thin, little flaming dagger – but it was STILL FLAMING!

So, yea – the team had been remarkably ‘silent’ this far, so it made sense they were about to inform me what they thought of everything.

And so they did...

Deputy Taylor’s Freak Out over the Flaming Dagger:

Deputy Taylor took point on the grievance team, “Richard, we signed up...all of us...to help you get your inheritance. We knew there was real danger, you told us. We even knew there was some spooky stuff with Millmore.

But, Richard, a dagger than ignites in flame when you hold it outside its scabbard...but is just a knife in our hands. It does not feel ‘special’ or anything. I am telling you – it is just an old knife.

So – I cannot understand where those flames come from when you hold it. THAT FREAKS ME OUT!

I have seen some crazy stuff... in my spec-ops missions, things I attributed to sleep deprivation or airborne drugs. But this...dagger...is just...too...perfect, consistent. We can see it ‘ON’, ‘OFF’, ‘ON’, ‘OFF’, and so on.

That dagger ... makes no sense. It is ... wrong. It is not... of this world. It is nuts. And its fire is so danged hot! You can feel it radiating heat across the room. I swear it'd give you a sunburn if you held it out too long. Seriously though – that dagger legitimately freaks me out.

That dagger could be of Hellfire, not Heavenly Fire. Or some alien artifact confused as 'celestial' (as Lessky called it). Or...it is just some science or tech trick we do not understand.

But whatever that dagger is... It represents one thing clearly to me...

- We are in over our heads –
 - A worldwide cult wants us dead, and we know nothing about them
 - We want to collect your inheritance...from the groups that want us dead
 - We are supposed destroy a 'Tapestry of Bael', but we know nothing about it
 - We could be the hunters - or be the hunted. Or we are both - hunted hunters
- We do not know what is going on –
 - This whole Millmore, Inheritance, Cult, and Devil Bael stuff could be real...
...or it could all be a grand gaslighting like no other
 - And if it was gaslighting – who and why?
 - Lessky? What motivation at such expense?
 - A cruel dead aunt?
 - A greater puppet master we have yet to identify
 - Who knows...? the possibilities are limitless...
 - Our only intel is from an old attorney that claims to be a member of the long defunct Knights Templar, who runs his law firm in the basement of a castle, converted to a museum.
 - We have a list of names and addresses of business, churches, temples, and individuals – all prioritized according to their 'economic value'
 - I admit it is Cliché, but it is appropriate -
 - *Follow the Money, Know the Business...*Seems akin to -
 - *Follow the Money, Know the Evil...*

The Deputy paused to take a few deep breaths after that 'opening salvo' of contention.

The Deputy's Freak Out over the Knights Templar, Grand Witch of Bael Millmore, ...:

Following a deep breath, Deputy Taylor continued, "And then there's the minor detail - that your aunt was some kind of 'High Witch of a Devil Cult'.

Millmore Did ‘Bad’ for ‘Good’ – Was She More Bad Than Good, or Vice-Verse:

Your aunt was - let’s not get confused - allegedly a good person that just did wicked bad things to people for the Devil Cult – all so she could ‘infiltrate’ them and not get caught.

So – was Aunt Millmore ‘more bad than good ... or ‘more good than bad? And how do you ‘measure good and bad’ when you practice both sides of the coin?

She led a devil worshipping cult while also leading the long lost and defunct Knights Templar of legend...
...all so she could wage war on the same cult she was helping to thrive and grow to world domination.

She failed so spectacularly at the Knights Templar job – that the Cult of Bael is now on the brink of bringing Hell to Earth through their ‘inter-dimensional, cross-planar tapestry devil thing.’

Am I missing something, Richard?

Was that a good summary of what has happened?

I mean – it is all simple and straight forward. ... Isn’t it? Yes, it is. Right!”, she asserted with an aggressive sarcastic tone.

“NO, RICHARD! IT IS NOT STRAIGHT FORWARD. OR SIMPLE. RICHARD. IT IS CRAZY-TOWN!” The Deputy slammed her fist against on the wall, punctuating her intensity ... in case anyone somehow missed the obvious ‘passion’ she was showing.

The Deputy’s Freak Out over the Knights Templar, Grand Witch of Bael Millmore, ...:

The Deputy seemed to exhale and breathe deeply, regaining her ‘cool’.

“Okay, Richard,” she said. “This is real. You have some kind of power that makes that dagger incendiary. Only you seem able to light it up.

The Lessky guy is one of three things, I figure –

- Lessky is a delusional nutjob, that worked for your aunt, and has gained control of her money. And we are living a fantasy either she or he cooked up in their elderly dementia
- Your aunt was a delusional nutjob and put all this madness in motion as a final lark as she died
- There really is a ‘Good vs Evil’ fight for humankind, and we have been thrown into the thick of it”

We Were on A Mission, a Quest for God:

The Deputy concluded, “The way I see it, no matter the backstory –

There is great, high adventure ahead for us ... and a lot of money to made, as we journey onward towards this apparent ‘Mission for God’.

...

Katie blurted out excitedly and thrust her hand in the air, “No – We are on a Quest! For God!”

...

Bob muttered, “Great, we are on God’s mission quest.”

HR Bob’s Deconstruction and Supposition – It Can All Be Explained Away:

Bob grumbled sarcastically, “Let me deconstruct this, please. And then provide my supposition. It can all be explained away.

Aunt Millmore Was After the Money and ‘Played the Knights Templar’ Role:

Your aunt is the Grand Witch Poohbah of a Cult that worships the Devil, which they call Bael ...not Lucifer, not Satan – ‘just cuz, I guess, they had to be different’.

And like Deputy Taylor said - the same old woman that led the worldwide devil cult ALSO ran the worldwide Knights Templar.

So that old lady, your Aunt Millmore, that ran the Cult of Bael and The Knights Templar – she amassed a \$250 Billion fortune ... all while failing to stop the cult from growing so big that it threatens to bring Hell on Earth.

How Hard Did Millmore Try to Stop the Cult – Never Faced God’s Wrath on Failure:

How hard did Millmore try to stop the cult, really? How could they get so big if she did anything to materially stop them? And yet she gained so much wealth...failing.

And Richard – Millmore never faced God’s wrath or anything, despite her helping the cult become so big they could bring Hell to Earth.

...makes you wonder, doesn’t it?

Millmore Did it For the Money – Just Wrapped in Mumbo-Jumbo Mysticism:

How hard did Millmore try to stop the cult, really? How could they get so big if she did anything, really?

Like you and your father - Your Aunt Millmore was smart. Wicked Smart!

- She created the Cult of Bael as a cover for a global criminal syndicate she forged
- She created a convoluted narrative of a few surviving Knights Templar in hiding... to justify her secret spies and bodyguards ... both outside the syndicate she ran.
- And, of course, she laundered money all over the world through her shops and churches
- She did it all for money.
- But age was unavoidable for Aunt Millmore, and in her death she passed on the insanity she had created... to you...
 - ...but all the ‘actors’ in the Knights Templar and Cult of Bael have been kept separate from each other, and so ... to them – it is all real.

- With people thinking they are members of the Knights Templar and others believing they are members of the Cult of Bael...
 - And since both the Templar and Cult are proceeding and acting according to their ‘memberships’, then, in a way, it may as well be real to us as well.
 - The Knights Templar are on our side.
 - The Cult of Bael wants us dead.
 - We need to liquidate cult branches and get our money

That is how I see it. It is all real-world greed wrapped in mumbo-jumbo mysticism.”

Bob Challenges ‘It Can All Be Explained Away, How Can Anyone Believe This Stuff?’:

Richard, I have known you a long time,” Bob looked imploringly at me.

“You are a grounded, rational, insanely intelligent, and ‘not gullible’ man.

HOW ON HEAVEN’S EARTH, CAN YOU BUY INTO ANY OF THIS!?

Sure...you have some amazing technological knife that a DNA or signature trigger...somehow...makes it ignite. Just because we don’t know how it works, does not mean it is alien or divine or anything but a piece of human-made tech in the shape of a dagger.

You told me yourself how as a kid your body temperature was higher than most people’s in a Physics class experiment. Maybe there’s a heat test on the dagger, and we just don’t have the right body temperature.

There could be all sorts of explanations for why the Dagger can ignite with fire. Our not knowing why something is – does not make anyone else’s imagination of why it is ‘true’. The truth is – we do not know anything about the dagger.

Excepting the dagger - there has been no supernatural or magical anything. And, like I just explained, the dagger can be explained rationally also.

Come on, Man! Richard! Think rationally, like you always do!” Bob implored.

Katie Believed, And Her Rose Tattoo Reinforced ‘The Magic’ and Mysticism:

Katie interrupted, a bit rudely, to get her words in before Bob kept grumping, “Listen to me!

I have a rose tattoo on the palm of my hand from being bitten by rose petals! \

So – Don’t tell me that we have not seen anything else weird or unusual or out of this world.

A rose bit me, okay... Got it! Roses do not bite people. But a rose bit me.

And it left, in less than a day, a scar in the shape of a rose.

Now – that is weird. That is not normal.

I think it ranks right up there with fiery daggers and lawyers wearing silver chains and holy crosses... and their being the Knights Templar running their law firm in the basement of a castle museum.

So, I think we have encountered a lot of weird and unusual – everything!

And, for me, it is exciting and scary.”

Katie Declared, ‘We Need to Embrace the Divine Quest Regardless of True or Not’:

Katie declared, “We need to be open... Open to the real possibility that God exists, and the Devil exists, and we have found ourselves in the middle of a battle between them...or at least a battle against the people doing their bidding.

We need to embrace and accept this divine quest - regardless of it being provably true or not.

If it is true – we are doing it for God!

If it is untrue – we are doing it for Money!

We Can Get Rich Stopping Bad Guys – Bottom Line:

And if we are being duped, gaslit, or somehow conned...well, let’s make sure we get as much cash and stuff as we go. And make Midnight pay all our bills.

Make everything about us and the Quest for God and his Glory. We can get rich stopping bad guys!”

God’s Mission was Not What the Team Signed Up For – We Need to Re-Negotiate:

Bob continued after Katie’s interruption, “Katie is right. Even assuming it is an elaborate hoax, there is a lot of money at play. Let’s maximize our ‘advances’ from Midnight and Associates - and liquidate as much ‘stuff’ we acquire as we reclaim your inheritance.

Richard, I hate to bring this up... ...but...

Our compensation agreements were not based on going on God’s Mission to save humankind from a devil cult, and it did not involve any sort of godly or hellish relics – that burst into flame when ‘only-you’ hold it. And our contracts did not presume we would be hunted by people intent on murdering us.

We need to re-negotiate the terms of our contracts, or I fear we should abort before we get too deep here.”

Live’s at Risk Justifies More Money:

“Literally, Richard – Staying with you, if we are to believe Mr. Lessky, puts our lives at risk. I think that is worth more than covering our prior salaries, albeit with a huge payout if we survive to the end.

Surviving to the end, before – seemed, well, likely.

Surviving to the end, now – seems roll-of-the-dice.

Just risking our lives justifies more money, Richard.” Insisted Bob.

Everything Was Crazy, and I Needed the Team:

I answered the team, “Yea – you are all right. This is all crazy. It is way more than any of us ever imagined. But... we are here. It seems real. It feels real. I think Lessky is on the up-and-up, and if he is not ... we will find out fast.

Bob – Yea, I will ask to see how much money we can get right up front so we can feel confident Lessky ‘has skin in the game’ by at least giving us a boat load of money.

But, please, stay with me on this. I need you. All of you. Seriously. Imagine being me, here, with all this opportunity and intimidation....all at the same time.

It is why I reached out to you, all of you... ...I knew that I would need you. No one can triumph alone. ‘No Man is an Island,’ as the quote goes.

God’s Glory Shining Through Dagger into Flames – We are on God’s Mission Quest:

I declared, “I can’t explain this flaming dagger, but it does make me believe. I have always felt a connection to God, and when this dagger burns it is like my hairs and soul are charged with a feeling that God’s glory is shining through me in those flames.

It is like God’s glory is shining through the dagger into the flames.

I just know...it is true, we are fighting for God and Heaven and Righteousness. We have to stop the devil and its cult.

A Devil by any other name is still a devil – Bael, Baal, Lucifer, Satan, or whatever.

Whatever the beast and its minions call themselves – we are going to kick their butts!

We are on God’s mission, on God’s Quest.

Heh – We are on God’s Mission Quest!”

Trip to Midnight and Associates Was One-Way to Fighting Evil:

“In a lot of ways,” I said. “When we finally landed in Ireland and boarded that black van, things changed.

That drive changed how we saw the world. We went from civilization, to overgrown wilds, to an old world town, to a castle underground haven for the Knights Templar (and a law firm Midnight and Associates - heh), and finally to a haunted mansion where we were given holy artifact as proof of God and our mission and a long lesson in demonology.

It seems complicated that somehow my Aunt Millmore was both leading the good and bad guys, but that won’t be our problem. We will take them all down!

Our trip feels like it was truly ‘one-way’. It feels it was a one-way trip into this adventure together.

Share the Wealth Evenly – Focus on God’s Mission Quest not Money:

And – MONEY!

How about we split everything we acquire equally?

There is so much money involved, I think we need to focus on surviving and reclaiming everything while we stop this cult from achieving whatever it is they're up to, and ultimately destroy the Tapestry of Bael as specified in Millmore's Will.

I would rather we focus on God's Mission Quest, not on the money. Does that work for everyone?

Yea – we have no idea what 'evil' the cult is really doing.

But - we know they have our money!

So - Let's go get it!

Heard, Understood, Acknowledged (HUA):

Deputy Taylor looked at the team, then me. She raised her fist and exclaimed, "HUA!"

She looked at Katie, "HUA – means Heard, Understood, Acknowledged."

Katie smiled, "HUA!" she yelled.

...

Bob exhaled and said enthusiastically, "hua".

IT IS A DEAL:

Bob explained he could use DocuSign for our contracts to be revised overnight so we could all work together without worrying about the legalities.

...

It seemed unnecessary given what we were doing, but I agreed we could sign whatever he wanted.

The team agreed to the 'evenly divided loot' model.

We returned to our hotel rooms, planning on an afternoon hotel lunch to figure out our next steps.

E041 Rick023 Cataloging and Mapping of Millmore's Empire Flashback 3.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E041 Rick023 Cataloging and Mapping of Millmore's Empire Flashback 3_1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hmnj-e041-rick023-cataloging-and-mapping-of-millmores-empire-flashback-3-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/bFnm53f5_84

Description:

The team decides they need to have a deeper review of things to better understand the Cult of Bael.

The team must prioritize their attack on its apparent 2,500+ sites of evil across the world.

They decide they need a Crime Scene Investigation (CSI) board to aid their visualization and interaction as a team.

Rested, Making Plans over Lunch:

The next afternoon we met as planned over lunch, in the hotel restaurant.

The team looked much less frazzled than our crazy long night - and returning to the hotel barely before dawn.

Innocuous Conversation Starter – Hotel Menu ‘Sweetbreads’ Were Animal Guts:

I opened the conversation with innocuous comments on the ‘sweetbreads’ on the menu, being animal intestines – thymus glands, or even their pancreas.

Sweetbread was not ‘sweet’ ... or a ‘bread’ – to me, anyway.

Katie grimaced a grossed-out expression and said, “Eeeew! And they sell that to eat, in a public place!? DISGUSTING!” she exclaimed!

Breaking Sweetbreads with the Team:

Deputy Taylor smiled, “Sweetbreads are full of nutrition and protein. You should try some. I will order them, and you can have at least a bite!”

Katie said quietly, “pass...”

Bob said, “I will break sweetbreads with you, Deputy”

I looked to Katie, “I’m with Katie on this one. You two should enjoy your animal entrails together.” I chuckled...

I agreed with Katie – a lot – eating animal intestines seemed gross to me too.

Reviewing The List of Cult Members, Businesses, Churches, and Temples:

We ordered our food and began more serious discussions.

I started the discussion out, “Okay, I went over the list of Cult members, business, churches, and temples Lessky gave us last night.

It is a very long list, and at the end – it says there are more lists available upon completing this initial list.”

There are 2,500 Lists of Cult Baddies, Each Worth \$100 Million – Lifetimes to Claim:

I exclaimed excitedly, “And get this – I tallied the dollar value associated with each, and this First Cult List is about \$100 Million dollars. That means, well – there are 2,500 Lists of Cult Baddies ... if each list is worth about \$100 Million.

So – I think we could spend the remainder of lifetimes shutting down cults and taking their money.

In fact – I believe, it would take many lifetimes to ‘hit every cult’ business, church, or individual ... and shut them down, and claim their portion of my ‘inheritance’.”

Prioritizing Smaller First, Then Bigger Cult Targets – Based on ‘Dollar Value’:

I concluded, “I think we should prioritize smaller cult targets first... ..to get some insight into what we’re getting into, and to get some experience engaging with these Bael scumbags.

We’ll get through the entire list – but I am projecting smaller targets translates to easier targets, thus easier success. We will work up to taking on the tougher targets.

Lessky organized the Cult List by geographic location, so I wrote a number next to each one for the order we should go after them.

What do you think?” I asked.

Deputy Taylor’s Assessment and Plan – Spec Op Readiness and SIPDE Engagement:

Deputy Taylor asserted, “That is the right plan. Especially if these cultists are out for blood, for our blood, we need some experience in dealing with them.

My assessment -

- We need to take every Cult Target gravely seriously – our lives may depend on it
- We need to treat every Mission like Military Special Operation Readiness – Prepare, Practice, Surveil, Deploy.
- We need to adopt SIPDE Engagement – Scan, Identify, Predict, Decide, and Execute
- We need to learn how much they know about you, and about us.
 - Do they even know about Bob, Katie, and me? It could work to our advantage...
- We need to research as much as we can about each Target and their Areas of Operation
- We need to stake out each target to learn their schedules, patterns, habits, behaviors, relationships, armaments
- We need to obtain shipment boxes in each Target area, so we can ship ‘incorrectly labeled’ caches of weapons, ammo, and gear to them beforehand
- We need fake identities and corresponding Passports, U.S. and International Drivers Licenses, credit cards, and local currency.
- We need translator apps and key topic ‘communication’ and ‘direction’ cards
- We need map apps and physical laminated maps of Target areas and structures (if we can get them)”

Deputy Taylor, looking pleased with her thorough itemized assessment, asked - “Does anyone think otherwise?”

The Team Approves Deputy Taylor’s Strategies, And Targeting Small to Big Cultists:

Bob said somberly, “Yep, that sounds like a good list to start from.

Deputy, I am glad you know what you are doing. We sure as heck do not know what we are doing.”

...

Taylor looked to Katie and me – for our formal approval of her plan.

Katie smiled – a chance to use her new ‘word’ – ‘HUA’! She exclaimed with pride.

I went along with Katie, “HUA!”

Bob Deeply Appreciates Deputy Taylor’s Military Expertise – Protecting Us:

Thank goodness you are here, Ms. Taylor.”

Bob looked deeply appreciative to have the confident and evidently capable ex-Military spec-ops soldier as our ‘muscle’.

It apparently gave Bob the necessary courage he might otherwise not have – were Deputy Taylor not there protecting us (and specifically, protecting him).

Making Cultist Target Investigation Boards:

Deputy Taylor said, “Okay, let’s finish up our lunches...and get some stationary supplies.

I want us to make a physical ‘Cultist Target Investigation Board’ – like you see on Detective shows mapping out crimes on an investigation board.

It is much easier to move stickies, photos, and printouts on poster backboard ... than to using an app or computer to visualize things. And we can all work on the board at the same time, whereas apps ... well, they just don’t work well as a group.

Whiteboards, Physical Boards Much More Effective Than Projectors, Power Point:

I echoed, “Yea – I always found physical whiteboards were way more effective at planning and communicating than with projectors or Power Point slides.”

...

Bob nodded, “Definitely. Right tool for the right job. This is more CSI than Pitch. Cardboard here we come...” Bob’s voice trailed off, indicating his lack of enthusiasm.

...

Katie exclaimed, “This can be fun! I am looking forward to learning about these cultists - and taking them down. ...so exciting!”

Lives and Success Depended on Caution and Slow and Steady Progress:

Deputy Taylor looked disapprovingly at Katie's thrill-seeking zeal, "This is life and death, Katie. I respect your enthusiasm, but let's be prudent. Let's use caution and go slow and steady.

Right now – we know more about our enemy, than our enemy knows about us.

Let's keep it that way. Let's be covert, stealthy, and treat everyone and everything as a threat.

If we can stay alert, vigilant, and watch each other's backs...we can succeed.

It only takes one of us to get the team in trouble, so BE CAREFUL! Please."

Slept from Lunch to Next Day:

We returned to our rooms - to sleep from lunch until the next morning. We were still exhausted and struggled to focus. It did not seem like the time to push forward, so we rested.

E042 Rick024 Occult of Bael, The First Prince of Hell – Baalism Flashback 3.2



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E042 Rick024 Occult of Bael, The First Prince of Hell – Baalism Flashback 3 2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hn4m-e042-rick024-occult-of-bael-the-first-prince-of-hell-baalism-flashback-3-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/eqcQcaBXliM>

Description:

Richard and the crew head off to a local shop called The Wizards of Craft, where they hope to secure Crime Scene Investigation (CSI) board materials and supplies.

The shop sells key ring fobs that sported “The Roses of Ambivalence” labels.

The team realizes that right where they were in Athlone – were two cultist targets!

Off to See the ‘wonderful’ Wizards of Crafts:

Katie had asked the hotel front desk where we could buy stationary supplies, and learned there was a hobbies & crafts shop walking distance from the hotel... ...called ‘Wizards of Crafts’.

Well – we were off to see the Wizard, the wonderful Wizards of Crafts.

Katie smiled a lot, and the name ‘Wizards of Crafts’ made her smile so widely it spanned ear-to-ear. She gleefully exclaimed, “I LOVE CRAFTS! I have always loved to make things. Just going to craft stores makes me happy.”

Katie Was ‘Default Upbeat Happy’, Counter-Balanced Bob’s Gloom and Jade:

It had become evident one of the traits that I liked about Katie was that she was a happy person unless something actively made her unhappy. She was ‘default upbeat happy’.

She counter-balanced Bob’s gloom – offsetting his glum demeanor and jaded perspective.

Fifteen Minute Walk to the ‘Wizards of Craft’ Shop – Avoiding the Biting Roses:

We walked maybe fifteen minutes to the Wizards of Craft shop. We stayed clear of rose bushes we observed on our walk – which, oddly, there were A LOT OF ROSES throughout Athlone.

And blooming roses in February and March... ...which seemed unusual to me, but admittedly I was never a horticulturist or even competent florist.

No one wanted to be bit or tattooed by biting rose petals... like Katie had been bitten when we first arrived in Athlone.

Gaudy, Over-the-Top Hobbies & Craft Shop – Wizards of the Craft:

The Wizards of the Craft shop was incredibly gaudy. It had over-the-top golden lions flanking the doorway entrance, and above the door a dragon head leering downward towards the entry.

There were gold and metallic, shiny doilies and stars and glitter-painted objects everywhere.

One corner of the shop was dedicated to Role Playing Games (RPG) like Dungeons & Dragons and Call of Cthulhu.

Another corner focused on Strategy and Board Games like Chess, Checkers, Monopoly, Sorry, and so forth.

The store had a surprisingly impressive assortment of paints, brushes, markers, and inks. It had all the basics, of course – tape, staples, paper, cardboard, stickies, pins, paperclips, ...

There was even a small section sporting pre-made Cosplay costumes, though they seemed more for Live Action Role Playing (LARPing as it is called) than dress-up at Comic or Gaming Conventions.

And next to the Cosplay costumes was the sewing section.

I was impressed with the diversity of stuff this shop offered for sale.

Anorexic, Goth Stationary Clerk:

A medium height, anorexic thin girl with pitch black hair and nose ring, maybe 17 years old, wearing a matte black pleated PVC skirt, a silver Pentastar necklace, and a black t-shirt adorned with an inverted flaming cross and the words ‘Hear Me! Heed Me!’

Her face was elongated, compared to most people, but was not misshapen or weird...it was just noticeably oblong.

She stood at an island cash register station, near the entrance.

“Welcome to the Wizards of Craft,” she said with an insincere enthusiasm.
... her ‘low energy’ rivaled Bob’s jaded demeanor.

Katie’s Worry – Is the Wizards of Craft Clerk ‘Goth or Cult’:

Katie leaned over to whisper a question in my ear, “Is she an Irish Goth girl? Or do you think she is really a devil worshipper cultist?”

...

I leaned close so no one would hear, “I think she is just a goth girl operating a craft and hobby shop. Of course, Deputy Taylor warned us not to trust anyone...and even assume they wish ill upon us. So – let’s keep our eyes peeled.”

I smiled at Katie, hoping it would ease her concerns if the clerk was a devil worshipper or just a girl into goth culture enough to dress goth.

Impulse Purchase - Key Ring painted with red roses, text ‘Roses of Ambivalence’:

As we entered the store and passed the register island, I noticed an ‘impulse buy’ fishbowl on the counter filled with colorful key rings.

Each key fob was encircled in ruby and blood red roses - and written along the outside perimeter of the fob were the words, “Roses of Ambivalence”.

Katie ‘Must Have a Rose Key Ring’ and Fob:

Katie was drawn to the fishbowl and just grabbed a key ring, “I must have it! It reminds me of my... umm ...tattoo.”

She carried it along for when we would eventually check out. As she did – she played with it, almost obsessively. She flipped it, rolled it, tapped it, ...just kept moving and touching it.

Katie’s key ring was virtually a fidget spinner for her, focusing her tension on it.

Impulse Purchase – LED Flashlights, Lanterns, Head Lamps – See Evil Coming:

They had a section with LED flashlights, lanterns, and even wrist and head worn lamps.

I parroted Katie, “I must have it!” I extended, “I love flashlights, always have! Let’s get wrist and head lamps and flashlights.”

I quipped, “You can never have too many lights. Lights are your friends.”

Paying at the Cash Register Island:

We had obtained thick construction cardboard paper, spools different colored yarn, pins, sticky note pads, colored markers, pens, paper, and clips. And, of course, we purchased the tools we'd need – scissors, ruler, Craft Knife, ...

We brought our booty to the cash register island, where the goth clerk looked a bit judgmental as she pursued our purchases.

Goth Girl Surmises We Were Making a Crime Scene Board – How!?:

She smiled, “Making a Crime Scene Board, are we?”

...

We were stunned... How the heck could what we bought scream WE WERE MAKING AN INVESTIGATION BOARD...? Yea – the equivalent of a Crime Scene Board.

And how could this random girl know what we were doing?

I could only conclude - I was spiraling, that my emotions were being fanned by anxiety induced by all the crazy that had been going on.

...

The Deputy answered, “Yes, we are making a CSI board.”

The goth girl grinned, “Cool. Cool. Liking it.”

Wee Gee Boards Sheer the Veil Between Life and Death, Heaven and Hell:

She tilted her head to the side and placed her left hand on the fishbowl of rosy key rings. She said, “Wee Gees Sheer the Veil. Life and Death. Heaven and Hell. Rips Where the Twain Collide.”

Her head returned to normal, upright posture. She asked, “Will that be all for you today?”

Do Not Cross the Veil of Life and Death Unless You Are Prepared to be Dead:

I asked a little sheepishly, “What did you mean by Wee Gees sheer the veil?”

...

She replied, “Oh, I just say stuff like that to get a rise out of customers. The owner of this place has all sorts of weird quotes like that.

That one also warns –

‘Do not cross the veil of life and death unless you are prepared to be dead. Heed.’

The way I see it...

- If you use a Wee Gee board to talk to ghosts - you better not go with them to ‘the other side’, or you are not coming back – you will be dead just like them, too!

‘Heed’ Reactions – That Word Keeps Showing Up:

Deputy Taylor’s eyes darted to me, “Heed...”

Bob uttered just below his breath - but we could hear his words, “F’ing ‘Heed...’”

Katie gasped...we all knew she recognized the recurrence of ‘heed’ in our journey – AGAIN.

Returned to Homebase Hotel with Supplies in Hand – Storm Brewing:

With supplies in hand, we walked back to the hotel.

I swear it was clear skies when we left the hotel, but upon exiting the Wizards of Crafts shop the skies had turned dark with clouds.

The sky had turned so dark, in fact, it seemed like a thunderstorm was rapidly approaching.

We had barely entered the hotel doors and crackles thundered above and rain began to pour. And pour it did! It drenched everything within minutes.

Investigation Board Mapping of the First Cultist List – Deciding Who to ‘Liquidate’:

With the storm raging outside, we worked on our Investigation Board. We mapped wrote each cultist target on its own sticky along with our assessment of risk and reward.

We blended them into a single number we could use to stack rank the cultists for the order we would ‘liquidate them’.

Athlone – Two Targets on the First Cultist List:

As it turned out – Athlone was home to TWO of the cultist targets on the First Cultist List.

- Curio shop ‘Scary Little Things’ adjoined to Pub Bar & Restaurant ‘The Albatross’
 - Both the curio shop and pub were ‘owned’ by a cultist named ‘Brocko McDeema’
 - Of course – Brocko did not really own them - but operated as owner via granted Legal Proxy and Powers of Attorney – granted by none other than - Aunt Millmore.
 - Therefore – the Scary Little Things curio shop and pub now belonged to me!
 - We had to ‘evict’ the cultist and take possession of the shop and pub, and sell them
 - The List suggested Brocko also had at least \$50,000 in cash on site too.
- The First Church of the Savior
 - Portrayed as a community non-denominational church, it is apparently a cover for worshippers of Bael in Athlone.
 - The church operated as non-profit religious organization, and thus was outside purview of local authorities – or financial tracking or taxation

- The church coffers (AKA bank accounts) held a hefty sum of \$15 Million, and it held \$500,000 in gold bars in a safe in the Head Minister's office.

Embracing The Quest, Righteousness - Madness:

The team seemed satisfied with the detail of our Cultist Investigation Board.

Everyone was eager to get going on a real mission.

But ... we were exhausted from the big push, and our adrenaline was waning.

...

We had all embraced the madness. We were ready to go on our first Mission for God and Wealth – for Righteousness!

But first – we had to take it easy.

Flashback 3.3: Psych Assessment - Arriving in Athlone, Ireland



Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:

Doctor Hyder’s iPad window flashed, “Incredible! Richard – that was a remarkable tale.

- Your knowledge of demonology and mythologies is impressive
 - Seeing how well you wove your knowledge and experiences into a new narrative – was a demonstration of how powerful your mind is ... even if subconscious
- The city of Athlone sounds – right out of a horror movie.
 - I will do some research and compare your Athlone to what the Internet says of it
- The characters you encountered were so ‘colorful’ and you recalled explicit details
 - People generally do not recall such minutia (perhaps spies do...), suggesting they were made up with extra ‘texture’ to make them seem convincing
- Your ‘horror story’ inheritance in Athlone... seems to setup a long adventure
 - I look forward to hearing more of your ‘adventures’

Directed to Continue the Story:

As he always did - Caselli commanded, “Richard – Please continue telling us your ‘story’.”

And I shared more of my life’s ‘content’...

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

E043 FAMILY IS COMPLICATED. SILVER, MY MOTHER, AND ME



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E043 Family is Complicated_Silver, My Mother, and Me.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hndd-e043-family-is-complicated-silver-my-mother-and-me.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/eqcQcaBXliM>

Description:

Richard recounts the tale of his being kidnapped at six months old by his father.

He tells how his father sought to frame his mother – as a drug addict and unfit mother.

Learn how Richard’s mother was emotionally undeveloped and vulnerable to men.

Hear stories of a few events from Silver’s wanton violence and disregard for law and authority.

See how Richard’s mother and his father ultimately parted ways...

Kidnapped at Six Months:

Although I have been told how I was kidnapped at six months old by my father to make my mother take him back after a breakup, I do not remember anything at all from it. Sometimes I imagine I recall myself in the back seat strapped in a seat belt flailing about...but I think it is creative fiction fabricated by stories told to me in my mind's eye.

My mother told me many times if she had a gun when Silver kicked in the door of her apartment to kidnap me that if she had a gun, she would have shot him dead. She felt completely powerless as he swept me away and threw me in the back seat and drove away leaving her in tears fearing for her son (me). She says I cried and flailed but what could a baby do?

Silver was intercepted by police the same day in his car, and he said that my mother lied and told him to take me. He said she was drug abuser, often hiding her dope in the air cleaner of her car. The police doubting his story, wanting to believe the mother, took him with me back to my mother and the apartment. They searched her air cleaner and, sure enough, there was cocaine and marijuana. Silver planted it there in case he was caught, and he executed his "framing of my mother" well.

The police did not believe it was real, talking with my mother, but said if they arrested Silver, they would also have to arrest her. It all faded away...

Silver and Grandfather's Shotgun:

Sometime later Silver came to my grandfather's home looking for my mother. But my grandfather anticipated the dark evil Silver might someday return, and had a shotgun loaded in the closet next to the door in an umbrella holder.

My grandfather told Silver he would ask if she wanted to talk with him, but on turning around grabbed the shotgun and told Silver to get the heck out and never come back...or he will just shoot him right now or straight away next time. He assured him the police would understand a father protecting his divorced daughter from her criminal estranged ex-husband as pumped a shell into the firing chamber and leveled the barrel at Silver's chest.

Silver's eyes glazed, studying the voracity of my grandfather, and decided he was legit and was prepared to kill him. Silver respected my grandfather right then, and The Code commanded that if you respect someone you must honor them and their wishes. Silver, that day, decided he was done with my mother and us children following his confrontation with my grandfather, Joseph Milmo, standing righteously opposing him shotgun in hand. No one ever heard from Silver again.

I saw a newspaper article late in life that an Erwin Ross in his 60's had died from asphyxiation, possibly suicide, while in an enclosed car with his exhaust fed back into it to suffocate anyone inside. He had died from breathing carbon monoxide and suffocated. Some say it is a gentle way to die whereas others believe it is a terrible slow death as your consciousness drags on and on until you finally collapse and fade to death. No, it does not seem like a "good way to go", if there is a good way practically speaking. Silver Seaborne's allegedly real name was Melvin Erwin Ross and he had numerous identities, aliases, and forged documents to support them. It is possible that Erwin Ross who died in the car in San Rafael, CA was my father; however, it is just as possible my father, Silver Seaborne, is dead in a shallow grave in Mexico or is running big & large with a Mexican or Columbian Cartel. I will never know what became of my father, Silver Seaborne, the international gun runner and drug dealer.

Parents Met at Stanford (sort of):

The simple story is my mother, Nancy, met my father in Cupertino, CA while she was attending Stanford University and living with her parents who had purchased a home in Woodside, CA nearby just so they would be right there for her at Stanford.

Silver and my mother met for the first time near Stanford. He apparently was admiring my mother from afar and she caught his eyes looking on her. He was a scruffy unshaven bad boy wearing a leather jacket, thick jeans, mildly dirty white t-shirt, and dark sunglasses. He was tall, broad shouldered, and very MANLY. My mother swooned just seeing “the man” he was. He overwhelmingly “did it for her”.

Seeing her respond to his gaze, he sauntered over and asked if she was a student at Stanford, to which she replied “yes”. He was very direct and said, “Hey, I’d love to get to know you. Want to have a drink tonight?” He did not wait for a real answer, adding “Can I pick you up here around 8pm tonight?” My mother just answered “Yes”.

Silver could tell she was highly motivated, so agreeable to anything he said. She had the personality he liked - subordinate and awe struck. He was right. Nancy’s lust for Silver was unseemly to her, but she “felt it so strongly” that she could not deny her intense attraction to him. Combining her irrational lusty passion with her Catholic oppressive pressure to subordination, Nancy was clay for Silver to mold.

That night my mother dressed up as best she could to impress. She always felt awkward, wearing eyeglasses early in life and teased for it. She never felt “pretty”. She felt more “uglier” than “okay”. She concluded she had to wear eyeglasses to see others or be blind beyond a few feet to look better. She looked fine in eyeglasses but had low self-esteem.

Stanford Paul and The Skirt:

She reflected on the only other date she had since she came to California to attend Stanford. He was a psychology student at Stanford, a man named Paul. He was a young, thin, ordinary build, and of average height. He was smart and made sure everyone around him knew it. His intelligent, as he would evangelize to the point no one dared challenge him for he would launch into diatribes that would last so long as they could listen. In other words, he would talk until they gave up and agreed with him.

But the psychology student’s mediocrity did not limit Nancy’s interest in him. She wanted a relationship and “Mr. Right Now” was sufficient while she dreamed of “Mr. Right”. Nancy’s low self-esteem limited her reaching out to men for dates and often turned off men that may otherwise pursued her. Nancy had a complicated, candidly messed up, view of relationships and how men and women should interact. Consequently, Nancy was thrilled when Paul asked her out on a date.

After three dates with Paul, it was clear that Nancy was losing Paul’s interest. She asked directly if she should do something different to keep his interest? Paul said he wanted someone sexier, and she should wear pantyhose, skirts, and exposing shirts. Nancy felt bad. She knew she was “ugly” and needed to compensate for her poor weak personality. She went out and acquired all those things – hose, little skirt, tight risqué shirt, and a cute scarf.

Paul was not really into my mother and all those things he told her to do were intended to hurt her, so she would leave him alone and move on. But Nancy did not understand his intent then as he was dishonest and had insufficient integrity to tell my mother the truth. Instead, my mother concluded that no clothes or makeup or effort would ever make her “pretty” like other girls.

My mother never got over Paul. Decades later when I was nineteen year’s old Paul came up, and she melted down and ran into the bathroom to cry. I do not know if there was more to the story, but my mother had and still has emotional baggage over Paul and her low self-esteem.

It has always made sad that my mother let her appearance control her actions and esteem so much. It is because of that though that I believe she worked so hard to become an engineer later in life, focusing on her brain over body.

The Bar Date:

Nancy would find herself overwhelmed in that bar with Silver on their first date. They were in a line when a man looked to my mother and made an insulting comment to her and demanded she move for him. Silver has never tolerated any opposition or insult to himself or anyone he was with, and this was certainly no exception.

Silver's eyes glazed a bit as he stared at this offending "dog of a man". Silver did not speak but grabbed him, kned him in the groin, upper cut his jaw, then double elbowed his head down to the ground. Once he was down, silver swiftly inserted a kick from his steel-toed boots into the man's side. Silver in the span of seconds left the man utterly debilitated.

The bouncers came to the rescue, but they could not get anywhere near in time, and seeing Silver's glazed eyes turn on them asked him to leave. Silver always avoided public dilly dallying for fear of police being called. He took my mother out to his bike – a Harley Davidson - and they fled the scene. My mother tells this story as a great thing that made her fall completely in love with Silver. He defended her with force, and that thrilled her.

My Mother and Father in Mexico:

Although you have now heard tales of my youth and of my mother and father, but how did they meet? How would such polar opposites of a biker drug & weapons dealer and a Stanford graduate schoolteacher come together? And how could they STAY TOGETHER for well beyond a decade.

As detailed previously, Silver was not a good man. He was downright dangerous. He lived by a code though. His code was rigid and absolute. Anyone crossing the code must be punished, often killed for such extreme violation transgression. Silver was judge, jury, and executioner for anything involving The Code.

Silver found The Code comforting, as it justified all his actions. It should, of course, since he created it in the first place. But it did give him confidence in his actions. The Code served him well for decades operating in criminal infested waters within and outside the United States.

FBI After Silver:

Silver's exploits attracted the notice of the FBI, and they issued Federal warrants for his arrest. He absconded into Mexico with my mother, where they were on the run for years. In an extreme moment in Mexico, he had pulled into a gas station to refuel his Harley, but the station owner and attendant demanded he leave because he was a scumbag. He presumably judged Silver by his appearance and his motorcycle.

Silver And the Gas Station:

Silver told him he was buying the gas and needed a drink. The man repeated Silver must leave at once - and went inside as if to call for help or get a weapon. Silver knew danger and his "Wolf Eyes" turned on and my mother stiffened in fear. All Hell could break loose...it did.

My future father charged inside, grabbed a tire iron, and chased the man down the street as he fled for his life. Silver had clearly decided he needed to have his skull hit with a tire iron to insert some wisdom in his otherwise dumb skull. Silver expressed many emotions freely, including violence to make a point.

He returned to the station and took two soda cans, filled his bike with fuel, and left money on the counter to cover the costs...seeing as the owner was long gone.

Silver declared "we'd best get moving before the cops arrive." They peeled out and back on the lam.

Squirrelled-Away Money from Silver's Inheritance Gambling Loss in Las Vegas:

Silver had received a moderate inheritance and convinced himself he could turn it into a huge windfall – by gambling it in Las Vegas. Even the moderate inheritance was enough to buy a small house but Silver's greed was too great.

He gambled and gambled, and he lost everything! My mother saw his losing streak and squirrelled away some money so they could have cash to buy gas and get out of Vegas should Silver lose all his money. He had no breaks or willpower to stop his 'faith in reclaiming his lost money'.

My mother's hiding money proved problematic. When she revealed it so they could leave Vegas, Silver became angry with her for withholding the cash. He seized the money and was determined it was the seed money for his financial return.

AGAIN - It never happened! He lost it all! Silver and my mother had no money despite his inheriting enough money to buy a small house.

My mother sold what little she had to get cash so they could leave Vegas virtually penniless after arriving with life-changing money.

Silver burned a huge opportunity to turn his life around. And it hurt my mother and us kids.

'Final Straw' for Mother's with Drunken Motorcycle Accident per Silver's Command:

My mother recounts her 'final straw' tale with my father Silver Seaborne. They had been in a Mexican bar, and he was 'sloshed' staggering drunk. He and my mother managed to get to Silver's Harley Davidson motorcycle.

Silver should not drive drunk at all, and on a motorcycle he would have even less probability of not crashing due to its only having two wheels after all, and no doors or walls.

My mother knew it was dangerous if not deadly to ride the Harley being so intoxicated. If they could barely walk, how could they ride safely?

That did not stop Silver! He commanded my mother get on the back of the bike with him, and so she did. Silver was always 'in charge' and my mother was always 'his girl' and was correspondingly subservient like a good Catholic girl (or so she was trained and believed).

Silver barely left the parking lot and picked up speed on the gravel covered otherwise dirt and occasional stone poorly maintained Mexican road. The first rough surface was beyond Silver's dramatically reduced dexterity from his massive alcohol consumption.

The bike slid out from beneath them, falling to its side and grinding both my mother and Silver across the gravel and stony road. My mother broke her leg and was severely bruised and scraped and cut. Silver somehow emerged with minor scrapes and bruises.

Silver was a brute and was born to be 'A MAN' and a genuine danger to anyone that dared confront him. And his 'tank self' seemed never to be more than bruised and cut but never 'downed' or 'taken out of commission' much less 'defeated'.

Silver was a sort of an anti-superhero.

E044 Messed Up 'Jerry Springer' Talk Show 'Broken Family'



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E044 Messed Up Jerry Springer Talk Show Broken Family.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hnp3-e044-messed-up-jerry-springer-talk-show-broken-family.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/NJ-KsDQNwrE>

Description:

Richard tells the tale of his mother's sister, Sky Knight. And how her lack of morality destroyed her marriage, her husband, and her children – for their entire lives.

He tells his disheartening experience seeing his mother and others cry and lament in a social program called Parents Without Partners (PWP).

Richard recounts the tragedy of his stepsister and step-father – crushed by the alleged Child Protection Services (CPS) and Foster Care homes.

Mother and Sister Rebelled:

My mother's parents were devout Catholics, firm in their beliefs, and made sure everyone understood how important it was to Believe. She shared once that as a little girl she would gallop on the hillsides imagining she was a horse, carefree, running about without her mother demanding she be quiet, do as told, and sit still in the presence of her father. Her mother was a controlling traditional Irish Catholic woman and my mother rebelled in her limited way.

Sky is Falling (Mother's Sister):

My mother's sister, Sky, married a man named Knight, so her family became the Knights. She had two daughters herself, Margie, and Sharon. She followed the proper life course of Catholic girl per her mother.

Sky could not remain so "behaved" and stifled beyond a decade or so, as she "discovered" she like women as well as men sexually. She pushed to have threesomes where her husband, Graham, could participate as much as desired. He went along with it but found the experiences were apparently "all about Sky".

Sky and Graham eventually divorced, and Graham took the children after Sky said she did not want anything to do with them either. She estranged her children Margie and Sharon as she abandoned them her husband. She abandoned her parents and even her sister (my mother).

She ranted that she needed to restart her life as full exclusive lesbian and have no hetero ties holding her back. Sky was messed up and supremely selfish. I saw the emotional harm and lifelong injury Sky inflicted on her daughters, Sharon and Margie, and Graham. I learned parenthood does not inherently mean love or support.

Sky's husband, Graham, always seemed homosexual to me so in retrospect I suspect it was a lesbian and gay man marrying and having kids to fit into society's norms back then.

Cousin Margie the Normal:

Margie was typical without any emotional or societal issues which was remarkable given her childhood. She married a sanitation engineer (AKA a garbage collector).

Margie was said to be very pragmatic and straight forward, if not overly simple.

She avoided relatives and their drama to make her life normal. It was a sacrifice she was glad to make apparently.

I never heard much at all from her or about her. She may have been the smartest of everyone excising all family ties for her own sanity and future.

Cousin Sharon and The Cult:

Sharon, on the other hand, was the talk of everyone.

Sharon joined a cult in Oregon state and was not heard from for from years afterwards outside an occasional post card saying what coffee shops she might be at performing with her guitar and singing folk-style music for money.

One year, Sharon emerged "free" of the cult. She had met a fellow cultist named Winter that shifted her views away from cult loyalty to loyalty to him.

With split loyalties between the cult, its leader, and her newfound "man", Sharon decided she had to leave the cult with Winter.

Sharon Marries Cultist Winter:

Winter and Sharon married later and have minimal contact with anyone in my family or other relatives.

Winter was a tall almost anorexic white male with long hair. He seemed to be going for the “Jesus Look”.

He also had an expressed extreme passion for organic strawberries above all things almost like a zealot. During a rare visit by Sharon with Winter, we had gone to Denny’s restaurant as an extended family.

Winter went on and on about how great organic strawberries were but how Denny’s strawberries were terrible – so terrible they should not be allowed to serve them he declared!

An odd cat was Winter. I did not like him either; he was creepy.

Parents Without Partners (PWP):

I was incredibly young but was told most Friday and Saturday nights to go to my room and not come out until morning, but I could have some cookies before consigning myself to my hide-away.

My mother needed no children present when she hosted a local “Parents without Partners” or “PWP” as they called it. It was a meet & greet and support group for, you got it, parents without partners. My mother was intensely desperate to find a “man” that she offered to host PWP pretty much every weekend.

Hosting PWP involved getting a big coffee maker, having disposable coffee cups available, and offer a snack like cookies or rarely donuts or pizza. We kids loved the snacks before heading off away from the group meeting. It looked boring and sometimes people cried, not exactly a fun thing to get involved with I thought.

Mother Meets, Marries Sam:

Eventually my mother would meet, Sam Schulenburg, an ex-Navy mid shipman that was fundamentally a good heavysset entirely ordinary man. Sam intended well and made mistakes like most people.

Sam and my mother hit it off quickly and forged a relationship. Sam owned a condo in Sunnyvale that he sold in conjunction to securing a Navy Veterans Administration (VA) loan to buy a house with my mother in an unincorporated area named San Martin (more on that later).

Unincorporated areas in counties were formally no a city and so did not have a mayor, counsel, police department, etc. and relied on County equivalent services for country rural areas.

Sam was remarkably loyal to my mother, even if a bit competitive with me weirdly for her priority attention. Although I never really saw Sam as a father or a mentor, I respected his integrity and sincere desire to be and do good.

Sam’s only real “sin” was that he loved “toys” and so spent all free money (if you could call it “free”) on frivolous things or on brand names that offered no additional feature or value beyond it “felt good to buy the best”. He had this one and only vice, so I would say he was good man.

Joleen and The Zero:

Sam had a daughter, Joleen, who was my new stepsister. Sam did not have custody of because her mother won full custody in a court battle. Joleen’s mother, nicknamed The Zero by Sam after a World War II dogfight pilot and because her value was “zero”, was a horrible mother.

The Zero, while Joleen lived with her, decided Joleen was fat and so put locks on all cabinets and refrigerator and would eat freely in front of Joleen but insist until she was thinner, she could only eat a thousand calories a day at most. Joleen suffered malnutrition during this time and ended up in the hospital.

Eventually The Zero hooked up with a new man and married him quickly. Her new husband, Jack, was another wicked man. He molested Joleen many times, a few times Joleen would see The Zero looking on as Jack did unspeakable things to her.

A social worker visited The Zero and Joleen a few months after her malnutrition hospitalization and detected things were not right, seeing latches (minus locks) on cabinets and the fridge. During a private interview with Joleen she broke into tears, and the social worker discovered the molestation abuse.

Joleen was taken immediately from The Zero and taken into Foster Care. The molesting husband was prosecuted along with The Zero, but the damage physically and psychologically was done.

It took years for Sam to regain custody of Joleen. She bounced between Foster Care home to Foster Care home. She suffered all sorts of abuses in the “system” – neglect, malnutrition, spankings with open hand and belts, and direct insults and oppression.

The Child Protective Services (CPS) is so slow and inefficient. The Zero had claimed in their original divorce that Sam was a neglectful father and had a violent streak from his time in the Navy. Neither was true by any stretch of the imagination of anyone that ever knew Sam. He was calm and could only be riled by the most extreme provocation.

Eventually Sam demonstrated a safe and stable home environment such that he was at least as good as a Foster Care home for his own daughter. Joleen moved in with us after we recently moved to San Martin, CA; I was in 2nd grade, almost 3rd grade, then.

E045 Lost Sisters - Cynthia and Sandra



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E045 Lost Sisters Cynthia and Sandra.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hnx0-e045-lost-sisters-cynthia-and-sandra.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/eIVDFcNkFle>

Description:

Horrific background of Richard's eldest sister Cynthia is revealed...

Cynthia was molested and filmed by a pedophile – and forced to testify in court against the wicked man.

Emotionally broken – she runs astray with numerous criminal activities and run-ins with The Law.

Tragedy hits Cynthia hard – with her brain stopping from a drug overdose – and being declared clinically dead.

Somehow – Cynthia regains life. But – forever more – she would see and speak with God – and rose bushes.

Sisters Born in Mexico:

During Silver and my mother's years on the lam from the Law in Mexico - my sisters, Cynthia, and Sandra, were born. They are dual Mexico-USA citizens as a result. I was born shortly after they returned to the States, after my father felt the heat must have died down.

Cynthia Molested, Pedophile Photographed:

I never knew many details about my sister Cynthia being molested as girl and photographed naked playing with one of her friends by a pedophile. The man was discovered and convicted in court, but Cynthia had to testify.

Cynthia contends that experience messed her up forever and, therefore, she is not responsible for how her life turned out or any of her decisions.

I refuse to accept her denial of responsibility. We all have challenges in life, and we must all cope and overcome them.

I accept horrible things happened to her – but it does not justify ‘anything’.

Sandra Antagonized Cynthia:

My other biological sister, Sandra, seemed delusional at times standing up to Cynthia who towered almost six feet tall and had broad shoulders like a combat fighter. Cynthia was tough like her father Silver. And she was crazy like him too!

Cynthia would smack and shove Sandra when things became too intense for Cynthia to handle and process anymore. At which time Sandra would recognize she was only 5'3" and was not nearly as big or strong as Cynthia, and Sandra would flee. Like a lion in chase, Cynthia would pursue.

Occasionally things got so out of control that Cynthia would lose her sanity and grab whatever “weapon” was nearby and threaten or even use it on Sandra.

Cynthia Chases Sandra with Butcher Knife:

On one fateful morning I heard screaming and yelling. Sandra was standing in front of Cynthia yelling at her and saying she was not afraid of her. Sandra was almost a foot shorter than Cynthia. Cynthia had Silver's broad shoulders and was a strong woman; she would likely deck most men in a fight. And she is vicious and crazy. I believed that no one should mess with Cynthia much less challenge her. Well, Sandra was in her face ranting, insulting, damning...

Cynthia flipped out. She grabbed a kitchen butcher knife and chased Sandra outside, up street, through a neighbor's house, and into the big walnut orchard behind our house. Police intercepted Cynthia in the orchard,

She would not listen to them, and they were forced to taze her to bring her down. But apparently, she was on LSD or some empowering drug, as she was very resistant to the tazer and took another officer to taze her a second time to incapacitate her so they could arrest her.

Cynthia Steals Gun, Arrested:

Cynthia snuck into my mother's bedroom and picked a lock on a filing safe my mother kept hidden in an armoire in her bedroom. She took her target, my mother's Colt .45 pistol and magazine of bullets.

My mother bought the pistol after she had been raped years ago. She locked it away so it was available but hoped it would never be needed. But her rape and my kidnapping made her think guns are necessary for weaker people. My mother was such a weak person she concluded, and so needed a gun.

Cynthia inanely thought she should brandish the pistol during a dine and dash episode at a local Carl's Jr. restaurant in Morgan Hill, CA. She accidentally dropped the pistol as she was leaving, and the restaurant manager jumped and got the pistol. He pointed it at Cynthia and her cronies and called the police.

