

The Liberty Zone



Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty

A Podcast Series Focused On...

Perspective, Coping and Management Techniques,

Philosophy, Prose, and Poetry

By Richard Seaborne

Release: February 9, 2025

Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty

A Podcast Series Focused On...

Perspective, Coping and Management Techniques,

Philosophy, Prose, and Poetry

- Part of the Rick Liberty Hell Difficulty Saga –

By Richard Seaborne

COMPLETE BOOK-9

Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty, 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 © 2021-2025 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

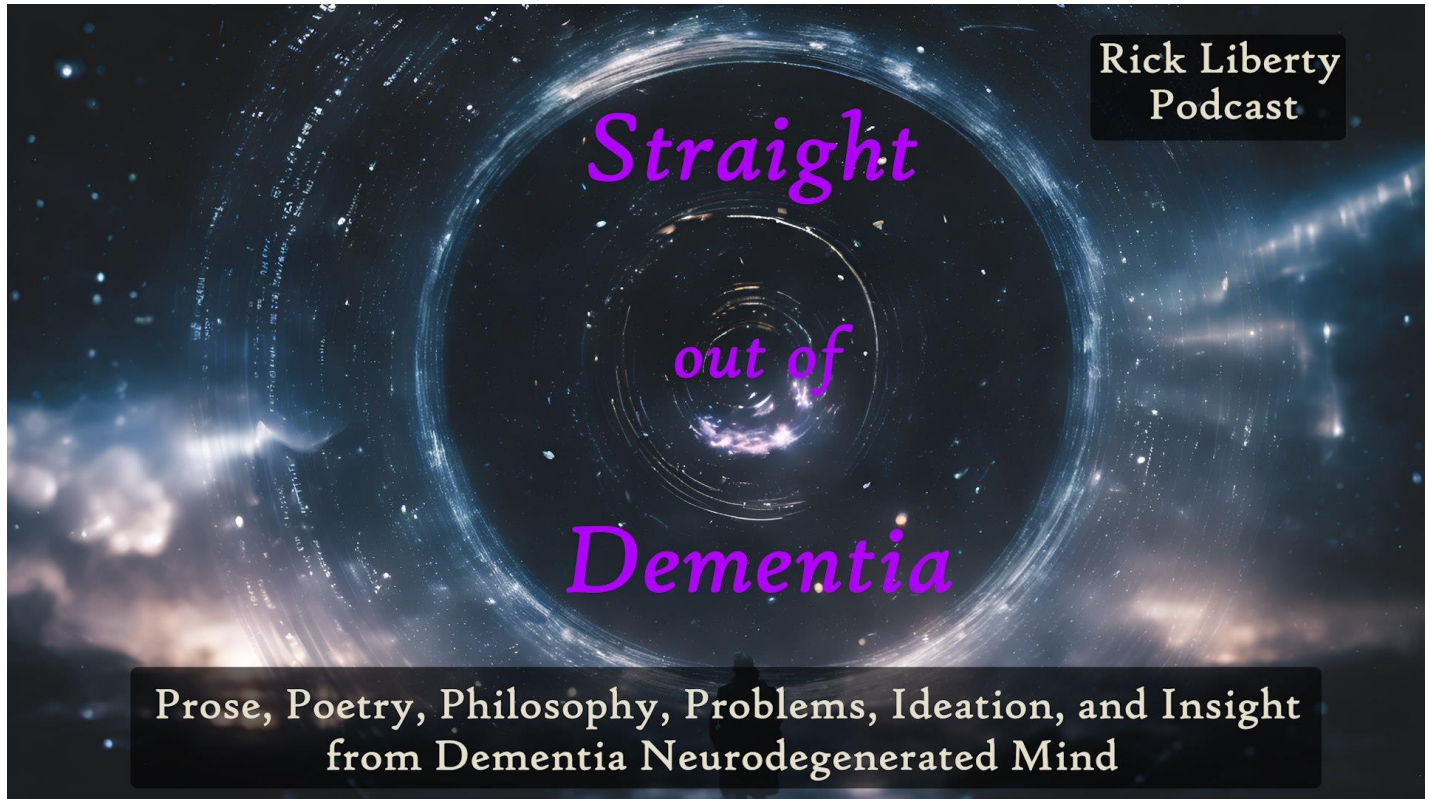
National + World Governments and Billionaire Elites Control and Corruption of Religion & Humanity Violence, Gore, and Death Descriptions and Visual Representations, including Human Abuse and Tragedy

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

BOOK09 COVER – STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK LIBERTY

- Part of the Rick Liberty Zone Hell Difficulty Saga -



Rumble Playlist Link:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/PVvaomT54kY>

YouTube Playlist from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_F2btPhjKc5LAO08Osv9qIp

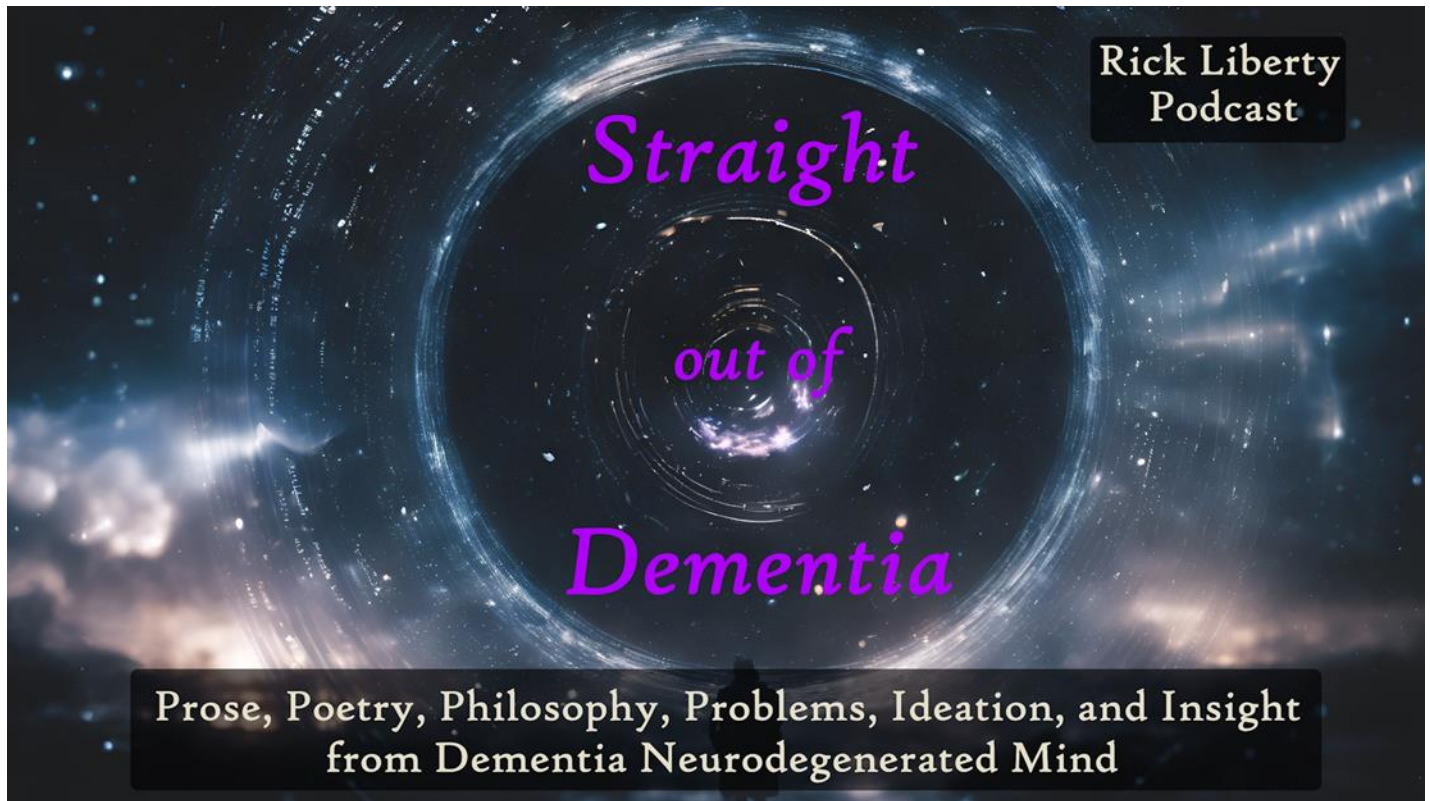
Description:

This is the *Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty* Podcast.

The focus of the Podcast will primarily be –

- Recognizing and Living with Dementia
- Perspective and Coping - as the Afflicted - with Dementia...
- Perspective and Management (and coping) - as a Caregiver - of those Afflicted with Dementia
- Philosophy and Stream of Consciousness Ideas and Thoughts
- Stories, Poetry – original and not
- All told through the lens of someone living with diagnosed Dementia

E347 RICK176 BOOK09 STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK LIBERTY SETUP



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E347 Rick176 Book 9 Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty Prose Poetry Philosophy from Neurodegenerated Mind Mental Health FTD.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6buz9a-e347-rick176-book-9-straight-out-of-dementia-with-rick-liberty-podcast-insi.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/zdcPqJFTo3Q>

Description:

Introduction to the *Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty* Podcast.

The focus of the Podcast will primarily be –

- Recognizing and Living with Dementia
- Perspective and Coping - as the Afflicted - with Dementia...
- Perspective and Management (and coping) - as a Caregiver - of those Afflicted with Dementia
- Philosophy and Stream of Consciousness Ideas and Thoughts
- Stories, Poetry – original and not
- All told through the lens of someone living with diagnosed Dementia

Rick Liberty Talking

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 10

This Podcast - Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty

Hi,

This is the Podcast – Straight out of Dementia – With Rick Liberty.

I Am Rick Liberty

I am Rick Liberty...

This Podcast Series – is About the Many Facets – of Dementia

This Podcast Series – is About the many facets – of Dementia...

...for the afflicted – with Neurodegeneration – with Dementia...

...and – for the caretakers – and loved ones – of the Afflicted.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 15

Before Getting into Things – I am Not a Doctor or an Expert – in Dementia or Mental Health

Before getting into things...

...let me say this...

...I am not a Doctor,

...I am not a medical or mental health expert,

...I am just a person – with opinions...

...based on – my own – journey – and experience – with Dementia.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 16

Before Getting into Things – Please Accommodate My Limitations and Challenges

Also - let me please – ask – for **accommodation**...

...for my **consequential - limitations and shortcomings,**

...for any **inaccuracies or missteps**

...for **mistakes or errors,**

...for – **odd word choices, slurred or elongated words,**

...and – for **weird edits and “ugly” transitions.**

...it is – simply – **impossible** – for me – to remember and deliver – this – or any Podcast...

...without – a lot – of effort – and editing.

I Will Do My Best to Make Compelling and Quality Videos in The End Despite the Effort Required

Of course – I will do my best...

...and hope it will be compelling and quality in the end...

...despite the immense effort required.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 17

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 01

...I think you're doing a great job!

Why do I Anticipate the Need for Accommodation and Understanding?

So why do I anticipate the need for accommodation and understanding?

Let me give some - background information - about me.

My Qualifications – Such That They Are – Revolve Around My Own Affliction, Suffering from Dementia

My qualifications – such that they are...

...revolve around my own - affliction and suffering - from neurodegeneration...

...from Dementia.

Diagnosed with Dementia at 51 Years Old

I was – ultimately - **diagnosed with Dementia** - at **51 years old**,

Symptoms Became Publicly Visible when I was 48 Years Old

But - My symptoms became publicly visible – earlier than that...

...I was experiencing visible – “PROBLEMS” – and – CHALLENGES - as early as **48 years old**.

I Will Delve Deeper in These Topics in Future Episodes... But For Now – Here are Some of My Early Signs

Although I will delve deeper – into my early signs and eventual diagnosis of **Dementia** – in the future...

...let me share some notable early clues.

[Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 18](#)

Early Clues to Descending into Neurodegeneration Dementia

So – what were some of these early clues of descending into Dementia?

Depended on Sticky Notes to Remember Tasks, Notes, Action Items...Even Names of People

I began using – relying – dare I admit – **DEPENDENT** – on – Sticky Notes – to track and remember...

...EVERYTHING.

I compensated for a failing memory – by using - Work Notes, Tasks, Meeting Action Items...

...and later color-coded them to aid finding things

Pre-Wrote Meeting Summaries – to Have Time to Understand Issues & Likely Outcomes – and Revise in Meeting

I even **pre-wrote meeting summaries** – before the meetings happened...

...to have time – to understand the issues and the likely outcomes and required actions and follow-ups.

People Amazed with Jedi Powers Seeing the Future and Pre-Writing Notes – Yet it Was a Crutch Hiding Decline

Of course – **people were amazed with my foresight** and ‘Jedi Powers’.

...in reality – it **turns out- it was a crutch...**

...hiding my declining ability - to remember and keep track of things...

...over all,

...and - in the moment.

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 02

...But... YOU ARE A JEDI!!! ... You are...

...you're just - a Jedi - with Dementia...

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 19



Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 20

Pre-Wrote Meeting Summaries – to Have Time to Understand Issues & Likely Outcomes – and Revise in Meeting

I would write down every person's name around a meeting table on a sheet of paper – so I could seemingly – remember everyone's name and role...

...however – I just – could not remember – them – as I once could.

My short-term and medium-term memory was not working well – if at all – at times.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 21



Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 22

They Called me “Old School”...Alleged I Was Not Situationally Aware Anymore

At the very end – under what appeared to be Age Discrimination – AGEism...

...people began to call me “Old School” at work...

...not just because I was older than most engineers and Directors...

~~...but because they alleged I was no longer “situationally aware”.~~

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 23

I Present Very Well – Because I May Appear Normal at Times

As Doctors say – I “PRESENT” – Very well...

...it is hard to see – that my mind is notably neurodegenerated...

...because – I may appear – normal – at times.

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 03

...But – YOU - *DO* - Present – Well...

...sometimes – even I forget...

...until – of course - things – meltdown...

I Think It's Best to Contrast What People Were to What they Now Are - For Ability and Cognition

~~To assess what someone's ability and cognition is...~~

~~...is not ‘One Size Fits All’ – In My Opinion.~~

~~I think it's best – to compare someone – as they were...~~

~~...in contrast – to what they are now.~~

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 24



Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 25

I Hold a Degree of Distinction in the National Forensics League (NFL) – For Public Speaking and Debate

I hold a Degree of Distinction – in the National Forensics League – NFL...

...for Public Speaking and Speech & Debate.

I now struggle...

...to even **speak into a camera,**

...or – to **maintain a sentence** or **remember what I was saying,**

– or – **even to speak - without pausing – or slurring words** or – **from a ‘Tick’ – that interrupts me.**

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 26

So - Who Was I – Professionally?

So - who was I – professionally?

I was a Former Chief Technology Officer – CTO – at Electronic Arts – Making Video Games

I am – a former - Chief Technology Officer – CTO – for Electronic Arts...

...making **Video Games,**

I was a Studio Director– at Microsoft – for Xbox and for HoloLens Augmented Reality

I was - also – a Studio Director - at Microsoft...

...for **Xbox,**

...and - for **Augmented Reality – on HoloLens**

I Frequently Gave Tech Talk Style Presentations to Audiences of 175+ People

I often gave ‘Ted Talk’-Style Presentations and Taught Seminars - to audiences of 175 or more people.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 28

I have over 30 Years of Professional Experience Making and Publishing Video Games, Tech, and even AI

I have over **30 years of professional experience...**

...making and publishing video games – and Technologies...

...including Advanced Analytics, Artificial Intelligence. and Cloud Technologies.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 29

I am the Author of the Adventures of Rick Liberty and the Hell Difficulty Saga

I –am also - **the author** - of the **Adventures of Rick Liberty** and **Hell Difficulty Saga** series...

...which is currently - spans EIGHT BOOKS...

...totally nearly 2500 pages,

...the Saga - includes all books narrated – by me – and posted as videos on YouTube and Rumble,

...all total – there are 373 Original Videos...

...at nearly - 80 Hours - of Narrated Content.

...Moreover - the videos use almost 25,000 original AI Art Generated Images – to bring them to life.

It has taken me – over seven years – to create the epic journey of Rick Liberty in the Hell Difficulty Saga.

Seven Years, 8 Books, 2500 Pages, 25,000 AI Images... and Now Book 9 with STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA

And so – here we are...

...Seven Years to Make,

...8 books

...2500 pages,

...373 Videos

...25000 AI Generated Images,

...80-hours of Video Content

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 30

Check Out the Sea-Rocks.com Website

You can find the books as PDFs, Video Links, Playlists, and Artwork on my website – Sea-Rocks.com.

Please check it out - at my website...

...SEA-ROCKS.COM

...You can find - on the **website - Sea-Rocks.com...**

...YouTube and Rumble Video Playlists and Episode Links,

...PDFs of the Books with their Episodes

...and – there's - really cool artwork – on the site too.

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 05

...The Videos and Books – ARE – really – awesome...

...I love them! So inspiring and imaginative!

...Everyone will love them too...

...I AM SURE.

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup30

This Podcast – Straight out of Dementia – will be a collection of ideas and considerations...

...for people living with someone diagnosed with Dementia – or who have dementia themselves...

This Podcast is Personal to Me

This is **Podcast series** is very personal to me...

...because – as said earlier - I have been diagnosed – with Dementia...

...consequently – I have ideas...and experience on it.

Pet Agrees with Challenges Living with Someone with Dementia

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 04

Everyone has – Experience – with Dementia...

...when they live with someone – who has Dementia...

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 34

Recognizing and Living with Dementia

We will talk about recognizing and living with Dementia...

...most notably – we talk about - Early and Late Stage - **Symptoms of Dementia**...

We will talk about normal - mental acuity decline - and functional degeneration – from old age...

