



MES MEMOIRES ACADIEN

My Struggle (Against fascism)



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Mes Memoires Acadien
[Very Closely Based on My True Story]

Chapter 1: *Naissance.*

Location: *The Great Sioux Nation.*

A Ghost Dance Song from the Sioux plays.

Me: We plan for seven generations in advance, or so We say; but when dealing with Humanity and Nature plans often times adapt and change... And sometimes plans are forgotten, especially if made seven generations in advance.

What I know about the birth of Me is, is that long ago; sometime around the Battle of Little Big Horn; is that the Great Nations of Atlantis gathered together to discuss the problem of the American encroachment and the genocide of Our People, in the ancient ways to which Atlanteans are accustomed.

And so, much as the gatherings described in the *Song of Hiawatha*, the nations came together to discuss and plan; the Eastern Algonquins, the Northern Inuit, the Western Aztek, the Qinadene from the Orient, the Mayan Mississippi of the South; the offspring of the Vinlanders from Saguenay, otherwise known as the Mandan or the Daneman, the Angles in the ancient Keltic tongue; and the Crows from African lands. Of course, these nations were all much closer to each other now; after the implementation of the Indian Removal Act.

Here, among the smoking of Cansasa, the Sun Dance, and the Ghost Dance; were planted the seeds from the Atlantean First Nations, according to a prophecy of Love, Justice, and Rectification, in that ancient Lakota Country. And from these seeds four generations later; came My Grandfather from Khangî, Raven.

Location: *Occupied Austria, after WWII.*

"Mona Lisa" by Nat King Cole plays¹.

Me: My grandfather joined the United States Army shortly after the end of World War II.

They asked My Blackfoot Grandfather if he wanted to serve with the White troops or the Black troops, and he opted to serve with the Black troops; which he did his service in Occupied Austria; the first nation to be raped by Nazi Germania in a process which began during the Austrian Civil War. It was into the German Reich that a young maiden was born; a young maiden who My Grandfather met as a server in the quaint and picturesque city of Salzburg.

¹ Nate King Cole. "Mona Lisa." *Nat King Cole*. 1954.

“This young woman of mystery, who was she?” My Grandfather must have been thinking. He was surely smitten by her beauty, and kindness, perhaps. Who is this woman, indeed; maybe she didn’t even know.

In this city of *The Sound of Music* where Mozart was born; a young U.S. serviceman fell in love with an Austrian Princess; verily true in every sense of the word. Hammerstein asked, “How do you solve a problem like Maria?” when she was no problem at all?

She grew up under the threat of the Holocaust in Linz, and among prisoners of war in an Austrian castle. The family that cared for her, she was not closely related to; but they were to Marlena Dietrich, they were cousins. Her father was a World War I veteran, she was told; and that history is true. She taught Sunday School at the Oberndorf bei Salzburg Chapel, and her truthful parents to her were, at the time, unknown.

She told me that when she was young once, she went to visit a gypsy, who told her that she would move to another country, and that three of her children would die young. Prophetic words, maybe; or perhaps a death threat from Roma.

Many years later, her close resemblance to a Prussian Bavarian Kaiserin revealed the her mother’s identity as Eva Braun; and My resemblance to Adolf Hitler of the House of Habsburg; both the branches of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Maria Lucia of Habsburg Lorraine; showed who her father was; now a genetic history revealed in Our genes, the Carolingian bloodline of the Western French and Eastern Austrian Dutch Reichs; the line of the Swedish and Rus Vasas; and the Royal Jacobin Stuarts of the British Isles and Normandy, and the Denmark and Norway of Canute; of the Kalmar Union from the former Scandinavian Monarch, Christopher III from Bayern, who gives Me the Regnal Number of IV.

Now, the first son of My Grandfather and Maria in Austria was born; and then My Grandfather with Maria returned home; and three more children were born. The first was Morris, the second Madi, the third was Edward, and the fourth was Barry. My father was Edward. My Grandfather was a Postman.

Morris and Barry passed away before I was born. I was told from drug overdoses.

Location. Blue Bell, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

“Jennifer Juniper” by Donovan plays².

Me. The circumstances of my mother’s conception, I don’t truly know. The one person which I know knows the answer has passed away, diagnosed with dementia and devoid of lucidity prior to her death.

My mother was born into the wedlock of My grandmother with her husband, Jack. She grew up in the privileged class of society as Jack was a successful

² Donovan. “Jennifer Juniper.” *Hurdy Gurdy Man*. 1968.

lawyer who started a law firm which quickly grew in prestige and achievement. Yes, she rode horses. Yes, she had several vacation homes (My favorite one being the one in Avalon), and yes; there was a dark side to the public face which the power couple, Jack and Sue, put on for friends of the family. The Eagles' *Life in the Fastlane*, is a good description of what their life was like.

I can only recount the stories that I heard about My mother's young life, but from her accounts; her mother was a hard-drinking All-American lacrosse player; who commanded and demanded the respect afforded to British nobility. She was, after all, of Genteel society; the Upper Crust of British Colonialism in the United States; Washington of Virginia, and Gordy of Georgia. Yes, that's the same Gordy family of former POTUS James Carter; and the same Washington family as the first POTUS. In Pennsylvania, Our family is of the heritage of Teutonic Knights, Ritters; and French Huguenots from Picardy, the Levans; who established and founded the County of Berks on Algonquin soil; being granted safe haven and asylum by the British Empire from the atrocities of the Wars of Religion being waged by the Bourbons in France and along the Rhine. Her friends were relatives of Diana Spencer, and of the Generals of the Royal Canadian Military. My Grandmother told Me once, that when she was young she dated a Kennedy; which reinforced, to Me, that she was a woman of high society.

My mother has two siblings, a younger brother and sister; and all three of them grew up in the powerhouse of Jack and Sue. My uncle, on the maternal side, is quite an accomplished guitar player whose main influence is Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin; and played in a band with My paternal uncle Barry, who was a drummer.

My mother dated My uncle Barry, first before dating My father Edward, or Keith as he was known to his friends. After Barry, My mother dated and married My father; and in the year of the Solar planetary alignment; as is recorded in the *Thor: Dark World* story (Thor was My father's favorite comic book hero); I was born. 1982; when modern Canada was born, Argentina invaded and was defeated by Britain, and Homosexuality was decriminalised in the Irish County of Ulster.

It was a bright, hot, and unclouded day when I was born, shortly after Noon, in the Oktoberfest Sunth of Dawonstide. My mother told Me, I was an easy birth; though I was My mother's first child, I was eager and quick to enter this world. I remember telling My mother that I could hear music when I was in her uterus. Though the first song I can remember hearing after birth, interestingly enough, is Rod Stewart's *Some Guys Have All the Luck*; considering My connection to the Scottish Crown.

Chapter 2: Awareness “Everything She Wants” by Wham! plays³.

Location: Blue Bell/Willow Grove, PA.

Me: What are some of My first memories. Well, I remember jumping on a suitcase in My maternal uncle’s room, startling a rottweiler/lab mix named Bullet; and being attacked by the dog. He bit my face. I remember hearing gunshots in my neighborhood in Willow Grove. I remember having a fever so bad one time that I saw fish on the walls and ceiling. I remember being nauseous in My car seat from being too warm. I remember playing with a Black kid, and then that Black kid stole My Hot Wheels car. I remember My mother complaining about messages on the door from Black neighbors saying, “Go home” and popped tires on her car.

I remember... coming home with My mom after grocery shopping to My father, and him being so angry at the money spent on buying food that he started to throw dishes at My mother. I remember the Animal Crackers I was eating at the time and being so scared that I dropped the crackers on the floor as My mother cowered in the corner of the kitchen. I was told later in life that My father was a heroin addict; and that this was him acting out because My mother was spending money that he wanted to use on heroin.

I remember having a paternal cousin, from My Aunt Madi, that was born three days before Me, and him being My best friend.

My mother got divorced from My father; and I can attest to the fact that there were definitely issues of domestic abuse involved. Apparently, My father was one who was kind in public, but My early memories of him are as one would remember Hitler, mostly the negative aspects of mal Keith. Anger is what I remember most of My father. Though in later years, I do remember a sort of tenderness... and playfulness that My cousin would have known more about since I didn’t grow up in the same house hold as him.

I was told by My grandmom Sue in later years that My father made a serious death threat against My mother; and as a result, We moved to Georgia for some time to live with the Gordys. What I can remember from this time is getting spanked in school; strawberry candies, some kind of hand held video game; and My great Uncle and his wife’s kindness and accents, and a dog named Liberty.

We moved back to Pennsylvania, and My mom moved back to her parent’s house while saving up money to go out on her own again. My aunt and uncle were away at University at this time; one going to Drexel and the other West Chester.

I loved My mother’s sister and brother as if they were My own sister and brother. My mom had Me when she was 20, so they were in their mid to late teens at the time. I had Uncle JR to teach Me about the birds and the bees, I think a bit too young at this point; and introduce Me to Led Zeppelin and Frank Zappa; show Me the first Macintosh Computers available to the public; and My Aunt Betsy to

³ Wham! “Everything She Wants.” *Make It Big*. 1984.

teach Me all about Michael Jackson, and that was going on with Paula Abdul, and Milli Vanilli (She was devastated when she found out about the lip syncing).

I was a rowdy kid, full of energy and mischief. I went to a nearby private school and remember the bus rides seeming to be long, too long for Me as a kid. Somehow, and I don't remember how, but I caused a riot on the bus; and one of the other kids threw a shoe of Mine out the window. My mom wasn't too happy about that.

She worked hard in order to support Me, and when she had enough money saved up, My mom and I moved in with one of My mom's friends in Lansdale. Her name was Janet. I remember loving Janet, and for some reason she always reminded Me of Stevie Nicks from Fleetwood Mac. I remember riding my bike on training wheels there. Seemed so happy. I went to school, had friends there, and had all I needed in My mom and Janet. I was still close to the Gant family, could see My paternal cousin and Aunt; and My father still had visitation rights, so I would see them every other week or so.

My cousin Matt and I were like two peas in a pod. On Christmas and Our birthdays, We would get matching gifts. Teddy bears, games, action figures, battery operated minicars. My grandmom wanted to make sure that We got a Christian upbringing; so, she would take us on every Sunday that I visited to her Pentecostal church in Ambler; the Church of Acts. It was a small church filled with music, praying, speaking in tongues, long sermons, and a typical Sunday service would last at least two or three hours. My cousin and I hated going; but My Grandmom bribed Us with promising to take Us to McDonald's after church; so at least there was some reward for the long and torturous services and the Judeo-Christian indoctrination.

My Grandfather used to ask, "Maria, why are you taking them boys to church with you? You know they don't like it." But for her, the Church and religion are the most important things in her life. So much so, that at the suggestion of her pastor; the Gants didn't get a Christmas Tree one year. So much so that she prayed against her own son Barry's success in his band because she did not approve of the bands' music. I remember her being a stern woman. Kind and loving on one hand; but quick to take out the wooden spoon on the other. We naturally grew up with Dutch being spoken around the house, as she is Austrian, perhaps the reason why the Dutch language seems to come to Me so easily today.

When I was about 4 or so, My mother started to date My step-father. They met at work, and he would come over to My mom's house every so often. They decided that they were going to get married; and would move closer to his work in Reading. I was the ring bearer at their wedding. We moved to a house in Exeter Township with an expansive backyard, a pool, and fruit trees.

I met some new friends here, but their marriage was just the beginning of a hard life for Me.

Chapter 3. Unwelcome Home. "Home By the Sea" by Genesis plays⁴.

Location: Farming Ridge, Exeter, PA.

Me as a young kid looking out of the window of My parents' room at a lot of kids, I didn't know at the time, climbing on trees; playing in the pool.

Me: The first time I remember meeting My step-father's large family was at the house warming party, after My mom and him were married.

I was used to a smaller, quieter family, though My mom's mom did have a very loud and distinctive laugh, and raised her voice from time to time. I played in the back yard with My friends, climbed the trees, swam in the pool; and I considered this My little safe area.

Then I saw a lot of people I didn't know climbing on My trees, swimming in My pool, invading My safe area; and I didn't like it.

Chris: Get off My property!

In the backyard is My step-father and mom.

Matt: Jesus, Jen, what's the kid doing?

Jen: I don't know, Matt. I'll go talk to him.

Matt: Tell him to stop being so anti-social.

Jen: Ok. I'll be right back.

My mom comes up to the room.

Jen: Hey Chris. Why are you doing that?

⁴ Genesis. "Home by the Sea." *Genesis*. 1981.

Chris: There are strangers on our lawn!

Jen: Chris, they're not strangers; their part of our family now. They're your cousins, and they're around your age; so why don't you come outside and meet your new family? Ok?

Chris: Ok.

A little girl and her family come up to the door and ring the doorbell.

Mary: Hi, Jen.

Jen: Hey, come on in.

Courtney: Where's Chris?

Jen: He's out back playing with his new cousins in the pool.

Courtney: Ok. I'll go find him.

In the backyard.

Chris: Hey Courtney! Want to play Marco Polo?

Courtney: How's the water?

Matt B: Really warm.

Jon D: Come on in!

Courtney: Ok. Cannonball!

Stacey D: Marco!

Kids: Polo!

Laughing. Splashing. More Marco Polo playing.

Craig K: Who wants to play chicken fight?

Eric G: Ok. Me and Keith are a team!

Chris: Me and Craig then!

Craig K. You better beat them!

Me: Yep, seemed like a normal little kid. Was on the tee-ball team, joined the Boy Scouts. My friends and I played kickball, pool games, sword fights, made plays, played dinosaurs. Courtney was the neighbor across the street, my friend Matt lived next door. Being the only girl with two roughhousing boys must have been pretty difficult.

One time when I was over at Courtney's house, we were jumping on her couch and I accidentally pulled her arm out of joint when I was pulling her over the couch. She started screaming, and I got so scared I ran back home as fast as I could. When she came to Kindergarten with her arm in a sling, I remember crying over what I did.

Well, she got me back a few times; jumping on the bed; she pushed me off the bed, and I hit My head on a bedside cabinet and she snipped a piece of my finger off with scissors once. Courtney was my first official girl-friend, and witness to something much darker than this scene initially appears.

On the deck out back at the party.

Matt: Come here you little brat!

My step-father picks Me up by the leg and dangle's Me over the edge of the deck as if he's going to drop Me.

Me: Yep, that scared, pardon the expression, the living shit out of Me as a little kid. Why did he do that, terrorizing me? Holding me as if I was some captured prize or caught fish, but that wasn't all that happened that night.

My step-father walks into My room as I am sleeping. He looks at Me sleeping and then unzips his pants to urinate. My mom comes into the room.

Jen: Matt, what are you doing!

Matt: What? I have to gotta take a piss.

Jen: The bathroom's over there. This is Chris' room!

Matt: Oh, ok. Oops.

Me: What was My step-father's intentions here? And by no means do I think that this was a scene of interrupted sexual abuse. In retrospect, I do think that he was acting as a dog intending to mark what he considered his property.

I can remember watching John Walsh on *America's Most Wanted*, and being in abject fear that My step-father was an example of the people on these shows. He seemed to fit the profile, was nice in public with My mom and Me; but when at home his ugly face would rear.

One night, much like the show in *America's Most Wanted*, I was taking out the trash, and a car pulled up to the curb.

Man: Hey there. I'm lost, do you think you can help me?

Chris: I don't know you, and My mom says I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

Man: It's ok. I'm just trying to find a street, and you could show me on this map where the street is.

Chris: No.

I run back inside the house.

Outside practicing for tee-ball.

Matt: Catch this.

He throws a ball up into the air as hard as he can, and it comes down and hits Me in the head.

Matt: Eyes on the ball, Chris.

The next-door neighbor's little brother hits Me with a stick.

Chris: Hey, what did you do that for?

I grab a stick and hit him back.

Nick: (Wah) He hit me!

Matt: Chris!

Chris: What? He hit first.

Matt: You're older than he is. You should know better. Let's see how you like it!

My step-father puts me over his knee and spansks me hard a few times.

Me: The irony of a full-grown man hitting Me, punishing Me for hitting a kid who attacked me first.

My step-father teaching Me to fight.

Matt: Ok. I'm gonna whale you!

Me: My favorite book around this time was a scientific book on whales that my Aunt Betsy got Me for Christmas if I remember correctly. I loved Nature, and usually skipped over the chapter on the history of whaling. I hated seeing that.

My step-father then punches Me in the shoulder.

Matt: Come on Chris, fight back, or I'm going to hit you again!

I jump on top of him and start swinging.

Matt: There you go.

Me: I suppose I was lucky that My step-father had a divorce and wasn't allowed to be a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The details of his first marriage aren't really known to Me and My mother. And since My mother was raised Protestant, and My step-father was divorced; We became members of a local Lutheran congregation. I was baptized and confirmed at this church, and a few people in My class became close friends.

Chapter 4. *Elementary, My Dear Watsons*. “*Help!*” by the Beatles plays⁵.

Location: *Lausch Elementary*.

Me: School didn’t start out great for Me. An accident happened early on.

In the house.

Mom: I got you a new jacket. It’s a hand-me-down from your friend Jarred.

Chris: It’s too tight.

Mom: You’ll be fine.

On the bus. I’m getting off the bus, and another kid pushes me from behind. I reach out to grab the railing but am constricted by the tightness of the jacket. I hit my head on the curb.

Teacher: Oh my God, what happened!?! Get him to the nurse’s office! Call his mother!

At the Dr’s Office.

Jen: Is he going to be ok?

Doctor: He should be fine. He doesn’t need any stiches, and the gash will heal in a few weeks. Just keep the wound covered with some antibiotics and it will heal naturally.

At Daycare.

Me: I was part of the early day Kindergarten class; and since My step-father and mom were working full-time, I had to go to day care after school.

⁵ The Beatles. “*Help!*” *Help!* 1965.

Remembering now, I acted out a lot as a little kid. Something must have been seriously wrong at home, because I remember taking the hands of one of the day care givers; and sticking up her middle finger; and telling her to look at it. She ignored Me and kept on talking. I must have seen the middle finger gesture a lot. I know that Matt often yelled at My mom about money, and this being the source of many of their arguments.

Listening to the Beatle's on a cassette.

Me: After Kindergarten at Lausch, I went to Jacksonwald; which was under construction at the time... which meant no hot lunches. Lots of Lebanon Bologna sandwiches; and dust. Exeter was growing, and cold lunches was part of that growing pain.

My favorite band growing up was the Beatles, and My favorite album was the *White Album*. A lot of other kids weren't listening to the same music I was listening to; and I was a loud mouthed annoying little kid, who liked to sing and act and memorize movie lines; and I was one of the smarter kids in class. I had an easier time talking to some of the teachers, than I did My classmates. Some of the other kids didn't take to kindly to Me. I got the "teacher's pet" label.

Recess at Jacksonwald.

Seth: Ok, who wants to play football?

Chris: I want to play!

Seth: You're not allowed to play.

Chris: Why?

Seth: Because I said so, freak.