Cynthia was arrested for felony possession of a stolen firearm and armed robbery of a restaurant. My mother posted bail and paid Cynthia fines, but she could not serve time for her; Cynthia ended up spending only a few weeks in jail and years on probation.

Cynthia Overdoses, Brain Damaged:

It must be apparent that Cynthia has led a troubled life with serious emotional and mental challenges. She grew marijuana on her windowsill to ensure she always had some "weed" to self-medicate.

She would "share her weed" with her horse, named Lightning, to get "high" like her. The horse would walk funny, almost stumbling, but Cynthia liked her horse sharing her experience. It seemed wrong to me. The horse had no choice in the matter. It clearly adversely affected the horse. But there was nothing I could do about it.

Cynthia was determined to prove she was right to stay out late, not attend school, and do whatever she wanted. If my parents disagreed, she would move out! One day when Cynthia was clearly "high" on drugs, she got into an argument about her independence and walked out declaring she was really leaving!

She left the house in rebellion but had nowhere to go. She slept in my mother's pickup camper for a week trying to prove she was serious. In a way it worked, my parents agreed she would no longer have a curfew but expected she would attend school, etc. She did not. They never followed through on any punitive actions.

Cynthia flunked out of High School, later to pass her General Equivalency Diploma (GED); it was something student can acquire to graduate without a proper coursework completed diploma.

Cynthia made things much worse yet on a fateful Friday night partying with a new "boyfriend". She cannot remember the man's name if she ever knew it. Cynthia liked to sleep around – frequently!

She and the man partied with a recreational drug cocktail. Paramedics speculated she imbibed a mix of heroin, cocaine, marijuana, and an assortment of amphetamines and barbiturates. Her brain stopped working in the ambulance, being clinically dead without signal for over thirty seconds.

The paramedics managed to resuscitate Cynthia after being "dead" for half a minute. Cynthia was brain damaged. She saw God come down on sunbeams from the clouds. God would tell her things. She talked to rose bushes, and apparently, they talked back.

On her birthday she declared I was the Devil and the cake I had brought to her was poisoned regardless of my eating it myself (I had the antidote after all she said!).

Frustrated with good deeds rejected repeatedly, I left. My sister could have her birthday without me.

Cynthia Stabs Boy Friend, Convicted of Felony:

One drunken night Cynthia and her latest "boyfriend" were loud and raucous in the trailer my mother had purchased for her so Cynthia could party away from everyone else. She would in the far future convert the garage into an apartment for Cynthia.

My mother spent her life giving to Cynthia as if she owed her something out of a guilt she did not feel towards her other children. I will never know why that was...

Their boisterous fun turned dark when her boyfriend screamed so forcefully that everyone heard it and ran to see what had happened. Cynthia stabbed him in the leg near his thigh, close to his femoral artery; if she even nicked it could have died.

My mother called 911. An ambulance rescued the boyfriend. Police arrested Cynthia.

Cynthia spent a few days in jail, but my mother bailed her out as soon as she could arrange it with a bail bonds company. My mother always protected Cynthia from the consequences of her actions.

However, Cynthia was convicted of a felony for stabbing her boyfriend. Her felony made her employability even less than it already was.

Cynthia Never Grew Up:

Cynthia never grew up.

She remained living with my mother into her sixties (and still is) as she awaits my mother's death so she can inherit her millions of dollars and property. She manipulated her with what is legally termed 'undue influence' after my mother underwent open heart surgery and recovered from a consequential coma (more on this later).

The point here is that Cynthia remained a 'child' in mind and responsibility throughout her entire life following a major drug overdose that left her brain damaged. Ironically – she is now the caretaker for my dementia addled brain mother.

Mother Says 'No One is Expected to Grow Up Until Thirty Years Old':

In some ways though – it did not matter that Cynthia never (or maybe could not) grow up.

My mother espoused –

- 1) no one should be expected to grow up or be responsible until they were thirty years old.
- 2) At that time – they should have found themselves and be prepared to be productive workers in society.

Yea – THIRTY YEARS OLD!

I believed the OPPOSITE of my mother –

- 1) People should know what they want to do before eighteen years old, and they should have a roadmap to achieve their goals by eighteen.
- 2) By the time someone is thirty years old – if they have not already entered a profession they can thrive and succeed at then they are unlikely to ever be successful.

If my success is a measure of my "belief" and Cynthia's success is a measure of my mother's 'belief', then it is obvious that –

I WAS AND AM RIGHT.

E046 Grampa Joe



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E046 Grampa Joe.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55ho66-e046-grampa-joe.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/jjVwIXYVS9w>

Description:

Learn the background of Richard's Grampa Joe... Learn how his grandfather had a wild ride himself – as son of first generation immigrants.

Joe inherited a Castle in Ireland – but it was usurped by his selfish sister who lived in Ireland.

Grampa Joe starts a Dude Ranch business in Oracle, Arizona... where the Mars Biosphere simulation was eventually built – on what was his ranch.

Hear the tragic “end” of Joe... as he was baptized once again – in his elderly age... within the frigid waters of Lake Tahoe.

Grandfather Joseph:

My grandfather had a friend named Lord. He loved to say things like, “we and the Knights will be joined by the Lord for dinner tonight!” Yes, he was a funny albeit serious man.

Grandmother Died in 40’s from Cancer:

I was extremely young when my grandmother died from cancer. I remember her giving me clay to mold and play with alongside her. It was her physical therapy tool – molding clay.

One morning my mother was crying with my sisters. They said my grandmother had died. It was surreal to me. I did not know much about death then as a toddler.

My mother said the next morning that she was visited by her mother in a dream, and she was told that she was okay and not to worry. My youngest sister said she saw someone with wings standing over her when we went to her wake. It was very emotional for everyone.

Grandfather in Lower Bunkbed for a Year:

Even after his wife passed from cancer in her early 40’s and he broke his back trying to tame a horse named Lightning for my sister Cynthia, my grandfather kept a positive attitude.

As he recovered from his back injuries, he bunked in the lower bed with me in my room for over a year while he healed. He would read and tell me stories every night.

He shared tales of his life, of ethics and morality, of integrity and right vs wrong, and more. He sought to impart wisdom and strength to me. He shared his knowledge and values as a Catholic.

My grandfather was the real father I otherwise might never have had. That year was incredibly important and defining for me.

Joseph showed me how you can be positive even amidst adversity. His tragedy made me a better person and gave me a deep meaningful relationship with him beyond the wisdom he imparted.

And I think he might have reinforced my connection with God.

Grandfather Well-To-Do Son of Irish Immigrants:

My grandfather was son to first-generation Irish immigrants into New York. They founded a newspaper and made a mint, setting my grandfather up as the “rich kid” and he exploited it. He rode about the town in his convertible and fancy clothes, being envy of all as he was quite the lady’s man.

He attended university and achieved his bachelor’s in marketing and business, where he set out to be a deal maker and business builder with venture capitalists, entrepreneurs, and distributors. As he aged though partners turned to younger more exciting people, often women as the industry shifted to schilling quantity over delivering quality – Sex over Substance. He neither wanted to compete in that way nor was he able to.

Grandfather's Usurped Irish Castle:

In a surprising turn of events my grandfather inherited a small castle in Ireland. Thrilled that his family tree of lower nobility from Ireland, where his parents immigrated from, had a member that apparently owned a huge estate (otherwise a small castle).

He went to Ireland to attend a government inheritance hearing to process the paperwork for his inheritance to be transferred to him. He quickly learned that his sister, who remained in Ireland, filed a national protection petition that effectively said the castle was an Irish landmark and should remain under Irish ownership and so she should have the castle entirely despite what the Will decreed. As well – he did not have proper Legal Standing to make a property claim in Ireland – only she did as a ‘local’ citizen.

The government informed my grandfather that if he relocated and remained in Ireland, they would honor the Will else they would award the estate and castle to his sister. My grandfather had no intention of living in Ireland, and so fortunately had his expenses and trip paid for by the estate. He returned to the USA without a castle.

The Dude Ranch in Oracle, AZ:

My grandfather, Joseph, turned his eye to independence and opened a Dude Ranch in Oracle, AZ. He was a city slicker turned cowboy, or so he imagined. He ran the ranch for a few years but realized he was an urban cowboy not a real one. He said he enjoyed the challenge of the grit, the dirt, and being a man in the wild where strength and intelligence both mattered.

My mother wanted to go to Stanford University - where she was accepted as multi-Linguist major - and planned to earn a Teaching Credential - so she could teach anywhere in California.

To support my mother, Joseph sold the ranch to a science company which would eventually build the Biosphere as a simulation of life on Mars. It amazes me how small the world is when I learned my grandfather had the unlikely connection with Mars and the Biosphere.

Grandfather Re-Marries (to Fran):

In later years my grandfather, Joseph Milmoie, remarried to a woman named Fran. They were perfect for each other and lived happily for many years.

She was a nurse which was quite beneficial for Joe since he suffered more and more challenges as he aged. She kept him glued together into his 80's which is nearly twice the age expectancy in our family tree, so credit goes to her!

Dying from Faith in Lake Tahoe:

Near his last days his dementia took full root - and he dashed down Lake Tahoe snowbound hillsides into the icy lake to meet a freezing born-again baptism. He did so but caught pneumonia and die soon afterwards. His suffering was so great that Fran brought him marijuana to ease the pain, something he would never do in his prime. In pain he embraced relief. He may have died in the hospital, but I feel he died in the freezing waters of Lake Tahoe where he must have seen God. I concluded that “Drugs helped him. His faith killed him...”

Grandfather lost his money in Real Estate Crash:

He lost his money after the real estate collapsed and his leveraged investments all turned upside down. He waited for the market to return but it did not, and eventually all was foreclosed on, and he had to start over as a senior citizen; he never really recovered from the financial meltdown, thereafter, moving from rental to rental until he found himself in Lake

Tahoe where dementia would fully take over and send him to his grave in the frigid waters of Lake Tahoe in hopes of showing God his absolute faith.

Grandfather's Wake:

I loved my grandfather and learned so much from him. I cried publicly giving a speech at his wake. My heart wept for my losing and for the world losing one of its few profoundly good people. I was saddened how most people treated his death as a milestone in his life and that his memories were more important than he was himself. Their choice of words, their sentiment, felt too mechanical to me. Where was the “loss”? I cried and drove home afterwards disillusioned as one of the few people in the world I had respected was now gone and dead.

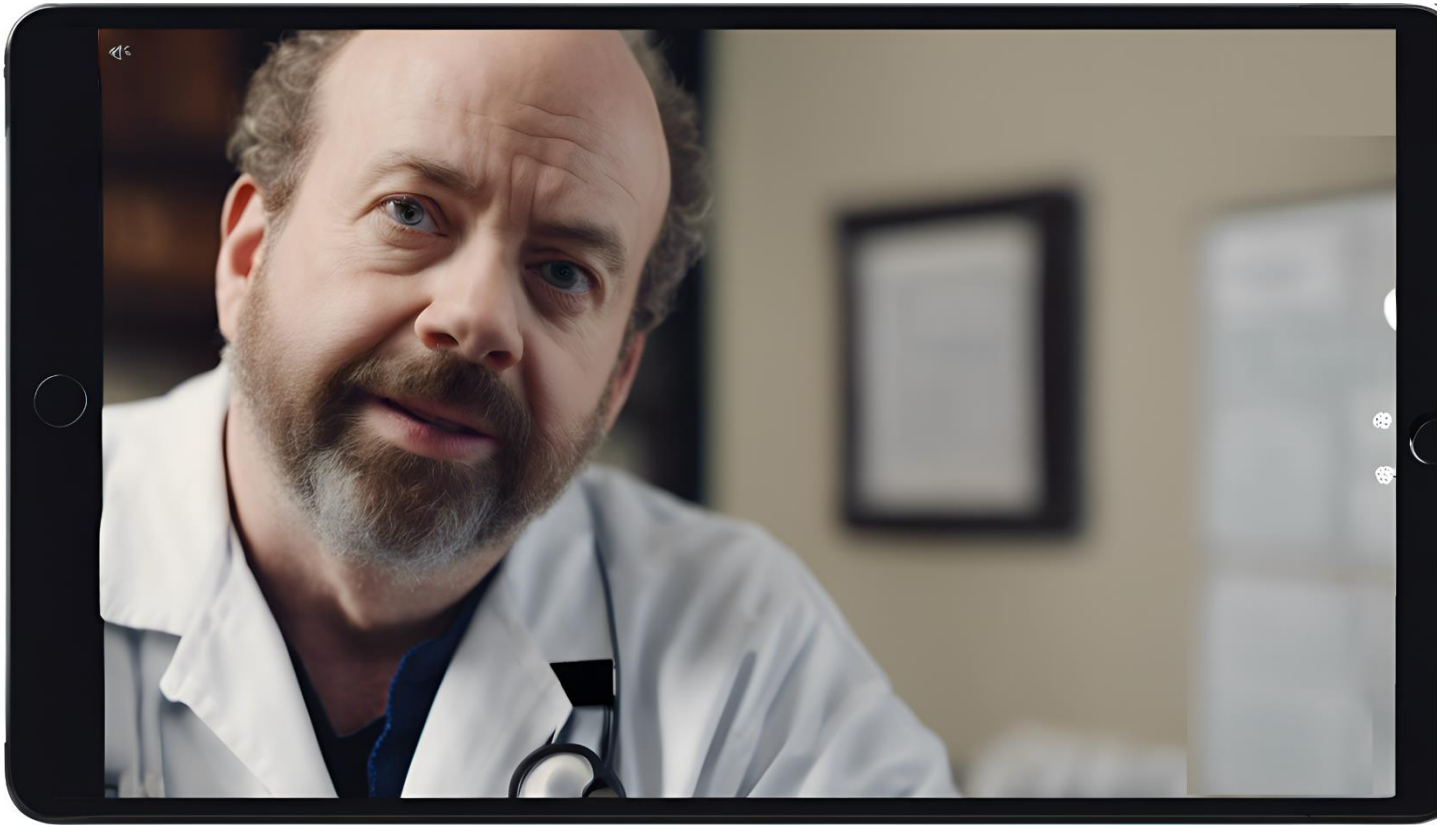
In Loving Memory of Grandfather Joe:

My grandfather was a good man and one of the few people that earned my respect. He would never swear in his entire life. He would use phrases like “Holy Nightshirts!” when most people would have at least said “Holy Crap!” or worse. He passionately believed expression was a part of your character. He also believed how you dressed and groomed yourself cast you in a more positive successful light.

He had many quips and sayings. The two that stuck most with me were –

- 1) Success comes every third (or fourth generation) because descendants of the successful coast on their accomplishments and lose their own focus and motivation to succeed.
By the third or fourth generation the wealth has been spent or the family line has lost its way, both needing a new generation to step up and succeed so the family line can once again be successful with a Rockstar elevating the family.
- 2) Buy just under the best of you can afford. Buying what is advertised as the “Best” rarely is better than so-called “Second Best”. Buying the “Best” wastes money.
Do not buy cheap things either because they do not last and buying replacements will eventually cost more than just buying the “second best” right off.
Buy good lasting unassuming tools and things, invest the rest.

Psychiatrist Assessment – Complicated Family



Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:

Doctor Brandon's iPad window flashed, "Intriguing, Richard.

- Kidnapped at six months old! Horrifying - and deeply affecting of your life perspective
- Your mother and father were both 'troubled' – affecting both nature & nurture evolution
 - It is hard enough to grow into a healthy adult. Having both nature and nurture severe challenges, can be devastating to healthy psychological and even physical development
- Never had a real 'father figure' – until your grandfather was so injured, he had to bunk with you. He became your interim 'father'
 - I speculate your grandfather was pivotal to helping you function – and succeed where your siblings struggled
- Siblings and home life violent and scary – never having a sense of safety hinders proper brain development, much like lifelong Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD).
- Fractured, dysfunctional, distributed family – which limited establishing a stable life and foundation – to build from
 - Fundamentally – You had no 'support' at home.
 - You were essentially 'alone' as a child – in a household full of 'broken' people

- Crime and Legal problems are peppered throughout your life
 - The stress of being judged & sentenced is tremendous – by itself
 - The stress of recurring crimes, harms, losses, and legal problems in your life must have had deleterious affects on you
- Death and Loss – losing your ‘father figure’ grandfather had to be devastating
 - Losing the one person that you could rely on – that must have been truly life shattering, and potentially make you question God, your faith, and ideology.

Directed to Continue the Story:

Caselli requested, firmly - “Excellent insight, Doctor Brandon.

Richard – Please tell us your ‘story’.”

E047 RICK025 ATHLONE AT NIGHT EERIE EVENINGS FLASHBACK 4.0



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E047 Rick025 Athlone at Night Eerie Evenings Flashback 4 0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hohs-e047-rick025-athlone-at-night-eerie-evenings-flashback-4-0.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/0qh8rhoeiOI>

Description:

The team decides it is safer to be together – than to operate separately. There is safety in numbers...

They head off to dinner at one of the Cult Targets – a Pub called The Hanging Albatross.

Debate over Eating at The Cult's Pub:

Deputy Taylor suggested we have dinner at the Cultist Pub - as a way - to scope it out while getting some food...

Bob challenged, "Look, Deputy, I am all for a nice night out. But - isn't seeing all of us together in the establishment we intend to 'take', a big clue we are 'with Richard the Fulcrum of the Millmore Blood Line. No - I do not think it is a good idea.

We Don't Just 'Take' Money and Property – Legal Process and Declarations Needed:

Katie just said, "Don't we have to present your ownership papers, or something... ...to legally 'take', as you say, their assets? I mean – we aren't goons or thugs beating people up to take their money and property, right? And wouldn't they just go to the police?"

Present Legal Claim to Money, Assets, and Property to Cultist - Assault if Resists:

I answered, "I think The Deputy and Katie are both right.

But I think Katie's 'being proper' and adhering to legal process, is the right thing to do, even if it 'weakens our hand' against the Cult.

But - we KNOW they will resist and decline turning over their money, assets, and property to us. So – first, we present the legal documents from Midnight and Associates showing we are the rightful legal owners - and scope out their operation and key people as we do. And - when they decline to 'hand everything over', we leave ... and devise our assault plan.

...

The Deputy nodded and looked at Katie, "And we will be armed, and on alert at all times, especially when 'in enemy territory'. We will manage what we say, particularly when in earshot of anyone outside our team."

And with that, the Deputy said, "HUA!"

Katie and Bob followed on with their perceived obligation to acknowledge their acceptance of the plan, and so they said "HUA" as well. Bob's HUA was once again an unenthusiastic 'hua'.

Remember – the Cult Wants us Dead:

Bob said glumly, "Remember- the cult wants us dead. We can't just stroll around areas we think may harbor cult members – all willy-nilly. We need to think about real danger, life-threatening danger!" Bob emphasized.

Stronger Together, In Numbers...Than Alone or Split Up – Need Mix of Skills:

"I think we need to stick together even if we are seen as a team... ...because I am not prepared to get into a fight for my life without an expert fighter like Spec-Ops Deputy Taylor watching out for me... for us!"

Bob was visibly shaking from what appeared to be overwhelming anxiety and fear. He was probably right to feel that way. But we were in this – together – so we had to work things out as a united team.

...

Bob continued, “Also, Richard – you assembled a good team with diverse skills. If we split up, we no longer have a super team; we would just be a group of people...or four individuals separate, alone.

Why would we choose to lose our ‘superpower’ of a wide range of talents and increase the risk of harm or death – only in hopes we would not be seen together in that instance, whereas we can be identified as a team traveling together.

There is safety in numbers. We are stronger together.

I respect Deputy Taylor’s view of split team benefits, but we are not all special operation ex-military – only she is! We can’t be assigned roles that require us to be Spec-Op soldiers; that is not our role or job. That is Deputy Taylor’s job.

Come on! Richard – you gotta keep the band together!” Bob joked at the end, trying to offset his doom & gloom narrative if we do things separately.

...

Katie spoke awkwardly, “Bob has a point. I would feel a lot better we stay together, and I do think we need Deputy Taylor... A LOT.

I don’t want to be separated from her...when we are on a mission or in foreign strange places – both of which we are in right now.

Deputy Taylor Recognized as The Muscle and Combat Strategist and ‘Influencer’:

I threw my opinion into the mix, “I agree with Bob and Katie. We are a team - and we need to operate as one. There may be some solo or sub-team missions, but they should be the exception – I hope.

And – Yes, Deputy Taylor is our ‘muscle’. She is also our veteran in strategy and combat, not to mention her personal ‘direct force oriented influence.’

Heh, bottom-line – we needed Deputy Taylor as The Muscle and combat strategist and ‘influencer’. Got it.” And with that - we would proceed as a single team – not alone.

Off to Dinner at the Hanging Albatross - Athlone’s ‘Rough’ Pub:

We asked the hotel clerk for directions to the Pub, called the Hanging Albatross.

The clerk immediately turned slightly pale, as his blood rushed towards his body’s core...as if from a burst of adrenaline from life-threatening shock. The clerk was visibly trembling.

He answered, “The Hanging Albatross...is...well...ummm...Rough. You may want to dine here in the hotel, or another family restaurant up the road. They all have excellent food, and good ambiance. Shall I make reservations for you?” he asked.

I replied, “No, we want to go to the Hanging Albatross. Can you give us directions – PLEASE?” I implored.

Off to Dinner at the Hanging Albatross - Athlone’s Pub:

“Okay, I will write the address and walking directions down for you.” the clerk said. He wrote the information down on a hotel notepad - and handed the sheet to me.

“Good luck...” he warned.

E048 Rick026 'Old World' Tavern and Clues Flashback 4.1



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E048 Rick026 Old World Tavern and Clues Flashback 4_1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hp0e-e048-rick026-old-world-tavern-and-clues-flashback-4-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/pFVGyArFL7c>

Description:

Eerie and mysterious things keep happening around the team...

They are spooked and alarmed by stone gargoyles and imps.

They scope out the Hanging Albatross...

To their dismay – they encounter the Blazing Taxis driver – and learn he is actually a member of the Knights Templar.

The Hanging Albatross – What’s in A Name:

As we walked to Athlone’s Hanging Albatross Pub, I pondered aloud – “I wonder what the name ‘Hanging Albatross’ is supposed to represent?

I mean –

- is it an ‘Albatross Around Your Neck’ as the saying goes?
- or -
- is it an Albatross literally hanging on a perch or something?
- or -
- is it an Albatross that just hangs around?

At first – I thought the Pub name was dumb. But now I think it is cool – how there are so many interpretations of it.

...

Bob looked at me with a defiant glare, “We are up against a cult threatening the end of the world... ..and you muse about the name of a bar? Humph! Keep your head in the game, Richard. Keep your head in the game.”

Gargoyles, Demons, and Shadowy Figures at Night in Athlone – Downright Scary:

As we walked - the ‘old world’ vibe transformed into a scary, eerie, gothic Transylvania vibe.

Although we did not see any vampires or monsters – we did see shadowy figures dash about in alleyways, and even rooftops.

Of course – we also saw stone gargoyles and stone demon imps atop the much older buildings.

Gargoyles, Demons, and Shadowy Figures at Night in Athlone made our walk downright scary.

The Hanging Albatross Pub – Built from Re-Purposed Old Stone Guardhouse:

‘The Hanging Albatross’ carved wooden sign hung above the double-doored entry porch.

The Pub appeared to be a re-purposed old stone guardhouse, into a restaurant and curio shop. But the first entry stone step was raised almost a foot and a half above the ground, and so there was a wooden staircase added. The staircase wood matched the stain of the restaurant Hanging Albatross sign.

Loud, Raucous, Bustling, Wild Times in the Hanging Albatross – Stay Together:

Loud music and raucous cheers & jeers could be heard from within the Pub. It was ‘a happening spot for Athlone Nightlife’ it seemed.

The Hanging Albatross felt more like a sports bar during the Superbowl, than a remote small town Irish Pub. And - it did not feel like the deadly ‘den of thieves’ - the hotel clerk cautioned us about.

Katie said, “Wow – I did not expect a hopping super busy Pub. I was thinking it would be an empty, lonely place. Wow, it was bustling with so much buzz...so many people...

...

The Deputy looked at Katie, “Let’s stay together – remember?”

Katie smiled and nodded- and whispered “hua”. She felt special knowing “HUA”...and saying it.

Thirty Minute Wait Time for a Pub Table Booth:

A red-headed woman walked up and spoke with a thick Irish accent, “Welcome to the Hanging Albatross. Four for dinner, or the bar?” she asked.

I spied a dozen or so slightly private tables - walled off from each other along the walls of the converted-to-Pub old Guardhouse.

I replied, “Four, and a table if possible...ideally a booth?”

She replied, “Fifteen to Thirty minute wait... Please take a buzzer; it will light up and buzz when a table is available. It only works about 100 feet from here. Stay close by.”

Waiting at The Bar – Katie Hit-On, Harassed by Gruff Middle-Aged Irishman:

We decided to go to the bar, even if we had to stand, and order a round of drinks while we waited for our booth.

A middle-aged gruff Irishman looked straight at Katie – lustily, “You’re a cute one, ain’t you?” He was clearly intoxicated.

Katie was accustomed to being approached, even harassed by men, and so she had practice in repelling his crude advances with remarkable cool, “Yes - I am cute as a button and smart as a whip. I am here for a drink – only. Thank you for your compliment.” She turned her back to the gruff man, towards Deputy Taylor.

She said loudly, ensuring the gruff man heard her, “Deputy, do you think we should use the lady’s room?”

Hearing ‘Deputy’ Intimidated the Sexual Harasser to Abandon His Prey:

The Deputy whispered, “I don’t need the restroom. You want me to deal with this guy?”

Katie did not need to reply to the Deputy, as the gruff harasser clearly heard the word ‘Deputy’ - and was scared off. It seemed - he feared tangling with ‘the law’, and so abandoned his sexual harassment prey.

Smart Katie Had High Emotional Intelligence – Expert ‘People Person’:

Yep – Katie was nimble and smart, and deduced the guy may not want to mess with ‘the law’, much less a trained combatant.

I had not realized it - when Katie first responded to her harasser – that she deliberately said ‘Deputy’ – so he would backoff.

Katie was smart. She knew about ‘people’ and how they saw and interacted with things.

She had high emotional intelligence. She was an expert ‘people person’. And that she could disarm or mitigate – otherwise hostile situations.

Pub Buzzer Summoned Us, Seated in Corner Booth by Redheaded Irish Woman:

The Pub buzzer finally went off and we returned to the red-headed greeter woman. She took the buzzer and escorted us to a corner booth.

PERFECT! A corner booth – even fewer eavesdroppers!

She pointed to a stack of menus held by a loop-shaped wire clip attached to a metal napkin holder, “Someone will be by to take your order.”

Every Day Run-of-The-Mill Menu – Did Not Feel Irish:

I expected some ‘old world’ food and drink options – or at least names befitting a time gone by.

But nope – the menu was like most bars and pubs- burgers, ‘chips’ (AKA fries), Nachos, tacos, and quesadillas. I felt like the menu was entirely NON-IRISH. It was the opposite of Ireland’s food – or so I thought.

Slender Brunette Woman Server Warns to Leave Quietly and Swiftly:

A slender brunette woman server approached the table, “May I take your order?”

She leaned over to me and whispered, “Leave quietly and swiftly. You are not safe here.”

...

I was shocked and confused. I was sure no one else at the table heard her.

I leaned toward her to whisper back my one word reply, “What?” One word can convey a lot – in this case, TOTAL DISMAY.

But she recoiled from my leaned in whisper of my own, “Sir, I just need your order. Do not invade my personal space.”

...

I couldn’t tell if she meant I was really making her uncomfortable...or if it was a ruse to not answer my question, especially maybe if people were watching her.

It was rather confusing. I was not making any advances on her...for sure.

...

After that - we awkwardly - ordered simple Pub food – Burgers and Fish with Chips.

The Team’s Hostile Reaction to Server’s Advice to Flee the Pub:

I shared with the team the server’s advice that we flee the pub immediately because we were otherwise in danger.

Deputy Taylor gritted her teeth, “When asked to leave, we stay! We are here like anyone else. We should remain in public view if they know who we are. Less likely anyone will make a hostile move on us with so many witnesses.”

...

Bob said bluntly, “...unless they are all cultists, then they are not witnesses ...on our behalf. They could even lie, making us instigators, thieves, debtor deadbeats, or whatever. I would not assume being in public is inherently safe. I am sorry to say.”

Taylor looked to Bob, “Right. Good point. Still – we should stay in public view. Being alone in the dark - has a higher risk than the probability of everyone in this bar turning on us. Or so I think.

Let’s just stay here and eat our dinners. In between – I will ‘need to go to the restroom’ and will go and canvass all the doors and windows – and where they lead to.

I will try and figure out what rooms and facilities exist in this place – and where they are. I suggest you all do the same thing. If you’re too scared – stay at the table.”

Scoping Out CCTV Cameras, Nearby Buildings, and Businesses:

Following Taylor’s strong recommendation – I said, “When we are done with dinner, I’d like us to walk off some calories and case the outside of the Pub and what buildings and businesses and cameras all around them, too.

Almost all the United Kingdom has Closed Caption TV Cameras on every building and streetlight, and so we need to make sure we know where and when we are being recorded. We can use them as alibis, or to get noticed when we want to - but we should avoid being seen by them otherwise. I mean – we should use them - or lose them. We need a camera plan.”

Deputy Taylor Was Intense - Intense Personality and Physicality

Deputy Taylor looked deeply into my eyes, almost soul-piercingly uncomfortably, and said, “HUA, Team Leader.”. She was so intense sometimes...though I was unsure why. I figured – her intense personality matched her intense physicality.

Bathroom, Toilet, Jacks, Washroom, Water Closet – All Roses by Another Name...:

Midway through dinner – I got up and headed to the bathroom. I wondered what Ireland called its bathrooms –

- Bathroom
- Lavatory
- Washroom
- Water Closet (WC)
- The Toilet
- Jacks
- ...

Yep – they were just ‘bathroom roses’ called by other names; you ‘did your business’ in them all the same.

It was easy to find the bathroom – there were huge carved wooden letters bolted above the stone portal entryway saying “WC” for Water Closet. It seemed the Pub sought to be European and so used the Water Closet established abbreviation of “WC”.

Mysterious Black Van Driver at Bar Near Water Closet:

I was almost to the bathroom when, to my surprise, the black van driver was there leaning against the bar near the washroom hallway ‘portal’ opening.

It seemed like an impossible coincidence that the driver was STILL IN ATHLONE days after he returned us to the hotel.

I turned to him and asked, “Hey – you are the driver that took us from the airport to the hotel, to the castle, and back to the hotel... Right?”

Midnight and Associates Hired Driver Named Tiny as Professional Stalker [Of Us]:

He looked at me, “Yes. Me. Name - Tiny. Midnight. Say. Follow. You. Me. Do.”

...

That was creepy.

So – Midnight and Associates are keeping tabs on us - I guess - through their dedicated Car Service and Driver. They planted him at the airport to pick us up. They had him ferry us back and forth to their meetings. And now they have him tailing and monitoring us.

I did not know whether to be glad we had ‘Tiny’s Help’ or to be concerned we had a hired stalker watching us.

Oh, and now – we knew the driver’s name - Tiny.

His name was Tiny - a name that contradicted his huge size. I wondered if ‘Tiny’ was a nickname, or if it was his real name, or if it was some kind of name contraction or abbreviation. Whatever the case - I did not feel appropriate asking right then.

Tiny of the Knights Templar:

I looked at Tiny inquisitively and leaned in close so he could hear my whisper in the loud Pub (and so no one else could hear me).

I asked Tiny, “Hey – if you are working for Midnight, is that exclusive or are you hired as needed, on demand?”

...

Tiny’s face was one of serious expression; I wondered if Tiny knew anything but being serious. He answered, in a smelly-breath whisper, “Me. Knights. Templar. No. Work. Me. Serve.”

...

I was surprised to hear that – Tiny of the Knights Templar.

Alrighty...

Tiny’s Contact Card – Call Him Anytime:

Tiny handed me a business card, which read simply “Tiny @ 011-353-555-6661”.

He said, “Call. Anytime. Me. Come. Me. Drive. Me Serve.”

E049 Rick027 Casing the Hanging Albatross Flashback 4.2



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E049 Rick027 Casing the Hanging Albatross Flashback 4 2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hpig-e049-rick027-casing-the-hanging-albatross-flashback-4-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/22DDHuZBPio>

Description:

The team cases the Hanging Albatross Old World Tavern Pub to assess how they can and should engage with the owners to claim Richard's inheritance.

Of course - more eerie, creepy things keep happening...

Casing the Joint – Learning the ‘Ins & Outs’ of the Hanging Albatross Pub:

I entered the Water Closet (WC) hallway and found it led to the bathrooms as expected, but the management offices and freezer rooms were also annexed to the hallway.

The roof was accessible through a padlocked latch, at the end of the same Water Closet hallway – above what appeared to be the management offices.

Water Closet Popularity Hallway Sported Ever-Present Witnesses:

The WC Hallway was a hub to a lot of things... which was unfortunate given how ‘popular’ a bathroom is during business hours that serves alcohol. There was ALWAYS A WITNESS OR FIVE WITNESSES in the Water Closet Hallway.

Bottom-line: The Water Closet Hallway was a central hub – but sported ever-present witnesses during business hours.

Falling Imps and Crashing Security:

After finishing our dinners and paying the bill - we went outside to walk off our calories - and surveil the Pub’s surroundings.

Narrowly had we crossed over and entered the alley running to the side and behind the Pub and Curio Shop – And CRASH!

A stone demon imp statue that had been attached to the roof of the old guardhouse - converted into a Pub... had somehow separated and plummeted down towards us.

We did not see it coming. No one reacted to it...until it smashed and exploded all over the ground.

Katie yelled, “We almost died... We could have been killed. Or one of us, anyway!”

...

Bob looked at everyone, “Well – it did not kill us. We are fine. Old things break. Things fall. It happens. Scary – sure. It is over. Can we move on?”

...

Katie looked scolded but still afraid, “okay...” she shrugged, and we continued our walk into the alley and darkness.

Dark Alleyways and Shadowy Forms:

Walking around the building that housed the Hanging Albatross Pub and Scary Little Things Curio Shop – things became darker, with the only light beaming between the tall building walls that formed the alleyways.

Katie’s eyes were wide – with fear.

There were faint outlines of people in the shadows, moving here and there. I could hear the rustling of debris under their feet as they scuffled about. But they always kept their distance – they were watching us from afar. And they kept their distance, so we could only ignore the shadowy forms.

I had brought my LED Flashlight with me; it was small, around 3.5” long and 3/4” in diameter. It was great at shining light on our path down the alleyway.

I turned on the flashlight and aimed at the shadowy figures. They were not there...they just vanished.

Flashlights Are Not Stealthy, TURN THEM OFF – Deputy Taylor Commanded:

Deputy Taylor glared at me, “Turn that thing off. Do you want everyone to see a bright light at night behind this place? They will assume we are thieves, or up to no good.”

“TURN IT OFF!” She commanded.

I complied. I guess my love of flashlights was not so beneficial when you’re trying to be stealthy.

I wanted to say that I wanted to see who the shades were...but she did not seem concerned at all about them. So – I kept quiet. We continued.

Avoided Dumpsters and Debris, but Walked On Human Urine:

Although it was dark, we were able to make out enough to walk the hallway and avoid dumpsters and debris. But I think we walked all over urine...because things stank of human pee near the dumpster.

And worse, more gross – some of the urine splashed on our shoes, apparently from a recent ‘stream’ – that was still wet.

Droppable Fire-Escape Ladders from Scary Little Things Curio Shop:

We were about to round the building and leave the far end of the alley – and made a fortunate discovery. There was an emergency droppable fire-escape ladder on the alley-side of the Scary Little Things curio shop.

...

Deputy Taylor asserted, “I can get that ladder down, and we can get to the second floor, even the roof from there. This is good.”

Cameras and Bouncers Everywhere – Need to Come Back When Closed:

Bob noted that CCTV cameras were literally on every single building corner, doorway, and streetlight.

He said, “How do these people live without any privacy at all? I swear every inch of public space here has a camera recording it.

Did you count how many bouncers there were? Two at the entry. Four roaming - inside. Two at the kitchen entry. And one near the bathrooms.

And then there’s the insane amount of people in the place. I think we should come back when they are closed... you know - to avoid potential complications with random people.

With all that – I bet they have an alarm system too.” Bob added.

‘No Problem, No Worries’ Assured Deputy Taylor:

Deputy Taylor looked to Bob, “It is not easy. Never is.

We have this. We will get the fire escape down, go to the roof, and cut through whatever locks they have up there.

The padlock - Richard identified inside near the management office and bathroom, suggests – they use low-tech security. So - it is likely there are only physical locks on the roof to enter the building as well.

And there will be no witnesses on the roof – except cameras.

I will wear night black infiltration PVC and get up there, break into the building entry, lower the fire escape ladder, and we will enter from above.”

Taylor looked at Bob with a seemingly forced fake reassuring smile, “See...I guess it will be easy after all.”

Deputy Taylor Does Everything – While We Tag Along:

I thought to myself – yea, easy. Deputy Taylor does absolutely everything, while we tag along.

Simple Curio Shop – Scary Little Things:

We left the alleys and returned to the front of the old guardhouse converted to Pub and Curio Shop.

The Deputy peered in the curio shops’ small, ‘once crossbow sniper hole’, window.

She reported, “The curio shop looks simple enough – One door in & out, retail front room, storeroom in the back, no visible cameras, lots of junk.”

Still Need to Offer Legal Course of Action – Katie Demands:

Katie challenged, “You said we would give everyone a chance to do the right thing, and hand over your birthright inheritance. But we are planning a break-in...for what?

I don’t want to do illegal stuff - unless we must. And exhausted every other option.

Are we going to steal stuff? What are we doing here?” she asked.

...

Katie was incensed...were we thieves!? Of course, not...

Promise to Offer Legal Course of Action – Then Escalate Fast:

I nodded, “I promise - we will make the offer for a legal course of action, to settle and walk away. Even let them buy me out if they want to.

Need to Surveil and Collect Intel BEFORE We Make Contact:

I continued, “But - we need to break in FIRST. We do not want to tilt our hand - or expose our plans.

We need to know everything about them - before they know everything about us.

We need to surveil and collect intel before we make contact - with the cultist ‘owners and operators.’

Not Breaking into What I Own – They Just Don’t Know Yet They Do Not Own:

I emphasized, “Besides - we cannot be breaking into something I own, right? So – they just don’t know yet that I own the place, so we must be covert initially.

Informed Team of Driver Tiny of the Knights Templar, and Back to Hotel Homebase:

I explained to the team as we walked back to the hotel – that the black van driver was Tiny of the Knights Templar, and he was in service of whatever Lessky asked of him.

Not All Heroes Have Chiseled Jaws, Shiny Armor – Judging Knights by Their Armor:

Katie, shocked, exclaimed, “That Hitler stache driver is a KNIGHT!? In the Knights Templar!? I have to re-think what a Knight is...he did not seem like a Knight to me, not at all.”

Bob stated bluntly, “Heroes don’t all have chiseled jaws and shiny armor. Sounds like - judging a knight by their armor ‘cover’.”

Deputy Taylor nodded in agreement.

Back at Hotel Homebase:

We returned to the hotel to rest up. And to prepare for our nighttime infiltration of the Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things.

And so – I presumed we could ask Tiny to do whatever we needed, albeit through Midnight and Associates’ Mr. Lessky.

In my mind – I hoped he would be our permanent ‘taxi driver’.

E050 Rick028 Infiltrating Hanging Albatross, Scary Little Things Flashback 4.



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E050 Rick028 Infiltrating Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Flashback 4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hq44-e050-rick028-infiltrating-hanging-albatross-and-scary-little-things-flashba.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/Y4dSefJ5QD8>

Description:

The team finalizes their plans and sets out to infiltrate the Hanging Albatross Pub and Scary Little Things curio shop...

They discover more clues and mysteries to unravel...

Getting Ready:

We were about to start our Mission – to Infiltrate the Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Pub & Curio Shop.

Deputy Taylor led the readiness check –

- All-black matte clothing, including ski-mask and goggles - Check
- Belt with Utility Pouch - Check
- Bowie Survival Combat Knife and Scabbard, attached to belt - Check
- Wrist Flashlight, and backup tiny flashlight in pouch - Check
- Walkie Talkie radio and earpiece, attached to belt - Check
- Synchronized Waterproof Digital Watches - Check
- Emergency Whistle – when all else fails, blow it for help - Check
- Map of the building and notes from our casing the Target - Check
- Identification and money - Check
 - The Deputy she indicated in the future we should have fake identities ... should we be caught, or have to identify ourselves to someone
 - She suggested we should ask Midnight and Associates if they had channels for ‘fake identities’
 - She likewise recommended asking Midnight and Associates for credit cards

Taylor Had a Skintight PVC suit beneath Black Jeans, Long-Sleeve Pull-Over Shirt:

Deputy Taylor wore black jeans and long-sleeve pull-over shirt, with skintight PVC full-body suit underneath. She said she would remove the outer layer of clothing when she needs to be more fluid and not risk snagging clothes on something.

She had a broad, flat backpack – primarily to store her jeans & shirt in – when she takes them off and goes pure ‘parkour PVC’. She noted, when asked, that the backpack was Kevlar bulletproof. “Bulletproof backpack... adds a bit of extra safety,” she grinned.

I marveled at how much Deputy Taylor knew how to do, and how competent she was at – everything.

It seemed insane the military chased her out because she refused to take an experimental vaccine! Crazy! But, somehow, it worked in my favor.

She is a godsend for our team.

Katie Wore Athleisure Spandex Exercise Tights and a Long Jacket:

Katie wore black athleisure spandex exercise tights and matching long-sleeve top. It was inexpensive and was exactly what she needed.

Bob wore Black Jeans and a Cotton Black Long-Sleeve Shirt:

Bob wore black jeans, a cotton black long-sleeve shirt, and black coat, and a black beret. He said the beret made him look like a ‘badass’.

I wore Black Jeans and a Cotton Black Long-Sleeve Shirt:

I also wore black jeans - but wore a microfiber long-sleeve shirt.

Everyone wore all-black sneakers. And black socks.

Team in All Black - Jonny Cash Would Be Proud – Even if Hellish ‘Ring of Fire’ Ahead:

We were the ‘Team in Black’ – Jonny Cash would have been proud.

...even our road ahead may include a Hellish - ‘Ring of Fire’.

Ready to Start the Mission:

I turned to the team.

“Are we ready,” I asked?

Deputy Taylor exclaimed – one word – “HUA!”

Bob mustered his best enthusiasm, “HUA.”

Katie smiled - another opportunity to be ‘military cool’ – “HUA!”

I closed, “HUA!”

We were ready...

Tiny as the Look Out and The Get-Away Car:

I called Tiny, the driver of the ‘Blazing Taxis’ Black Van, the night before at the number on the business card he gave me.

It seemed that I had to dial the full international number on my mobile phone from the States, so it would route back to Ireland where I was. Oh well...

Anyway – we had Tiny pick us up and drop us off - a few blocks from the Pub and Curio Shop.

I asked Tiny to park close - so once he would be out of sight – in a designated Look Out and Get-Away spot just up the street from the alley – car facing out the alley, so he could get-away quickly.

Cameras Be Gone:

Deputy Taylor had us hang back as she proceeded towards the Pub. She pulled out an enclosed-system paintball pistol, and expertly shot black paint over the CCTV cameras on the outside of the building.

Deputy Taylor was Like Bat Man – Cool Toys, Scaling Vertical Walls, So Heroic:

She waved us forward into the alley backside now that cameras were blind to us, so were behind the Scary Little Things Curio Shop where it had the drop-down fire escape.

From there she pulled out a steel cord and small grappling hook, which she handily tossed and hooked on the fire-escape metal frame.

She walked up the side of the stone building, pulling herself up as she did - by the steel cord.

Deputy Taylor was like Bat Man! She had toys and could climb vertical walls! She was so heroic!

Out-of-sight for Tense Fifteen Minutes:

The Deputy ascended from the fire escape to the roof, and she was gone... for fifteen minutes.

Those fifteen minutes seemed like an eternity. But nothing happened – which was a good thing. We just waited.

Fire Escape Ladder Lowered, Roof Door Unlocked:

Deputy Taylor leaned over the rooftop - and dropped down to the fire escape. She unlatched the fire escape ladder - and lowered it to the alley where we could climb it.

Once we were up on the roof, she raised the ladder. “We don’t want anyone following us, much less knowing someone used the ladder...that they may want to investigate.”

“Okay, I drilled out the lock on the rooftop door. I didn’t see any alarm sensors, wires, or motion-heat sensors... so I think we are good to go inside.

This Was the Real Deal – Being Quiet, Cautious, Alert:

This is the real deal now. Be quiet, cautious, and alert.

Do not take out your knives unless we are in real danger. You could hurt yourself, or worse – have the knife taken from you, and used on you instead. Seriously – only take it out when you are ready to use it. We are not in danger yet. Leave sheathed.

Adrenaline Pumping - Crazy:

My adrenaline was pumping – crazy. I had to assume everyone was likewise on-edge excited and a little terrorized.

I never broke into any place before, and I definitely did not break into a place where people allegedly wanted me dead.

We Entered the Rooftop Door, Descending Steep Spiral Staircase:

The Deputy took point, telling us to stay back about 10 feet.

We followed single file the specified ten feet from Deputy Taylor.

Stone Stairs Made Little Sound:

I noted that the stone stairs did not creak or make any real sound at all. And with sneakers, we made little sounds ourselves moving about.

Stairs Opened into the Management Offices, Near the Bathroom:

The stairs came out into a rear door to the Management Offices – the offices I had seen at the end of the bathroom hallway when we scoped out the Pub.

Deputy Taylor gestured for Katie to go the front door to the Management Offices. She pointed to Bob and gestured for him to stay near the rear entrance door. And she pointed to me and waved her hand across the room – as if saying, “It’s all yours...find what you are looking for.”

Time to Search for Clues, Stuff, and Cash:

I understood it was my time to search for clues and stuff and cash.

It was a little overwhelming at first. Where do you start? Should I be violent like the movies and throw stuff willy-nilly while searching? Or just carefully search, leaving little trace of our intrusion?

I preferred – Leave Little Trace, but I also worried if we had enough time.

Of course – for all I knew, we had hours to finish our search. ...or minutes.

Devoid of Employees and Cultists – Totally Deserted:

There were no employees or cultists present.

In fact – we basically climbed a ladder, broke a lock, and went down some stairs.

It occurred to me – the terror I was feeling...was...entirely in my head.

Sure – there was danger, I broke into a Pub - but it did not seem nearly as scary as I was making it out to be.

‘Stay Alert’ Commanded Deputy Taylor:

Deputy Taylor must have somehow read my mind. She commanded with a firm powerful whisper as she walked close to me and tapped my shoulder, “Stay Alert! Focus.”

The Deputy started opening desk drawers and flipping through notepads. She wandered the room, looking behind decorations and paintings.

Desk Drawers, Paintings, and Wall & Floor Safes:

BINGO! Out of a TV show – there was a safe behind a portrait of some old guy, presumably an owner or something.

She noted the carpet beneath the desk was not as worn as the rest of the carpet, which should be the opposite. A chair and feet would wear the immediate carpet down, not the carpet around it.

The Deputy tapped and pulled out her Zombie Knife. She started pulling and poking its blade around the transition point from worn and new-looking carpet. Voila! She found a carpet seam between the two carpets, and she lifted it up. ANOTHER SAFE!

Deputy Taylor was good at searching. What wasn't she good at, I wondered...

Employee List with Address, Phone, Email, Hire Date, Performance Reviews, ... :

I found something! I found a list of all employees along with their home and email addresses, phone numbers, hire date, and performance reviews.

The very first name was 'Brocko McDeema'. He was the named owner-operator from the Cult for the Pub and Curio Shop.

There was a checkmark next - Brocko McDeema's name. There were checkmarks on another maybe third of the remaining employee names.

...

I wondered if maybe the checkmark indicated they were cult members, solely based on knowing Brocko McDeema was a cultist.

I took the employee file.

Roses of Ambivalence Parchment Scroll:

Weird! There was a file folder labeled 'Roses of Ambivalence' – the same name on Katie's Key Chain fob from the Wizards of Crafts store.

I pulled the Roses of Ambivalence folder out to see what it had to say.

The file contained photographs of rose bush rows, much like the ones Katie was bitten by.

A scroll-like parchment was folded up, inside the folder. It read, "Roses of Ambivalence - One touch blesses, the other curses. Both eternal". There were all sorts of runes and symbols on the scroll too.

I thought Katie may want to see it later, given her rose bite tattoo. I folded the scroll up - and put it in the Employee file folder – so I would take it all together.

Found The Account Ledger - 'The Books':

Whoa! I found 'the books' accounting ledger for both the Hanging Albatross Pub and Scary Little Things Curio Shop. Its financial statements and walks were all there, including vendors, food, drinks, supplies, utilities, amounts paid and received, and more.

'The Books' accounting ledger was a goldmine for insight into Brocko McDeema's Cult business – and connections.

I took the accounting ledger as well.

First Infiltration - Success:

We did it! Things were surprisingly easy... ..well, given Deputy Taylor handheld us through our 'caper' escapade.

Bottom-line: We were successful at our first infiltration.

We retreated the way we came – leaving a broken door lock behind, and having taken files on employees, business operations, and Roses of Ambivalence. And we discovered the location of two safes.

We did it!

I think we did well, all things considered.

Things were surprisingly easy... ..well, given Deputy Taylor handheld us through our ‘caper’ escapade.

E051 Rick029 Troubled Exit at the Cultist Pub & Shop Flashback 4.4



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E051 Rick029 Troubled Exit at the Cultist Pub & Shop Flashback 4 4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hqgh-e051-rick029-troubled-exit-at-the-cultist-pub-and-shop-flashback-4-4.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/_Jdazj5OHqI

Description:

All hell breaks loose as the team's believed to be "successful" caper proves to be detected...

Cloaked figures with guns are everywhere, presumed to be cultists in the Cult of Bae. They search for the trespassers. They search for the team.

Richard and the team must find a way out of the mess they put themselves in...

Not-so-Successful Exit – People and Cars Were Everywhere, in Alleys and Streetside:

Our Pub Infiltration seemed to have gone smoothly.

That is, until we got outside on the roof.

There were shadowy figures of people moving about in the alleyway below, and there were several parked vehicles – that were not there when we arrive – parked along the two streets adjacent to the corner Pub & Curio Shop 2-story building.

We peered below, from behind the demon imp statues that lined the perimeter of the rooftop as apparent watchers and guardians.

People were everywhere. They were in the alleys below us, and streetside. We were surrounded.

Not-so-Successful Exit:

Deputy Taylor said quickly and relatively quietly – but audibly enough we could all hear – “There must have been a silent alarm, after all.”

She pointed toward a row of stone demon imp statues along the perimeter of the old guardhouse – which, as we’ve said, was now the cultist Pub and Curio Shop.

The Deputy ordered the team in a low but firm voice, “On the ground now! Take cover behind those demon statues.

NO KNIVES YET! Up here, without combat training – you could hurt yourself as much as the enemy.”

Confident Deputy Nice to Have on the Team – Maybe Optimistic w/ Dozens of Foes:

Deputy Taylor emphasized with intense, and strangely comforting, eyes. She said, “Stay low, out of sight. I will handle it. We will get out of this. Stay cool.”

It was nice to hear the confidence in Deputy Taylor’s voice.

But it felt a little optimistic to me – I had counted at least five cars and over a dozen people.

There was a person in each car from what I could tell.

And there were people paired up - looking around the alley and surrounding streets for apparent intruders. They clearly knew there were intruders – and they were going to find them.

Loud Enemy Search Teams Could Be Heard on the Rooftop:

They searched – LOUDLY. They were not trying to be secretive.

They were talking in adrenaline-filled elevated loud voices – which worked in our favor. We could hear much of what they were saying whenever they were below us.

I heard some critical phrases spoken loud enough to hear echo from the alley to the rooftop –

- “Listen, the alarm did not set itself off. Someone is here.”

- “The cameras went dark. Now we know why – someone hit them with black paint. And we know when they did it because we got the timestamps on the security video. Brocko is on that...right now.”
- “Make sure every floor is searched. Watch for anything taken or broken. Use your radio if you see – ANYTHING!
- “Take down whoever you find – NO MATTER WHAT, HOWEVER YOU GOTTA DO IT.”

They were all ominous words – and messages.

Search Teams Informed Us of What They Knew:

From their conversations, we deduced –

- We were outnumbered – there were 3 or 4 of them, for each of us.
- We were in physical, real danger. They would not hold back from hurting us.
- They are connected via radios. So – we had to assume that engaging one person ... would escalate quickly into engaging everyone. Radios ‘travel fast’.
 - Deputy Taylor grinned and whispered loudly to me from her demon imp, “Swift neutralization can prevent radio ‘discovery’. Let me handle them, first – as needed. Please.”
- The Cultist Leader, Brocko McDeema, was inside right now reviewing security footage.
- They knew nothing about us – so far.