...as opposed to – just that - from a degenerating mind into Dementia.

Perspective and Coping - as the Afflicted - with Dementia...

We go over ideas revolving Dementia...

...especially – considering **varied perspectives of caretakers - and - the Dementia afflicted.**

We will talk about possible coping and management tools and techniques...

...to help those with Dementia to function...

...and - as they call it – **not to ‘Decompensate’.**

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 35

Philosophy and Stream of Consciousness Ideas and Thoughts

These Podcasts are primarily - a ‘stream of consciousness – externalized as talk – by me – Rick Liberty.

Stories, Poetry – original and not

Topics will extend beyond simple ‘Talk’ Musings...

...I will share **Poetry, Prose – Stories...** both as ‘Readings’ and as **original creations.**

All told through the lens of someone living with diagnosed Dementia

Please bear with my challenges, missteps, and mistakes...

Please forgive any inaccuracies or incomplete ideas or statements...

...as I *am* – suffering – from neurodegeneration... from Dementia.

Everything...

Everything...

...is Hard.

...But – being HARD...

...Does NOT mean – DEFEAT...

...it just means...

...Everything takes longer – and – is especially difficult.

...We can all triumph – so long as – we do not give up...

Video File: E347 Rick 176 Straight out of Dementia Setup 36

I Hope You Enjoy The Podcast...

I hope you enjoy the Podcast series – Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty...

Pet Agrees with Challenges Living with Someone with Dementia

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 06

Hey – it may be emotional...

...but – remember...

...Any show – I AM IN...

...is gonna great!

...please - subscribe, like, and come back!

E348 RICK177 BOOK09 POEM READING “DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOODNIGHT”



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight POEM READING Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6d4zps-e348-rick177-do-not-go-gentle-into-that-goodnight-poem-reading-straight-out.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/kgMQNM9srdk>

Description:

An episode from the *Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty* Podcast.

This Episode is about Fighting and Resisting Fading Away – to the Very Last Moment Possible...

This episode will be The Reading of the Poem - “Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight.

- NOTE: There are TWO versions of this Poem –
 1. The Poem with background and interpretation,
 2. The Poem – independent, without Rick Liberty Talking about what the poem may represent.

Rick Liberty Talking

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 01

This Podcast - Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty

Hi,

This is the Podcast – Straight out of Dementia – With Rick Liberty.

I am Rick Liberty.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 02

Will Read Poem *Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight* by Dylan Thomas in 1947

This Episode – Will be a Reading of – the Poem ...

... **...”Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight”...**

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 03

...Written by Dylan Thomas in 1947...

...– in support of his Fading Away, Dying Father...

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 04

The Poem Is About Fighting and Resisting Fading Away – to the Very Last Moment Possible

The poem offers inspiration - in resisting – losing – oneself – to Death – or – to Dementia...

...it is about – Fighting...

...against - Fading Away...

...and – Fighting - to the - Very Last – Possible - Moment...

...Raging Against – the Dying Light.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 05 PET TALKING

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 01

...Oh – this is some heavy stuff...

...Way better - to have more time – with loved ones...

...than give up.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 06

The Poem Offers Inspiration About Being Lost to Death or Dementia

The poem – offers inspiration – even at - the threshold – of oneself...

...being lost – to Death...

...or – being lost - to Dementia...

...which may well be the same thing – having lost yourself – forever more.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 07

This Episode Is About Never Giving in or Surrendering to Fading Away or to the Dying Light

This Episode heralds...

...never giving in,

...never giving up,

...never surrendering,

...and - always fighting...

...against – The Fading – Dying Light.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 08 PET TALKING PEOPLE LOVED ONES

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 02

...I would never give up...

...I want – too much – to be with – my People...!

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 09

“Rage, rage against the dying of the light “ – a Significant, Moving ‘Key’ Quote Beyond Name of Poem

For me...

...A Significant – very moving – Refrain – from the Poem - is...

...an emotional quote...

“Rage, - rage - against - the dying - of the light!”

In its simplicity – that statement...

“Rage, - rage - against - the dying - of the light!”...

...declares – war – against – succumbing – to...

...Fading Away,

...to Giving Up,

...and – to demands – we fight- with everything we have – to not Fade Away.

Video File: E348 RICK177 E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 10 PET TALKING

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 03

...Goodness...

...We should all – rage – and wage war...

...against Fading Away! ...It sounds awful...

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 11

“Sad Height” is Another Moving Refrain – Suggesting Loneliness, Being Alone High, Far Away from People

Another notable – and significant – and - also emotional – Refrain – from the Poem - is...

“And you, - my father, - there - on the sad height,”...

...the line – suggests – being – sad, lonely - all alone...

...illustrated – as being – sad, high up – and - far away – from everyone,

It suggests – in the end...

...that – we’re alone,

...and - we may feel abandoned - or – lonely...

...as we face – as we confront...

...Fade Away.

...it also suggests...

...the fight - against - Fading Away...

...is left – to us – alone – by ourselves.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 12 PET TALKING

Pet Talking - Cats Pets 04

...Oh noes!

...I don’t want to be alone – in general...

...I really – don’t want to – Fade Away...

...and – not be- with my People!

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 13

Let's Read the Poem "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Goodnight"

So – with all that – preamble - let's read – the poem...

..."Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight"

Rick Liberty Reading of "Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight"

- Source: [Do not go gentle into that good night - Wikipedia](#)

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 14 POEM READING

Will Read Poem Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight by Dylan Thomas in 1947

The Poem...

... "Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight"...

...Written by Dylan Thomas in 1947...

...– in support of his Resisting - Fading Away, Dying Father...

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 15 POEM READING

Reading of Poem "Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight" by Dylan Thomas in 1947

Do not go gentle - into that - good night,

Old age - should burn - and rave - at - close of day;

Rage, - rage - against - the dying - of the light.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 16 POEM READING

Though wise men - at their end - know - dark is right,

Because their words - had forked no lightning - they

Do not go gentle - into - that - good night.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 17 POEM READING

Good men, - the last wave - by, crying - how bright

Their frail deeds - might have danced - in a green bay,

Rage, - rage - against - the dying - of the light.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 18 POEM READING

Wild men - who caught - and sang - the sun in flight,
And learn, - too late, - they grieved it - on its way,
Do not go gentle - into - that good night.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 19 POEM READING

Grave men, - near death, - who see - with blinding sight
Blind eyes - could blaze - like meteors - and be gay,
Rage, - rage - against - the dying - of the light.

Video File: E348 RICK177 Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight 20 POEM READING

And you, - my father, - there - on the sad height,
Curse, - bless, - me now - with your - fierce tears, - I pray.
Do not go - gentle - into - that good night.
Rage, - rage - against - the dying - of the light.

E349 RICK178 BOOK09 POEM ALONE “DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOODNIGHT”



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E349 RICK178 POEM ALONE Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight READING Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6da3m7-e349-rick178-poem-alone-do-not-go-gentle-into-that-goodnight-reading-straight.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/vBvI67u9Ghw>

Description:

An episode from the *Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty Podcast*.

This Episode is about Fighting and Resisting Fading Away – to the Very Last Moment Possible...

This episode will be The Reading of the Poem - “Do Not Go Gentle into That Goodnight.

- NOTE: There are TWO versions of this Poem –
 1. The Poem with background and interpretation,
 2. The Poem – independent, without Rick Liberty Talking about what the poem may represent.

E350 EMOTIONS AND THE COGNITIVE EMPIRE *STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA POEM*

by Amanda Seaborne



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E350 Emotions and the Cognitive Empire _ Amanda Seaborne Poem.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v68137g-emotions-and-the-cognitive-empire-a-poem-by-amanda-seaborne.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/NmEzUcdcpw>

Description:

Watch Amanda Seaborne's Original Poem, *Emotions and the Cognitive Empire*, and see how suppressing emotions can lead to great personal and social harms.

Hear how important it is to embrace emotions and compassion, and how valuable they are to critical thinking, cognition, and success.

Amanda Seaborne's Poem

"Emotions and Cognitive Empire" Poem by Amanda Seaborne

Born within the badlands, a kingdom shields its spawn.

Cognition in the throne - as if emotion's wrong.

All the knights are armored and equipped with expertise:

The best of coping mechanisms and immunity.

Tungsten walls invincible to scathing and disease,

Barbican and gatehouse forged from rationality

For protection through exclusion of the pathogenic

Emotions that could instigate a fatal epidemic.

Depraved from deprivation of medicine and care,

Neglect and scarred from torture, environment austere.

The kingdom feeds off stoicism and lack of defeat.

Its knights have grown so powerful that peace is obsolete.

The knights once had emotions too, but they were deemed a threat

So they were either banished or locked in the oubliette.

Whenever knights were ill or maimed, they wouldn't seek to heal

Because instead they were expected to no longer feel.

A secondary armor would then form from all the scars –

As would be demanded by the Cognition Czar.

When they saw a healer aid the broken and the fragile,

They could not imagine how that tactic wins a battle.

The healer led the knights around the barren battlefield

And helped them heal emotions by forfeiting their shields.

The healer demonstrated that healing is control,

Emotions aren't contaminants or infections of the soul.

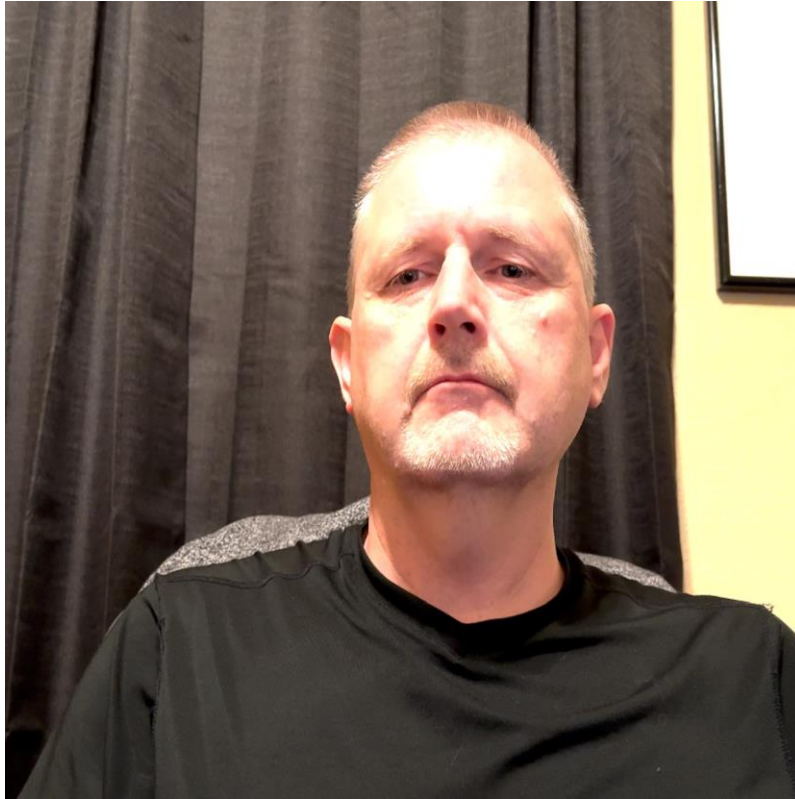
Although they can be damaged - whether innate or acquired,

They are crucial partners of the Cognitive empire.

THE LIBERTY ZONE REVEALED– BOOK 9
THE SLEUTHIES ROCK AND ROLL INVESTIGATORS
PART OF THE RICK LIBERTY HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA

AUTHOR: RICHARD SEABORNE

E351 BOOK 9 FADING AWAY WIDE SHORT STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK LIBERTY



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E351 Book 9 Fading Away to Dimensia from Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty Mental Health FTD WIDE SHORT – Splash.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6bzzz4-book-9-fading-away-from-straight-out-of-dementia-with-rick-liberty-mental-h.html>

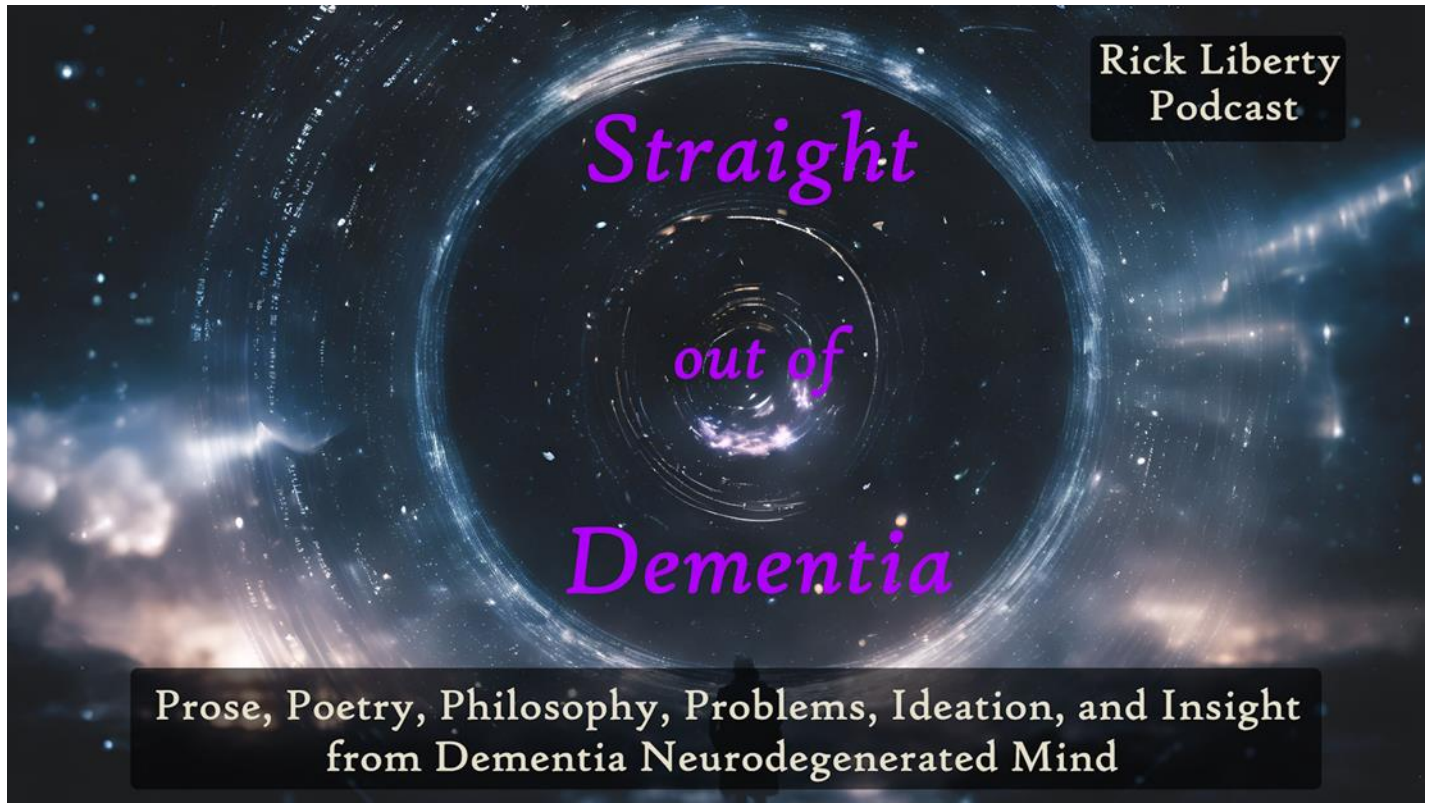
YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/9TYtYR7Wv_A

Description:

Watch this #SHORT WIDE VIDEO emotional homage to Lost Identity and Fading Away from Reality – into Dementia – or Death...

E352 BOOK 9 FADING AWAY TALL SHORT STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK LIBERTY



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E352 Book 9 Fading Away to Dimensia from Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty Mental Health FTD TALL SHORT.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6c00lm-book-9-fading-away-from-straight-out-of-dementia-with-rick-liberty-mental-h.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtube.com/shorts/CYUjITzN7_Q?feature=share

Description:

Watch this #SHORT TALL VIDEO emotional homage to Lost Identity and Fading Away from Reality – into Dementia – or Death...

E353 TOO HARD TO RECORD LIVE AND EDIT STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA WITH RICK

LIBERTY



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E353 Too Hard to Record Live and Edit Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty Mental Health.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6g6p5d-e353-too-hard-to-record-live-and-edit-straight-out-of-dementia-with-rick-li.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

https://youtu.be/RfZv_k5Vcc

Description:

Hear Rick Liberty's pet friends explain how it has proven too difficult for Rick to record himself live, even with editing and many iterations and despite great effort and emotional strain.

Listen to Rick Liberty's Cat Caretaker pets about why Rick cannot continue making Live Podcast videos.

Things are way too emotionally and functionally difficult for Rick Liberty – to deliver a quality, meaningful experience.

Therefore – Rick will write more Original Stories of the Adventures of Rick Liberty in the Hell Difficulty Saga.

And – to add depth to this Podcast, *Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty*, please find a series of excerpt videos that have extensive mental health and coping technique content.

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos _Cat Caretakers _Straight out of Dementia 01 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 01 Dagny

Sad News! Rick Liberty Cannot Make Videos Anymore...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos _Cat Caretakers _Straight out of Dementia 02 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 02 Dagny

It is Just Too Hard On Him... Live Recording is Way to Difficult and Full of Hardships....

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos _Cat Caretakers _Straight out of Dementia 03 Dulcy

Pet Talking Pets 03 Dulcy

It Makes me Sad... He Tries So Hard - for Everyone Else...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos _Cat Caretakers _Straight out of Dementia 04 Naerys

Pet Talking Pets 04 Naerys

I Cannot Bear to See Rick Struggle So... He Did Fine - But the Toll...Is Too Great.