Chris: That's not fair!

Seth: My dad says life isn't fair.

Tim: Get off the field! Someone get rid of him so we can play!

Another kid moves towards Me.

Matt B: Move or you'll be moved.

Chris: This isn't fair! I want to play football!

As kids start to circle around Me, I lash out and push the kids; some of them falling down. Some of the kids cry. A teacher sees, and singles Me out.

Teacher: That was a very naughty thing you did. I'm writing a note to your mother!

Chris: No, please don't do that. Please don't.

Teacher: It's too late now.

At home in the den. My mom has a note in her hand which has little kids crying on it.

Jen: Chris! You're grounded for three weeks! No TV, no video games, and no going outside!

Me: I did get the chance to play football, just the real football, not the "pigskin" kind though.

On the way to soccer sign ups.

Matt: You're not going to sit around the house all day and watch TV and play videogames; I'm signing you up for soccer.

Chris: I don't want to play soccer!

Matt: Your mother and I already discussed it, Chris. It's already been decided. Besides a lot of your friends from school and Boy Scouts are going to be playing too. And I'm going to be your coach.

Chris: Ok.

Me: So, I played soccer. Wasn't my favorite thing in the world to do, especially since the games were usually at the same time as X-men on Ægirdays. But made some good friends. One of them was Mike. My old girlfriend Courtney was branching out and making new friends with girls; and My next-door neighbor was a year younger than me; so I made a new friend in the neighborhood; even though he was like... three blocks away; which seemed far at the time. I got used to the bike ride though.

Mike and I had the same taste in music, and I knew him from Boy Scouts too. He had much older siblings that were into the Beatles so We could sit and listen to Sgt. Peppers together. I used to play Monopoly and Risk for hours with Mike and his brother Matt, though I do remember Matt cheating quite a bit in Monopoly as he was the corrupt banker sneaking bills from the bank into his own personal stash. Caught him though. And besides music and board games, We would roller skate around his basement playing hockey.

He was the first friend I took to Avalon with Me. And because Mike played hockey, I met his friend down the street who I played street hockey with, named John; who was also in my grade; and with whom I became close friends.

Mike would often talk about his friend, Mark. And I was like, who is this Mark? Mark was Mike's older friend from down the street. And with Mark and other neighborhood kids, We played... what I see now as games invented as a deterrent. What kind of deterrents do you ask?

Mark: Smear the queer!

Me: Isn't this just football or rugby without the regulation?

When Mike was around Mark, he acted differently. Like when it was just Mike and I, things were cool. But with Mark, Mike got a mean and a cruel streak in him, and I haven't forgotten what happened one of the days that We went over to Mark's, and We were playing Nintendo. Mark

had one of those cool Nintendo pads that you could use for track and field, where you have to run and jump on the pad to make your character jump...

Well anyway, We were playing Nintendo at Mark's house and then all of a sudden, Mark and Mike grabbed Me, pushed Me against a pole in his basement, grabbed a rope from somewhere, and tied Me to the pole; and then started hitting Me with different objects. Strange, but I guess kids do weird things when they get hyper. A warning to parents, childhood is as Lord of the Flies.

Me: School was like a hierarchy of popularity. The more popular you were, the easier life was in school. If you were popular, then kids wouldn't make fun of you as much, people wanted to be your friend; and people would just give you stuff. By the time I reached 4th grade, I was allowed to play recess football. And I scored some touchdowns too.

As for girls, it was easy to date. First was Courtney, then I remember Kerrie, Steph, and the Courtney's friend, the new girl that moved in, another Steph. And I used to go over to Kerrie and Steph's house and listen to music and play dolls with them and shit. I was a young toe-headed athlete, with a pool and a shore house, no less. I was a hot commodity for dating. But, I didn't take any of My "girlfriends" with me to the shore. I only asked Courtney, who wanted to go, but her parents said that she couldn't. So the Avalon house became My Sanssouci, in the Frederick II of Prussia sense.

I had an off again, on again relationship with Courtney from Kindergarten to 4th grade. I remember saving up My allowance money to take her on a date to McDonald's, ha ha.

On day, while dating Courtney, My step-father came up to Me...

Matt: Let's go for a walk.

Chris: Sure, where are we going?

Matt: Around the neighborhood.

Chris: Ok.

We walk around the neighborhood.

Matt: Ok... so when a man likes a woman, he gets certain feelings. Feelings that make him want to kiss and hug girls.

Chris: Yeah, Courtney wants to kiss all the time.

Matt: Girls get the same feelings for boys too. That's called love. And the reason for this is because... you know how you have a penis?

Chris: Yeah?

Matt: Well, when your older that part fills up with blood; and you put your penis into the girl's private part, which is called a vagina.

Chris: Ew. That sounds gross.

Matt: You might think that way now, but that will change as you get older.

Me: Not.

Matt: Now, some people call the vagina a pussy, or other names like that.

Chris: Like a pussy willow?

Matt: Yeah, like that. And when the man puts his penis into a vagina, it shoots out something called sperm; and the sperm goes into the vagina and enters an egg; and then a baby comes from this.

Chris: Oh, ok. Uncle JR told Me about that before.

Matt: He did? I'm going to have to talk to your mother about that.

Me: Where was the whole part about and... sometimes a man likes a man, or a woman likes a woman; and then they take the sperm from a man and the egg of a woman; and that way a man and a man, or a woman and a woman can have babies too.

This Same Sex truth wasn't part of the church school curriculum in My days, unfortunately.

And Courtney did like to kiss a lot; I ended getting sick of it; maybe one of the reasons I so easily became friends with Mike; as an escape from Courtney. So even though I dated girls, it was mainly for the prestige that went along with being in a relationship.

Report Card.

Me: I was pretty much a straight A student, but the reports on My behavior were another story.

"Student lacks self control" was something that was often written on My report card. You ask why?

I was a trouble maker, plain and simple. Outspoken and questioning authority, I was like the Socrates of Elementary School.

I was in the Challenge Program, a program for kids gifted with intelligence. One of the things I remember from this program was a seminar on the Mysteries of the Earth, where We discussed topics on the Nazca lines, UFO's, and Atlantis. Little did I know what seeds these discussions would sew at the time. Would have been good for the teachers to assign reading the Platonic dialogues to unravel the mystery of Atlantis.

Chapter 5: Changes. "Right Now" by Van Halen plays⁶.

Me: There were five things which shattered My young world. The first was was on Mother's Day in 1991.

At the Exeter house, in the basement. The phone rings.

Jen: Hello? ... Oh no. Thanks Maria. I'm so sorry.

My mother begins to cry.

Jen: Chris?

Chris: Yeah?

Jen: That was your grand mom. Your father died of a heart attack.

Chris: Oh...

Young Me walks into My room and sits down in a chair.

Me: I felt strange because I didn't cry. Today, I feel so much more robbed of My father than I did at the time. But then, I barely knew the man. In my mind... when I think about My father, the first thing that comes to My head is crashing dishes and Animal Crackers.

Then I think about being held by him when in a state of fever, as I see fish on the ceiling and the walls. Then I remember being with My cousin; and My dad on the floor as My cousin Matt and I tried to cross the room without him tackling us. Looking at Us from the corner of his eye as We tried to sneak around him.

When We went to his funeral, We got there late and the casket was closed. My maternal aunt and uncle went with Me. My cousin, Matt, My grandfather, and Aunt Madi were emotionally a mess. This was the

⁶ Van Halen. "Right Now." *Van Halen*. 1990.

third child that My Grandmother and Grandfather were burying. The third death in that Blue Bell house. I was informed that he died of a heroin or cocaine overdose, and that it was My cousin that found him, laying unconscious on the ground, with purple blotches on his skin from the lost circulation.

As I wrote this passage, I finally have allowed Myself to fully grieve and cry over the death of My father, especially as I thought about My young cousin coming home from playing outside and then finding My father's body, and how terrible that must have been.

Blue Bell house. Matt comes in from outside, runs upstairs and goes into Keith's room to find him on the floor, dead.

Matt S: Keith? Keith?

At the funeral.

Me: There was a typical funeral service for My father, as he was laid to rest in eternal sleep on a bright day in May. And as the pastor was praying over his body, giving My father his final burial rites; the coffin shook. Which My Grandmother later testified as My father's presence at his funeral.

As a result of My father's death, I received social security benefits in the amount of about \$400 a month, until the age of 18.

The second life changing event of this time was the birth of My little sister.

At the house.

Jen: Matt, I think it's time. My water just broke.

Matt: Ok... ok... I'll call the neighbors, and let's get you to the hospital.
Chris! Your mom's going into labor. Remember what we practiced.

Chris: Right. I'm going over to Matt's, and you're taking mom to the hospital.

Matt: Yep.

Me: So, I went over to the next-door neighbors' while My step-father drove My mom to the hospital to give birth to My sister. My friend's mom put on the Beach Boys, and a few hours later We got the report that My mom gave birth to a healthy baby girl at the Pottstown Memorial Medical Center. I was ecstatic for having a baby sister.

I didn't mind that the attention was focused on My new little sister. But shortly after her birth, 9 years after My own; I started to get debilitating migraines. I would get one with a frequency of about 4-5 weeks, where I would have to be in a dark room; and if I didn't get enough headache pills or fall asleep, I would become nauseous and vomit at least one or two, and sometimes even more, times.

I also began to have strep throat and earaches on a frequent basis; and would be sick from school for or week or so at a time. Eventually, I had My tonsils and adenoids removed, and tubes put in My ears, which seemed to solve the problem.

The third life changing event was the loss of a pet.

Farming Ridge Blvd and Mays Circle.

Me: One day we were walking My black lab named Dodger.

Let Me backtrack a little bit.

We got Dodger when he was a puppy, and he was so small that We used to wash him in a bucket. He was considered to be the runt of his litter; but, despite his size, he was a strong dog.

It was pretty cool, because Disney came out with *Oliver and Company*, and the character voiced by Billy Joel was Dodger, so I thought that was awesome since I had a dog named Dodger.

I remember as a young kid, when I was walking Dodger; there was a chocolate lab across the street, and Dodger was so excited to see the other dog; that he ran over to her. Well, I was on the other end of the leash; and he dragged Me across the pavement so that I still have a right triangle scar on my knuckle today from this incident.

Dodger... liked to run away a lot; and I remember having to chase him around the neighborhood a few times; but he would often eventually come home. There was a neighbor that would complain about him peeing on her bushes when he ran away. I met her a few times looking for Dodger, she was a nice woman from what I remember.

Well, anyway, My mom was walking with Me and Dodger and My sister in a baby carriage, and Dodger saw another dog across the street. Looked like a Samoyed from what I remember; because Dodger took off after the other dog and there was white fur flying as he attacked the other dog.

Woman: Get your dog!

Jen: I'm trying! Chris, don't just stand there!

Me: What did she want Me to do? I was just a little kid traumatized by seeing My dog attack another dog. Well, after that...

Jen: Chris, were going to have to give Dodger away.

Chris: What, no, why?

Jen: Because I can't worry about him running away or attacking another dog when I have to worry about your baby sister.

Chris: Oh, come on mom; please. I'll take extra good care of him.

Jen: No, Chris, we're getting rid of Dodger. He's just too much.

Me: For Me, the loss of Our first major pet was extremely upsetting. I had pets before... a fish which I named Shamoo, for one...

In My 2nd Floor Farming Ridge Bedroom. A black fish is floating upside down.

Chris: What's wrong with Shamoo?

Jen: Well... Shamoo died.

Chris: What? Why?

Jen: Because fish can only live for so long, and it was Shamoo's time to go.

Me: But unlike the short-lived fish named Shamoo, Dodger was My dog; My faithful companion, My friend. You don't give My friend away.

I also point out that We had a cat, her name was Kitty and she was awesome. We rescued her from the streets. I like dogs and cats as pets.

I was distraught over the decision to give away Dodger. And I spent his last day with Us with him. I laid on his side and cried on him. And then, he got taken away.

Orlando, PJ's restaurant.

Me: The fourth thing that happened was a complete upending of My life at Jacksonwald. The school where I had made My friends, and had been attending from 1st to 5th Grade, I was being forced to leave. But even more influencing is the words of the man I thought Was My Grandfather would change Me forever as We vacationed in Florida.

Jack: I'm related to Napoleon.

Jacksonwald School. Mr. Zook's 5th Grade.

Zook: You're related to Napoleon?

Chris: So My grandfather says.

Zook: And Jimmy Carter?

Chris: Yep, My Grandmom's cousins with Jimmy Carter.

Zook: Get out of here? Really?

Me: Yep, this was true. The person I thought was My grandfather is from a Napoleonic Branch, and My grandmother Sue is of the Gordy-Carter family.

Does being related to Napoleon make someone special? In a Monarchist World, in the Royal Courts of Europe, yes. But it turns out that My grandmother's husband was not My grandfather, nor My mother's father; and... that I am actually directly related to Napoleon through My father. Which also means that when My father died; I inherited the Crown and Throne of Holy Dutch Empire; which is how I refer to the Carolingian Empire because the Franks are a Dutch People, and the Deutsch are Dutch.

But did I know that I was the Dutch Kaiser and Norman High King back then? Nope, not at the time.

The tragedies of My father dying and losing Dodger, issues with My step-father, as well as difficulties with some of the other students in school, finally took their toll on Me.

What were some of the issues I was having with other students, you ask? Actually, they were pretty minor. But there was a kid in particular who was a bit of a problem. Pat.

He was a pretentious kid, who apparently got kicked out of Roman Catholic school, if I remember correctly; and came to Exeter. He had a superiority complex; and when he bribed people in 4th grade for the Student Presidential election; I was not pleased. Hmm... I remember George W. Bush doing same with tax rebates.

W. Bush: Here's \$400, vote for me.

Me: But, still, as students often do; there is some attraction to a person with confidence; and he had confidence. He was like a soccer star on the Exeter team; so there's a degree of impression that an alpha male can inspire. And he was from a wealthy family, had horses, and a nice house in the country. He was more of My rival, than friend, as I didn't like him getting My attention.

I was told later, after I had left Jacksonwald, that he tried to poison the janitor, Mr. Rivers, at Jacksonwald with Lysol; and that he was expelled from Exeter for a time. I was also later told that he was one of the main drug suppliers in school during the years of secondary education.

But still I tried to impress the mean bad kid by being mean Myself. And an opportunity presented itself in the form of light, a watch, and a prank.

Jacksonwald, 5th Grade. Mr. Fidler's Class.

Another student named Bob is giving a presentation, and I have on My father's black leather banded watch. Solight is coming through the window and reflects off My watch. I notice, and then mischievously shine the light in Bob's face, while looking over at Pat to see approval.

Me: Sorry Bob. Please pardon the young Me.

At the Exeter house.

Me: And about Mid-way through the 5th grade year, the fifth event happened that dramatically changed My life.

Mom: We're moving.

Chris: What, where? What about all My friends?

Mom: We're not moving very far. We just need a bigger house. There's not going to be enough room with us, your sister, and another baby.

Me: Devastating. The whole world I knew was changing. Going to a new school... with people I didn't know? Not having a pool? What?

My mom was pregnant with My little brother; it was true, there weren't enough rooms in Our old house. My parents were considering building on a new lot in the expanding neighborhood; but that wasn't to be. So, We moved to the other side of the township; first into an apartment complex named Woodgate while finding a new house.

This is where another villain of this story entered.

In the Woodgate parking lot, We're just moving in. A kid walks past the car.

Chris: Hey. What's up?

Ken: Hi.

Chris: I'm new to the neighborhood here and am looking for kids around My age.

Ken: What grade are you in?

Chris: 5th.

Ken: Me too.

Chris: Great, I'm Chris.

Ken: My name's Ken.

Chris: Do you want to do anything?

Ken: Sure, what do you want to do?

Chris: Explore in the woods?

Ken: Yeah, I have a fort back there, want to come see?

Chris: Ok.

Me: Ken. One of the meanest, most condescending, sly, possessive, bullying, Janus-esque person I've ever met. He and My stepfather had two names in common. One, their Jagiellon middle names; and two Ken's mother's maiden was the same surname as My step-father's. Ah, and they also shared the same Roman religion in their upbringing.

In the woods.

Ken: Ok... I'm in charge; and if you want to play with me; then you have to carry bricks from the waterfall to the fort. We can make some improvements on the fort then.

Chris: What? You want Me to carry bricks?

Me: Like an Egyptian slave, he did. He considered the Woodgate woods to be his domain, and if I wanted to be in his domain; then I would have to follow his rules. The rules of a secret club that he founded, that I attempted to amend with an egalitarian constitution.

Of course, today I probably would have said that these woods are My woods, since My ancestors founded this county, granted the colonial charter, and are Algonquins most importantly. He should have been carrying bricks for Me, as he is as the Babylonian guests in Egypt. But this situation is as if the Pharaoh himself was carrying bricks and building pyramids on behalf of the invading Babylonian Hebrews.

But, I didn't think about these things at the time, and I didn't know any other kids in the area; so, if I wanted to have someone to play fort with, then I was going to have to carry bricks. So, I carried bricks.

Ken: Ok, now put the bricks in the stream.

Chris: Why?

Ken: Because I want to make a dam.

Chris: For what?

Ken: Because I want the creek to flow this way.

Chris: For what reason?

Ken: Because, I want it to.

At the Painted Sky House.

Me: We didn't live in Woodgate for too long, a few months, before finding a house a short distance away. The house was much bigger than the last house that We had; but the yard was smaller.

Shortly after moving a terrifying event to place.

I'm having a dream, the room is bathed in blue. I walk down the blue hallway to the door of My parents room; and reach for the door. But then something like a tractor beam pulls Me backward, back into My room, and then out the window.

I see lights, bright lights, swirling around like multi colored static on the TV; and hear the sound of rushing water. I awake, unable to move or speak; and there is a dark shadow in the room by the window.

Chris: (heavy breathing).

Shade: Luuucccciferrrr.

The next day at school.

Chris: I was kidnapped by aliens last night.

Hale: What? Come on, let's be serious.

Me: In My young brain's interpretation of what happened it seemed like I was abducted by aliens for some reason, and then returned to My bed after the abduction, and then told the name of Love and Liberty by one of them, psychically.

Adjusting to a new school was difficult. I didn't have the same base of friends that I did at Jacksonwald, and the friend I did have was a manipulative prick.

Bus rides were predominantly painful. They seemed long, and the other students were just mean. One student in particular really pissed Me off.

On the bus.

Lonnie: So there was this nigga, and a white guy; and they were riding in a car; and they're just talking to each other after this kidnap this other nigga; he was the guy from... what was that show called? Mad TV. And he's just sitting in the back of the car; and all of a sudden, BLAM! The one guy's gun goes off and his head explodes in the car; so the black dude and the white dude have to clean out the car at this other white guy's house; and they're cleaning the brain and pieces out; and scrubbing the blood off...

Me: Lonnie Battle, aka, Quincy Godbolt. Why did a kid at his age have an alias already?