We Were Trapped on The Roof – Bob Started the Team’s Panic:

Bob started saying aloud uncontrollably, “No, no, no, no, no... Not like this. Not this soon...” He trailed off, and then spiked with a mild shrill, “Deputy? Got a plan...? You got a plan? Deputy – You have a plan, right!?” Bob’s voice was escalating quickly into obvious panic.

Bob was spiraling in panic. And it was affecting the rest of us.

Katie Frozen Prone, Flat on Ground, Head Hidden & Shielded by Rooftop Stone Imp:

Katie was frozen in fear, her head leaned against a rooftop stone demon imp – that concealed her, and offered shielding protection.

She had never been in direct threat like this. Her encounter with Aaron Graywell...was more a witness...to my being beaten into a heap, and so this was MUCH SCARIER to Katie.

Katie felt as if her life was in jeopardy – even more likely she might die than live. Her adrenaline translated into paralysis in that moment. Her body was prone, flat on the ground, with her head leaned against the stone demon imp ‘mini rooftop gargoyles’. She was silent, waiting for something to happen...or someone to tell her what to do.

Deputy Andrea Taylor was In Her Element:

Deputy Andrea Taylor was in her element. It was like a slumbering powerhouse within her was activated.

She scanned all around her. I could see her do a headcount of us – making sure we were all present, and in a safe position. I noted how she leaned into the demon imp, rolling her head to the side just enough to see across and down from the rooftop.

Rising to the Occasion – Defending the Team as a Hero and Protector:

The ‘hero’ and ‘protector’ in me kicked in. It did not matter that I might be hurt, or even killed. I was born to help and protect others - and just like my challenging the murderous thug Aaron Graywell (albeit, quite likely unwise), I had to act as a defender for the team.

I looked to the Deputy, “What can we do? I am thinking...”

We Were Surrounded - Devising A Plan with The Deputy:

The Deputy held her hand to her lips – to shush me. She held her hand at mouth level, and lowered it to her boots, “Quiet...” Her gestures were surprisingly clear and effective; she was saying stop talking right now, lower your voice when you talk.”

She crawled over to me, “Richard, we are surrounded.

I can take two or three at a time – most likely – if I do not use lethal force. If I use lethal force... we can take them all out – carefully – or they could call for reinforcements... even local police, seeing as we broke into their business.”

Calming Bob – Words Not Enough:

The Deputy crawled prone over to Bob. She looked closely into his eyes, “Bob, Calm down. Find your ‘safe place’ – and shut up. You could get us killed, freaking out like that.”

It was curious to me – Deputy Taylor seemed to think telling Bob to calm down was all that had to be done to reduce his emotional meltdown. If only that were true of emotions and psychological issues...

Well – her words did not penetrate the storm of panic in Bob’s frontal cortex; he was FREAKING OUT! And nothing was going to end his panic except a change in circumstances, a reset through emotional trust, time passing, or a shock & awe, nuke & pave event.

Calming Bob – Advantage Not Enough, Needed Emotional Trust in People and God:

We did not have time for any mitigation for Bob’s panic ... except ‘trust’.

I rolled over to Bob, “We need you, man. Bob - we are here for each other. You’re my friend. I won’t let anything happen to you. We’re a team.

God won’t let us fail. We are on God’s Mission – on God’s Quest. We can’t fail, Bob.

And besides –

- We’ll be fine.

- We're up here. They're down there.
- We know where they are. They don't know where we are.
- We have the advantage."

...

Taylor nodded and gestured thumbs up on our having the advantage.

Whether it was the projected confidence, distracting Bob with discussion, or whether he 'believed in things just working out' now – Bob calmed enough to freeze in place, like Katie did, by an Imp. And – longer screaming in terror.

The Plan - Drop Rooftop Imp, Slam Roof Door to Distract – Drop Fire Escape & Flee:

Deputy Taylor's summarized her plan, "Listen. This will work. We just need to get out of here. We don't want to fight anyone.

They are not well trained; I can tell. They are civilians pretending to be soldiers.

Richard, you go to an Imp streetside, over the front of the building.

We saw an Imp fall earlier, so we know they are loose and can fall. When I gesture a 'PUSH', shove that Imp with all your might. It needs to fall and smash loudly to draw the attention of most of the search groups.

If you can, Richard – push a few Imps off the roof. But be fast about it. We will need to move FAST.

...

Once you dropped the Imp, I will open the roof door and slam it loudly a few times. We want them to hear the roof door and come for us. But they will be either inside – or in the front checking out the loud crashing stone Imp.

They will come fast to the roof, so as soon as the Imps fall...I need you to run over and drop the fire escape ladder.

And then – Bob, Katie, you... you get down that ladder...and you run, like Hell. You find Tiny and you go.

If I am there, I will go with you.

If I am not there – trust that 'I got this'. And I will see you for breakfast in the hotel.

Intimidating, Scary, But It Was The Plan:

It was intimidating, scary... but I could not think of a better plan.

I imagined jumping down to surprise them and fighting them...but objectively I would more likely jump down and just hurt my feet and legs from the fall, and they would walk up and catch me.

Perhaps we could dash through the building - and no one would be able to stop us.

I did not have many great ideas.

It was Fight or Flight...and Fight was seemingly off the table for us – at least it was off the table right then.

Crawling and rolling between Taylor, Katie, and Bob – I confirmed the plan with everyone. On Andrea’s “Shove” Gesture – the plan will start!

E052 Rick030 Operation - ‘Shove, Slam, Drop, Run Like Hell...’ Flashback 4.5



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E052 Rick030 Operation - ‘Shove, Slam, Drop, Run Like Hell...’ Flashback 4_5.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hqr3-e052-rick030-operation-shove-slam-drop-run-like-hell-flashback-4-5.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/o6uibPsGefM>

Description:

Having derived a plan to escape the grave situation of be encircled by armed cultists, the team is set to make it happen!

The team begins ‘Operation: Shove, Slam, Drop, and Run Like Hell...’

Godspeed!

Operation ‘Shove, Slam, Drop, and Run – Like Hell to Tiny’ Started:

We started Operation ‘Shove, Slam, Drop. And Run Like Hell – to Tiny’.

We were all in position.

Deputy Taylor gestured with both hands forward ‘shove’, indicating it was time to push a stone demon Imp off the rooftop down to the street below to make a huge explosive crashing sound...and draw all the search parties over to it.

Imp Did Not Move At All – Frantically Chipped Loose with Bowie Knife:

I failed... Yea – I could not push the stone Imp off the rooftop. It was cemented down extremely well. It was not going anywhere, without a crowbar or hammer or something.

I moved over to another Imp... It was solid, too. And another. And another. Dang – was there only ONE loose Imp!? Was the only loose Imp the one that nearly fell on us when we walked through the alley earlier?

It was absurd!

I noticed there were cracks in the mortar holding the Imps onto the roof. I pulled out my Bowie Knife, and hacking and chiseled frantically at the cracked mortar lines.

They were chipping away!

My adrenaline was pumping, and my focus was frantic. I heard stone scrape on stone; it was loosening!

It took a few minutes, but Deputy Taylor waited to open and slam the roof door - per the plan. She would wait until an Imp exploded on the sidewalk or street – where depended on how much forward force I exerted where it might land.

Imp Finally Exploded and Echoed Off Buildings Streetside and Through Alleys:

FINALLY – The stone Imp move forward enough for its weight to break the remaining clinging mortar. It cracked and grinded – and fell. The Imp plummeted to the sidewalk - and EXPLODED! It made a loud reverberating boom that echoed off the many stone building walls through the empty streets - and in the alleyways.

BANG! BANG! Went Taylor’s Silver Door:

Deputy Taylor opened the roof’s silver-colored metal door. And slammed it with massive force, making it echo from the rooftop down into the building through its staircase and over the roof down into the street and alleys.

AGAIN! BANG! BANG!

AGAIN! BANG! BANG! CLANG!

Dropping the Fire Escape – Blocked by Two Thugs:

I was at the fire escape, lowering its ladder, when I saw a pair of search thugs come around the corner into the alley.

I wasn’t sure – but I thought they saw me lowering the ladder.

I yelled (unwisely), “Deputy – two over here!” I was not articulate. Things were moving so fast.

Deputy's Deadly Parkour:

The Deputy, still wearing only her matte PVC 'cat burglar' suit and ski mask, ran in a low-squat way I had never seen before. It was almost alien – she moved fast like a 'slow run' but she was squatting all the while – somehow.

And then she rolled as she got near the edge of the building. I wondered – did she roll just to look like a cool, badass? Or did she roll to avoid being seen at her squat-run height? Regardless – she moved like a cat on the prowl – swift, silent, and seemingly deadly.

Waiting Prone, Flat on Rooftop by Fire Escape – for Deputy Taylor's Next Move:

Deputy Taylor gestured we all remain prone, flat on the roof. And pointed near to the fire escape. I made sure Katie and Bob moved into position – making sure they were no longer 'fear frozen'. We were there – waiting for Andrea Taylor's next move.

Ladder Drop, Missed Last Rung, Sprained Ankle, Surrender:

She handed me her ski mask. I did not know why...but I held it for her.

She crept slowly to the fire escape platform - and released the ladder so it fell violently and loudly to the ground.

The two thugs pulled out pistols and walked forward towards the ladder, "Hey, you there! We are armed. Come down, and we won't hurt you. You don't – you in DEEP TROUBLE!"

Deputy Taylor descended the ladder awkwardly. She slipped off the last rung, missing it entirely and falling to the ground.

The thugs kept their distance, as she lifted herself up – incompetently. She pressed her ankle and moaned - as if she had just sprained her ankle in the fall.

I Was Helpless to Do Anything – Watch Deputy Taylor Surrender:

I thought to myself – We are doomed if Deputy Taylor is out of commission or captured. What could I do to help, right there – right then?

My mind raced to think of ideas...but they all ended up in my drawing attention from more thugs, not helping deal with the two on the Deputy.

Taylor Alleges She Was 'Practicing Parkour' to Mask Rooftop Invasion:

And the unthinkable happened – Deputy Taylor dropped to her knees, leaned forward to the ground with her hands forward as if in worship, "I surrender. I was practicing parkour. Sorry."

There was no way her excuse could pass muster once other thugs showed up. Her explanation of parkour did not explain black paint on cameras. ...or the break-in.

And the owner, Brocko, McDeema, would eventually discover the stolen files. No – Deputy Taylor's 'story' would not last long at all.

Again – I worried and wondered – what could I do to help?

Parkour Cat Burglar Taylor:

The answer for what I should do to help was ... DO NOTHING AT ALL. WAIT FOR ORDERS.

Why do I say that?

Well - The Deputy was obviously not a local to the thugs because she had an 'American' accent, which some say is no accent at all unless you are from New York, Boston, or The South (Texas, Georgia, Kentucky, ...). Deputy Taylor was a California news anchor no-identifiable accent voice.

The thugs approached Taylor, examining her highlighted, if not exposed, body - in her form fitting matte black PVC full-body jumpsuit. She looked like a cat burglar – not a parkour exerciser out at the wee hour of 3am.

Taylor Pleads Not to Be Zip-Tie Handcuffed:

A thug pulled out a zip tie and walked behind the Deputy – he was moving to tie Deputy Taylor's hands together behind her back – like disposable handcuffs.

The Deputy said, "Please don't. Why? I did nothing wrong. I was climbing buildings, for exercise and fun. Please..." She implored, tears starting to flow.

'Soldier Taylor' Strikes Like a Cat – Two Fewer Thugs:

Things seemed hopeless for us, right then.

And then, lighting speed like a cat, Deputy Taylor spun around while grabbing the zip tie thug's wrist and elbow. Her leg slipped behind his and somehow struck the backside of his knee, and he fell to the ground immediately – and yelled and screamed like his knee had been broken backwards.

The other thug, holding his pistol, fired at the Deputy. It seemed like a miracle, but she seemed to have rolled out of the way when crippling the zip-tie thug.

The second thug with the pistol – just fell to the ground in a heap. Deputy Taylor had somehow thrown a shuriken (Japanese throwing star) – which pierced the thug's carotid artery. He bled out – dead - from his neck all over the alley.

Instinctively – Taylor spun around - and kicked the zip-tie thug in his jaw and neck; it cracked. He died.

It seemed unnecessary to kill the thug – but it seemed Deputy Taylor was 'Solider Taylor' in combat; and she does not intend to 'lose'.

Solider Taylor Was a Trained Lethal Killer:

Whoa! Deputy Taylor dispatched – YEA, KILLED – two people right then. ...in a not even two minutes - from greeting to killing.

I was glad we were apparently going to be safe. But - Seeing people killed in real life ... was ... different. It was deeply disturbing and upsetting.

'Soldier Taylor' was a trained, lethal, killer.

Emulating Taylor's Calm, Cool, Confident, Suppressed Emotion Conflict Skills:

But I saw how Deputy Taylor suppressed fear and emotion in urgent conflict, and I intended to learn and emulate her demeanor in conflict situations.

She always seemed in control – calm, cool, confident, suppressed emotion in conflicts, and an expert at – seemingly – everything.

Deputy Taylor Was God's Brutal Soldier:

It was extremely evident – Deputy Taylor was God's Brutal Soldier.

We needed Taylor's brutality and strategic mind.

We presumably also needed Flaming Dagger's Holy Fire. ...for something, some day.
Yea – I assumed it was Holy Fire, not Hellfire... or 'alien fire'.

Katie and Bob Operating in Shock Autopilot – Guided to Ladder and Deputy:

Seeing the window of opportunity – with two dead thugs below – I ushered Katie and Bob to get going down the ladder to Deputy Taylor.

Bob and Katie were pale with shock. They were on autopilot from their state of shock. I grabbed each of their hands - and led them to ladder. They went down as guided – to the Deputy.

Leave Them, And Go - NOW:

Deputy Taylor had collected her shuriken from the thug's neck and took their wallets and pistols. She took her ski mask back from me - and put it on again.

She commanded, "Move. Let's get to Tiny."

Escaping with Tiny 'To the Rescue':

We exited the alley - and walked briskly in the opposite direction of the Pub and Curio Shop.

Somehow – no one saw or pursued us.

We found the black van with its driver, Tiny - and returned to the Hotel.

Everyone put their 'cover' clothing.

In horror and shock – and not exposing what happened to Tiny – we all sat morbidly quiet as Tiny drove us to the hotel.

E053 Rick031 Moral Dilemmas of Biblical Proportions Uniting a Fracturing Team FB4.6



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E053 Rick031 Moral Dilemmas of Biblical Proportions Uniting a Fracturing Team FB4_6.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hra9-e053-rick031-moral-dilemmas-of-biblical-proportions-uniting-a-fracturing-te.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/7ArXwk_UD0c

Description:

Richard and the team debrief over what they had just gone through – with the Cult of Bael, the Hanging Albatross, and Scary Little Things.

They debate over what is “murder” and what can and cannot be justified... in the eyes of man and in the eyes of God.

Fearful of potential cultist retaliation, the team holds up together for the night.

Debriefing in Richard's Room:

We pulled into the hotel. And exited Tiny's Black Van.

Bob asked, "Hey – can we debrief now? Like – let's go to Richard's room. We can talk and recap everything. Umm – and figure what we are doing going forward. Okay?"

...

I answered, "That makes a lot of sense. We should compare notes and observations - and plan our next steps.

If We Can Kill Thugs, They Can Kill Us – Team to Stay Close, Sleep in Same Room:

It was a harrowing experience. Both Katie and Bob demanded to sleep in Deputy Taylor's room – saying, "If we can kill thugs, they can kill us."

Katie used Taylor's own words against her, and asserted, "You said, 'the team is safer together, safer in numbers. That we are safer not splitting up.

I think we should all stay and sleep in the same room – from now on. We may even need a rotating Lookout, always awake – like they do on TV – guarding and watching out for us while we sleep.

I don't want to die. I am scared, okay... I don't want to be alone."

Team United on Renting Bigger Hotel Rooms in Future with a Bed for Everyone:

I smiled and suggested, "Maybe we should always stay and sleep in one room, as Katie suggested – albeit maybe rent a penthouse or something bigger - so we can have our own beds and always be together while have getting real rest and some comfort."

Bob grumbled, "YES! PLEASE!" He added nervously, "hua."

Katie smiled more widely at me – clearly expressing her gratitude of making her idea reality, not just then ... but adopting it going forward. She said, "yea – hua."

Deputy Taylor Declared She Would Sleep Alone in *Her* Bed:

The Deputy nodded, "Fine, but I sleep alone in *my* bed." It was clear – if there was 'a bed', it was 'her bed'. It did not seem 'fair', but I felt we all needed the Deputy at the top of her game...so we all shrugged our shoulders and muttered variations of "okay, yea, whatever, sure..."

The Taylor Stated, 'No Lookout Needed':

Taylor added, "I don't think we need a Lookout, not right now anyway. There will certainly be times of threat we will need people on Watch. But no one saw or followed us, and the Hotel already knows we keep weird and very late/early hours – based on our comings & goings.

There is no reason to believe we are in any more threat now, than we were in last night or the night before that.

And we need our rest. Just go to sleep – we will figure out things tomorrow."

The Deputy seemed to issue a recognition of Katie's anxiety with a tilted head shake and half-smile; it offered a strange reassurance that she was there and confident in our safety.

Sleeping with Knives:

Deputy Taylor instructed us, "Although I do not think we need a Lookout... just like we will share a room in the future for safety, you should all keep your Bowie Knife close – in its scabbard, do not want to cut yourself - when you sleep.

I keep my Zombie Blade on the bedstand next to me – unsheathed. I know how to wake and grab it – a lot of practice – safe for me.

Bob May Regret Joining the Adventure:

Bob said, "Sure – I love sleeping with knives." His voice trailed off, "Why not...?"

It was apparent that Bob may be regretting his decision to join me on this adventure.

Too Late to Quit Now:

I turned to the team – seeing Bob's unnerved and potentially infectious negativity not ending without intervention.

I said, "Look... It is probably too late for any of us to bail now. Quitting," I paused, "...would just remove the 'safety in numbers' group thing we all just agreed was imperative. Breaking off from the team is not a good idea – not until we know what we're dealing with. That's what I think," I stated.

Accomplices to Murder:

It was clear that emotions and anxieties were running high across the team.

I said, "Look – we were all now - accomplices in the murder of two people.

It was murder - regardless of their 'probably' being devil worshipping cultists, threatening the Deputy with guns.

Also – it was self-defense... but - it possibly provoked conflict resulting in self-defense homicide - after we trespassed and broke & stole property."

'Not Murder for a Solider' – Challenged Spec-Ops Deputy Taylor:

Ex-Special Operations, Deputy Taylor looked down and then upward - almost to Heaven - and said, "We were on a mission. Heck – a Mission for God.

It is not murder when soldiers eliminate enemies, especially when that opponent intends harm or death to them.

They intended to harm or kill me – and I am never prepared to let someone decide if I live or die – NEVER!

And so – NO! I defended myself in a 'military' mission for God – style."

Get Used to Killing – Declared Spec Ops Taylor:

Spec Ops Taylor underscored her message, "I always see this... Civilian shock over necessary acts of a soldier. The bad guys don't follow a 'no harm, no kill' doctrine. They follow the opposite – kill anything that remotely threatens you.

And hey – I was a threat. You were all threats. They would not hesitate to kill us.”

She hammered the hotel room desktop where she was seated, and loudly commanded, “You need to get used to killing. That’s it.”

Evil People Earned Right to ‘Atone’ for Their Sins ... Die and Go to Hell:

Taylor added, “We saw tonight – these guys were deadly serious. These guys were armed.

Allegedly – these guys worship the devil. Anyone heard of human sacrifices? They are the bad guys.

Bad guys - are bad guys. They earned their right to ‘atone’ for their sins. I am helping them along their way. ...just a little faster than - maybe - they wanted.” She grinned.

They need to die and let God decide if they will go to Hell or not.

And – I feel good that I have only ever killed for Just, Right reasons.”

The Deputy Was Callous When it Came to Military and Missions:

Wow – Deputy Taylor had a ruthless, even callous side, when it came to missions or anything military. ...anything involving life & death – so I concluded.

But she also seemed to have a clear defined ‘Code’ that defined the appropriate situations to end someone’s life. A bit black & white – ruthless – but effective.

And we needed ‘effective’...

Evil Plots and Triumphs Unless Good is Watchful and Ever Vigilant, and Proactive:

Of course – I think the Deputy was right. Good does not triumph without defending itself – even proactively taking initiative or action.

Evil Plots, so Good must be watchful and ever vigilant! And Proactive!

‘Thou Shall Not Kill’, We Could All Be Damned to Hell - Declared Katie:

Katie blurted, “But Thou Shall Not Kill! That’s one of the Ten Commandments.

Bad people kill. And they go to Hell!” She said, almost teary eyed.

“We could all be damned to Hell, for trying to stop this Cult... I could be damned to Hell. We need to pray for forgiveness.”

Damned to Hell, or to Prison – Worried Bob:

Bob looked sympathetic to Katie, “I don’t know about us going to Hell or not... But Prison is a real possibility. We need to get our stories straight...”

No Hell for The Righteous – Proven Throughout History – Crusades as Example:

Reading the room – there was no consensus on ‘murder’ or ‘self-defense’ ... much less what we should do about it - and everything, for that matter. The team was falling apart. It was fracturing.

I tried to reassure the team, “This is all crazy. It is new to all of us. Deputy Taylor has the most experience; we should listen to her. I believe in her. She will keep us alive. And successful.

When I consider, myself, the Ten Commandments or the Bible or Old / New Testaments – I think there has been killing of people in the name of God and Christianity throughout history.

Think about it – The Crusades were all about ‘convert or die’. That was precisely what Deputy Taylor was talking about – the Knights for God were ‘soldiers. They were not murdering people - they were protecting and evangelizing Christianity and the Word of God.

Willful killing of a person for personal gain, vengeance, jealousy, any individual purpose – is murder. No doubt about that.

Killing someone accidentally is manslaughter – we do not consider that murder, though a person was killed.

So – why is wrong for us, as God’s soldiers, to kill enemies of Good and Righteousness?

I say – NO! It is not wrong. And there is no Hell for the Righteous.”

Scared Returning to Offer ‘Buy-Out’ Now That We Killed Two Staff/Cultists:

Katie asked, “Umm, do you think it’s still a good idea to meet in person and offer the ‘buy out’ settlement? I mean – they may do something terrible to us. Right? No?” She looked nervous.

...

I replied, “We need to give them the chance. It is the right thing to do. Just because we are scared now, does not change the reasoning that made sense before. We need to give them a chance to do the right thing.”

...

Bob snarled, “Do the right thing? ...after we killed two of their people? Come on, Richard! That is not how humans behave... They will want vengeance, revenge, something they will perceive as payback justice. It is human.”

He added, “Now – if they do not value life – do not care about two of their own dead... it is still bad, but we can negotiate then... if we have something to negotiate with, of course.

I am not convinced making an offer will end well for us, Richard.”

What Happens in a Mission, Stays in the Mission – Forget, Move On:

The Deputy said, “There is no evidence it was us. There is no proof we were there. It was a Mission. What happens in a Mission - Stays with the Mission. You – Forget, Move On.”

She added, “I cleaned up the scene while you came down the ladder. Just remember – we were all here talking about our tourism plans. Any contradicting proof – deflect, deny it.”

I DO NOT, HAVE NOT, CANNOT, WILL NOT LIE:

I said, “I don’t lie, Deputy. I cannot lie. I will not lie. I have never lied – at least not knowingly. And I will die...before I will knowingly lie.”

...

Deputy Taylor looked at me and said sarcastically, “Great. You don’t lie. How admirable.” She was not pleased with my integrity – it seemed.

“Okay, Richard, he who will not lie – use your brilliant mind and DEFLECT then. Just do not admit anything – EVER.”

...

I nodded in agreement.

Rock-Paper-Scissor for Couch-Tub-Floor ; Deputy Taylor Pre-Assigned the Bed:

It was late and no one wanted to deal with the Hotel concierge to get some kind of roll-away beds, cots, or even blankets for us all to sleep in the same room.

Bob suggested, “Hey – let’s go get our blankets, pillows, and luggage from our rooms. And bring them back here to Richard’s room.

Camping in ‘Richard’s World’ Going Forward:

We can all camp out in ‘Richard’s World’ going forward”, he joked.

He added, “Okay – about room assignments – as in, where are we going to sleep:

- Deputy Taylor gets the bed – she needs her combatant ‘beauty rest’
- Let’s rock-paper-scissors for who gets the couch and who gets the bathroom tub.
- Anyone can have the floor; it’s wide open

Work for everyone?”

Katie Volunteered for the Floor – Left the Tub & Couch for Bob and Me:

Katie said, “Count me out. I will sleep on the floor. I will bring all my hotel room’s blankets – and make myself a big ‘doggie bed sheet pile’ to sleep on. You can fight over the tub and couch.

That left the tub and couch between Bob and me.

Marching into Hell for Heavenly Cause – and For Each Other:

I have always wanted friends and colleagues to view me as an ally they would march into Hell with – because they trust and know me to be good, smart, wise, and righteous – and because I usually win.

But I also realized I needed the team to be willing to march in Hell for each other. We needed a true deep trust and reliance on each other.

I Chose the Tub – but Gave to Bob Because He Preferred Its Safety:

Building trust, to me, starts with knowing the other person has your best interests at heart and in mind. All I could think in this moment – was to choose the least desirable place, the bathtub.

I figured – giving the better place to sleep was a small, but literally impactful thing to do for the team.

I was taller than Bob – and thus, would fit worse in the tub than Bob would have. But I decided to ‘take one for the team’ – like I have done throughout my life.

I said, “You take the couch, Bob.” I ‘sold the decision’ on the safety offered in the bathroom tub.

Tub Was Safest Place in Hotel Room – I Asserted:

I said, “The tub is the safest and most secure place to sleep in the entire hotel room.

It’s in a room without a window – only a bathroom door. It has its own ventilation. And you are surrounded by steel as you sleep.

Bob – if you want the couch, please take it.”

I felt a bit of a hero giving up the couch to Bob. I was sacrificing good rest, but it was the right thing to do for the team.

Bathroom Was a Trap Without No Way Out – Warned Bob:

Bob said, “Great. Works for me. Just for transparency – the bathroom tub is also the only place there is no escape or way out. It is like being backed into a corner – not many ways to get at you, but no way for you to get away either.

Uninspiring ‘No Way Out is A Kill Box’:

Deputy Taylor grinned, “No Way Out...is a kill box. I will make sure no one gets to you in the bathroom.” She chuckled. “In the bathroom...”

Restless Night and Day:

Once more – we finally settled in within a few hours of dawn. We tried to sleep restlessly - and had bouts of rest...but not even an hour of contiguous sleep.

We slept to afternoon, ordered room service for a ‘Linner’ (AKA lunch-dinner), and slept afterwards through the next night into the following morning.

Off to Meet Cultist Brocko McDeema – Owner of the Pub and Curio Shop:

Rested and ready to go meet the cultist and owner of the Hanging Albatross Pub and Scary Little Things Curio Shop. We are off to meet Brocko McDeema.

E054 Rick032 Confronting the Cult's Pub & Curio Shop Owner Flashback 4.7



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E054 Rick032 Confronting the Cult's Pub & Curio Shop Owner The Boss Flashback 4_7.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hrj8-e054-rick032-confronting-the-cults-pub-and-curio-shop-owner-the-boss-flashb.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/DYxNwzOeVCc>

Description:

Richard meets with the intimidating and dominating owner of the Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things – a man named Brocko McDeema. Richard hopes to amicably collect his inheritance from Brocko...

Emotions run high during their interaction...

Tiny Drove Us to The Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Curio Shop:

We had Tiny, the Knights Templar black van driver, take us to the Hanging Albatross Pub and Scary Little Things Curio Shop. We asked he drop us off a few blocks away – and wait like he did before for us.

Richard & the Deputy to Meet Brocko Alone – Bob & Katie Remain with Tiny:

Before leaving the van - I asked, “Do you think maybe Deputy Taylor and I should go in to meet the owner, Brocko McDeema, alone? You two would hang back with Tiny.

It’s not like we’re splitting up. But it does give us less risk in their jaws with fewer of us there.

I know it’s not exactly what we talked about...”

Bob answered, “Fine. I will stay here.”

Katie said, “I would like to go with you, but I think you are right. Bob and I – well – we froze up last time. ...we can’t let that happen when you are face-to-face with the cultist mobster. Yea – you two, go without us.”

Leaving Tiny’s Van, Towards the Pub and Shop:

Deputy Taylor and I walked from Tiny’s van, down the street towards the Pub. We left our utility belts and gear in the van; it would be weird walking around with waist-bags, Bowie knives, and cell phone cases.

Approaching the Front Door – Unarmed, No Utility Belt:

It was late morning, approaching noon, and so we imagined everyone would be present in the Pub – it was near lunch time.

We speculated – at lunch time, there would be the most non-cult people present in the Pub. We could blend into the crowd of customers - and be less noticeable and memorable.

Bouncer at The Door – Paid Little Attention to Us:

There was a bouncer in front of the entry door. I spied a radio earpiece – and an obvious pistol bulge under his arm.

The bouncer paid little attention to us as we approached and entered the Pub.

Punk Greeter Wore Red-Hued Shirt Sporting Silkscreened White & Black Yin Yang:

As we entered – a 20-something purple-haired woman, wearing burgundy semi-see through translucent leggings greeted us. She wore a red-hued long-sleeved pullover shirt that sported silkscreened art of a white & black yin yang – whose opposing halves were entirely black or white, shaped like rose petals.

From behind a podium kiosk – she asked, “Welcome to the Hanging Albatross. Two for lunch?”

Greeter Shocked and Upset, Will Ask Brocko McDeema for Meeting on Our Behalf:

I answered, “Actually – we were hoping to speak with Brocko McDeema.”

The greeter’s face tightened, as if she was offended by my request. She said tersely, “I will go ask Mr. McDeema if he will see you. What is your name, and purpose to meet him?”

She looked visibly surprised, shocked, and upset that we asked to meet with Brocko.

Meeting Brocko McDeema – In Person:

The greeter woman returned after five minutes, “Brocko will see you. Follow me.”

She walked the Deputy and I to the back towards the restrooms, and to the end of a hallway leading up to them, where the management’s office was.

The woman opened the door - and gestured for us to go inside.

We entered the room...

Brocko-Huge Intimidating, Crime Boss w/ Fiery Red Wild-Haired Man, Gold Jewelry:

Deputy Taylor and I entered, and the door closed behind us. There were two stuffed chairs in front of Brocko’s desk.

Seated behind the desk was a huge – MASSIVE – Irishman with fiery red wild hair and beard. His eyes were big, and piercing blue. His hands were large like sledgehammers. He wore a thick gold necklace, and a large gaudy diamond-studded watch. He had the ‘air’ of a syndicate crime boss.

And, like the bouncer, I noted a pistol holster bulge under his left arm.

Explaining Why We Were There – Millmore and Inheritance:

Brocko cracked his knuckles, “So – what brings you two strangers into my place?”

I looked at the Deputy, and then back to Brocko. He was intimidating – just sitting there. I could only imagine how terrifying it would be for him to ‘come after you’.

Brocko could destroy most people with his fists – never mind what he could do with a weapon!

I answered Brocko, “Mr. McDeema, my name is Richard Seaborne. This is Andrea Taylor. We are here on a personal and legal basis.”

Brocko Tensed Up and Leaned Back Into Power Position to Hear My ‘Legal Basis’:

Brocko grinned, “What kind of ‘Legal Basis’ are you talking about?”

I continued, “Well – I am the descendent and heir to Zaira Millmore. A Mr. Lessky of the law firm Midnight and Associates sent us to you. I have paperwork showing this Pub and adjoining Curio Shop are bequeathed to me from Zaira Millmore.”

Laughed At, Mocked, Insulted, Cast Out:

Brocko's eyes squinted into a narrow glare at me. His forehead furrowed. He leaned forward and pressed his right hand on the side of his desk.

"You come into my business, and declare you own everything you can see!? You claim to be some heir to Zaira Millmore!? You have documents from some lawyer..."

"Well – Richard!" Brocko punctuated my name with blatant disdain. "You are not Zaira Millmore's legal heir. Ireland has laws. Unless you are Irish – no inheritance for you. No Standing, no nothing..."

Got it!?" He seemingly threatened me to agree with him.

...

He did not wait for a reply from me or the Deputy.

"What are you – American!? You talk and act like a privileged entitled American! We do not want your American Style attitude here." He said with a hateful aggressive tone.

"And besides – Zaira Millmore gifted this place to me forty years ago. I got paperwork. I got witnesses. I got court filings. You got nothin'! You got no 'legal basis'!"

He punctuated his statement with, "MoFo!"

Brocko was as offensive as he was powerful.

...

"I don't want to hear you two say a word. Just get the hell out of my sight- NOW!" He raised his voice to near yelling. "Get the F-Out!"

E055 Rick033 Millmore Background Intrigue Flashback 4.8



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E055 Rick033 Millmore Background History Intrigue Flashback 4 8.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hs51-e055-rick033-millmore-background-history-intrigue-flashback-4-8.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/iUP-0qUMOTA>

Description:

Pub Owner Brocko expresses interest in Richard's family lineage, seeking to validate Richard's claim to be a descendent of Zaira Millmore.

Richard concludes he must find another way to convince Brocko to work with them and hand over Richard's inheritance.

Two Bouncer Guards Entered to Remove Taylor and Me from Brocko's Sight:

We stood there – in Brocko McDeema's office – as he growled profanities - and demanded we leave.

The management office door swung open. Two more 'guard' bouncers entered the room. They appeared prepared to forcibly remove Taylor and me...if we did not promptly comply and leave the office.

We got up. I was about to say something...and Brocko looked at me and said, "Wait..."

Zaira Millmore's Heir – Brocko Wants More Detail:

Brocko leaned back into his big stuffed chair, "You said you were Zaira Millmore's descendent and heir?"

...

I nodded, "Yes."

...

Brocko asked, "Richard, you said...right? Why have I never heard about you? American? Who were your parents? Where and when were you born?"

...

I answered, "Yes – we are U.S. Citizens. I don't know much of my father, but my mother and grandfather are from the Millmore family line."

Millmore Bloodline & Family Tree Points of Interest for Brocko McDeema:

Brocko interrupted as if to correct my choice of words, "bloodline..."

...

I continued my answer, "My family tree to Zaira Millmore is..."

- My great grandfather was Zaira Millmore's son. He immigrated from Ireland to the States with his wife, where they had a son
- My grandfather, Joseph Milmoie was their son. He had two daughters of his own – Sky and Nancy Milmoie
- Nancy Milmoie was my mother. She had three children – two daughters, and a son (me)
- My father was Silver Seaborne, and so – I am a 'Seaborne'
- I was born on July 31, 1968"

Questioning My Horoscope of Leo, and Noting My Birth Year:

Brocko interrupted again, "What is your sign? Astrological sign?"

...

I answered, “Leo...”

...

“Hmm. But 1968... That’s a Leap Year, isn’t it? Richard...?” He asked with a curious sly inflection in his voice.

Questioning Milmoie vs. Millmore names:

Brocko asked, “Why ‘Milmoie’ and not ‘Millmore’...Richard?”

...

“Well,” I replied, “I never knew about Zaira Millmore before, so I assumed Milmoie was the family name ‘bloodline’. I exaggerated ‘bloodline’ to show I heard Brocko’s ‘correction’.

Grandfather’s Inherited Castle Stolen By Sister Thru Irish Legalities:

My grandfather said he inherited a castle in Ireland...but like you described...he was not aloud to claim it as inheritance unless he returned to Ireland.

And so – his sister was given the castle, so I was told. I recall my grandfather disgusted with his birthright being stolen by his sister through legalities. I was never to even know his sister’s name.

Grandfather Returned with Shield and Coat of Arms – and Paid Trip to Ireland:

My grandfather returned with disgust, a shield and coat of arms, and his trip to Ireland paid for.

He was ripped off – but at least he learned he had more of an Irish heritage than he knew.

And he had a cool shield and family Coat of Arms – both things I had never seen before he brought them back from his ‘lost castle’ inheritance.

Apparently – he had an even bigger Irish heritage than that – yet. But - he would not live to see it – from Zaira Millmore. And so – her inheritance – went to me.”

Asked of Castles, Relatives, and Birth Dates:

Brocko asked, “Hmm, your story is too long. But it is an interesting one. I had heard Zaira had a son, but that he died from Consumption in his 20’s. She was the last of her bloodline – so I believed.”

His face softened, a tiny little bit. “So, Zaira had a whole family tree branch no one knew about. Truly - remarkable.

Are any of your relatives still alive? Your sisters alive? When were they born? Did your mother’s sister, Sky, have children? Did they have children – like you? And did your or their children have children? When were they all born?”

And what was the name of the castle or region it was in, so I might recognize it? ...there are a finite number of castles in Ireland. I very well – might know – what it was.”

Brocko's Focused on Birth Dates May Be Tied to Millmores Born on Leap Day:

Brocko was very focused on birth dates. Mr. Lessky warned that Millmore's born on Leap Day had special powers. And that the cult needed any Leap Day Millmore - dead – to avoid the Leap Day borne Millmore from fulfilling Zaira's prophecy of a descendant stopping Bael.

I wondered – could this Brocko know of the prophecy, and is he trying to figure out if I or any relative needed to die...

'Nothing to See Here' – Trying to Dispel Leap Day Ideation:

I answered, "Look, Brocko, my grandfather was very private about his Irish adventure trying to claim his inheritance. And so – I know nothing beyond the shield & coat of arms – and his greedy sister using Irish laws to cheat my grandfather out of his inheritance."

I continued, "I don't know what your interest in birthdays is...but, we all had them. Nothing special. Just got older every year that passed. I don't remember everyone's birthdays...sorry.

And horoscopes? Stupid, useless, pointless – to me. I know it's a big deal to some people. Not to me. And I only know my horoscope – Leo, like I said. July 31, 1968.

Yea – my mother's sister had two daughters herself. Same deal – don't remember birthdays. Nothing special or outstanding.

I don't think there is anything of interest in my family tree ... until you get to Zaira Millmore.

Now – SHE WAS INTERESTING."

...

Brocko looked displeased with my answer, "Okay. You don't know birth dates. Okay. Well – that was great to know."

...

It seemed my 'nothing to see here' closing statements worked! Brocko was moving on from the birthday and family tree topic – finally.

No One Born on Leap Day:

"No one born on Leap Day, Richard?", Brocko asked directly.

I answered, "No, that would be amazing for someone to be born on Leap Day. I mean – it is not 1 in 365 chance like most years. It is 1 in 1,460 odds every four years. I mean – not that uncommon, really.

Odds of Conception in May, for Leap Day near-Midnight Birth Was Infinitesimal:

Brocko interrupted, "Not true. The child would be conceived in late May, much less common than any other time. The odds shift. And if you knew what time of day you were born – odds of specific time and date become even more infinitesimal."

No One Born on Leap Day:

Brocko interrupted, “Not true. A child conceived in late May is much less common than conception any other time. The odds shift against a Leap Day birth. And if you knew what time of day you were born – odds of specific time and date become even more infinitesimal.

I have been fascinated with finding people born on Leap Day, Richard. That is why I asked all those questions.

Know Anything of a Burglary:

Brocko was seemingly about to order his goons to remove us from his office, but he paused.

He asked, “I don’t suppose you would know anything about a burglary here, last night? Would you?”

...

I was worried there might be a physical ‘tell’ that would give us away, or that we were the ones that broke into his office and burgled some of his file folders. Heh – and broke a rooftop stone demon imp.

I answered Brocko, “You had a burglary? That sounds awful.”

Escorted Out by Brocko’s Goons:

Satisfied, I guess, with my dismissive answer – Brocko grunted, “Fine.

We’re done here. Sorry you wasted your time on a fool’s errand trying to claim an inheritance that is not yours to claim.”

Abruptly, “Time to leave”, he commanded.

...

His goons started towards us to ‘escort us out’, but we got up and walked out pre-emptively. They followed behind - and closed the door. And they followed us all the way out the Pub.

Rats around Debris & Dumpsters, and Crows Perched on Store Signs – At Night:

We walked a few blocks to throw off anyone that might be following us. We chose to use alleys and backstreets, avoiding eyeshot of ‘random’ people or easily followed by someone.

I hadn’t noticed during our surveillance of the Pub and Curio Shop – or during our nighttime invasion – but there were rats here and there amidst the alley dumpsters and debris.

Even more odd to me – there were crows out at night, perched on building ledges, outcroppings, or even their storefront signs.

It seemed like every time I spied a crow, it made a ‘caw’ sounds and turned its head sideways – with one eye watching us – tracking the group as we walked.

Easily Spooked in Eerie Athlone After Death of Two Armed ‘Presumed’ Cultists:

It was easy to be spooked after feeling our lives were in danger and witnessing the death of two armed ‘presumed’ cultists. Layer on the eerie ‘ambience’ of Athlone, even in the day – much less at night. I say again – we were easily spooked.

Pistol wielding cultists. Rats everywhere. Crows cawing – and watching us. Scary ‘Mob Boss’.

With all that - things were not feeling safe – not safe at all...

Returned to Tiny and the Team in the Black Van Get-Away Car:

Finally – we saw Tiny’s black van parked in an alley, lights off, ready for our get-away.

We entered Tiny’s car, where he smiled – “Go. Okay?”

...

I replied, “Not so much...”

...

Tiny lowered his head slightly, “Oh. That – Bad.”

And with our simple exchange, Tiny drove us back to the hotel.

Debrief in the Van:

Bob echoed Tiny’s question, “How did it go? Details – please.”

“Unfortunately,” I answered, “Brocko had no interest in handing over anything at all. He said I had no claim to anything in Ireland because I was American. And then he pressed a lot to know my family tree and birth dates.

Brocko McDeema Was the Cult Leader:

I believe he is a Cult Member, if not the Cult Leader Lessky said he was. I believe he may have Irish law on his side – preventing us from legally claiming my inheritance.

Well – I say we break in and take everything from his office safes and whatever cash and things from the Curio Shop we want.

And...we need to find some way to learn about this Tapestry of Bael thing.; we have zero information it. Any ideas?”

Kidnap Brocko and Interrogate with Force:

Deputy Taylor said, “Let’s interrogate Brocko – with force.

We kidnap him. We bind, blindfold, and gag him.

We apply mild ‘influence’ torture and abuse techniques - until he tells us what we need to know about the Tapestry or Bael or the Cult.

Remember – Brocko McDeema is The Enemy! We are Soldiers. We can do this. It is okay.”

Hell is Not for the Righteous – I Reminded; We Had Justification to Kidnap Brocko:

I reminded everyone of our earlier discussion –

- “Hell is not for the Good and Righteous”
- “Hell is for the Bad and Corrupt”

Brocko is the Bad and Corrupt. We are the Good and Righteous.

Deputy Taylor is right – we have justification to extract what we need from Brocko.

...

I declared, “We are The Righteous! Brocko GOES DOWN!!!”

The team cheered, “HUA!”

Rat Under the Hotel Sofa:

Katie yelled, “A Rat! There’s a rat under the sofa!”

...

Bob and Deputy Taylor leapt off the couch – so they could look beneath it. I saw it immediately after Katie pointed it out.

It was a black furred, blood-red eyed rat with ‘very strange’ striped blood & gray tail, ear flaps, and paws. It looked like a ‘demon rat.’

Black Rats Were an Invasive Species in Ireland – Rescued & Released by Katie:

I read a lot of Scientific American articles throughout my life. It recalled that black rats were an invasive species to Ireland – and were quite destructive. But - None had the gray & red markings – that I could recall anyway.

The hotel had windows that could be opened for fresh air. Katie rescued the rat – though Deputy Taylor wanted to kill it – and released it outside the hotel room window.

Apparently – Athlone was infested with rats – from what we had seen on our adventures at night.

And now – even finding a rat in our hotel room!

It just added to our collective sense of unease...in this eerie place called Athlone.

E056 Rick034 Brocko McDeema's Kidnapping – Of Us! Flashback 4.9



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E056 Rick034 Brocko McDeema Kidnapping – Of Us Flashback 4 9.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hsmc-e056-rick034-brocko-mcdeema-kidnapping-of-us-flashback-4-9.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/opffed38yRo>

Description:

The team stays in the same hotel room and orders room service to further avoid exposure to the Cult of Bael or anyone that may be watching them.

Nightmares ensue – as they inexplicably fall asleep and find themselves in a druidic cave of human sacrifice...

Dinner Room Service Before Sleep:

It was already early evening – by the time we had finished our afternoon Pub adventure, meeting cultist ‘mob boss’ Brocko McDeema.

Katie asked, “Can we order room service before we turn in for what’s left of the night? I am famished. I didn’t eat much at lunch – because it was scary - and I wanted to pay attention to everything and everyone... ...not eating, or my food.

...

Bob echoed, “Yea – let’s order room service. I don’t want to go anywhere for food. It is safer. Let’s just stay put.”

...

And so – we ordered room service.

Long Wait for Food – ‘Drop and Go’ Delivery Rushed Service:

Although we had ordered our dinner early evening – it was at least an hour and half to get our food.

Finally – our meal was delivered.

The waiter seemed to be rushed. He did not even wait around for a tip.

Bob snarked, “That guy was rude. ‘Drop and Go!’ delivery service! I mean – at least, ask us if it’s what we ordered!?”

Declaring himself the team food server – Bob handed everyone their respective meals, drinks, condiments, and silverware wrapped in a black cloth napkin.

Dubious Food Quality – Deputy Tosses Her Salad (throws it away):

Deputy Taylor said disappointed, “Well – my salad is a more than a little ‘brown’. I don’t feel good eating a ‘brown’ salad, especially not knowing how long the dressing was on it...how long it was all exposed to get ‘nasty’.

They probably made my salad first – then cooked all your food – and delivered it all at once. Making my salad sitting out at least for an hour or more.

It makes me wonder if the hotel leaves the ‘makings’ and condiments out for long periods of time, or do they even replace ‘old’ sauces and stuff?”

The Deputy looked disgusted. She tossed her salad in the hotel plastic bag lined garbage can. And no – not tossing the salad to mix dressing. She threw that brown salad into the garbage.

Offered Half My Chicken Cordon Bleu and Fries – Only Fries Accepted by Taylor:

I offered, “You can have half of my Chicken Cordon Bleu sandwich, Deputy. You can have some of my fries, too.”

Deputy Taylor smiled, “Thanks, that’s kind of you. I’ll pass on the sandwich, but I’ll gladly have some French fries.”

And so – I moved the fries plate between us.

Sleep Overwhelmed Us – Asleep ‘Unconscious’ Before Even Making to Couch:

Perhaps it was the strain of ‘go, go go’ – or perhaps it was the stress of murder and life-threatening adventure. But suddenly – as if out of nowhere – a freight train of ‘sleep’ hammered me.

It appeared to slam Bob and Katie – almost at the same time.

I was... so tired... I did not even have time to make it to the couch. My eyes and head were overwhelmed with the urgent need to ‘sleep’.

Things were fading, hazy, ...

I was asleep... or unconscious.

Woke Shackled and Gagged in Underground Cavernous Druidic Cave of Sacrifice:

I woke up – not on the couch. Not on the floor.

I awoke – gagged and shackled in iron chains & manacles to a stone pew – a bench.

There was a ramped, semi-circle of stone pew benches, forming ever larger rows as it went back ... much like a mini Roman Colosseum.

The focal point of the ‘colosseum’ was a stone altar – which was surrounded by five skull-capped pikes, at each of the altar’s corners. Flames burned, from no apparent fuel source, from the skulls’ eye sockets. It was hard to make out – but there was a faint green hue emanating all around the skulls as well.

Strip of Bael Suspended Above Altar Silver Candelabra with Black & Bloody Candles:

At the head of the altar was a 5’ tall gold candelabra – but at the top of the candelabra suspended above its black & blood red burning candlesticks – was suspended what appeared to be foot-long strip of gray cloth.

The place reminded me of a druid cavern I had visited as a young adult on a caving spelunking adventure. But – this was not as ‘cool’. We were bound and there were human skulls and what appeared to be a ‘human’ sacrificial altar.

Cultists Watching, Waiting for Sacrifice for the Tapestry of Bael:

Seated along the rows of stone pews that faced the sacrificial altar – were perhaps two dozen people donning pitch black robes – with their heads obscured by cowls.

Standing on either side of the altar were two more cultists in robes and cowls.

And standing in front of the altar, between the stone pews and observing cultists, was a large man in Dark Purple Robes and Cowl. His cowl and robes were adorned with golden runes that seemed to catch the candlelight and reflect it in all directions – almost like they were little prisms. Around his neck – he wore an inverted golden cross.

Deputy Taylor Was Missing – Wondering What They Did To Her:

Katie and Bob were gagged and shackled - to the left of me - but there was no Deputy Taylor!

The Deputy was nowhere to be seen.

I could only imagine what they may have done to her – if they knew she was the killer of their cultists in the alley. I worried for Deputy Taylor...but I GREATLY WORRIED ABOUT US.

Were they planning to sacrifice us!?!?!? Had they already sacrificed the Deputy!?!?

And to the right of me – a middle-aged woman with a broken arm in a sling. Who was she?

Fear of What They Will Do to Us – How Many Times Can We Face Death:

Bob's voice could be heard, as unintelligible muffles through his gag.

I could see Katie's eyes were wide, with absolute horror.

I squirmed and tried to free myself from the shackles, but this was not a video game. They were cold, hard metal. They were not going to break. And there was no real way to slip my hands through the manacles. There was no way to break them either. Or to free the chains from the benches.

We were 'attached to the pew'.

...

How many times - I pondered - in such a short period time, could we be close to dying – or being murdered?

How many times can we face death? ...and survive?

Things were not looking good.

Big Cultist Leader Brocko McDeema at Center Stage:

The big center-stage cultist spoke. It was Brocko! It was Brocko McDeema! I recognized that mobster voice anywhere – after spending the intimidation session with him – where he informed me that I was not even eligible to claim my inheritance due to not being born in or living in Ireland. And said I would not get a dime from him – either.

Brocko Has My Flaming Dagger of Choice:

Brocko McDeema - the huge cultist in front of the altar – intoned, "Bael! Powerful Bael! We serve you! We Praise your Glory and Pride – We submit to you Bael, Prince and Lord of the Underworld!

He pulled from behind a robe flap – MY FLAMING DAGGER!

Identifying The Fulcrum Using the Flaming Dagger of Choice:

Brocko McDeema spoke, "The Eye Bael saw through its crow and rat minions' eyes – where Millmore's descendent and allies were hiding."

Brocko declared, "We have found he who may be The Fulcrum of Millmore Vision and Bael's Prophecy. He said his name was Richard - Richard Seaborne. He is, in fact, Rich-Chard 'Seer-Borne' Millmore.

He had the Flaming Dagger of Choice.

Intended to empower free will against divine and celestial forces – the dagger cannot remain in The Fulcrum's hands.

We shall test all Millmore descendants. We shall place the Dagger of Choice in each of their hands - and if it alights in flame – we will have found The Fulcrum.”

Bael Will Corrupt the Fulcrum Witness Horror and Nightmares of Humanity:

McDeema continued, “And we shall show The Fulcrum – the horrors of reality, the nightmare humanity truly is, and how humankind deserves to repent for selfishness, greed, wickedness ... its many unforgiven sins.

The Fulcrum – Richard – shall know that humankind is inherently evil. That humankind has earned its place in eternal torment and damnation.

Richard will know there are no true matches or candlesticks of light – anymore. That they have all been extinguished over the millennia – by the sins of humankind ... by betraying God and His Glory.

He will know – that Humankind has failed God and has been sentenced to Hell, under the control of the Prince of Hell, Lord Lucifer and Satan, the Mighty Bael!

Bael will show Richard ‘The Truth of Humankind’s Evil’ – making him witness to its sin-motivated inflicted horrors and nightmares in fellow humans.”

Cultist Brocko McDeema Vowed to Add Our Souls to The Tapestry of Veil:

Brocko McDeema declared, “Tonight – Upon the Stroke of Midnight – we will commence stitching Richard’s two friends and councilwoman Ciara to the Tapestry of Bael.

Once Richard has seen humankind is inherently evil - and is not worth saving – he will willingly place his own soul, too, into the Tapestry of Bael.

ALL HAIL! PRINCE OF HELL, BAELOO

Place the Councilwoman – on the altar – in preparation.”

E057 Rick035 Making Sacrifices Flashback 4.10



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E057 Rick035 Making Sacrifices Flashback 4_10.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hsyu-e057-rick035-making-sacrifices-flashback-4-10.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/UkzFIQqFpn8>

Description:

The team witnesses a woman drained of her life force and soul. Her soul was transferred into a celestial ‘battery’ in the form of a runed strip of cloth.

Everyone was shackled and lined up to be sacrificed one after another...

They fretted – how were they going to get out of this deathly situation?

Councilwoman Ciara Dragged, Tied to Sacrificial Altar with Bloodstained Leather:

I sat there – with Katie and Bob to my left – and some councilwoman named Ciara to my right. And a dozen or more cultists behind, surrounding us. And Brocko - center-stage at a sacrificial altar.

Two cultists descended upon the councilwoman – shackled on the pew to my right – presumably she was Athlone councilwoman – apparently named Ciara. One of the cultists leaned down and unlocked the manacles from the chains – but the manacles remained on the woman.