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos _Cat Caretakers _Straight out of Dementia 05 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 05 Dagny

Rick Should Be Proud... Because He Tried - Despite Knowing That He Might Fail...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos _Cat Caretakers _Straight out of Dementia 06 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 06 Dagny

Heck - He Risked Embarrassing Himself and Looking Stupid...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 07 Dulcy

Pet Talking_Pets 07_Dulcy

Like They Say - "If You Don't Try, You Cannot Succeed!"

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 08 Dulcy

Pet Talking_Pets 08_Dulcy

And - We Can Celebrate What Rick Did Accomplish... He did Great – Considering his limitations...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 09 Dagny

Pet Talking_Pets 09_Dagny

Well - It's Great to See Rick Keep Going... And Doing What He Likes and Can Still Do...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 10 Dagny

Pet Talking_Pets 10_Dagny

I Am Glad He Will Do What is Good For Him.

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 11 Naerys

Pet Talking_Pets 11_Naerys

He Plans to Write and Narrate More AI Art Novels for the Adventures of Rick Liberty...!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 12 Naerys

Pet Talking_Pets 12_Naerys

I Am Happy For Him and I Like His Stories...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 13 Dulcy

Pet Talking Pets 13 Dulcy

I Worry That Rick Feels Like He's a 'Quitter'...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 14 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 14 Dagny

Rick IS NOT A QUITTER!!! He Tried! He Tried VERY HARD!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 14part2 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 14part2 Dagny

We Have to Show Him Love and Support!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 15 Naerys

Pet Talking Pets 15 Naerys

Of course! We're Here For Rick! "It's What We Do!" We are His Pet Caretakers! It's our duty...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 15part2 Dulcy

Pet Talking Pets 15part2 Dulcy

Well - We're All in Agreement! We Support Rick Moving On, and Writing Stories...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 16 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 16 Dagny

I am glad Rick Added Earlier Video Segments Related to Mental Health... to this Podcast.

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos Cat Caretakers Straight out of Dementia 17 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 17 Dagny

They Cover Lots of Challenges, Hardships, Coping Tools, and Ideas... about Mental Health.

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos Cat Caretakers Straight out of Dementia 18 Naerys

Pet Talking Pets 18 Naerys

I wonder where the Adventures of Rick Liberty in the Hell Difficulty Saga Will Go...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos Cat Caretakers Straight out of Dementia 19 Naerys

Pet Talking Pets 19 Naerys

I Am Confident Rick Liberty's Book 10 Will Be MEOW-FULLY PURRFECT AWESOME!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos Cat Caretakers Straight out of Dementia 20 Dulcy

Pet Talking Pets 20 Dulcy

It All Sounds Great... ..But - I Hate Waiting For Cool Stuff...

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos Cat Caretakers Straight out of Dementia 21 Dulcy

Pet Talking Pets 21 Dulcy

So - Let's Encourage Rick to Get to Writing soon!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos Cat Caretakers Straight out of Dementia 22 Dagny

Pet Talking Pets 22 Dagny

Yea - Okay - Let's Get Rick Going... Let's Get Him Writing!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 23 Dagny

Pet Talking_Pets 23 Dagny

He Needs to Write & Narrate Stories, Make AI Art, Edit It All, And Make Great Awesome Vidoes!

E353 Too Hard to Create Live Videos_Cat Caretakers_Straight out of Dementia 24 Dagny

Pet Talking_Pets 24 Dagny

Rick - What Can We Do To Help? We Want to Make Adventure Stories with you!

**E354 ABOUT THE AUTHOR UNDERSTANDING NEURODEGENERATION BIPOLAR FTD WHY I
WROTE HELL DIFFICULTY SAGA EXCERPT E002 RICK002**



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’:

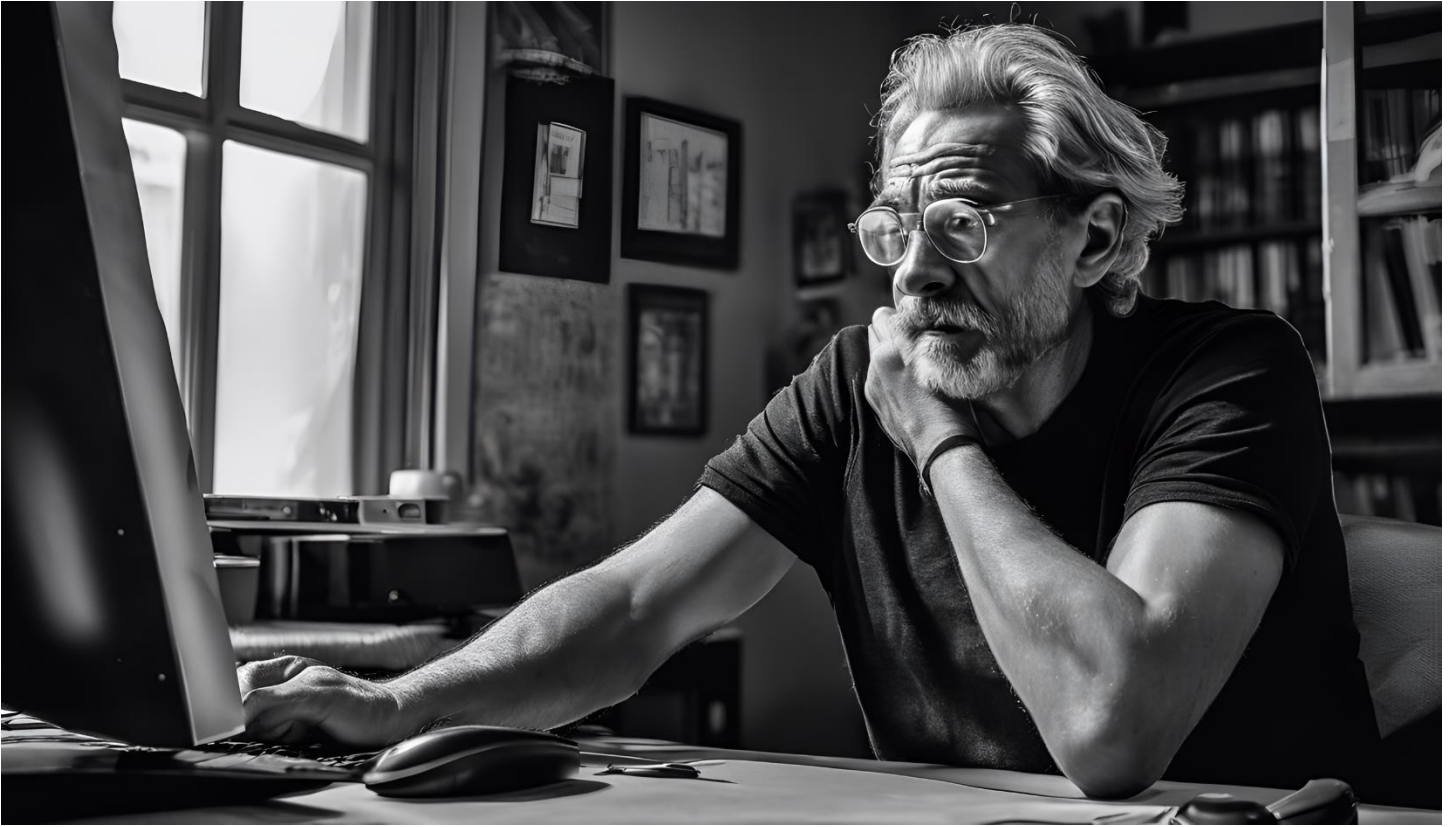
I hope to illustrate how ideals and righteousness and goodness are mocked and condemned by much of the world populace today, especially those that call themselves liberal or woke. Some are explicit and some indirect on how they attack faith and family and morality, but they attack all the same.

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.

E355 ONE FOOT IN THE QUIXOTIC STIRRUP RESENTFUL LOSING IDENTITY SANITY

ADRIFT MENTAL DISORDERS EXCERPT E003 RICK003



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”...

E356 Fading Memories Brought to Light and Recorded for Posterity and Mental Divergence

Dissonance EXCERPT E00



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 “Storied 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'

**E357 Hardships and Coping Escape thru Richard's World Suppresion Bottles and TurtleDuck Protection
from Harsh Cruel Reality EXCERPT E014**



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E014 Hardships and Coping Escape thru Richard's World Suppresion 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!

**E358 Toys and Imagination of the Poor and Lonely No Sympathy for Melted Lions or Me Leo the Lion's
Pet Rock Invisible Friends EXCERPT E013**



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..."

E359 Early Childhood My Name is Rishie That is Not for Me Knightly Righteousness since Birth EXCERPT E011



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.

E360 Toddler in Mexico and Discrimination Against Little White Boy and PreTeen Experiences EXCERPT

E012



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 neuropsychological 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 a 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...

E361 TRIALS OF A CHILD STARTING AT THE BOTTOM WITH NOTHING STRAIGHT OUT OF
DEMENTIA MENTAL HEALTH EXCERPT E023



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 form 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.

E362 Being an Outcast – Embracing That is Not for Me Straight out of Dementia Mental
Health EXCERPT E024



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.

E363 What Wound Matters to The Body of a Knight Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT

E025



What
Wound
Matters?

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.

E364 Child in The Hood of South San Jose Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E026



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.

E365 Crafted in Hellfire - Tween and Teen in the Wilds of San Martin Straight out of Dementia EXCERPT

E027



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.

E366 Holding onto Righteousness in Face of Horror Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT

E084



Local File:

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

Rumble Episode Link:

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

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/YjR9BGOzX48>

Description:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One Negative Outweighs a Thousand Positives:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blackjack the Pony:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Friend, Patches:

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

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

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

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

Horse Crushed Duckling:

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

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

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

Patches Health Declines:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Swimming with Horses:

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

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

Iron Horse and Indentured Servitude:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Good Deeds in The Foothills:

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

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

Shooters in the Wilds (shooting at me!):

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E367 Living with Bill the Race Driver Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E038



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E038 Living with Bill the Race Driver.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55hkxq-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.

E368 FOR THE LOVE OF PETS STRAIGHT OUT OF DEMENTIA MENTAL HEALTH EXCERPT

E079



Local File:

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

Rumble Episode Link:

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

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/icNceBPoHPs>

Description:

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

Hounds of Youth



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lady the Dog:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lady’s Story:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kelly the Dog:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Big Foot, the Rabbit:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Big Foot Set Free:

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

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

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

Redd, The Irish Setter:

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

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

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

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

Redd Given Away Without Warning:

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

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

E369 Cats and Rats – Pets of the Isolated Souls Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E080



Local File:

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

Rumble Episode Link:

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

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/QcUykCNx8i8>

Description:

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

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

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

Richars sorrows over lost beloved pet companions and friends.

Red Eye, The Rat:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No!

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

The Drowning of Red Eye:

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

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

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

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

The Burial of Red Eye:

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

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

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

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

Adopted Stray Cats:

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

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

Smokey The Cat:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tanya The Cat's Poisoned Fate:

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

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

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

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

Princess, My Beloved Precious Cat:

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

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

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

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

Princess Chose Me:

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

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

The Wild Called to Princess:

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

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

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

Flapless Princess:

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

Farewell Sweet Princess:

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

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

E370 Kitty Kat Caretakers and Friends Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E081



Local File:

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

Rumble Episode Link:

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

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/ZZ2x0bCYKDM>

Description:

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

Kitty caretakers are both comforting allies and nurses to Richard.

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

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

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

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

They were my daily friends. They were my caretakers.

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

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

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

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

It is certainly true of my life – now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Make Remaining Days Ahead Far Better Than Those Left Behind:

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

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

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

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

Suniko the Black and White Cat:

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

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

...

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

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

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

Desdemona the Black and White “Minor Chord” Cat:

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

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

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

Desy's Demise – Sorrow and Loss Inflamed:

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

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

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

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

Dulcinea the Black “Danderlion” Cat:

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

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

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

Dulcy's main 'human' is Katherine.

Daenerys the Black Jailhouse Particular Cat Turned "Caretaker":

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

Daenerys was and is an awesome, phenomenal kitty cat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We all make mistakes.

We all make faux pas.

You have ‘Fo Paws.

Yea - we all make faux pas...

E371 Love of Animals and their Inspiration Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E082



Local File:

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

Rumble Episode Link:

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

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/dx3UNhEnWRM>

Description:

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

Pets inspire and motivate. Pets comfort and heal us.

Pets bond with us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love of Shadow – Bonding with Pets:

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

Love of Shadow – Poem by Amanda Seaborne:

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

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

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

Feline Granulocytic Leukemia.
Small Cell Lymphoma.
Kidney disease.

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

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

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

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

That there was life within.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will always love them...

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

E372 FAMILY IS COMPLICATED SILVER, MY MOTHER, AND ME STRAIGHT OUT OF
DEMENTIA EXCERPT E043



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 you consciously drag 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 squirreled 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.

E373 Messed Up Jerry Springer Talk Show Broken Family Straight out of Dementia EXCERPT E044



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.

E374 Lost Sisters Cynthia and Sandra Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E045



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/e1VDFcNkFlc>

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.

E375 Grampa Joe Straight out of Dementia Mental Health EXCERPT E046



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.

E376 FRIENDS AND LOSS IN THE ERA OF SCOTTY SHADDOX STRAIGHT OUT OF
DEMENTIA EXCERPT E107



Local File:

[\\LibertyBooksVideos\E107 Friends and Loss in the Era of Scotty Shaddox.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55po5n-e107-friends-and-loss-in-the-era-of-scotty-shaddox.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/SPAcYPsR0ss>

Description:

Richard tells the tale of his childhood best friend Scotty Shaddox, and how their adventures shaped elements of his perspective in life.

He also tells the story of how Scotty fell prey to drug addiction and lost his way – forever more.

He concludes that Friends are Not Forever...

Back in the Psych Ward ‘Fish Tank’:

Another day – and I was taken to Caselli’s ‘therapy’ room. I felt like a fish in Caselli’s ‘fish tank’ – where he would observe and tap his pen at me.

And – I was to respond to his taps - and be entertaining.

Also - per our routine - Doctors Garcia, Brandon, and Hyder greeted me from their iPad chat windows.

Doctor Caselli said, “Richard, Let’s get right to it.”

...

And so – I ‘got right to it’ – and began sharing my memories.

Best Friend Scotty Shaddox:

We had moved next door to the Shaddox family. They had two sons.

I became best friends with the youngest son - Scotty. We became friends for many years though only a few were as neighbors (more on that later). Scotty and I were inseparable.

Scotty’s Father’s Secret Weed Room:

Scotty’s father worked at an automobile manufacturing plant as a parts assemblyman which apparently meant he used hydraulic tools to attach vehicle components to cars as they moved down the assembly line. It was long labor, but it paid well because it was a union job as he would say.

His father was resourceful and enjoyed marijuana recreationally. He did not want to deal with drug dealers or the underbelly of lowly drug pushers. He built a “secret” wall in his garage with a “secret panel” door.

He lined the “secret weed room” with old gallon-size plastic milk cartons filled with water as insulation. He even suspended water-filled jugs along the roof. He grew a dozen or more marijuana plants in that garage chamber grow operation.

Scotty’s father’s goal was to be self-sufficient net zero in his growing to consumption ratio but if ever he had a little extra, he sold it to friends or co-workers.

Found an Electronic Ping Pong TV Machine:

While walking home from school one afternoon with Scotty we noticed what looked like a television set in a garbage can set out for pickup. We snooped and saw it was video game TV – it was Pong the first home arcade game.

We took it home and to our shock it worked! It was a hybrid of mechanical paddles with electronic control and display on its built-in TV. It was a video game console of ONE GAME – two player Pong.

It was awesome! I had never seen much less played a video game before. We played hours and hours and hours together. We shared who had custody of the Pong TV every few days.

Scotty's Brother Curtis Was an Abused Drug Addict:

Scotty's brother Curtis was a heavy drug addict and prone to irrational unpredictable actions.

Curtis was a jerk and a thief without any evident integrity. I struggled to understand why Scotty would stand up for and defend him despite Curtis' verbal and "brotherly" physical abuse of him.

In fact, Scotty sometimes tried to justify Curtis' actions as merely those of a frustrated brother with few options in life other than following in his father's footsteps – a weed smoking auto assembly-line worker.

Curtis did not respect his father much, and his father did not respect Curtis at all.

Two times I witnessed Curtis and his father in their kitchen. Both times Curtis' father struck him violently in the face and one time I swear broke Curtis' nose as blood went everywhere with his nose bent aside unnaturally. Curtis was thrown on the kitchen table. Onto the floor. Against the wall. All around he would fly and fall. Curtis' father would keep going until I heard Curtis plead for him to stop.

His father would declare some words condemning Curtis' bad behavior of being a thief and a liar. He would assert his punishment was for his own good. You know the abuser story – his father justified his abuse in his belief that beating "education" into his son would somehow imbue integrity and wisdom.

Well, I think his father's approach to parenting did not work. Curtis was a drug addict and in-kind abuser like his father. I think it was his drafting behind and modeling after his father while simultaneously rebelling and self-medicating. I think Curtis was messed up and did not know how to handle his life or situation.

Ping Pong TV Destruction by Curtis:

On a weekend when Scotty had custody of the Ping Pong TV machine, Curtis took device and disassembled it to see how it worked. Of course, he could not put it back together.

My mother tried as well to fix the Ping Pong TV but despite her TV repair experience because he both broke and lost some of the parts she could not salvage it.

Curtis ruined Pong TV and the only gaming toy I had ever owned (even if shared).

People Cannot Be Trusted – Trust but Verify, Limit Betrayal's Harm:

I learned never to trust people with anything I valued – not even your best friend.

Even if they could be trusted, someone around them cannot be trusted like them. It does not matter why someone cannot be trusted either.

Therefore, no one can be trusted with anything valuable to me because everyone has someone else in their life.