Lonnie: Ha, ha! You play the French horn? What are you, some kind of faggot? Who the fuck plays a French horn?

Me: I do, dick. Or I did at the time, anyway.

Lonnie: You better get that clunky piece of junk out of this seat, mother fucker!

Me: I had enough of him. At that moment the blood rushed to My head; I remembered the black kid that stole My Hot Wheels' car; the gun shots in the neighborhood, My mom's popped tires, the writing of "Go Home" on the door; and I recalled how exactly how to insult a Black person from a *Family Matters* episode I recently watched highlighting racism.

All these memories coming to Me at the moment of this black oppression was like when Cyclops' powers first manifested in the X-men. From the back of My brain, rushing and flashing before My eyes in an instant of pure anger and retaliation; I responded, but; instead of coming out of My eyes; the power, the damage, came from My mouth.

Chris: Why don't you just go back to Africa!

Lonnie: What!

Me: I said it. And I don't take it back. This little piece of shit insulted Me, insulted My orientation, insulted My music, My instrument; I don't fucking want him here. After all, I am of the line of Atlantean Chiefs and Kings, of Incas. This is My land; and I didn't invite Black people here. It's not My fault, or My ancestors' fault that some Babylonian indoctrinated Europeans, who were too stupid to realize that there was a muslim Trojan Horse agenda in the slave trade, decided to buy African slaves from Black muslim nations who illegally immigrated to Atlantis.

This is Atlantis. Get the fuck out, go back to Africa if you're going to be an ungrateful little black dick, Lonnie. As far as We, the Inka and Atlanteans are concerned, if you're not Atlantean, then this isn't your place; and you don't belong here.

Who was this foul mouthed, Gay bashing, Classical music hating Black bigot? Apparently, part of the Battle organized crime family that are part of the Blood gang, that ran much of the East Coast drug supplies. His folks place was known to be a place to go if one was looking for illegal substances. And after his family disappeared, that place is Trout Run Park.

He did have some cousins that stayed in the area though, one in particular that comes into this story a bit later.

Lonnie starts to kneel and punch Me.

Lonnie: Mother fucker! Mother fucker!

In the school principal's office.

Me: To say that race or ethnicity had nothing to do with My upbringing would be a lie. Black racism shaped My early childhood thoughts, based on what happened in Willow Grove; and I hate black supremacists because of it.

As kids We were given assignments to find out what Our ethnicities are; so I had to ask My grandparents what We were.

Sue: Scottish and English.

Me: Scottish always came first.

Jack: German, French, Italian, and English.

Maria: Austrian.

Me: A rather large Empire, literally meaning the Eastern Kingdom (of Charlemagne), consisting of Dutch and Magyar majorities, with some Byzantine and Lombard minorities, whose Imperial Family seems to have intermarried with nearly every Royal family there is in Europe... and beyond; especially since Maria married My grandfather, Herman.

Herman: Blackfoot Sioux, African, Norwegian, and English.

Me: Gant is technically an English and French name of Norman origin, who are actually Scandinavians that settled in France.

Principal: We take racism very seriously at this school; and what you said to Lonnie is seriously troubling. How would you like it if I insulted you because of your skin color, or where you were from?

Me: Hmm... Double standard at Lorane Elementary.

On the bus.

Ken: Oh, I'm a stupid little Indian. Oi Oi Oi Oi! What happened to my people? Oh, that's right, we killed them all!

Me: Prick.

In the Principle's office.

Principal: For instance, I'm Russian. What are you?

Chris: Sioux...

Me: As I started to rattle off what I am, the principal took a phone call and ignored Me. By the end of the conversation, I was crying, felt sorry, and apologized to Lonnie when he was called into the office. Thinking on this now; this is honestly what I would want to say to Lonnie.

Chris: I'm not sorry. You're a fucking douche bag that thinks because your own people sold your ancestors on the slave market you're entitled to something. Well, let me fucking shoot you off your fucking high horse, Buffalo Soldier. You aren't entitled to anything in Atlantis. This is My land, not yours. And you and your people are illegal immigrants and occupiers here and are liable for the worst crime, the Atlantean genocide, in all of Human history!

Me: I love to think about how the Principal would have reacted to this.
But what knowledge did I have at this time to learn about who I really am? What did it mean to be Sioux? I didn't know. Did I learn about the House of Iyotake? Not then? Did I know that Native Americans are actually Atlanteans? Nope. Did I know that I was being brainwashed about my Atlantean heritage? Nope. Here's what I remember about school.

Kindergarten.

Chris: I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States...

Me: ...of Canada! Our Home and Native Land...

1st Grade.

Chris: In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue...

Me: Over 10,000 years ago, Nanuq crossed the Alaskan Archipelago.
And... Circa the 1000th year, Leif Erikson was commissioned by the King of Norway and led by Ægir...

Nope... just like Bisexuality and Homosexuality; the truth of important, life changing knowledge was not on the curriculum.

Back in 5th Grade.

Me: On the plus side, My grades didn't suffer. I was still mainly a straight A student, and I won 1st prize for the Science and Social Studies Olympiads in Lorane, and the Presidential Award of Academic Excellence.

As for Ken, I am glad that I played soccer now because when We moved into the new neighborhood on Old Painted Sky Rd, I immediately recognized a fellow soccer player who lived in the neighborhood; and quickly became friends with him. I had two new friends because of him, and an escape from Ken.

Chris: Hey Curt, what's up?

Curt: You're living here now?

Chris: Yep. Just moved in.

Curt: Cool. Do want to come over?

Chris: Yeah sure.

Curt: I live in that house right over there.

We go into the house.

Curt: My mom lives with her boyfriend, and this is his house. He has a son that's in the same grade as me, his name is Justin. And I have an older sister named Tara; and he has an older brother named Tommy.

Me: Curt and Justin were in the grade ahead of Me. With them, We did the usual kids stuff. Played wiffleball, snowball fights, video games; board

games. The game we played most often, I think, was Risk. Hours and hours on end.

And... We also did a lot of snow shovelling. For a few years, the Winter piled snow high, so We helped shovel each other's driveways. Ken hated them, but I didn't care what Ken thought about them.

And besides them, I knew another person because of soccer at Lorane, Jim. Jim and I were big comic book fans.

Bicycling to a comic book shop at the Exeter Promenade. At the Comic Book shop.

Chris: There's Nightcrawler!

Me: He's my favorite X-men character.

Chris: X-Calibre. Age of Apocalypse.

Me: The first comic book I remember buying for Myself. The story on these pages had a profound affect on My life.

Chris: Ghost Dance? What's the Ghost Dance?

Me: John Proudstar and the Infernal Gallop.

With allowance money from chores, Jim and I would ride our bikes to K-mart, stop and grab a meal at McDonald's, and then get action figures there. I amassed quite a collection of Marvel action figures.

So, as I was saying. With Jim and Curt and Justin; I had much needed alternatives to Ken. But... that still didn't stop him.

Our relationship was as the relationship between an abuser and the abused. Scenes such as this one was common.

In the Kitchen.

Ken: Eat this ketchup sandwich.

Chris: Why? I don't to eat that.

Ken: Come on, it'll taste good.

Chris: I don't want to eat a ketchup sandwich.

Ken: If you don't eat the sandwich, then I'm going to do this!

Ken goes over to the ice maker and starts taking out ice and throwing it on the floor.

Chris: Get out of My house.

Ken: It's not your house; and what are you going to do? Call the police on me.

Me: No, I wasn't going to call the police on him; and he was much taller and bigger than Me; and he took karate; what was I going to do? And then there would be the repercussions and fallout the next day at school.

Chris: Fine, I'll eat the sandwich; are you going to stop now?

Ken: Eat it. See, that's not so bad, is it?

Me: My mom's sister moved into the area; and asked Me to feed and let her cocker spaniel out after school while her and her husband were at work. Well, guess who came looking for the house.

Ken stalks the neighborhood looking at the houses. He find's where my aunt is living, and starts banging on the door. I don't answer it. He then starts banging on the window.

Me: I'm pretty sure that if I didn't let him in, he probably would have broke the window.

Ken: What took you so long? What are you doing in there?

Chris: Taking care of the dog.

Ken: Why are your pants all wet.

Me: Yep, I also didn't account for the length of the bus ride; the time needed to walk to the house from the bus stop; and the fact that there wasn't many trees or shrubs in the neighborhood; so... when you gotta pee, you gotta pee.

Chris: Oh, yeah. That's pee. The dog peed on me.

Me: Not the cocker spaniel, and not at this time. But yeah, it was pretty rough at school the next few weeks.

In school.

Ken: Chris pissed his pants and blamed it on the dog!

Me: He even made a song out of it. Mortifying.

In my bedroom after I contracted pneumonia, and then had an allergic reaction to Penicillin.

Ken: You look fine. You don't need to stay home. Look, see, you're not sick!

Ken starts throwing My text books on floor, and they make loud thud. I get up out of bed to stop him.

Jen: What are you two doing up there?

Ken: You better not tell her.

Chris: Ken dropped some books.

Jen: Well, your supposed to be in bed; and not jumping around. Cause that's what is sounds like you're doing!

Ken, I think you need to go, Chris needs to get some rest.

Ken: Ok.

In my bedroom. Ken has bound My hands and feet with rope after tackling Me, and wrestling Me to the ground.

Chris: Get off of me!

Ken: No!

Chris: I said, get off!

Ken goes over to My cassette tapes, pulls out one of My Led Zeppelin tapes, and then starts taking the tape out of the tape.

Ken: This music is evil!

Chris: What are you doing! Stop that!

Ken: This is a bad influence on you!

Chris: No it's not! Get off my stuff!

Me: Well, besides raping My music; he went a step further.

Ken takes out a phone with a long and rounded rubber antenna; and then takes down the back of My pants...

Chris: What the fuck are you doing! Get the fuck off me!!! No! NOOOO!

Ken then proceeds to stick the phone antenna into My rectum.

Me: Of course, My parents weren't home at the time.

He was a juvenile terrorist. Yeah, elementary school was rough, but I made it through. What could I do to fight back?

I mean, these few examples were only the beginning of what was happening to Me.

Throughout these formative years of My life, there were instances when it seemed as though there was some sort of unspoken, or maybe spoken, agreement between My step-father and Ken on how to mentally terrorize a minor.

Late Elementary School. In the basement.

Chris: Hey, do you want to play hide and go seek in the dark?

Ken: Yeah, sure. I'll just black out the window. I'll use this sweater...

Me: The basement was under construction at the time; and there was grout on the windows sills.

Chris: I don't think that's a good idea.

Ken: Oh, don't worry about it.

My step-father sees his sweater in the window.

Matt: Chris! Why is my sweater in the window! There's grout all over it! You don't give a damn about anybody else, do you? Who cares what anyone else thinks. Chris just wants to do what Chris wants to do.

Chris: It's not my fault. Ken did that.

Matt: Well, you were here, weren't you? You could have stopped him.

Me: Eh... probably not.

Chris: I told him not to out the sweater in the window.

Matt: Then let this be a lesson to you. You're grounded.

In the kitchen.

Alissa: I want some milk.

Chris: No!

Me: I was just being a typical older brother. Brothers and sisters fight, and this was extremely mild.

Alissa: I want to some milk.

Ken: Don't give it to her.

Chris: Say please.

Ken: Stop being such a little brat.

Alissa: Please, can I have some milk.

Chris: Ok... I'll get you some milk.

I open the refrigerator and put the milk on the island. There's bounding coming up the step. My step-father flies across the distance between the basement door and the island; and then shoves Me across the room.

Matt: Next time, just get her the milk!

In the garage.

Ken: Let's get the tennis rackets down.

Chris: No, let's not. They're behind all those sheets of drywall.

Ken: Stop being such a baby, all you have to do is just move the drywall.

Ken moves the drywall, sticks his foot out, and then lets the drywall fall on his foot; cracking it, and taking out a chunk of the drywall.

Matt: Chris!

Junior High.

Me: I got a freelance writing job with the local paper for the Voices Teen section. I was greenlighted to write a movie review on the 1997 Spawn. Ken wanted to go to the Newspaper's building to write the article.

At home.

Chris: Hey, I'm going out to work on a paper article.

Jen: Ok, Chris. Remember, tonight is a school night; don't come back too late.

Matt: I want you to be home by 8.

Chris: Ok.

Ken arrives with his father.

Chris: Hey. Ready? How long do you think we'll be out? I need to get back home by 8.

Ken: Not too long.

At the Newspaper.

Carl: Just give me a call when you guys are done.

Ken: Ok, Dad.

A short while later, close to 7ish.

Chris: Ok, I'm finished writing the article.

Ken: I'm still working on mine.

Chris: Ok, remember, I'm supposed to be home at 8.

Ken: Yeah, yeah.

Half an hour later.

Chris: Hey. Um... it's getting close to 8, are you almost done?

Ken: No... not yet. Do you think your parents will really mind if you're a few minutes late?

Arriving home at 8:20.

Chris: Thanks for the ride! See you tomorrow, Ken.

I walk into the house.

Matt: Chris, where the hell were you! I told you to be home at 8, not 8:10, not 8:15, not 8:20!

Chris: I was working on the newspaper article, and Ken wasn't finished his article yet; his dad didn't get there until about 8:00.

Matt: I don't care! I said 8:00!

Me: Between My stepfather and Ken; I could hardly escape. If I was in school, then I had to deal with Ken. And if I was at home; it seemed like My stepfather would find something to complain and yell at My mom or Me about.

My step-father comes home from work.

Matt: Is dinner ready yet? Where's dinner! I come the same time almost every day, and I expect dinner to made!

I just finish making Myself something to eat.

Matt: Aren't you going to clean that up?

Chris: I just finished making it. I was going to clean up the pan after I ate.

Matt: Clean it up now!

He's going over the bills with My mom.

Matt: What's this charge here?

Jen: I don't know, I don't remember what I bought.

Matt: You didn't write it down?!? Jen, how many times did I tell you write down what you bought!

Jen: Matt, stop! Just stop!

Matt: JEN, I'M THE ONE WHO'S PAYING THE BILLS! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO KEEP TRACK OF WHAT WE'RE SPENDING!!!

I'm upstairs in my room crying listening to this.

I'm watching TV in My room.

Matt: I want you to come down here and watch TV with the family.

Chris: But I don't want to watch what you're watching.

Matt: Are you paying the bills?

I'm laying on the floor with a stomach virus, vomiting every few hours on a weekend.

Matt: What are you, an invalid?

In the den.

Matt: What are you, stupid?

In my room.

Matt: I could tell you to wear a purple sock and a yellow one; and I expect you to obey me.

In the den.

Matt: Don't you dare talk back to me!

I give him a hard-eyed look of defiance.

Matt: Jen! I swear to god, I'm going to kill him!

Me: Image watching your mother having to physically restrain your step-father because he starts stomping towards you, a kid, with apparently all intention of striking you.

A death threat from him wasn't so infrequent in the house.

And besides the recurrent insults on the intelligence of a good student, and demeaning language towards My mother and I; he would also verbally attack and insult My mom's family; apparently an attempt of isolating My mother from My family.

At the kitchen table.

Matt: What do you want to be like, JR?

At the kitchen island.

Matt: And where do you think you're going to get the money for that?

Chris: I don't know, maybe from an inheritance or something?

Matt: Ok, JR.

Driving.

Matt: Who does JR think he is? As if he owns the shore house and he can just go there whenever he wants.

Me: JR being the son of the owners of the shore house.

At the shore house.

Matt: JR and his friends showed up today.

Me: And he would try to control My grandparent's behavior through My mom.

At Christmas.

Matt: Jen, I don't want your mother drinking anymore.

Jen: Matt, she's a grown woman.

Matt: I don't want her to cause a scene or have to worry about her getting drunk.

Sue: What's the matter, Jenny? Is there something wrong?

Jen: Yeah, Matt says he doesn't want you to drink anymore.

Sue: What!?!

Jack: Now that's just being ridiculous.

JR: Who does Matt think he is?

Back in the kitchen.

Matt: Why did just announce that to your whole family.

Jen: Because, you're not being respectful of my family; and it's the holidays. If the woman wants to drink, let her drink.

Matt: Ok, Jen. You're just being an enabler to your mother's alcoholism.

Me: My Aunt Madi, on My father's side once told Me that when I was a little kid, shortly after My mom and step-father got married; I described My step-father in the following manner.

In My Aunt's bedroom, as a little kid.

Chris: He's the meanest man in the world, Aunt Madi.

Me: So, that was My home life.

My uncle knew that something was going on. Both My mom's brother and sister used to defend Me against My step-father when he verbally berated and abused Me.

There were times when they would get into direct conflicts with on another. Christmas or holiday dinners with My mom's family typically turned into My step-father bashing My uncle for something or other. My step-father would just verbally attack, degrade, and use whatever means were at his disposal to humiliate him.

It got so bad that My uncle didn't even want to come to family functions anymore. Now if My step-father could do that to a confident grown man; think about what this type of behavior did to Me as a young kid.

And, his intimidation tactics weren't just limited to verbal and physical threats and abuse; he would even stomp around the as though he was an Esbecja officer on parade, so that if he were walking, you could easily hear his heavy footfalls. I learned to dread those footsteps for fear of My step-father coming to yell about something.

As for what was taking place in My school life. That is another side of this story. Ken was still a threatening bully, but thankfully I was branching out at the same time.

So, in order to deal with the threat of Ken, I turned to the Gospel. What would Jesus do in this situation? Jesus said to love our enemies. I figured out a way to get back at Ken.

Chapter 6: Sexual Education. "Time of the Season" by the Zombies plays⁷.

Me: Just before Junior High started; Ken had broken up with his girlfriend. He told me intimate details about their relationship, and Ken's dad would take us to her house for dates; and We used to meet up with her at a local roller rink.

Well, that all ended for Ken when they broke up. He was a little older than Me, but already by the end of 6th Grade; he and his girlfriend were sexually experimenting with each other.

As, for Me. I really lost interest in dating girls; as I started to realize that My lack of sexual interest in girls didn't change; but My sexual interest got stronger for fellow males.

Up to and including 5th Grade; I pretended to have strong feelings for girls that I didn't have. I even challenged another student named Drew to a fight for Rachel's love. Then I was like... eh, not for Me.

I still got the family typical questions though.

Besty: So, what's new and happening in the school scene these days. Are you dating anyone?

Chris: No... I'm playing it cool now. I'm not really interested in any of the girls at my school.

Betsy: Well, you're going to be at the big Junior High; so you better get ready! You'll have to tell me about all the cliques, and all your new girlfriends!

Me: There were a few here and there, but My true sexual awakening was not heterosexual. My uncle told Me that he used to "play doctor" with girlfriends when he was a young boy; this wasn't anything different for Me; of course, with consenting partners.

For years, I knew that I'm Gay; ever since I realized that I had a much stronger attraction to guys than girls; however, prior to puberty I didn't seem to think that this was anything of issue.

⁷ Zombies. "Time of the Season." *Odessey and Oracle*. 1967.