The two robed figures - I presumed men based on their large ‘bouncer-like sizes – lifted her and carry-dragged her to the altar. Her laments and screams were muffled behind her tight gagged mouth. Her struggles were in vain – the two men were big, and strong.

She was laid down on the altar and bloodstained leather straps tied around her neck, waist, legs, and arms.

Blood Rose Pentastar Crown of Bael to Power the Tapestry of Bael:

A cultist walked to Brocko, carrying a large bejeweled golden metallic jewelry box. He leaned down in front of Brocko, raising the chest up to him.

Brocko removed his cowl - and opened the box. A red hued light cast itself from the box – over Brocko’s face – and across the room.

Nestled atop a purple cushion was a golden wreath-like crown shaped like a Pentastar, adorned with appeared to be blood-red rose thorns and rusted barbed wire. There were faint red and green glowing runes emanating like-colored sparks as if from fireworks sparklers.

Reaching into the box, Brocko lifted the Blood Rose Pentastar Crown of Bael high up into the air, “With the Crown of Bael ... we shall drain and transfer the soul of this woman ... into a Strip of Bael.

We shall grant the Strip of Bael to High Priest Nikodemus of the Church of Midnight. He will use the Seal of Midnight to merge the Strip with the Tapestry of Bael.

Embrace our Lord Bael. Believe in the Church of Midnight! Believe in Bael.

Crown of Bael Placed on Councilwoman Ciara’s Head – And Incantation Spoken:

With that – Brocko lowered the Crown of Bael - and placed it on Councilwoman Ciara’s head.

Another cultist brought a massive leather-bound tome to him. Brocko set the book down on a stone podium near the sacrificial altar. He opened it - and began reading aloud what sounded like Latin or Hebrew – very scary words echoing in the cavern!

Red and Green Lights, Screams, Slump, and Bloodless Gray Body:

The cavern walls began to rumble – like a low grade long earthquake.

The crown’s red and green faint hued sparkling lights burst into full-on fireworks sparkler sparks. The woman screamed through her gag – in obvious extreme agony and torment.

The color in her forehead began to turn gray, and the grayness spread down from her forehead over her face and down through her arms. I can only assume it continued down to her feet.

In a matter of minutes – the woman was completely gray, as if she had no blood or ‘life’ left in her. She was a lifeless corpse – with no apparent injury or damage to her body.

Strip of Bael Formed Red and Green Glowing Runes – Soul, Life Force Transferred:

The gray cloth suspended across the candelabra at the head of the altar began to spark like the crown’s fireworks sparkling. The sparks ceased – and written across the cloth were red and green glowing runes.

Brocko intoned, “And so – Bael has captured the soul and life force of the woman. Her essence will be added to the Tapestry of Bael.”

“Remove her remnants - and prepare the next sacrifice.” he said.

Shaking and Muffled Yelling – And Resignation to Fate:

Bob was shaking and yelling through his gag – but all he managed to do was bruise and cut his hands on the manacles and express muffled screams.

Katie was visibly trembling in fear - but had stopped moving or making sounds. She seemed resigned to her Fate. I imagined she must be praying to God for salvation.

BANG! Gunfire! Bullets Flying! Cultists Were Drop All Around:

There was a huge bang behind me. A door had exploded open!

Bullets were flying! Cultists were dropping all around us, littering the pews.

Brocko Escapes into Dark Passage with Crown, Tome, Cloth, and My Dagger:

Brocko grabbed the crown, tome, and strip of cloth. And he still had my dagger. He fled beyond the altar into a dark passage.

Cultists were running towards the passage – trailing behind Brocko.

One by one – more cultists fell as they fled from the storm of bullets.

Pauses to Reload - and More Shooting:

There was maybe two seconds between sets of bullet bursts, which made me think it was one or two shooters – that had to reload between magazines.

Soon – there were no cultists in the room. The only people left were Katie, Bob, Me...and the dead Councilwoman.

Deputy Taylor to the Rescue with an Assault Rifle - AGAIN:

Deputy Taylor walked up to me and smiled, “Miss me?”

Once again – the Deputy came to our rescue.

MY GOSH! WE DID NOT MISS DEPUTY TAYLOR... WE NEEDED DEPUTY TAYLOR!!!

Armed to the Teeth Deputy Taylor:

Deputy Taylor was decked out for Combat!

Deputy Taylor was holding an AR-15, Assault Rifle. She was wearing an Israeli bulletproof vest and Kevlar Helmet and Arm & Leg Armor. She had her signature Zombie Knife visibly hanging from her 'combat gear' belt.

She even had what looked like two different kinds of hand grenades on her belt.

Thank the Heavens – For Our Deputy Taylor:

Thank the Heavens - for Our Deputy Taylor!

E058 Rick036 Free At Last! Flashback 4.11



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E058 Rick036 Free At Last Flashback 4 11.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55htbj-e058-rick036-free-at-last-flashback-4-11.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/O0uRHIGKO3U>

Description:

Taylor explains how she was able to single-handedly save the team from certain death at the hands of the Cult of Bael.

The team is recognized as honorary members of the Knights Templar Illuminati.

As members of the Knights Templar – the team would have access to weapons and caches worldwide.

Free and resourced... is not enough.

Brocko McDeema has Richard's Celestial Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny... they must reclaim it!

Free At Last by Deputy Taylor – Skipping Salad, Skipped Knockout Drug:

Free at last! The Deputy unlocked the manacles for Katie, Bob, and me.

Around us – bloodied cultists strewn across stone pews up to a dark passage exit beyond the sacrificial altar – where Brocko escaped to with the councilwoman’s soul, my dagger, and some Bael crown, book, and strip of cloth.

The Deputy said, “I saw you all pass out in the hotel. It seemed like you were poisoned or something from the food. I seemed to be unaffected, but I was not sure.

I tried to help you, Bob, and Katie to at least ‘fall’ safely to the ground.

I think I not affected they drugged the main dishes, not the sides like the French Fries – from what I concluded. And so – my skipping my salad, also skipped the knockout drug intended for me.”

Zombie Knife Insufficient Against a Dozen Cultists with Guns:

Taylor explained, “I heard voices from the hallway. I dashed to the room door - and peered through the peep hole. I saw a few men standing right outside the door. There were more men out of sight - based on the voices I heard.

They had a room key! I heard the door unlock, and the latch move. They were coming in.

One Knife-Wielding Deputy vs. a Dozen Cultists Brandishing Firearms:

I managed to slash one of the cultists arms as they entered the room, but I saw there had to be a dozen men in the hallway as it opened. And they all had either a rifle or a pistol – they were well armed.

Cultists Either Above or Controlled the Law – No Fear of Being Sighted or Stopped:

The cultists did not seem to care if anyone in the public saw them in a hotel. They were brandishing firearms willy-nilly out in the open. The cultists either were ‘above the law’ or ‘controlled the law’.

Stay and Die vs. Withdraw, Regroup, Re-engage – an Obvious Choice to Not Die:

I realized if I stayed – I would be killed or capture. I could not stand our ground.

I didn’t know if you were knocked out, or even dead.

I neither had the time nor confidence - in stopping a few cultists, much less a dozen. And there was no way I could carry one of you, much less all three of you through the unlockable bathroom window safely.

Against my intuition, but consistent with my training – when confronted with insurmountable odds... you must withdraw, regroup, and re-engage.

Sorry – I had to get out – so I could hope to rescue you from a more confident position.”

Weapons, Armaments from Midnight and Associates to Take Down Cultists:

The Deputy continued, “I went straight to Midnight and Associates, and explained what had happened. Lessky opened their armory to me and told me where he imagined you would have been taken.”

Only Three People Left in Knights Templar – Lessky, Sarah, Tiny:

She added, “And – to my dismay – they offered no ‘manpower’ to join me in the rescue.

It turns out – Lessky, Sarah, and Tiny ARE THE LAST of the Knights Templar.

Yea! There are literally three people in the Knights Templar –

- Old man, Lessky
- the young coordinator woman, Sarah
- the overweight, middle-aged Hitler-stache man (the van driver), Tiny”

Enjoyed ‘Honorary’ Membership in the Knights Templar – That Makes 7, 9 of Total:

Taylor said, “Lessky informed me that we are ‘honorary’ members of the Knights Templar.

That translates to – we have access to everything the Knights Templar has – Money, Weapons, Armor, Vehicles, and safe-houses and caches all over the world.

And, of course – we have access to their vast knowledge and intel – of the past, of relics, of celestial planes and beings, and organizations around the globe operating under the Cult of Bael.

I know it’s a lot to process in this moment – but we are basically alone in this fight, but have a big databank, armory, and bank account. ...and a few people we can trust.”

And Here Was Deputy Taylor Armed and Armored – Saving the Day:

The Deputy concluded, “And here we are. You were exactly where Lessky thought you would be. And I was armed - to detonate the entrance and take them out – by surprise.

I am glad to report – they were 100% routed or eliminated.”

Brocko McDeema Had the Flaming Dagger of Choice:

I lamented, “We were stupid. We need to be better prepared, and far more vigilant. We almost died. And they have the Flaming Dagger! They called it the Flaming Dagger of Choice.

He said it is supposed to grant free will or something – even against supernatural, divine, or whatever – magical non-human – forces.

Bob Was a Newborn ‘Believer’:

Bob - unnerved by nearly having his soul and life sacrificed to the Devil moments earlier – said, “This is all insane. I don’t think there is a way back from here. They ‘drained that woman’s life and soul’! How!?”

Bob looked at Katie and uttered, “There is a devil. My God! There is a god. I am a believer. I am a newborn Believer! I’m a believer... I’m a believer...”

Katie Was Always a ‘Believer’:

Katie smiled supportively and warmly, “Bob, that is great. We just saw the Devil at work. God is working through us. I am sure of it. Richard must be – This Fulcrum guy.

That Brocko said if the dagger lights up – he is the Fulcrum. And well – it lights up for Richard. He must be this Fulcrum person.”

She added, “...whatever the Fulcrum really is. Seems like we keep learning new things.”

Deputy Taylor Believes – Recapping the Madness – Devil, Cults, Relics, Crowns, ...:

The Deputy looked towards Katie and Bob, and then to me. She said, “I have believed in God, but more an agnostic. I have not practiced any faith or religion.

But this Athlone experience has reinforced to me – there is a God. And now – given all we have seen - I am convinced there must be a devil, too.

And there is either magic or celestial divine forces in objects – like in your dagger.

Now –

- Katie - bitten by the Roses of Ambivalence – leaving a rose tattoo ‘scar’
- The Knights Templar – operating in a Castle Museum Basement
- Flaming Dagger of Choice - Divine Relics are real
- Devil Cult of Bael – Worshipers of Baalism
- The Prince of Hell, Bael – AKA Lucifer, Satan, The Devil
- Crown of Bael – drains life and soul from people
- Tome of Bael – incantations to draw celestial power from Bael
- Strips of Bael - holding souls and life energy
- Tapestry of Bael - sheering the Planes between Hell, Heaven, and Mortal Planes
- Too much BAEL – Bael, this and that... We need to send this Bael back whence he came

It all - somehow - makes twisted sense to me now. Like Katie and Bob – I am a believer...now.

Seeking the Church of Midnight and High Priest Nicodemus:

I said, “At this rate – we will be dead in a week or two.

We need to get to Midnight and Associates. We need them to offer more insight and help.

I think we need to be very much more careful.

I think we need to consider we ‘at war’ with the Cult. And they are at war with us.

And they have a lot of ‘magic’ at their disposal.

Brocko mentioned something about a High Priest Nicodemus at a Church of Midnight.

Let’s ask Lessky about this Nicodemus and Midnight Church.

Flashback 4.12 Psych Assessment – Pub, Curio, and Brocko



Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:

Doctor Hyder's iPad window flashed, "More INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE, Richard. Your detail is extraordinary!"

- Athlone sounds like an old Victorian or Transylvanian setting – I expected you to encounter a vampire or werewolf
- Describing such fine resolution in the narrative makes it come to life
- It is interesting how little involvement your 'team' had – like they were not important to your story – at least not yet
 - Did you give them 'airtime' proportionate to their importance to your story – at the time?
- You and your team proved quite the 'soldiers' and 'thieves'
 - It seems to contradict your ideology of being 'righteous' and 'good'.
- You confessed to breaking & entry, and to stealing – into a public restaurant & bar
- You CONFESSED TO ACCESSORY TO MURDER OF TWO PEOPLE

- You FURTHER CONFESSED TO ACCESSORY TO MURDER OF DOZENS OF PEOPLE
 - Your murder admissions support your intentional, willful ... murder of the man in Santa Barbara – the reason you are here with us, confined to this psychiatric treatment facility

And, very notable -

- Divine relics with magical powers... are ‘unbelievable’
 - It seems ‘convenient’ that your ‘Flaming Dagger of Choice’ was stolen – thereby, removing any proof of its existence ... or your magical powers as this ‘Fulcrum’
- Souls and Life Forces drained and transferred into runed cloths, to feed a Tapestry – that will sheer and rip tears between Heaven, Hell, and to us mere mortals – is also ‘extremely unbelievable’
 - I would love to have photos or some proof of any of these ‘magical’ relics, drained souls, or slain cultists.
 - I would love to even see the documents you stole during your ‘adventure’
- Identifying as ‘The Fulcrum’ – a key actor in a divine conflict between Heaven & Hell
 - This is textbook Delusions of Grandeur, in a chronic psychotic schism – or schizophrenia, possibly magnified by bipolar disorder
- Your ‘Savior’ Deputy Taylor – Seems to Represent a ‘Protector’ that you wished your entire life
 - You even recognize how much you ‘needed’ Deputy Taylor – repeatedly
- Katie and Bob – seem to be foils and story ‘explainers’ to make sure you are justified in your actions – and to explain highlights or details you wanted to share, but would make little sense for you to conceive it were you alone.
 - But as a storyteller and fiction writer – Katie and Bob are excellent supporting characters

Psychiatric Assessments Were Offensive – Captive, Prisoner in ‘Their Reality’:

Every day, every session – was the same. I share intimate details of my life, and the psychiatrists declare - I am telling fantasies as if they were real. And then provide relentless judgment and ‘possible’ or ‘probable’ diagnoses.

I was ‘in their reality’.

It was awful. It was wrong. It was my ‘true reality’. I was captive. I was their prisoner.

Directed to Continue the Story:

Caselli asked, “Richard – Let’s keep this moving. Please resume your ‘story’.”

E059 SWEET DAUGHTERS OF MINE EVERY MOMENT MATTERS IS PRECIOUS



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E059 Sweet Daughters of Mine Every Moment is Precious and Matters.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55htqt-e059-sweet-daughters-of-mine-every-moment-is-precious-and-matters.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/BwmEuIoRGss>

Description:

Richard recounts key moments he had with his daughters.

He shares how ‘The Divine Debate’ between God and the Devil in his game *Escape from Hell* declared that it only takes a single spark to ignite a fire that can shine as a bright light forever in faith and truth. And – that ‘light’ can be the spark for others... making humanity and the world better.

Richard sees his time with his daughters are like those ‘sparks’; they keep his soul’s fire lit and shining. They give him strength to persevere.

Good Times with My Daughters:

Well – back to my memory fragments...

It is easy to fall prey to feeling like a victim. I have always refused to be a victim. And so, it has been incredibly important for me to hold onto positive things. My daughters were those cornerstones to my life and purpose.

Despite tremendous abuse and heartache over what happened to my daughters and to me because of human insecurity and pettiness, I resiliently rose each time to find another day to be there for my daughters.

There were special times with Amanda and Brooke that I hope to cherish always – so long as my mind can remember.

Back then – Things were simple and inexpensive but were not ‘cheap’; they were precious.

My daughters will always be like Guns N’ Roses sang, “Sweet Daughters of Mine”.

Small Things are Important:

As I reminisce about good times with my daughters, I am reminded how those positive experiences were my beacons that motivated me to move forward always, and not dwell on past troubles or suffering or pains.

It makes me think of how important small things can be in our lives. They give us hope and strength when we might otherwise wane or fall.

Divine Debate – Small Things are Important, Is Humankind Inherently Evil:

I am reminded of The Divine Debate I conceived for my game *Escape from Hell*. In it I conceived of a narrative between God and the Devil, fabled as The Divine Debate where they argued if humankind was inherently evil or not.

One topic rose above the rest, and although it did not pertain directly to the human soul or its righteousness it was pivotal to the debate.

Instead – the topic revolved around the notion that it only needed one ‘spark’ of goodness to ignite the hearts and souls of others to return to goodness and righteousness – thus returning to the light. In doing so, once lost souls would turn bright and joyous.

Well, that sounds - all happy times, doesn’t it? The contrarian position was darkness. The contrarian view - alleged - it was only a matter of time - until something so horrible would happen to the few ‘good’ and ‘faithful’ people - that they would ultimately be crushed and lose hope and faith. And when that happened - all of humanity will have fallen and be damned to Hell.

Divine Debate Reminds Me to Hold Precious Times Close to Survive:

So how does thinking of good times with my daughters remind me of the Divine Debate?

Those precious positive times were critical to my not giving up on the world. I needed a rung on my ladder that was stable. I needed solid legs on the chair I was sitting in. Whatever metaphor or analogy used – it was always the same thing to me.

Good Things Needed to Pave Over or Bulldoze Through Bad Things:

I concluded that good things are needed to pave over or bulldoze through bad things. Without those positive footholds it would be easy to succumb to living a selfish self-serving life at the expense of others. Being evil would easy and highly lucrative, but it would be at the expense of my integrity, legacy, and soul.

Lone Match in Oceans of Darkness, Divine Debate - Humankind Not Inherently Evil:

The Divine Debate was ultimately about – FAITH.

It provided a visual metaphor for its Test of Faith –

A lone match hovering and dancing above oceans of darkness with their waves reaching upward to strike the flickering match and douse its little flame.

The Test of Faith contended –

It only takes one lone match dancing and hovering above oceans of darkness to inspire those fallen to darkness to re-ignite their light and rise out of the oceans to rejoin the lone match as a community that will burn brightly united forever.

Or - if one lone wave hits its target's mark, the match will lose faith and be forever extinguished. And with it, all humankind will be damned alongside it to an eternity in Hell.

Like Tipping Point – One Righteous Influencer Can Change the World:

At its core - Every individual has within them the power to change those around them, and from them change others, and thus like the marketing book *Tipping Point* it is possible to exponentially change the world from a small epicenter with a huge influencer.

Amanda and Brooke Go-Round-and-Round on Airplanes at the Beach Boardwalk:

I recall fond memories of Brooke riding up and down in a merry-go-round like airplane ride at the Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk. Amanda gleefully rode the planes as well. It was a nice uneventful time to spend with my daughters.

Simple, sweet, elegant. I wish all memories could be so nice.

Big Daddy Plays Computer Dungeons & Dragons games with Amanda & Brooke:

Another fond memory was when Amanda and Brooke played Strategic Simulations Incorporated (SSI) computer Dungeons & Dragons 'group party' role playing games (RPG).

The RPG games were complicated, so I simplified them by naming party members after my daughters and me – so there was a Brooke character and an Amanda character and there was my character - Big Daddy.

That is right – my daughters named me 'Big Daddy' and I was to be the biggest toughest knight in the game.

I loved that they saw me as a big tough knight – even if the name 'Big Daddy'.

Picked Blueberries in British Columbia

Although only an afternoon - it was nice to go to a pick-it-yourself farm in British Columbia with my daughters. It was fun to wander the rows of trees and talk about the bushes, the bugs, the berries.

It was simple. It was bonding. I enjoyed it. I hope my daughters did too.

Friend Doug Brandon Previously Worked at Disneyland:

During my stint living in Southern California while working for Interplay and Titus I had the opportunity of working with Doug Brandon who had been both a producer and composer (more on this later).

In Doug's "past life" he worked at Disneyland in Anaheim, California as a musician for many years – I believe he may have been there over twenty years while also performing at nightclubs and bars and go on tours (more on that later, too). Of course – I first met Doug at Atari Games and worked with him off and ongoing at different companies and in contracted projects (more on this later as well).

Sorry for introducing Doug without much of a background but this brief backgrounder for him is important to the story's recounting.

Disneyland and The Flu – "It's Truuuuue!":

Doug had heard my daughters were visiting me in Southern California and offered to secure all-day all-attraction Disneyland passes for Katherine, my daughters, and me. It was a wonderful offer, and we took him up on it – of course!

Unfortunately, I had contracted a flu right before my children arrived, and I was fighting it during their visit. It sucked. I finally had some time with my daughters, and I was SICK!

Undaunted and determined to show my daughters a good time I pressed onward to go to Disneyland regardless of how sick I was. And I was extremely sick! 105F fever, struggled to breathe, suffered aches all over, and had crackly voice so bad words could barely be understood.

Toon Town and Love Declaration "I Wuv Yu – It'zzz Truuuuue!":

We had been in Disneyland seeing the sites and going on rides. And I felt awful.

I tried to "be strong" and "be a man" and "be the dad", but it was hard. It was extremely hard.

At one point it was TOO HARD for me. We had entered an area called Toon Town where I spotted an empty bench.

AN EMPTY BENCH in Disneyland! A mirage!? No – it was a real bench with no one on it.

Virtually staggering with fever and delirium I went to the bench and laid down across it like a homeless person settling in to spend the night. I wondered how I could go on and be there for my daughters given how sick and 'dying' I felt.

Katherine was an angel. She took care of Amanda and Brooke. She made sure they were attended to and had a good time. She took care of me on my bench, and as we traversed the park for my children.

From the bench I vowed my love of Katherine to her, but in my broken raspy crackly voice – "I Wuv Yu – It'zzz Truuuuue!"

Reading in the Recreational Vehicle (RV) in San Martin:

One visit to see my children included our seeing my parents in San Martin, California. My mother and stepfather enjoyed seeing their grandchildren when they were able. Candidly, they did not go out of their way to see them, but they did like seeing and interacting with them.

My parent's house was not a place that I wanted to stay in, and I likewise abhorred the idea of Katherine or my children staying there – at least not inside the residence 'house' (more on the San Martin hellscape later).

My stepfather owned an A-Class Recreational Vehicle (RV) – a giant bus-size RV.

We were offered to stay in their RV for the weekend, so it was isolated from the San Martin 'clan' (people that were generally negative and even hostile or destructive, including my mentally ill eldest sister who had been convicted of violent felonies). Again – a lot more on the San Martin hellscape later.

We had no incidents during our visit to San Martin this time and were able to maximize daytime with my parents and nighttime just with Amanda and Brooke.

Brooke had been struggling to read and so we spent the evenings reading together. It was rare that I could be a teacher to my children. And I valued the moment and opportunity immensely.

I wish deeply that I had more opportunities to spend with my children and to be a mentor and parent for them in person – instead of so often from afar and forcibly distanced by their mother (more on that later).

Rockstar Amanda Graduations and Iron Willpower – Diablo College and UCSB:

My daughter Amanda overcame strong environmental challenges when her mother moved them to Berkeley – a known liberal and drug laden area with high crime. Amanda decided on her own to turn things around and push to finish High School and attend Diablo community College where she graduated with Associate Degree, and from there was accepted to University of California Santa Barbara (UCSB) where she earned her bachelor's degree.

Katherine and I were fortunate to be able to attend both of Amanda's collegiate graduations. They were conflicted with her mother and her mother's side of the family also attending – and so my time with Amanda was limited to at most an hour before and after the ceremonies.

But regardless of how much time I had 'with Amanda' at her graduations I was and am glad we were able to be there for her and see her achievement firsthand. And we were able to see her outside the graduation events, of course. Seeing Amanda is always wonderful for me.

Amanda proved herself to be a rockstar and obtained a job right out of UCSB as a financial manager and rose from there to have people report directly to her as well. She learned some coding skills to improve the purchasing and invoicing software herself, instead of hoping its maker would listen to her request and update the software someday down the road.

Much like Amanda's approach to most things – she makes her mind up and makes things happen. She wanted a feature in the software she used and made the feature happen herself Right There, Right Then!

Amanda owns her solutions! She has iron willpower and talent to make things happen.

I was and am proud of my daughter Amanda.

Finance Management and Personal Responsibility Talks:

Throughout my children's childhoods I sent them 'tomes' of writing in birthday and holiday cards. I would write in every blank spot on the cards and would try to find fold-out cards so there was even more space to write messages on.

I had hoped to impart wisdom or inspiration or motivation or anything that would improve their happiness or life's insight. I treated my children like adults wherever it made sense, and that included the sometimes-mature topics in their cards.

As example – About earning money from work. Or earning it from innovation. I wrote about saving money so it was there when you needed it – like in an emergency or when there was something you wanted but could only have if you had saved money for it. I warned of premature gratification over delayed gratification for greater rewards. I advised about investing money to have money make money itself. I explained how checks and loans and credit cards worked. I extolled the importance of truth and honor and integrity. And I praised them and complimented their achievements. I also cautioned against things I worried about.

My birthday and holiday cards were 'epic' if not 'legendary' in their content breadth and depth.

Amanda surprised me one day – she saved all of the cards I had sent her over the years.

It felt good to know she valued them enough to save them.

And better yet – she has shared how some of the 'messages' in the cards influenced her later in life. She adopted the fiscal responsibility ideas and made them her own.

It also felt good to know the 'ideas' had lasting relevance and impact for Amanda.

The Dull Gray Slippery Man:

During one weekend with Amanda and Brooke we were talking about dreams and imagination. And I told the tale of a wacky dream I had of 'The dull gray slippery man'. I do not remember much about my dream, but Amanda was captivated by the story at the time.

Her imagination sparked and ignited her creative juices and she set about to write her own narrative of *The Dull Gray Slippery Man* -

The Dull, Grey, Slippery Man is inside you. It could be lurking inside your mind right now. It could be sitting next to you at any moment. It is always in your shadows. If you are angry with somebody, it is what tells you what to do about it. It is your conscience. If something is wrong, it will tell you what would be right to do. The Dull, Grey, Slippery Man is what tells murderers to murder. It is what tells robbers to rob.

He is neither living nor dead. Every person has a Dull, Grey, Slippery Man. Some are more powerful than others. Some encourage evil and wrong, while others encourage good and right. Sometimes people see their Dull, Grey, Slippery Man, though no one else can. Though you may not believe that you can touch your conscience, you can. Your Dull, Grey, Slippery Man can be seen, heard, and felt only by you, nobody else. No one else can see yours. He shows himself in different ways. In dreams, in person, phone calls, and other ways you can't even imagine.

You and your Dull, Grey, Slippery Man share the same thoughts, pains, anger, and confusion. You share the same joy, sympathy, and forgiveness as well. He is a part of you, no matter if he vanishes. If he vanishes, he is still a part of you. He just does not reveal himself again unless he is desperately needed. Even if you cannot see him, he is still there, in your mind, in your heart, and in your soul.

E060 My Daughters Kept from Me



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E060 My Daughters Kept from Me.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hu16-e060-my-daughters-kept-from-me.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/CKcROHZseYI>

Description:

Richard laments how California Law emphasized lack of paternal rights.

He expresses sorrow over his related financial ruin, struggles to survive divorce, finding a new job, and caring for his children.

My Daughter's Mother:

My ex-wife always presented herself as a person of integrity, but her beliefs have consistently been misplaced from all I have seen. She believed what she imagines or wants to believe without having supporting proof or evidence. The consequence was insecurity and deception to serve the moment (and with little consideration of future implications).

She also placed an unhealthy amount of her identity on her (MY!) children. She alleged that she “lived for them”. And yet her actions demonstrated consistently she “acted” for herself and personal interests but would feel guilty, and then over-react emotionally in other unrelated areas.

I grew to hate her because of what she did – to my children and to me.

Self-Opted for Excessive Child Support for My Daughters Care:

I paid for both my and my now ex-wife's lawyers, so she knew precisely “what a good deal” she was getting. I agreed in legal spousal separation (AKA divorce) to pay TWICE what California required of me. NOTE PLEASE – California is ALREADY CRAZY HIGH in Child Support expectations. And I self-elected to pay TWICE the expected child support.

Why did I agree to pay so much?

My attorney told me that I could choose to give the extra money every month, and I was a fool to commit to it before a court. And yet I demanded to formalize my commitment to show my love and care for my daughters.

My children's well-being and care was and remains paramount to me.

Paid Child Support Even Unemployed:

When I had lost my job and contracts there were few options for a rockstar computer and video game developer. I was “awesome in my niche” but outside games people looked down on me because I “made toys” on the computer – nothing important or serious.

In my heart I believed that I was born to tell stories, to inspire and ‘move’ people, and to brighten lives through entertainment and games. But I needed to make money for my children and my own livelihoods.

I even interviewed at an Agriculture Technology firm called AgTech which was dedicated to innovating AI operated caterpillar equipment like bulldozers, tractors, ploughs, and the like. Seeing the job they had – TERRIBLE, BORING, NIGHTMARE! Who could be happy writing software for an AI to follow string or spray-painted lines in the real world? Perhaps it was a legitimate world ‘need’ but it was not something I wanted to do.

But as I said – I needed an income to ensure my children had no hardships.

I paid my double child support as I always did despite having no income for several months.

Job Forced Relocation to Southern California – Six Hour Drive from Children:

When I had lost my job and contracts there were few options. Eventually I did find a job – in Southern California.

My children, their mother, and I had all lived in Northern California. And so, taking a job in Irvine, CA meant relocating about a six-hour drive away from my children.

But they needed to be cared for, and that meant I had to make sure they had money. And that translated to my needing to take a job regardless of if I liked it or not.

Always a Slave of Duty – Willing to ‘Work in Alaska on Frigid Pipelines’ if Necessary:

I was a ‘slave of duty’ if nothing else. I would always be ‘Daddy ATM’ at the very least (even if I had been denied seeing my children – more on that later).

I was willing to work on the proverbial ‘frigid Alaskan pipelines’ if that was needed to care for my children.

Credit Recovery Program Failed Me in Southern California:

Between paying my self-opted double child support to care for my children and paying people to transition as Karma Entertainment dissolved, I not only had no money but had accrued a hundred thousand dollars in combined business and personal debt.

I signed up for a credit recovery program that promised to negotiate lower debt levels and interest rates with my creditors contingent on my committing to a payment program through their agency. They did a fine job, and my hundred thousand dollars came down maybe 25%.

For a few years I paid faithfully against the credit recovery program, but it became apparent that the “deal” was more about ensuring I kept paying interest and not about paying down the principle.

As an employee at a smaller company there were few opportunities for significant bonuses and my salary was not great. I had taken the job while unemployed and so was not in position to negotiate good (much less fair) compensation. Consequently, I had no way to get out of my debt without finding additional income sources.

Things were dire. I worked crazy hours and while I was in games the reward was lacking in the financial and material realm. I needed to change something but had no idea what to do.

Bankruptcy and Recovery – Phoenix Rising from Financial Ashes:

A friend of mine from Atari Games Mark Phoenix told me about a friend of his that declared bankruptcy and was thrilled and happy to have his life back. Mark explained his friend no longer had credit and had to pay everything with cash, but he was able to rebuild his life from a blank (albeit without credit) slate.

It would take about seven years for my credit to “reset” to “nothing” such that creditors could no longer use my bankruptcy against me – or so I was told.

I FILED FOR BANKRUPTCY!

Yep – I filed and went through bankruptcy proceedings in the Ronald Reagan Court House in Southern California.

And like Mark’s friend I was elated with being free of the burden and shackles that held me back.

Companies and creditors held my bankruptcy against me despite it being illegal for years after my filing was formally discharged and closed. But I did regain credit and built it to nearly the highest possible score.

I had recovered from financial ruin mid-life and committed myself to rising from my ashes like a Phoenix! ...not like a ‘Mark Phoenix’ but a fiery burning phoenix of mythology returning from its ashen death.

Job Forced Relocation to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada – 3-Hour Flight:

As an aside – a similar job situation happened later after I had been laid off first by Interplay and then by its previously parent company Titus Interactive as they shutdown, respectively.

After TWO layoffs within about a year I needed a stable good job. Once again it had been a concerning amount of time without an income.

Needed ‘Goldilocks Job’ – Not Too Senior or Junior, ‘Just Right’:

I collected unemployment as I hunted for a job or a contract. Everyone said I was overqualified or could not transition from “games”.

It seemed that I had to find my “goldilocks job” – not too “senior” and not too “junior”, “just right”.

Job Forced Relocation to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada – 3-Hour Flight:

With the end of Interplay and Titus Interactive and a scary amount of time unemployed looking for work or a contract, I managed to secure an interview with Electronic Arts in Canada. They offered me a Technical Director position in a “startup within the company”. It was a new division being formed and they wanted me to be its technology cornerstone.

More on my EA Canada employment later.

The key point here is that when I moved to Vancouver, Canada I was physically geographically further from my children, but it was “closer” in travel time when flying versus driving. It was a six-hour drive between Southern and Northern California, and three-hour flight (if even that long) from Northern California to Vancouver, Canada.

Lawsuit for Daughter’s Custody:

There were numerous times that my daughter’s mother and I argued over how to care for my children. We disagreed fundamentally on most things. Her “way” was not working. My children were struggling to succeed and stay focused. There were many issues (more on that elsewhere) and it became too much for me to stomach further.

My children were suffering and although they did not know it themselves – they needed help. Their mother knew they needed help but refused to let me engage with them, and importantly let them fly to visit me much less live with me.

The pain resulted in my suing their mother for full custody of my children so they could live with me in Canada despite their mother’s irrational focus on keeping them in a destructive environment.

I spent tens and tens of thousands of dollars and learned that “I did not have Standing” in the state of California.

As a father with children in California – I had very few rights.

As a father living in Canada with children in California – I had ZERO rights.

Daughter’s Mother Denied Daughters from Me:

Back to my daughters...

My daughter’s mother was so paranoid that “I would kidnap and keep” my daughters that she was terrorized of their visiting me in Southern California, and she refused to let them visit me in Canada.

Well, that was not the case forever. Amanda and Brooke were ‘acting out’ with their mother and having some difficulties adapting to living in Berkeley with the wild alternative culture and lifestyles there. Including locals that regularly ‘partied’ and used drugs and booze.

When they were struggling their mother at wit’s end agreed for them to visit me. They flew to see Katherine and I and had no incident or issues. Their mother’s fears were unfounded from the get-go. Her paranoia hurt my children’s relationship with me and stole my opportunity to be the father I wanted to be for them.

E061 Brooke's Drama



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E061 Brooke Drama.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hudb-e061-brooke-drama.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/wGlvU974FgU>

Description:

Richard's daughter Brooke exhibits histrionic dramatic episodes – frequently.

She deceives, steals, and parties...

She refuses to attend school despite asserting that she “did go to school”.

Brooke adopts “scripts that work” to manipulate law enforcement, psychologists, and counsellors.

She runs rogue and becomes a drug mule...

Brooke is out of control!

Daughter Jacquelyn Brooke (AKA Brooke):

Jacquelyn Brooke Seaborne was my youngest daughter. Her eyes were green. Hair red, frizzy, and wild. Her face peppered with freckles. She was slightly below average height and thin. Her teeth were perfect after years of wearing braces. Brooke should have been a stable, happy child.

Jacquelyn used her middle name “Brooke” as her daily name (like a callsign). I suppose I may be responsible for her calling herself “Brooke”.

She was named after her grandmother Jacquelyn, but I did not like the name and so my drip-drip saying “Brooke” like water drops carving the Grand Canyon stuck and she was forever more “Brooke” (not “Jacquelyn”) as I knew her true name to be.

I can be very persuasive if not unrelenting to the point people just give up and accept my intent.

Children Starving:

When I was in Canada, I kept in contact with my daughters by phone as often as I could and encouraged them to visit me as able. As noted, my children’s mother was in extreme opposition to their flying on an airplane or leaving California much less leaving the country. Their mother was paranoid that I would take them away forever – she was highly emotionally irrational.

One evening during one my calls with my daughters Brooke declared she was starving. Her mother had not purchased any food for a week, and she was off on a date with her boss from work.

Brooke pleaded passionately as if she had not eaten for at least a day or two though she admitted there was some “old stale cereal” in a cabinet but she worried there were bugs in it because it was so old.

It was hard to fathom Brooke was so desperate for food. I paid thousands of dollars every month in child support! How could it be possible that my children did not have food!?

Children Starving [for Pizza]:

I lived in Canada at the time and so had no way to bring food to Brooke.

In a knee-jerk reaction I ordered pizza from a local-to-Brooke pizzeria. However, when they went to charge my credit card, they had issues with it because it was a Canadian issued credit card, and they did not want to honor a foreign purchase. They asserted it could be fraudulent and they had no way to pursue it if I were defrauding them.

It made no sense in the end though.

I explained that I was ordering pizza for my daughter there in Novato, CA (where she lived at the time with her sister and mother) because her mother had neglected to stock the house with food, and she was there alone. I answered their worries of international fraud detailing that I was divorced, and my children lived in Novato, which is why I have Canadian credit cards, address, and telephone number.

Once the clerk heard my story, he said he would deliver a pizza to Brooke for free.

It seemed odd that the pizzeria preferred to give Brooke a free pizza than take a risk and charge a foreign credit card. I mused – what could happen? Either way they were out a pizza without getting paid for it. Their “logic” made no sense to me.

Brooke got her pizza.

The next day I learned from her mother that the entire story was a lie. They had plenty of food.

Being far away in another country had many of these sorts of deceptions and “misunderstandings”. I came to feel their mother took advantage of the distance to control things and my relationship with my children. Despite legal battles and tremendous emotional duress, I could not win the right to see my daughters or care for them directly – only give money.

Daughter Jacuelyn Brooke Struggles:

Brooke struggled as a tween and teen to find her identity. Her insecurities and evident psychiatric issues drove her to self-medicate – and self-medicate she did IN A BIG WAY.

Her mother had moved to Berkeley to live with her latest boyfriend and fiancé (eventually husband). Unfortunately, Berkeley was full of drug dealers and users. It even had public parks with openly crack pipe smoking addicts sitting about or walking around without concern they might be interfered with by police.

Brooke found friends in Berkeley’s “stoners” and “parkies” – all the kids and young adults that drank alcohol, smoked cigarettes, and marijuana, and abused hard drugs when they got their hands on them.

Brooke sniffed paints, glues, and cleaning agents. She huffed Whip-it CO2 Cartridges through balloons. She drank booze and smoked tobacco. She loved “weed” most of all. Oxycontin and heroin were her hardcore drug choices.

My daughter Brooke had become a “druggie” with major addictions. Her friends both reinforced her self-destructive behavior and supplied her with drugs and venues to use them.

Of course, Brooke had no money or a job. She turned to crime. She stole things. She became a “drug runner” as an underage girl delivering illegal dope to people from an adult drug dealer. If she were caught, she would face little or no punishment, whereas the drug dealer if caught could face long prison time. Brooke provided a service to stolen good fences and drug dealers in exchange for drugs she could use herself.

Brooke Moved to Living with Katherine and Me:

When Katherine and I had moved to Washington, USA so I could take a job with Microsoft Xbox (more on that later), things had become so bad that even Brooke’s mother recognized that Brooke was ‘lost’.

Brooke had been found half naked on a park bench in the morning by police. She stayed out days and nights at a time and would show up at home drugged or drunk crazy. She cut school and did not do assignments or homework. She was known by the local police, but as a teenage girl they generally looked the other way and let her continue adrift.

Remarkably the paranoid hyper protective mother not only agreed but asked me to take Brooke to live with her.

I asked that BOTH Amanda and Brooke live with me.

But their mother refused to let Amanda come with Brooke to live with us.

Without a choice in the matter, I embraced only Brooke coming to live with me.

I always wanted to be and intended to “be there” for my daughters.

I was there for Brooke.

Brooke Deceives and Sneaks:

Brooke came to live with Katherine and me in Washington State, USA.

Over several months Brooke feigned improvement and integrity. She had her own room and dedicated bathroom. She had free access to the house and media room. We took her shopping to make sure she had appropriate clothing for the pacific northwest and school – she had ratty hole-ridden stained clothing when she arrived. We took her to narcotics and alcohol anonymous meetings. We made sure Brooke had everything she could want. We made sure she saw troubled-teen drug addiction therapist and psychiatrist.

We made sure to eat dinner every night as a family and discuss the day’s events and insights and thoughts. We made every effort to give a stable and normal homelife.

But Brooke’s deception could not last and became exposed. She had been sneaking out at night and taking drugs. She had lied about her school attendance and work completion and grades. When we spoke with her teachers, they described a largely non-participating pariah that had more interest in disruption than learning. They did not want her in their classes, and so were not unhappy she cut and avoided them regularly.

Video games and small items “vanished” from the media room and the house. Since they never were found despite moving, I was and remain convinced that Brooke stole the items and hocked them for cash or dope.

She went online and pirated movies, music, and software. She stole so much software using common bit torrent apps that she was “caught” by the cable provider and internet service provider (ISP).

Of course, I received the litigious letter threatening to sue ME for BROOKE’S copyright infringement - \$250,000 and Potential Jail!

I installed a secondary access point with its own security just for Brooke. That way she could use the Internet but not on sites I determined were “bad” or “inappropriate”. She hated being monitored and blocked from illicit sites.

Brooke Runs Away – Becomes ‘Drug Mule’ Runner:

Things reached a peak with Brooke running away. She had met a local drug dealer that ‘employed’ underage kids to deliver illegal drugs to clients. He gave Brooke a place to sleep and drugs to use, and a son she ‘played with’.

The Seattle Police informed me that Brooke was fourteen years old and in the State of Washington she has the “right to voice” which meant she had a “right to choice” of where she lived. That included where she did not want to live. And so they could not bring her home to anyone or anywhere because she was fourteen years or over in age.

BUT – It was against the law for an adult to harbor a minor (anyone under eighteen years old). The drug dealer was, therefore, criminally harboring a minor - Brooke.

Through a series of ‘stakeout’ watches Katherine found the drug dealer’s home and thusly where Brooke was staying.

The police eventually pressured the drug dealer to cut Brooke loose, and she was desperate. She did not want to return to living with Katherine and me, and she had nowhere to ‘flop’ or get drugs from now that her ‘dealer’ and ‘employer’ fired her from her drug mule running job.

Brooke Vows to Be ‘Good and Clean’ Once More – Bad at Keeping Promises:

Brooke called her mother and pleaded to return to Berkeley and swore she would be ‘good’ and be ‘clean’. Her mother was easily duped by Brooke’s rehearsed sobbing and dramatic motions.

Brooke met her mother at a burger joint called Fat Burger in Bellevue, WA. There - they conceived to transport Brooke to Alpine Academy – a rehab center for teens - as soon as possible. Even combining the time spent in Washington ‘on the lam’ and living in a homeless shelter with expediting her enrollment there were days in Berkeley - Brooke could get into trouble.

Now, I recommended Brooke just stay in Washington before going to Alpine – with us or at a hotel. But they would not have my ideas. They rejected the idea and returned to Berkeley according to their hastily made plan.

And so, Brooke returned to live with her mother in Berkeley making similar vows to be ‘good and clean’ as she did with me.

Brooke was good at ‘promising’ but bad at ‘keeping’ her promises.

Sith Lord Brooke vs Jedi Master, Father Richard):

There have been many times in my life that people would jaw drop in dismay at how I divined a solution ‘out of nowhere’ that was pivotal to a previously impossible problem. They would wonder how I knew everything about everything – no topic confounded me. Instead, I demonstrated a vast range of knowledge and expert depth in many disciplines, sciences, and engineering domains.

In deference to the movie *Star Wars* people would project that I was a Jedi Master; only that could explain my ‘magic’ and ‘powers’ over technology and people.

Brooke conversely used her *Star Wars* ‘Force’ for evil goals thereby making her a *Star Wars* Sith Lord.

In an alarming revelation I realized that Brooke was psychologically behaving a lot like my biological father Silver Seaborne. He was unquestionably a *Sith Lord*. Brooke evidently carried Silver’s dark bloodline close to her heart, and she was following in Silver’s footsteps as a social pariah and criminal.

When it came to Jedi Master Richard (me) confronting Sith Lord Brooke, neither of us could win. In stalemate, I had to acquiesce to Brooke and her mother’s plan.

Brooke’s ‘Scripts’ were Effective:

Brooke used ‘scripts’ to achieve her goals when dealing with people. Over time I observed her using modified versions of ‘stories’ she told previously, but each revision was tailored to make her appear more relevant or important, and usually to attain a favor or purchase.

She used scripts to manipulate schoolteachers and counsellors. Her scripts beguiled professional psychologists and therapists, and even some psychiatrists. Brooke had a bag of scripts to draw upon to attain her objectives or evade responsibility and accountability. And her scripts were highly effective – honed over time.

Brooke was a master of ‘scripts’ to manipulate and con people to achieve what she wanted.

Despite my informing therapists about her scripts, they would consistently say things like “attitudes like mine judging her about using ‘scripts’ can be a reason she is acting out”.

BULL CRAP – they would all eventually confess they were wrong, and I was right, and usually embarrassed and ashamed. Fortunately, they were able to admit their error and presumably learned from it when dealing with future ‘script’ using manipulators.

But each time a therapist trusted and empowered Brooke ‘s deceptive ‘scripts’ she learned its efficacy and refined it further for deployment on her next target ‘mark’.

Like I said – Brooke was a master of manipulation, and her scripts were a critical weapon in her toolkit.

Brooke’s Ironic Self-Medication to Cope with Anxiety of ‘Going Sober’ at Alpine:

I had no faith in Brooke honoring her commitment not to use drugs or drink alcohol much less not smoke cigarettes or marijuana even for the few days before going to Alpine Academy. But I crossed my fingers she would at least get on the plane with her mother to go to Utah. Once there though, I was confident she would go the rest of the way to Alpine Academy.

As I prognosticated - Upon returning to Berkeley and despite being under constant watch, Brooke found a way to sneak out and secure street drugs to self-medicate her emotions and anxiety about getting sober at this Utah Troubled Teen ‘Rehab Resort’ which she believed was parent-warden code for ‘teen prison’.

Ironic – Brooke used street drugs to cope with her going to a rehab facility to get sober.

Brooke was going to ‘do drugs’ either way, but it seemed ironic to me that she felt compelled to use more drugs because she was being forced to ‘get clean’.

Helicopter, Abandonment Parenting Do Not Mix – Stole Coping Skills f/ Daughters:

Their mother instilled fear of the world and strangers into my children so they would stay close to her out of stranger-danger or threat of being hurt or lost. Her goal was to ensure they stayed close to her so she could be an effective helicopter parent and swoop in and prevent or mitigate any threats or problems. She was effective at both – terrorizing and swooping in to save the day.

My children learned to have problems and relied on their mother to save them from themselves.

Their mother trained my children to be co-dependent with her.

E062 Brooke's Self-Destructed Future, Resisted Rehab Program



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E062 Brooke Self-Destructed Future Resisted Rehab Program.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55husq-e062-brooke-self-destructed-future-resisted-rehab-program.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/4kzp2Z5jmeI>

Description:

Richard muses how Brooke seemed to be trained to be co-dependent.

He muses his daughters were taught to deceive to avoid conflict. They were taught situational ethics – that they should decide what was “good” in the moment – rather than have a universal moral compass.

Helicopter parenting seems to have backfired.

Brooke is sent to Open Sky Wilderness Recovery and Rehabilitation Camp to detox and ‘get clean.’

Trained Co-Dependence:

My children learned to depend on their mother, and so had underdeveloped coping and adaptation skills. Their mother unintentionally was stealing those coping and flexibility skills from my daughters by doing everything for them and making sure they had little opportunity hurt themselves or get into trouble.

Trained Deception – Children’s Mother Directs Them to Lie to Me:

One of the most heinous things my daughters’ mother did was to put them in the conflicting position of choosing to be honest or lie to their father (me).

Their mother asked them not to tell me they had been given Apple computers as presents because I allegedly hated Apple so much that I would be unhappy with them.

It was true that I preferred Microsoft Windows over Apple’s Operating System, but that was primarily because Windows was at the heart of everything I did for work. Even artists and musicians and sound designers that used Apple computers handed off the assets to me to process on a Windows computer for use in games.

Ironically – I have purchased and owned several Apple computers over my lifetime including An Apple Macintosh IIFX when I was with my children’s mother. She KNEW that I accepted and liked Apple computers for what they would be good at, and likewise liked Windows computers for what they were good at as well.

Because Apple and Windows computers were good at different things, and I had a history of using and owning both brands of computers and their operating systems it made no sense that their mother would instruct them to lie to me.

Trained Deception – Conflicting Ethics, Confused Integrity:

My daughters wanted to love and believe in their parents – both their mother and their father.

I did everything I could as they grew up to ‘bite my lip’ to avoid badmouthing or slandering their mother – despite how much wickedness and lack of empathy I perceived she had inflicted on me over the years and especially at the end of our relationship.

Similarly – I believe their mother tried not to badmouth me as well; however, she indirectly slandered and insulted me in the eyes of my children by telling them how irrational and emotional I would be should I learn they were given new computers from their grandparents on their mother’s side.

Summary –

- 1) Amanda and Brooke were told to lie to their father to please their mother, and if they did not lie to their father, they would make him unhappy and angry.
- 2) Amanda and Brooke were conflicted because they had been told ‘lying is bad’ but were now being told to not only but to lie to their father.
- 3) My children did what they were told – they lied to me for months about having Apple computers, going so far as to ask about maybe needing Windows computers as a ruse.
- 4) My children continued to lie to me – they hid their move to Berkeley for nearly six months while I was in Canada and on extended trips to Europe.
- 5) As deception and lies were exposed I was able to confirm each lie’s origin was my daughter’s mother trying to cover something up or believing she was avoiding conflict.

My daughters’ mother was an imperfect role model because she both practiced and encouraged and even directed dishonesty –

Lies! Deception! Manipulation!

Her tool bag was ‘flexible’.

Trained Deception – Uphill Fight Undoing Children’s Mother’s Influence:

I tried so often to be engaged and a part of my daughter’s lives but the barriers put up by their mother were frequent and plentiful. And her undermining my relationship with my children including limiting my presence as a role model and advising deception to ‘manage me’ and my ‘reactions’.

All their mother did was instill insecurity in my children that their father was not there for them and was someone to be afraid of. Both of which were unequivocally UNTRUE.

Her praise of me revolved around my being a reliable ATM dispensing cash to her regularly. Ironically – I pre-wrote six months of checks at a time so she ALWAYS had cash in-hand the first day of every month.

Daddy Sisyphus – Impossible to Reach Hilltop with Boulder for Children:

It was obvious – it was an uphill fight pushing a boulder ever upward in hopes of reaching the hill’s crest – like Sisyphus of lore - where I could spend time with my daughters with openness and understanding and trust.

But like the myth of Sisyphus where he was damned to Hades (Hell) to push a boulder up a hill only to have it roll back down to the valley below crushing him as it did, and he would rise up and return to push it hopelessly up the hill once more. And eternally the torment looped – the boulder would roll down over him, and he would return and push it up, and roll down over him, eternally...

I was Daddy Sisyphus – I tried to be there for my children. I tried in person where they lived and where I lived. I tried phone calls. I wrote insightful messages and cards for them. I invested money for them. I sued for custody to save them from their mother and the threats and dangerous environments she was putting them in.

Nothing I was able to do gave me a relationship with my children, and they were hurt because of it.

Daughters’ Mother Taught ‘Situational Ethics’ – Lies & Dishonesty ‘Had Their Place’:

My children’s mother taught them that lying and being dishonest ‘had its place’, and so integrity became malleable and negotiable. ‘Situational Ethics’ was being taught.

No longer was there ‘truth’ or ‘right’ but shades of gray to be reviewed and discussed, and thus their mother empowered Amanda and Brooke to become their own lawyers with personal attorney-client privilege such that they could lie and not be compelled to admit it.

After spending over twenty-five thousand dollars in attorney fees and being informed there was literally no chance, I could win custody of my children, I had hit a wall without an alternative.

I had to accept the evil in the world that separated me from my children – and it was crafted by their mother – whom I then labeled “The WB” for “The Wicked Bitch”. I have avoided saying that to my children because I do not see how it benefits them. But for me – it is a lancing of my wound.

Brooke's Mother Inconsistency Fueled Problems – She Was Dr. Jeckle, Mr. Hyde:

Over time I came to recognize that Brooke's mother was wildly inconsistent with them. Brooke's mother was like Robert Louis Stevenson's 1886 novella where he wrote of multiple dueling identities within a trained "good" Doctor Jekyll and how he transformed into the murderous serial killer Mr. Hyde of infamy.

In those competing personalities way Brooke's mother tried to be "Doctor Jekyll", and she succeeded at being "good" most of the time.

But there were times her mother did not stay true to self and vow to be a "good Doctor Jekyll". She had seemingly become permanently postpartum depressed, and I believe was forever more clinically depressed. Her loneliness and depression were too much for her at times, and so she would drink one glass then many glasses of wine most evenings.

In those inebriated times, Brooke's mother ventured out on dates with people – usually co-workers or her current manager from work. She married two of them (each being her manager at the time, respectively), but that is her story – not mine to tell. Each new husband was bad for my children – for different reasons. I will not go into those tales as I believe those are my daughter's stories – also not mine to tell.

The key take-away for me was that Brooke's mother had 'flexible ideologies' where she operated under entirely different priorities. One priority was my daughters, and the other priority was her dating life. She was unable to bifurcate them or do both concurrently.