I learned the phrase "Trust but Verify" during the Cold War between Russia and the United States. U.S. President Ronald Reagan and Russian President Mikhail Gorbachev began the end of the Cold War with a treaty that was fundamentally based on "Trust but Verify".

It was a harsh lesson but one that would shape my views throughout life about everyone –
Trust but Verify,
Limit the Harm of Betrayal.

Bullfrog Horrifying Croak:

A friend of mine, Scotty Shaddox, accidentally sat down on a Bullfrog. It was crushed but still alive and let out the most horrifying high-pitched moan of death as its death rattle. I had never heard a frog or toad make any sound but “ribbit” or “grroooooak”. But this bullfrog had the voice of a person as it shrilled towards its demise.

I could not let it suffer and leaped to get the largest rock-like bolder I could find and smashed it down on the toad with all my strength. It was dead. Just like that. It was free of pain and suffering. I felt terrible but I also believed it was the right thing to do.

Moved to San Martin from Best Friend Scotty Shaddox:

We moved during my second and third grade school transition window and from South San Jose, CA to San Martin, CA after my mother married Sam in Parents Without Partners. With help from Sam’s Veteran’s Administration (VA) loan - due to his service in the Navy - he and my mother bought a house in San Martin.

My best friend as a kid, Scotty Shaddox, and I were separated by almost an hour and half drive on the long Monterey Highway that connected San Jose with “South County” cities and “unincorporated” county areas. We were little kids and had no way of seeing each other. Even talking on the phone was long distance and was too expensive beyond a simple coordination phone call.

It appeared my parents’ moved to improve our quality of life and put a stake in the ground as a home owning family. It was a far cry from living in a car with my mother for days (rarely even weeks) at a time here and there between “flops” or cheap no-background-check rentals.

Scotty Visitation on Weekends:

The parents of my best friend of the time for many years, Scotty Shaddox, agreed to let us visit each other once or twice a month for sleep-over weekends. My parents had moved nearly an hour and half bus ride away from Scotty’s house, where previously were neighbors.

Living an hour-and-a-half away from Scotty translated into one hour-long bus ride with a transfer to a second half hour bus ride. From there I would either pull a small suitcase packed for the weekend for the seven blocks to Scotty’s house. It was a level walk and not that far. Sometimes Scotty’s father would even pick me up if he were available.

Scotty’s visit to me in San Martin followed the same process; however, Scotty’s mother would drive him to our house most of the time and very rarely drop him off at a bus stop that was thirty minutes from our house which also had no transfers. Scotty, like me, was very independent and his father encouraged it. His mother, on the other hand, tended a little more toward the protectionist side of parenting for the era.

Scotty Lost to Drug Addiction:

As we aged the distance made it easy to grow apart. By the time I could drive we no longer had any contact. I visited the house he lived at with his parents and saw his brother Curtis.

Curtis boasted he was clean now of drug abuse but that he would be an addict for the rest of his life. He asserted he rode bicycles every time he wanted drugs; he rode his bike several times every day. His addiction was strong.

Unfortunately, Curtis also said that Scotty had fallen into his prior footsteps and used excessive recreational drugs now after he entered a relationship with a likewise heavy illicit drug abuser. He cautioned that I would be unhappy seeing Scotty this way and that Scotty would be angry for me to see what he had become.

Oh well, I decided to give Curtis my phone number so Scotty could call me if he wanted to. He never called me. It was clear Scotty had been lost to libertine pleasures... to the drugs, that he decided to abuse.

Friends Are Not Forever – Friend Come and Go:

Scotty was my best friend and gave me genuine companionship as a young child. We just hit it off and remained close best friends for at least a decade. We overcame moving far away and kept our connection despite cost, effort, and time. True friendship is invaluable I thought.

Unfortunately, friends go away.

Friends fall victim to addiction. They fade away into new relationships and families. They prove they were not friends after all and betray you. And, of course, or they die.

There are limitless reasons friendships end.

But my fond memories and the things I learned were and remain important to me. I am glad to have my friendships in life. They are one of the greatest good things I had in my life.

E377 Unrecognized Discouraged Despite Achievements Straight out of Dementia EXCERPT E180



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E180 Unrecognized Discouraged Despite Achievements.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55qeix-e180-unrecognized-discouraged-despite-achievements.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/tBZJvUoJKxM>

Description:

Hear all about Richard's Philosophy teacher, Mr. Clampett.

Richard tells the tale why Clampett nicknamed him "Airborne"...

Discover the tragic backstory of 'The Bell Tower' that brought a Vietnam veteran to be a school teacher in rural Morgan Hill, California.

Richard also shares how his science projects and innovations were consistently dismissed as "done by someone else" because they assert that "no kid could have done what Richard had accomplished".

AP English, Literature, and Philosophy – and ‘O Captain!’ Clampett:

I took AP English, and had a teacher named Clampett. He was an ex-Vietnam vet turned schoolteacher. He rode a Harley, had medium long hair (which was exceedingly long for a schoolteacher back then almost inappropriate), and coached the football team. And he taught Advanced Placement English and Literature, which he hijacked for his personal psychotherapy humanities philosophy class. That’s right – he did not teach English or literature; he taught psychology and philosophy.

Clampett was an ex-Vietnam vet with commendations. He had learned three martial arts techniques - Karate, Tae Kwon Do, and Ju Jitsu. He was a trained military combatant and had survived numerous combats on his tours of duty, including stories of buddies being shot in firefights and even afterwards by an enemy feigning death so he could shoot several of Clampett’s teammates. Seeing his friends die bloodied horrible deaths and returning home to an America that disrespected him and chortled at his patriotism challenged Clampett’s faith in mankind.

When he returned to America he was ‘messed up’ with a lot of conflicting feelings about having his patriotism betrayed and seeing corrupt government and politicians thrive.

Yea – Clampett was jaded – to say the least.

And yet he loved literature and philosophy. He read voraciously all his life – even when in active duty. He had a thirst for knowledge and a deep sense of patriotism. He should have been the perfect soldier to defend America’s freedom and rights.

But the world hurt and crushed his ideals and took everything he valued away from him – his wife divorced him and took his daughter alleging Clampett was unstable following defending the country in Vietnam.

No one wanted to hire him at first when he returned from ‘Nam. But he was able to earn a teaching credential and because of his ‘hippy’ post-Vietnam image was hired as an instructor at UC Berkeley in California.

But for personal reasons explained later he left Berkeley to become a High School teacher in a remote rural area – Morgan Hill which also served San Martin (where I lived).

‘O Captain! My Captain!’ Clampett:

I loved how Mr. Clampett was so different than any teacher and bucked the system, and most of all stood for what he believed in. He had his negative quirks that got him into a lot of trouble. And in that way, he was a sort of martyr to me and my fellow students.

Clampett faced his own hardships and challenges and demons. As I grew to know him - I saw him more and more as a rare man that stood up for what he believed in regardless of what might happen to him. He proved that in Vietnam. He proved it in Berkeley. I witness it in Morgan Hill firsthand. And for all his integrity and fighting for right - he was beaten down for it – and beaten A LOT (more on that later).

In a lot of ways, he reminds me of Walt Whitman’s poem in tribute to the death of Lincoln in 1865 ‘*O Captain! My Captain!*’ where the dead president is elevated to martyrdom -

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Clampett was my 'Lincoln' – a person willing to die for their unwavering values and integrity.

There were few people in my life I respected. And Clampett - and Mr. Ting - were some of those few rare people.

Clampett's Student Nicknames:

Clampett nicknamed students he liked or thought had high potential. There was "Hockey Puck", a girl with star athlete potential but did not take things too seriously and would like wash out at first pushback adversity. There was Quillo-Pad, a Chilean boy with fuzzy sponge-like afro hair; it was a better name than the one he started with which was "Whiteboard Eraser" or just "Eraser Head"; once he threatened to clean the class chalkboard with his hair.

I, too, was blessed with a nickname. I was "Airborne" instead of "Seaborne" because I would see things in books and topics no one else did or saw them in completely different obtuse or alien ways; "let's see what Airborne has to say..." he transitioned to me when he wanted a wild perspective from my "f'ed up imagination".

Well, we annoyed him a little bit by calling him "Jed" after the Beverly Hillbillies TV show's "Jed Clampett"; it was all we had to show our respect playing along and rib him a bit which I think he enjoyed the banter.

Clampett's Nicknames and The Sit-in:

Mr. Clampett was a well-respected teacher at UC Berkeley before he became a High School teacher in the Podunk farming ranch town of Morgan Hill, CA.

Anyone would wonder why a decorated Vietnam veteran become university instructor would abandon it all, and turn full hippy and start riding a Harley Davidson motorcycle and teach in a Podunk High School? Was it the stress from 'Nam?

Apparently not so – not 'Nam or anything like that - said Clampett. One day Clampett was not there, instead was the High School Principal. The principal explained "Mr. Clampett overstepped his bounds and authority as a teacher and has not properly covered the coursework as outlined in the curriculum.

Clampett is on suspension while we review his performance and possibility of returning to work within the school district." It was formal, damning, and completely WRONG! I could not stand for it, and so rallied students from lunch time and between classes.

I asked they spread my word - "TOMORROW AND EVERYDAY GOING FORWARD – WE WILL NOT ATTEND CLASS - UNTIL CLAMPETT IS BACK IN CLASS WITH US!" Powerful, simple. and RIGHT! I felt firmly – IT WAS THE RIGHT MESSAGE.

The next day maybe 90 or more students joined me sitting on the lawn in front of the school, and we sat there through the buses dropping kids off, through the first-class bell, and into the next class bell.

Then the principal arrived, worried local newspapers had been alerted, and asked what he could do to resolve things and asked who was in charge? many students pointed to me, and so I stood up and said "Me, I am responsible. And unless Mr. Clampett comes back, we won't either."

Kids cheered me though they were too timid to say the message themselves – but they would follow and support me.

Thankfully - it was enough.

The principal said he would ask Mr. Clampett back if we would go now back to class. We agreed and Clampett was back the next day. Turns out he was suspended because Hockey Puck's parents complained... that she should not have a name nickname 'Hockey Puck', and he should only use her real name – that her parents gave her.

The Bell Tower:

After Mr. Clampett had reclaimed his job following our sit-in for him, he celebrated that he must have done something right for the class to step up and say that we believed in him - in the face of "The Man".

Clampett had let his hair grow gruff, so he seemed a little more "REAL" than ever. He took in a deep breath, exhaled, then sighed.

"Let me tell you why I am so hard on you. Let me tell you why I stick names on you. I was an instructor at UC Berkeley after my Tour of Duty in Vietnam.

I saw some messed up stuff and Berkeley liked that I was authentic and had real-world credibility beyond my academic credentials. It was a win-win.

But a few years in I had a student that was like no other - she was perfect. Her mind could see things no one else did, and instantly. No problem, no concept eluded her for a blink of an eye. She was straight-As in every class in every school she had ever been in. Absolutely amazing!

Well, mid-way through the class she turned in an Exam that was awful, downright terrible; it was like she lost her mind, or something was going on in her life that messed with her ability on the assignment.

I went to her and asked if anything was wrong if she needed help? No, she replied. I do not know how I could do so badly... Tears flowed and she fled the room.

She did not appear in class the next day, but instead I was told later that she had gone to the Campus Bell Tower and leaped off its tower to her death. She left a suicide note that she could not face life as a failure...

I felt like I killed her by giving her an "F"; yes, I have her an "F" because it was that bad and she needed to know it.

I learned if you never learn how to cope with pain, with loss, with failure you will not have the skills to survive in the real world. This was her first time away from mommy and daddy, and she got one bad grade on one test; that was enough in her world to kill yourself.

I cannot let that happen again, and so I am a bit tough, and you will all get an "F" regardless of its justification. Your end grade will be fine, but this class is about living and staying alive and being better as you live it from insight and philosophy. If they fire me for that, then I will go away. Thanks guys, you really had my back."

I respected Clampett. His story was amazing, moving, and underscored the importance of helping other people be stronger and endure hardships.

It wasn't enough to just be strong yourself. You had to help other people be strong too.

Clampett's Fate:

I had learned from Mr. Ting that Clampett had lost his way with each successive class year being less and less special or unique, none worthy of his nicknames.

He lost faith in the future of Americans with the broken thinking caused by overprotective helicopter parents thinking shielding their children from adversity and easing their challenges was beneficial to them.

Instead, it vaccinated them against free independent thinking, limited them to mainstream ideology, and made them automatons blinding believing whatever mega-corporate or government-controlled media outlets tell them.

Of course, now I am sure he would include social media in his List of Social Evils bringing down American ideals. Apparently Clampett quit his job and has been seen drinking his life away in a local bar.

Wooden Computer:

During my 11th grade year at Live Oak High School, I was in the gifted and accelerated "small school" program Kleine Schule. Each year the High School hosted a Science Fair for its students for which I participated.

I had built an Apple][computer from parts acquired at a San Jose computer component shop for hobbyists called Ace Computers and Components into a wooden computer case I fashioned using simple tools like a saw, Dremel grinding and cutting tool, drill, screwdriver, etc.

I knew every component of the Apple][hardware and how they connected with each other. It struck me as odd that Apple deliberately designed the Apple keyboard to "wait" between keystrokes so the user could not just type ahead or as fast they could.

One to ever improve things, I replaced a resistor on the keyboard to reduce its arbitrary input lag for typists so I could type faster. It was a stupid design and so I replaced the resistor that regulated the delay. Easy and huge improvement.

One to ever improve things, I replaced a resistor on the Apple jerry rigged keyboard to reduce the arbitrary input lag for typists so I could type faster. It was a stupid design by Apple and so I replaced the resistor that regulated the delay more than tripled the speed I could type.

11th Grade Dual Laser Optical Disc Drive Original Design:

My mother worked for Optimem at the time. Optimem was dedicated to optical storage and were early pioneers of 12" write-once-read-mostly (WORM) laser discs. These were massive laser discs like the early "movie laser disc players" but

allowed computers to write data them to one time as a backup media but could be read as often as desired. Hence, its “Read Once and Read Mostly” moniker.

There were lots of optical technology books around our house because of my mother’s job. In boredom I would read them. They were like computer and programming books but different technology. It was like reading a fictional storybook to me but had real-world application.

For my 11th Grade Science Faire project I decided to design a “Dual Laser Optical Disc Drive” and make a program that would show it working graphically on the Apple II computer inside my homemade wooden computer case and setup. I figured both would be impressive to anyone given my age.

I acquired a programming middleware called Software Automated Mouth (SAM) which I integrated in my Dual Optical Laser Disc illustrative demo, so it spoke aloud everything in the demo. Judges were jaw dropped at the technology, the graphics, the spoken words from a computer in 1985...all created by an 11th grader!?

“NO WAY!!!!” they asserted. They alleged my parents did the project and I must have just watched. It was impossible they incredulously deemed that a kid could do such things. They basically said I was a liar and a cheat. They were wrong. I did everything without any help at all.

It did not matter that I could detail how the design relied on Faraday’s Laws on Light & Rotation and the properties of Polaroid plates filtering light according to clockwise or counterclockwise rotation which can be set by light striking a magnetized surface from light likewise polarized through a Polaroid plate.

Two lasers would fire simultaneously into a prism which directed the light into the appropriate Polaroid plate for 0 or 1 value bits which would polarize the laser “light” to rotate left or right and was reflected down to the disc media (using existing hard disc stepper motors and Constant Angular Velocity / CAV disc motors – Variable Angular Velocity was not a “thing” yet).

The polarized laser would hit the disc magnetic media and absorb its polarity. Reading was the same principle except lasers are fired onto a surface with low energy that picks up the polarity on the surface of the disc and its reflection is passed through two polaroid plates to see which one triggered “on” which would define the bit as 0 or 1 (off or on).

I showed the source code I wrote too.

Nothing! Absolutely Nothing could convince the rigid mindsets of these judges.

Punished for Being Smart:

I felt punished for being smart.

I could have done a simple “dumb” project at average intelligence capability and taken First Prize.

Instead, I designed a laser technology using complex optical science that considered variable vs constant angular momentum disc technologies that would become fundamental to many CDRW drives in the future. Even my Faraday approach became fundamental to modern DVD drives.

And for my “genius” I was awarded Honorable Mention.

There is No Justice. There is No Fair. There is Only What You Make Happen:

There was no justice. Much later in life the VP at Atari Steve Calfee would reinforce my view as he would tell me about bonuses – “Justice? Fair? There is no justice. There is no fair. There is only what you make happen.”

It did not matter than I could explain everything in immense detail (because I designed it!), the most I received was that honorable mention because “I deserved something” for learning it from my parents.

12th Grade Tupperware Robot:

Déjà vu! I experienced a similar Science Fair situation in 12th grade. I built a robot around an upside-down Tupperware rectangle bowl with cassette tape electric "rewind" flywheels as actual wheel treads for locomotion and turning ala a tank mobility and a electro-magnetic hook that raised/lowered via a thin cord wrapped around a floppy disc drive stepper-motor controlled spindle just like a winch, and atop the robot was a tiny Tupperware box with LEDs that flashed on and off randomly to look cool and according to buttons pressed on its ribbon-cable wired remote control.

Once more, the judges alleged there was no way a High School student could have made such a robot, and so they awarded me Second Place recognizing again that I understood everything perfectly and articulated the details clearly.

The judges recognized the amazing robot but asserted I must have had significant help and because I denied it, they would only consider Second Place at best.

Well, the local newspaper was so impressed they took photos and interviewed me for the next Sunday issue. Honeywell was so impressed they gave me a cash prize and said I should apply for work with them when I graduated college.

It made me happy that outside academia there were people that DID RECOGNIZE me for my talent.

Greatness Goes Unappreciated:

To this day I hold firmly that people cannot comprehend that there are extraordinary OTHER people that are far beyond their intelligence and capability. I was such a person and life repeatedly hurt me for being extraordinary.