How did I know I'm Gay, you ask? Besides the general strong attractions, there were the conscious and subconscious desires for persons of the same sex; there was this... an extension of these desires.

Cuts to a scene of Me masturbating circa 6th grade.

Me: I knew, because when I made love to Myself, I thought about guys; and not girls.

Hey, Jesus said in the Gospel of Thomas in saying 3 "Know thyself, and you will come to know yourselves."

So I "knew "Myself", and I knew that I'm Gay.

But, what I also knew is that I could "kill two birds with one stone" once Ken broke up with his girlfriend. Revenge and fulfillment of a sexual desire.

In the basement of the Lorane house.

Ken: We broke up.

Chris: Oh no, what happened?

Ken: I guess we just stopped liking each other.

Chris: Oh, man, sorry to hear about that. So what type of stuff did you two do, besides just hanging out? Did you make out and stuff?

Ken: Yeah. We used to kiss a lot, and I ate her out and she went down on me.

Chris: What? What does that even mean?

Ken: What are you, stupid? I licked her pussy, and she gave me blow jobs.

Chris: Blow job? What's that?

Ken: It's when someone sucks your dick.

Chris: Oh, I never heard of that before.

Ken: What did you do with your girlfriends?

Chris: Just kiss and stuff.

Ken: Oh. Did you start jerking off yet?

Chris: What? Um... that's kind of private.

Ken: Come on, every guy does it.

Chris: Really, did you?

Ken: Yeah.

Chris: Oh, ok. Yeah, I've done that before.

Ken: See, that wasn't that hard to admit, was it?

Chris: No... not really.

Ken: Soo... do you want to do it now?

Chris: Now? Jerk off?

Ken: Yeah.

Chris: Um... that's a little weird.

Ken: Oh, don't be such a baby. Do you have any porn?

Chris: No... I have Storm and Catwoman action figures.

Ken: We'll just use them then.

Chris: Ok. We'll go up to my room; and I'll take Storm and you can take Catwoman.

Up in the bedroom.

Chris: Ok. Here's Catwoman; now, go in the closet and do it, and I'll do it in my bed.

Me: Poor Ororo and Selena...

Well shortly after this moment, We were doing this on a regular basis; and one thing progressed to another until We got to the oral sex stage.

I will also point out that according to Alfred Kinsey's studies, homosexual acts between two males is a frequent occurrence; and in fact, bisexuality seems to be the fundamental orientation of most human males.

For Me though, My orientation is 100% homosexual. My sexual chemistry shuts down at the mere thought of having sexual intercourse with a woman.

But, as I said, bisexuality seems to be the natural orientation of many males as shortly after this sexual awakening, other guys in school wanted in on the action, but just needed a catalyst to get started. And that came in the form of a game.

In the basement.

Ken: Who wants to play truth or dare?

Me: Ha... the details of these games may be too much for the audience to bear, but lets just say that this involved oral sex much of the time. After realizing that many guys felt the same way... I went after the guy I thought would make a good boyfriend. My older friend from the neighborhood.

In the den.

Chris: Yeah, we started playing this game of truth or dare; and I actually had to give another guy a blow job.

Justin: What? You're kidding right? You gave another guy a blow job?

Chris: Yeah.

Justin: Why didn't you just say no?

Chris: We were playing a game, and you know how it goes.

Justin: Dude, you never have to do anything you don't want to do.

Chris: I know...

Justin: That tells me that you actually wanted to do it.

Chris: Maybe a little.

Justin: You either want to do it or you don't, man.

Chris: Then I guess I wanted to do it.

Justin: Dude, that's Gay.

Chris: I know.

Justin: So... do you want to play truth or dare?

Me: Score!

Apart from Ken's circle, I had freedom in a new partner. I had a Gay crush on Justin when We first met, but little more than a crush. He was a tall, blon/blue, muscular and masculine guy. Confident. And when We were a little younger, he brought out a porn for Us to watch. But that was about the extent of it until the fateful night of the truth or dare game.

But in terms of a monogamous relationship; this was not a situation that Justin seemed to be interested in. However, I did cash in My V-Card with Justin. He was the first guy with which I went "all the way."

The first time We tried it was down at the shore at the House in Avalon. As is accustom, I invited a friend down to the shore house for a week or two over the Summer, and We would do the beach and bay thing; tubing, water skiing (I tried once and ended up vomiting up copious amounts of sea water... so I stuck to tubing.), fishing, bay swimming, bridge jumping, body surfing, volley ball and badminton playing... (sigh) Avalon was My little place of Heaven on Earth; but I digress.

So, I invited Justin to the shore house for the 3rd or 4th year in a row at this point; the first time being with his housemate Curt. But now, Justin and I had a sexual relationship and one night We decided to explore this further and take the natural next step.

In the Avalon bedroom.

Justin: Are you having trouble sleeping?

Chris: Yeah, a little.

Justin: What are you thinking about?

Chris: I don't know... I'm kind thinking about sex.

Justin: Yeah? Do you want to try it?

Chris: Yup.

Justin: Ok then.

Me: So We did it, We had sex. Sex was painful at first, but then awesome. So this became a semi-frequent occurrence as well; but... Justin was on the lookout for the next girlfriend, so... boyfriend material he was not.

Plus, when We would chill with some other people he liked to make fun of Gay people; and used demeaning words many times; I'm assuming because he didn't want people to think that he was bisexual; I can remember he often said...

Justin: Silly faggot, dicks are for chicks.

Me: I would sit there and think... Dude... We just had sex like yesterday and now you're making fun of Gay people? Not cool, not cool, man.

In terms of the use of the word faggot, I hate this word as much as I hate the use of the term Nigger or Nigga, because this is truly a pejorative term used for African slaves. Faggot is the same thing for Me. Images of Gay people being lynched and burned at the stake come to mind when I think about this term. I don't like it, and I minimize to nullify it's use in My vocabulary for this exact reason. African people should do the same with Nigger, or Nigga. It seems as if their just passing racial hatred from one generation to the next using these terms.

So, Justin was clearly not the right guy for Me.

Then there was Jordan in High School. Another friend of mine from two circles; Ken's circle, and another circle of friends I had. Second guy I went "all the way" with after a night of drinking. Also, one of the only people that actually caused Me to cum during sex.

He was another super horny interested party that participated in a truth or dare game involving Ken. Then we started having sexual relations without the truth or dare being involved.

He would sleepover; and we'd watch movies or play video games, and then have oral sex. But... after the intercourse, he would feel guilty; when We had Gay sex.

Jordan: Oh my God, what did I just do.

Chris: Calm down, man.

Jordan: What if Holly finds out?

Chris: I'm not going to tell her.

Jordan: Chris, this is against my religion.

Me: He was Roman Catholic.

Chris: Well... maybe that's not the right religion for you?

Jordan: I gotta go.

Chris: Dude, you just drank like 4 or 5 shots, you really shouldn't be driving.

Jordan: I can't stay here tonight. I gotta go.

Me: Again, not to be... he ended up getting engaged to that woman, marrying her, and then shortly after divorcing.

And this is a good time to say to all the Gay and Bisexual people out there, if you're Gay or Bisexual or an Ally; then muslim, Jewish, and Judeo-Christian sects are bad religions to be involved in. They are bad religions, period. And any law contrary to homosexuality and bisexuality is bad.

So My sexual awaking and explorations were fruitful in My youth, but in terms of a boyfriend? Not so much so. This was My true sexual education; the Sex Ed I was getting in school excluded Gay education; except for that one time in High School health class when they put on a movie about the AIDS epidemic in the 80's, *And the Band Played On*,

which seemed to be more of an anti-Gay warning, than educating that people that there are Gay people as Jesys did over 2,000 years ago.

Matthew 19:11 - 12:

Jesys (Marcus [Antony] Julius [Cæsar] Agrippa [Philopator]) Soter:

But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. For there are some Gays, which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some Gays, were made Gay from men: and there be Gays, which have made themselves Gay for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.

Me: And now is the time for all people to receive and accept this teaching.

Chapter 7: *The Journey to High School.*

*“In the Light” by Led Zeppelin plays*⁸.

Me: Junior High was a confusing and awkward time for Me, as it probably was for many other students. Finding ourselves in a rapidly changing environment, dealing with the stress of more homework, of complicated cliques, and love lives. For Me, Junior High was one of the worst times of My life.

Chris: Hey Ken. What’s going on?

Ken: Not much. Hey, do you know my friends Erica and Jeff.

Chris: Yeah, I play with them in the band. Hey Erica, hey Jeff.

Erica: Hey Chris. Good to see you again.

Jeff: Nice to meet you.

Me: So, I met some good people... who I used to play tennis with, and board games; and sit with at lunch; talk to in band and chorus. Yeah, I was a music kid. I played violin, French horn, and sang in chorus.

In terms of My musical tastes, I still loved the Beatles; the occasional listening to Disney soundtracks for orchestral inspiration; Classical music, and I was progressing onto the stage of listening to Hard Rock in the form of Led Zeppelin.

Yep, so while most the other kids were listening to rap or Grunge; I was exploring Led Zeppelin, Cream, Heart, and Hendrix. And... unfortunately, I decided to wear animal shirts to school everyday. I cringe thinking about it now.

I’m walking down the hall wearing a big tiger shirt.

⁸ Led Zeppelin. “In the Light.” *Physical Graffiti*, 1975.

Matt B: Whoa... that shirts a little loud... huh? Did you ever think of getting a Polo?

Kristy: Man, why are you wearing those animal shirts all the time?

Brian: Dude, that's so Gay.

Aaron: That's so weird.

Me: Yep... I thought that ensuring that My fellow students should be aware of the plight of our fellow inhabitants of Earth. But... I guess there might have been some more fashionable ways than this.

What can I say, but that I was an "in your face" Nature advocate, and I caught some flack attacks. Then one Dawsonside night at My birthday party... where Jess, Ken, Erica, and Jeff came...

We're sitting around a camp-fire in the back yard.

Chris: It's time for Me to make a change.

Jess: Like what?

Chris: I'm going to burn My animal shirts.

I place some animal shirts in the fire.

Jeff: What are you going to wear?

Chris: Well Megan wears those Oasis shirts.

Ken: Do you really want to do what Megan's doing? No offense but wearing band shirts is kind of what she does. That's her thing. And I think it's stupid anyway.

Chris: Yeah, but... she's not the only one that does it.

Jess: I wear Beatles' shirts, Ken.

Ken: I still think it's stupid.

Chris: My cousin wears band shirts all the time at his school.

Ken: Do you really want to be like your cousin? Isn't he the dumb one?

Me: My cousin Matt didn't do very good in school, and he met Ken once. He didn't like Ken, but got along with Justin pretty easily.

Chris: He's not dumb, he just doesn't really care, or try.

Ken: Well that's stupid.

Chris: He's still my cousin. And I'm going to get Beatles and Led Zeppelin shirts.

Me: So, I did. My aunt Madi on the paternal side is the one who bought most of My wardrobe as I got mostly hand-me-downs from My mom. My step-father didn't seem to like when My mom bought clothes for Me.

But, despite the change from nature shirts to musical shirts, this didn't change how the other students treated Me though.

In the band, other kids are hitting Me with their bows. As I walk down the hall another kid is following Me and kicking Me. Bob (from Jacksonwald) kicks Me with his boots. Another kid grabs Me in shop class and holds a pen to My throat. In History class, a kid sitting next to Me is nearly constantly making fun of Me. Another kid stabs Me in the wrist with his pen.

Me: Yep, the other kids seemed to enjoy making fun of Me, or kicking, or punching, or stabbing Me; or making a death threat for apparently no reason but to be cruel; which left Me in a rather dark place mentally when

you contrasted this with what was happening to Me at home with My step-father.

And I had another problem which I couldn't seem to fix. I had apparently developed the breath of Venus; as in the planet Venus.

TJ: Dude, your breath is horrible. It smells like the depths of hell, like where you're from.

Chris L: Your breath smells like shit, dude.

Dan: Man, what the hell, didn't you brush your teeth today or something?

Connie: Here's a piece of gum, take a hint.

Zach: Chris, did you ever think about getting Altoids?

Me: So, what do I mean by the breath of the planet Venus? It means that My salivary glands produce large amounts of Sulfur Oxide which causes My breath to smell like a volcano. Tried the breath sprays, stomach tablets, gum, breath mints, mouthwashes; and for the record, I regularly brush My teeth; but seemingly the only thing that can change this is if We can manage some gene therapy or biogenetic engineering which will cause My salivary glands to stop producing sulfur oxide.

I developed a fear about My breath whenever I talk, kiss, or do anything that involves exhaling in the vicinity of other people. To say that this isn't a factor in My personal social development and interactions would be false. But, in spite of these things, I still managed an A average in school, because I accelerated in many of the subjects. However, between Elementary School and High School, I stopped playing soccer out of social anxiety, and did not join the school Soccer team; though I would have been a great defender.

And, as these Junior High persecutions were getting worse and worse, Ken became extremely bad in what he was doing to Me.

On the phone.

Ken: If you don't do what I want you to do, then I'm going to tell everyone tomorrow in school about what you did with Mike.

Me: Blackmail, extortion... Using My fear of being outed in school for My sexual activities, that Ken was involved with by the way; he used to try to get Me to do things for him by these tactics. Mike is not the one from Elementary school; but a different one that played truth or dare with Us.

Ken: You're not allowed to hang out with Jim today.

Chris: Why?

Ken: Because I want to play tennis, and I don't like Jim. Tell him he's not allowed to come.

Chris: No. I'm not doing that.

Ken: Then I'm going to tell everyone at school...

I'm on the phone.

Chris: Hey Jim, about that tennis...

Me: Ken tried to control who My friends were, and if he didn't like someone then he didn't want that person to be friends with Me. Ken liked people he could control. Luckily, I wasn't the only person he did this to; so other people knew of what Ken was capable.

In Jeff's basement at a sleepover.

Ken: I want some Sprite.

Jeff: We don't have any Sprite right now.

Ken: Then let's just walk to Giant and get some.

Jeff: No. I'm not allowed out of the house this late, and Giant's like a 20 minute walk.

Ken: I want some Sprite.

Jeff: You're being ridiculous Ken. Just have some of the soda that we have here.

Chris: Ken, it's really not that big of a deal. There's already plenty of soda here. Just drink that.

Ken: I want Sprite! I'm calling my dad to pick me up then.

Jeff: Don't do that. Come on, do you think your dad's going to really pick you up to get some Sprite at this hour?

Ken: My dad will do whatever I want him to do.

Chris: You don't need to call your dad. Are you going to wake him up just because you want Sprite?

Ken: Yes. And then he's going to be mad at you for being a bad host.

Jeff: What? That's absurd! You're acting like a baby.

Ken starts stomping up the basement stairs.

Jeff: Shh... stop, you're going to wake up my parents.

Ken: Then get me some Sprite.

Ken sits at the top of the basement stairs.

Ken: I'm not going anywhere until we get Sprite.

Jeff: Then, I guess you're not getting Sprite.

Ken starts calling his dad on his phone.

Ken: Ok. I'll see you soon. Thanks. Bye Jeff.

Jeff: Where are you going?

Ken: I'm going outside to wait for my dad to get here.

Jeff: What? Ken... really?

Ken: Bye.

Me: So Ken went outside and he left.

Thankfully, during these tough times, I met an old friend from Jacksonwald, a friend of Jim's and comic book connoisseur, Zach.

We used to play Marvel Comic Books at recess back in elementary school; and he played on the soccer team with Jim and Me. In 3rd grade, I invited him to go mini-golfing with Me and some other friends.

Zach and I had classes together, the most important of which was chorus; because We had a decent amount of time to talk.

Zach did not like Ken, and Ken did not like Zach. One instance comes to mind after I had had enough of Ken's antics.

In the Lorane house. Ken and I are in the back yard.

“Good God” by Korn plays⁹.

Chris: Ken... I don't want to be friends with you anymore.

Ken: What, why?

Chris: Because you're manipulating, threatening, antagonizing, and condescending towards me.

Ken: Well, then I'm going to tell everyone at school your secrets.

Chris: I don't care.

Ken: Then this is war.

Chris: Leave.

Ken: No.

Chris: Yes... get out of here. I don't want you here anymore.

Ken: Who are you calling?

Chris: None of your business.

I go over to the phone and call Zach.

Chris: Hey Zach.

⁹ Korn. “Good God.” *Life is Peachy*. 1996.

Zach: Hey, Chris what's up?

Chris: I just told Ken I don't want to be friends with him anymore, and now he won't leave the house.

Ken picks up another phone.

Chris: Ken, I can hear you on the phone.

Zach: Ken, it's Chris's house, if he doesn't want you there; you have to leave.

Ken: No I don't.

Zach: Yes, you do.

Ken: It's my right to be wherever I want to be.

Zach: You're on private property, and if the owner asks you to leave; then you have to leave. You're at Chris's house, and if he wants you to leave then you have to go.

Ken: That doesn't make any sense, you're coming out of left field with that argument.

Zach: How is that left field? Chris do you want me to call the police; or do you want to call the police?

Chris: No, it's my house; I'll call the police.

Zach: I think that's a good idea.

Chris: Ok, thanks Zach. I'll see you tomorrow.

Zach: See you then, call me later.

Chris: Ok. Talk to you later.

I hang up the phone. I pick up the receiver. Ken's still on the phone.

Chris: Ken, hang up the phone.

Ken: No.

I go upstairs to the other phone and unplug the phone.

Chris: Get out, or I'm calling the police.

Ken: No you won't.

Chris: Ok, I warned you.

I go back downstairs and pick up the phone. Ken follows me.

Ken: I know you're not going to do it.

Chris: Oh yeah? Watch me.

I pick up the phone, and dial emergency services.

Ken: Fine, fine. I'm going but remember; this is war.

I hang up the phone, and Ken leaves.

Me: Thanks Zach. This was Ken at his worst; and the next day in school, Ken tried to do what was within his power to cause social damage.

In Spanish class.

Ken: Matt (B.) Chris only wants to be friends with you so he can be popular.

Matt B. Ken, I don't care. Leave me out of your little fight.

Me: Guess he couldn't do much in his power. Old soccer friends like Nick, Jeremy, Mike; new friends in class that I talked to on a regular basis, and friends from Elementary school and Boy Scouts I desperately tried to reach to find some kind of escape from the terrible and abusive home and Ken situation I was in... Sometimes things were so bad at home, I would just leave the house with really no where to go, but trying to seek out a school friends' place for shelter, for refuge.

I used to call them up on the phone just thinking. Please... please... maybe this person or that person can help Me. Maybe I can tell this person exactly what's happening. But, I found telling other people what was happening at home really difficult to do.

TJ just made fun of Me; and some of the other kids just kind of brushed Me off. I just found a *Warcraft II* and school friend in Andrew (M.) at first. Ken's loyal friends stopped talking to Me too during this period.

How could I explain without risking the anger of My step-father, with whom I was living; and outing Myself as Gay to the rest of the school in telling people exactly what Matt and Ken had done and were doing to Me? I am rather certain that if I had gone to the police to report the abuse, I would have been kicked out of the house, and been a High School drop out living on the streets of Berks County.