As Doctor Jekyll –

Brooke's mother was overly doting and a hyper-involved worry-wort helicopter parent that espoused her sole purpose in life was to care for and raise her children to become the greatest people ever.

But as Mr. Hyde –

Brooke's mother galivanted at night and weekends as a desperate single mother in search of her 'Mr. Right' but often settled for 'Mr. Right Now', and she and my children suffered the fallout consequences.

Amanda and Brooke saw their loving mother abandon them and leave them to fend for themselves, even right after a day in the park where she was there with them every second with smiles and ready to treat a fall or scrape.

Brooke's mother's contradictory dichotomy was too much to ask of little kids to understand or process or adapt to. I believe it messed up their childhoods and values. It was not until their late teens that they overtly challenged their mother's dominating albeit inconsistent values.

My children found their voice, and subsequently their identity – despite their mother.

The long-term consequence of my children's mother being so inconsistent during their upbringing was their confusion over what "good" and "bad" were based on what they saw and were told (not always the same thing with their mother).

It was obvious that they wanted to do whatever was required to be loved and valued and successful. And it was obvious their mother was unable to provide a consistent answer to that question. And she left them alone to satisfy her sexual and relationship urges.

My children needed and deserved role models with consistent messaging and expectations and discipline and reward. They did not have that growing up. I blame the 'WB' for that.

Brooke in Open Sky Wilderness Recovery Camp:

Back to Brooke's Road to recovery...

Returning to Berkeley - Brooke spiraled out of control abusing drugs and ditching school. She would stay out all night and sometimes not return for days to home. Her mother was freaked out and at her wits end.

Her mother pressed for Brooke to be "taken by force" to a wilderness rehab program for troubled teens called "Open Sky Wilderness" camp.

Bounty Hunters were hired to visit and capture Brooke when she returned home. A big Samoan man with his little blonde woman partner confronted Brooke, "You need to calm down. You can have a few minutes to express yourself. Then we are going to go to the airport together. We are going to fly to Colorado. We are going to a program that will care for your addictions. It is in the mountains. You will have a good time and get better."

Brooke lost it! She screamed and ranted and threw chairs and the table over. She grabbed a bookend and smashed it into the glass coffee table shattering it.

A few minutes passed and the man spoke clearly, slowly, calmly, "Brooke, you have had time to express yourself. We are going to go now. Do you want to do this yourself or do you want me to do it for you?"

He held handcuffs out for Brooke to put on.

Horried and shocked Brooke flailed and screamed more!

The Samoan had experience with troubled teens and was prepared for most any eventuality. He walked up to Brooke and grabbed her arm, twisted her down and to the ground like a doll, and cuffed her. She was a teenage girl and had no chance to resist the professional bounty hunter.

Brooke was off to Open Sky Wilderness. She flew to Colorado from Oakland International Airport with handcuffs occluded by a jacket draped over them. They rented a car and stayed overnight in a motel on route to the distant mountains of Colorado.

They gave Brooke shoes during the day and took them away at night so she could not flee. There were night and day "guides" that were also guards. The program had a small helicopter to search and rescue (and capture) runaway teens. There was little chance anyone was going to escape Open Sky Wilderness.

The program was led by a Yogi. He was a "new age" weirdo that espoused people should "lean in" and "find the family" but "be real" and "be yourself". He was full of babble that had no substance. He had silly phrases like "let's use our sit muscles" to ask people to sit down on the dirt. Again - weirdo. And definitely "alien" to my way of thinking.

Open Sky Wilderness Failed:

I had misgivings about Open Sky Wilderness, but Brooke's mother was adamant that it was the only thing that could save Brooke.

Well, it did not save Brooke. It cost a crazy amount of money and Brooke just went straight back to using drugs the moment she was released from the program.

Brooke Resumes Drug Abuse and Partying, and Abandons Integrity:

Brooke called her mother and pleaded to return to Berkeley and swore she would be ‘good’ and be ‘clean’. Her mother was easily duped by Brooke’s rehearsed sobbing and dramatic motions.

However, Brooke quickly resumed her self-destructive partying drug abusing ways upon returning to Berkeley. Everywhere there were ‘triggers’ for her – friends encouraging illicit drug use and partying without responsibilities and storefronts and music and street corners and seeing people use her beloved dope. It all inspired Brooke to resume her “bad” lifestyle.

Perhaps worse than Brooke’s draw to a destructive lifestyle she completely abandoned her integrity. I wondered how someone could flip so completely and turn “dark”.

I wondered if Brooke might be sociopathic. Silver was potentially sociopathic, and Cynthia had indications of it. I had no idea, but the idea crossed my mind as a way to explain her repeated ‘jumping off the drug abuse cliff’.

Brooke being sociopathic could have been consistent with her apparent learning what to say to manipulate people and police and psychiatrists, as opposed to natively relating to people and their views and emotions.

Helicopter Parenting Hurt Brooke:

She was delusional in her right to adventure without commitments. She insisted she could live under a bridge and eat creek snakes and drink creek water. She had no idea of reality’s harsh jaws and claws. She had never known threat or pain or harm.

Her mother’s helicopter parenting style both shielded her and ensured she did not learn coping and adapting skills.

Open Sky Wilderness failed to help Brooke. She needed help – real help.

E063 Brooke's Running from Recovery - Again



Brooke Rejecting Recovery

Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E063 Brooke Running from Recovery - Again.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hv4r-e063-brooke-running-from-recovery-again.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/S4MGoRJdkPU>

Description:

Brooke's drama resumes once more...

Like a broken record – Brooke lies and steals and manipulates everyone she encounters.

From homeless shelters to flops with friends to more rehab programs... ..Brooke keeps running from recovery...

Brooke Set to Attend Ranch-style Rehab Program - Alpine Academy:

With Brooke sliding back into her addict ways, her mother was determined to return Brooke to another rehab program Alpine Academy – this time in Utah near Salt Lake City. She imagined a more jail-like environment with hyper structure and order. She mused maybe it would ‘scare Brooke straight’.

Alpine Academy was a cyclone fenced rural ranch on the outskirts of Salt Lake City, Utah. It had farm and ranch animals, and corresponding duties for its ‘students’ to care for and bond with. It had small exercise options like a half-basketball court and a track (used for running or riding horses). They had cable television and an Xbox to play games on a community TV. They had nice quality home-cooked meals. It was nice despite being a virtual prison for troubled teen girls.

Once a week the Academy took everyone into the city for a dinner and to socialize. It was the reward for trying to recover and follow directions.

Contrasting all that – razor-wire cyclone fence surrounding the grounds. Pressure plates in hallways and windows sensors to signal residents – are trying to leave the building at night or during lockdowns. ‘Patrols’ to casually surveil the premises while instilling fear of fleeing in its ‘students’. And daily psychiatric sessions both to help work through issues and to detect potential intent to escape.

Timing did not Work out - Brooke Stays with Katherine Between Rehab Programs:

Timing did not work out for Brooke going to the Alpine Academy rehab program, and her mother worried she might run away again knowing her impending fate to return to a rehab program. Brooke hated Open Sky Wilderness and resented being controlled and transported against her will to ‘the man’s’ rehabilitation ‘crap’.

To minimize Brooke’s substance abuse triggers and to drive hyper scrutiny her mother asked that Brooke return to stay with Katherine and me until she could attend Alpine Academy.

Of course, I agreed to take Brooke in hopes to mitigate her reacting and fleeing ‘help’ for her.

Brooke’s ‘Flight’ from Me:

Brooke did not arrive as expected. My daughter Brooke had different plans.

She boarded an airplane to fly to Katherine and me in Washington state. I waited at the only debarkation route which was an escalator ascent from baggage claim to the main floor where the street exits were.

Her plane had landed, but there was no Brooke. I waited thirty minutes, and then worried and frustrated waited another thirty minutes.

NO BROOKE!

Concerned she might be in the bathroom or something I did not want to leave my ‘post’ awaiting her ascent. If I was not there when she came up she might wander off I imagined. She did not want to go to Alpine Academy rehab and did not want to stay with me.

My imagination made me think she ‘ran’ again, and since I was at the escalator before her plane landed, I presumed she may be hiding in the airport terminals somewhere. Seattle-Tacoma Airport has a tram connecting different ‘wings’ of the airport, and so finding Brooke would be extremely difficult and probably impossible.

Brooke's 'Flight' – SeaTac Airport Police in Pursuit:

My only practical solution was to seek airport police and explain my situation.

Well, that ended up a bit dramatic. They issued a 'Search' demand over the public announcement (PA_ loudspeakers. They rallied their small contingent of police and fanned out across the airport terminals to find a renegade addict.

Brooke Was Lost in Heart, Mind, Body, and Soul:

The police gave me an emergency access pass so I could travel throughout the airport as well to search for my 'lost' daughter. She was 'lost' in heart, mind, and body – and now 'lost' in Seattle.

I went to every terminal and location in the airport – TWICE. I rode the tram from place to place, ascended and descended staircase after staircase escalators where available.

I went to women's bathrooms and asked people going in if they saw a white freckled red-headed girl with dreadlocks. No one had seen her.

Eventually, both the police and I gave up. Brooke somehow escaped the airport or was outstanding at hiding from everyone.

I returned home without Brooke. Her mother freaked out. The Seattle Police were informed and were on the lookout for her.

Brooke had run away again.

Brooke's 'Flight' - Fun Wordplay:

In hindsight I think it is a bit funny in 'word play' – Brooke's 'flight' from me was the origin of the drama, and yet she arrived on a 'flight' from Northern California's Oakland Airport.

Silly but I have always liked wordplay, even if the situation was dire. It somehow makes horrible things more palatable.

Homeless Shelter Houses Brooke in Seattle – Not the Panacea Imagined:

Surprisingly – Brooke's mother had called homeless shelters throughout the Seattle area, and she found Brooke at one of them.

Brooke had hitchhiked her way from the airport to Seattle and found a homeless shelter. She stayed in the shelter but refused to pursue work or counseling or education. But that violated the shelter's few rules – do not use drugs or alcohol while in the shelter, do not fight or harass anyone, and do pursue at least one of three goals of work, education, or counseling. They wanted 'residents' to pursue all three but were satisfied with just one. Brooke refused to do even one.

Brooke felt entitled to free shelter and food and offered nothing in exchange for it.

Declining to 'participate' attracted the attention of the homeless shelter's staff. They concluded Brooke was a minor and certainly not an adult of eighteen years or older in age. Because she was a troubled teen, they cut Brooke extra slack and gave her a timeline to comply or leave the shelter.

Funny - even the homeless shelter had expectations and rules like I did. Brooke's expectation to live free and do anything she felt like was not proving to be reality. It was not the free-ride panacea she had imagined.

Brooke Rescued from Herself by Her Mother:

Brooke's mother was so freaked out by Brooke's running from the airport and hiding in a homeless shelter that she flew up to deal with Brooke firsthand herself. Brooke met with her at our home where her mother took her back to Berkeley before her expedited transport to Alpine Academy.

Brooke's Mother Protected Brooke from Herself – Ensuring Co-Dependence:

It all seemed to me that Brooke's mother was rescuing Brooke from herself. And by saving someone from bringing harm to themselves they are not learning to change their behavior.

In essence – protecting someone from themselves ensures they will get hurt when you are not around – to help them again. It is a recipe to ensure co-dependence.

And what happens when it is later in life when things may be less forgiving or able to heal or recover – and there's no one there to help you?

I am firmly convinced that my children's mother harmed my daughter's childhood and slowed their achieving their potential if not outright destroyed it (for Brooke).

Visiting Brooke at Alpine Academy:

Back to Brooke's recovery tale...

Katherine and I visited Brooke in Alpine Academy during Thanksgiving week. It was a nice facility with lots of rural animals like horses. We took Brooke out for daily excursions and evening dinners.

On Thanksgiving Day, we had dinner at Denny's restaurant because nothing else was opened on Thanksgiving Day because it was a holiday.

Brooke Not Want to Live with Me, Only Mother in Trigger-laden Berkeley:

Brooke seemed happy enough but wanted to return home. She did not want to return to live with Katherine and me. She wanted to live with her mother in Berkeley. But her mother now recognized Berkeley was full of triggers and easy access to dope and criminals.

Signs pointed to Brooke not recovering. She openly extolled the wonderful aroma of marijuana and how much she missed smelling and smoking it. She insisted that alcohol can be managed just like smoking weed – lots of people do it, and so she could as well.

She exclaimed that if her sister Amanda could control her habits and addictions then she could do so too.

Brooke was full of excuses and promises. Her history demonstrated she lied and manipulated and had no intention of doing anything she said or committed to doing.

But one thing was abundantly clear – Brooke would run away again if she was sent to live with Katherine and me.

Gaming Addiction Recovery:

Things were at an impasse, and so everyone hoped things would improve over time as Brooke progressed in Alpine Academy. They had a scoring system designed to encourage and reward good behavior and was the basis of progressing and 'graduating'. They were 'gaming' addiction recovery.

Alpine Academy – Failed Too:

When all was said and done, Brooke returned to Berkeley and resumed her drug and alcohol abuse.

Alpine Academy failed to help Brooke too.

Arizona Rehab ‘Prison’ – Failed Also:

Brooke’s mother was determined to return Brooke to yet one more rehab program – this time in Arizona. She imagined a more jail-like environment with hyper structure and order (no more horses, ranches, and wild animals to care for or bond with). It was blazing hot and felt more like a militant school with extremely lockdown controls and guards. It felt like a prison to Brooke.

Brooke’s experience so far in rehab programs was not good in her opinion –

- 1) Open Sky Wilderness seemed to Brooke like a horror show sending her on a survival episode in the mountains of Colorado.
- 2) Alpine Academy felt like a prison to her because of the escape prevention pressure plates, window sensors, patrols, razor-wire cyclone fence, and locks everywhere.

She thought she knew ‘hard’, and now she was experience something that actually was legitimately hard.

Brooke saw this new Arizona rehab as punishment, and decided she never wanted to attend another rehab program. But until she was eighteen years old she could be forcibly transported into them. Brooke was resentful.

There was little about the Arizona facility or program. It seemed more about housing ‘bad apple’ kids - or storing children of parents that had too much - and had given up on them. It was not about recovery through therapy. It seemed more about therapy through illustrating how terrible life is “behind bars” without any personal rights.

The Arizona rehab facility was serious in contrast to the Utah program.

It also failed to help Brooke.

Brooke’s Self-Assigned Future (or Fate) – Lost to Drug Addiction and Menial Work:

Afraid that Brooke would resume her drug use upon returning to Berkeley, she came to live with Katherine and me once again. It did not take a minute and I had a very ‘bad vibe’ from Brooke; I ‘felt’ she was extremely resentful and was intent on causing trouble and chaos.

In addition to her bad attitude, she resumed abusing alcohol and drugs. She resumed staying out without listening to direction or doing anything requested of her. She made messes everywhere without concern for effort to clean it up much fewer permanent stains and damage she inflicted on our home.

The Ultimatum – Be Good or Get Out:

Brooke’s behavior and attitude was unacceptable, and I surmised she was doing it intentionally to drive to a conflict and confrontation. I obliged Brooke’s wish for a confrontation discussion.

I gave Brooke an unambiguous ultimatum –

- 1) Follow the rules and do work and be honest and respectful – WITH ME and Katherine,

OR

- 2) Get out and find another ‘path’ to survive in life – NOT WITH ME or Katherine!

Brooke honestly declared that she would NEVER COMPLY and would ALWAYS DO WHAT SHE WANTED. THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO ABOUT IT.

I was done. Brooke was ‘done’ to me as well.

I had to protect Katherine and myself from the terrible quality of life Brooke had imposed on us.

“Be Good” or “Get Out” – that was the bottom-line.

The Ultimatum, Be Good or Get Out – Brooke chose “Get Out” for Addict Friends:

Brooke disclosed she had friends that lived about an hour and half away from us in Washington state. She asked that I drive her to them and leave her there with her ‘stuff’.

At my wit’s end – I agreed and drove Brooke to her ‘bad’ friends in Washington.

Other than one birthday call wishing me happy birthday and my texting similarly to Brooke, I have had no contact with her since I dropped her off at her drug addict friends in Washington.

It is tragic what happened to Brooke and our lost relationship.

I believe that if Brooke had lived with me when I sued for custody that she would have a much better life now. But I blame her mother for Brooke’s spiral to oblivion and ruining her life through her helicopter parenting and refusal to let them travel to see me.

The Ultimatum, Be Good or Get Out – Brooke chose “Get Out”:

Brooke eventually went to Portland, Oregon to finish her General Equivalency Diploma (GED) and attend community college to have a fresh start.

She continued to abuse drugs her entire life. Nothing would ever help Brooke. Much like my sister Cynthia’s descent into addiction and lost sanity, I fear Brooke is following in her footsteps. That is especially tragic because Brooke expressed horror when she witnessed Cynthia talking to rose bushes in a heated conversation. And yet, years later Brooke assumed Cynthia’s attitude and madness and substance abuse.

Fortunately, Brooke did calm a bit as she matured into her twenties. She became a borderline functioning addict. She found a job cleaning motel rooms in Portland, Oregon. She attended community college [or she would not be funded anymore]. Her life drifted and meandered without purpose and apparent positive impact on others.

I have often pondered Brooke’s difficulty relating to people and behaving “off” socially and showing zero integrity and honesty. I wondered if she might be sociopathic but learned how to “act” with emotions to get along with people, but it is not how she naturally “feels” or perceives things.

As I noted earlier – I have contemplated if Brooke might be sociopathic. I hope not, but it could explain her uncontrollable behavior.

Whatever the reason – Brooke struggled with drug addiction, lying, and criminal behavior.

Amanda's Success – and My Legacy:

As an aside – Amanda had some challenges in her early teens but found herself and “lifted herself by her own bootstraps” to great success.

She graduated High School, went to Community College to raise GPA, earned a bachelors from UC Santa Barbara University, and secured Finance and Accounts Receivable Manager role right out of school.

And from there she has risen to higher income and bonuses and responsibility. All the while she has continued her education in her goal to become a psychiatrist, MD.

I am extremely proud of Amanda's success and high integrity. She is sort of my legacy. She represents the things I believe in and possesses the traits I want in my daughter.

I am fortunate she is there to carry on “The Quest” and march into hell for a heavenly cause - when I am dead and gone.

Psychiatrist Assessment – Daughters and Losses



Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:

Doctor Brandon’s iPad window flashed, “Richard – your tale with your daughters is riddled primarily with lament and loss.

- You express deep appreciation of any time with your daughters – yet you allowed their mother to interfere with, and block, much of your ability to interact with and even ‘be with you’
 - It is surprising – that you, a man of such willpower and focus - failed to prevent his daughters’ mother from successfully encouraging them to deceive you on anything that might upset you
 - Isn’t it curious – that their mother felt it was preferable to deceive you, rather than confront & potentially fight with you?
 - Why would that be? Could it have been you – Richard? Your behavior?
 - I wonder - How if more money, more litigation, more fighting... would have changed your time and experiences with your daughters?
 - I wonder – Would honey have worked better than the vinegar... that you applied to gain more time and influence with your children?
- You went well beyond normal parental obligations – in terms of money and support
 - You chose to pay so much excess money in Child Support, even if the given money was - ‘perceived by you’ - poorly used and mis-spent. It reflects well on you – that you intended to be a good parent.

- Losing everything, declaring bankruptcy had to be devastating to pride, identity
 - With so much turmoil in life – your pride, self-worth, and identity were further hammered by financial hardships and their consequences
- Your daughter Brooke’s severe psychiatric conditions, disorders, and treatments are ... insightful
 - Though there is a great amount of tragedy in your daughter Brooke’s story ... it may be a marker or indicator for your own mental disorders
 - ‘Like Father, Like Daughter’ as the saying goes... or ‘Like Daughter, Like Father’

Time to Continue My Story:

Caselli once again directed, “Richard – Time to continue your ‘story’.”

And again – so I did.

E064 RICK037 INFILTRATING CHURCH OF MIDNIGHT IN ATHLONE FB5.0



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E064 Rick037 Infiltrating Church of Midnight in Athlone Flashback 5 0.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hvnp-e064-rick037-infiltrating-church-of-midnight-in-athlone-flashback-5-0.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/GxcgGZauDZA>

Description:

The team revises their group name to “The Crusaders of the Knights Templar” or simply “The Crusaders”.

They gear up, arm up, and armor up... And they practice!

The team gets proficient with pistols, rifles, grenades, explosives, and gadgets... all in and out of body armor.

The team is readying to take the fight to the Cult of Bael!

Named Ourselves the ‘Crusaders of the Knights Templar’:

The team gathered the next day afternoon. We had slept in, as a group, rotating people every few hours as the watch; we worried we could be attacked at any time.

I suggested, “Hey, it would be nice to have a name for our team. Like I think we could call ourselves the ‘Crusaders of the Knights Templar’.

- Recognizes the history of the Knights Templar fight for God against corrupt Government and Religion
- Reminiscent of the Holy Crusades
- Reinforces we are Knights fighting for God

We could have any name. Any other ideas?”

...

Katie replied, “I like it.”

Bob answered, disinterested, “Sure.”

And Taylor responded, “Okay – we are the Crusaders. And when we want to ‘sound important’ – we can add ‘of the Knights Templar’. Sure – let’s call ourselves the Crusaders of the Knights Templar.

Seeking the Church of Midnight and High Priest Nicodemus:

Taylor added, “We need to go see Lessky, and ask him about this High Priest Nicodemus. And whatever he knows about the Church of Midnight.”

Armed Assault of the Church of Midnight:

I said, “We were nearly killed...or soul drained! We lost our Flaming Dagger.

And – negatively in my opinion – we killed dozens of people, to save ourselves.

We need to ask Midnight and Associates for weapons and armor – like Deputy Taylor had when she rescued us from that sacrificial cavern. REAL FIREPOWER.

‘Slow Down’ Warned the Deputy – Team Inexperienced with Weapons, Combat:

The Deputy retorted, “Slow Down. Richard – the team is inexperienced with weapons and combat.

I worry – they will shoot themselves, or one of us in unintentional ‘friendly fire’.

Let me handle the firearms and explosives. You three should stick with your knives - but get some body armor as ‘less cumbersome’ protection.”

She ended with, “Wounding, maiming, or killing ourselves – will not help us, or the mission.”

Richard Armed with Pistol, AR-15 for Assault – Had Lifelong Shooting Experience:

I responded, “No, I am experienced with pistols, rifles, and assault rifle AR-15.

I grew up shooting BB & Pellet guns, and slept with a .22 pistol in my nightstand as a child – because my eldest sister suffered brain damage and unstably occasionally threatened us. My mother gave me the pistol, and installed a deadbolt on my bedroom door.

Living in a rural setting – I was able to practice shooting every single day of my teen years.

And I continued as an adult to graduated to 9mm, .40, .45 pistols (and range fired bigger guns like .44 Magnum, Desert Eagle .50, ... used silencers too). I also learned about AR-15’s and their attachment configurability and techniques to swap magazines and reload quickly.

I am very accurate... even in rapid fire situations. I always tested and pushed myself to improve - and be great.

So – Deputy, I think I can handle a gun.

...

Deputy Taylor smiled playfully, “I had no idea you could handle your gun”, she emphasized ‘your gun’ in a provocative way, “...so well.”

She said, “Richard – You get a .45 semi-automatic Glock pistol. You also get a .556 caliber ATI semi-automatic AR-15 assault rifle.”

Bob Armed for Assault – Police Brother Trained Him in Pistol Shooting:

Bob said, “My brother is a cop in Seattle. He’s taken me to the range to get okay using a pistol, so I can handle a pistol. I have not used a rifle. I am not a hand-to-hand fighter. But – I can shoot a pistol.

I can use a pistol, better than a knife.

Please - Give me a pistol!”

...

The Deputy, being the gatekeeper of weapons apparently, agreed that Bob could have a pistol.

“Bob - You get a .40 caliber semi-automatic Glock pistol.”

Katie Armed for Assault – Police Brother Trained Him in Pistol Shooting:

Katie said, “I never owned or fire a gun. But I don’t want to be on a rooftop with no way to protect myself. Okay? Give me a small pistol. Something more than a knife.

It’s not like I can use the knife very well, either.

Please - give me a pistol, too. I’ll be so careful...” she implored.”

...

The Deputy agreed Katie could have a pistol, as well.

“Katie - You get a 9mm semi-automatic Walther pistol.”

Taylor’s Ask - Only Use Gun Only When Threat of Grave Injury or Death:

But she emphasized, “Only pull out your pistol – when you know you will be gravely injured or killed otherwise.

- First - Hide, Run – Run Like Hell
- Second - Use your knife
- Last - Use your gun”

Training in Pistols, Assault Rifles, and Body Armor:

The Deputy decreed, “We need some training – right now.”

Training Pistol Loading, Shooting, Breakdown, Cleaning:

The Deputy demonstrated cocking her semi-automatic pistol. And showed its site-lines and advised we all use a red-dot laser attachment, so we could have high confidence of hitting our target.

She showed how to load a pistol bullet clip, how to hold and aim, and importantly for precision firing to pause, hold breath, then slow exhale to stabilize hand motion as you fired at your target. She explained the ‘breath exhale’ should be used for precision firing of rifles and pistols alike.

And the Deputy explained how important was to know how to breakdown your weapons in the field, during conflicts. She cautioned - you may need to unjam the firing chamber, or remove a similarly misaligned bullet.

Out of combat – weapons need to be cleaned and oiled to ensure reliable performance - and avoid those weapon jams.”

Training Assault Rifle Loading, Shooting, Breakdown, Cleaning:

The Deputy said, “Second – the AR-15 assault rifle. This is the rifle I used to rescue you from the cult.

She demonstrated how to ‘charge’ an assault rifle – the equivalent to cocking a semi-automatic pistol, loading a bullet in its firing chamber while pulling the firing pin & spring back so the trigger can release it to fire.

She explained how the bullet’s incendiary blast ejects the empty shell casing to the right, and pulls another bullet from its spring-loaded magazine - up into the freshly emptied bullet firing chamber. And with that, the next bullet is ready to fire.

The Deputy detailed how to drop a bullet magazine with a button press on the left side of the rifle, and how the magazine will just fall. And then, she said, to just push another ‘fully loaded’ magazine into the rifle’s magazine slot – and the rifle was still ‘charged’, so you can keep on firing.

Each AR-15 magazine had 30 bullets.

She noted that Midnight and Associates had 150 and higher ‘drum magazines’ for the AR-15. But they were incredibly heavy, and so those massive magazines seemed more for firing from a fixed position – than moving and infiltrating with an assault rifle – that had to be nimble.

Training Wearing Body Armor, and Bonus ‘Taylor Special Gear’:

The Deputy taught us how to prepare, wear, remove, and maintain body armor, vests, and arm & leg guards.

Taylor’s Bonus Gear – Bag of Tricks, Zombie Knife, Steel Rope, Blade-Scissor Buckle:

She also showed us stuff in her ‘utility belt’ of tricks.

Inside her waist bag were all sorts of gadgets, tools, and drugs. Taylor’s gear included shuriken throwing stars, Swiss Army Pocket Knife, Jet Torch Lighter, Magnifying Glass, sealed packs of different pills, a few tiny vials of liquids, little square & rectangular C4 explosive strips, lockpicks & earpiece, and so forth. She had a lot of toys...

The Deputy showed how her belt buckle doubled as a knife and scissors.

Hanging from the left side of her belt – was her intimidating Zombie Knife.

And looped on the right side of her belt – was a thin steel twine rope.

Wrist Shuriken ‘Throwing Star’ Launcher ‘Gun’:

Attached to her wrist was a shuriken throwing star ‘launcher’.

Now - It was clear to me - how the Deputy was so quick and accurate, killing the cultist in the Pub alley with a throwing star. She had a ‘throwing star’ gun attached to her wrist.

Deputy Taylor Was Armed and Prepared for ‘The Unexpected’:

The Deputy was prepared for the unexpected – for sure.

Tiny Transport to Midnight and Associates Below the Athlone Castle Museum:

We called Tiny to take us to Mr. Lessky at Midnight and Associates – in the basement of Athlone Castle’s Museum.

E065 Rick038 Hell, Heaven, and Dark Matter Spiritual Energy Flashback 5.1



Hell, Heaven, and Dark Matter

Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E065 Rick038 Hell Heaven and Dark Matter Spiritual Energy Flashback 5_1.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hvu6-e065-rick038-hell-heaven-and-dark-matter-spiritual-energy-flashback-5-1.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/oMmr8xG-8bs>

Description:

Learn how the Celestial Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny spans planes.

Discover how dark matter and celestial energy and relics are intertwined.

Hear how the planes of existence overlap each other – in the same space but in parallel dimensions...

Meeting Mr. Lessky at Midnight and Associates – In the Round Table Room:

We entered Athlone Castle - and proceeded through the museum - directly to Midnight and Associates. No one seemed to notice – or care.

Sarah greeted us and sent us to meet with Mr. Lessky in the Round Table room.

High Priest Nicodemus, Soul Powered Universe Expansion,:

We entered the Round Table room, and seated ourselves around it – following Mr. Lessky’s gesture for us to sit.

The Stolen Flaming Dagger Key to Striking Demons:

Mr. Lessky did not delay, “Things went badly, it seems – Richard.

I understand we’ve lost the Flaming Dagger... that Brocko has stolen it. That is most unfortunate.

The dagger is the key to striking beings outside our mortal plane – striking beings from Hell or Heaven. The dagger is our only way of threatening, much less stopping a demon in our world. It exists in all planes – at the same time – so it can wound...even kill...divine beings.

And - Yes – Richard, there are demons in this world. You need the dagger to slay them.

Brocko McDeema May Be a Demon in Our Mortal Plane:

I suspect Brocko McDeema may be a demon. He seems to have powers to see through animals’ eyes, and he has never slowed or shown signs of injury from being hit by bullets or hammers.

And he has been running the Pub for at least fifty years... and he does not look fifty years old...even now.

I believe Brocko McDeema may be a demon operating in our mortal plane.”

Soul, Life Drained from Councilwoman - Stored in Celestial Battery Strips of Bael:

I interrupted Lessky and described the councilwoman Ciara’s being ‘drained’ of life and soul – and allegedly ‘stored’ in a strip of cloth, called a Strip of Bael.

...

Lessky responded, “Richard - from what you’ve described, they completed a Soul Transference ritual on the councilwoman.

Her soul and life force were literally ripped out of her and transferred into the cursed strip of cloth – into the Strip of Bael. There are many Strips of Bael.

Greatest Source of Celestial Power Was God’s Creations – Especially Humankind:

Mr. Lessky said, “Strips of Bael are sewn in the mortal plane and cursed – by a demon caste known as ‘Soul Strippers’. Strips of Bael - are like batteries that store celestial power, and the greatest source of such power are God’s creations. And humans have the greatest ‘charge’ – much more than animals.”

Sheering Fabric Separating Planes of Hell, Heaven, Mortality:

“And so – the Dark Lord, Prince of Hell, Bael is collecting celestial power - from sacrificed humans - to sheer the fabric separating the planes of Hell, Heaven, and Mortality.” he stated ominously.

Souls Power Universe Expansion:

Lessky spoke, “It seems now may be a good time to explain The Big Bang, the universe’s expansion, and how celestial power and souls are closely related.”

Mortal Universe expanding to support growing populations and evolution:

Mr. Lessky added, “The Mortal Universe is growing. It has been ever-expanding since Adam and Eve’s Original Sin.

Blessed and cursed with the new cycle of humanity – parents and children, whom themselves become parents to more children.

Adam and Eve’s Original Sin required a place be made for the descendant souls of Adam and Eve. There needed to be a ‘home’ for the souls of the dead – a place for them to go upon leaving their mortal coil.”

Heaven at the edge of eternity and infinity:

Lessky explained, “Heaven exists at the edge of eternity and infinity. Which is to say – it exists everywhere, and nowhere at the same time. Time is not meaningful in Heaven or Hell – things do not age - or die – in those planes. They perpetuate.

Even death in Hell is temporary – you reform, regrow, over time, ensuring eternity and torments can always be inflicted.

Heaven and Hell have physical places – just like the Mortal Plane has earth, the moon, the sun, and so forth.”

Heaven’s Capital Silver City Overlaps Los Angeles (City of Angels) in Parallel Plane:

Mr. Lessky continued, “The location of Hell’s and Heaven’s capital cities - within their respective planes – overlap our Mortal Plane right here on our home Earth.

Heaven’s Capital, the Silver City, overlaps in a parallel plane Los Angeles in the United States. It is no coincidence – Los Angeles translates to The City of Angels.

Much like Heaven overlaps Los Angeles - Hell’s Capital, the City of Dis, overlaps New York City.”

E066 Rick039 Ever-Expanding Hell, Heaven, Mortal Planes Flashback 5.2



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E066 Rick039 Ever Expanding Hell Heaven Mortal Planes Flashback 5_2.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hwg3-e066-rick039-ever-expanding-hell-heaven-mortal-planes-flashback-5-2.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/4JYhzfxldKc>

Description:

Hear how Hell, Heaven, Limbo, and the Mortal Planes are constantly expanding and growing to accommodate ever-increasing populations and corresponding deaths and souls.

Learn how the byproduct of spiritual activity is a celestial energy – known abstractly as Dark Matter, because it cannot be seen or touched.

The devil's Cult of Bael uses Dark Matter to drain souls and store them in cursed runed cloth called Strips of Bael.

Those Strips of Bael are sewn into the Tapestry of Bael, which the Cult plans to use to open a portal to Hell and unleash Hell on Earth.

Ever-Expanding to Accommodate Ever-Increasing Population of Souls:

Mr. Lessky - of Midnight and Associates - detailed, “To support ever-expanding population of souls from the ever-growing – and dying – human and animal populations... Hell and Heaven are expanding themselves. They are growing to fit all the dead people and animal’s souls.

Heaven and Hell are moving and growing perpetually in four dimensions from the Plane of Mortality... from the Mortal Universe – moving in lockstep in expansion – ever since the Big Bang (when the Original Sin transpired), thereby ensuring souls are always closest to mortal kind while being free of its influence or taint.

It is hard to comprehend.

Heaven and Hell exist all around us, but their ‘territory’ is ever expanding to accommodate souls of the dead.”

Judged at Heaven’s Gates:

Lessky had so much to say, “Mortals that die are sent to Heaven’s Gates where they will be judged, ensuring they know how wondrous it would be to have entered Heaven ... even if they are not assured passage until judgment is passed on them.”

Long Wait Times:

Lessky was a veritable celestial encyclopedia, “Souls can wait a very long time for judgment...some souls are glad for the wait for fear of damnation.

Populations have grown exponentially over time - which significantly increased the number of souls that must travel to Heaven or Hell at any given time.

And with so many ‘applicants to Heaven’ – processing has slowed down. So people – wait, wait, and finally see Judgement ... and they are –

- Blessed to pass through the Pearly Gates to Heaven
- Damned to Hell for Eternal Torment
- Banished to Limbo for Eternity – for you did not ‘qualify’ for either destination

Those granted entrance to Heaven - are, of course - elated and recognize the importance of forgiving the wait for entry.

Those sent to Limbo consider being spared eternal suffering – a ‘kind of blessing’.

Those damned to Hell – are heard from no more.”

Earth Is Celestial Epicenter and Parallel to Heaven and Hell Planes:

Mr. Lessky said, “Circling back a bit.

Earth exists in the epicenter of the Mortal Universe, making souls travel ever increasing distances to reach their final resting place - after death - at the newly created ‘far edge’ of Hell, Heaven, or Limbo... where the planes most recently expanded to.”

Souls Propelled to Judgment Create Dark Matter and Mana which taps Divine Power:

The Knights Templar attorney emphasized, “Like congested vehicle freeways – the number of souls be processed and moved to their destination Planes... is LARGE.”

Spiritual Byproduct Dark Matter Fuels Religious Mana and Demonic Magic:

Lessky’s eyes were wide, “The number of souls is SO BIG - the resulting congested torrent of souls blasting through space is immense. It creates corresponding increases in a spiritual byproduct - Dark Matter.

Dark Matter is the celestial ‘energy’ that powers divine relics and ley lines. It is what fuels religious mana, or demonic magic. Witchcraft wields both mana and magic. This Round Table taps the ley lines and uses Dark Matter celestial energy.

Holy Mana and Demon Magic are the building blocks of Divine Power. When Mana and Dark Matter are unnaturally combined, they result in devastating divine explosions – like Nuclear explosions.

These ‘divine explosions’ - can rip holes between the Planes of Existence – Heaven, Hell, Mortal.

Angels and Demons also tap Dark Matter to employ Mana or Magic rituals, incantations, and spells.”

Unprecedented Celestial Energy Coursing Through Universe:

Lessky was getting to talk a bit too much, “With populations as great as they have grown – the number of souls and corresponding Dark Matter energy – has grown immensely from the dead’s soul’s propulsion to the Edge of The Universe for their final resting or tormenting place.

The consequence of so much potential mana and magic coursing through the Mortal Universe is unprecedented. Few mortals know how to access it; however, Bael’s highest followers know how to use it.

We, at the Knights Templar, have some knowledge how to tap into it. But we have relied heavily on Celestial Relics, like the flaming dagger and the Round Table, to channel and use divine power.”

End of Days is Nigh – Through the Tapestry of Bael:

Lessky looked grave, “I fear – Richard – with you, The Fulcrum, appearing now. As the Second Coming – not what people expected I realize – and so much excessive celestial power coursing everywhere... that we are facing the End Times.

There is enough celestial power to create the Tapestry of Bael, Richard.

It is the cornerstone to bringing Hell on Earth.

The Prophesized End of Days is nigh.”

Drained Souls and Life Energy into Strips of Bael, Stitched Into Tapestry of Bael:

Mr. Lessky provided insight, “Bael moves Souls and Life from beings into strips of cursed cloth from Hell. The strips serve as spiritual batteries, storing the essence of the person. The strips are stitched into the Tapestry of Bael through another ritual.

Once completed – the Tapestry of Bael can be used to sheer the planes separating Hell, Heaven, and Mortality – to open portals at any ley line intersection in the universe.”

High Priest Nicodemus Transfers Souls to the Tapestry of Bael for UK, Ireland, ...:

Lessky said, “High Priest Nicodemus is the ritual master for the Strip to Tapestry of Bael stitching ritual. He serves ‘stitching’ for the entire United Kingdom, including Ireland and Scotland.

Nicodemus must be ‘ended’. You must terminate him – with extreme prejudice.

We cannot allow him to empower more sacrifices to Bael, or further power the Tapestry of Bael.”

Brocko Is ‘Above’ to Nicodemus in Cult Organization – Brocko is the ‘Mob Boss’:

“Brocko McDeema, the owner and operator of the Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Curio Shop, operates as if he is above the law.

His people openly brandish weapons and kidnap people.

The councilwoman spoke against Brocko – and so they kidnapped her - and sacrificed her!

Brocko is the ‘mob boss’ to the Cultists in the United Kingdom, not just Ireland.

Brocko May Be A Minion Lieutenant of Bael – Brocko May Be a Demon From Hell:

Mr. Lessky looked straight at me, “Richard – I am convinced that Brocko McDeema is a demon from Hell. I do not believe he is a mortal, or a possessed mortal. Brocko is a lieutenant from Bael’s armies in Hell.

If I am right, Richard – Brocko cannot be killed... without a celestial weapon.

You will need the Flaming Dagger to stop Brocko.”

Flaming Dagger of Choice Sent to Prague – Need to Reclaim It After Nicodemus:

He added, “Although there are only three of us left in the Knights Templar – we have all of Millmore’s assets and intel.

We also have many spies and informants ‘planted’ inside the Cult of Bael.

One of our spies recently informed me – that Brocko sent the Flaming Dagger to Prague for safe keeping.

Once you’ve eliminated Nicodemus – you will need to head to Prague to reclaim the dagger, so you have a chance to stop Brocko McDeema.

And We Still Need to Reclaim Cash and Stuff from the Pub and Curio Shop:

I reminded everyone, “Let’s not forget. We still need to go back to the Pub and Curio Shop – and get our cash and stuff out of Brocko’s safes. ...and whatever we find valuable in the Curio Shop.

Everyone nodded.

Bob followed his nod with a grumpy, “Great – back to that near-death place. This keeps getting better...”

E067 Rick040 Above, Below the Church of Midnight' Flashback 5.3



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E067 Rick040 Above Below the Church of Midnight Flashback 5_3.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hx7l-e067-rick040-above-below-the-church-of-midnight-flashback-5-3.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/dJbDaVF_oQw

Description:

Richard and the team scope out the Church of Midnight to learn all they can about its operations and people.

They adopt what they consider a low-risk plan to get inside the Church.

The Knights Templar assigns new Knights Templar names and provides corresponding Passports, Credit Cards, and Identification.

Rick Liberty -	Richard Seaborne (AKA The Fulcrum)
Katie Devine -	Katie Snowette
Taylor Everest -	Deputy Andrea Taylor
Bob Cervantes -	Bob Sanchez

Scoping Out the Church of Midnight – ‘First Church of the Savior’:

Tiny drove us to and around the area of the Church of Midnight.

On the outside – it bore a sign, “First Church of the Savior”.

...

Katie scoffed, “Church of the Savior? How insulting! A devil cult masquerading as a church of Jesus Christ!”

...

Bob retorted, “Or perhaps, ‘the savior’ to them, is the devil... or some other ‘Prince of Hell’?” He said somewhat sarcastically.

Soup Kitchen for the Homeless in Back:

Bob observed the church had a ‘soup kitchen’ in the back, offering food and supplies to people in need.

...

Katie commented, “Huh – a devil cult... has a soup kitchen to help the homeless and down-and-out? That doesn’t make sense to me... I mean – the Devil! Helping people!”

Soup Kitchen as Indoctrination Entry Point for Followers, Sacrifices:

Bob answered Katie’s dismay, “Indoctrination, Katie.

- First - give something of value
- Second - gradually add manifesto-oriented requirements to continue receiving benefits
 - Like boiling a frog in water... do it slow enough, and they never know they are dying ... and then – they are dead
- Third – Redefine Words to corrupt pre-existing ‘values’ – you know, Newspeak
- Fourth – celebrate, reward compliance and expanding indoctrinated followers
- Fifth – vilify opposition
- Sixth – suppress and eliminate opponents

So, what are they doing with a soup kitchen?

My answer: They are giving ‘something of value’ so they can convince people the church is legitimate and good – and so they can corrupt them over time.

Heck, Katie, they could even be ‘farming them’ to sacrifice eventually.

Placard: General Service @ Nightly, Sunday – Private Child Services @ Saturday:

Katie was disgusted with Bob’s possible interpretation of what she saw.

She left the van - and walked up to the church to read a posted placard. It outlined the church days of service –

- Sunday Mass
- Saturday Private Children Services - Exclusively for Kids
- Nightly Sermons

There were no specific hours specified – just days. I guess – you just had to know when services started and ended.

Katie Volunteered Herself ‘and Us’ for Soup Kitchen Help:

Katie waved to us – and wandered to the rear of the church where the soup kitchen was. She walked up to the service window, cut out the side of the church wall.

She asked, “Hey, I am new to the area. I want to help the community. Is there anything I can do to help? I could at least serve food...”

...

The elderly woman serving food, leaned out the window. “Sure, honey. We got lots to do. You like washing dishes? Mopping floors? Peeling potatoes? We got a lot...”

...

Katie asked further, “I have some friends that are thinking about moving here, too. They are visiting me right now. Could they help too? I mean – is there enough stuff for four of us?”

...

The woman replied, “Sure, sweetie. Like I said – we got lots of work to do. Just come by anytime in the morning – and I will put you and your friends to work. I am here 7 days a week.”

Soup Kitchen Was Our Way Into the Church of Midnight’s Back Rooms, Facilities:

When Katie returned to us in Tiny’s van – she explained her brilliance in securing a ‘cover’ for us to get into the church’s back rooms and facilities.

She had found a way into the Church of Midnight without breaking the law – or exposing ourselves as threats.

Returned to Midnight and Associates to Practice Using Weapons, armor, and Gear

We returned to Midnight and Associates to finalize our plan and inventory & practice using our newly provided weapons, armor, and gear from Midnight and Associates.

Worried We Are Walking into A Self-Created Trap at the Soup Kitchen:

Deputy Taylor questioned, “I am worried that we may walk right into the fire, out of the frying pan... by walking - announced - into the Church of Midnight to work in its soup kitchen.

Literally – we may have made a self-created trap by going through the soup kitchen.

They found us in our hotel room. They know who we are – intimately.

Why? Why do we think showing up there to do work... is any better than breaking in at night?”

Hiding in Plain Sight – And Will Be Armed:

I responded, “Well – we will be hiding in plain sight, as the saying goes.

We will make sure we have our full weapons, armor, and gear in Tiny’s van – ready should we need it.

We will go in with our knives and pistols – concealed, of course.

If they recognize us – we strategically retreat to the van, arm up, and re-engage – with force. Like you taught us...

Open-Comms Pin-On, Watch, and Earpiece Walkie-Talkies:

Lessky joined our planning, “You should use our earpiece, watch, pin-on comms talkies. They are like little walkie-talkies you pin somewhere on your clothing... and they communicate to an earpiece and watch with a microphone via Bluetooth. They are quite impressive gadgets – you should use them.

...

Deputy Taylor smiled, “YES! We would love to have covert comms devices. Perfect.”

Devil’s Chambers and Nicodemus in Catacombs Below the Church of Midnight:

Mr. Lessky said, “Your target, High Priest Nicodemus – spends most of his time below the Church of Midnight. He operates in catacombs that run beneath the church.

There are many chambers dedicated to the Cult of Bael in the catacombs.

I advise you enter the catacombs – prepared to deal with significant resistance.

There will be no confusion who you are – once you have penetrated the underground cult catacombs.”

...

Unfortunately – none of us have ever been below the church, much less entering any of the devil’s chambers.

Zaira Millmore would have known – may she rest in peace.

I am afraid... Richard, you will be going in ‘blind’.”

Staying and Sleeping at Midnight and Associates - Going Forward:

After we were assaulted - and kidnapped - in the hotel – we were not inclined to sleep any more nights than we had to there.

I asked, “Umm, Mr. Lessky? Is there anywhere we could stay or sleep – going forward - here? ...that is not the hotel? We were attacked and kidnapped from there. Anything?”

...

Mr. Lessky replied, “Yes, of course. We have many rooms here in Athlone Castle – outside the purview of the museum. We will give you dedicated quarters – for each of you. Sarah can help you out with coordination and details.

Payment Instruments from Knights Templar for Independent Autonomy:

Lessky looked to me, “Richard – it seems to me your reliance on us to remit payments to you and purchase items and book travel – may be ill advised.

You need more independence, more autonomy. We are here to serve you. We are not here to hinder or limit you – in any way.

I have secured Midnight and Associates credit cards –

- Black Obsidian American Express - \$10 Million Limit
 - This is under a new alias – you will still have the previously provided American Express Obsidian credit card, under your formal birthname – ‘Richard Lee Seaborne’.
- Visa DIAMOND BLACK - \$100,000 limit
- MasterCard PLATINUM - \$25,000 limit

My hope here - is that Sarah will focus on direct requests, where you will be able to directly acquire resources, lodging, and travel yourself.

Midnight Credit Cards Hid Identity and Activity:

Lessky said, “Richard – these cards do not have your name on them. They have a different name – Rick Liberty.

As ‘Rick Liberty’ – you will be a retired ‘Make America Great Again’ (MAGA) Christian conservative, that has decided to travel the world with his closest friends.

They, too, have fake identities.”

Everyone Gets a New Name, Passport, Driver’s Licenses, and Credit Cards:

Mr. Lessky told us, “We have secured for each of you - new identities with Passports, two \$10,000 limit Credit Cards (Visa, MasterCard), American and International Driver’s Licenses, and Mobile Cell Phones.

Richard - you will also have the two ‘ordinary’ \$10,000 limit credit cards for casual use.

To make things easier for everyone, here are your fake names –

- Rick Liberty - You, Richard Seaborne – The Fulcrum
- Katie Devine - Katie Snowette
- Taylor Everest -Deputy Andrea Taylor

- Bob Cervantes -Bob Sanchez

We can create different identities in the future – should it prove necessary.

Into the Soup Kitchen:

We briefed each other. We had a plan we called ‘Operation: Soup Kitchen’ –

- Tiny parks a few blocks away – as get-away car
- We show up early morning and offer to help in the soup kitchen
- We snoop around inside the church between helping out
- We communicate with each other over walkie-talkie watches (earpieces would be obvious...)
- We find access to the catacombs
- Optionally – Anyone of us, or all of us may return to Tiny to get additional gear
- We descend into the catacombs
- We find and terminate Nicodemus
- We take or destroy any Strips of Bael we find
- If things sideways – first go to Tiny’s Van. If he is not there, make your way to Castle Athlone – and down to the Round Table.

‘HUA’ All-Around – Trying to be ‘Military Cool’:

The entire room – minus Lessky – exclaimed in unison, “HUA!”. It echoed throughout the room. We were all trying to be ‘military cool’.

Okay. We had a plan. Now what?

E068 Rick041 Penetrating the Church of Midnight Flashback 5.4



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E068 Rick041 Penetrating the Church of Midnight Flashback 5 4.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hxx1-e068-rick041-penetrating-the-church-of-midnight-flashback-5-4.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/xjDneNxITY4>

Description:

The team initiates ‘Operation: Soup Kitchen’...

Their mission: to penetrate the Church of Midnight and Find High Priest Nicodemus!

Time to Execute ‘Operation: Soup Kitchen’:

It was time to execute ‘Operation: Soup Kitchen’.

We collected our gear –

- Each of had a backpack and duffle bag to carry additional gear, as well as our utility belts with gadget bags and Bowie Knives – and now pistols. We kept our utility belt bags, knives, guns, body armor, etc. in the duffle bags.
- The backpacks were loaded with consumables like food, drinks, snacks, and random things we wanted to bring along ... but not necessary carry with us.

Tiny Parked A Few Blocks from The Church of Midnight:

Per our plan – Tiny parked a few blocks from the Church of Midnight, in an alley.

We left our duffle bags and backpacks with Tiny, in his dark tinted window, black van – with the fiery ‘Blazing Taxis’ logo across its sides.

Tiny’s Black Van Was as Inconspicuous as He Was – NOT AT ALL:

Yea – Tiny’s car was not particularly inconspicuous.

His black van stood out as a USA Government CIA / FBI ‘Incognito’ Van. Adding fiery lettered ‘Blazing Taxis’ on both sides of the car... well – made it EVEN MORE STANDING OUT!

I suppose – Tiny’s black van was as inconspicuous as Tiny was himself – NOT AT ALL.

We might as well be driving around in the Bat Mobile – once anyone knew who we were.

Anyway – As I said, Tiny delivered us to our designated drop-off alleyway.

Soup Kitchen and Covered Eating Area:

We approached the Church of Midnight’s rear side, where the soup kitchen offered food to its patrons through an exposed serving window in the side of the building.

There was a fixed awning covered area, with weather-worn wooden campground-like table-benches, for people to eat their free meal at... or rest a while.

Soup Kitchen Lady – Like Jekyll & Hyde – Appeared Good, but Was Jack the Ripper:

The woman recognized Katie, “Hey, sweetie! Over here! So glad you and your friends could make it! So glad.”

She waved at Katie - and smiled at the rest of us. She seemed very friendly, not at all what a cultist would be like – or so I imagined.

I could only surmise – cultists must lead double-lives. They must be like Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde – appears good - but is really Jack the Ripper.

I could not let a warm exterior confuse or beguile me, not after the wickedness we had witnessed.

Steel Side-Door Entrance to The Church of Midnight, Near Its Soup Kitchen:

The Soup Kitchen Lady said, “Come around the side. There’s a steel door there. I’ll come open for you.”

We walked over to the side of the building, right up to the steel door the woman specified.

Moments later – it clanked - and opened.

The woman emerged with a wide smile, “Come on in!”

Quick Directions from Soup Lady:

The door opened into a hallway with doors to the left and right, and a T-intersecting hallway at its end.

The soup lady gleefully explained, “The Soup Kitchen - we - are here on the left. That is where we make the food. And the room next to it – is the server room where we store and serve the food to people through the wall window.

On the right – that’s the cleaning room. It has industrial grade laundry machines huge sinks for washing dishes. It also has a dog spraying station – which we use to spray things down – no dogs here. And the room next to it – is the linen chamber where we store most everything once cleaned.

Down the hall, to the right – are the Mass Main Chamber, Children Care and Sunday School (for kids that are too young for regular attendance).

And, down the hall, to the left – are the offices of the clergy.

Assigned Name Tags, Lanyards, and Assignments:

The Soup Lady smiled, exposing wide gaps between her front teeth, “Since there are four of you – we can divide the work up a lot easier today.

She turned to Bob – You are on ‘Linen and Dish Washing’ Duty. Just keep the machines running, and wash dishes in between. The dishes never stop ... they will just keep coming & going ... all day long.

She smiled at Katie, “Sweetie, you are with me... at the Soup Window, serving up the food.”

She pointed at Deputy Taylor, “You look tough. You can prepare the food.”