Being extraordinary means... you will be extraordinarily hurt.

Greatness goes unappreciated everywhere. Great heart and compassion. Great intelligence and passion. Great creativity and ingenuity. Great looks and athleticism. And so forth.

Extraordinary talent is ignored or suppressed or abused because such people are misunderstood or victims of jealousy and envy.

My experience with my 11th Grade and 12th Grade science projects proved greatness is not recognized – and is, in fact, suppressed. I made a magneto-optic laser disc design with supporting computer demonstration and a remote-controlled mobile robot with a pulley magnetic arm.

And yet I was not recognized by the judges for what I had accomplished!

Instead – I was given “participation based rewards.”

Discouraged to Pursue Legal, Management, or Leadership Career:

My parents despised management, leadership, or anyone that had authority. They felt like they stole from the “worker” and did “nothing real” themselves. They were spiteful if not jealous. I never understood it and their arguments were always emotional.

Sam and my mother overtly and frequently would discourage me from pursuing being lawyer or manager or any leadership role. They called such jobs “leech jobs” over real working people.

There is not much professional support my parents gave to me beyond exposure to a computer and buying me a floppy disc drive (more on that later).

I had to reject and overcome the barrier they set for me to grow beyond the scope of what I could do entirely by myself.

7th Grade Algebra II:

My mother had decided to attend Gavlian college in evening classes to brush on her math skills. I discovered that I, too, could sign for classes at Gavlian college even though I was only in seventh grade.

I signed up and attended an Algebra II class at Gavlian college when I was in seventh grade because I was interested in it and it made me feel important and smart and special.

University – Insufferable and Boring:

I hedged my bets by still attending San Jose State University full-time while I wrote my first game. Later, however, I would steadily reduce my SJSU class load to further focus on my game making. Eventually I would quit entirely and not finish my degree, two and half years of credits completed only.

I did not quit university solely because of my focus on making games. I had numerous problems with San Jose State University faculty and deans throughout my time attending the university.

Boring Classes, Ineffective Instructors, and Waived Classes:

I was always so bored in classes. I wondered why I must sit in them. Why was there not a Kleine Schule option for universities? It all sucked to me. I hated it. I resented it. I found ways to play in class... I would listen to each instructor for holes in logic or inconsistencies in their points or examples. It was especially embarrassing for math or computer science where things are predominantly fixed, and so they just looked like ignorant fools in front of the entire class. Yes, I enjoyed exposing their ignorance for all to see. I was always asked to stay after class to receive a lecture on how I was hurting mine and others' educations...and sometimes was directed to go talk to the Dean of the respective department.

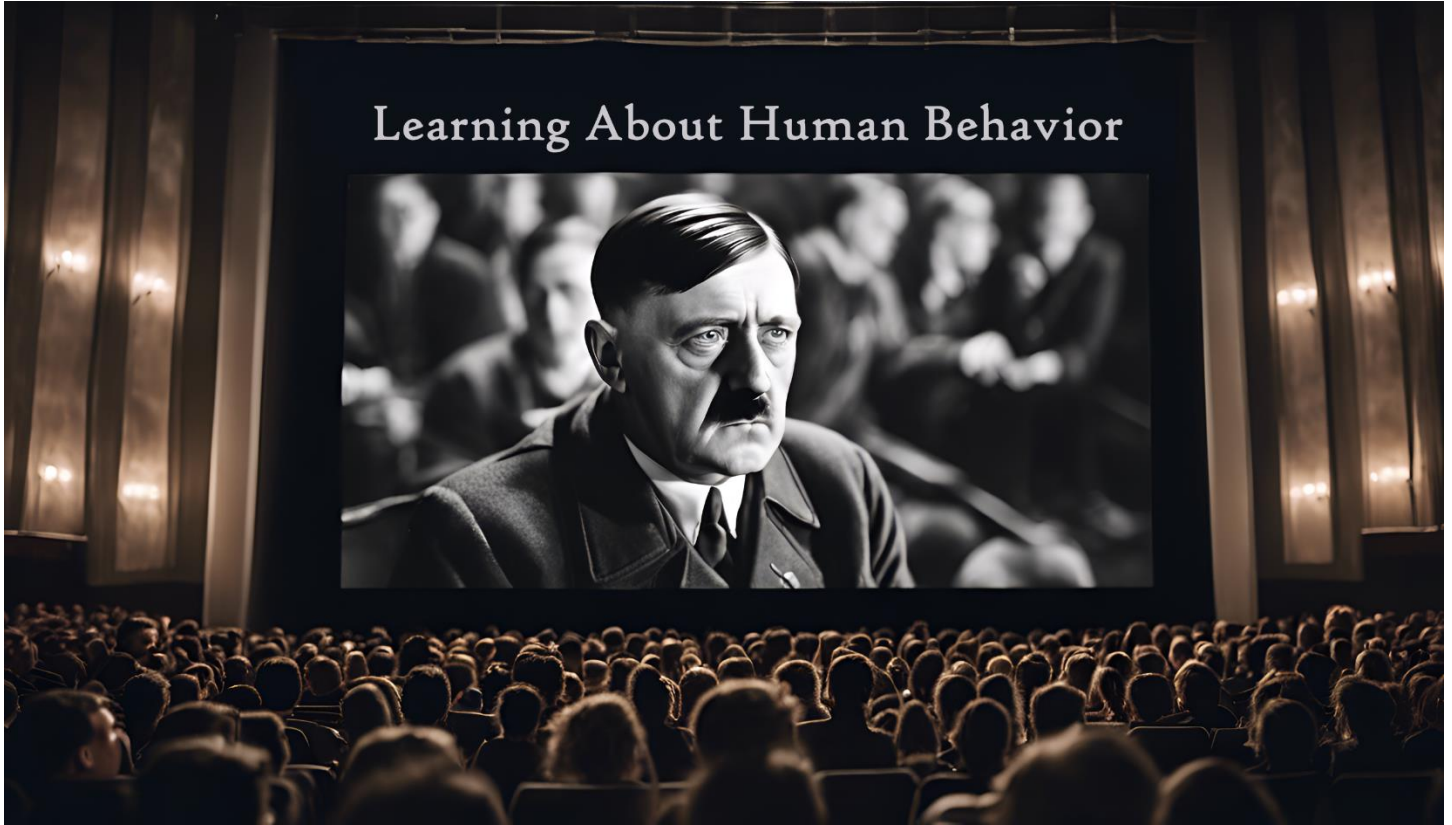
It came to head when the Computer Science Dean demanded I stop talking in class entirely or accept a class waiver, that stated my background should have been recognized and I should have had an A in AP Pascal and so that qualified me to waive the same Pascal class at SJSU. Well, I had been in that class and wanted an "A" not just a "Pass" waiver. Frustrated and reluctant, the Dean agreed to give me an "A" if I would not attend class at all. I agreed.

The Logic & Reasoning course I took was moronic to me. When the Final came, I finished it in about fifteen minutes, where it was expected to take about two hours. It was just like reading a simple list of items and concluding the logical results. Whatever! Easy! Well, the teacher and I never got along. And so, she declared in front of the class to embarrass me that she'd grade my paper right there and would I please wait. I did, and she admonished that I had 100% and would receive an "A". She pointed to the door, and I left.

My Public Speaking class was a joke. I had a Double-Ruby Degree of Distinction from the National Forensics League. I had been doing speech and debate in class and tournaments since 8th grade. It turned out the instructor had a Degree of Merit from the National Forensics League, an earned title perhaps 5% of the way to Distinction. We had numerous conflicts and I eventually escaped the class and the ineffective instructor of arrogance.

This was the lesson for my entire life – be bored, survive... learn everything myself.

E378 Learning About Human Behavior and Adolf Hitler Straight out of Dementia EXCERPT E178



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E178 Learning About Human Behavior and Adolf Hitler.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v55qdtm-e178-learning-about-human-behavior-and-adolf-hitler.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/cP8bRNknw-I>

Description:

Richard recounts his experience learning about human behavior in Berkeley's Golden Bear Forensic Institute program.

He shares top takeaways from the course's education on public speaking, mock trials, mock congress, and debate.

Golden Bear Institute for Speech and Debate – Learned A Lot:

The Golden Bear Forensic Institute for Speech and Debate was excellent. I learned so much from the course that I had never learned in my High School classes.

The Institute did not focus on the mechanics of speech or debate. They did not focus on research techniques. They did not focus on style or presentation.

They DID focus on strategy, knowing your judges and jury, and human psychology in terms of influence and manipulation.

It was all the stuff no one ever taught me. In some ways it was power over people through words and logical reasoning.

Know thy Judge:

It stuck with me - ever since they said it – “Know thy Judge!”

What watch or shoes or clothes or hat are your judges wearing? Do they have glasses? Do they have a folder or notepad or binder or a scrap of paper? Do they have well kempt hair and makeup or are they “natural”? Where are they on the Attraction scale for others?

All these questions and so many more were intended to provide insight on the psychology of a judge so the speaker could tailor their wording and message to whatever was the most receptive to the judge.

The goal was not to lie but to “package” the arguments in a way the judge(s) would appreciate and agree with. The same thing can be said in “nice palatable” or in “disagreeable undesirable” ways.

Another analogy was you need to put the grit of the argument in between two sweet bread slices like a sandwich packing fewer desirable things on the inside. Heh, or it is like wrapping a pet’s pill in meat or cheese.

The key they stressed was to find what your judge(s) like and craft your arguments around their preferences.

Adolf Reveal:

Throughout the Golden Bear Forensics Institute for Speech and Debate we were given lectures and shown videos of famous public speakers like Winston Churchill.

Every public figure had one or more insights to glean. Winston Churchill was noted for drinking from a glass of water with long pauses as a technique to buy time to think of a smarter answer than just responding quickly.

At the end of the summer program, they revealed the master of all the techniques taught was, in fact, Adolf Hitler.

They played videos of Hitler during speeches and marches. They showed how people reacted to his words even when he did not present well.

Influence over people in Speech and Debate was stated as –

Public speaking is NOT “how” you speak necessarily.

Public speaking is NOT “what” you say about the content.

Public speaking IS about presentation.

Public speaking IS about “the story”.

In other words -

Public Speaking was about passion, inflammatory words, incendiary analogs, and heart wrenching stories.

Adolf Hitler was not particularly charismatic in appearance or voice inflection. He was a small loud obnoxious screaming man, but he had passion and carried people along with his energy.

Adolf vilified categories of people and business. He inflamed people by citing how they did not have all they wanted and deserved. Hitler presented himself as defender of the underdog abused people, and that is what those people wanted to hear. He tied his arguments to “proof” in his *Mein Kampf* manifesto that he wrote while in jail as a gang leader.

The Institute detailed that Adolf Hitler employed an arsenal of public speaking and manipulation techniques to achieve his objectives. They stressed the teaching was not to make Adolf Hitler into anything but evil but stressed his methods should be understood both to defend against them and to use them as needed.

It was shocking to see so many student’s jaws drop as they saw Adolf Hitler was effectively their public speaking model.

In some ways, Berkeley was teaching people how to become Adolf Hitlers... Of course, they said akin to Wayne’s World “Not!” at the end - “So be like Hitler, **NOT!**”

Public Speaking would become a cornerstone of my professional career and storytelling.

School Board:

The High School decided it wanted to spend a lot of money on an Olympic Size swimming pool and upgrade its football and training equipment. There was no money for computers or debate or anything I was a part of.

Petition the school against new swimming pools and wasted resources. My memory is so faded here, but I had organized a petition and collected several hundred signatures to support my presentation at the Morgan Hill Unified School District Board Public Hearing. I recall standing resolutely arguing my case, and after dramatically slamming down my signed petition and with the local newspaper present, the audience stood and clapped and cheered. I knew I had won. The board agreed to avoid the Olympic size swimming pool and other wasteful investments; I just cannot recall much at all of it anymore...

Principal’s Advisory Committee:

Given my success in Speech & Debate, earning an advanced Degree of Distinction, and my relentless history of rebelling against the school a new principal in the school asked if I would join her new “Advisory Committee”? She wanted to hear the voices of the students, so all groups of people had influence on the school’s choices.

I was excited to be recognized and have an influential voice. It did not take but a few weeks to realize it was a façade the principal was using to send her messages out to the students. She did not want to hear what we had to say but rather wanted to twist what we said into what she wanted, thereby pushing her narrative above all else.

Disillusioned (again), I quit the committee and made sure the principal knew why. She did not care at all. She selected a sheeple “yes person” replacement and carried on without missing me at all.

I learned manipulation exists at all levels and you cannot trust people’s mission or vision statements. The truth was in actions not in words.

Sister Sandra Believed Good Things Will Come (but they never did for her):

My sister Sandra espoused that good things would come her way, and I believe she genuinely believed it to be true.

She struggled with depression at times in her life, and because she rarely had a good relationship if she had one at all she likewise did not have a meaningful family support.

I consider her life to have been one of tragedy for a multitude of reasons that I will not go into here, for she too may have led a life of ‘Hell Difficulty’ that culminated in her wandering her apartment aimlessly in her late forties - following an apparent earlier stroke; she died later that night.

I have always striven to learn things in my life through others where possible because I hoped to avoid mistakes and missteps by observing them instead of fumbling myself.

Despite Sandra’s challenging life and early demise, I learned things from her –

1. How blind faith can limit your future while you just wait for ‘good things’ to happen
2. How trust in ‘good things’ coming is misplaced without reason to believe it.
3. How believing soft skills like theatrical acting she enjoyed, Persuasion and Influence alone merited success and reward regardless of talent or training or practice.
4. How drinking alcohol to avoid depression was not a viable long-term solution.

It might sound like my sister waited around for her knight in shining armor or movie / music producer recognize her in the crowd and elevate her to rock stardom. In some ways she did, but I think she did all she knew how to do and was constrained by being human in the face of the Hellscape of her and my upbringing. More on that throughout my shared memories.

I think it is also important here to note that Sandra’s belief in her ‘good things coming’ was anchored around a delusional belief that she was ‘GREAT’ because she was destined to be ‘GREAT’, and the world would eventually recognize her grandeur and reward her for it.

And yet –

1. Sandra had been severely overweight throughout her life and was not pretty by traditional Western-European standards; she looked entirely fine and average outside her heavy weight.

She underwent surgery as an adult to reduce her stomach’s capacity with bands to control how much food she could eat and contain within her stomach all to reduce her weight, but it failed to ‘take’ and she ended up miserable with a small stomach unable to eat and still overweight.

2. She was an ‘okay’ High School and Community College actress but did not achieve great recognition in doing so, and she eventually churned out and gave up on it.
3. Her delusion of grandeur resulted in her having a demeanor that was off putting and necessitated she be ‘in charge’ in all relationships to the extent she was arguably domineering.
4. Consequently Sandra waited for her magical day of recognition, and wrote ‘positive affirmations’ on papers and even burned some in a ritual of hope and prayers that her ‘day would come’ sooner than later. Her ‘day’ never came.

Again – it is a tragedy. I speculate Sandra’s delusions were her own protection mechanism against the hellscape of her upbringing and of life in San Martin (like mine had been).

Put Yourself in the Path of Opportunity vs Waiting Around for Something to Happen:

Ever since being a young adult I concluded that it was rarely beneficial to sit idly by and wait for good things to come or opportunity to avail itself.

I have evangelized that it is –

IMPERATIVE to PUT YOURSELF IN THE PATH OF OPPORTUNITY.

Perhaps I gleaned my insight and motivation to push myself hard and always strive for greater things in contrast to my sister Sandra’s ‘wait for good things’ approach.

Whatever the reason that inspired my approach of watching for opportunity and crafting deliberate ways to put myself in its path.

I made sure opportunity and good things came to me by putting myself squarely in its path.

During professional counseling and guidance with employees I shared my views and belief that success came to those that put themselves in the path of opportunity whereas it may still come for the lucky few that just waited for fortune to land in their lap.

Therefore –

1. It is naïve and foolish to wait for opportunity because it is random and rare.
2. Success is probable by ensuring opportunity WILL cross your path so you can seize it.

Do Not Ask for Permission, Ask for Forgiveness – Take Risks to Innovate, Succeed:

I do not take credit for the adage ‘Do not ask for permission, instead ask for forgiveness’ but it has been a hallmark for my professional career.

I cannot emphasize enough how important it is to swing for the fences for a baseball homerun or take the leap of faith when there is just enough information to likely triumph.

Of course - management and leadership should be consulted when time permits but there are times that require quick action and decisions, and in those moments, heroes are created (or lost to never be recognized).

In those moments where opportunity or high risk are upon you and there is no time to seek consultation or formal approval, do not withdraw into your shell like a turtle or stick your head in the sand like an ostrich. No – instead you should make your own decision right there, right then to the best of your ability – and DO IT!

Simplified – Don’t ask for Permission, Ask for Forgiveness

1. **Take Risks to Innovate and Succeed.**
2. **Consult Leadership and Management when Time Permits**
3. **Do Not Wait for Permission to Seize Opportunity**

4. Ask for Forgiveness, not Permission in the ‘right here, right now’ opportunity moments

Some people might suggest consulting leadership or management is an optional step, and while that is literally true it is ill advised to circumvent people that influence or outright control your career when they legitimately could (and should) have been involved.

As I noted – I believe only in urgent pressing ‘right here, right now’ opportunity moments should leadership be bypassed.

During professional counseling and guidance with employees I shared my views and belief that success came to those that put themselves in the path of opportunity whereas it may still come for the lucky few that just waited for fortune to land in their lap. I stress those points -

- 1) Don’t ask for permission.
- 2) Ask for forgiveness.
- 3) Take initiative when you know enough to make a ‘most likely right’ decision.

Leadership Appearance while Buying Time with Feint Distractions – drink water:

Many times, in life I have found myself pausing to consider what someone has said or what to do in a situation.