So, to test the waters, and to beat Ken to the punch I decided to test the waters with one of My secrets involving Mike, who had come out as Bi.

In my bedroom with My old ex Steph.

Chris: I was playing truth or dare with Mike; and I ended up giving him a BJ.

Steph: No... you're just kidding, right?

Chris: Nope... really happened.

Steph: Why did you do that?

Chris: We were playing a game.

Me: So the next school day.

In English class. Andrew O. a friend of Steph and former friend turned antagonist, opens the door and stick his head in...

Andrew O. Ew. That's disgusting.

And then he left the room. He wasn't in that class.

Me: The start of the slow process of Me coming out as Gay.

In Math Class.

Me: Jess, the one who was at My animal shirt birthday party, fellow Beatles' fan, and hippie heard the rumor.

Jess: Really, I can't believe that.

Chris: Yeah... that happened.

Me: A new beginning as I entered into High School. Without Ken, I was able to spend more time with Jim and Zach, and Zach's friend Dan and Jon; Jordan was occasionally a part of this crew too; because he was friends

with Jim. Jeff and Zach knew each other too; so Jeff was a natural addition to this new, circle of friend

There weren't any more games of truth or dare, no more threatening secrets, and except for Jordan, no sexual relations. However, there was playing computer games, board games, and sports. A good and fresh start for High School.

1st Draft

Chapter 8: *High School Daze.*

“Heaven Beside You,” by Alice in Chains plays¹⁰.

Me: High School. The trauma of Junior High passed. I didn't talk to Ken for quite some time after our “friend break-up.” And was quite enjoying the time I spent with Zach, Jon, Jim, and Jordan without Ken.

There was a split taking place with Zach and Dan over a few issues, and in that time, I found a best friend in Zach. I smile thinking about it. The kid I played *Warcraft II* with, Andrew M. He was fast becoming a confident in school. He even invited Me over to play some *Starcraft*, so I rode My bike all the way from Lorane to the top of Church Hill Rd, only to have the visit cut short shortly after arriving. Perhaps a sign of things to come involving this Andrew.

And... on the bright side, between Junior High and High School was when My grandmother decided to take Me back to visit My Fatherland of Austria. But for some reason, My step-father was angry about this.

Why? I was going to visit My extended family; I was getting the chance to travel and experience My Austrian heritage. My grandmother was paying for the voyage. What was there to be angry about? He found something to be angry about. Talking about this journey was like a faux pas at home. My mom noticed his anger as well and cautioned Me not to talk about the voyage in front of My step-father.

However, in spite of the obvious annoyance of My step-father, I went to Austria, and met My Grandmother's adoptive family; after all, she was the daughter of Adolf and Eva given to the Dietrich family for care. But, of course, I had no idea at this point in My life.

So I met the Dietrich family, and traveled from Vienna to My grandmother's hometown of Linz with her adoptive older sister, and then to Brünn in Bohemia with her adoptive niece and her husband. I met Anja and Daniel, and learned a lot of Dutch from full immersion. We went to Salzburg, where My grandmom showed Me the city where she met My grandfather. I visited Passau in Bayern while staying with My grandmother's adoptive brother, and Kufstein in Tyrol with her other adoptive sister, where We stayed in an old farmhouse in the foothills of the Alps. I had never seen so much beauty and culture before living in an suburbia in an American town where cheap cookie cutter houses in cookie cutter developments dominated the landscape of a place named after the Swabian forestland of Schwarzwald.

¹⁰ Alice in Chains. “Heaven Beside You.” *Alice in Chains*. 1995.

Dis wunderbar was. My first big tour outside the United States. The food was great, learning Dutch was great; meeting and having the Dietrich family as hosts was the best. I had never seen such sites of architectural and natural beauty before. And then I returned home, with many souvenirs and pictures. I learned that international travel is great.

The new school year started. A new school building in Exeter Senior High School, and new teachers and new friends. The rumors of Junior High left behind, I began a new life. The band shirts of Junior High gave way to Polo and Old Navy designs.

Zach, Jim, and Jon were my new best friends. I was still close friends with Jeff, and I started talking to Ken again. I also made some new friends with the Romanian twins from band, Cristian and George.

Cristian played French horn, same as Me. George was a bassoon player, and they were both on the soccer team. They didn't live too far away from Me, and when they came as new students to Exeter in Junior High, they were a bit of a curiosity. I can remember one of the first experiences with them outside of band, at the lunch table.

At the lunch table. "November Rain" by Guns and Roses plays¹¹.

Chris (Me): You know, you guys really remind Me of the Beatles.

George: Like, what do you mean.

Chris: I mean that you kinda remind Me of George Harrison, and you remind me of John Lennon.

Cristian Oh, ok. That's cool.

George: Hey, do you have change I can borrow?

Me: Lunch only cost like \$1.65, so most students after getting lunch money would have some change left over.

¹¹ Guns and Roses. "November Rain." *Use Your Illusion I*. 1991.

Chris: Yeah.

George: Can I have it?

Chris : Ok... but I'll give you a dollar if you sell me your soul.

George: Ok.

Chris : Great. Here, just sign this paper, and then I'll give you a dollar.

Paper: I agree to give Chris Gant my soul in the amount of \$1.00.

George signs the paper.

Chris: Ok, here you go.

I give George \$1.

Me: Ha, ha. Seemed funny at the time. But then George got anxious about it and I ended up giving his soul back to him.

Since Cristian and George didn't live very far away, they used to come over to My house, and I used to visit them. This was in the age when Mp3s started coming out, so We would play *Diablo* and listen to Guns and Roses while playing ping pong or other video games in the basement.

And We watched football, I mean real football.

I'll never forget that Bayern Munich/Manchester United Champions League Game where Manchester United beat Bayern Munich in overtime with two goals being scored in overtime in the finals game. I was pissed.

Lunch.

Cristian: Dude, did you see that game yesterday!

Chris: I don't want to talk about it.

George: It was like... Bayern Munich was winning and then, Manchester came out with two goals... and they won!

Chris: Grrr...

Me: George, Zach, Bob (from Jacksonwald), and Pat (a new student from a Christian school) used to sit together at lunch. This was also the year I got My first paying job at a fast food Network.

Sitting on the computer downstairs.

Jen: Chris, your father and I talked, and we think that you should get a job; to pay for your movies, and food, and clothes; and whatever else you need to buy.

Chris: What? Why? How am I going to have time to study if I'm working?

Jen: Your father and I both had jobs in High School, and if you want to be able to drive and have money to spend, then you're going to need to get a job.

Me: So, I got My first job at Bojangles, a fried chicken place where My friend Jeff was working that hired people under the age of 16. It was an eye-opener, and... I still don't think this is legal now, but I got paid less than minimum wage.

Jeff: Yeah... there's apparently some kind of farm or food law that allows them to pay you less than minimum wage, but they don't give you too many hours, and work with your school schedule.

Chris: Oh, ok. Well, it will be good to work with someone I know; and the hours aren't too early or late.

Me: So, I started working. Ha. I had two bosses, Tony and Ed. There was a flower shop named Heck behind the Bojangles and I often wondered if My boss was related to them, but anyway, Tony was laid back and Ed was uptight. Their management styles were like white and black, and one night there was a huge rush, apparently because the Exeter High School Stadium ran out of chicken dinners; and Ed's management style was on full display, as I was still learning the ropes of Bojangles' employment.

On the front line, as a long line of customers wait.

Ed: Chris, move your fucking ass. Don't you see the line out there.

Chris: I'm trying. I can only do this so fast.

Ed: Well go faster!

Dave (a neighbor) is observing in line. Back at the Painted Sky neighborhood.

Dave: Jen. Chris is getting verbally abused at work.

Jen: What!?! What do you mean?

Dave: I mean that his manager is threatening and swearing at him.

Jen: He just started that job! What happened to a learning curve?

My mom gets on the phone with Ed.

Jen: I don't want you ever talking to My son like that again!

Me: If only she was as protective of Me when it came to My step-father.

Ed: Hey, Chris, I'm sorry about the other night. I was under a lot of stress; but when we have a rush like that, I need you to move faster, ok?

Chris: Ok...

Me: My first job. Underpaying and abusive. Just like what I faced from My step-father at home; so it was no surprise when I learned that the owner of the Bojangles was Polish; just as My step-father.

Am I declaring war on Poland? Yes, yes, I am. The fucking Roman Slavic Communist Nazi State which took advantage of Me.

My view is either you are a Magyar from Poland, or Roman Slav. And do you know Slav means? It means slave. So, you can either be a slave to Rome, or a Carpathian Magyar; the choice is up to the Polish. But I don't tolerate Slavic Roman Nazism or Communism; so be forewarned Poland; I plan on a Protestant and Secular partition of you between the Dutch Reich of Austria and the Magyar Reich of Carpathia. This will be better for all Polish people. I am the Vasa, Hohenzollern, and Habsburg+Jagiellonian King of Poland.

But, this job also provided Me an opportunity to make new friends , because I shared the wealth and discounts of employment with My friends, and new prospective friends.

At school.

Chris: Hey, I get a discount at Bojangles for food if you want to come.

Andrew (M.) Ok. I'll come.

Me: Food, the best way to a man's heart, I thought. I left behind the old grudges from Junior High and looked to the future. I thought, who can rescue Me from the pure Hell I was living in at home, at work, and at school; because the other kids didn't stop their onslaught of hate towards Me.

One person, in particular, from Chorus seemed to take pure pleasure in tormenting Me. Matt O'B.

In class Matt punches Me. He makes fun of Me. He demeans and calls Me Gay.

Me: He was like 6'5 and I was about 5'7. He physically and mentally abused Me, as it seemed like We were in competition for Andrew M.'s attention. Matt copied and imitated whatever Andrew would do, including eating his pizza crust first. While I simply would try to reach out and appeal to Andrew's inner soul.

I shared My music with him, specifically Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath albums. We discussed British History, and We had a lot of classes together. I thought, maybe this is the next person that could be My boyfriend. Ha, that all changed when He stole My calculator and tried to sell it. A future indicator of Andrew's character.

In class. Were watching a video on ancient Rome.

Chris: What the fuck! This is anti-Druid propaganda. Look at how their demonizing the Druid priest because he wants to kill Romans because their invading Gaul.

Me: If only I had read Caesar's *Gallic Wars* at this point, I would have had the knowledge necessary to call this teacher bitch out on her anti-Druid, pro-Roman indoctrination.

George: Dude, Andrew just took your calculator and tried to sell it to John for like \$20.

Chris: What!?!? He fucking stole my calculator!

Me: So, Texas Instrument calculators cost about \$50-\$75 at the time, and were essential to calculus classes. The theft of one of these algorithmic calculators could have been a major detriment to My Mathematic success, as well as cost My mom, or Me of a decent amount of money. I became angry.

Chris: Motherfucker. I'll get him back. Thanks George.

Me: Now, physically, I was very attracted to Andrew at this point, and Andrew seemed to enjoy flirting with Me. But after he took My calculator, I knew

there wasn't something right in his mind. His mentality was not altruistic, narcissistic.

I began to move into a darker direction, as I further explored Rock and Roll, playing guitar for Myself as My uncle had Me a guitar and amp to play. Black Sabbath... Grunge. You bet I was angry... the hitting, stealing, and abuse at home, work, and school was apparent to Me. There was no escape; I was trapped in a High School hell.

Alice and Chains being the next band I began to explore at this time, as I retreated further into darkness.

At home.

Jen: Your father and I think that you should see a psychologist.

Chris: Why?

Jen: Because you're spending you're time in your room, and you don't come out.

Chris: Isn't that normal for people My age.

Jen: Well, your father and I think that you need to be counselled on some things.

Chris: Like what?

Jen: Well, why you're sitting in your room, and being anti-social.

Chris: I'm not anti-social; I'm making friends.

Jen: Well, there are just some other things that we need you to deal with.

Me: Other things that you need Me to deal with? Like what? Since I was living in their home and listening to music and playing guitar in My room, it seemed I was fine; but immediately, I knew that something was wrong when I found out that My counsellor was a Roman Catholic priest. This was Gay conversion therapy.

“Mailman” by Soundgarden plays¹².

Priest: I need you to fill this form out to completeness; and then we can begin our sessions.

Me: Hmm. History of depression, no. Attracted to the same-sex, No.
Hey, if they lie to Us about Jesys being the only “Son of God” but Jesys having a brother named Drusus by God, Caesar and Pharaoh Tiberius Cæsarion Cæsar, according to the ancient Celts, Latins, and Greeks; then Eye for and Eye, Lie for a Lie. Besides, I knew that Roman Catholicism is the root of opposition to Homosexuality, and that My parents were trying to “straighten” Me out; so I denied them.
My mom told Me not to share with other students that they were forcing Roman Catholic psychology on Me; but I did anyway. I thought other students should know exactly what was happening to Me. They were in the attempted process of Roman Catholic conversion; and I was having none of it.
So, in the combination of a verifiably horrible home, school, and work life; I decided; I’m just going to be honest and let people know exactly how I feel.

To TJ: My former friend from Boy Scouts, Jacksonwald, and sleepovers thereafter, I was angry at you for the constant making fun of Me, in the hard times I faced in terms of mental and physical abuse.

To Matt O’B: You hit, punched, and made fun of Me when I needed help.

To Andrew O: When I was coming out, you went out of your way, to My English class with Mrs. Vroman with the specific purpose of harassing and causing emotional damage to Me.

¹² Soundgarden. “Mailman.” *Superunknown*. 1994.

To Jake Grey: Stephanie was My girlfriend, and I was told that you verbally and physically abused her.

Me: So I asked John (W.) about these matters.

Chris: What do you think John? These other kids are harassing, and Matt won't stop hitting me? Should I let them know how I feel. I mean, they aren't responding to my requests for them to stop. And we need to do something about Jake and Steph. This has been going on since, like, Junior High.

I'm thinking about making a website and outlining exactly what My complaints are for each of them.

John (W.): Yeah, that sounds like a great idea!

Me: John was another friend from Boy Scouts. A British immigrant from Ulster County, he was of a Protestant and Roman Catholic family. He was one of the more popular kids in school, the ones that were known for drinking and smoking cannabis. One of the cliques I wanted to be in.

Chris: Ok, great. We'll make a big joke out of it.

I make a personal website. One of the pages is titled "Those who will feel my wrath."

Me: Ambiguous language. Non-threatening. No threats of violence. Sends a message that I'm displeased with them. Ok, I'm in the clear.

John prints out the website and pins it to the back of the wall of the classroom. People laugh, seems like a joke.

Me: The website got a few laughs, nothing really seemed out of the ordinary; until less than a few weeks later, on the 110th birthday anniversary of Adolf Hitler...

Newcasts of the Columbine shooting.

Me: After the shooting, some things changed. I was told that Jake skipped school out of fear because of the Columbine shooting and the website.

At the lunch table.

Zach: My mom deleted my Marilyn Mason songs yesterday.

Chris: Man, that sucks.

Zach: Yeah, she got on the blame the music bandwagon.

Chris: You know, rap music is so much more violent and antagonizing than Marilyn Mason.

Zach: I know, but My mom thinks that Marilyn Manson is the cause.

A female student walks up to Me at the lunch table.

Student: Are you the one with that website?

Chris: Yeah, why?

Student: Ok. Ok.

In class.

Chris: Look, I'm not saying that the students were in the right when they carried out the shooting; but I'm saying I can relate to their frame of mind after being picked on and wanting revenge.

Banning trench coats in the school because of them, that's ridiculous.
Give me a trench coat, I'll wear one just to protest their fashion policing.

Teacher: The principal would like to see you, Mr. Gant.

Me: Uh, oh. I was in trouble.

The Principal's office.

Chris: I walked into the Principal's office, and there was sitting Matt, TJ, Jake, and Andrew O. I sat down at the table.

Keller: Now it seems like there is a problem between you boys, and I want to make sure that no one's going to get hurt. Mr. Gant, are you thinking about doing any harm to these kids.

Chris: No. I'm not.

Keller: Good. Then there isn't a problem here. Please apologize to them.

Chris: I'm sorry about this.

Keller: Ok. Then let's just put this behind us.

I get home from school.

Jen: Where are you going?

Chris: To delete the website.

Jen: I think that's a good idea. Then go up to your room. You're having an emergency session with the psychologist.

Chris: Ok.

In the psychologist's office.

Priest: So, I heard we had a major set-back today in your progress.

Me: My progress to what? I wonder at this point. Relating to Roman Catholicism at this point, I Reverse.

Priest: What was this whole issue with the website?

Chris: It wasn't anything serious. Just a joke.

Priest: Well, the other students didn't think it was a joke.

Me: Actually, some of them did.

Chris: Oh. Well I wasn't planning on hurting them, if that's what you mean.

Priest: That's good.

Me: What was the point of all this? Just wasted money going to some Roman Catholic priest using Me as an excuse to launder the money.

In the car.

Jen: Did you have a good talk with the counsellor?

Chris: Not much to say.

Jen: We're going to have a family talk when we get home.

Chris: Ok...

In the den.

Matt: What the hell were you thinking!

Jen: Don't you care about me, or about what the community thinks about me? Other people are shunning me, because of you! Because of what you did!

Chris: It wasn't a threat or anything.

Matt: You're not allowed to go on the computer anymore! You're grounded!

Me: Oh no... *Diablo*, *Europa Universalis*, AOL Instant Messenger! My music!
See, at this time, AOL instant messenger was how we communicated with each other. We would have group chats, make plans, and discuss important social and entertainment topics all online. This was a big deal. Social exclusion. Even at this young age, I was engaged in political discussions outside of the High School realm, which was a joy to Me.

On AOL, in a Canadian chatroom.

Reddripper: What do you think about a political union between the United States and Canada?

Canadian: I think that's a great idea! What about Quebec though? They're trying to become independent.

Reddripper: It would be better for Quebec to remain with Canada and be a part of this union. We can keep the official languages as English...

Me: British.

Reddripper: ...and French then. Maybe Louisiana will be a French first state too?

Me: I don't know how I managed to make it through this dark time... I suppose mainly playing guitar and using the phone and making social plans during the school day.

I thought to Myself "all this over something so inconsequential."

Honestly, which is worse; daily harassment and abuse from the other students; or typing names on a personal website known to only myself and some other local people?

Shortly after, someone told Me that someone placed a tennis ball under TJ's brakes. He asked Me about it. I had no idea who could have done it, though I secretly suspected John. Someone who might have had access to TJ's truck.

During 10th grade, I started to attend more social and sporting events.

I had friends on the soccer team, so I cheered the team on. I cheered the football team on. Friends on the volleyball team, so I cheered them on. And by the end of 10th grade, despite the website; I was getting invited out to social events from some of the stars on the team. One guy from the soccer team particularly caught My eye.

At the soccer field.

Chris: Who's that guy?

Val: Which one?

Me: Remember, I had started talking to Ken again at this point. And Ken was dating an older girl he met named Val. The guy I was talking about was in her grade.