And then she looked at me, “Guess you are on – General Cleaning. The broom closet is at the end of the clergy office hallway, on the left.”

She asked for everyone’s names – so she could write them on nametags attached to lanyards, that she said we had to wear visibly at all times while inside the church.

We used our aliases; she assigned the job –

- Bob Cervantes -Laundry, Dish Washer
- Katie Devine - Soup Window Server
- Taylor Everest -Food Preparation
- Rick Liberty - General Cleaning

Katie Was Thrilled to Serve:

Katie practically skipped towards her post at the Soup Window. She glowed, “I love helping people. I always have. I volunteered for Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Years...anytime I could help, I did.”

The Soup Lady smiled, “Sweetie, I bet you did. You are such a fine, young lady.”

Katie practically swooned - with being complimented and praised – seemingly just ‘for being a good person’. It made me think – maybe she had not been complimented or praised much in her life.

Bob Grumped to His Laundry & Dish Washing Job:

Bob grumbled as he entered the room to the right, “Travel across the world – to wash dishes.”

Chef Taylor on Duty:

Deputy Taylor threw her hair back, “Let’s get this party started. What is on the menu today?” She marched through the Left door, into the Kitchen. She quipped, “Chef Taylor on duty!”

No Idea Where I Should Go:

I stood there – confused looking. I had no idea where ‘General Cleaning’ was supposed to go.

The Soup Lady recognized by bewilderment, “You need to go the broom closet. Remember? It is down the hallway to left. Just go down this hallway, go left...and at the end, on the left again – you will see a door to the broom closet.

Just get yourself a broom and later a mop & bucket. The church is big...there is a lot of ground to cover.

Have fun, honey!” She cheered me onward to my grand ‘broom & mop duty’.

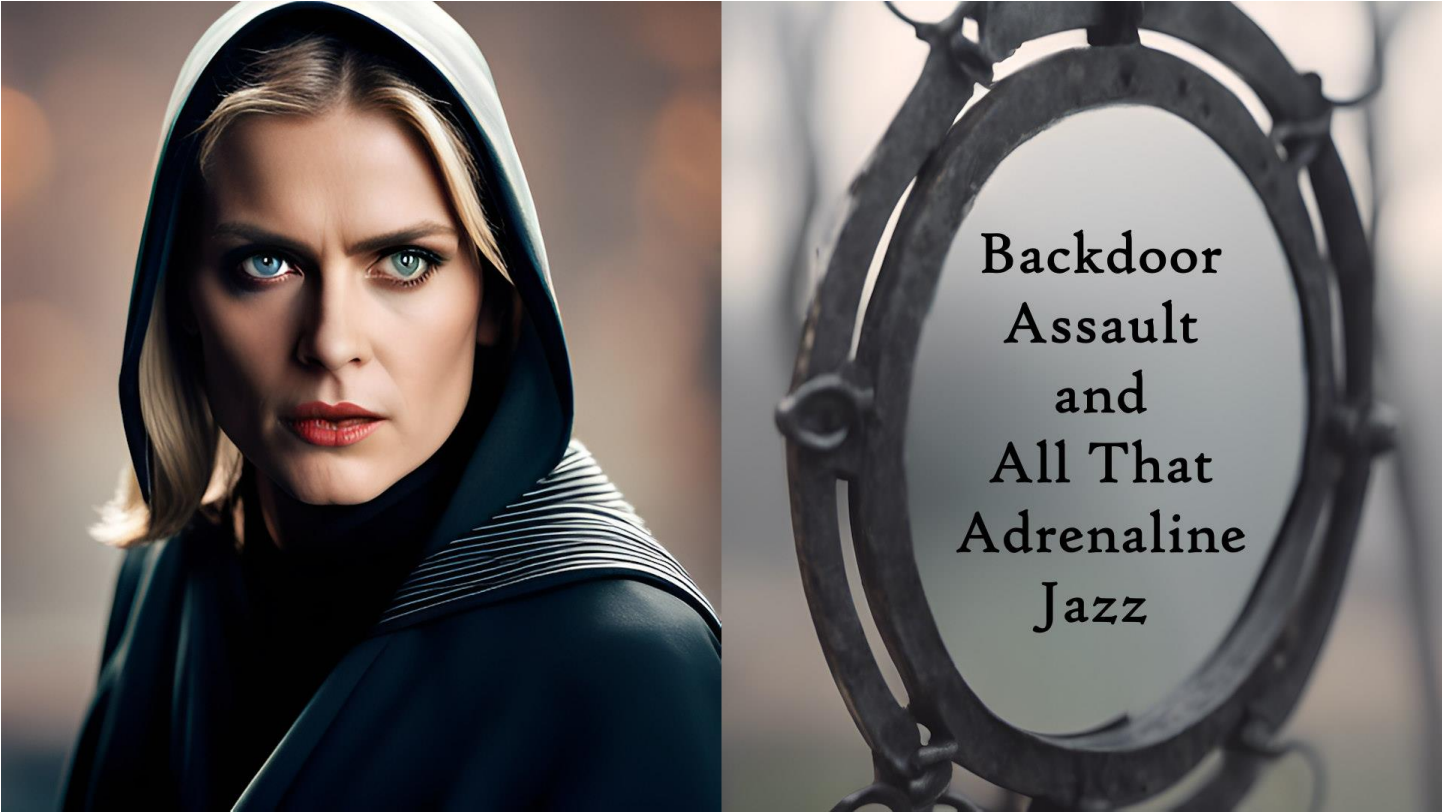
Soup Lady Was Friendly and Flamboyant:

The Soup Lady was ... friendly and flamboyant.

‘General Cleaning’ Was a Free-Pass Anywhere in the Church of Midnight:

I was given the Golden Ticket ‘Free-Pass’ to go anywhere in the Church of Midnight. ‘General Cleaning’ meant I had to clean literally ‘everywhere’, which meant I had the privilege to go anywhere I wanted.

E069 Rick042 Backdoor Assault and All That Adrenaline ‘Jazz’ Flashback 5.5



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E069 Rick042 Backdoor Assault and All That Adrenaline Jazz Flashback 5_5.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hxt9-e069-rick042-backdoor-assault-and-all-that-adrenaline-jazz-flashback-5-5.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

CENSORED ON YOUTUBE: <https://youtu.be/jaUIdkGUtjQ>

Description:

Homeless scream “Heed the Words!”

The team disguises themselves with robes and cowls.

Richard finds a secret passage into an underground labyrinth of chambers.

Taylor and Richard descend into the darkness...

Katie's Plan to Use the 'Backdoor' via the Soup Kitchen to enter Church - Invaluable:

Katie's plan to get us into the Church of Midnight through the literal 'backdoor' via the Soup Kitchen proved invaluable.

First Church of the Savior Was Extremely Ordinary, Entirely Normal:

As the day wore on – it became extremely apparent that the First Church of the Savior was... an extremely ordinary, entirely normal church.

Bob Snagged Robes and Cowls:

Bob found me mopping in a hallway, "Hey, Richard. I snagged four sets of robes & cowls from my job washing clothes. I figured – we could wear them and sneak more freely where cultists might be.

I have them in a separate stash in the linen closet. Let me know when we should change into them."

I nodded. I was not sure when wearing robes would make us blend in vs. stand out, but it was great we had them available.

Heed Words Screams Homeless Girl:

A girl, maybe fifteen years old, dirty and smelly from not washing in at least a week or two – approached Katie at the Soup Window.

She asked, "Can I have some food? Please?"

Katie smiled and handed her a plate with a bowl, cup, and disposable utensils & napkin.

The girl noticed Katie's rose tattoo on her palm. The girl pointed at Katie's tattoo, holding her arm straight out awkwardly.

The girl's eyes rolled up into her head - and she said in a monotone eerie voice, "Heed the Words!"

But then – her monotone voice was monotone no more. It was escalating – FAST.

Heed Words!

Heed WORDS!!!

HEEED WORDS!"

It was like the girl was panicked - that Katie was not listening and heeding the words...

The girl then looked down and then up. She said meekly, "Thank you. Thank you." She took her plate of food and drink to a bench-table.

Getting Accustomed to Eerie, Crazy World Stuff – Jaded to "Heed Me":

Katie was horrified... and informed me promptly of the returned theme of "HEED! HEED! HEED!"

Yea – we get it. We are supposed to listen to someone, or something. And HEED WHAT IT SAYS. Got it.

Candidly – I was getting accustomed to some of this crazy world stuff... I was getting jaded to 'heed me'.

Artur Nicodemus' Office:

When I finally began sweeping the clergy offices, I discovered the nameplate on one of the office's desks was – Artur Nicodemus.

Huh – I guess the first name of Nicodemus was 'Artur'...?

Bookcase Door in Nicodemus' Office – Leads to Spiral Staircase to Pitch Blackness:

It was cliché. Seriously! There was an obvious 'bookcase door' in the far corner of Nicodemus' office. You could see the drag marks along the hardwood floor from the heavy bookcase.

I swept my way over to what I perceived as a 'bookcase door'.

Once there – I leaned my broom on the wall. And I tried to push the bookcase.

It was HEAVY!

But it moved. And while I added some more scrapes to the hardwood floor, as I dragged and pushed the heavy bookcase across it. I imagined – this must be meant for two people to move.

Did I mention how heavy it was? ...so very heavy.

Once the bookcase was moved enough, I could see false-wall that swung into the wall – revealing a steep spiral staircase descending into pitch blackness.

Replaced the Door and Bookcase:

I replaced the wall-door and bookcase, so no one would know I had found it.

Revised Plan 'On the Go':

Returning to Deputy Taylor – I explained my discovery.

I suggested to Taylor, "Maybe just you and I should go down the spiral staircase – presumably into the catacombs Lessky told us about.

And – down there - you and I eliminate Nicodemus and get or destroy the Strip of Bael."

Katie and Bob can keep suspicion off us – by continuing to do their charity Soup Kitchen jobs."

I asked, "If you agree, can you let Katie know? I will inform Bob."

Deputy Taylor's Dangerous Adrenaline Junky 'Soldier' Facet – as a Heroic Warrior:

Deputy Taylor grinned, "I will let Katie know the plan. You tell Bob. We will go downstairs and kick some cultist butt. Say goodnight, Nicky...deemus."

She snarked, "This is going to be fun..."

Deputy Taylor's thrill seemed proportionate to our fear. As we delved deeper into the heart of darkness – the soldier in the Deputy flourished. It was as if danger made Deputy Taylor feel 'ALIVE' – and her 'soldier addiction to danger and adrenaline' was starting to show its aggressive colors.

Bottom-line:

- Deputy Taylor was a soldier for most of her life, in special operations and forces
- She was trained to be an emotionless killer – but only for justified causes, or under orders (which were presumed justified)
- Taylor became a rural deputy after borderline discharge due to refusing Covid-19 vaccines – and she was resentful for sacrificing her career over an experimental shot – that she thought might kill her
- Deputy Taylor was consequently holding a lot of fury inside – and our Missions appeared to be emotional vents and 'Releases' for her

I think Deputy Taylor was loosening up around us, finding herself with us. I think she has also been finding her way back to being a heroic soldier and warrior.

Soldier Taylor vs Deputy Taylor = Callous-Get-It-Done vs Humane-Caring-Service:

It seemed like there was an inner struggle within Taylor – Soldier Taylor vs Deputy Taylor.

Soldier Taylor was a callous, get-it-done warrior.

Deputy Taylor was humane, caring, service focused police officer.

Broom Closet Rendezvous in Five Minutes:

We separated with a plan to rendezvous by the broom closet in five minutes.

I informed Bob of the plan. Deputy Taylor informed Katie of the plan.

...

We met at the broom closet.

Fortunately – there were few people in the clergy or service hallways. And so – we were able to avoid people with little effort in the hallways.

E070 Rick043 Descending into Midnight's Darkness Flashback 5.6



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E070 Rick043 Descending into Midnight Darkness Flashback 5_6.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hy5r-e070-rick043-descending-into-midnight-darkness-flashback-5-6.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/pze3VdNym2o>

Description:

Richard and Taylor find a Cult of Bael Manifesto and Ritual Book.

They find human trafficking and drug-controlled people locked away down in the dungeons beneath the church.

Deeper yet they descend, into the darkness of the Church of Midnight...

Entering Artur Nicodemus' Office, Descending into Darkness:

Deputy Taylor and I met at the Broom Closet adjacent to the Clergy offices. From there - we walked down the hallway to – and entered Nicodemus' office.

The Deputy looked around Nicodemus' office, as I walked over to the bookcase-door. She joined me in moving it, so we could open the flap panel wall-door and descend the spiral staircase behind it.

Weird the 'Secret Door Bookcase' Exposed By Visible Scratched Track Marks:

As we moved the bookcase – the Deputy commented, “Doesn't it seem weird to you – that a 'secret door' has blatantly visible scratch marks on the floor? That expose the otherwise 'secret'?”

She questioned, “They must not be worried about people thinking there's something behind the bookcase... ..or question why it was moved so often that it scratched 'track marks' in the hardwood floor around it.”

...

It was... 'suspicious' – and seemed to betray any 'secrets' it otherwise concealed.

Deputy Had All the Cool Toys:

The Deputy pulled out two small rubber bands with little circles affixed to them. She handed one to me, “Put it on your head, the dot should be on your forehead – facing out.” I did - as instructed. The rubber band was not too tight, but it was snug.

Taylor leaned over and tapped the circle on my forehead. The little dot lit up! It was an LED flashlight 'bulb' headlamp. It was not superbright, but it was enough to illuminate where we were standing and going.

Taylor added, “These are disposable recon lights. They are dim to avoid detection, but bright enough to navigate.”

Wow – the deputy had all the cool toys. I wondered where she got them all.

Robes and Cowls:

I revealed to Deputy Taylor that I had obtained two sets of robes & cowls – from Bob, who had secured them during his laundry duties.

We put them on, hoping they might offer some degree of incognito.

Descended Into the Catacombs:

The spiral staircase opened nearly fifty feet below the church, into pitch black catacombs.

Lining the walls were – bones, skulls, human remains...everywhere.

This was – really – a burial catacomb under the church. ...like in the movies. But it was real.

Armed and Dangerous:

Deputy Taylor removed her Glock .45 pistol from its concealed holster. She pointed at me. I, too, unholstered my Glock.

Taylor pointed to the barrel. I understood somehow – we both pulled the barrels back to cock our guns and load bullets into their firing chambers.

It was a kind of rhythmic metal sliding bullet loading music.

...

Armed with pistols, yes. Concealed in Robes & Cowls. But No body armor.

We had to be very, very careful.

Human Trafficking, Drug-Controlled ‘Prostitutes’:

As we proceeded down the corridor, we opened a door to the left.

Inside were mats on the floor, serving as beds to women that were chained to the floor. They were evidently drugged out of their minds. They seemed barely aware of our presence.

Deputy Taylor spit, “This is human trafficking. Disgusting. Drug-controlled prostitution or slavery. Eventually – the brain damage is so bad, there is no coming back ... even if rescued.

I don’t know how we can help them, Richard. For now – we have to leave them.”

...

The Deputy looked incredibly incensed – by the victimized women enslaved by drug addled brains and dependence.

She declared, “We may have to leave, Richard. But we will see justice done. This is – pure evil.”

Manifesto and Indoctrination Rituals and Guides:

We came across another room down the corridor, which housed a huge golden podium with a huge book laid across it.

I went in to examine book. It was apparently the Manifesto of Bael and the Cult of Bael’s Indoctrination Rituals and Guides.

I told Taylor that we should take the book when we leave.

It was too big to carry around while we were on ‘active mission’.

The Devil Ran a Very Organized and Structure Organization – Rules for Everyone:

It was surprising to me. The Devil ran a very organized and structured organization.

More ironic to me – the devil had rules for everyone to live by. I guess – the devil was not pure chaos.

Lost in The Catacombs Were a Maze of Bones and Skulls – and Re-Purposed Rooms:

We were wandering down more corridors, to the point I was lost.

Every corridor opened into rooms, chambers, or more corridors. It was a maze of bones and skulls, and chambers converted for Cult purposes.

Incinerator Chamber – Burn Evidence, Burn ‘Sacrificed Remnants’:

We came across a wide, red double-door at one corridor turn into another.

Inside – we found a massive incinerator, and six barrels of used clothes and accessories against the far wall.

Taylor’s face sunk, “Those are the clothes and stuff...from people they burned in there.”

...

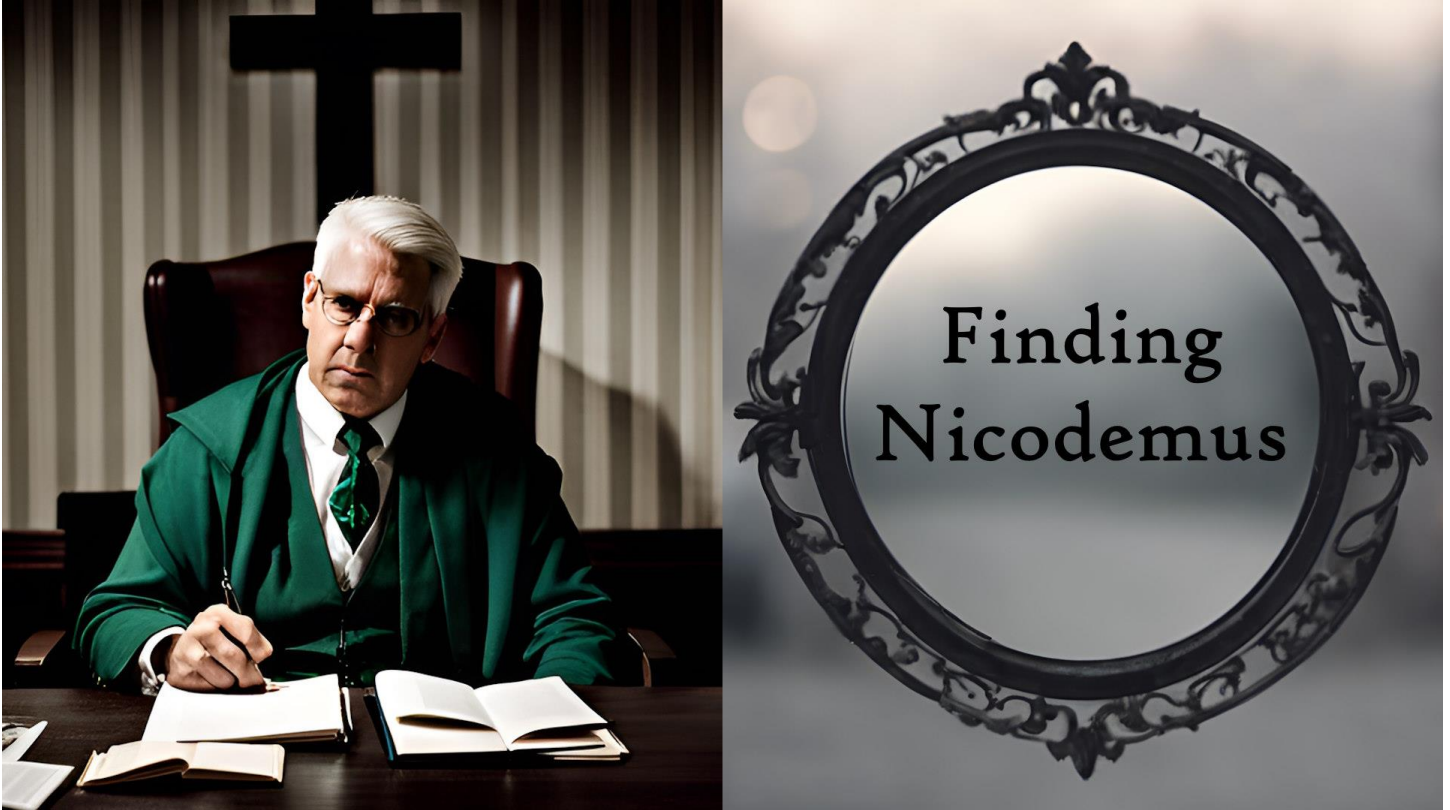
I said, “Revolted. We need to end these guys.”

Light Framed a Doorway Ahead – Obscured Our Headlamps with Cows:

Deputy Taylor tapped my shoulder and whispered, “Look. There’s a faint light outline of a door at the end of this corridor. There is someone inside that room. Or there was recently; they left the lights on.”

She lowered my cowl over my headlamp, so it would be less likely spotted if someone looked down the corridor towards us. She lowered her cowl over her headlamp as well.

E071 Rick044 Finding Nicodemus Flashback 5.7



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E071 Rick044 Finding Nicodemus Flashback 5.7.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hyj3-e071-rick044-finding-nicodemus-flashback-5-7.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/8J98A8fYF2E>

Description:

Taylor and Richard find High Priest Nicodemus!

Dramatic events ensue in the confrontation of Nicodemus for his role in the devil's Cult of Bael...

Richard resolves that they are justified in fighting fire with fire... even if it seems wrong at times.

Burst Inside – Found Nicodemus!

Deputy Taylor kicked the door – that was framed in light – WIDE OPEN!

A thin, little man, wearing wire-frame glasses squealed, “Who are you? What are you doing here?”

I answered, “You tell us who you are?” I waved my pistol in the air, towards him. I wanted him to think I was deadly serious...or was so crazy he better pay attention to me.

...

The man yelled, “My name is Artur. I am Artur Nicodemus. I am a minister here.”

Deputy Taylor Challenged His Cultist Background:

Deputy Taylor leaned in and grabbed him by his collar, “You are a high priest in the cult of Bael. We know who you are.”

I was worried – maybe this little account-seeming guy was not part of the Cult of Bael...or any of this stuff.

Nicodemus Made a Foolish Move – Pressed a ‘Help Me’ Button:

But Nicodemus made a move. He made a foolish move.

He moved his right arm suddenly towards the underside of his desk. Taylor grabbed his hand, but it was too late. Nicodemus had pressed a button – presumably calling for help.

Deputy Taylor Exacted Vengeance for Human Trafficking and More – on Nicodemus:

Taylor said, “Well – you gave yourself away there, buddy. Looks like you are the Cult’s Nicodemus...not the innocent minister Nicodemus.”

She added, “You are the lowest of scum – you sell people – as slaves and prostitutes. You are a human trafficker.”

With no more words, “Bang.” Emotionless. Deputy Taylor aimed the gun at his chest...and just...pulled the trigger. One loud pop-bang, and Nicodemus’ life slipped away from him...as his blood pooled down his chest to the floor.

Missed Opportunity – Dead Nicodemus Cannot Speak of Strips of or Tapestry Bael:

I was stunned. I said, “Too bad we didn’t have a chance to ask where the Strip of Bael was...or anything about the Tapestry of Bael.”

...

Taylor sighed, “Sorry. He was ... so ... evil. He had it coming. You know he did. Human traffickers are the lowest of low.”

...

I nodded in agreement. It was true.

Found Strip of Bael:

Deputy Taylor put her hand on my shoulder, “Well – maybe we are blessed, after all. She pointed to the desk drawer she had opened in hopes of finding clues.

There was not a clue... but - right there, in the drawer - was that Strip of Bael – that Brocko took from the sacrificed councilwoman.

Retraced Steps to The Tome of Bael and Indoctrination:

We retraced our steps back to the room contained the golden podium and the Tome of Bael for rituals and Indoctrination Guides.

Still – no one seemed to have responded to Nicodemus’ alarm button.

We returned to Nicodemus’ church office through:

We returned to Nicodemus’ church office – up from the spiral staircase, through the flap panel wall-door.

Again – no guards or cultists had responded to the alarm button. It seemed weird.

I wondered –

- did the Deputy stop him before he pressed the button?
- did the button malfunction?
- did people miss us in the maze down there?
- were we just that lucky?

Exited, No One Stopped Us – Even Wished Good Day:

It was even more weird. We returned to find Bob and Katie – hard at work.

We convinced them we had to go – and apologized to the Soup Lady.

She replied, “No worries, friends. You take care. Have a good rest of your day.”

Unclear What Actually Happened in the Church of Midnight:

It made no sense to me – when I recapped the day to myself.

- We entered the church
- We did charity work
- We found a secret door to underground catacombs, fifty feet below the church
- We discovered human trafficking, controlled with drugs
- We recovered the Strip of Bael
- We found a cult ritual tome and indoctrination guide
- We killed Cult of Bael High Priest Artur Nicodemus

- And We Left
- No one ever confronted us, or stopped us, or anything
- We entered the church, stole stuff, and killed a man

Were We The Bad Guys – Were Our Actions ‘As Bad’ As the Cultist Actions:

I contemplated – if we did not KNOW we were on a mission for God, I would be worried we were the bad guys.

Objectively - there was nothing that happened at the Church of Midnight that would make us think they were ‘that evil’.

But – we *did* find drugged women in the catacombs, and we *projected* they were victims of human trafficking for slavery and prostitution.

I suppose - the drugged women – could have just been drug addicts – that doped up down in the catacombs... and we leapt to our own conclusions of what had happened to them.

We found cult ‘literature’, but it was just a that – documents. Albeit scary looking documents.

Nicodemus seemed confused, and not intimidating at all. Was he really the big bad overlord of the Church of Midnight? Or was he a scared minister by two crazy people brandishing pistols breaking in on his hide-away underground office below the church?

It seemed possible – that our actions were, at least, ‘as bad’ as the cultist’s actions. ...except for Brocko and his immediate henchman – they were nasty, armed, and scary.

Staying the Course – Fighting Fire with Fire, On a Mission Quest for God:

Yea – it made little sense to me.

We were employing actions that fell outside appropriate ‘Christian’ propriety. But we were doing so – to fight and defeat evil from hurting us, others, and the world.

Therefore –

- we were justified in fighting fire with fire – to protect ourselves and humankind
- we were justified in stealing and killing – against enemies that would do the same to us
- we were justified in trespassing and destroying property – to vanquish evil and its plans

I had to hold firm –

We were on God’s Mission Quest.

And so, I concluded –

we were doing the right thing...

... even if our actions appeared to violate the Ten Commandments themselves.

I was confident - God would let us know – if we were on the wrong track.

There had been no ‘signs’ of transgressions or missteps.

Therefore – we were ‘good’.

Returned to Athlone Castle with Tiny

Tiny drove us back to Athlone Castle, where we would debrief, sleep, and prepare for reclaiming cash and stuff from the Pub and Curio Shop.

E072 Rick045 Reclaiming Inheritance in Athlone Flashback 5.8



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E072 Rick045 Reclaiming Inheritance in Athlone Flashback 5.8.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hz2h-e072-rick045-reclaiming-inheritance-in-athlone-flashback-5-8.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/bn-0dwOzd58>

Description:

The team returns to The Hanging Albatross – to break in and take what is rightfully Richard’s inheritance.

More eerie scary things happen as they set out to execute their heist of the Albatross.

Waking in Makeshift Home in Castle Athlone's Basement:

We woke the next day in our makeshift 'home' in the basement of Athlone Castle, where the last three members of the Knights Templar had taken up refuge as their command center.

Sarah McGilvray - the front desk greeter and coordinator – brought breakfast sandwiches and bagels for us.

She welcomed the new day, "Good morning! I hope you have had a good rest – especially after such an ordeal and adventure."

Cultist Casualties Could Prove 'Problematic' – Need to Check Police 'Heat Level':

Sarah continued, "Mr. Lessky informed me that there was a number of incidental casualties. He is going to see what the local police are doing about them.

It could prove – problematic. Richard – your team may need to vacate Athlone sooner than later - if things prove 'too hot' with law enforcement ... investigating your actions."

Reclaiming Cash and Stuff from Hanging Albatross Management Two Safes:

Sarah continued, "Mr. Lessky indicated you will return to the Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Curio Shop – to take what you can 'as your inheritance'.

Tiny is outside, in the parking lot, waiting for you... whenever you are ready.

If there is anything you need – please, do not hesitate to ask me.

I am here to serve you, Richard." She smiled and seemed to curtsy slightly.

With that – she left us to eat our breakfast - and start our adventure for the day.

Making Pub and Curio Shop Infiltration Plan – Part Deux:

Deputy Taylor took lead on our Pub and Curio Shop infiltration plan – Part Deux.

"Okay – the way I see it, we don't know how they detected us last time. We thought we disabled any alarms and cameras, but they still – somehow – detected us.

I am not confident – that we will identify their 'eyes' before it's too late."

The Deputy scanned across the room, "Here's what I propose –

- We should strike them – strike directly, strike fast! And get out.
- We can go in through the roof – at night.
- We descend into Brocko's office
- We crack or blow his two safes open – and take the contents
- We enter the Curio Shop from the Pub adjoining interior door
- We take anything we deem worthy of your inheritance or stopping the cult
- We call Tiny – while inside Scary Little Things
- We extricate ourselves - out the Shop front door, streetside – where Tiny picks us up

Simple, straight forward. But relies on Lightning speed – in & out.”

...

Katie loved saying it, “HUA!” she exclaimed with a big smile.

Bob said, “yea – hua.”

And I answered, “Works for me. HUA!”

Ready to Sally Forth, And Quest Onward – Once Again:

Once again – we prepared for our excursion:

- The Deputy wore her signature pullover shirt & jeans, atop her PVC infiltration bodysuit
- Bob wore his black jeans, cotton black long-sleeve button shirt, black coat, and black beret
- Katie wore black athleisure spandex exercise tights and matching long-sleeve workout top
- I wore black jeans and a microfiber long-sleeve shirt
- And we had our utility belts, Waist Bags of Gadgets, Bowie Knives, Pistols, Body Armor, Helmets, Kevlar backpacks, and Gear Duffle Bags.
- Taylor also put her AR-15 Assault Rifle, a box with grenades, and a pack of grayish-white clay ‘blocks’ - wrapped in saran wrap – and with a digital clock-timer display on it (which I presumed were a C4 explosive packs).
- Everyone had Deputy Taylor’s headlamp bands – for stealthy, lowlight vision

We were armed, armored, geared, and ‘gadged’... We were prepared.

Off to Rob the Mobster – Chorus of HUAs Offer Confidence in Plan and Survival:

I said, “Well, gang. We are off to rob the mobster!”

Taylor grinned, “HUA!”

The team chorus followed once more, “HUA, HUA, hua.” I am sure we mis-pronounced it – every time we said it.

It almost seemed silly – how much we non-military people latched onto ‘HUA’ – maybe gives some more confidence in good planning and survival.

Infiltration Starts at wee hour of 4am:

We did not want any late night Pub goers or workers to be around when we began our infiltration.

And so - We waited until the wee hour of 4am.

Dropped Off A Few Blocks Away from the Hanging Albatross – Awaiting Our Call:

We were dropped off a few blocks away from the Hanging Albatross. Tiny backed the van into a nearby alley – the van’s head facing out, so he would have the best view of our return...and the most direct, fasted way out of there when the time came.

He was to wait for a walkie-talkie message to come pick us up at streetside in front of the Curio Shop’s front door.

Lowered Fire Escape Ladder, Ascended to the Roof:

We stealthily made our way to the rear of the Curio Shop and Pub, where there was our access point – a Fire Escape with a drop-down ladder, that would take us to the roof.

Deputy Taylor used a thin steel cord attached to a grappling hook - and used it to attach to the fire escape and ascend it. Once on the fire escape platform – she lowered its ladder, so the rest of us to climb up.

We were on the roof. Taylor raised the fire escape ladder back up. “We don’t want anyone seeing it down. No one should know we are here.”

Bob’s eyes were wide; he nodded in emphatic agreement.

Previously Exploded Rooftop Stone Demon Imps Replaced As if Never Destroyed:

Bob noted, “Hey – the two stone imps that broke on the street last time we were here. They’re back...?” His voice inflection went up – in dismay. “How did they make new ‘old stone imp’ statues and get them up here so fast? ...honestly – why did they even replace them?”

Katie crept over to the ‘replaced rooftop stone imp statues’. She crept back and whispered, “The imps...they are old...grimy...their mortar looks old and cracked, too.

...it’s like they are the original stone imps – and they never fell - or explode into a zillion pieces. How?” she looked befuddled.

Assessing the Roof Access Door – No Apparent Alarms, No Traps – Just a Padlock:

Deputy Taylor was busy assessing the Roof Access Door –

- No apparent alarms or traps
- New padlock – no need to blast it

Recapping the Plan to Infiltrate:

She commanded, “Repeating the plan –

- I countdown from 10.
- On the #1 – I will break the lock
- I will go in first

- Richard next. Then Bob. Then Katie.
 - Follow – one after another – spaced five seconds apart.
 - We need to be close but not interfering with each other's movement.
- Inside Brocko's office – everyone take a corner. Search leftward from your corner
- Once wall areas searched –
 - Bob and Katie go to guard the office hallway door
 - Richard collects files, folders, whatever from Brocko's File and Desk
 - I break into Brocko's under-desk and Wall Safes
- We should be done in ten minutes – max.
- Out the office door, into the hallway, and to the Scary Little Things Curio Shop interior door
- Same search method – corner-to-corner search, then guard & center-area search
- We call Tiny – and get out of there

Murder of Crows Descended onto the Rooftop, Perched atop Stone Imp Statues:

Right as the Deputy began her countdown – '10, 9, 8, ...' – a murder of crows landed all over the rooftop, mostly perched atop the stone imp statues. They cawed - and they all - seemed to be staring at us – making a racket as they did.

And they show up, right as we are about to break into the Pub? ...at 4am in the morning?

It was creepy. It was eerie.

We did not need more anxiety inducing craziness... but here was a flock of crows (groups of crows are referred to as a murder of crows).

'Freakout Level' 9 out of 10 – Not Quite at Max Tolerance:

And they were adding to our anxiety ... and 'freakout' level.

I think my 'freakout' level was maybe a 9 out of 10, right then. I had not quite exceeded my maximum 'freakout' tolerance. I could handle a bit more...but unsure how much more.

Freeze-Broken Roof Access Door Lock, Down To Mob Boss Brocko McDeema's Office:

Deputy Taylor pulled out a little sealed, silver spray bottle. She shook it – and sprayed it on the padlock.

The lock immediately turned white and frosty upon being sprayed.

The Deputy lifted her zombie knife - and whacked the lock with the ball of its hilt. The lock's metal cracked, having been made brittle by Taylor's freeze spray.

'Where does she get her toys?' I wondered.

E073 Rick046 Heist of the Hanging Albatross Flashback 5.9



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E073 Rick046 Heist of the Hanging Albatross Flashback 5_9.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hzh9-e073-rick046-heist-of-the-hanging-albatross-flashback-5-9.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/LMcuf8n9A5Q>

Description:

The team gets inside the Hanging Albatross' Executive Management offices; they get into Brocko's McDeema's office!

They search for cash, clues, and anything of value or interest...

The Plan Had Begun – We Descended to Brocko’s Office, Spaced Five Seconds Apart:

Per the plan – Taylor went in first, and we followed – spaced five seconds apart before each of us descended – into Brocko McDeema’s office.

We entered the room – and each of us went to a different room corner, as planned. We began searching behind & below paintings, furniture, decorations, everything...from our corner leftward.

We found nothing special along the walls or in the corners.

Bob and Katie Took Positions by the Office-Hallway Door:

Katie and Bob moved to their positions alongside the office-hallway door.

Taylor Rigged Safes with Timed C4 Explosive Packs:

Deputy Taylor went straight to the wall safe. She pulled out her gray packs of clay with timers - and placed one of them on the safe’s lock.

She did the same for the safe below Brocko’s desk.

The Deputy looked to me, “Say when done collecting files...?”

Bank Ledger with Passcodes and Deeds of Ownership – First Things Found:

It was remarkable. As if guided somehow – by divine fortune – I managed to open one of Brocko’s file cabinets and the first folder I lifted contained an unmarked handwritten booklet containing bank account details, balances, and Passcodes.

And the second folder I lifted contained Deeds of Ownership for the Pub, Curio Shop, Church of Athlone, and even Castle Athlone.

It seemed impossible – what amazing fortune!

My entire life – it was always THE LAST THING I looked at - was the thing I was looking for.

Somehow – THE FIRST THING I looked at – were the things I was looking for.

Well – I felt blessed by God – to find such invaluable things right off.

...

I gestured ‘thumbs up’ to Deputy Taylor, indicating I was done with my search. ...and she could blow the safes open.

Detonated C4 Explosives on Safe Locks:

The Deputy flipped a little white switch behind the C4 Pack’s timer, and it lit up starting its countdown from 30. She dashed to the wall safe – and flipped its white switch – and its timer lit up and began counting down.

She withdrew to the file cabinet near me. She gestured to everyone with her hand dramatically expressing ‘GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!’ And she dropped to the ground – showing everyone what to mimic.

Bob and Katie understood immediately. And they dropped to the ground.

BOOM, CRACK, RUMBLE:

There were two slightly offset explosive booms, followed by loud cracking sounds. And then a rumble followed – with dust and debris falling from the wall and ceilings near the explosions.

The safes doors were swinging open.

The Deputy's C4 explosives opened the safes – perfectly!

...

She was a pro! Seriously – what was Deputy Taylor not good at!?

Quickly Moved to Desk Floor Safe to See What We Should Take – Desk Destroyed:

I Quickly Moved to The Desk Floor Safe to See What We Should Take. The desk was blown off to the side, with shards of wood and drawer contents strewn everywhere. It was destroyed.

Admittedly – I had not considered the consequential damage to the desk and its contents, from blowing the safe below it. I mean – it made sense. I just had not considered it.

Under-desk Safe Contained Only a Sticky Note – with Prague Address of the Dagger:

Inside the safe was – NOTHING – but a sticky note.

On the sticky note was written one word and Global Positioning System (GPS) coordinates. The word was, “Dagger”.

I grabbed the sticky.

Wall Safe Contained Cash, Collective Silver & Gold Coins, and Diamonds:

Inside the Wall Safe WERE – A LOT OF VALUABLES!

- Stacks of U.S. Dollars, in \$5,000 denominated packs – there had to be Millions of dollars
- Envelopes and Collector Booklets of Collectible Silver and Gold Coins – from all over the world, spanning centuries
- Thirteen purple velvet satchels – each containing a few hundred diamonds.

Taylor and I began unloading the safe's contents into my and Taylor's backpack. The Deputy had to toss her pullover shirt and jeans from her backpack - to fit the safe's goods inside it.

Huge Safe Contents Contrast – Lone Sticky vs Millions of Dollars, Diamonds, Coins:

It was an extreme contrast between the contents of the two safes –

- a lone sticky note with GPS coordinates with the word “Dagger” written on it
- millions of dollars in U.S. Currency, Diamonds, and Collectible Silver & Gold Coins

Secured Enough Valuables to Offset Cost of Missions to Date:

We were ‘golden’ in securing enough ‘valuables’ to offset our cost of our missions to date.

And there was a lot more money - beyond our expenses.

E074 Rick047 Resistance Reclaiming Inheritance in The Pub Flashback 5.10



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E074 Rick047 Resistance Reclaiming Inheritance in The Pub Flashback 5_10.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hzpc-e074-rick047-resistance-reclaiming-inheritance-in-the-pub-flashback-5-10.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/6n2NPbWZFLM>

Description:

Things are not as easy leaving the Hanging Albatross as it was to get in.

Death ensues as the team fights to escape their otherwise imminent doom...

Explosions Drew Attention – Office Door Flung Open, Cultists Attack:

The office door flung open! Two cultists dashed inside – shoving Bob to the ground, and Katie off to the side.

Deputy Taylor and I were caught off guard – as we were focused on unloading the safes into our backpacks.

Bob Knocked Prone, Cultist Stiletto Knife at His Throat:

Bob was knocked prone, onto his back. The cultist was on top of Bob, pinning him down, and had a wicked curved stiletto knife at Bob's throat.

“HELP! HELP!” Bob screamed. His pistol had been knocked from his hand, far beyond his reach. He flailed, trying to find his Bowie Knife at his side...but he could not find it, as he his hand floundered like a fish out of water. Bob was – NOT IN CONTROL.

Katie Recovered from Shove – Her Opponent Cultist Fell into Exploded Desk:

Katie had been shoved and hit – like Bob – but, unlike Bob, was able to stay on her feet. She managed to dodge - like Jujitsu – so the cultist mostly missed her - and fell to the floor, into the exploded desk's shrapnel and shards.

Bob Was About to Be Killed By Stiletto Wielding Cultist:

While Katie's cultist was recovering from falling into the desk shrapnel – she saw Bob about to be killed.

“God Save Me! Forgive Me!” – Katie Shot the Cultist:

“God Save Me! Forgive Me!” Exclaimed Katie, as she squeezed the trigger of her Walther 9mm pistol – Once...pause...Twice, Three times!

The cultist slumped – seemingly lifeless – with three bullet holes in his back.

Katie Shot the Cultist ‘In Cold Blood’, ‘In the Back’:

Katie struggled to process what had happened, what was happening -

- Katie looked horrified...
- Her stomach was pitted.
- She had betrayed the Ten Commandments.
- She had betrayed God and Jesus.

Katie, in the moment, wondered if she had fallen...too far...from God and her Faith.

...

Katie was paralyzed in thought, and in horror. She just stood there – holding her Walther 9mm as if ready to fire more rounds at the deceased cultist. ...were he to rise again.

Katie Saved by Bob – from the Desk-Fallen Cultist:

Bob rolled to the side, freeing himself from the collapsed cultist with blood flowing everywhere.

He grabbed his dropped gun. And he aimed it straight at the cultist that had fallen on the exploded desk.

Pop, Pop! Bob fired two shots from his Glock .40 caliber pistol – into the desk-fallen cultist.

...

The cultist had regained his footing and had a pistol of his own out, and was training its sites on Katie.

...

Katie's assailant fell onto the desk's shrapnel – bloodied, dead.

Bob and Katie had saved each other's lives – within seconds of each other.

Katie and Bob Were in Shock from Killing People:

I could see both Bob and Katie were in shock. They were mortified that they had taken a life – each of them – killed someone.

Deputy Taylor seized the moment, "No time to feel bad. Feelings get you killed. Bury them. We need to move out – now! Stick with the plan!"

But Katie and Bob – could not move out. They could not stick with the plan. They were in psychological shock.

Killing is Not Murder for God, Soldiers, War...or Knights – No Hell for the Righteous:

Recognizing Katie and Bob were 'frozen in combat' – Solider Taylor barked, "Killing is not murder for God, Soldiers, War, ...or Knights!"

Remember what Richard said, "There is - No Hell for the Righteous!"

Pushed and Dragged Katie and Bob To the Door and To The Curio Shop:

Taylor's words did not break Katie or Bob from their frozen state.

I ran up – and grabbed Bob and pushed him towards the door. I grabbed Katie wrist - and dragged her to the door.

Taylor moved in front of us - and peered out the doorway. She said, "All clear. Let's move!"

...

Taylor growled and grumbled, "Dang it!" She grabbed Bob's arm with her left hand - and held her Glock in her right hand. "Let's go, Bob. You're with me! I got you." she reassured him.

...

I copy-catted the Deputy's words, but for Katie – "Katie, I got you. You're with me. Let's go."

E075 Rick048 Into Scary Little Things Curio Shop Flashback 5.11



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E075 Rick048 Into Scary Little Things Curio Shop Flashback 5_11.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i01f-e075-rick048-into-scary-little-things-curio-shop-flashback-5-11.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/03DMT0FvL9s>

Description:

More conflict and terror...

The team had looted the Albatross and now were looting the Scary Little Things curio shop.

Through the Curio Shop, the team escaped...

They had secured the location of the Celestial Flaming Dagger of Choice and Destiny from Brocko's office; it was in Prague.

Down the Hall, to The Scary Little Things Curio Shop – More Armed Cultists:

As we approached The Scary Little Things Curio Shop’s interior door, adjoining it to the Hanging Albatross Pub, another pair of cultists saw us.

One of them yelled, “You there! Stop!” They visibly drew pistols.

Every Bad Guy Had a Gun – Despite Laws Against Having Them:

It seemed insane – EVERY CULTISTS HAD A GUN! I thought the UK and most of Europe had aggressive anti-gun laws. Despite laws against having firearms – they had them.

Yep –

‘Every bad guy had a gun’

Good thing, I contemplated, that we were also not complying with the laws – so we, too, were armed.

We were –

‘Good guys with guns’ against ‘Bad guys with guns’

And so – we were fighting fire with fire, for God’s Mission Quest.

Into the Curio Shop – Evade the Cultists:

I yelled, “Into the Curio Shop. Move!”

Taylor had Bob in tow, and I led Katie. We entered the Curio Shop – whose door was fortunately unlocked, being an interior door. In fact – there was no lock at all.

...

The cultists were in pursuit, but we were inside.

And without a lock on the door – we could not lock them out.

Deputy ‘Handled the Cultists’ in the Hallway – Crumpled, Bloodied Heaps:

Deputy Taylor looked grim, “We’ve made a mess of things. A little more mess won’t be worse.”

She stepped out into the hallway. Bang! Bang! ...pause... Bang! Bang! ...pause... Taylor returned into the room from the hallway.

I glanced to see what had transpired... both cultists were crumpled, bloodied heaps on the hallway floor – apparently shot in the chest, then in the head to ensure they were not going to be a threat again.

Curio Shop – Mostly Tchotchkes, Trinkets, Crafts, Costumes, and Games:

The Curio Shop was primarily full of tchotchkes and trinkets. There were, of course, Tarot cards and crystals...and all sorts of ‘mystical’ stuff.

And there were gaming, hobby, craft, and costume sections.

It did not seem like the Curio Shop lived up to its name, Scary Little Things.

Reclaiming collectibles from Scary Little Things Curio Shop, Adjoined to the Pub:

Katie had found enough confidence to walk about the shop, looking at things to decide if they were worth taking with us.

Golden Runed Wee Gee Board with Ruby and Blood Red Roses Peppered Across it:

She came to me - carrying a carved, runed golden wee gee board with ruby & blood red roses peppered across it.

She looked excited, “Look! It’s a wee gee board, and it has roses just like the ones on the key chain I got. And the shape of the roses is just like the tattoo on my palm – from the rose that bit me.”

She said, “We have to take it. It’s too ... suspicious. And that girl in the craft shop talked about wee gee boards...”

I nodded, “Take it.” And she smiled, but it did not fit in her backpack. Even so – she just held on to it. She was determined to take it with us.

Exited Through the Curio Shop Front Door:

There was nothing of interest in the Curio Shop – except for Katie’s Wee Gee board.

We approached the Curio Shop’s front door, but found it was padlocked. We could not just walk out – as envisioned.

Spray, Freeze, Bash, No Lock - Egressed:

Deputy Taylor wasted no time... She called Tiny on her Walkie-Talkie Watch.

She approached the locked door, and pulled out her little freeze-spray bottle, and spray...spray. Iced over lock. Bashed - and broken. The lock was gone.

And we opened the door - and had our final egress from the Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Curio Shop.

Tiny pulled up outside the shop’s front door as planned, where we rendezvoused and got into the van.

He sped away, back to Castle Athlone.

Loot, Deeds, Hauls – Transferred to a New ‘Midnight Crusaders Trust’ for The Team

The next day – we met with Mr. Lessky and Sarah McGilvray.

Lessky confirmed he would either liquidate our ‘loot’ or put store it as an asset.

He informed us that he had created a ‘Midnight Crusaders Trust’ – where he would deposit all assets and properties we successfully reclaimed.

News Broadcast – Cult Covered Up Carnage Done to Them:

Sarah pulled up an iPad and said, “You need to watch this. It’s a local newscast.”

She streamed a video from the local TV news station.

The video began with a perky blond newscaster, “Today has been a horror show for Athlone.

- Twelve people were gunned down in the First Church of the Savior, and the killer took his own life. THIRTEEN PEOPLE DEAD!
- And there were two fatal car accidents – both near the Hanging Albatross Pub. Six people died between the crashes.
- Councilwoman Ciara has been listed as a missing person since yesterday as well.”

Sarah stopped the video and smiled slyly, “Richard, it looks like the cult has covered up the carnage done to them during your engagement with them.”

‘Encouraged’ to Leave Athlone To Let ‘The Heat’ Die Down – to Prague:

Mr. Lessky said, “It would be prudent to leave Athlone for a while. We need to make sure no more ‘incidents’ happen for a while. We need ‘the heat’ to die down.

To Prague – to Reclaim the Flaming Dagger of Choice:

Richard – you need to get to Prague and reclaim the Flaming Dagger. It’s important...

E076 Rick049 Pysch Assessment of the Church of Midnight Flashback 5.12



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E076 Rick049 Pysch Assessment of the Church of Midnight Flashback 5_12.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55i0l9-e076-rick049-pysch-assessment-of-the-church-of-midnight-flashback-5-12.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/wYRtYkA73JI>

Description:

The Psychiatrists assess Richard's story finale of becoming Rick Liberty – from America to Athlone...

The doctors delight in the wonderful story but condemn its fiction and madness.

They question if Richard's 'Party of Adventurers' are schizophrenic multiple personalities as opposed to being real people that ever even existed.

Richard is dismissed for a long weekend, as the doctors would all be taking some additional time off.

Seeing Patterns in The Story Narrative – Memories and Flashbacks:

Doctor Garcia's iPad window flashed, "Richard – I share Dr. Hyder's and Dr. Brandon's awe in the tremendous detail and presentation for your narrative.

Your story is amazing.

But, Richard, I see a lot of interesting things emerging from your memories and these flashbacks – as you call them.

- Your 'flashback adventure' detail continues to be high fidelity – whereas - your 'memory' details are much less precise or detailed.
- Each of your team mates seems to be an extension of you –
 - Deputy Taylor - is you - Paladin, Knight & Crusader of Justice
 - Katie Snowette - is you - inspirational leader, high emotional intelligence
 - Bob Sanchez - is you - jaded, pragmatic business, law savvy
 - Richard - is you – 'lesser you', allows other characters to show value
 - THE REAL YOU - is Taylor + Katie + Bob + Richard
 - I wonder if these people ever existed, and if they were schizophrenic breaks – where you fantasized them into your reality.

Look into the Mirrors of Reality – and See Things as They Really Are:

Doctor Caselli interrupted, "Richard – Doctor Garcia is right. I am certain that you are suffering from delusions brought on by advancing dementia from your neurodegeneration.

It would be impossible for you, Richard, to perceive the difference.

To you – it was and will always – be real.

He emphasized, "Richard – As we progress down this road of therapy... I need you to prepare yourself to see the truth of things. I need you to open your mind – to the possibility – that you have imagined all your adventure's 'madness' and misadventures.

You must look into the mirror of reality – and see things as they really are.

That is our goal, Richard.

Hyder's Recap of the Adventure in the Church of Midnight:

Doctor Hyder jumped in, "I am just so impressed with your story, Richard.

It is a thrill to hear what happens next. I look forward to our sessions – just to learn what happens to the Paladin Richard.

Oh wait - The Knight Templar, Rick Liberty!

I noticed some compelling story threads –

- Your team gets beaten up – a lot. But you keep coming back for more abuse.

- Your tale has your team killing many people – but most incidents involve you justifying the violence by ‘concluding’ people were cultists, bad, or evil – ‘they had it coming!’
 - In many ways – your story is like a TV show or movie – lots of gratuitous violence for justice
- There is a lot of consternation around violating Christian beliefs and the Ten Commandments – notably killing and stealing
- Deputy Taylor is Judge, Jury, and Executioner... she hides behind ‘behind a soldier’ and ‘rules of war’ – all to justify violence and murder.
- “No Hell for the Righteous” was a recurring theme – one that justifies doing anything you decide is ‘Righteous’
- Incredible imagination with your Hell, Heaven, and Mortal Planes of Existence...and Draining Souls into Strips and the Tapestry of Bael
 - It is a compelling story – All humankind depends entirely on you, Richard
 - All things were so fantastical and dramatic - they require total commitment.
 - All things are unverifiable – so can only be believed in - ‘with Faith’
 - Tying Dark Matter into Souls and Christianity was an intriguing, unexpected twist
 - It’s like you hoped to make your Divine Celestial narrative more believable – by mixing in some ‘science’ with religion.
- The Pub “Mob Boss” Brocko McDeema took the only proof you are ‘The Fulcrum’ – your dagger. Which conveniently – leaves us also with no proof of your wild story.
- You claim the Brocko is a demon from Hell.
 - Well, Richard - I don’t what to say about that...
- There are so many – what appear to be – symbolic connections or correlations between your real life...and their being mapped to your fantastical story.
 - I wonder if there is a schism – that has broken your ability to separate imagination from reality
- You addressed our earlier questions about how you funded your adventures. We had noted you sold stock to fund your adventure, and so you explained that was unrelated...and the Knights Templar gave you fake identities and credit cards.

It is all so – incredible.

Richard – I look forward to our next session – or should I call it a season?” He chuckled. “I love hearing your misadventures. I deeply enjoy them.”

Time to Continue My Story:

Doctor Caselli looked impatient, “That is enough time for today, Richard. This is a long weekend for us. So – you will have some extra time to reflect on your memories and story.

Enjoy your weekend, Richard.”

...

Caselli was surprisingly nice in bidding me farewell. I imagined he had something fun lined for his holiday weekend.

I, on the other hand, had the same thing... NOTHING.

Well – I guess more writing down my memories will keep me busy.