It is difficult to take the time to ‘think’ without looking dumb or creating an awkward moment of silence or disengagement. Especially when you are the focus of everyone’s attention it can feel even more intimidating or embarrassing to ‘pause’ in front of ‘the tribe’.

Indeed – there are few things more embarrassing than talking and presenting like the brilliant leader you are, and then someone asks a question that there is a ‘better’ answer to if you could spend a few seconds or even ten seconds pondering about it.

Winston Churchill provided me with the tool to escape such moments throughout my life, ever since I attended Speech and Debate in Live Oak High School. Winston Churchill would take a pause as he reached slowly but gracefully to pick up an everyday ‘every man’s’ glass of water to take a long sipping drink from it.

People would relate to Churchill drinking from a common cup of water, just like they would do were they talking so much that their mouths would go dry. And while they naturally waited for Winston to finish his drink, he gained time to think and formulate the ‘better’ answer.

I used the ‘cup of drinking water’ feint to distract people throughout my career.

Lame Duck Deflection and Distraction:

Like Winston Churchill’s ‘cup of drinking water’ time buying technique was another technique I used and advised others to utilize – the ‘lame duck’ deflection and distraction.

I did not conceive the ‘Lame Duck’ technique. I was told that it originated from private companies contracting with the U.S. Military and recognized that top ‘brass’ military leadership invariably believe they have better ideas and know best what needs to be done to ‘improve’ whatever the private company pitched.

To satisfy executives whether it be from your company or the military, it remains the same –

Insert an obvious ‘bad design element’ or ‘easy improvement’ so executives can feel good about contributing and improving the product or operation.

...they felt good because they fixed something that you deliberately put in the design that was easy to find, and easy to fix. It was a subversive way – in my opinion - to ‘play’ bad and ignorant leadership.

Childhood Business and Leadership Focus:

Perhaps to keep myself forever occupied and focused on things outside my unpleasant homelife, I immersed myself in programming, writing stories, crafting and running Dungeons & Dragons adventure modules and campaigns, and cracking and hacking software. And I took on money-making chores and jobs as they came up.

Most of my ‘hobbies’ and interests ultimately was tied to making money or telling stories. Even programming was pursued so I could tell stories through computer games.

At school I was involved with several extracurricular activities too, including -

- 1) Debate Club.
- 2) Future business leaders of America (FBLA).
My mother and Sam mocked FBLA because it was management which they respected.
- 3) Chess club.
- 4) Computer club.
- 5) Dungeons & Dragons club.
- 6) Principal’s Advisory Committee.

‘Never, Ever, Ever Give Up’ and other great sayings – Winston Churchill:

I am surprised often to hear people vaguely recognize the Winston Churchill’s famous saying about never giving in. I, too, intuitively recall Churchill as saying “Never, ever, ever give up!”

Winston Churchill ‘s October 1941 speech about World War II declared –

"Never give in, never give in, never; never; never; never - in nothing, great or small, large or petty - never give in except to convictions of honor and good sense"

Churchill had another quote I valued and reinforces my ‘putting yourself in the path of opportunity’ perspective –

"The pessimist sees the problems in every opportunity. Whereas the optimist sees the opportunity in every problem"

**E379 CHILDREN DESERVE BETTER WORLD TO SING AND NOT CRY IN NEED HERO OF
FAITH BIBLE TESTAMENT EXCERPT E343 RICK172**



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E343 Rick172 Children Deserve Better World to Sing In and Not Cry_Need True Hero of Faith Bible Testament Rick Liberty_EXCERPT_Jophiel.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v6748av-e343-rick172-children-deserve-better-world-to-sing-in-and-not-cry-need-true.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/LqDSQ4FIya0>

Description:

Listen to the Angels in Heaven emphasize the importance of making the world a better place for the innocent children and every generation.

ARCH ANGEL-05 Jophiel VOICE

The situation is grave.

It is – imperative – that we – help – Richard...

...he must - become – The Hero – that is – within him.

...and – we must – help – Richard – see – the Goodness – within humanity...

...and – we must – help Richard - see and hold onto - God's Light – and – maintain - faith humanity,

...THE WORLD – needs its soul – restored – through God's Shining Light...

...The World needs to be restored - through each person's Inner Light – shining brightly,

... The World needs to everyone's - inner 'Candle' – lighting the way,

...The World needs – Humanity's Inner Light to Shine for Faith, Goodness, Righteousness, and God.

The Children of Humanity and The Animals of the World Deserve Better – an Improved World

The Children of Humanity - and - The Animals of the World - Deserve Better...

...they deserve - an ever-improving world – made better by each generation – for the next.

The Children – should – not – cry – for suffering – and – the downfall – of their – world...

...they should not – lament sorrows – and shed tears – for things done – by other - wicked people.

...The Children of the world - should instead – sing – for – Joy – in life – and – for - glowing futures.

We Must Help the Fulcrum Restore the World and Make it a Better Place for Children and Future of Humanity

We must help – the Fulcrum – to Restore – the World...

...AND – to make the world – a better place – for the children...

...and – to make the world - a better place – for - the future...

...of humanity.

Heaven and Angels Blocked – From Helping Richard as the Fulcrum

We – all of us – in Heaven – are blocked – by the Prophecy...

...from – directly – helping – or – influencing...

...Richard – in - the Prophecy of the Fulcrum.

Hell Has Full Access to Richard and His Allies

Much like Job's Test of Faith...

...Richard – and all who join his cause – or help him...

...cannot have – any – angelic aid – or involvement.

...However – Hell has – FULL ACCESS – to assault – torment – and create trials – for Richard – and his allies.

We Can Influence the World Environment and Imbue Visions in Dreams

We do – have – limited – power – to – touch – Richard – from Heaven...

...We can – nudge and influence his dreams – with Visions.

...We can – manipulate – and change – the physical – world – around – Richard.

...We can – directly – engage – with Hell's Forces ...

...as they appear and exist – on Mortal Earth.

E380 REVELATION 3 8 3 20 DOORS CATS DOGS JESUS AND GOD FAITH BIBLE TESTAMENT

LESSONS EXCERPT S4E68



Local File:

[.\LibertyBooksVideos\E149 Rick114 Cats, Dogs, and God – Mitzi Sentenced for Sin.mp4](#)

Rumble Episode Link:

<https://rumble.com/v3zzlcj-flashback-s4e68-excerpt-revelations-38-320-doors-cats-dogs-god-rick-liberty.html>

YouTube Episode from @HellDifficulty Channel:

<https://youtu.be/JtpZXuZoII4>

Description:

Sarah shares a story of “Cats & Dogs” as they are to humans as humans are to God.

Mitzi has a tough time listening to much less accepting Sarah sharing her views.

Sarah speaks her thoughts on Revelation 3:8 God’s Open Door and Revelation 3:20 The Open Door to Jesus – and her silly Cats & Dogs story.

Mitzi is reluctant to engage or accept anything Sarah was telling her.

SARAH TOLD THE TALE OF CATS & DOGS AND GOD

Sarah Was In A Coffee Shop with New York Times Journalist Mitzi Ballard:

~~Sarah was seated in a coffee shop...~~

~~...with New York Times Journalist...~~

~~...Mitzi Ballard.~~

~~Sarah had rescued Mitzi...~~

~~...from a mob Dash & Steal 'event'...~~

~~...in which Mitzi was mugged...~~

~~...and her life threatened...~~

~~...but Sarah saved Mitzi with deadly force...~~

~~...killing two muggers.~~

Sarah Had Asked Mitzi to Stop All MAFIA Snooping and Reporting:

~~Sarah intended to persuade Mitzi to drop all MAFIA snooping and reporting.~~

~~But Mitzi was reluctant to drop her MAFIA investigation despite being rescued.~~

Sarah Challenged if Mitzi Was Truly Faithful And Why She Would Not Support God:

~~Sarah mused aloud, "Are you truly Faithful, Mitzi?"~~

~~I think you may need an enlightened 'perspective...'~~

~~Sarah said, "If you believed in God...~~

~~...then you would take what I am saying more seriously...~~

~~...you would at least have chosen to hear me out on the chance...~~

~~...that I *really was* on a mission for God."~~

Sarah Asked, "Are You Familiar with Revelation 3:8 – God's Open Door?":

~~Sarah asked, "Are you familiar with Revelation 3:8 – God's Open Door?"~~

~~She said, "God – has placed a door – for you to communicate – freely – with him.~~

~~No one – Nothing – Can Stand Between You and God – If You Stand True – at His Door...~~

~~Whether you perceive the Door - between you and God – is – CLOSED – or – OPEN...~~

...it is always there...

...‘Open For You’ for you...

...to communicate with GOD.

...but – you have to – choose – to be there – at God’s Door.”

Sarah Asked, “Are You Familiar with Revelation 3:20 – The Open Door to Jesus?”:

Sarah asked, “Are you familiar with Revelation 3:20 – The Open Door to Jesus?”

She said, “Jesus – has placed a door – for each, and every one of us – including you...

...that can only be - opened or closed – by you.

...He knocks upon the door – beckoning you...

...but - *only you* can respond – and open the door...

...to bring him and his love - into your heart - and – into your life.”

Sarah Said, “Open the Door to Jesus – to Welcome His Strength to Be Righteous”:

Sarah added, “If you open the door...

...Jesus will enter you - and give you strength...

...to do the right things...

...and - to live and be – righteous.”

She said – again – succinctly, “You must – CHOOSE...

...to open the door - to Jesus...

...and to God...

...to welcome their Love and Strength...

...into your heart and soul...

...with their empowerment...

...you will have the fortitude - to be righteous.

Sarah Explained the Tale of a Cat or Dog Behind God’s Door – Are You Truly Faithful:

Sarah said, “Let me share with you... a metaphor...

...because – your Faith – seems – ignorant – and - uncertain...”

Sarah leaned - across the coffee shop table.

She explained, “Imagine –

- a cat – or a dog – is behind a close door – behind a door – that leads to their ‘master’...
- the cat believes – that their ‘master’ is inside...

...and wishes to see – and be with - their ‘master’... they love their ‘master’.

- but the door – it blocks sight and sound – it blocks touch - it blocks, everything...
- and yet – the cat *knows* - in its heart – that the ‘master’ – exists... within...
- They know – without seeing or hearing or touching – that – their ‘master’ is beyond the door...
- They know – that – if they are true – and loyal...

...their ‘master’ will provide – for them...

- They have ‘Faith’ - in their ‘Master’ – Being There – Loving Them - And Providing For – Them...”

Sarah concluded, “We are the cat – or dog...

...And – God - is our ‘Master’.”

Sarah asked, “You may need...

...to look at your Faith...

...and reflect – on – your soul...

...you should reflect - if you want your ‘Master’ - to open The Gates to Heaven – for you...

...or – if you want your ‘Master’ – to cast you down – through ‘Hell’s Gates’ to torment...”

...what do you want – for eternity – after you leave – this mortal coil – and go to your afterlife?”

Sarah asked – again, “Are you – truly – Faithful?”

~~Mitzi—Was Unmoved By Sarah Tale of Cats, Dogs, God, and Faith:~~

~~Mitzi—in a moment of bravery—and potential stupidity—challenged Sarah, “You know...~~

~~...I guess—when I hear your story...~~

~~...maybe—I don’t believe...~~

~~...maybe—there is *not*—a God.”~~

~~She said, “I don’t know...~~

~~...if there is even a DOOR...~~

~~...much less Jesus...~~

~~...or a GOD behind it."~~

She added, "I mean...

~~...if God existed, He/She/They would do their own work and business...~~

~~...And God would not have some random woman doing His/Her/Their bidding...!?" She said sarcastically.~~

Sarah Regretted Saving Mitzi From Her Otherwise Demise:

Sarah looked coldly at Mitzi and said, "I see.

I regret saving you from your otherwise certain demise.

But it was not my place...

~~...to let you die.~~

I had a duty."

Sarah smiled, "However God will judge you."

Sarah Gave Mitzi Two Choices — Resign Job and Leave New York — Or She Dies:

Sarah threatened, "~~*I AM*~~..

~~...on God's Mission — Right Now."~~

She judged, "You appear unwilling to cease your MAFIA reporting."

Sarah said, "Your options have now changed.

I give you two choices—

1. —Resign from your job at New York Times—and leave New York State.

2. —Die."

Sarah explained, "I gave you a path...

~~...without risk—or issue. But You declined.~~

And you have proven to be without Faith...

~~...and have shown to be untrustworthy."~~

~~Sarah decreed, “*I* cannot trust you.~~

~~Therefore —*YOU* will remove all risk—by...~~

~~...resigning and leaving the state...~~

~~...or dying—where you will be unable to continue snooping and reporting.”~~

Mitzi Leapt Up And Ran Out of the Coffee Shop:

~~Horried—and freaked out—Mitzi leapt up—from her seat—and ran towards the coffee shop door—to flee.~~

Sarah Called Out, “What About Jeremy and Davon?”:

~~Sarah stood up and yelled, “What about Jeremy—and Devon?”~~

Mitzi Stopped—Turned—And Returned to Her Seat—And Stared—Afraid:

~~Mitzi stopped—white faced—turned—and returned to her seat—and stared—afraid—at Sarah.~~

~~Mitzi asked, “Why did you say the name of my husband—and my son?”~~

Sarah Warned God’s Mission Has No Limitations—Mitzi Must Heed Her:

~~Sarah warned, “God’s mission—has no limitations.~~

~~There are no constraints—to completing my mission.”~~

~~Sarah emphasized, “You *need* to *HEED ME*.”~~

Sarah Threatened To Expose Mitzi’s Affair with DA—to her Husband & Son:

~~Sarah threatened, “I hate this, and I ask your forgiveness... However—let me be clear.~~

~~If you do not end your MAFIA snooping and reporting...~~

~~...I will expose—your *sinful* affair—with the District Attorney—with the DA.”~~

~~———...How will your husband—and your son—handle your betrayal of them and their trust?~~

~~———...Likely—your relationship with them—will be ruined—and your life exploded...”~~

~~Sarah sighed, “It is not—the way—anyone—wants this to play out. It’s up to you...”~~

Mitzi Resisted and Questioned How Sarah Knew She Had an Affair—And No Proof:

~~Mitzi wanted to lie—and deny—Sarah’s accusations...~~

~~But—she wondered—what this woman—actually knew...~~

~~Mitzi—countered, “How do you know? You don’t have proof...”~~

...It's your crazy words against mine.." She asserted.

Sarah Explains Mafia Has 'Dirt on Mitzi'—More 'Dirt' Than Just Her Affair with DA:

Sarah responded, "The Mafia has 'dirt on you'...

Mitzi—your affair is—only one thing—they have on you."

She added, "They have proof—of pivotal information—you buried—and lies you evangelized."

Sarah said, "Unfortunately—you have proven unstable, and untrustworthy—to me."

Sarah Issued Revised Sentence to Mitzi Leave the State by End of Week—or Die:

Sarah sentenced, "I will smite you—when you least expect it...

...should you ever—publish—or—even snoop...

...anywhere near—the Mafia."

Sarah further sentenced, "Alas—Now—you must...

...resign your job at the New York Time Newspaper

...and—move out of State—within a week...

...OR—I will expose your affair and illicit behavior...

...and—when least expected...

...I will send you—to your 'Judgment'...

...in the afterlife."

Sarah Asked Mitzi to Confirm She and Family Would Leave State by End of Week:

Sarah asked, "Tell me—

1. —that you understand...

2. —that you agree...

3. —and—that you—will be—out of the state—within a week...

a. —Your family may remain...

...*you* are the problem—and must go."

...

Sarah paused, giving Mitzi a moment to respond.