Chris: That tall blond guy.

Val: That's Christian. Why, do you think he's hot?

Me: Obviously, some people already knew I'm Gay at this point. I just didn't come out to most of My friends at this point. I hadn't yet said the words, I'm Gay.

Chris: He's good looking. I wonder if he's Bi or Gay.

Ken: Do you think he's hot Val?

Val: Yeah, he's a pretty attractive guy.

Ken: And what am I then? Am I not attractive? Not hotter than him?

Me: As Ken once verbally abused Me, he often did so to Val. As My step-father with My mother, he called her stupid a lot, and manipulated her to do what he wanted.

As for Christian... an older hot guy, two years ahead of Me, an out of reach fantasy, a distant crush. But unbeknownst to Me at the time, the connection between his family and Mine would grow after High School.

Seton Hall. Christian's roommate sends him to the hospital after beating him up in his bed.

At American Eagle, talking to TJ.

Chris: Did you hear about Christian?

TJ: No, I didn't. What about him?

Chris: Oh man...

I make a frowny face.

Me: I finished out 10th grade, and that was that.

I don't know how Ken managed to make friends with some of the more popular kids in school; but he did. So, while I was making friends with Andrew, he was making friends with Nevin; and Andrew and Nevin were friends with each other.

My initial thoughts on Nevin...

Driver's Ed Class.

Nevin: (Burp!)

In another class.

Nevin: Schtee!

Me: Nevin was a loudmouthed kid who seemed to be self-obsessed and flamboyant. He would often say.

Nevin: I'm just really confident.

Me: And I would think...

Chris: There's a difference between self-confidence and narcissism.

Me: But by the end of 10th grade, with the help of Bojangles biscuits, seasoned fries, BBQ sauce, and chicken supremes, Nevin, Andrew, and old friends, Matt K. and John Y., were chillin' on the regular, with their friend, Nate.

Nate, an interesting young man. He was known as "Cat Fucker" in school because it was rumored that he once claimed to have sex with his cat. At the time, he seemed like a social copy of Nevin, but I don't think that now.

I used to play hockey with Mike and John back in the old Farming Ridge neighborhood. Since then John moved on to playing Hockey with Nate and Nevin; and it was clear that they had a decidedly negative influence

on him. He wasn't the sweet natured John I knew from elementary school anymore.

Matt K. and I played soccer together. He was known as "the Beast" because he... well, let's just say he had a natural sweater. He's a computer wiz; and We used to go over to his house where he had multiple computers, and where We'd play video games.

I'll never forget one of the first times that I was invited to Nevin's house. John, Andrew, and I were there; and Nevin decided to come up with a new name for hide and seek.

Nevin: Hunt the nigger!

Me: Where the fuck was I? An undercover Acadian Blackfoot Sioux Loyalist in American suburban Pennsylvania.

We run around the house and play hide and seek. Nevin's the first one being sought. We can't find him.

Andrew: Where could he be?

John: Check under the bed.

Andrew: Not there.

Chris: Try the basement.

Andrew: Good idea.

Me: We searched the basement to find Nevin, but there was no sign of his whereabouts. We checked a wardrobe and Andrew and John didn't find him. I sensed his presence, so I leaned into the wardrobe and said...

Chris: I won't betray you.

Me: Sure enough, he was in the closet.

But what I was also finding out about this group was there was an undercurrent; no, not undercurrent, obvious racism. Use of the Black N word was prevalent around Nevin's house and circle of friends.

When he found out I'm Atlantean, his nickname for Me was Tonto. Do you know what Tonto means in spanish? It means stupid. Yep, the Lone Ranger writers labeled the Apache Warrior as stupid in spanish.

And looking back on these times I think...

Nevin: Ride 'em ride 'em. Ride dem turtles.

Me: Was this talking about how We Atlanteans called North Atlantis Hahnunah, or Turtle Island.

Andrew on Instant Messenger.

ExeSoc21: Koo.

Me: Short for cool, or is this Ku? As in Ku Klux Klan, Protestant converts to Roman Catholicism loyal to the spanish crown, as evidenced by the similar vestments worn by KKK members and the spanish capriotes.

To say that there wasn't Roman Catholic conditioning happening here would be false.

At Nevin's dinner table.

Nev's Mom: You better not be Gay, Nevin.

Nevin: Mom, I'm not Gay! Why would you even say that to me?

Nev's Mom: Because. I'm just want to be clear that we don't tolerate Gayness in this house. I want lots of little grandkids.

Me: She may have suspected that Nevin was Gay for a few reasons. One, Ken was effeminate. Two, she may have heard the rumors about Me, and assumed that because Nevin was friends with Me, that we were engaged in Gay sexual activity. Three, Nevin was a bit effeminate himself, metrosexual in style, and very flashy. He liked attention, which doesn't necessarily equate to being Gay. Four, there was a rumor about Nevin being engaged in Gay sexual activity, started by Moi for Karma's sake.

Hey, I'm a Druid Christian, Karma is a big part of Our faith. So, after Nevin did this...

Nevin: Chris puts peanut butter on his dick and lets the dog lick it off. Lap it up, Lassie, lap it up.

Me: Dude, no I don't. Hmm... who's the best person to get Karma to use.

With Ken. "A Conspiracy" by the Black Crowes plays¹³.

Chris: I gave Nevin a blow job.

Ken: What do you mean?

Chris: I sucked Nevin's dick.

Ken: What, are you serious?

Chris: Yep. We were in his room; and he was talking about how Megan used to blow him; so I offered him one; and then we did it.

Me: Karma. Sexual rumor for a sexual rumor. Sexual intercourse with non-human males of the appropriate age, I do not do.

Ken: Nevin, did you get a low job from Chris?

¹³ The Black Crowes. "A Conspiracy." *America*. 1994.

Nevin: No, who told you that?

Ken: He did.

Nevin: What would he do that?

In gym.

Nevin: Dude, did you tell Ken that you gave me a blow job.

Chris: Yeah.

Nevin: Why would you do that?

Me: Karma.

Chris: I don't know. Sorry, will you forgive me?

Nevin: Yeah, but don't do that again. That's, like, a serious break in trust.

Me: Did I feel bad about doing this to a racist, Gay-bashing, American? Not really. Because in the Andrew, John, Nevin, Nate, Matt O'B. and Jon circle; I was make-fun and hit of target number 1.

At Nate's house, they pick Me up and tossed Me into a lake. As I emerge, John grabs a laundry detergent jug and starts hitting Me in the head repeatedly.

At the mall, Matt O'B and Andrew M. ditch Me there, and leave without telling Me.

In My basement.

Jon: Stop being such a faggot.

Me: Rage.

Chris: You're such a stupid fucking idiot, Jon. Why don't you try not being so stupid for once?

In the basement. Nate tries throwing Me into the cat litter.

In the basement, Andrew punches Me in the face and cracks a tooth in half.

In the basement, John Y. takes a toy golf club and puts a hole in the drywall with it.

John: Who cares! It's Gant's house.

At the shore, Jon hands Me a beer, and as I go to drink from the bottle he hits the bottom of the bottle into My tooth and chips it.

Me: Not the best people I could have for friends. Perhaps more frenemies than friends. What I learned from them was that you needed to put people down, hurt, banter, have sex with as many people as possible, and be as egotistical as possible in order to be an Alpha male. So, I took My lessons well.

And these kids only seemed to respect European heritage, so I decided it was time to hold a mirror up to their behavior. And I did this for quite some time hereafter.

In 11th grade, Andrew and I became homework buddies. On the weekends, We would work on our homework together as We had many mutual classes and Andrew wasn't a very confident student in some of the more advanced classes that We had. And being on the soccer team, a large portion of his time was spent on practice and games.

Bojangles wasn't giving Me the wages or hours I needed to pay for car maintenance, gas, and My fun and entertainment needs. So I applied for a job at Giant, where Nevin, Zach, and Ken worked; along with many

other students from High School. It was a higher paying job, with steadier hours; but I did have to deal with Ken, which was a downside.

At Giant.

Ken: So, I saw that you're requesting off for the shore this weekend?

Chris: Yeah... that's in the request off book.

Ken: I have off too.

Chris: Oh?

Ken: Were you not going to invite me?

Chris: Do you want to go to the shore?

Me: The downside was that now Ken had access to My schedule; and if I called off or requested off, he would know why; and would sometimes try to insert himself into the activity.

But on the plus side, I had plenty of money to pay for My trip to Naples and Lombardy. Yeah, speaking of Karma, after World War II Austria was divided between Austria and West and East Germany. Why wasn't Italy divided and Rome occupied? After all, Rome started the whole thing.

Latin Class.

Magister: This Summer, we're going on a trip to Italy. Yes we are, students. So if anyone is interested in the trip, please sign up.

Andrew: Are you thinking of going?

Chris: Yeah. I'd like to go. I went to Austria and it was a great time. Plus this will also tie in with our Humanities class.

Andrew: Yeah. Cool. I'm thinking about going too. Let me know if you're going.

Chris: Ok. I'll talk to my parents about it.

At home.

Chris: So, the Latin class I'm taking is offering a trip to Naples, Rome, and Florence; and I'd like to go.

Matt: Are you going to pay for it?

Chris: I can pay for it. I'll save up my money from work.

Jen: Chris, I think that's wonderful. You know, I went to Spain on a class trip when I was in High School.

Chris: Yeah. So can I go? I already have a passport from last year.

Jen: What do you think, Matt?

Matt: As long as he pays for it.

Jen: I'll give you some money for the trip.

On AOL Instant Messenger.

Axeslinger2000: Hey.

Exesoc21: Hey. What's up?

Axeslinger2000: I'm allowed to go on the trip.

Exeso21: Great. I think I'm going too.

Axeslinger2000: Do you know anyone else that's going?

Exesoc21: I think so.

Summer 1999. At the Exeter High School Parking lot. Courtney, Aimee, Courtney (from Farming Ridge), Brian, Ashley, Tony, Jordan (female), Jordan (male), and some other students get on the bus with Andrew and Me.

Me: So began the trip that would change My life. Why? Ha! The answer is simple. I just bought the Superunknown album.

"Head Down" by Soundgarden plays¹⁴.

Court L: So you guys know that the drinking age in Italy is 17, right?

Andrew: What? 17?

Chris: Are we allowed to drink on this trip?

Brian: The school rules say we aren't allowed.

Chris: Fuck that.

Me: Now, by this point, I had already been introduced to alcohol at family My step-father's family functions. Weddings, Wigilia, Christmas in July; We were having beer and drinking alcohol since We were like 16, but only a

¹⁴ Soundgarden. "Head Down." Superunknown. 1994.

beer here and there; and only a drink or two at a wedding. So this is a good point to insert a disclaimer.

Disclaimer: As the colonial provincial states from the Hudson Bay and Quebec to Georgia, and for all of Acadia; thus being made in the names of Scotland, England, Ireland, and France; or solely France, and by the 1763 Royal Proclamation of Elector George III of the Holy Dutch, as in Deutsch, Empire, under the Kaiser Crown of said Holy Dutch Empire; that according to Scotian and French Federal Law; there is no illegal age for alcohol consumption on private premises; and these Canadian and United States are Nova Scotian and Acadian colonies in Atlantis.

Sightseeing in Solerno. Back at the Hotel room.

Tony: Hey guys. Do you want to come to the room? I got some Limoncello.

Andrew: Oh shit, yeah son.

Chris: Sounds good to me. Do you want to play a game or anything? I got some cards.

Tony: Bring em along.

In Tony's room. Tony, Jordan F, Andrew, and I are playing cards.

Chris: Ok. How about we play low card.

Jordan: What's that?

Chris: The person with the lowest card has to drink.

Andrew: Sounds good, let's go.

We play the game. Tony drinks first.

Tony: Oh, this is awful!

Someone takes a picture of Tony on his bed making a face after his first shot. We each start drinking.

Chris: Yuck! It tastes like turpentine.

Andrew: Eww... this is terrible.

Jordan: Why do people like drinking this stuff?

Me: Well, We found out why people like drinking Limoncello.

After a few minutes of playing. We're all laughing.

Chris: Ok, ok! What do you want to play now?

Jordan: How about... Thumper?

Andrew: What's that?

Tony: We each pick a hand motion and then the first person makes their gesture, and then someone else's gesture; and then whoever's gesture is the next to go, and whoever messes up has to drink.

Chris: Ok, sounds like fun. My gesture is this. (Rock On).

We play. Hand drumming on the table.

Tony: What game are we playing?

Us: Thumper!

Tony: And why do we play it?

Us: To get fucked up!

Around 11, teachers start knocking on doors for a room check.

Andrew: Oh shit! The teachers are coming!

Tony: I don't feel so good.

Chris: We better get back to the room.

Jordan, Andrew, and I slip out of Tony's room and run into our rooms and quickly jump into bed.

Me: Safe. But I soon found out the negative side of drinking. I started to get a headache shortly after that, and then My stomach started to hurt. I ended up in the bathroom thinking I was going to vomit; but took some aspirin and went back to bed.

More sightseeing and drinking. At a bar. Courtney walks up with a rum and Coke.

Chris: What are you drinking?

Courtney: A rum and Coke.

Chris: No way! The chaperones are here.

Courtney: Ashley's mom said it was ok.

Chris: Shit. I'm getting something too then.

Me: Yep, one of the best trips of My life. Well, after this... I just had to share the gift of drinking with Nevin.

On the phone.

Chris: Hey, Nevin. Do you want to sleep over tonight? I have something special in mind.

Nevin: Yeah, sure. What do you have in mind?

Chris: It's a surprise. I'll show you when you get here.

Nevin comes over.

Chris: Ok, so when Andrew and I were on the class trip, we started drinking.

Nevin: Like, alcohol.

Chris: Yeah. And it's fucking awesome! Do you want to try?

Nevin: Ok.

Chris: Great. My mom has some gin here...

Me: That's where it started for Us. We became like those other kids that had drinking parties at this point between the Summer of 10th and 11th grade. And I remind you that according to Imperial Federal Law, no underage drinking limit on private premises.

So naturally, when New Year's came around...

Tom: Hey, We're going away for a few days. So if you could let our dog out and feed the dog, and just watch the house, that would be great. We'll pay you.

Chris: Ok.

Tom: And, you can have some friends over for New Years' too.

Chris: Oh yeah? Thanks.

Me: Tom is a friend of My step-father from his work. And he asked Me to watch his place and take care of his dog over the Yuletide Holidays. The wheels in My head started turning.

At school.

Chris: Hey, do you guys want to come over for New Year's? I'm watching one of my dad's friend's place, and he said I could have some people over.

Jeff: Sounds great!

Zach: Yeah, I'm up for it.

Jim: Yeah.

Zach: I'll bring over my Nintendo and we can play Smash Brothers or Mario Kart.

Chris: Ok. I'll let you know the details then.

In gym class.

Chris: Hey.

Matt (O'B): Hey, what's up?

Andrew: What's going on?

Chris: Well, I got some good news. I'm watching this guy's house, and he said I could have a few people over for New Year's Eve. Do you guys want to come?

Nevin: Yeah! Sounds like fun.

Chris: Now... the question is, how do we get some alcohol?

Andrew: Hmm... do you know anyone that would have access?

Nevin: I don't know anyone.

Matt: What about John (W.)?

Chris: Yeah... he has drinking parties... Let's ask John.

In class.

Chris: Hey John.

John: What's up?

Chris: Well, I'm watching this place, and the owner said I could have some people over... and I was wondering if you wanted to come over... and bring some alcohol???? Nevin, Andrew, and Matt said they would come.

John: Capital idea. Can I invite some people over?

Chris: Yeah, sure.

John sends out a massive e-mail about the New Year's party to all his friends at school.

George: Dude... do you know that like John just invited the whole High School to your New Year's Eve party?

Chris: What do you mean by everyone?

George: Look at this e-mail.

I look at all the contacts.

Chris: Oh... my... God.

Back at the house.

Jen: How many people are we talking about?

Chris: Eh... maybe 20, or more?

Jen: That house isn't big enough, and they have a huge liquor cabinet. You're going to have to move the party here.

Chris: Ok. Thanks.

Back at School.

Zach: I don't want to go.

Chris: What do you mean?

Zach: Look, I don't know half these people, and I honestly don't want to know them.

Jeff: I agree with Zach. I thought it was just going to be us.

Jim: Yeah man. I don't want to go if all these other people are going.

Chris: Dudes, come on. I want you guys to be there too. You're my first crew.

Zach: Well, you made a decision to include these other people; and I don't want to go now.

Chris: (Sigh) Fine. Let me know if you change your mind.

Me: The conflict between cliques. A tough social balance to traverse. But New Year's Eve came; and it was certainly the party of the century; maybe one of the largest house parties in the history of Exeter.

"Blue (Da Ba Dee)" by Eiffel 65 plays¹⁵. At the party, I'm on the phone with Nevin.

Chris: Dude, you said you guys were going to be here! Get over here. There's seriously a huge party here.

Nevin: Ok. Ok. We're on our way.

Andrew and Nevins show up.

¹⁵ Eiffel 65. "Blue Da Ba Dee." *Europop*. 1998.

Nevin: You weren't kidding.

Chris: I know, there's not much alcohol left, but there's a secret bottle of Grand Marnier.

Matt: Can I have some too?

Chris: Yeah. Swig Swig.

Andrew: Swig Swig.

My father and my mom show up from a neighborhood party.

Jen: Wow... there's a lot of people here.

Some people start walking up the driveway.

Jen: No more people. Party's closed.

Chris: Oh, come on. I know them from Chorus. Let em in.

Jen: No. No more people, this is enough.

Chris: Sorry, dudes.

In the basement a woman seemingly purposefully falls on My little brother's arcade basketball toy and destroys it. Someone pees in My hamper. Jake is arguing with a girl in My parent's room. John is making out with a girl in My sister's room. Jeremiah (Lonnie's cousin) punts My mom's brandy snifter and shatters it.

Chris: You have to go.

Jeremiah: Why... because I'm black?

Chris: No. Because you just destroyed my mom's snifter. And now there's broken glass everywhere.

My mom surveys the situation.

Jen: Ok, I'm taking keys. Whoever's here has to stay here for the night!

Now kids start to fall asleep. Someone vomits on the floor. New Year 2000 comes. Kids leave the house. The neighbor (a police officer) across the street hoses vomit off the street in front of his house. I'm in My bed, Matt O'B. is sleeping in the room with Me.

Matt: Can you take me home?

Chris: Ok. Just give me some time.

In the car.

Chris: I feel sick.

Matt: Yeah, me too.

Me: The next day, I felt like Hell. One of the worst hangovers of My life. Must have been the Swig Swig. We drank the entire bottle of Grand Marnier.

I ended up calling off work because I felt so terrible, and slept most of the day. Do I regret this? Not at all, this was one of the best parties ever! A party to commemorate the beginning of a new millennium. Missing work for this historic moment was well worth it.

However, at work a new employee was hired, one which would change My life forever.