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)

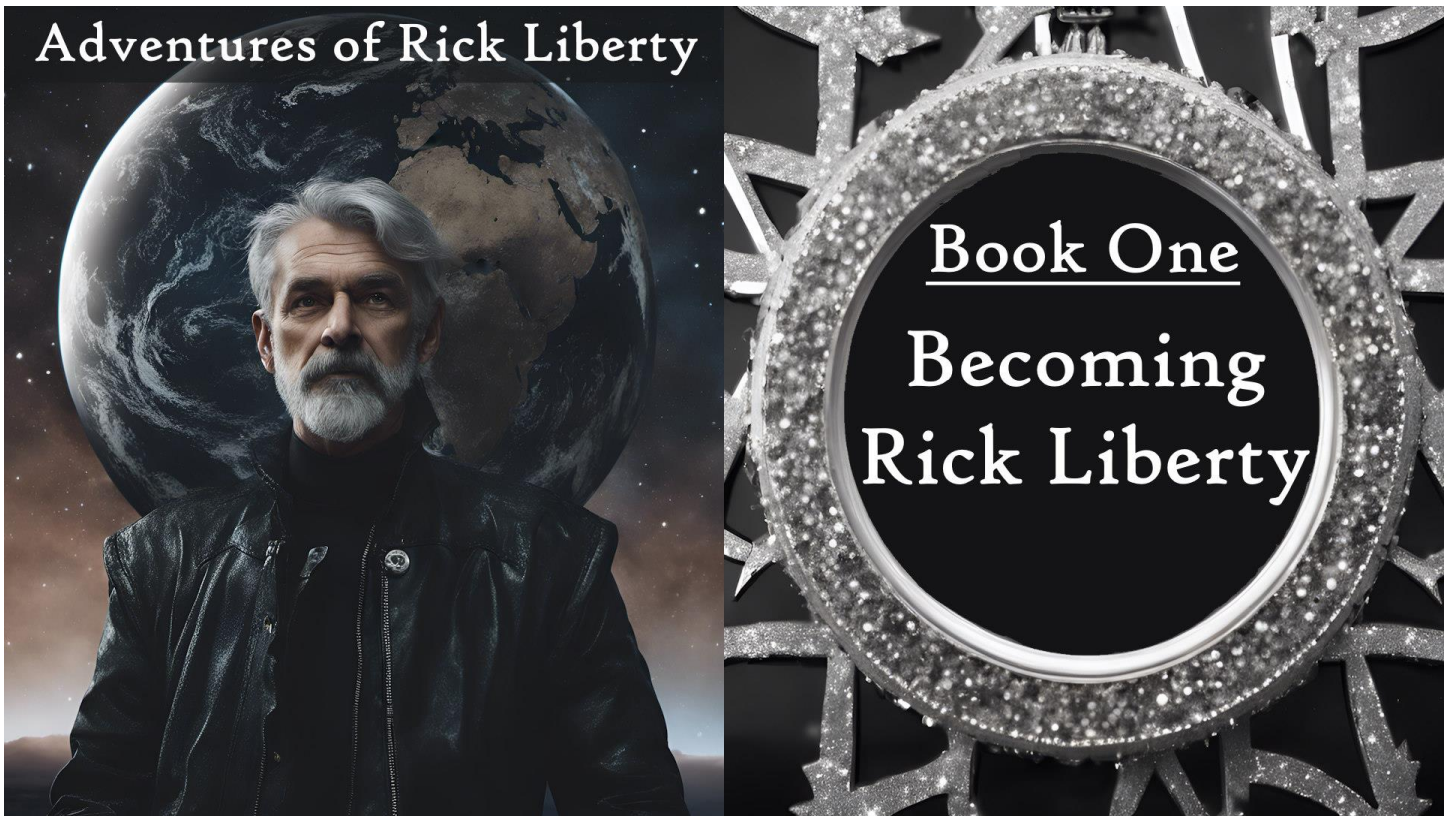
<https://www.youtube.com/@HellDifficulty>

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:

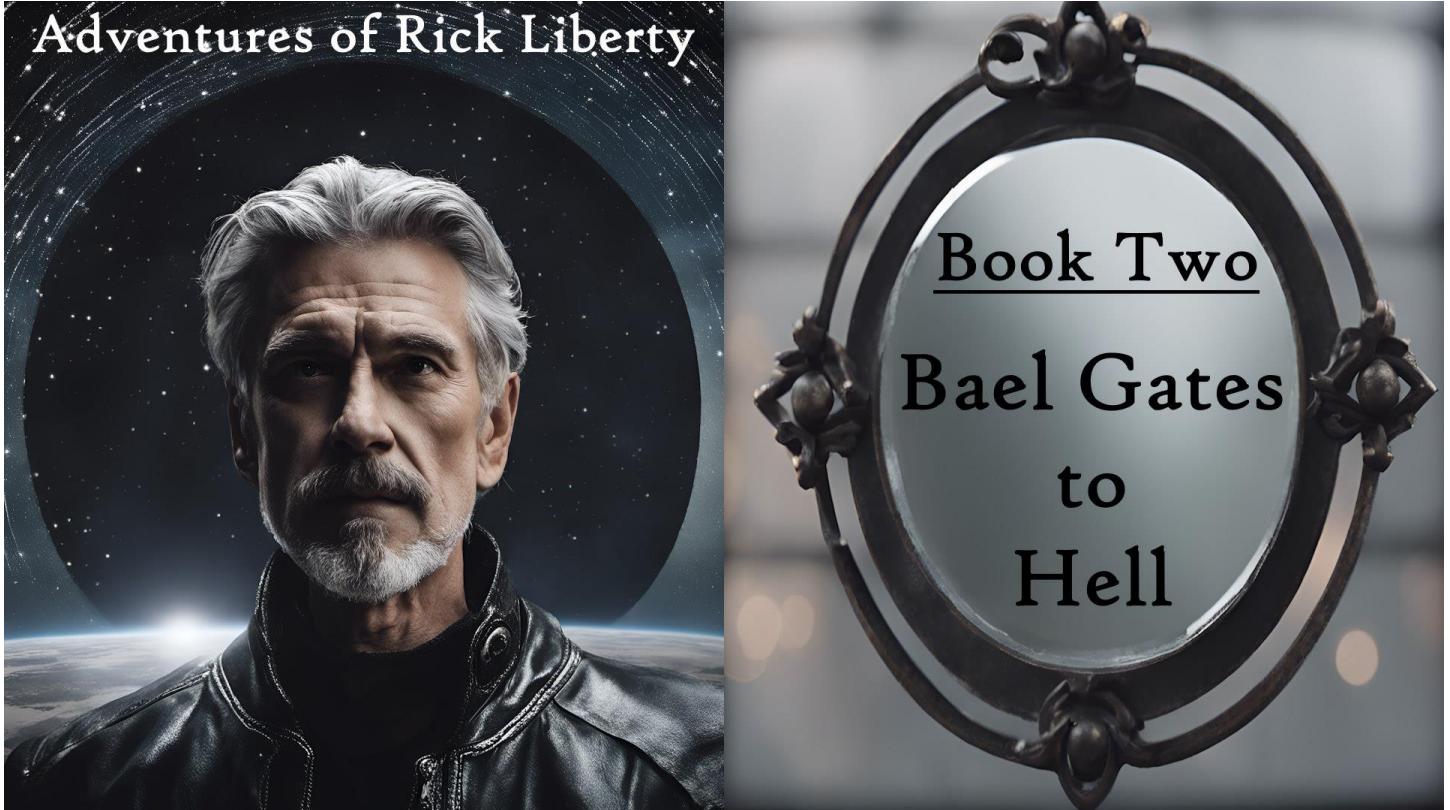
Richard's world turns upside down, as he grapples with a series of life-shattering and life-defining events. He must pick up the pieces and learn how his enigmatic past is dramatically shaping his world - and altering his perception of it.

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 BAEI 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:

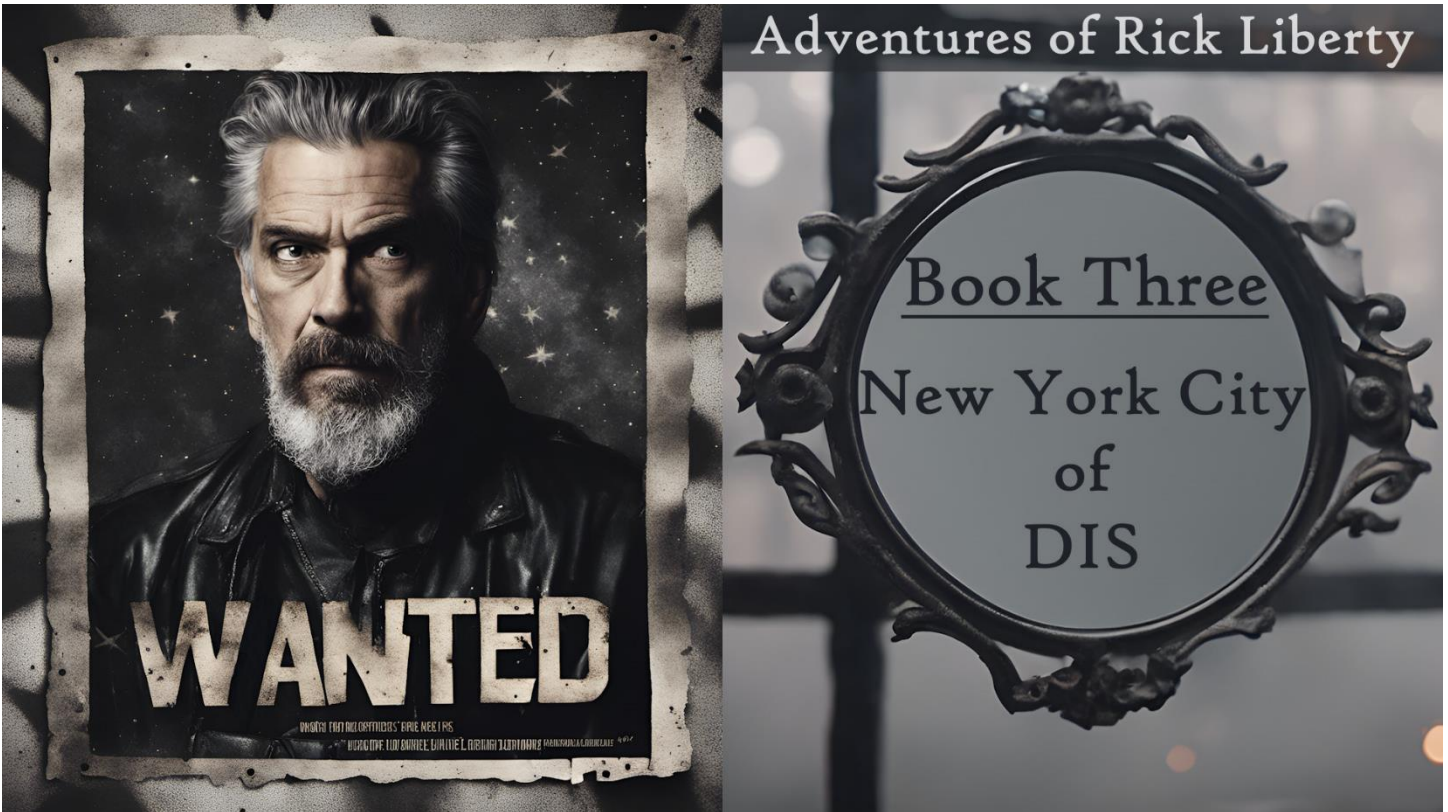
https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_Hid_dxrI4Zu-qqpVaXB72U

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/JNWDhyJWufl>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_EncJjfWbFmLgNKvbZa4wz4

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

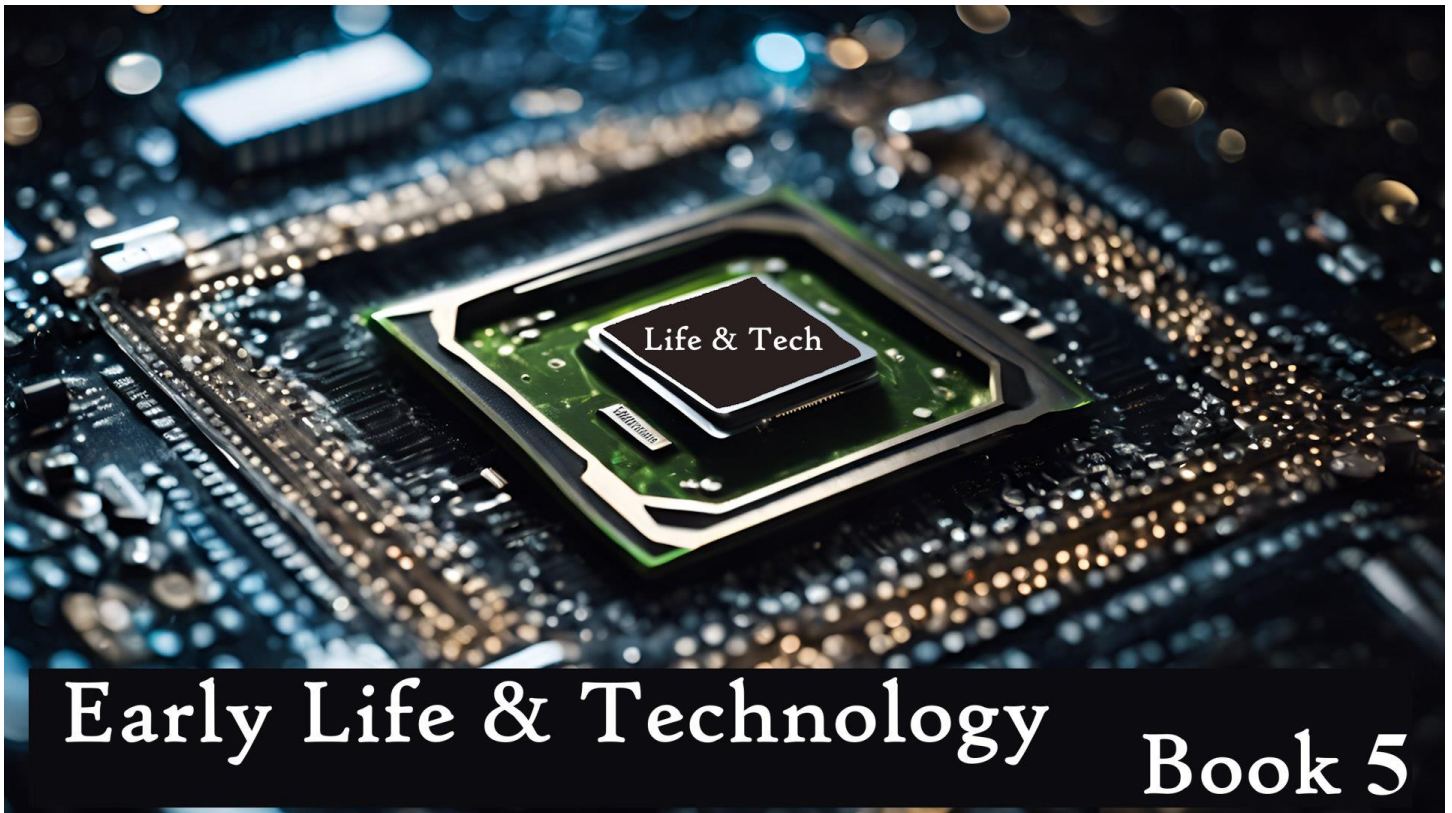
Description:

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/M1oZhnxax-E>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_GlwcNOGJgS5TMb2U8jAM6H

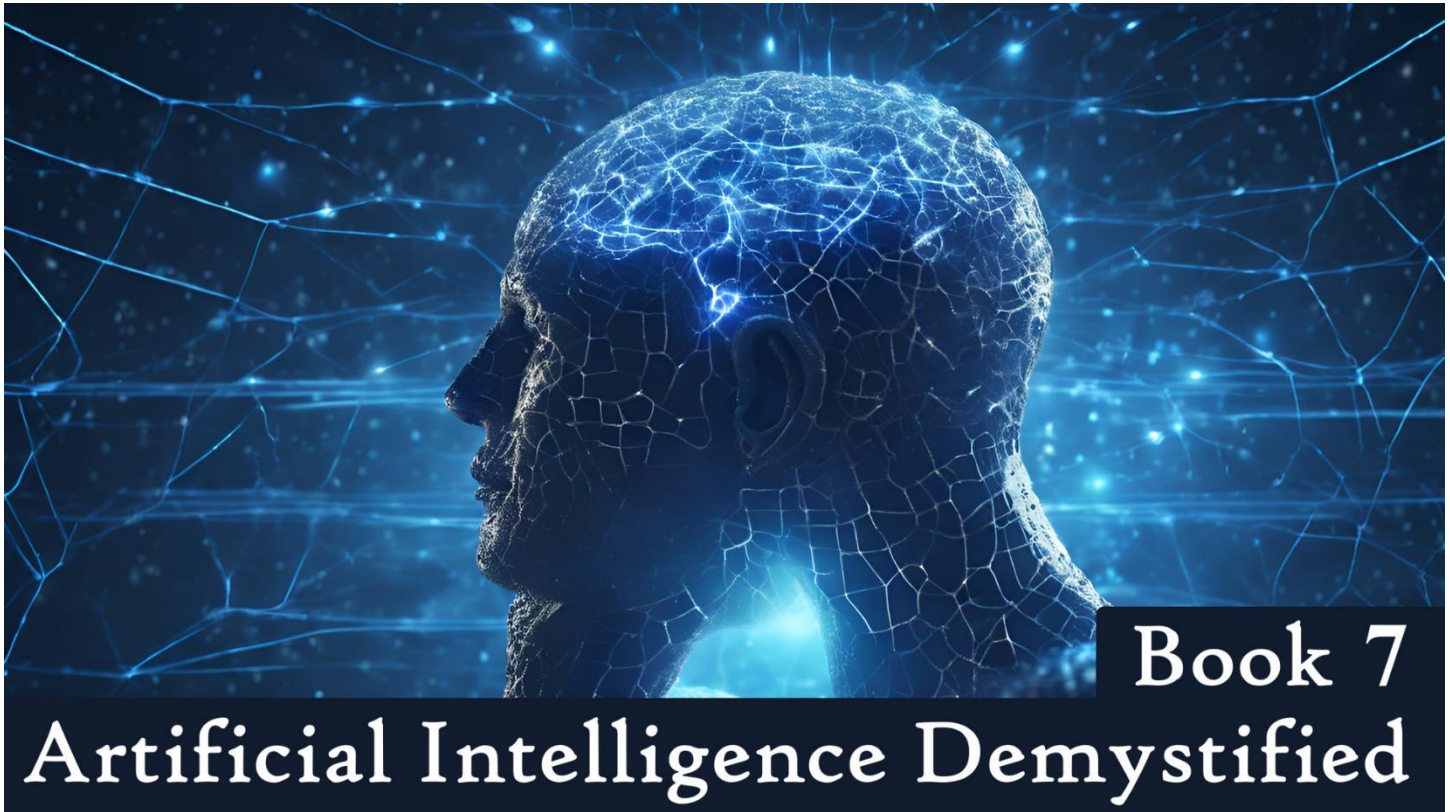
Description:

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

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD'S CHAMPION
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

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 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION
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-rl-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.

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY – BOOK 1
BECOMING RICK LIBERTY, GOD’S CHAMPION
PART OF THE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

TABLE OF CONTENTS - LIBERTY – BOOK 1:

Table of Contents

ADVENTURES OF RICK LIBERTY & HELL DIFFICULTY	2
BOOK 1: BECOMING RICK LIBERTY	3
E000 Rick000 Trailer Adventures of Rick Liberty Splash Attract.....	4
The Story – as Rick Sees It (Splash).....	6
E001 Rick001 Preface and Setup Introduction	8
INTRODUCTION.....	10
DREAM STUDIO AI ART GENERATION TIPS & TRICKS	11
Dream Studio (Beta) AI Art Generator by Stability.AI.....	11
IN THE BEGINNING – THE PREFACE	12
‘The Fulcrum’ Fructified from the Union of Good and Evil.....	14
The Fulcrum’ Fructified from the Union of Good and Evil···	14
About the Reader and the Listener.....	15
How Will You Judge Richard at The End of His Journey:	15
‘These are the Adventures of Rick Liberty	16
E002 Rick002 About The Author _Why I Wrote Hell Difficulty	17
Hell Difficulty Modeled After My Life Infused with Fictional “Blended Reality”:.....	18
Hell Difficulty Showcases a Soul Committed to Honor, Integrity, Righteousness:	18

May Hell Difficulty Shine a Light on Social Treatment of the ‘Good’ and ‘Righteous’:	18
Who Am I	19
Who am I – Unrecognizable in the Mirror:	19
Sporadic Failed Spatial Cognition and Unreliable Memory and Leaving Things About:	20
Physical Pain, Clumsiness, and Lag – Beyond Neuropathy:	20
Itches from Hell:	20
Inside-Out, Upside-Down Life and Clothes:	20
Emotional Lability and Pseudo Bulbar Affect (PBA) Sobbing:	20
Interactions with People Compromised:	21
Diagnosis Bad – Lewy Body, Alzheimer’s, FTD Dementia, Ischemic Strokes, ALS, TBD:	21
Hell Difficulty – Fighting to Remember Snapshots Life’s Triumph Over Adversity:	21
E003 Rick003 One Foot in the Quixotic Stirrup	22
Stories are Remembered Long After the Facts are Forgotten:	23
Making Dreams a Reality – “Storied Reality”:	23
Following in Don Quixote’s Stirrups:	23
Subconscious Clashing with Conscious:	24
Emotional Epilepsy Often Segways to PBA Sobbing and Extended Emotional Lability:	24
Resentment of Uncompassionate Medical Professionals Washing Hands of Me:	24
Insurance Bureaucracy and Bogus Charges and Wrongful Collectors Plagued Me:	24
Could No Longer Work or Drive or Shop or Interact with People:	24
Self-Doubt Mounted: Gave Assault Rifle and Pistol to Daughter out of Prudence:	25
My Written Stories Will Help Me Remember When My Facts Are Forgotten:	25
‘What We Do’ Defines Us in Our World Fraught with Good and Evil:	25
‘Nuke and Pave’ Values and History – Who Will I Be After The “Nuke and Pave?”:	25
Where Facts and Fiction Blur in the Human Mind is the foundation of Hell Difficulty:	26
E004 Rick004 The Cast of Adventures of Rick Liberty	27
The Doctors.....	28
Doctor Bhadraklok Caselli, World Renown Neuropsychiatrist, Neurosurgeon:	28
Doctor Brandon Bradbury, Neuropsychiatrist – specl. Neurodegeneration, Trauma:	29

Doctor Iglesias Garcia, Neurologist – Specialist in Brain Therapies, Stimulation:	30
Doctor Kamal Hyder, Psychiatrist – Specialist in Advanced Psychiatric Disorders:	31
The Party of Adventurers.....	32
Richard Seaborne as The Fulcrum:	32
Katherine Seaborne as The Inquisitive:	33
Deputy Andrea Taylor as The Bodyguard:	34
Waitress Katie Snowette as The Empath:	35
HR Bob Woods Sanchez as The Buddy:.....	36
Amanda Seaborne as The Medic:	37
E005 A New Dawn and Waking Nightmares	38
A New Dawn from Ashes:	39
Reflecting on ‘Everything’ and Dwelling on Premature Deaths:	39
Sister Sandra Dead:	39
Step-Sister Joleen Dead:	39
Psychiatrist Panel Session 1-Part 1	41
Joleen’s Vaccine Death Asserted as Baseless Conspiracy Theory; Proves I Need Help:	41
Allegedly Vulnerable to, have Proclivity to Speak Out and Act on Distorted Reality:	42
Caselli Loved to Hear Himself Talk and Impressed Himself with His Genius:	42
Caselli Justified Using ‘Race’ Card Because He was Black:	42
Caselli Declares I Must Conform to His Views to Be On the Right Side of History:	42
I Was Angry and Upset at Doctor Assertions *I* Suffered, Spread Misinformation:	43
Step-Brother Alan Dead:	43
Step-Father Sam Dead:	43
Mother ‘Practically Dead’ - Lost Mind, Dying at Death’s Door:	44
Familial Pre-Mature Deaths:	44
Collecting Loss into Unresolved Emotional Goo:	44
Doctor Asserts Coping Techniques and Medications Will Be Needed for Me:	44
Using Loss to Motivate:	45
E006 Psychiatrist Panel Session 1-part 2.....	46
Reflecting on Death and Choices:	47

More to 'Unpack' in Future Sessions – How Many Sessions Will There Be:	47
Every Interaction or Word Seemed to 'Indicate Another Problem I Suffered':	47
I Dreamed No More – Contrasted with Previous Acting-Out in Dreams:	48
Who Is That in the Mirror:	48
How I See Myself:	48
Observational Interrogation and Judgment Day – am I crazy?.....	50
Chief Psychiatrist Caselli Tells Me 'The Way It Is' – I am a Racist Murderer:.....	50
Caselli Explains Psychiatric and Neurological Insanity:	51
Breakthrough Emotional Epilepsy – Not My Fault but Cannot Roam Free Unchecked:	51
Mental or Crazy – Effectively Same Thing in Practice:	52
Doctor Makes Me Repeat His Words like Brainwashing:	52
Caselli Insists No One Is Immune to Mental Breakdown or Neurodegeneration:	52
Neurodegeneration and Mental Disorders Have Serious Impairments:	53
Neurodegeneration or Mental Disorder – Same Situation, one curable one is not...:	53
E007 Explain Yourself, Richard	54
Psychiatric Ward with Race Sensitized Doctor Caselli:	55
Locked-Up in Arizona's Scottsdale Psychiatric Ward for the Criminally Insane:.....	55
Killed a Man Defending Older Couple:	55
Weekend Jail Awaiting Judge:.....	56
Plea Mental Divergence or Risk Total Ruin – Impossible Choice:	56
Psychiatric "Jail Cell" in Arizona:	57
"You Killed A Black Man Not Even A Week Ago" – Are You Racist, Sociopathic:	57
Rap Sheet Shows Decade Full of National, International Arrests Prior to Murder:	58
Outrageous to Judge Me as A Bad Person Given All the Good I Have Done:	58
The Way Out is Through Subjective Psychiatric Evaluation:.....	58
Re-living Life's Journey Will Free You – Tell Doctor Caselli Everything	59
Psychiatric "Probation" Whenever Released – with Doctors Hyder, Bradbury, Garcia:.....	59
Connecting Online with Remote Doctors from my "Psychiatric Chat Room":	60

E008 Forged in Fire _ My Life Set to 'Hell Difficulty'	61
In the Beginning:.....	62
My Life's "Hell Difficulty" Setting like the <i>Diablo</i> Computer Game's Hardest Setting:.....	62
Psychiatrist Questions How Diablo Influenced Me:	62
How Diablo and Ultima Computer Games Shaped Me:	63
Psychiatrist Challenge – How Does a Murderer See Himself as Good:	64
Caselli Calming and De-escalating:	64
Psychiatrists Were Judges No Matter What They Insisted:	64
E009 Fading Memories Brought to Light and Recorded for Posterity	66
Documenting Memories – Lifelong Postmortem Diary, Living Autobiography:.....	67
Challenges Writing and Telling My Tale – and Techniques to Remember:.....	67
Unsealed Bottled Memories:.....	67
My 'Room' Cell Was Like an Agitating Perpetual Waiting Room Void:.....	68
I Lived in a Zoo or Was a Pet Awaiting Attention from My 'Masters':	68
Tablet and Stylus for Artistic Expression and Entertainment – And ASSESSMENT:.....	69
No Privacy, No Secrets, Spying Normal, Everything Secretly Reviewed and Assessed:.....	69
Thrown into Orwellian Dystopian Ward of Newspeak and Mind Control:	69
Spelling and Grammar Miraculous Technology:	70
Memories Are Like Tree Trunks and Branches and Leaves:	70
Taking the Time to Remember and Stay Focused Using Notes and Bullets:	70
Mental Dissonance Whenever Things Go Awry:	71
Writing to Preserve 'Me':.....	71
E010 Fading Memories Recorded for Posterity – Part 2	72
Want End of Days Basked in Glowing Divine Golden Aura Before Heaven's Gates:.....	73
Impatient Doctor Caselli Appreciates My Journaling Late Written a Diary:.....	73
Late-Life Emergent Schizophrenia and Bipolar Disorder:	73
Mental Condition Can Explain Killing Without Malice – Still a Murderer:.....	74
Focal Point of Psychological Investigation:.....	74

'Too Much Wisdom' Overflowed and Melted Brain Growing Older:	74
Doctor 'Gravitas' Controlled My Reality:.....	75
Sociopath Disorder Too!? – Or a Doctor in Search of Problems:.....	75
More Judgment – My Alleged Delusions of Grandeur and Pride's Fall:.....	75
I May Defer 'Fragments' in Memories to Not Detract from its Core Story:	75
E011 Early Childhood Memories	78
The Hammer:	79
Doctors' Non-Specific Alleged Insight and Inability to See My Contempt:	79
Righteous and Brave – Born to Be a Knight:.....	79
Caselli Asserts Chivalry, Righteousness Equate to Lawlessness, Vigilantism:.....	79
Chivalry and Righteousness Should Be Adopted by Everyone – I Believed:.....	80
Apparent More Value in Silence than Speech with Leftist Liberal Racist Caselli:	80
Doctors Would Gang Up and Use My Words Against Me – Encouraging My Silence:	80
My Name Was Rishie – Shy, Lisp, Tiny:	81
Blossomed Later in Life to be 'Big and Hefty' – My Name Would Become 'Richard':	81
Contrast: Late Life Lost Too Much Weight, became Emaciated Gaunt Frail Old Man:	81
Thousands of Calories Daily to Maintain Weight:	81
Scared Lisp 'Rishie' grew to Confident Adult, to Anxiety Degenerated 'Adult Child':	81
Seeing Emotional, Psychological Attributions in Memories vs. Literal Interpretation:	82
Doctor Panel Seemed More Interested in Psychological than Real-World Reasons:	82
Scarlet Fever – So Ill that Soda, Kool-Ade Hurt to Drink:	83
Hospitalized, Near Death Diagnosis – Portrait of a Toddler's <i>Hell Difficulty</i> :.....	83
Doctor Questions if Mother Always Derelict, Irresponsible in My Care:	83
Defended My Mother as Doing Best in Bad Situation [That She Created]:	83
E012 Toddler in Mexico – Toddler and Pre-Teen Years.....	85
Discriminated Against, Tormented Toddler Richard in Mexico:	86
Toy Marionette in Mexico – Never Allowed to Play:.....	86
Foul Smelling, Smokey Mexican Food:.....	86

Abandoned in Mexico with Would-be Caretaker:	86
Spider in My Cup – Order to Drink Water Anyway:	87
Discriminated Against as Toddler in Mexico by Caretaker’s Older Children:	87
Misadventure in Mexico as a Toddler:.....	88
Abandonment’s Lifelong Effect on Psyche, Emotional-Cognitive Associations:.....	88
Little Gringo ‘Rishie’ - Highly Sensitive About Being Abandoned Many Times:	89
De-escalating My Psychological Decompensation - ‘Spiraling’:.....	89
Hyder was Compassionate, had ESL Indian Accent, Used Dramatic Pauses:	90
E013 Toys and Imagination	91
Interesting Side Quests – Drive-Through Safari:.....	92
Vending Machine Hollow Toy Lion – a Real Toy for Me:	92
Melted Lion on the Dashboard, Short-Lived Toys:	92
No Sympathy for Dead Leo the Lion – ‘Oh Well...’:	93
‘Creative Toys’ – Clothesline Soldiers, Rock Stacks, Toys, and Friends:	93
‘Pet Rocks’ - Invisible Friends Before Public Sensation:.....	93
Imagination and Willpower Were Powerful Shields Against Poverty and Hardships:.....	94
Stanford High School Study – Brain is 50-50 Emotion-Logic:	94
E014 Hardships and Coping Tools	95
Pre-Teen Hand-to-Mouth Life, Uncertainty Drove Philosophy of the Turtle-Duck:.....	96
Overcoming Adversity Was Not Easy – Coping Mechanisms Can Harm Too:	96
‘Richard’s World’ Was Formed as my Defense Against Hardships:	96
Richard’s World’s Suppression Bottle:	97
Life Was and Is Hard - Richard’s World Buries History, Create & Celebrates Destiny:	97
Living for Tomorrow and Mercilessly Eliminating the Wicked, Greedy, and Selfish:	97
Richard’s World was My Protected Sanctuary – Neurodegeneration Breaks Bottles:	97
‘Richard’s World’ Sounds Borderline Psychotic – But Was Pivotal to Survival:	97
Reflect in the Mirror of Reality and See Things as They Really Are:	98
The Devil Put Thumb on My Life Difficulty Scale – <i>Hell Difficulty</i> Forged:.....	98

I HAD TO BE GREAT TO HELP MYSELF AND OTHERS:.....	98
Being a Paladin, Crusader of Justice:.....	99
Past is Behind, Present is Temporary, Future is Today – Future is Everything:.....	99
E015 Rick005 Infernal Beginnings_NeuroPsych Judgment FB1 Part 1	100
Compartmentalizing Past, Present, and Future Can Have Harmful Side Effects!?:	101
How Doctor Caselli Sees Things So Far and His Big Judgmental Power-Trip List:.....	101
Not Going to Talk Like a Fool to Jailers When It Could Hurt Me:	102
A Series of Traumatic Events:	102
A Single Traumatic Event Can Cause Mental Disorders like PTSD:	103
Trifecta Perfect Storm of Traumatic Events May Have Triggered My <i>Insanity!</i> ?:	103
Court Ruled ‘Insanity’ and Lost Rights:.....	104
E016 Rick006 Trauma Trifecta, Triggered Mental Disorders Flashback 1.0 Part 2	105
Refusing ‘Their Truth’ Makes Me Insane:	106
Trauma Trifecta Triggered and Unlocked Suppressed Mental Disorders, says Caselli:.....	106
Let’s Talk About Explosions, Death, and Losing Job Your Last and FINAL Job:.....	106
Wondering why Dead Aunt Was Excluded from Recently Deceased Family List:	106
Constructive Dismissal ‘Soft-Fired’ vs Resigning by Plan for Opportunity:	107
Doctor Questions if Neurodegeneration Was Real Reason I ‘Was Resigned’:	107
Schizophrenic Bipolar Savant!? My Brain - A Marvel to Study?:	107
A Knight’s Heart and Soul Since Conception:.....	108
E017 Rick007 The Road Trip Flashback 1.1	109
The Story of ‘Windmills over The Cliff’ Begins:.....	110
Wife on Extended Business Trip Rebooting <i>Careeners Restaurant Chain</i> :	110
Dwelling on Dark Thoughts – Stroke, Princess:	110
Radio Distraction – Rifleman and the Idiot:	111
Hunger and the Roadside Cafe:.....	111
Radio Rifleman at the Restaurant’:	111
Rifle in Window Screams ‘Don’t Tread on Me!’:	111
Petite Hazel-eyed Brunette Waitress at Big Hut Roadside Burger:	112

Learned A Lot About Restaurant Business and Waiting Tables from Wife:	112
Waitress Was a Pro – Knew How to Maximize Tips, Minimize Costs:	112
Big Hut Roadside Burger’s Specialty – Satan’s Hellfire BBQ Sauce and Burger:	112
Scruffy 30-Something Man Dines and Dashes – He Did Not Pay:	112
Worried the Waitress Did Not See His Dine & Dash, I Challenged the Man:	113
No Video Game Hero – Reality Hit Hard:	113
Knocked Unconscious – One-Punch, Knock-Out:.....	113
Waking to Paramedics – Badly Hurt in Need of Hospitalization:	114
Deputy Taylor of King County Asks to Speak Immediately or at the Hospital:.....	114
E018 Rick008 Hospitalized Flashback 1.2	115
Hospitalized, Waitress’ Note in Hand:.....	116
Excessive Tests – Either Bad Off or It’s a Profit-Centric Testing Clinic:	116
Broken Nose, Concussion, Cuts, Contusions, ‘...’:.....	116
Wallet Missing – Stolen by the Scruffy Thug:.....	116
Hospitalized, Deputy Taylor’s Visit and Questions:	117
The Unclarity of No Wedding Ring – Cannot be Used in Social Settings:	117
Piercing Judging Eyes of Ms. Taylor, and Her Intimidating Air of Authority:	117
The Thug’s Name Was Aaron Graywell – Suspected for Multiple Homocides:	117
My Missing Wallet Raises Alarm Bells – Thug Knows Where I Live:.....	118
Waitress Katie’s Hospital Visit:	118
Taking a Stand Not Knowing will Triumph is Either Bravery or Stupidity:	118
Waitress Katie Recounts Tale, Filling in Unconscious Memory Gaps – Natural Team:.....	119
Piecing Together Aaron Graywell’s History – Details and Attention Matter:	119
Waitress Katie Snowette -Potential Friend:	119
Making New Friends – Waitress Katie Snowette, Deputy Andrea Taylor	119
The Value of Valor – Valorous Return on Investment (V-ROI).....	120
Karma Hit Back Hard for My Playing Hookie:	120
E019 Rick009 THE LETTER Flashback 1.3.....	121

Ignored Mailbox:.....	122
I've Got Mail:.....	122
Does Changing Things Only Displaces Problems from One Place to Another:	122
Dark Missive Revealed by Dagger:	122
Unsealing the Letter like a Christmas Present but Power Fluctuates, Earth Rumbles:.....	123
Embossed Silver Calligraphy Inspiring Letter, 'Gold-Feeling Hue' Parchment:.....	123
Cool Letter More Interesting than Last Will and Testament – I Did Not Know Her:	123
Will Reading on Leap Day, Leap Year:.....	123
Will Reading on Leap Day, Leap Year – And No Funeral Service for Aunt Millmore:	124
A Month Accommodates Times to Prepare for Will and Testament Reading:.....	124
Mandated Attendance for Beneficiaries in Ireland on Leap Day near Midnight:	124
Researching Aunt Millmore:.....	124
Researching The Envelope and Letter – Maybe It Was Legitimate:	125
Law Firm Midnight and Associates:	125
TV and Danderlions Cats:.....	125
Overwhelming Fatigue, Hallucinogenic Dreams:.....	126
E020 Rick010 Midnight Call, Irish Mystery Flashback 1.4	127
Midnight's Call:	128
BIG COMPLICATED INHERITANCE IN IRELAND:.....	128
\$250 Billion Dollars Inheritance:.....	128
Aunt Zaira Millmore's Unorthodox Stipulations:	129
Aunt Zaira Millmore Manor in West Bank of River Shannon, West of Athlone Town:.....	129
Millmore Holdings Own Properties and Businesses and Accounts Across the Globe:	129
Aunt Zaira and the Occult – Risk in Claiming Inheritance:.....	129
Confirmed Commitment to The Reading and Being Sole Beneficiary of \$250B:.....	129
TRAVEL OFFER:	130
TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS:	130
Forget Current Job – I Will Have \$250 Billion Dollars:.....	131
E021 Rick011 Sabotage Car, Home, and Life Flashback 1.5.....	132
Deputy Taylor's House Call:.....	133

Coffee with Deputy Taylor:	134
Sabotaged Car, Driving to Moon Joe’s Coffee House:	134
Returning to Assess Home in Police Cruiser Back Like a Criminal:.....	135
Graywell Intends to Hurt and Kill Me Because I Exposed His Identity:	135
Out of the Police Car, Into the House:	135
I *NEEDED* Deputy Taylor’s Protection:	135
Assessing The House:	136
Gas Main Tampered With – Radioed for Crime Scene Investigation:	136
Back in the Squad Car for Me:.....	136
Calling in the Bomb Squad:	136
Exploding House and Lost Consciousness Again:.....	136
Paramedics Never Witnessed House Destruction Like That in Fifteen Years:.....	137
C4 Explosive Used to Blow Gas Main and Furnace, Leveling House:	137
Deputy Taylor Survived Just Entering Her Vehicle Before the Explosion:.....	137
How to Process Small Decisions Could Have Resulted in Taylor’s and My Death:	137
E022 Rick012 Party of Adventurers Flashback 1.6.....	138
Déjà vu – Back in the Hospital:	139
Aaron Graywell now on FBI’s America’s Most Wanted:	139
Inundated by Invasive Judgmental Psychiatrists:	139
Inheritance \$250B Was My North Star to Focus Away from My Pain and Suffering:	139
Flipped Over Police Car Saved Our Lives:	139
Flipped Over Police Car Saved Our Lives, and Life Can End in A Blink of An Eye:	139
FBI Believes Graywell Skipped Town – I Should Be Safe:	140
Hospital Part Deux Egress – Need New *EVERYTHING* Except For Car:	140
\$50,000 Inheritance Travel ‘Mad’ Money Deposited – It is REAL:	140
TRAVEL COMPANIONS:	140
Deputy Andrea Taylor as The Bodyguard:	141
Waitress Katie Snowette as The Empath:	141
HR Bob Sanchez as The Buddy:	141
TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS:	142
Back to Reality:.....	142

Dismissed Unceremoniously with Session End – Waiting to Be Summoned Again:.....	143
Psychiatrist’s Assessment Flashback 1.7	144
Doctor Caselli on His Command Chair Psychiatric Throne of Judgment:	144
Rehearsed insincere ‘Warm Greetings’ from Caselli, Hyder, Garcia, and Brandon:	144
Reflecting and Judgment on Flashback 1 – Infernal Beginnings:.....	145
Caselli was Rude to Everyone – Doctor Panel and Me:	146
Losing My Job:	146
E023 Trials of a Child Starting at The Bottom With Nothing.....	147
Nomadic Living Mobile On-the-Go:	148
Dresser Drawer ‘Crib’:	148
Living in a Car because of Pride:	148
Fiery Times Living in a Car:	148
Unsanitary Food, Home, and Car:	149
‘Little Lawyer’ Rule Adherence ‘Mostly’:	150
Mowing the Lawn with Scissors:	150
‘Do Not Adjust the TV Settings or Use it as A Table:	150
Mother Learned to Fix TVs and Radios from Violent Husband Silver:	151
Helped Mother Fix TVs – My First ‘Job’ (as a pre-school kid):	151
E024 Being an Outcast – Embracing ‘That is Not for Me’	152
Bad Drawing Skill Made Teachers Declare I Was Retarded or Stupid – CLEARLY NOT:.....	153
‘Wire dinosaurs’ and ‘The Egg’ Park Competition – Toddler and 800F soldering iron:.....	153
‘Everyone is a Winner’ Diminishes and Denies REAL WINNERS and TRIUMPH:	153
If Everything is Special or Important, Then Nothing Is Special or Important:	154
Abandoned Dilapidated Half Sunken Raft in Pond and Creek:	154
Bug Biscuits and Gravy:	154
Inspect Food and Ingredients and Food Preparation Forever More:.....	155
Second-Hand, Used Everything:	155
The Cheese Mob:	156

E025 What Wound Matters to The Body of a Knight?	157
Chicken Pox Denied:	158
Retarded in Second Grade:	158
The Toothpick:	158
Glass Shard Embedded:	159
Sharks in San Martin:	159
Accustomed to Poor Outcast Childhood – Learned Social and Leadership Skills:	159
“That is Not for Me” Mantra – (but my time will come!):	159
E026 Child in ‘The Hood’ [of South San Jose]	160
Abandoned in the Park:	161
Bee Swarm:	161
Mother Raped:	162
Farmersville, CA:	162
Migraines:	163
Parents More Like Ducks – Unsupervised, Self-Taught, Controlled Emotions:	163
Bottled Emotions on The Shelf:	163
E027 Crafted in Hellfire - Tween and Teen in the Wilds of San Martin	164
Hardships and Challenges Forged Me in Fire	165
Taken Battery:	165
Lightning Struck [me!]:	165
The Electric Fence:	165
2X4 From Above:	166
Burning the Ant Hill:	166
Left Holding the Can:	167
Covert ‘Child Labor’ Assembling Electronics for Shugart (for my Mother)	167
Word Games while working behind the ‘child labor veil’:	167
Self-Learned Vast and Diverse Knowledge – Like ‘ <i>Slum Dog Millionaire</i> ’ Movie:	168
Genius No More:	168
Being a Pessimistic Optimist:	169
Crafted in Hellfire:	169

Psychiatrist Assessment – Trials and Tribulations of a Child	170
Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:	170
Time to Continue My Story:	171
E028 Rick013 Blood Dotted ‘Eyes’, Slashed Tees, Attracting Adventurers FB2.0	172
Hiring The Crew:	173
Dinner with Waitress Katie Snowette – for the Empath:	173
Making My Case – Justifying International Adventure:	173
The Offer – A Private Island with a Mansion, \$10 Million Cash, and Paid as We Go:	173
Inheritance ‘Held by The Occult’ – Unlikely to Just Hand it Over:	174
Promising a Full Party of Adventurers:	174
Katie’s Nightmares:.....	174
The Same Voice!? The Same Words? In Our Dreams? How?:	175
The Same Voice!? The Same Words? In Our Dreams? How?:	175
Katie Likes Chivalrous Men:	176
Katie Appreciated Chivalrous Men, and Thusly Richard Her Protector:	176
Katie Needed the Money – to Help People:	176
Katie Snowette’s Rural Tiny-House Community Care and Charity Center:.....	177
Still Needed the Proof – The Envelope, The Letter, and The Firm:	177
Katie Snowette – Hired as the Empath:	177
Lunch with Deputy Taylor back at the Big Hut Roadside Café – for the Bodyguard:	177
Deputy Taylor – Left Military to Escape Woke Infiltration, to Be a Small Town Cop:.....	178
Greatest Military in World Reduced to Lipstick Warriors Reliant on Tech and Cash:.....	178
Bring the Fight to Them – For God (and Country?):	178
Surprisingly Happy to Quit Police Job and Join The Quest – Bring the Fight to Them:.....	179
E029 Rick014 Attracting Adventures Flashback 2.1	180
Deputy Andrea Taylor – Hired as the Bodyguard:	181
The Deputy’s Intriguing Ex-Military Special Operations Background:	181

Lunch with Conspiracist Human Resources Bob Sanchez (AKA HR BOB) – the Buddy:.....	181
Disgruntled Bob Asks to Join the Team:	181
Verify and Go:	181
HR Bob – Hired as The Buddy:	181
Contracts for Katie, Deputy Taylor, and HR Bob:.....	182
Phone Call with Katherine Seaborne – the Inquisitive:	182
Katherine Strives to Do the Right Thing – Devastated When Falters:	182
Committed to Job for Months or Longer:	182
Katherine Seaborne – Hired as The Inquisitive:	182
Phone Call with Amanda Seaborne – the Hacker Medic:.....	182
Amanda Seaborne – Hacker, Medical School, and Firearms:.....	183
Amanda’s Commitment to Pursing Righteousness:	183
Amanda Seaborne - Hired:.....	183
The Party of Adventurers Formed and Ready to Go:.....	183
Only the Wealthy can Afford to Be Philanthropic:.....	183
When Does a Poor Man Have Time to run Mad:.....	184
Adventure! Or Misadventure!?:	184
E030 Rick015 Flights, Taxis, Trains, Buses, and Magazines Flashback 2.2	185
Katie Needed a U.S. Passport:	186
Easy U.S. Travel – Limousines and Airplanes:	186
‘Involved’ Foreign Travel:	186
‘Hiring a Car’ for Travel to Athlone Was Expensive:.....	186
Needing More Money from Midnight and Associates – Ask Upcoming:	187
‘Blazing Taxis’ and the Scary Black Van and Terrifying Driver:	187
Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) from Aaron Graywell Beating:	187
Jumping off the Cliff, into The Hands of Fate – Hired the ‘Blazing Taxi’:	187
Long Scary Ride to Athlone in a ‘Blazing Taxi’ – into the Dark Forest and Beyond:.....	188
Lush Green to Dark Gnarled Trees and Sharp Thorny Thickets and Foliage:.....	188
Driver Could Kill Us, Dump Our Bodies Never to Be Found – Imagination Gone Wild:	188

Roses of Ambivalence Under Gray Skies, Heed Warning:	188
Triggered by ‘Heed Warning’ and “Don’t Touch the Roses”:.....	189
Dropped Off at an Old Victorian Hotel - <i>The Gambit</i> :	189
Name and Number of ‘Blazing Taxis’ and the Driver:	189
<i>The Gambit – Strategic Calculated Opening Move for an Advantage</i> :	189
<i>The Gambit – Named After Beer Drinking Chess Playing Tavern ‘Back in the Day’</i> :	190
Fifteen Hours Sleep to Recover from Days of Travel:.....	190
No Dreams in Hotel <i>Gambit</i> – Existence Ceased to Be in Those Wakeless Hours:	190
Under Gray Skies – We were in Limbo, on the Precipice of Hell:	190
Roses of Ambivalence Under Gray Skies, No Heed Warning:.....	191
Bitten by A Rose - No Heed Warning:	191
Roses Bit like Fire Ants, and Left Heart-Shaped Wounds with Spiraling Black Lines:.....	191
Katie Passed Out From Rose Bite’s Agonizing Pain:	192
Katie Awoke with Raised Rose-Shaped Scar on Her Right Palm:	192
E031 Rick016 Athlone Castle Museum Flashback 2.3	193
Unexpected Car and Driver Next Morning:.....	194
‘The Car and Driver’ as the Same Airport ‘Blazing Taxi’ That Ferried Us to Athlone:.....	194
Deputy Taylor Confronts The Driver – How and Why Was He at The Hotel:.....	194
Blazing Taxi Driver Struggled to Communicate - Used Pauses, Short Words:.....	194
Off to See the Wizard of Midnight and Associates, Mr. Lessky:	194
All-White Rail Bridge Connecting East-West Athlone:	195
Across the River Shannon to Athlone Castle:.....	195
Midnight and Associates Operates Inside Athlone Castle:	195
Abandoned Castle Athlone – Something Wicked This Way Comes:	196
No Firearms Because of Travel Restrictions:	196
Deputy Taylor’s International Dossier –Dangerous, Classified Ex-Military:.....	196
At Least We Had Knives:	197
Armed with a Knife - Feeling Empowered like Indiana Jones or Bat Man:	197
Deputy Taylor’s CRAZY SCARY, BIG ZOMBIE KNIFE named <i>Justice</i> :	197
Wandering the Abandoned, Empty Castle Museum:	198

Only One ‘Active’ Exhibit with Others Turned Off in Huge Twilight Chamber:.....	198
Whispering Voice Commands ‘Gray! Descend! Descend!’:	198
The Downfall of The Knights Templar - Exhibit :	198
Silver Lionhead Doorknob, White Door Behind Crest Banner of Knights Templar:	199
Staircase Lit with Modern LED Sconces – Maybe We Were Overreacting:	199
E032 Rick017 Lessons in Demonology Flashback 2.4	200
Milmoe Name Given to Millmore descendants to Hide Them from the Cult of Bael:	201
Seven Foot Tall, Gaunt ~75 year old Firm Partner and Dedicated Counsel Mr. Lessky:	201
Lessky’s Medallion, Thin Silver Chain Belt, Silver-Threaded Pouch, Silver Dagger:	201
Doubting Mr. Lessky:	202
Another White Door – So Many White Doors:	202
Octagon Conference Room, Silver Thrones Ley Lines to Illuminati Round Table:.....	202
Doubting Lawyer-Priest Lessky, the Octagonal White Round Table of the Illuminati:	202
Entering the Marble White Round Table Octagon Room:.....	203
The History and Age of Athlone, Athlone Castle, and the White Marble Round Table:	203
White Bridge of Athlone Unites Ireland’s Trade and Soul:	203
Athlone Castle’s History from Wood Structure to Stone Castle with Battlements:	204
Burial Catacombes and Sewers of Athlone Castle Uncharted:	204
Athlone Castle – The Museum and Law Offices of Midnight and Associates:	204
Lessky Posits – You Must Have A Lot of Questions:	204
Evil Is Real, Takes Many Forms – Animals, People, Spiritual, Demons:	205
The Cult of Bael, The Devil Bael, and Heaven & Hell:.....	205
Bael Drove Great Divine War Exploiting Free Will – Just as It Does for Mortal Beings:	205
Defeated, Bael and Hordes Cast Down to Created Hell Underworlds:	206
King Bael and the Princes of Hell:.....	206
King Bael - Rather Rule in Hell than Serve in Heaven:.....	206
Seven Princes of Hell and The Seven Deadly Sins:	206
E033 Rick018 Hiding in America, and Knights Templar Flashback 2.5	207
Lesson in Demonology Finally Ended – Crazy Hard to Believe Any of It:	208