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)

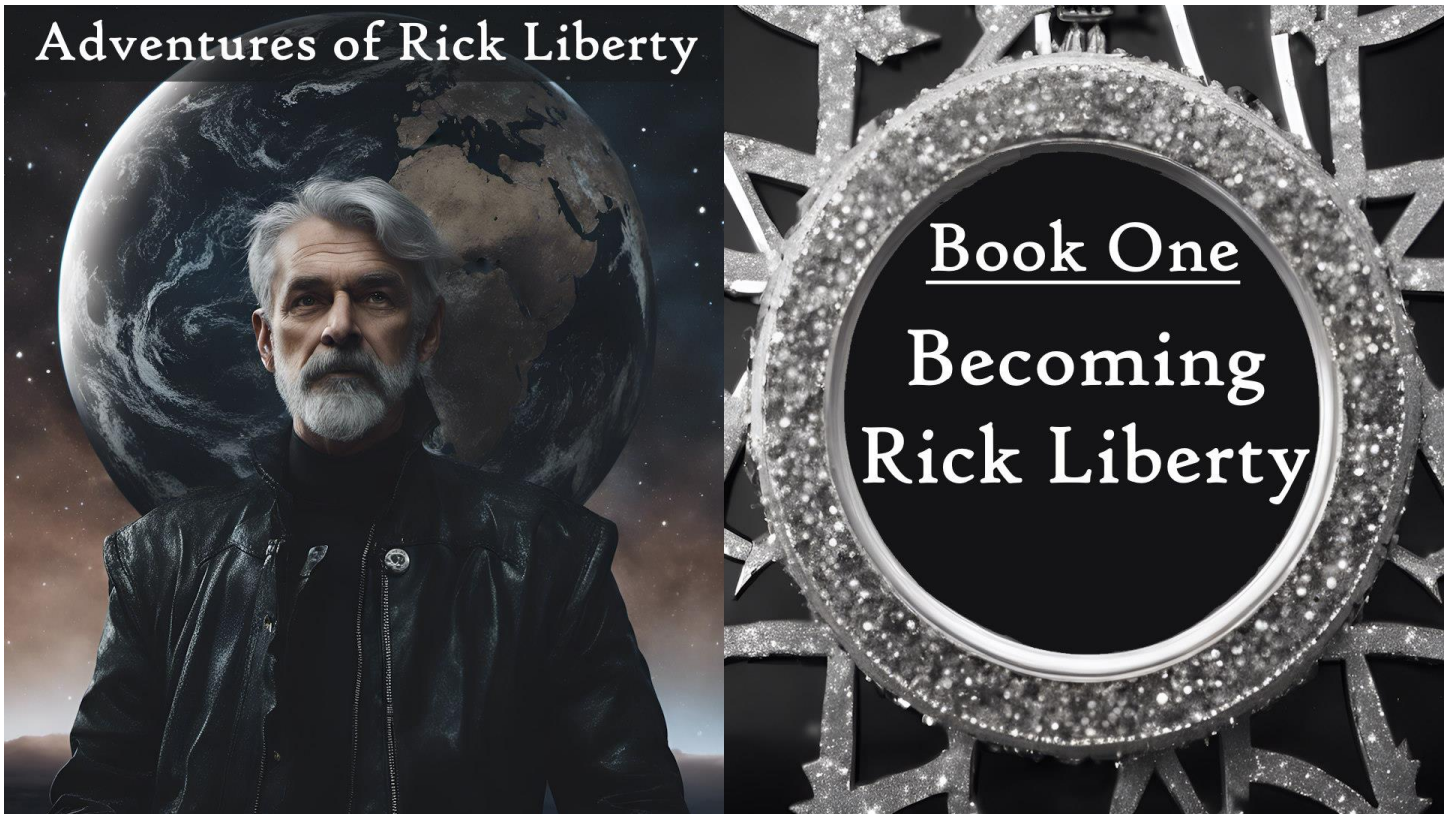
<https://www.youtube.com/@HellDifficulty>

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:

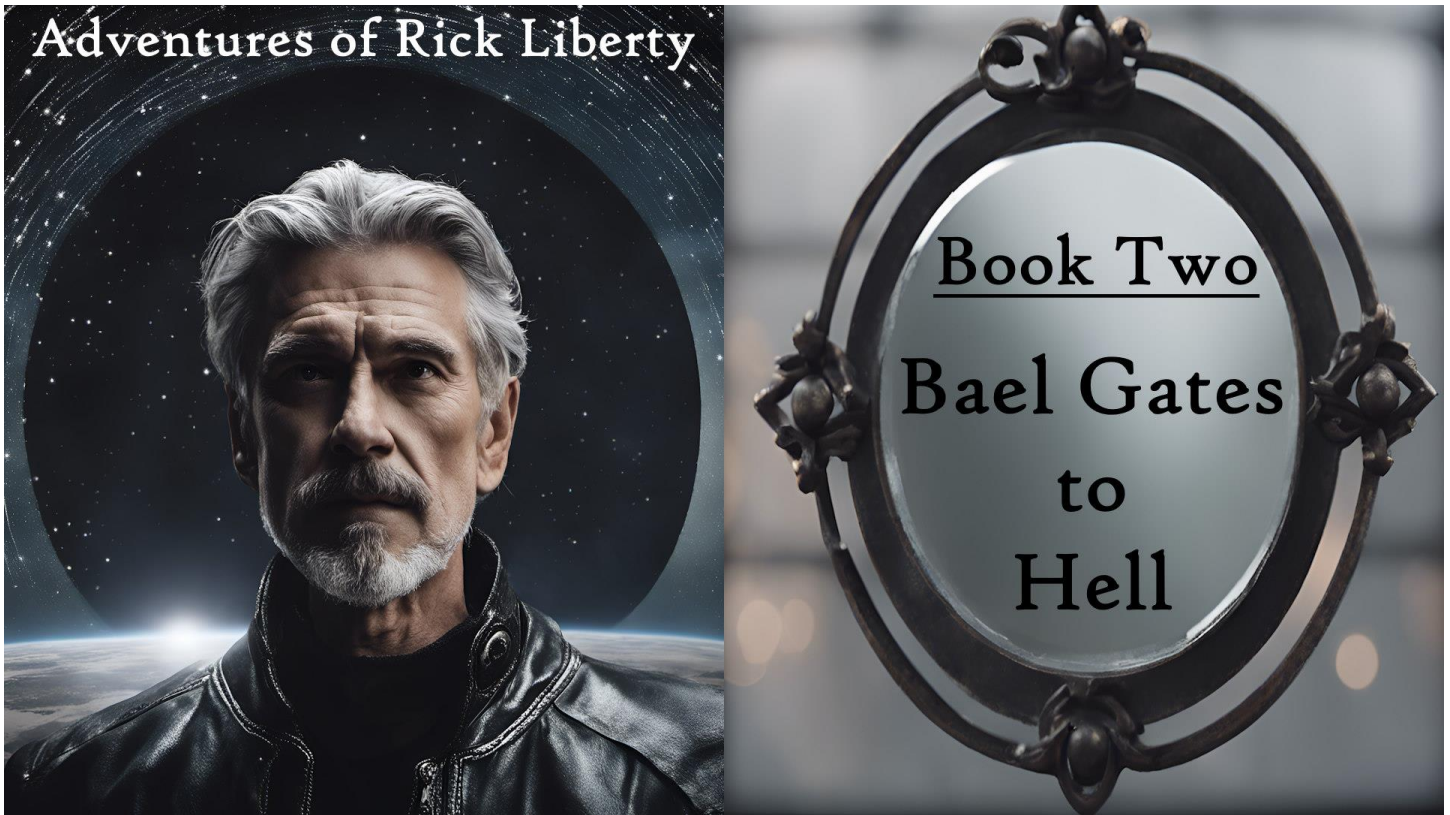
Richard's world turns upside down, as he grapples with a series of life-shattering and life-defining events. He must pick up the pieces and learn how his enigmatic past is dramatically shaping his world - and altering his perception of it.

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:

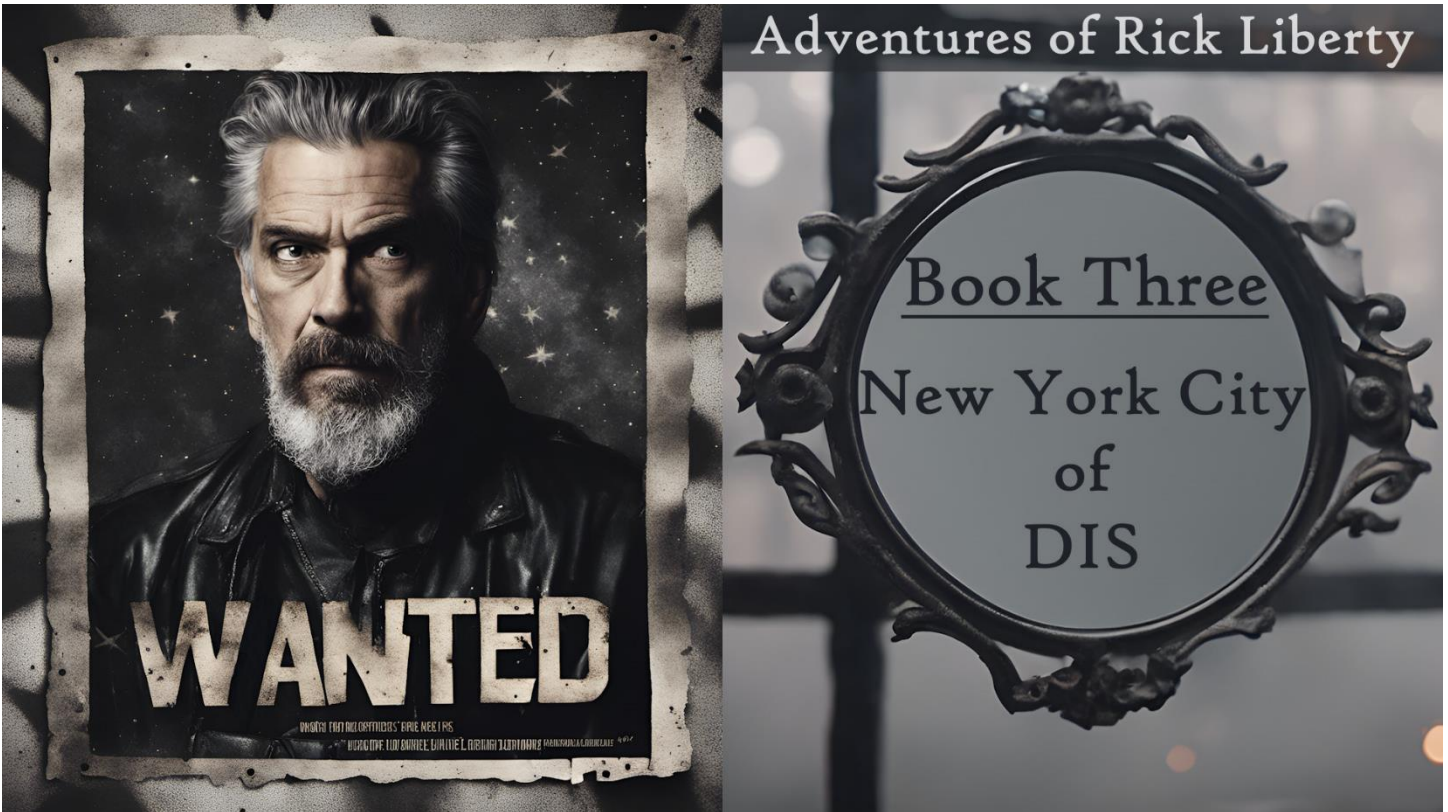
https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Qv-xrXhB_Hid_dxrI4Zu-qqpVaXB72U

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_EncJfWbFmLgNKvbZa4wz4

Description:

Richard – a Psychiatric Prison Escapee - flees to New York City, where he – as Rick Liberty - and with the G-Team (God's Team) seeks to stop the Puppet of Hell, Soros, from opening a portal to Hell with the devil's Tapestry and Crown of Bael.

The G-Team engages and fights against the chaos and madness, in the degenerate New York City of DIS. They operate above and below board so they might succeed in stopping Soros. Extreme events blur reality and fantasy.

The team encounters a dystopian New York - Organized crime and system corruption, Human trafficking, Organ Harvesting, and soul-draining nightmares...all inflicted on countless victims.

BOOK 4: THE LIBERTY ZONE SHORT STORIES



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book04 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/Q-5wriJH5Qk>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_G5KDtTQvnEUaKLR2y5Fh8z

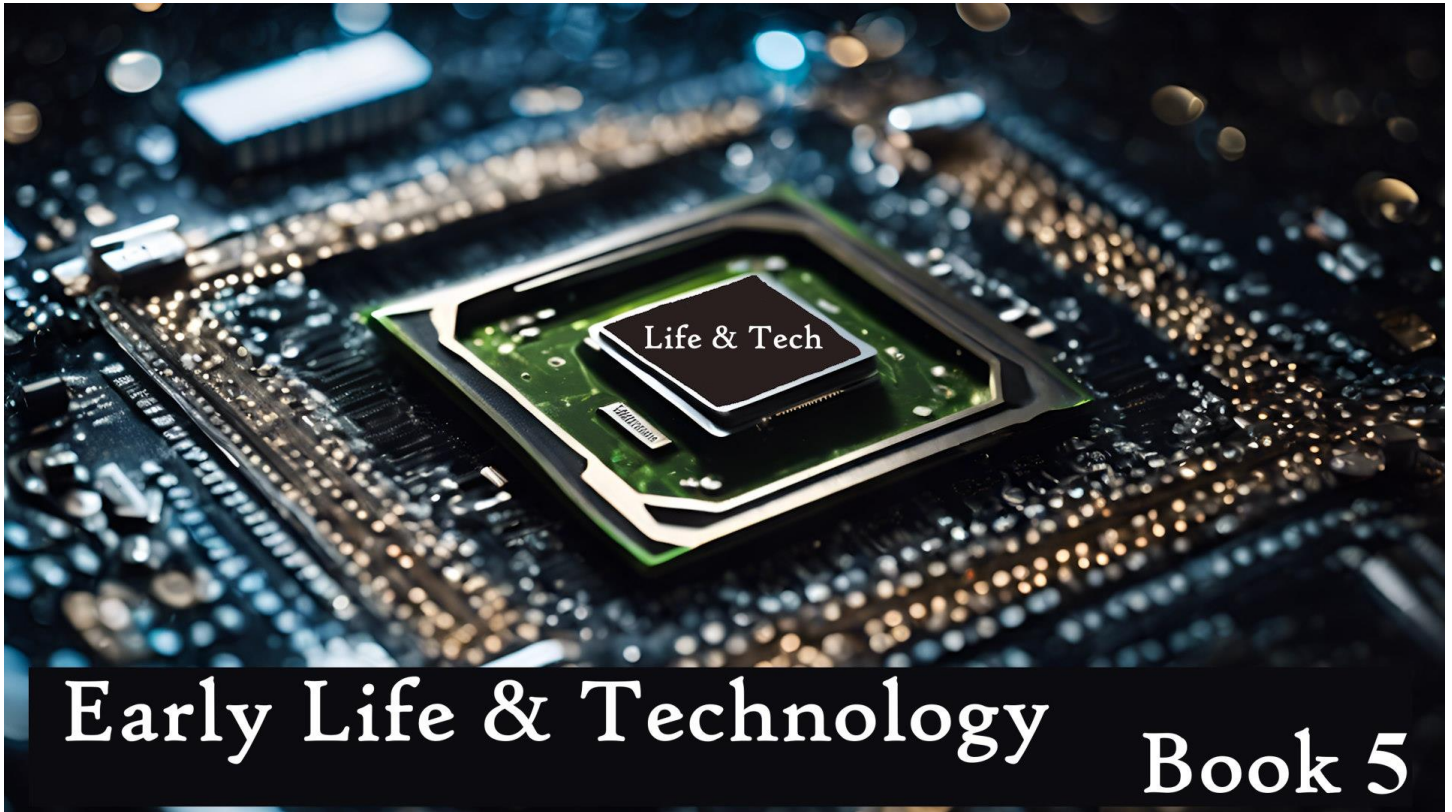
Description:

Witness the Succubus Demon Watcher Messengers report to Hell the progress of the Seven Deadly Sins against Humankind, and how it appears – Hell is Winning. Learn how Angels and Succubi observe the mortal world and report back what they see - to Hell and Heaven. Hear the Seven Succubi Messengers of Hell report their assessment and judgment of “people’s” sin’, and how they devalue or disbelieve in their souls, and most are freely willing to sell their souls to the Seven Princes of Hell for little in return.

Mitzi Ballard’s life crumbled around her, leaving her with little to anchor her to sanity or social conformity. Wickedness and cruelty befell Mitzi and her family, with such devastating evil inflicted on her and losing everything she loved... Mitzi Ballard became a Vigilante. See “what it took to radicalize Mitzi into a Vigilante.”

Experience and Remember The Holocaust through Memories and Poems written by Holocaust Survivors.

BOOK 5: LIFE AND THE VIDEO GAME INDUSTRY



Local File:

[\LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book05 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

https://rumble.com/playlists/dK8qrv8V_to

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_HdVKiNSAcDAxL_-F8wARQg

Description:

The Hell Difficulty Saga is the woeful tale of a man - Richard Seaborne – in his sunset years – suffering from dementia. He is locked away in a psychiatric prison for the criminally insane, but believes it is unjust. Richard is losing faith in the world and humanity, but sees himself as a modern-day Quixotic hero – named Rick Liberty – whom alone - can restore the world to morality and righteousness. He must be free of the Ward to save the world.

Richard recounts his life from childhood to retirement, to a panel of psychiatrists - in this fictional story – in hopes of being freed. He weaves elements of the real Richard Seaborne's autobiography, into his epic fantastical Quixotic adventure, where he fights the Devil, the Devil's Cult of Bael, and the Seven Princes of Hell's Puppets here on mortal earth (including the World Economic Forum / WEF, Gates, and Soros).