At Giant. AFI "6 to 8" plays¹⁶.

Natalie: Chris, can you take these returns back?

Chris: Yeah, sure.

I take some items from the return carts, and head into the isles. I come to the chip isle. And there's Jamie, Christian's younger brother.

Chris: Hey.

Jamie: Hey.

Me: Holy shit! It's Christian's brother, and he's fucking hot. Here he is, right in front of Me. I think My heart skipped a beat. What the fuck do I say?

Chris: How's your brother doing?

Jamie: He's good.

Chris: Cool. See you around.

Jamie: See you, man.

Chris: Catch you later.

Talking to Nevin.

Nevin: You know, I used to hang with Jamie.

¹⁶ AFI. "6 to 8." *The Art of Drowning*. 2000.

Chris: Oh yeah?

Nevin: Yeah. We would skateboard and play video games together. But he was really into himself.

Chris: What do you mean?

Nevin: I mean that he knew he was good looking and acted like it.

Chris: Doesn't sound any different from you,

Nevin: He was worse. And his parents sent him to rehab.

Chris: What? Why?

Nevin: He had a cocaine problem.

Chris: Who the fuck goes to rehab in 10th grade?

Nevin: Him.

Me: My first introduction to Jamie. My friends told Me he was a cocaine addict and bad news. But despite this, I felt a very strong attraction to this young lad. Maybe one day... just maybe... I could help him.

At the shore.

Andrew: You know that Christian and Jamie's family have a place here, don't you?

Chris: No. I had no idea.

Andrew: Yeah. They have a house closer to Stone Harbor; and their uncle owns a restaurant here in Avalon.

Chris: What? Where?

Andrew: On 21st street, I think?

Chris: Get the fuck out of here.

Andrew: Yep. Their uncle's Gay too.

Chris: Well, that might run in the family then.

Andrew: No, they're very "straight."

Me: Hmm... No, Andrew, Jamie is as straight as a hook.

Flashback. Justin comes over to My house.

Justin: You'll never guess what.

Chris: What?

Justin: I was running, and Christian was there on the track.

Chris: Really?

Justin: Yep. He talked to me.

Chris: What did he talk to you about?

Justin: He just gave me some tips on how to run and stuff.

At a store.

Cristian: Dude, you should have with us to see the Lord of the Rings movie.

Chris: Why?

Cristian: Because Christian (R.) was there.

Me: The end of High School was approaching, and it seemed like fate.
My friends were entwining My life line with that of Christian and Jamie's.
Pour quois? Why were these people crashing into My life?

Chapter 9. I Love.

“Stinkfist” by Tool plays¹⁷.

Me: At the end of High School; Jon, Nevin, Zach, Andrew, and I made a pact not to cut our hair. So all of us grew Our hair out as long as We could.
By the end of 12th grade Zach and I certifiably had lions’ manes for hair. But I cut My hair before Zach.
But a month before the end of High School... I decided that it was time. Time to come out. Why, because it was time, I already was kinda halfway out of the closet, and kinda not.

In the breakroom.

Dana: I heard that Chris is Gay.

At the front end.

Natalie: Hey, Chris. Dana just told Jamie that you’re Gay.

Chris: What? Why’d she do that? Oh man, great.

In the breakroom.

Chris: Who the fuck is spreading rumors that I’m Gay!?!

Jamie: Yo man, calm down.

Kevin: It’s cool dude.

¹⁷ Tool. “Stinkfist.” *Ænema*. 1996.

Chris: Sorry. I'm just pissed off that someone would say that about me.

Me: No more sneaking around in the shadows, pretending to be Hetero while secretly having sex with guys. Nope, that's not a good life. If I wanted to lead a regular life, then I needed to let other people that I'm Gay.

The first person I told was My best friend, Zach.

At Zach's house.

Chris: Zach, I have something I need to tell you.

Zach: What?

Chris: I can't live my life as a lie.

Zach: Oh my God, you like Katie; don't you?

Chris: What? NO!

Me: Katie was Andrew's girlfriend.

Flashback. School, Me talking to Andrew.

Chris: You promised you were going to see Fight Club with me, and then you go and see it with.... KATIE!!!!

Katie is in chemistry class and looking horrified. Back at Zach's 2001.

Chris: No... I'm not attracted to Katie.

Zach: Then what do you mean?

Chris: I'm Gay.

Zach: Oh... A lot makes sense now.

Chris: Yeah.

Zach: Did you tell anyone else?

Chris: No, you're the first. I'm thinking about telling Nevin and Andrew though.

Zach: Yeah?

Chris: Yup.

Zach: Soo... is there like anyone of our friends that you... like?

Chris: Well, Jordan and I had relations.

Zach: What!?! You and Jordan?

Chris: Yeah. Starting back in 10th grade.

Zach: Oh man...

Me: Then I told Nevin.

At Nevin's place.

Chris: Nevin. I have something I need to tell you.

Nevin: What?

Chris: I'm Gay.

Nevin: What? Really?

Chris: Yeah.

Nevin: Ok. You do you, man.

At My house. Andrew's over in the Kitchen.

Chris: So, there's a specific reason I invited you over today, Andrew.

Andrew: Yeah, why's that?

Chris: Because, I can't live my life as a lie anymore. I'm not Heterosexual. I'm Gay.

Andrew is silent for a minute.

Andrew: Ok... Ok. Do you think any of our friends are attractive? Do you like Zach.

Chris: No... he's not really my type.

Andrew: Nevin's pretty good looking, do you like Nevin?

Chris: No, Nevin's not my type either.

Andrew: What about Jon?

Chris: No... Jon's... an asshole.

Andrew: Do you like me?

No answer.

Andrew: Do you like me?

Chris: You're an attractive guy.

Andrew: Ok... I'm going now.

Andrew leaves.

Me: For the next week or so, Andrew avoided Me at school. But by the time of graduation he was talking to Me again.

At graduation.

Me: I graduated with an A average from Exeter, and accepted admission to Gettysburg College. I invited Zach, Andrew, Jon, Nevin, John Y., and Eric to Avalon for Senior Week. The one question We had was...

At V&S sandwich shop.

Chris: Do you think we should invite Al down to Avalon?

Nevin: Who? Al Rupert?

Chris: No... not Al Rupert. Al C. Hall.

Jon: Oh... that Al. Yeah, we should invite Al.

Nevin: Ok... how are we going to get Al down to the shore?

Chris: I was hoping you'd be able to ask your brother that question.

Nevin asks Matt. He gives the affirmative.

Nevin: Ok! Al's coming to Avalon!

Me: Ha, ha! I don't think Zach had ever seen Us drunk before.
And who was Eric? Eric was a friend from band and chorus, and Schwarzwald, who made his way into our circle of friends.

At the shore house. Jon is vomiting.

Jon: I had like 7 drinks, and the toilet had 4; so that means that I can have 4 more, right?

Zach: I don't know about that...

Nevin: Zachis McCrackis!

Me: Poor Zach. Being thrust into this situation. Thank God I had a fellow Rocker though. I couldn't bear to listen to rap and pop punk the whole time at the shore.

We return home.

Me: After an exciting Senior Week. Zach was going through a difficult time with his parents; so I allowed him to sleep over at My house for about two weeks, as he started to date his first and only girlfriend, Libby.

And there were a few other matters of importance which happened over this graduation Summer.

At home.

Matt: Now, Gettysburg is an expensive school, so you're going to have to work while you're at school, and full time over the Summer.

Chris: Wait, what about all the Social Security money from my dad. That was like \$400 a month. That should be able to pay for college.

Jen: Don't you like this nice house we're living in?

Chris: Where's My money?

Jen: We spent it on raising you, and you played musical instruments, those were expensive.

Chris: About \$40 dollars a month, and then I stopped playing French horn in like 10th grade, and violin when I was in like 8th.

Where's the money? I should have about \$40,000 for college.

Matt: Chris! We don't have the money!

Chris: Did you take it!?!

Matt: Chris! Are you accusing us of stealing your money!

Me: Yes, I am.

Matt: Go to your room!

Me: That was one thing. Another was a new short chapter in My love life.

At Giant.

Missy: You know Kyle's Gay, right?

Chris: Yeah, I kinda figured that out.

Missy: Well why don't you go talk to him?

Chris: Ok. Do you think he's interested in me?

Missy: Maybe.

Me: My first boyfriend. And at this point, I think he's the only person who has been My actual boyfriend, as in boyfriend in a relationship.

The relationship lasted about a week or so. He was too shy, and I was outgoing. He was feminine, and I'm masculine. I think My mom was starting to get an idea, I didn't come out to My family yet.

At the house.

Jen: Who's your new friend? I've never seen him before, and now he's like your best friend.

Chris: Oh, that's just Kyle from work.

Me: Who also happened to be My boyfriend at the time. This Summer was also the first Summer I was introduced to a little sweet leaf.

Luke comes over.

Luke: Hey man.

Me: Luke... a friend of mine which I knew from school and Giant. When I was playing *Europa Universalis* he was very interested in the story of the Commonwealth of Poland-Lithuania. His family was from the Breslau area of Bohemian Austria, which was under the occupation of Poland at the time. He worked at Giant as well. He was a known cannabis dealer.

Chris: Come on in. What's up?

Luke: Not too much. But I brought something for you. A graduation present.

Chris: What's that?

Luke: Did you ever smoke pot before?

Chris: No...

Luke: Well, I brought some with me.

In the garage. "Get Together" by the Youngbloods plays¹⁸.

Luke: Ok, so a lot of people don't get high on their first smoke.

Chris: What are you supposed to do?

Luke: Just smoke it like a cigarette.

Chris: Ok... here it goes.

¹⁸ Youngbloods. "Get Together." *The Youngbloods*. 1967.

Me: I got high... and Luke and I watched *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, and I was a bit confused as to whether people were really turning into lizards, or if that was a movie theme.

Justin ended up coming over that night.

Chris: Do... you... want... a cookie?

Justin: What the hell did you do to him?

Luke: We smoked up.

Justin: Oh... that explains a lot. Didn't you ever smoke before.

Chris: Nope. I feel like I'm really heavy and really light at the same time. And these Bagel Bites are taking forever to cook. It's been like hours since I put them in.

Justin: He's high, isn't he?

Luke: Yeah he is.

Me: My first time getting high. After that Jon came over with a blunt when Andrew, Jon, and I were planning on going to a Philadelphia club.

In the garage.

Jon: Hurry up and smoke it. We're going to be late.

Chris: Hey. You're the one who got here late.

We smoke in the garage, and then drive to Andrew's house.

Jon: Ok. You go in and get Andrew.

Chris: What!?! Why me?

Jon: Because I'm driving.

Chris: What if his mom or dad answers the door?

Jon: He knows we're supposed to be here by now. He should be ready.

I go up to Andrew's door and knock. His mom answers.

Me: Oh shit! I'm fucking high out of My mind, and I have to stand here and talk to Andrew's mom?

And Mom: Hi Chris. How are you?

Chris: I'm doing good. How are you?

And Mom: Good. Andrew should be ready soon. You guys are going to have a good time tonight.

Chris: Yeah. I think so.

And Mom: So what happening with you, are you looking forward to Gettysburg. I know Andrew is.

Chris: Yeah... I'm excited. Ha ha.

And Mom: What's so funny?

Chris: I don't know. Just the whole situation. It's amusing to me. Ha, ha!

I have a big smirk on My face.

Andrew: Hey. Are you ready?

Chris: Jon's in the jeep waiting for us outside.

Andrew: Ok. See you later mom.

And Mom: Bye Andrew. You boys be safe.

Chris: We will. Bye Mrs. M.

Back in the jeep.

Chris: Next time... you're coming in with me, Jon.

Jon: Ha, ha!

Andrew: Are you guys fucking high?

Chris: Yeah, we smoked up before coming here.

Andrew: And you're driving high, Jon?

Jon: Yep!

Andrew: And you were talking to my mom high?

Chris: Yep.

Andrew: Let's just get to Philly.

Me: Ah, cannabis. How much I wish you were in My life earlier than 18.

Here's another Disclaimer:

In Our ancient faith, the smoking of cannabis is associated with the worship of Godmother Nature, also known as Freyja. And so, according to the 1st Amendment of the United States; any Nature loving and worshipping person may smoke cannabis in accordance with this ancient custom. And as an Atlantean believing in the Great Spirit, cannabis; known as Cansasa to My people; smoking is an important part of Our faith. Smoking the peace pipe. I am Sioux.

So in the worship of the Allfather and the Godmother, of the Great Holy Spirit known as TÄÖ, The Äshe Manitö, The Alpha and Omega, cannabis is a Sacrament of Holy Communion.

At Giant. "She's Gone" by Hall and Oates plays¹⁹.

Jamie: So, you smoke?

Chris: Yeah, I smoke.

Jamie: Will you do me a favor?

Chris: What's that?

Jamie: Whenever you want to smoke, give me a call.

Chris: Why?

¹⁹ Hall and Oates. "She's Gone." *Abandoned Luncheonette*. 1974.

Jamie: Cause, I can get you what you need.

Chris: Really?

Jamie: Yeah, Here's my AIM name. Hit me up.

I look at the paper. JRRbear44.

Chris: JRRbear. What's that?

Jamie: My initials.

Chris: And a bear? Like as in Goldilocks? Ok then... well I might need some pot this weekend. I'm having a party.

Jamie: Hey, whatever you need man. Hit me up.

On AOL Instant Messenger.

Axeslinger2000: Hey.

JRRbear44: Hey. What's up?

Axeslinger2000: About that pot. That party's going through. Can you deliver?

JRRbear44: Yeah. When do you need me to show up?

Axeslinger2000: How about... 9ish?

JRRbear44: I'll be there.

Axeslinger2000: How much?

JRRbear44: \$20.

Me: What a deal!

At the house.

Chris: Yo man, I'm sorry to hear about your mom. What happened?

Justin (K.) She was just fine, and then all she died suddenly.

Chris: Oh man... that sounds terrible. My dad died.

Justin: Yeah... I heard about that, poisoning, right?

Chris: Drug overdose, I was told. Heart attack.

Doorbell rings.

John: Who's that?

Chris: Jamie.

I answer the door.

Chris: Hey.

Jamie: Hey. I got your stuff.

I look at unrolled cannabis.

Chris: Thanks.

I look back inside at party, and decide this is not the venue by which I want Jamie to know Me.

Chris: Ok, see you later.

Jamie: Ok...

Chris: Bye.

Me: I didn't invite him in, even though I had no idea how to roll a blunt. But this was not the right time for him.

Back inside.

Garret: It's not rolled?

Chris: No. We're going to have to improvise. Maybe cook it or something.

Garret: Why didn't you just invite him in, and he would have probably rolled it.

Chris: Because I didn't.

Me: Still... despite My resistance, the Universe and Our friends, were putting Jamie and I on a course of confluence.

A girl is talking to Me in My line, and Jamie walks by.

Jamie: Yeah! Yeah!

Chris: What was that about?

Amanda: I don't know.

At a friend's BBQ.

Megan: What do you think about Jamie?

Chris: As far as I know he's a dirty drug dealer? Why?

Megan: Oh, I'm just asking?

At another friend's house.

Anton: Oh Jamie... I don't think he's interested in a girlfriend.

Chris: Oh. Ok. Why do you say that?

Anton: Just... saying.

At another friend's house.

Shannon: Do you want to go shopping with me?

Chris: I'm not really the shopping type of guy, you know? I like to spend as little time as possible clothes shopping. Why do you ask?

Shannon: Well, Jamie's my boyfriend, and I think you two might get along.

Chris: Really, why's that?

Me: But I was heading off to college and starting a new life. Still kept in touch though.

Another important thing happened towards the latter part of the Summer after My graduation from High School.

In My room.

Trevor: Dad wants to see you, in the basement.

Me: Oh crap. I forgot to clear out the temporary internet cache. Was My step-father looking through the internet cache to catch Me?

Chris: Ok.

In the basement.

Matt: What is this?

He pulls up a picture of a naked guy.

Chris: Oh, that... yeah. I'm Gay.

Matt: Oh, ok. Did you tell your mother yet?

Chris: No.

Matt: Don't you think you should tell her?

Chris: Yeah, I guess so.

Matt: Jen! Chris has something he wants to tell you!

My mom comes down into the computer room.

Jen: What is it Chris?

Chris: Well... I'm Gay.

Jen: I had an idea. It's probably just a phase.

Me: Nope, not a phase. So that's how I came out to My parents. Found out on Gay porn.

The old high school days were over, and a new chapter started in My life.

Chapter 10. Failed Flights.

“Chop Suey” by System of a Down plays²⁰.

At Gettysburg College on AOL Instant Messenger.

Axeslinger2000: Hey. How are you doing?

JRRbear44: I’m good.

Axeslinger2000: What are you up to these days?

JRRbear44: Just chillin’. Working and whatnot.

Axeslinger2000: Still playing soccer?

JRRbear44: Yeah.

Axeslinger2000: Great!

JRRbear44: How’s Andrew doing?

Axeslinger2000: He’s doing ok. We’re actually in the same dorm building.

In Andrew’s room.

Chris: I was talking to Jamie today.

Andrew: Oh yeah, what about?

²⁰ System of a Down. “Chop Suey.” *Toxicity*. 2001.

Chris: Just some stuff. He was asking about you. I told him hi for you.

Andrew: Cool.

Chris: Is he... still dealing?

Andrew: I dunno. Didn't really talk to him about that kind of stuff.

Me: Someone should have said something a long time ago.

Cuts to a scene of Me talking to Ryan (another soccer player).

Chris: How did kids get drugs in school?

Ryan E: Had 'em in the locker room. The coach seemed to look the other way.

Cuts to Me talking with Nevin.

Nevin: They said that if anybody wanted anything to ask Pat.

Chris: Yeah, but where was Pat getting it from? And where did all this money come from? Cocaine's expensive.

Nevin: That's a good question.

Back in Andrew's room.

Chris: Well, maybe you should talk to him about it.

Andrew: It's not like we're on the same soccer team anymore.

Chris: Yeah, but your mom works with his dad.

Me: Andrew didn't want to have anything to do with this interventional conversation.

Chris: Ok... Well... Just think about it.

Me: School started off as usual, except now I was in college, responsible for My own schedule, and I had a lot more reading to do than before. But one Tuesday morning, I got a call from Andrew that drastically changed the lives of billions of people.

Phone rings in the dorm.

Andrew: Hey.

Chris: Hey. What's up?

Andrew: Did you turn on the TV yet?

Chris: No, why?

Andrew: Just turn it on.

Chris: What channel?

Andrew: Any channel.

I turn on the TV, and see smoke rising from one of the World Trade Towers.

Chris: What, what happened? Was there a missile attack or something?

Andrew: It was a plane, man.

Chris: Oh shit.

The second Tower is struck by another plane.

Me: Who, what, when, why, how?

We were getting a real education now. There were people frantically calling their friends and family in New York. We could just feel the sadness on campus. It was a terrible day.