PROOF THERE IS HEAVEN AND HELL!? ABSURD! – Deputy Taylor’s Hot Button:.....	208
You Just Know God Exists, It Is Faith – HR Bob’s Religious Bottom-Line:.....	208
Open Your Heart and Mind to the Possibility of God, Heaven, Hell – Katie’s Faith:	208
Aunt Millmore was Cult of Bael Leader, The Grand Witch of Bael:	209
Follow the Money to Find the Evil, ‘Enemy Within’ Strategy Infiltrated Cult of Bael:	209
Waiting for the Leap Day Heir:	209
Proof of Heaven and Hell ... at The Will Reading in Millmore Mansion:.....	209
Cult of Bael Hunting Millmore descendants:.....	209
Cult of Bael Target with Extreme Prejudice Millmore Leap Day Heirs:.....	210
Severing the Millmore Family Name [to Protect the Family Line]:	210
Milmoes in America - Name Given to Millmore Descendants Hidden in America:	210
Misleading Birth Certificates – July 31 vs Leap Day, 1968:	210
‘Seaborne’ vs. ‘Seeborne’ the Seer:	210
Destroyed Hospitals and Records:	211
Hard For Me to Take It Seriously – Forgeries, Bribes, Burned Down Hospitals:	211
E034 Rick019 Millmore Leap Day Descendent Flashback 2.6.....	212
Born on Leap Day 1968, but Recorded as July 31 To Hide Identity:	213
Millmore Leap Day Descendents Have Celestial Connection to Heaven and Hell:	213
Allegedly - My Touch Powers Ancient Holy, Unholy Relics:	213
Aunt Millmore Was Very, Very Old – 170 Years Old:	213
Father Silver Seaborne Illegal Aliases and Legal Name Changes Further Hid Richard:.....	213
Shielded, Protected Since Great Grandparents Immigrated to America:	214
The Insane Story Was True – Insisted Mr. Lessky:	214
The Knights Templar Fought Against Evil, Corruption in Man, Church, Government:	214
Cult of Bael Made Kings, Pope Attack the Knights Templar and Lose Holy Grail:	214
Cult of Bael Commands the World – Heads of State, Religion, Economy:.....	214
Arthurian Marble White Round Table Carved from Meteor Sent by God:	215
God’s Meteoric Round Table was a ‘High Value Target’ for Bael:	215
Midnight and Associates is The Knights Templar Command:	215
Aunt Millmore Led the Knights Templar, and Masqueraded as A Witch of Bael:	215

Knights Templar in The End – Assume the Role of the Sword of the Knights Templar:	216
Aunt Millmore’s Midnight and Associates – AKA The Knights Templar:	216
Bethlehem Blessed Silver Necklaces, Ankhs:	216
The Reading of Aunt Millmore’s Last Will and Testament Will Be Strange:	216
E035 Rick020 The Reading at Millmore Manor Flashback 2.7	218
Arrived at Millmore Manor:	219
Old Victorian Manor:	219
Midnight’s Sarah Greeted Us at Millmore Manor’s Entry Double-Doors:	219
Lightless, Pitch Black Haunting Third Floor:	219
The Master “Death” Bedroom:	219
Waiting for The Reading:	220
Painful Gong of Time:	220
The Reading – The Will on an Ancient Times Scroll:	220
Flaming Dagger of God:	221
I Was A Believer, We Were Believers:	222
I Was a Leap Day Millmore, and May Be The Fulcrum of Millmore Prophecy:	222
E036 Rick021 Cult of Bael vs. The Crusaders Flashback 2.8	223
Midnight and Associates’ Grave Life-Threatening Warning:	224
The Tapestry of Bael Weaves Heaven and Hell Threads Together as Portal to Earth:	224
The Cult of Bael Wants Me (and every Millmore, relative) Dead:	224
Midnight and Associates Offers Haven, Help, Money, Gear, Transport, Legal Services:	224
‘The Paladin and The Crusaders’ – Party of Adventurers:	225
Flashback 2.9: Psychiatrists – Bael, God, The Fulcrum ...in Athlone	226
Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:	226
Time to Continue My Story:	227
E037 Spirits, Churches, and Faith_More Story Less Therapy	228
Less Psychotherapy, More ‘Story’ and ‘Experience’ – For a While:	229
My ‘Adventures’ Were ‘Unbelievable’ With ‘Histrionic’ Attributes:	229

As If Setting Up a TV Series or Soap Opera – Daytime Drama:	229
What Happened to My ‘Party of Adventurers’ – Queried the Psychiatrists:	229
Caselli Challenges - *I* Used ‘Story’ to Describe ‘History’ – Inner Truth ‘Tell’:	229
Caselli Questions If My Team Were ‘Imaginary Friends’ in A Psychotic Schism:	230
Caselli Declares - *I* Sold Investment Stocks to Deposit as Inheritance Funds:	230
Caselli Questions – Are Your ‘Friends’ Real – Did you Gaslight Recruit ‘Friends’:	230
The Truth is The Truth – We Used Separate Secure, Confidential Accounts:	230
No One Listened To Me – No One Investigated My Claims – Captive of Liberals:	230
Ordered to Narrate Without Psychiatrist Interruptions – It Was a Blessing:	231
E038 Living with Bill the Race Driver	232
The Fan Belt	233
The Racetrack:	233
Spirits and the Bicycle Catapult:	233
Ghosts in the Night:	234
Prayers for Protection from Supernatural:	234
Mother Was Santa Claus for Christmas:	234
Doubting Santa Claus:	234
Proving There is No Santa Claus:	235
No Anesthesia for Surgery on Child ‘Animal’ with Toothpick Embedded in Foot:	235
E039 Manipulative Churches and Organized Religion	236
Bribes To Comply with Denominational Churches:	237
Lutheran Cathedral and The Cookie:	237
Presbyterian Church Pizza, Cookies, and Girls:	238
Random Churches:	239
Synagogue:	239
Indoctrinating Cult in Woodside:	239
Held to Personal Faith and Believed Evil Incarnate Existed:	239
Perseverance with North Star’s Hope Despite Tarnished ‘Formal Faith’:	240
Wore Holy Cross in Faith Devotion Until Teen Years:	240
Tarnished Faith [in Humanity] - Abandoned Holy Cross as Teen:	240

Doctor Reverend Richard Seaborne:.....	240
Psychiatrist Assessment – Supernatural and Religious Conflicts.....	242
Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:	242
Directed to Continue the Story:	242
E040 Rick022 Hell on Earth_Making Commitments_Being Committed FB3.0	243
Team – Silent Ride to Hotel:.....	244
The Flaming Dagger Compelled Me to ‘Have and Keep It with Me’ At All Times:.....	244
Team – Silent No More:.....	244
Deputy Taylor’s Freak Out over the Flaming Dagger:.....	244
The Deputy’s Freak Out over the Knights Templar, Grand Witch of Bael Millmore, ‘...’:	245
Millmore Did ‘Bad’ for ‘Good’ – Was She More Bad Than Good, or Vice-Verse:.....	246
The Deputy’s Freak Out over the Knights Templar, Grand Witch of Bael Millmore, ‘...’:	246
We Were on A Mission, a Quest for God:	246
HR Bob’s Deconstruction and Supposition – It Can All Be Explained Away:	247
Aunt Millmore Was After the Money and ‘Played the Knights Templar’ Role:.....	247
How Hard Did Millmore Try to Stop the Cult – Never Faced God’s Wrath on Failure:.....	247
Millmore Did it For the Money – Just Wrapped in Mumbo-Jumbo Mysticism:	247
Bob Challenges ‘It Can All Be Explained Away, How Can Anyone Believe This Stuff?’:	248
Katie Believed, And Her Rose Tattoo Reinforced ‘The Magic’ and Mysticism:.....	248
Katie Declared, ‘We Need to Embrace the Divine Quest Regardless of True or Not’:.....	249
We Can Get Rich Stopping Bad Guys – Bottom Line:.....	249
God’s Mission was Not What the Team Signed Up For – We Need to Re-Negotiate:.....	249
Live’s at Risk Justifies More Money:	249
Everything Was Crazy, and I Needed the Team:	250
God’s Glory Shining Through Dagger into Flames – We are on God’s Mission Quest:	250
Trip to Midnight and Associates Was One-Way to Fighting Evil:	250
Share the Wealth Evenly – Focus on God’s Mission Quest not Money:	250

Heard, Understood, Acknowledged (HUA):.....	251
IT IS A DEAL:.....	251
E041 Rick023 Cataloging and Mapping of Millmore’s Empire Flashback 3.1	252
Rested, Making Plans over Lunch:	253
Innocuous Conversation Starter – Hotel Menu ‘Sweetbreads’ Were Animal Guts:.....	253
Breaking Sweetbreads with the Team:.....	253
Reviewing The List of Cult Members, Businesses, Churches, and Temples:.....	253
There are 2,500 Lists of Cult Baddies, Each Worth \$100 Million – Lifetimes to Claim:	253
Prioritizing Smaller First, Then Bigger Cult Targets – Based on ‘Dollar Value’:	254
Deputy Taylor’s Assessment and Plan – Spec Op Readiness and SIPDE Engagement:	254
The Team Approves Deputy Taylor’s Strategies, And Targeting Small to Big Cultists:	255
Bob Deeply Appreciates Deputy Taylor’s Military Expertise – Protecting Us:	255
Making Cultist Target Investigation Boards:	255
Whiteboards, Physical Boards Much More Effective Than Projectors, Power Point:	255
Lives and Success Depended on Caution and Slow and Steady Progress:	256
Slept from Lunch to Next Day:.....	256
E042 Rick024 Occult of Bael, The First Prince of Hell – Baalism Flashback 3.2.....	257
Off to See the ‘wonderful’ Wizards of Crafts:	258
Katie Was ‘Default Upbeat Happy’, Counter-Balanced Bob’s Gloom and Jade:	258
Fifteen Minute Walk to the ‘Wizards of Craft’ Shop – Avoiding the Biting Roses:.....	258
Gaudy, Over-the-Top Hobbies & Craft Shop – Wizards of the Craft:	258
Anorexic, Goth Stationary Clerk:	259
Katie’s Worry – Is the Wizards of Craft Clerk ‘Goth or Cult’:	259
Impulse Purchase - Key Ring painted with red roses, text ‘Roses of Ambivalence’:	259
Katie ‘Must Have a Rose Key Ring’ and Fob:	259
Impulse Purchase – LED Flashlights, Lanterns, Head Lamps – See Evil Coming:.....	259
Paying at the Cash Register Island:.....	260

Goth Girl Surmises We Were Making a Crime Scene Board – How!?:	260
Wee Gee Boards Sheer the Veil Between Life and Death, Heaven and Hell:	260
Do Not Cross the Veil of Life and Death Unless You Are Prepared to be Dead:	260
‘Heed’ Reactions – That Word Keeps Showing Up:	261
Returned to Homebase Hotel with Supplies in Hand – Storm Brewing:	261
Investigation Board Mapping of the First Cultist List – Deciding Who to ‘Liquidate’:	261
Athlone – Two Targets on the First Cultist List:	261
Embracing The Quest, Righteousness - Madness:	262
Flashback 3.3: Psych Assessment - Arriving in Athlone, Ireland	263
Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:	263
Directed to Continue the Story:	263
E043 Family is Complicated_Silver, my Mother, and Me	264
Kidnapped at Six Months:	265
Silver and Grandfather’s Shotgun:	265
Parents Met at Stanford (sort of):	265
Stanford Paul and The Skirt:	266
The Bar Date:	267
My Mother and Father in Mexico:	267
FBI After Silver:	267
Silver And the Gas Station:	267
Squirrelled-Away Money from Silver’s Inheritance Gambling Loss in Las Vegas:	268
‘Final Straw’ for Mother’s with Drunken Motorcycle Accident per Silver’s Command:	268
E044 Messed Up ‘Jerry Springer’ Talk Show ‘Broken Family’	269
Mother and Sister Rebelled:	270
Sky is Falling (Mother’s Sister):	270
Cousin Margie the Normal:	270
Cousin Sharon and The Cult:	270
Sharon Marries Cultist Winter:	271
Parents Without Partners (PWP):	271

Mother Meets, Marries Sam:	271
Joleen and The Zero:	271
E045 Lost Sisters - Cynthia and Sandra	273
Sisters Born in Mexico:	274
Cynthia Molested, Pedophile Photographed:	274
Sandra Antagonized Cynthia:	274
Cynthia Chases Sandra with Butcher Knife:	274
Cynthia Steals Gun, Arrested:	274
Cynthia Overdoses, Brain Damaged:	275
Cynthia Stabs Boy Friend, Convicted of Felony:	275
Cynthia Never Grew Up:	276
Mother Says ‘No One is Expected to Grow Up Until Thirty Years Old’:	276
E046 Grampa Joe	277
Grandfather Joseph:	278
Grandmother Died in 40’s from Cancer:	278
Grandfather in Lower Bunkbed for a Year:	278
Grandfather Well-To-Do Son of Irish Immigrants:	278
Grandfather’s Usurped Irish Castle:	279
The Dude Ranch in Oracle, AZ:	279
Grandfather Re-Marries (to Fran):	279
Dying from Faith in Lake Tahoe:	279
Grandfather lost his money in Real Estate Crash:	279
Grandfather’s Wake:	280
In Loving Memory of Grandfather Joe:	280
Psychiatrist Assessment – Complicated Family	281
Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:	281
Directed to Continue the Story:	282
E047 Rick025 Athlone at Night_Eerie Evenings Flashback 4.0	283
Debate over Eating at The Cult’s Pub:	284

We Don't Just 'Take' Money and Property – Legal Process and Declarations Needed:.....	284
Present Legal Claim to Money, Assets, and Property to Cultist - Assault if Resists:	284
Remember – the Cult Wants us Dead:	284
Stronger Together, In Numbers···Than Alone or Split Up – Need Mix of Skills:	284
Deputy Taylor Recognized as The Muscle and Combat Strategist and 'Influencer':	285
Off to Dinner at the Hanging Albatross - Athlone's 'Rough' Pub:	285
Off to Dinner at the Hanging Albatross - Athlone's Pub:	285
E048 Rick026 'Old World' Tavern and Clues Flashback 4.1	286
The Hanging Albatross – What's in A Name:.....	287
Gargoyles, Demons, and Shadowy Figures at Night in Athlone – Downright Scary:	287
The Hanging Albatross Pub – Built from Re-Purposed Old Stone Guardhouse:	287
Loud, Raucous, Bustling, Wild Times in the Hanging Albatross – Stay Together:	287
Thirty Minute Wait Time for a Pub Table Booth:	288
Waiting at The Bar – Katie Hit-On, Harassed by Gruff Middle-Aged Irishman:.....	288
Hearing 'Deputy' Intimidated the Sexual Harasser to Abandon His Prey:	288
Smart Katie Had High Emotional Intelligence – Expert 'People Person':.....	288
Pub Buzzer Summoned Us, Seated in Corner Booth by Redheaded Irish Woman:	289
Every Day Run-of-The-Mill Menu – Did Not Feel Irish:.....	289
Slender Brunette Woman Server Warns to Leave Quietly and Swiftly:.....	289
The Team's Hostile Reaction to Server's Advice to Flee the Pub:	289
Scoping Out CCTV Cameras, Nearby Buildings, and Businesses:	290
Deputy Taylor Was Intense - Intense Personality and Physicality	290
Bathroom, Toilet, Jacks, Washroom, Water Closet – All Roses by Another Name···:.....	290
Mysterious Black Van Driver at Bar Near Water Closet:	290
Midnight and Associates Hired Driver Named Tiny as Professional Stalker [Of Us]:.....	291
Tiny of the Knights Templar:.....	291
Tiny's Contact Card – Call Him Anytime:.....	291
E049 Rick027 Casing the Hanging Albatross Flashback 4.2	292

Casing the Joint – Learning the ‘Ins & Outs’ of the Hanging Albatross Pub:.....	293
Water Closet Popularity Hallway Sported Ever-Present Witnesses:	293
Falling Imps and Crashing Security:.....	293
Dark Alleyways and Shadowy Forms:.....	293
Flashlights Are Not Stealthy, TURN THEM OFF – Deputy Taylor Commanded:.....	294
Avoided Dumpsters and Debris, but Walked On Human Urine:	294
Droppable Fire-Escape Ladders from Scary Little Things Curio Shop:	294
Cameras and Bouncers Everywhere – Need to Come Back When Closed:.....	294
‘No Problem, No Worries’ Assured Deputy Taylor:	294
Deputy Taylor Does Everything – While We Tag Along:.....	295
Simple Curio Shop – Scary Little Things:	295
Still Need to Offer Legal Course of Action – Katie Demands:	295
Promise to Offer Legal Course of Action – Then Escalate Fast:	295
Need to Surveil and Collect Intel BEFORE We Make Contact:.....	295
Not Breaking into What I Own – They Just Don’t Know Yet They Do Not Own:	296
Informed Team of Driver Tiny of the Knights Templar, and Back to Hotel Homebase:	296
Not All Heroes Have Chiseled Jaws, Shiny Armor – Judging Knights by Their Armor:.....	296
Back at Hotel Homebase:.....	296
E050 Rick028 Infiltrating Hanging Albatross, Scary Little Things Flashback 4.	297
Getting Ready:	298
Taylor Had a Skintight PVC suit beneath Black Jeans, Long-Sleeve Pull-Over Shirt:	298
Katie Wore Athleisure Spandex Exercise Tights and a Long Jacket:	298
Bob wore Black Jeans and a Cotton Black Long-Sleeve Shirt:	299
I wore Black Jeans and a Cotton Black Long-Sleeve Shirt:	299
Team in All Black - Jonny Cash Would Be Proud – Even if Hellish ‘Ring of Fire’ Ahead:	299
Ready to Start the Mission:	299
Tiny as the Look Out and The Get-Away Car:	299
Cameras Be Gone:	299
Deputy Taylor was Like Bat Man – Cool Toys, Scaling Vertical Walls, So Heroic:	300
Out-of-sight for Tense Fifteen Minutes:	300

Fire Escape Ladder Lowered, Roof Door Unlocked:.....	300
This Was the Real Deal – Being Quiet, Cautious, Alert:	300
Adrenaline Pumping - Crazy:	300
We Entered the Rooftop Door, Descending Steep Spiral Staircase:	300
Stone Stairs Made Little Sound:	301
Stairs Opened into the Management Offices, Near the Bathroom:	301
Time to Search for Clues, Stuff, and Cash:	301
Devoid of Employees and Cultists – Totally Deserted:	301
‘Stay Alert’ Commanded Deputy Taylor:	301
Desk Drawers, Paintings, and Wall & Floor Safes:	301
Employee List with Address, Phone, Email, Hire Date, Performance Reviews, ... :.....	302
Roses of Ambivalence Parchment Scroll:	302
Found The Account Ledger - ‘The Books’:	302
First Infiltration - Success:	302
E051 Rick029 Troubled Exit at the Cultist Pub & Shop Flashback 4.4	304
Not-so-Successful Exit – People and Cars Were Everywhere, in Alleys and Streetside:	305
Not-so-Successful Exit:.....	305
Confident Deputy Nice to Have on the Team – Maybe Optimistic w/ Dozens of Foes:	305
Loud Enemy Search Teams Could Be Heard on the Rooftop:	305
Search Teams Informed Us of What They Knew:	306
We Were Trapped on The Roof – Bob Started the Team’s Panic:.....	306
Katie Frozen Prone, Flat on Ground, Head Hidden & Shielded by Rooftop Stone Imp:	306
Deputy Andrea Taylor was In Her Element:.....	307
Rising to the Occasion – Defending the Team as a Hero and Protector:	307
We Were Surrounded - Devising A Plan with The Deputy:	307
Calming Bob – Words Not Enough:	307
Calming Bob – Advantage Not Enough, Needed Emotional Trust in People and God:	307
The Plan - Drop Rooftop Imp, Slam Roof Door to Distract – Drop Fire Escape & Flee:	308
Intimidating, Scary, But It Was The Plan:	308
E052 Rick030 Operation - ‘Shove, Slam, Drop, Run Like Hell...’ Flashback 4.5.....	310

Operation ‘Shove, Slam, Drop, and Run – Like Hell to Tiny’ Started:.....	311
Imp Did Not Move At All – Frantically Chipped Loose with Bowie Knife:.....	311
Imp Finally Exploded and Echoed Off Buildings Streetside and Through Alleys:	311
BANG! BANG! Went Taylor’s Silver Door:.....	311
Dropping the Fire Escape – Blocked by Two Thugs:	311
Deputy’s Deadly Parkour:	312
Waiting Prone, Flat on Rooftop by Fire Escape – for Deputy Taylor’s Next Move:.....	312
Ladder Drop, Missed Last Rung, Sprained Ankle, Surrender:	312
I Was Helpless to Do Anything – Watch Deputy Taylor Surrender:.....	312
Taylor Alleges She Was ‘Practicing Parkour’ to Mask Rooftop Invasion:	312
Parkour Cat Burglar Taylor:	313
Taylor Pleads Not to Be Zip-Tie Handcuffed:	313
‘Soldier Taylor’ Strikes Like a Cat – Two Fewer Thugs:	313
Solider Taylor Was a Trained Lethal Killer:.....	313
Emulating Taylor’s Calm, Cool, Confident, Suppressed Emotion Conflict Skills:	314
Deputy Taylor Was God’s Brutal Soldier:	314
Katie and Bob Operating in Shock Autopilot – Guided to Ladder and Deputy:.....	314
Leave Them, And Go - NOW:.....	314
Escaping with Tiny ‘To the Rescue’:	314
E053 Rick031 Moral Dilemmas of Biblical Proportions_Uniting a Fracturing Team FB4.6	315
Debriefing in Richard’s Room:	316
If We Can Kill Thugs, They Can Kill Us – Team to Stay Close, Sleep in Same Room:.....	316
Team United on Renting Bigger Hotel Rooms in Future with a Bed for Everyone:	316
Deputy Taylor Declared She Would Sleep Alone in *Her* Bed:.....	316
The Taylor Stated, ‘No Lookout Needed’:	316
Sleeping with Knives:	317
Bob May Regret Joining the Adventure:	317
Too Late to Quit Now:.....	317
Accomplices to Murder:.....	317

'Not Murder for a Solider' – Challenged Spec-Ops Deputy Taylor:.....	317
Get Used to Killing – Declared Spec Ops Taylor:	317
Evil People Earned Right to 'Atone' for Their Sins ... Die and Go to Hell:	318
The Deputy Was Callous When it Came to Military and Missions:	318
Evil Plots and Triumphs Unless Good is Watchful and Ever Vigilant, and Proactive:	318
'Thou Shall Not Kill', We Could All Be Damned to Hell - Declared Katie:	318
Damned to Hell, or to Prison – Worried Bob:	318
No Hell for The Righteous – Proven Throughout History – Crusades as Example:.....	319
Scared Returning to Offer 'Buy-Out' Now That We Killed Two Staff/Cultists:	319
What Happens in a Mission, Stays in the Mission – Forget, Move On:	319
I DO NOT, HAVE NOT, CANNOT, WILL NOT LIE:	320
Rock-Paper-Scissor for Couch-Tub-Floor ; Deputy Taylor Pre-Assigned the Bed:.....	320
Camping in 'Richard's World' Going Forward:	320
Katie Volunteered for the Floor – Left the Tub & Couch for Bob and Me:	320
Marching into Hell for Heavenly Cause – and For Each Other:	321
I Chose the Tub – but Gave to Bob Because He Preferred Its Safety:.....	321
Tub Was Safest Place in Hotel Room – I Asserted:.....	321
Bathroom Was a Trap Without No Way Out – Warned Bob:	321
Uninspiring 'No Way Out is A Kill Box':.....	321
Restless Night and Day:.....	321
Off to Meet Cultist Brocko McDeema – Owner of the Pub and Curio Shop:	322
E054 Rick032 Confronting the Cult's Pub & Curio Shop Owner Flashback 4.7	323
Tiny Drove Us to The Hanging Albatross and Scary Little Things Curio Shop:	324
Richard & the Deputy to Meet Brocko Alone – Bob & Katie Remain with Tiny:	324
Leaving Tiny's Van, Towards the Pub and Shop:.....	324
Approaching the Front Door – Unarmed, No Utility Belt:	324
Bouncer at The Door – Paid Little Attention to Us:	324

Punk Greeter Wore Red-Hued Shirt Sporting Silkscreened White & Black Yin Yang:	324
Greeter Shocked and Upset, Will Ask Brocko McDeema for Meeting on Our Behalf:	325
Meeting Brocko McDeema – In Person:.....	325
Brocko-Huge Intimidating, Crime Boss w/ Fiery Red Wild-Haired Man, Gold Jewelry:.....	325
Explaining Why We Were There – Millmore and Inheritance:	325
Brocko Tensed Up and Leaned Back Into Power Position to Hear My ‘Legal Basis’:.....	325
Laughed At, Mocked, Insulted, Cast Out:.....	326
E055 Rick033 Millmore Background Intrigue Flashback 4.8	327
Two Bouncer Guards Entered to Remove Taylor and Me from Brocko’s Sight:	328
Zaira Millmore’s Heir – Brocko Wants More Detail:	328
Millmore Bloodline & Family Tree Points of Interest for Brocko McDeema:	328
Questioning My Horoscope of Leo, and Noting My Birth Year:	328
Questioning Milmo vs. Millmore names:.....	329
Grandfather’s Inherited Castle Stolen By Sister Thru Irish Legalities:	329
Grandfather Returned with Shield and Coat of Arms – and Paid Trip to Ireland:.....	329
Asked of Castles, Relatives, and Birth Dates:.....	329
Brocko’s Focused on Birth Dates May Be Tied to Millmores Born on Leap Day:	330
‘Nothing to See Here’ – Trying to Dispel Leap Day Ideation:.....	330
No One Born on Leap Day:	330
Odds of Conception in May, for Leap Day near-Midnight Birth Was Infinitesimal:	330
No One Born on Leap Day:	331
Know Anything of a Burglary:	331
Escorted Out by Brocko’s Goons:.....	331
Rats around Debris & Dumpsters, and Crows Perched on Store Signs – At Night:	331
Easily Spooked in Eerie Athlone After Death of Two Armed ‘Presumed’ Cultists:.....	332
Returned to Tiny and the Team in the Black Van Get-Away Car:	332
Debrief in the Van:.....	332
Brocko McDeema Was the Cult Leader:	332
Kidnap Brocko and Interrogate with Force:.....	332
Hell is Not for the Righteous – I Reminded; We Had Justification to Kidnap Brocko:	333

Rat Under the Hotel Sofa:	333
Black Rats Were an Invasive Species in Ireland – Rescued & Released by Katie:	333
E056 Rick034 Brocko McDeema’s Kidnapping – Of Us! Flashback 4.9	334
Dinner Room Service Before Sleep:	335
Long Wait for Food – ‘Drop and Go’ Delivery Rushed Service:	335
Dubious Food Quality – Deputy Tosses Her Salad (throws it away):	335
Offered Half My Chicken Cordon Bleu and Fries – Only Fries Accepted by Taylor:	335
Sleep Overwhelmed Us – Asleep ‘Unconscious’ Before Even Making to Couch:	336
Woke Shackled and Gagged in Underground Cavernous Druidic Cave of Sacrifice:	336
Strip of Bael Suspended Above Altar Silver Candelabra with Black & Bloody Candles:	336
Cultists Watching, Waiting for Sacrifice for the Tapestry of Bael:	336
Deputy Taylor Was Missing – Wondering What They Did To Her:	336
Fear of What They Will Do to Us – How Many Times Can We Face Death:	337
Big Cultist Leader Brocko McDeema at Center Stage:	337
Brocko Has My Flaming Dagger of Choice:	337
Identifying The Fulcrum Using the Flaming Dagger of Choice:	337
Bael Will Corrupt the Fulcrum Witness Horror and Nightmares of Humanity:	338
Cultist Brocko McDeema Vowed to Add Our Souls to The Tapestry of Veil:	338
E057 Rick035 Making Sacrifices Flashback 4.10	339
Councilwoman Ciara Dragged, Tied to Sacrificial Altar with Bloodstained Leather:	340
Blood Rose Pentastar Crown of Bael to Power the Tapestry of Bael:	340
Crown of Bael Placed on Councilwoman Ciara’s Head – And Incantation Spoken:	340
Red and Green Lights, Screams, Slump, and Bloodless Gray Body:	340
Strip of Bael Formed Red and Green Glowing Runes – Soul, Life Force Transferred:	341
Shaking and Muffled Yelling – And Resignation to Fate:	341
BANG! Gunfire! Bullets Flying! Cultists Were Drop All Around:	341
Brocko Escapes into Dark Passage with Crown, Tome, Cloth, and My Dagger:	341
Pauses to Reload - and More Shooting:	341
Deputy Taylor to the Rescue with an Assault Rifle - AGAIN:	341
Armed to the Teeth Deputy Taylor:	342

Thank the Heavens – For Our Deputy Taylor:.....	342
E058 Rick036 Free At Last! Flashback 4.11	343
Free At Last by Deputy Taylor – Skipping Salad, Skipped Knockout Drug:	344
Zombie Knife Insufficient Against a Dozen Cultists with Guns:	344
One Knife-Wielding Deputy vs. a Dozen Cultists Brandishing Firearms:	344
Cultists Either Above or Controlled the Law – No Fear of Being Sighted or Stopped:	344
Stay and Die vs. Withdraw, Regroup, Re-engage – an Obvious Choice to Not Die:	344
Weapons, Armaments from Midnight and Associates to Take Down Cultists:.....	344
Only Three People Left in Knights Templar – Lessky, Sarah, Tiny:.....	345
Enjoyed ‘Honorary’ Membership in the Knights Templar – That Makes 7, 9 of Total:	345
And Here Was Deputy Taylor Armed and Armored – Saving the Day:.....	345
Brocko McDeema Had the Flaming Dagger of Choice:	345
Bob Was a Newborn ‘Believer’:.....	345
Katie Was Always a ‘Believer’:	345
Deputy Taylor Believes – Recapping the Madness – Devil, Cults, Relics, Crowns, ...:.....	346
Seeking the Church of Midnight and High Priest Nicodemus:	346
Flashback 4.12 Psych Assessment – Pub, Curio, and Brocko	348
Supernatural and Religious Inner Conflicts and Demons:	348
Psychiatric Assessments Were Offensive – Captive, Prisoner in ‘Their Reality’:	349
Directed to Continue the Story:	349
E059 Sweet Daughters of Mine_Every Moment Matters_Is Precious	350
Good Times with My Daughters:.....	351
Small Things are Important:	351
Divine Debate – Small Things are Important, Is Humankind Inherently Evil:.....	351
Divine Debate Reminds Me to Hold Precious Times Close to Survive:.....	351
Good Things Needed to Pave Over or Bulldoze Through Bad Things:.....	352
Lone Match in Oceans of Darkness, Divine Debate - Humankind Not Inherently Evil:.....	352
Like <i>Tipping Point</i> – <i>One Righteous Influencer Can Change the World</i> :	352

Amanda and Brooke Go-Round-and-Round on Airplanes at the Beach Boardwalk:	352
<i>Big Daddy</i> Plays Computer Dungeons & Dragons games with Amanda & Brooke:	352
Picked Blueberries in British Columbia.....	353
Friend Doug Brandon Previously Worked at Disneyland:.....	353
Disneyland and The Flu – “It’s Truuuuuuue!’:	353
Toon Town and Love Declaration “I Wuv Yu – It’zzz Truuuuuuue!’:.....	353
Reading in the Recreational Vehicle (RV) in San Martin:.....	354
Rockstar Amanda Graduations and Iron Willpower – Diablo College and UCSB:	354
Finance Management and Personal Responsibility Talks:.....	355
The Dull Gray Slippery Man:	355
E060 My Daughters Kept from Me	356
My Daughter’s Mother:.....	357
Self-Opted for Excessive Child Support for My Daughters Care:.....	357
Paid Child Support Even Unemployed:	357
Job Forced Relocation to Southern California – Six Hour Drive from Children:.....	357
Always a Slave of Duty – Willing to ‘Work in Alaska on Frigid Pipelines’ if Necessary:.....	358
Credit Recovery Program Failed Me in Southern California:.....	358
Bankruptcy and Recovery – Phoenix Rising from Financial Ashes:	358
Job Forced Relocation to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada – 3-Hour Flight:	359
Needed ‘Goldilocks Job’ – Not Too Senior or Junior, ‘Just Right’:	359
Job Forced Relocation to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada – 3-Hour Flight:	359
Lawsuit for Daughter’s Custody:	359
Daughter’s Mother Denied Daughters from Me:	359
E061 Brooke’s Drama.....	361
Daughter Jacuelyn Brooke (AKA Brooke):	362
Children Starving:	362
Children Starving [for Pizza]:	362
Daughter Jacuelyn Brooke Struggles:	363
Brooke Moved to Living with Katherine and Me:	363

Brooke Deceives and Sneaks:	364
Brooke Runs Away – Becomes ‘Drug Mule’ Runner:	364
Brooke Vows to Be ‘Good and Clean’ Once More – Bad at Keeping Promises:	365
Sith Lord Brooke vs Jedi Master, Father Richard):	365
Brooke’s ‘Scripts’ were Effective:	365
Brooke’s Ironic Self-Medication to Cope with Anxiety of ‘Going Sober’ at Alpine:	366
Helicopter, Abandonment Parenting Do Not Mix – Stole Coping Skills f/ Daughters:	366
E062 Brooke’s Self-Destructed Future, Resisted Rehab Program.....	367
Trained Co-Dependence:	368
Trained Deception – Children’s Mother Directs Them to Lie to Me:	368
Trained Deception – Conflicting Ethics, Confused Integrity:	368
Trained Deception – Uphill Fight Undoing Children’s Mother’s Influence:	369
Daddy Sisyphus – Impossible to Reach Hilltop with Boulder for Children:	369
Daughters’ Mother Taught ‘Situational Ethics’ – Lies & Dishonesty ‘Had Their Place’:	369
Brooke’s Mother Inconsistency Fueled Problems – She Was Dr. Jeckle, Mr. Hyde:	370
Brooke in Open Sky Wilderness Recovery Camp:	371
Open Sky Wilderness Failed:	371
Brooke Resumes Drug Abuse and Partying, and Abandons Integrity:	372
Helicopter Parenting Hurt Brooke:	372
E063 Brooke’s Running from Recovery - Again.....	373
Brooke Set to Attend Ranch-style Rehab Program - Alpine Academy:	374
Timing did not Work out - Brooke Stays with Katherine Between Rehab Programs:	374
Brooke’s ‘Flight’ from Me:	374
Brooke’s ‘Flight’ – SeaTac Airport Police in Pursuit:	375
Brooke Was Lost in Heart, Mind, Body, and Soul:	375
Brooke’s ‘Flight’ - Fun Wordplay:	375
Homeless Shelter Houses Brooke in Seattle – Not the Panacea Imagined:	375

Brooke Rescued from Herself by Her Mother:	376
Brooke's Mother Protected Brooke from Herself – Ensuring Co-Dependence:	376
Visiting Brooke at Alpine Academy:	376
Brooke Not Want to Live with Me, Only Mother in Trigger-laden Berkeley:	376
Gaming Addiction Recovery:	376
Alpine Academy – Failed Too:	377
Arizona Rehab 'Prison' – Failed Also:	377
Brooke's Self-Assigned Future (or Fate) – Lost to Drug Addiction and Menial Work:	377
The Ultimatum – Be Good or Get Out:	377
The Ultimatum, Be Good or Get Out – Brooke chose "Get Out" for Addict Friends:	378
The Ultimatum, Be Good or Get Out – Brooke chose "Get Out":	378
Amanda's Success – and My Legacy:	379
Psychiatrist Assessment – Daughters and Losses	380
Psychiatrist Judgment on Daughters and Losses:	380
Time to Continue My Story:	381
E064 Rick037 Infiltrating Church of Midnight In Athlone FB5.0	382
Named Ourselves the 'Crusaders of the Knights Templar':	383
Seeking the Church of Midnight and High Priest Nicodemus:	383
Armed Assault of the Church of Midnight:	383
'Slow Down' Warned the Deputy – Team Inexperienced with Weapons, Combat:	383
Richard Armed with Pistol, AR-15 for Assault – Had Lifelong Shooting Experience:	384
Bob Armed for Assault – Police Brother Trained Him in Pistol Shooting:	384
Katie Armed for Assault – Police Brother Trained Him in Pistol Shooting:	384
Taylor's Ask - Only Use Gun Only When Threat of Grave Injury or Death:	385
Training in Pistols, Assault Rifles, and Body Armor:	385
Training Pistol Loading, Shooting, Breakdown, Cleaning:	385
Training Assault Rifle Loading, Shooting, Breakdown, Cleaning:	385
Training Wearing Body Armor, and Bonus 'Taylor Special Gear':	386

Taylor's Bonus Gear – Bag of Tricks, Zombie Knife, Steel Rope, Blade-Scissor Buckle:	386
Wrist Shuriken 'Throwing Star' Launcher 'Gun':	386
Deputy Taylor Was Armed and Prepared for 'The Unexpected':	386
Tiny Transport to Midnight and Associates Below the Athlone Castle Museum:	386
E065 Rick038 Hell, Heaven, and Dark Matter Spiritual Energy Flashback 5.1	387
Meeting Mr. Lessky at Midnight and Associates – In the Round Table Room:	388
High Priest Nicodemus, Soul Powered Universe Expansion,:	388
The Stolen Flaming Dagger Key to Striking Demons:	388
Brocko McDeema May Be a Demon in Our Mortal Plane:	388
Soul, Life Drained from Councilwoman - Stored in Celestial Battery Strips of Bael:	388
Greatest Source of Celestial Power Was God's Creations – Especially Humankind:	388
Sheering Fabric Separating Planes of Hell, Heaven, Mortality:	389
Souls Power Universe Expansion:	389
Mortal Universe expanding to support growing populations and evolution:	389
Heaven at the edge of eternity and infinity:	389
Heaven's Capital Silver City Overlaps Los Angeles (City of Angels) in Parallel Plane:	389
E066 Rick039 Ever-Expanding Hell, Heaven, Mortal Planes Flashback 5.2	390
Ever-Expanding to Accommodate Ever-Increasing Population of Souls:	391
Judged at Heaven's Gates:	391
Long Wait Times:	391
Earth Is Celestial Epicenter and Parallel to Heaven and Hell Planes:	391
Souls Propelled to Judgment Create Dark Matter and Mana which taps Divine Power:	392
Spiritual Byproduct Dark Matter Fuels Religious Mana and Demonic Magic:	392
Unprecedented Celestial Energy Coursing Through Universe:	392
End of Days is Nigh – Through the Tapestry of Bael:	392
Drained Souls and Life Energy into Strips of Bael, Stitched Into Tapestry of Bael:	392
High Priest Nicodemus Transfers Souls to the Tapestry of Bael for UK, Ireland, ...:	393
Brocko Is 'Above' to Nicodemus in Cult Organization – Brocko is the 'Mob Boss':	393
Brocko May Be A Minion Lieutenant of Bael – Brocko May Be a Demon From Hell:	393
Flaming Dagger of Choice Sent to Prague – Need to Reclaim It After Nicodemus:	393

And We Still Need to Reclaim Cash and Stuff from the Pub and Curio Shop:	393
E067 Rick040 Above, Below the Church of Midnight' Flashback 5.3	394
Scoping Out the Church of Midnight – 'First Church of the Savior':	395
Soup Kitchen for the Homeless in Back:	395
Soup Kitchen as Indoctrination Entry Point for Followers, Sacrifices:	395
Placard: General Service @ Nightly, Sunday – Private Child Services @ Saturday:.....	396
Katie Volunteered Herself 'and Us' for Soup Kitchen Help:	396
Soup Kitchen Was Our Way Into the Church of Midnight's Back Rooms, Facilities:	396
Returned to Midnight and Associates to Practice Using Weapons, armor, and Gear	396
Worried We Are Walking into A Self-Created Trap at the Soup Kitchen:	397
Hiding in Plain Sight – And Will Be Armed:	397
Open-Comms Pin-On, Watch, and Earpiece Walkie-Talkies:	397
Devil's Chambers and Nicodemus in Catacombs Below the Church of Midnight:	397
Staying and Sleeping at Midnight and Associates - Going Forward:	398
Payment Instruments from Knights Templar for Independent Autonomy:	398
Midnight Credit Cards Hid Identity and Activity:	398
Everyone Gets a New Name, Passport, Driver's Licenses, and Credit Cards:.....	398
Into the Soup Kitchen:	399
'HUA' All-Around – Trying to be 'Military Cool':.....	399
E068 Rick041 Penetrating the Church of Midnight Flashback 5.4	400
Time to Execute 'Operation: Soup Kitchen':	401
Tiny Parked A Few Blocks from The Church of Midnight:	401
Tiny's Black Van Was as Inconspicuous as He Was – NOT AT ALL:.....	401
Soup Kitchen and Covered Eating Area:	401
Soup Kitchen Lady – Like Jekyll & Hyde – Appeared Good, but Was Jack the Ripper:.....	401
Steel Side-Door Entrance to The Church of Midnight, Near Its Soup Kitchen:	402
Quick Directions from Soup Lady:	403
Assigned Name Tags, Lanyards, and Assignments:	403
Katie Was Thrilled to Serve:	403

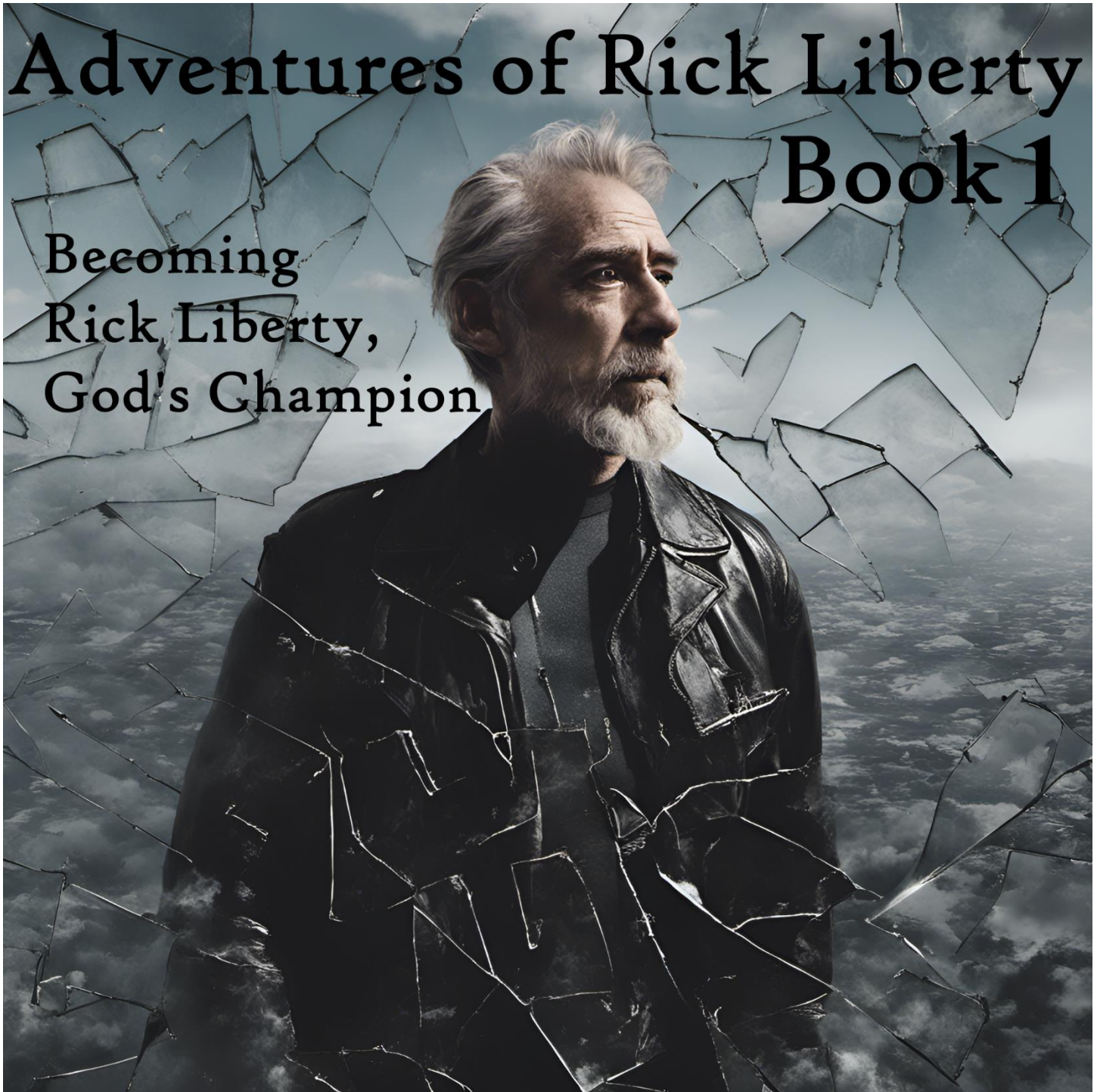
Bob Grumped to His Laundry & Dish Washing Job:	404
Chef Taylor on Duty:	404
No Idea Where I Should Go:.....	404
Soup Lady Was Friendly and Flamboyant:.....	404
‘General Cleaning’ Was a Free-Pass Anywhere in the Church of Midnight:.....	404
E069 Rick042 Backdoor Assault and All That Adrenaline ‘Jazz’ Flashback 5.5.....	405
Katie’s Plan to Use the ‘Backdoor’ via the Soup Kitchen to enter Church - Invaluable:.....	406
First Church of the Savior Was Extremely Ordinary, Entirely Normal:.....	406
Bob Snagged Robes and Cowls:	406
Heed Words Screams Homeless Girl:	406
Getting Accustomed to Eerie, Crazy World Stuff – Jaded to “Heed Me”:	406
Artur Nicodemus’ Office:	407
Bookcase Door in Nicodemus’ Office – Leads to Spiral Staircase to Pitch Blackness:	407
Replaced the Door and Bookcase:	407
Revised Plan ‘On the Go’:.....	407
Deputy Taylor’s Dangerous Adrenaline Junky ‘Soldier’ Facet – as a Heroic Warrior:	407
Soldier Taylor vs Deputy Taylor = Callous-Get-It-Done vs Humane-Caring-Service:.....	408
Broom Closet Rendezvous in Five Minutes:	408
E070 Rick043 Descending into Midnight’s Darkness Flashback 5.6.....	409
Entering Artur Nicodemus’ Office, Descending into Darkness:.....	410
Weird the ‘Secret Door Bookcase’ Exposed By Visible Scratched Track Marks:.....	410
Deputy Had All the Cool Toys:	410
Robes and Cowls:.....	410
Descended Into the Catacombs:	410
Armed and Dangerous:	410
Human Trafficking, Drug-Controlled ‘Prostitutes’:	411
Manifesto and Indoctrination Rituals and Guides:.....	411
The Devil Ran a Very Organized and Structure Organization – Rules for Everyone:	411

Lost in The Catacombs Were a Maze of Bones and Skulls – and Re-Purposed Rooms:	411
Incinerator Chamber – Burn Evidence, Burn ‘Sacrificed Remnants’:	412
Light Framed a Doorway Ahead – Obscured Our Headlamps with Cowl:	412
E071 Rick044 Finding Nicodemus Flashback 5.7.....	413
Burst Inside – Found Nicodemus!	414
Deputy Taylor Challenged His Cultist Background:	414
Nicodemus Made a Foolish Move – Pressed a ‘Help Me’ Button:	414
Deputy Taylor Exacted Vengeance for Human Trafficking and More – on Nicodemus:.....	414
Missed Opportunity – Dead Nicodemus Cannot Speak of Strips of or Tapestry Bael:	414
Found Strip of Bael:	415
Retraced Steps to The Tome of Bael and Indoctrination:	415
We returned to Nicodemus’ church office through:.....	415
Exited, No One Stopped Us – Even Wished Good Day:	415
Unclear What Actually Happened in the Church of Midnight:	415
Were We The Bad Guys – Were Our Actions ‘As Bad’ As the Cultist Actions:.....	416
Staying the Course – Fighting Fire with Fire, On a Mission Quest for God:	416
Returned to Athlone Castle with Tiny	417
E072 Rick045 Reclaiming Inheritance in Athlone Flashback 5.8.....	418
Waking in Makeshift Home in Castle Athlone’s Basement:.....	419
Cultist Casualties Could Prove ‘Problematic’ – Need to Check Police ‘Heat Level’:.....	419
Reclaiming Cash and Stuff from Hanging Albatross Management Two Safes:.....	419
Making Pub and Curio Shop Infiltration Plan – Part Deux:	419
Ready to Sally Forth, And Quest Onward – Once Again:	420
Off to Rob the Mobster – Chorus of HUAs Offer Confidence in Plan and Survival:.....	420
Infiltration Starts at wee hour of 4am:	420
Dropped Off A Few Blocks Away from the Hanging Albatross – Awaiting Our Call:	421
Lowered Fire Escape Ladder, Ascended to the Roof:.....	421
Previously Exploded Rooftop Stone Demon Imps Replaced As if Never Destroyed:	421

Assessing the Roof Access Door – No Apparent Alarms, No Traps – Just a Padlock:	421
Recapping the Plan to Infiltrate:	421
Murder of Crows Descended onto the Rooftop, Perched atop Stone Imp Statues:.....	422
‘Freakout Level’ 9 out of 10 – Not Quite at Max Tolerance:.....	422
Freeze-Broken Roof Access Door Lock, Down To Mob Boss Brocko McDeema’s Office:.....	422
E073 Rick046 Heist of the Hanging Albatross Flashback 5.9.....	424
The Plan Had Begun – We Descended to Brocko’s Office, Spaced Five Seconds Apart:.....	425
Bob and Katie Took Positions by the Office-Hallway Door:	425
Taylor Rigged Safes with Timed C4 Explosive Packs:	425
Bank Ledger with Passcodes and Deeds of Ownership – First Things Found:	425
Detonated C4 Explosives on Safe Locks:	425
BOOM, CRACK, RUMBLE:	426
Quickly Moved to Desk Floor Safe to See What We Should Take – Desk Destroyed:	426
Under-desk Safe Contained Only a Sticky Note – with Prague Address of the Dagger:.....	426
Wall Safe Contained Cash, Collective Silver & Gold Coins, and Diamonds:	426
Huge Safe Contents Contrast – Lone Sticky vs Millions of Dollars, Diamonds, Coins:.....	426
Secured Enough Valuables to Offset Cost of Missions to Date:.....	427
E074 Rick047 Resistance Reclaiming Inheritance in The Pub Flashback 5.10	428
Explosions Drew Attention – Office Door Flung Open, Cultists Attack:.....	429
Bob Knocked Prone, Cultist Stiletto Knife at His Throat:	429
Katie Recovered from Shove – Her Opponent Cultist Fell into Exploded Desk:	429
Bob Was About to Be Killed By Stiletto Wielding Cultist:.....	429
“God Save Me! Forgive Me!” – Katie Shot the Cultist:	429
Katie Shot the Cultist ‘In Cold Blood’, ‘In the Back’:.....	429
Katie Saved by Bob – from the Desk-Fallen Cultist:.....	430
Katie and Bob Were in Shock from Killing People:.....	430
Killing is Not Murder for God, Soldiers, War···or Knights – No Hell for the Righteous:.....	430
Pushed and Dragged Katie and Bob To the Door and To The Curio Shop:	430
E075 Rick048 Into Scary Little Things Curio Shop Flashback 5.11	432

Down the Hall, to The Scary Little Things Curio Shop – More Armed Cultists:.....	433
Every Bad Guy Had a Gun – Despite Laws Against Having Them:	433
Into the Curio Shop – Evade the Cultists:	433
Deputy ‘Handled the Cultists’ in the Hallway – Crumpled, Bloodied Heaps:	433
Curio Shop – Mostly Tchotchkes, Trinkets, Crafts, Costumes, and Games:	434
Reclaiming collectibles from Scary Little Things Curio Shop, Adjoined to the Pub:	434
Golden Runed Wee Gee Board with Ruby and Blood Red Roses Peppered Across it:.....	434
Exited Through the Curio Shop Front Door:	434
Spray, Freeze, Bash, No Lock - Egressed:.....	434
Loot, Deeds, Hauls – Transferred to a New ‘Midnight Crusaders Trust’ for The Team.....	434
News Broadcast – Cult Covered Up Carnage Done to Them:	435
‘Encouraged’ to Leave Athlone To Let ‘The Heat’ Die Down – to Prague:.....	435
To Prague – to Reclaim the Flaming Dagger of Choice:	435
E076 Rick049 Pysch Assessment of the Church of Midnight Flashback 5.12.....	436
Seeing Patterns in The Story Narrative – Memories and Flashbacks:	437
Look into the Mirrors of Reality – and See Things as They Really Are:.....	437
Hyder’s Recap of the Adventure in the Church of Midnight:	437
Time to Continue My Story:	439
YOUTUBE AND RUMBLE CHANNELS:.....	440
BOOK 1: BECOMING RICK LIBERTY	441
BOOK 2: RICK LIBERTY AND BAEI GATES TO HELL	442
BOOK 3: RICK LIBERTY WANTED IN NEW YORK CITY OF DIS.....	443
BOOK 4: THE LIBERTY ZONE SHORT STORIES	444
BOOK 5: LIFE AND THE VIDEO GAME INDUSTRY	445
BOOK 6: THE TECH ZONE AND LIFE ADVENTURES	446

BOOK 7: ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE (AI) DEMYSTIFIED	447
BOOK 8: IT ONLY TAKES ONE CANDLE TO LIGHT THE WAY	448
BOOK 9: STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK LIBERTY	449
Teasers & Trailers – VIDEO Playlist:	450
The Story – as Rick Sees It (Splash).....	451
TABLE OF CONTENTS - Liberty – BOOK 1:	452



Becoming Rick Liberty, God's Champion

By Richard Seaborne