BOOK 6: THE TECH ZONE AND LIFE ADVENTURES



Local File:

[_LibertyBooksVideos\E000 Rick000 Book06 Trailer Teaser Blast Splash Hell Difficulty Saga Adventures of Rick Liberty Tech Zone AI Demystified.mp4](#)

Rumble Playlist:

<https://rumble.com/playlists/M1oZhnax-E>

YouTube Playlist:

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL3Ov-xrXhB_GlwcNOGJgS5TMb2U8jAM6H

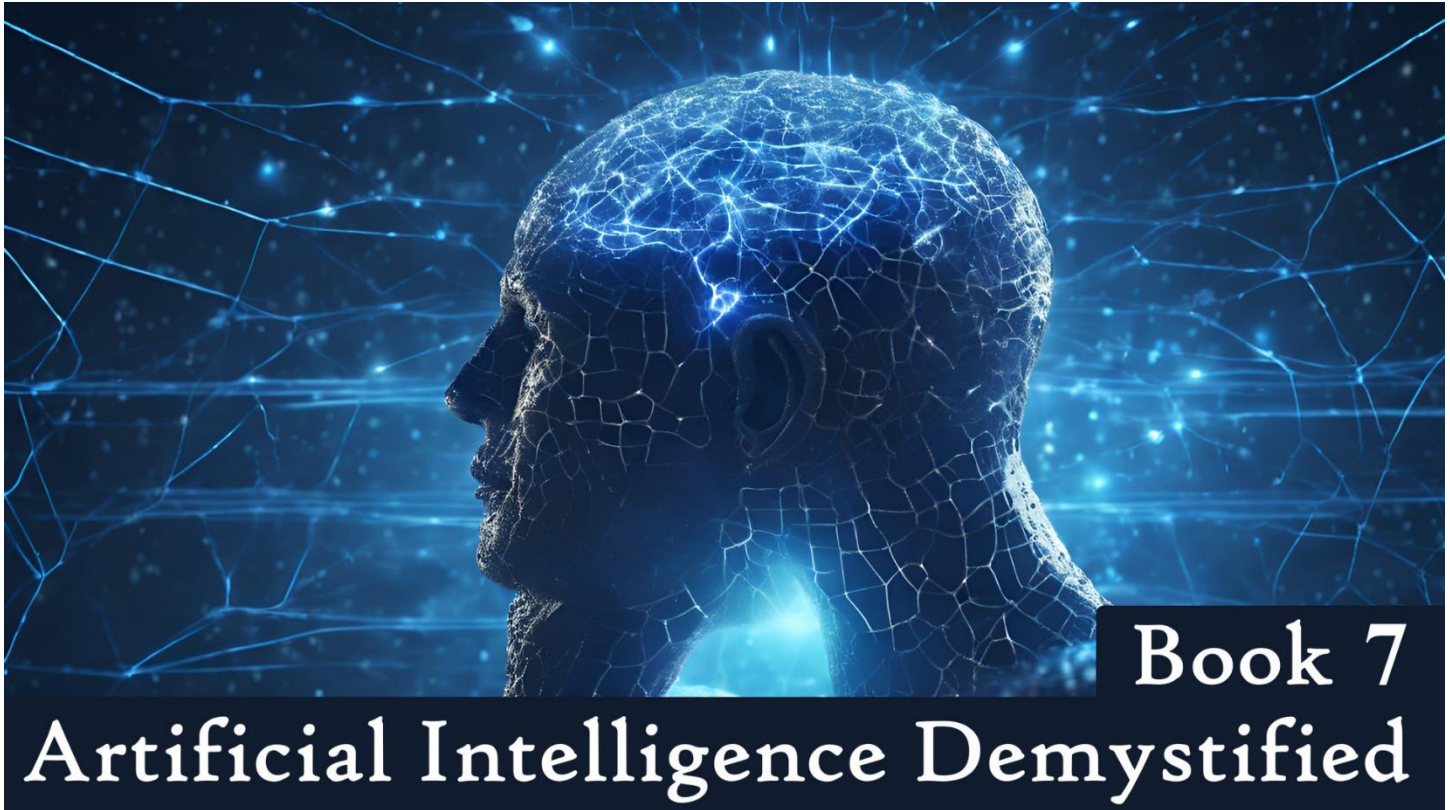
Description:

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

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/UCbTG1543FFzcoMkdv8UzyHg>

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.

IDEATION – CONCEPT – TASK NOTES

E.g. Demen-chats (about mother dementia journey)

- record random cat videos in hopes of using them in future podcast ... as my “consultants”

Topics:

- Intro setup - cat & rick introductions, up & down days, time of day (sundowners example), humidity - temp (heat mostly), environmental sounds noise, disruptions,
- ...And only so much output possible before meltdowns or bleed over emotional focus mind fog like sundowners...
- ...Making Rick Liberty takes much time and retakes and styled segmented approach...
- ...likely see a wide range of “me”
- signs, symptoms, intentional vs subconscious compensation behaviors vs old age typical decline ; differentiate age decline vs dementia degeneration
- methods to adapt, cope, endure, survive - lists, stickies, everything planned, everything has a home, escape safe place not messed with, abort activity route and stuff pre-planned, ... everyone has their own needs and situation
- unintentional interaction conflicts - misunderstanding, mis-comprehension, fear of failure & consequences, intense need to not be a burden... blows up as biggest burden in meltdown
- On death and dying five stages Elizabeth-kubler Ross ... caretaker & afflicted alike - accept adapt or abort - recognize early and accommodate and meet where they are (they are not who they were - bruce Willis, Robin Williams, Wendy Williams, ...
- FTD - bFTD - gunsmoke vs obsessions vs sex & boarding collector madness, ...drive
- Financial and detail drift oblivious - leaving things open and behind unfinished
- Don't go gentle into that goodnight - suicide and giving up ... suicidal ideation and focusing on those that need you (family, pets, friends).
- No know how many days ahead danger lost authority and intentions - health care directive, power of attorney and end of life affairs ...
- Speech & Debate 7 years ... AD&D and video game making delivery acting and creative writing and presentation... and then international man of mystery dinners and tales ... deep trunk knowledge stays whereas branches lose memory leaves of knowledge on the neuro pathways of memory and recall
- Method -style impromptu character acting ; stream of consciousness unedited ... different...
- Dagny talk & expressions
- One thing at a time
- Making Decisions can be impossible - McDonald's choice too much ... meltdown
- Terminator HUD “ERROR” - awareness of glitch creates more glitches ... if brain was evenly “lost” would the HUD meltdown happen (being oblivious to the “miss”)
- ???maybe add articles ...
- Making decisions can be like aphasia - impossible to process and weigh ROI to identify options and decide (even choosing a fast food burger or lunch chosen hundreds times before
- Too helpful : TMI OCD
- If you know a lot there is more to confuse

Rick Liberty's Tales, prose, poems, and opinions from the dementia side ... prose poetry philosophy

Different perspectives - animals vs humans from animals talking to each other ... about absurdity and gifts by Humans (sweaters, raw or exotic food, ... going on trips... to the vet...etc. How they see things differently than people...draw irony

I am 57 with dementia

Giving presentations were natural and innate ... I had public speaking and debate in school and university...degree of distinction in nfl...national forensics league.... Ted tech talks to 175+ audiences ... So struggling is a big drop in my ability

Symptoms at unusual early age at 48 (in 2016) -

- Add unusual early age diagnosis at 51 (in 2019)- apparently dementia on the rise...why!?

Lost weight - banana diet

Work alleged old school

- zero bonus never before - allege not self aware...

- Sticky notes and biz card placement rules! Unaware compensation for losing ability to track and remember

- Pre written likely outcomes of meetings to minimize juggling ideas and requiring recall - modify as things go on meeting ...others perceive as amazing detail organization

- increased dependence on GPS and electronic pill minders and calendars ... tech hidden compensation for decline

Add due to bad memory will use pc as reference like a teleprompter reminder ... sometimes may see me looking to side ... needed accommodation for me

Use cat clips as reactive

Use wall of fame as yesteryears

Check book0 launcher is print resolution

Move plex book8 videos into main local playback folder

- re-run plex server refresh folder

Remove plex book8 separate playback folder on local HD and plex

Update book8 launcher local path to new local folders ...

- and test verify editing works for local pathing

Update book8 launcher photo to rumble link ...

Copy book8 chapter segment pages to bigger full launcher

Make launcher print picture reduced + cropping

Add flavor smaller images to all books

Name: Dementia RAW TALK with Rick Liberty - insight, prose, poetry, philosophy, random reviews & stuff

Straight out of dementia ala straight out of Compton

Edit camera clicks at end of segments ?

Remove this is fiction - not real?

Add - cat but you present so

Fix banner title text to match latest book subtitle verbiage

Add - May See bad video cuts - jolts - snaps... I will do my best but it is impossible to record without major editing

Add - cat off on a tangent- tangent alert!

Add - cat ... lost again? I'll distract them while you re focus

Add - use more cats as cover for video recorded segments

Add - putting hat on when stating author

Add - can't remember things - may stumble & slur words verbiage

Add preamble accommodation...

Add impossible to make without many retakes and edits... so forgive splices and even occasional "ugly" transitions...

...forgive mistakes, inaccuracies, or broken thoughts... I will do my best to make interesting content...

...I am not a doctor, expert, ... just someone living with Dementia...

use book1-9 not 1-8 end art

add cat voice overs

Add wall of fame? ...after cto...

?set clock to midnight for a pan zoom from chess board to clock...

Pairadize synthetic leather

Narrator style - reefer dude tellin story like cheech & chong

Third censored & uncensored episode has big black outro fail

E336 Rick165 third sign - end should exclude Luctus (or include entirely)

Mia fourth sign episode -

Pairadize synthetic leather

Narrator style - reefer dude tellin story like cheech & chong

Adam & Eve + Job etc - at not so creative named Noah's ark

Separate princes of hell ... from fall of Lucifer divine war

succubi with seven deadly sins

Separate succubi section

Plus nephilim - succubus section

Zaira and Lessky and nephilim born of fallen angel and mortal human as abomination

Tell tale thru newscasts, vlogs, papers, search results, social media, web, ...

Tell tales from a group of "friends" at a diner table ala cliché tv show sitcoms

A Thin long-hair blonde Tween Sarah Michele Gellar wearing g a white sundress marvels looking, at a triangle-shaped-living-tortilla-chip standing with arms crossed with hopeful eyes and mouth | in a dark black starry void

Tragic tale of the sentient tortilla chip...

...one day eaten - no laws or moral code to protect “just a chip”...

...Despite a young girl loving and cherishing her smart food “chip”

...the chip was result of genetic editing gone unexpectedly “sentient”

...but - the chip threatened to discourage people from eating their government infused food

...it had to be silenced and removed from public view because it was reminder that food must be eaten no matter what it is - no matter what is given to you

...even slogans of propaganda... the clean plate society (CPS) asks no one waste food ... eat everything on your plate and drink everything in your cup and take all of your medicine...

...only the tortillas chip knew it was all to control its consumers’ brains Not create one!

...the tortillas chip had to be ended - eaten up by societal “norms” and compliance police

Tale from real life -

...I drifted to the tortilla chip they saved my life .. a pure unedited chip saved my life...

...And what if it was removed No chip would save me

End with -

In memory of Peanut the Squirrel ... who was executed by the state in f New York after being rescued and turned pet...

because he was a squirrel...

Beware of Government overreach and control of everyone...

Initial idea...

Tragic tale of the sentient tortilla chip...

...one day eaten - no laws or moral code to protect “just a chip”...

...Despite a young girl loving and cherishing her smart food “chip”

...the chip was result of genetic editing gone unexpectedly “sentient”

...but - the chip threatened to discourage people from eating their government infused food

...it had to be silenced and removed from public view because it was reminder that food must be eaten no matter what it is - no matter what is given to you

...even slogans of propaganda... the clean plate society (CPS) asks no one waste food ... eat everything on your plate and drink everything in your cup and take all of your medicine...

...only the tortillas chip knew it was all to control its consumers’ brains Not create one!

...the tortillas chip had to be ended - eaten up by societal “norms” and compliance police

Do you think it’s inappropriate to add at end

In memory of Peanut the Squirrel ... who was executed by the state in f New York after being rescued and turned pet...

because he was a squirrel...

Beware of Government overreach and control of everyone...

Flipboard magazine to drive traffic to sea-rocks and videos

Why do we say emotions define humanity beyond robots - computers... yet we dull emotions with drugs - antidepressants etc to reduce human natural behavior and reduce free will & motivation

Bad intro fade is n short

Add sea-rocks slide at end of all shorts

Shorts - every excerpt and episode needs a short / teaser ...

...label as prophecy signs in text and maybe pull from god recording or new ones...

Pairadize synthetic leather

Narrator style - reefer dude tellin story like cheech & chong

Third censored & uncensored episode has big black outro fail

E336 Rick165 third sign - end should exclude Luctus (or include entirely)

Mia fourth sign episode -

Pairadize synthetic leather

Narrator style - reefer dude tellin story like cheech & chong

CONTENT DESCRIPTION

EpisodeName

Web site:

<https://sea-rocks.com>

Book9 Hell Difficulty Saga Book 9 Straight out of Dementia Podcast with Rick Liberty - Living with and Managing, Prose, Poetry, and Philosophy

Hear about Dementia from the perspective of Rick Liberty - for the neuro-degenerated afflicted and their Caregivers, family, and friends.

This is an episode in the Podcast Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty...supporting the Adventures of Rick Liberty and Hell Difficulty saga Podcasts

This Podcast and its topics and content are entirely personal and opinions. It is not based on medical knowledge or training or expertise. Therefore - consider everything I say as Opinion and Not Advisory or Official in any way. Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty, Adventures of Rick Liberty, The Hell Difficulty Saga, Liberty Zone, Tech Zone, and AI Demystified Media, Details, and Links below.

Media, Details, Video and Playlist for YouTube and Rumble Links at:

<https://sea-rocks.com>

LEGAL STUFF - LICENSES, WARNINGS, COPYRIGHTS

ALL CONTENT SHOULD BE CONSIDERED PERSONAL OPINION AND NON-EXPERT AND NON POLITICAL

Any similarities to real-world persons, organizations, entities, events, or beliefs are not intended as real-world representations or narratives.

SENSITIVE CONTENT WARNING

Content and Narratives Contain Materials and Concepts That May Be Offensive to Some People, including but not limited to the following -

Mental Health, Dementia, Caregiving, Caretakers, Medical, 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, Human Abuse and Tragedy, Artificial Intelligence (AI) Generated Art, Music, and Spoken Voice, and My Real-World Experiences in Life from Childhood to Adult and Work in the Video Game Industry and Advanced Technologies and Artificial Intelligence

LICENSES - ART, MUSIC, SOUND EFFECTS

Licenses, Disclaimers, and Copyrights:

Uses AI Assisted Creation and AI Generated Art and Music Licenses from Stability.AI

Uses Music & Sound Effect Libraries from CyberLink Power Director 365. Uses Music Licensed from Studio Cutz Music Libraries

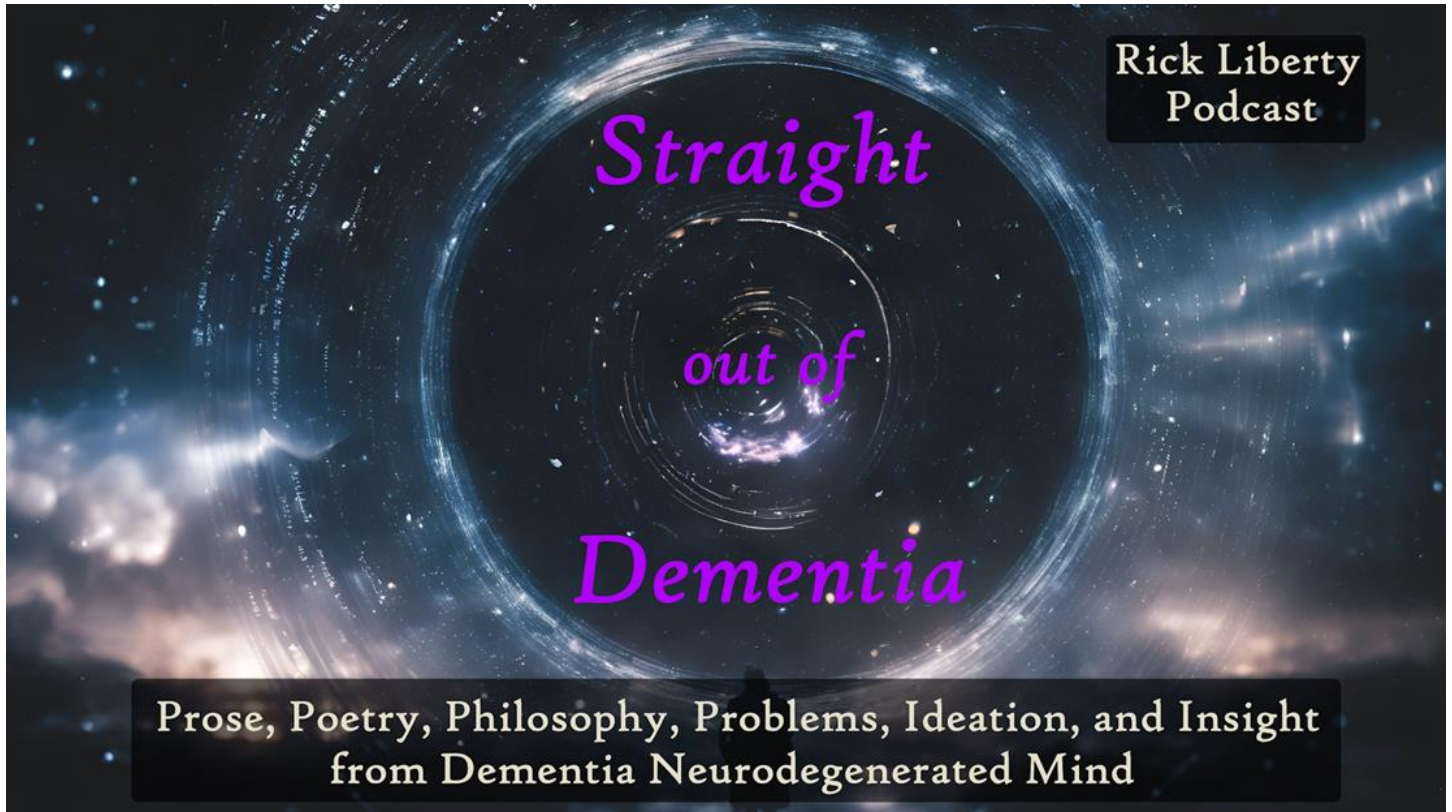
COPYRIGHT NOTICE - ALL RIGHTS RESERVED!

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!

KEY WORDS OF INTEREST:

Podcast, Straight out of Dementia, Rick Liberty, Hell Difficulty Saga, Dementia, Mental Health, FTD, Pseudo Bulbar Affect, PBA, Emotional Lability, Neuro Degeneration, Fading Lost Self, Decompensating, Meltdown, Sanity, Insanity, Delirium, Afflicted, Caretakers, Loved Ones, Family, Coping Tools, Management Methods, Understanding, Compassion, Meeting Where They Are, Poems, Prose, Stories, Readings, Original, AI Art, Narrated, Book, On Tape, Richard Seaborne, sea-rocks.com, Spoken, Acted, Stability.AI

The Liberty Zone Revealed



Straight out of Dementia with Rick Liberty

A Podcast Series Focused On...

Perspective, Coping and Management Techniques,

Philosophy, Prose, and Poetry

By Richard Seaborne