Gettysburg was a party school. From about Wednesday through Sunday, I was invited over to the Sigma Nu fraternity house to party with some of the friends I made at Gettysburg. I was asked if I would join the fraternity; but I had made My mind up about staying at Gettysburg.

I finished My first year there with good marks. But, looking at the finances of staying at Gettysburg would have placed Me in over \$100,000 of student loan debt. So, I transferred to the Berks Campus of Penn State.

No luck in the love department here either. And, with the introduction of heavy beer consumption... I was putting on some serious bad weight.

Andrew and I had grown apart, as I turned up the heat on him in my process of Karma. Couldn't beat him by hitting him, so I smothered him in love. Yeah, that was for the tooth, calculator, and leaving Me behind at the mall.

Over the summer.

Me: Nevin was dating a girl, and mainly preoccupied with her. Eric worked long hours at the Country Club. Zach was in the process of dating Libby.

So over the Summer, the main group was Andrew, John Y., and Me; We added two new friends to Our crew, both due to bad break-ups.

One was Justin, who had dropped out of classes at West Chester because of his break up. And the other was Joe. Justin had a little sister in two school years behind, so her and her friends got added to our crew.

And... since We were over the age of 18, We were legally able to buy beer.
And We did, didn't even need a fake id.

At the mall. American Eagle. Eric and I are talking to TJ.

Chris: Hey TJ, what's up?

TJ: Not much, just working.

Chris: How was your first school year?

TJ: Good, good. Can't complain.

I notice a preppy short muscular blond headed guy in the store.

Chris: Good to see you. Have a good one.

TJ: You too, see ya.

Chris: Eric... did you see that blond kid in there?

Eric: No, why?

Chris: I thought he was pretty good looking. Looked like he might be Gay.
Maybe I'll ask TJ who that was.

At Penn State.

Chris: Hey Nevin. How are you? Didn't see you around much over the Summer.

Nevin: I know, right? I'm doing good. I've just been spending my time with Kylene.

Chris: I understand. What classes are you taking?

Nevin: I've got chemistry and biology. I'm going for a bio major.

Chris: Cool. I'm going for Business Marketing.

The blond-haired guy from American Eagle walks by.

Chris: Hey... there's that guy from American Eagle.

Nevin: That's Tim. He's in my chemistry class.

Chris: Oh. Ok.

Nevin: Why, do you think he's cute or something?

Chris: Yeah, he's an attractive guy.

Nevin: Dude, he looks like a camel. Retarded man.

Chris: Eh, I don't think so.

Me: Nevin ended up introducing Me to Tim and Tyler from his chemistry class. And we had exchanged numbers, but with Nevin being with Kylene, We really didn't all spend time with each other until much later.

I spent most of My time with Zach and Libby. But all those nights of watching wrestling, eating chips, drinking soda, and getting fast food for lunch was beginning to take its toll on Me. I was getting fatter and fatter. And love didn't seem like an option for Me.

I also made some new friends at Giant. One in particular was my connection to some herb.

Chris: Hey Jimmy, what's going on?

Jimmy: Not much.

Chris: How's college going? Don't see you on campus much.

Jimmy: Yeah... I don't think college is for me. Besides, I have a nice job lined up for me at my dad's place.

Chris: Cool, cool. So... about that herb...

Jimmy: Yeah. Listen... You know Jamie right?

Chris: Yeah, I got some from Jamie before.

Jimmy: Ok here's his number. He said if you need anything, give him a call.

Chris: Anything, like what?

Jimmy: Pot, cocaine, heroin... This is his number; call him if you want.

Me: Oh Jamie... what the fuck are you doing now? What have you done?

Chris: You're doing cocaine?

Jimmy: Yeah, don't you?

Chris: Noooo. My dad and uncles died from overdoses.

Jimmy: Oh... sorry to hear that.

Chris: Yeah, you shouldn't mess around with that stuff.

Jimmy: Probably not.

Me: And then another member of My dad's family died.

My cousin Matt is driving his car on the highway, get's hit from behind, which forces him over into the other lane, where he's struck by oncoming traffic.

The phone rings.

Chris: Hello?

Grandmom: Hi Chris. I have some bad news.

Chris: Oh no. What?

Grandmom: Matt died in a car accident.

Chris: No...

Grandmom: The funeral is this weekend.

Me: Another dead relative.

Since I graduated and left for college, I didn't have much time to visit My cousin. But when home for the holidays one year, he told Me that he was dealing drugs with the Latin Kings in Norristown.

He had been arrested for assault and battery and had to finish school in from a juvenile prison school. He ran away from home and lived in a

crack house somewhere for some time dealing drugs while he was out of the house.

I suspect that his death had something to do with these activities.

The funeral was hard. My Grandfather and Grandmother burying their grandson now.

Shortly after this, My aunt had a crippling brain aneurism. She was given a prescription for Cipro, which is prescribed to people who have been exposed to anthrax. They almost had to bury all four of their children. They almost had to bury Me too.

I made up My mind. I wasn't going to let what happened to My family happen to Jamie and his family. I needed to have a sit down man to man talk with him. How to make that happen was the question. He stopped working at Giant, and started working at the Country Club with Eric, and Tim from Penn State was there for a little too.

In Avalon. I call Jamie.

Chris: Hey man. I'm here in Avalon, and I want to smoke. Do you think you could show?

Me: Nope.

Chris: Hey Jamie, its Chris. Looking for some herb.

Me: Nope. A few attempts... then I let him pass out of My mind and out of My thoughts as I concentrated on school and work and dealing with the blatant Gay-bashing I was dealing with on a day to day basis at school with Nevin's new friends. I wasn't out to them... but one night at a party.

At Ryan S's in Antietam.

Chris: Ryan... I gotta tell you something.

Ryan S: What?

Chris: I'm Gay.

Ryan: What? Are you serious. You're joking right?

Chris: Nope. Not joking.

Ryan: Tyler, come here.

Tyler: What?

Ryan: Chris is Gay.

Tyler: That's not right.

I'm sitting at Nevin's house, and Nevin gets a call on the phone. On the other end, Tim is screaming on the phone at Nevin. Nevin is making all sorts of frowns and surprised faces from Tim's anger. He gets off the phone.

Nevin: That was Tim dude. It was about you.

Chris: About me? What about me?

Nevin: Tyler told Tim that you're Gay.

Chris: And he was pissed about that?

Nevin: Yeah, he doesn't even want to talk to you anymore.

Me: Well... that made some things awkward, and really pissed Me off.

One night I get a drunk phone call from Tim. I don't answer. It comes from someone else's number. I put the phone down. A message is left. I play the message. There's scuffling.

Steve: No. Don't...

Tim: Give me the phone!
Faggot! Faggot!

Me: Now, I'm really angry. No friend of mine. How would you like it if other people thought you were Gay, Tim? It was Karma time.

And this was what the rest of college was like. I sank into a deeper depression, being harassed and rejected by My peers and dealing with the death of My cousin.

I stopped going to classes and dropped from an A average to a D that semester. I became so nervous that if I had to give a presentation in class, I would shake uncontrollably. Sometimes I would even drop or withdraw from a class if there was a presentation involved. I stopped caring.

I did end up going to Montreal for Spring break, which is actually in late Winter. Nevin was with Kyleene, so he didn't go. But Eric, Andrew, Justin, and I went, and man was the weather cold.

Chris: I have never felt cold like this before!

Andrew: I know. This sucks.

Justin: Can anyone remind me why we decided to come to Canada in the Winter?

Eric: Because Montreal's only 8 hours away, and the drinking age is 18.

Justin: Yeah, that's right.

Me: And We drank.

At a restaurant in Old Montreal.

Eric: I would like a litre of wine, please. Merci, I mean.

Me: Garrett, Matt, and some other peers from Exeter came too, staying in a different hotel. But We met up with them for dinner one night; and then went out. Ah, Garrett shouldn't have been making fun of the French.

Garrett: Come on, I have no idea what these people are even saying. English! Speak English!

Two Quebecois bouncers come over to Garrett and puck him up, then use his head to open the door, and throw him out into the snow.

Chris: Uh.... Matt. Garrett just literally got tossed out.

Matt: Are you serious? Garrett. Come on Dave. I guess We gotta go.

Dave: Why?

Matt: Because Garrett's big mouth got him in trouble again.

Me: Garrett wasn't the only one who was manhandled that trip.

In Chinatown.

Chris: Do you think that Nevin would like this sword?

Andrew: I don't see why not?

Chris: I would like to buy this please.

We walk back to the hotel, and prostitutes are along the way.

Eric: She's hot.

Justin: Are you thinking about buying one?

Eric: Yeah, I am.

Chris: Really? Eric? Come on, you're better than that.

Up in the hotel room. Eric is browsing the escort services.

Justin: Dude, I think he's actually considering getting an escort.

Eric: How much do you think they cost?

Andrew: I don't know.

Eric: I'll do it if it's less than \$100.

Eric calls an escort service.

Eric: \$250 dollars, for an hour? Forget that.

Chris: Andrew... there's been something I've been meaning to talk to you about.

Back at Giant.

Janda: Did you hear about Katie and Nate?

Chris: What about them?

Tim J: Well, apparently while Andrew's been at Gettysburg, she's been hanging with Nate, and they kissed.

Chris: Whaaat? Katie's cheating on Andrew?

Me: I wasn't talking to Andrew at this time.

Back at the hotelroom.

Andrew: Yeah? What?

Chris: If I knew that Katie was cheating on you, and didn't tell you; would you hold it against me?

Andrew: What the fuck! I'm just trying to have a good fucking time and then you bring that up?

Andrew reaches over and grabs the phonebook and then starts striking Me in the head with it. Eric and Justin walk out of the room.

Chris: Stop! What the fuck are you doing?

Andrew then grabs the sword I bought for Nevin and starts hitting Me with this. The tip catches My finger, and blood soaks the sheath as I grab it to fight back.

Me: I considered hitting Andrew back. And it took all of My will power to keep My hands at My side and not to raise the sheath up to strike him back. He then grabbed the sheath, and it cracked. That's when I got upset.

Chris: I bought that for Nevin!

Me: Yeah, so I went into the bathroom and cried like a little girl; but you know what, if I fought back against Andrew; then there may be legal consequences related to that.

As of now, Andrew, under Canadian Law; could be charged with Assault with a Deadly Weapon; and under British Law for High Treason in the Assault on the Person of the Monarch.

College was not the best of times for Me.

Even My study abroad semester in London was tainted by Nevin's near constant making fun of Me, lack of funds, and poor health.

Don't get Me wrong, it was still a great time, and I made some great friends. But I came home fatter, more depressed, and with a negative balance in My bank account... and a British accent.

Val: Why are you talking like that?

Chris: Like what?

Val: With that accent.

Nick: You better stop talking like that. It's really pissing Me off.

Me: Yeah... Oh well. You spend some time with British people; you'll see how quick you get a British accent.

I got two jobs then, delivering Pizza and working at Giant for My internship. I couldn't stand living at home anymore, so I moved in with Joe's girlfriend, now wife, Sciarra and Justin from Exeter and Penn State.

I finally graduated with a 3.0 in 2007 after starting college in 2001. I became the first college graduate of the Gant household. And I had had enough of working at Giant, so I quit; and didn't want to pay for living at Justin's anymore; and moved home; again; to the ire of My step-father.

So I basically just stayed in my room most of the time I wasn't out or at work. I also met someone new from the Gay personals online.

Chapter 11. *Work and Play.*

“In My Head” by Queens of the Stone Age plays²¹.

I pull up to Nevin’s house.

Chris: Are you ready?

Nevin: I’m still getting dressed.

Chris: How long does it take you to get ready?

Nevin: I don’t know, an hour or so. What should I wear? I’ve never been on a Gay date before.

Chris: Just wear what you normally wear. We’re going to be late for the movie if you don’t hurry up.

Nevin: Ok, ok.

Me: Nevin and I went to see King Kong that night. Shortly after that We went to the Works to meet up with someone I met online named Jason and his friends.

At the Works.

Jason: Hi. Nice to meet you.

Chris: Nice to meet you. I’m Chris, and this is Nevin.

Me: Jason was a buff Holy Name and St. Joe’s grad who played on the golf team with Tim. He advertised that he was Gay or Bi; but I had some serious doubts about this. He wasn’t “out” to his friends, and took a hard

²¹ Queens of the Stone Age. “In My Head.” Lullabies to Paralyze. 2005.

stance against Same Sex Marriage, claiming it was because he was religiously Roman Catholic.

Maybe someone just pretending to be Gay, for some reason... or another.

But the next day I decided to get a gym membership and made up My mind to get back in shape, inspired by Jason.

I also got My first high paying post-grad job.

CNA: We're pleased to inform you that you've been hired with CNA, and request that you come in for orientation Monday June 11th.

Chris: Mom, I got the job!

Jen: Chris, that's wonderful. How much will you be making?

Chris: Starting salary is like \$34,000!

Jen: Great, and you'll have health insurance too. Good job!

At CNA.

Me: Big time money now. The first few months was training on how to handle a claim, and insurance information. It was like being at school again. And speaking of school, some Exeter grads were there.

I started paying off large chunks of My student loans. Got a new car, a Black Mazda 3, and going to Philly to go the Gay bars on the regular. I was slowly starting to lose weight and was talking to Jason at the gym. And then Jamie started going to the gym too, and I talked to him there. Didn't bring up the drug dealing topic though; which in retrospect, I should have. This was a missed opportunity.

But, other than that; life was going good for Me.

Claims is a hard business. It was Our job to research the policy to see if a claim was covered. Investigate the claim and collect the evidence and statements. Send out the necessary letters. And then determine who was at fault, if that was part of the claim. We were expected to call the parties involved on the first day of receiving the claims.

We got about 3-5 claims a day on average. And the work could pile up quickly.

I referred My friend Sean from Exeter and Penn State to CNA, and he got a job with the next class that came in.

In his class, there were a few Alvernia grads, namely Sean and Adam, who My Exeter friend Sean quickly became friends with; and then I became friends with them. And I found that that Sean and Adam's network was very much tied to Tim's (from Penn State and Holy Name) circle.

Out at a bar, playing photo hunt.

Adam: My friend Andrew's coming.

Chris: Oh, I know Andrew. He was friends with someone I knew. We went over to his apartment to play beer pong one night.

Adam: Oh yeah. Do you know the twins?

Chris: Yeah, I met Greg and his brother before.

Sean: Andrew and I went to High School together at Brandywine.

Andrew walks in.

Andrew: Hey Adam. Sean. And what are you doing here? Gant?

Chris: I work with Adam and Sean now.

Andrew: Oh. Cool. Over there at the CNA?

Chris: Yep.

Andrew: Why are you playing the naked ladies photo hunt, shouldn't you be on the guys?

Adam: What do you mean?

Andrew: You didn't know? Chris is Gay.

Adam: No, I had no idea. I feel bad now, because I said all those anti-Gay things.

Me: Under cover Gay. Yeah, I remember those things you said.
Shortly after meeting Adam and Sean, I was invited over to a house party for someone's birthday.

At the bar. I see My old friend and sex partner Justin from Exeter.

Chris: Hey Justin. What's going on? How's work?

Justin: Work sucks. I'm working for a personal injury attorney in Wyomissing. It's commissioned based, but I would get a certain percentage of the cases I work on. It's long hours, and doesn't pay much.

Chris: That does suck.

Justin: What are you doing tonight?

Chris: I've got a party I'm going for some friends' friends from work.

Justin: Oh, ok. Just be safe.

Chris: Yeah, don't worry, I'm probably going to stay there for the night.

Me: Nope.

At the house party. Brian walks in.

Sean: Look at this guy.

Chris: Who's that? He's freaking massive.

Sean: That's Brian. We call him Sea Monster.

Chris: Why do you call him that?

Sean: I dunno, that's just his nickname.

Adam: He went to Alvernia with us.

Sean: And Brandywine with me and Grim and these guys. He's got a bit of a cocaine addiction, and uses steroids.

Chris: Oh, no. That's not good.

Sean: Yeah, I hope he didn't bring anything with him.

In the kitchen, getting birthday cake.

Chris: Sea Monster, eh?

Brian: Yep, that's what they call me.

Chris: Cool. So what was your major?

Brian: Business. What about you?

Chris: I graduated from Penn State in Global Studies.

Brian: What's that?

Chris: History, Culture, Political Science, and research.

Brian: Oh ok.

Chris: Yeah, I love History. Did you know that John Paul Jones, the founder and the U.S. Navy was Scottish?

Brian turns to two girls sitting at the table.

Brian: Should I do it, yes or no?

Girl: No.

Brian: Should I do it, yes or no?

Chris: Yes? What is it?

Brian strikes Me in the left ear. I stumble back and look over at Adam.

Adam: Why did you do that!?!

I fall forwards, losing consciousness, and my chin strikes the chair in front of Me. I lay back. Brian stands over Me. Blood starts to pool on the kitchen floor.

Brian: YOU'RE A BIG MAN NOW!

Sean: Get Brian away from him!

Macall: Someone call 911!

Girl: We're going to have to take him to the hospital.

Chris: I feel like I'm going to throw up.

I stumble into the bathroom and look at the mirror. My ear is split in half and dangling.

Chris: Oh crap.

I start heaving over the toilet.

Sean: Chris, we're going to take you to the hospital.

Girl: Take him to St. Joe's.

Me: The Roman Catholic hospital, which is much further away from the Reading, now Tower Health, Hospital.

Sean sat with Me as I got sewn up. Despite the evidence that had a concussion, possible brain damage and skull fracture, the correct protocol was not followed in the emergency room. I was not given a CAT scan nor an MRI.

A police officer came and took My statement about what happened and asked if I wanted to press charges. The police officer didn't tell Me that if I pressed charges, My hospital bill would be paid. I even mentioned.

Chris: I want him to pay for My hospital bill.

Me: The guy had struck so hard, that he could have easily killed Me; as some people had died from similar blows to the head. Who just punches someone like that? I had the suspicion that this was a targeted hit.

But I had to lure whoever was behind this into a false sense of security so that there might be crucial evidence that could be collected afterwards. And if this was a purposeful act; then this might not be covered by insurance.

I had all intentions to sue.

Chris: No... I'm not going to press charges at this time.

I call Justin up on the phone.

Chris: I have a case for you.

At Libby's parents.

Zach: See, you were in with the wrong crowd, and look what happened.

Chris: I know, but I'm suing.

Zach: Are you sure that's a good idea?

Chris: Yeah. I need my medical bills paid.

Me: Who could have done this? The initials were BJ.

Was Nevin behind this because of My act of Karma? Was Tim for the same reason? Were they both? Nevin and Tim lived together at Penn State. Ken introduced Meto Nevin. What this Ken's work? Revenge for outing him in High School as Bisexual by telling people what We did? Was it TJ?

I just recently got a life insurance policy with My step-father as the beneficiary; was he behind this? The clues and connections pointed in these directions, and his mere asking on if he should do something shows that there was premeditation involved in the attack.

I had to find out.

Justin: His father's insurance company is settling the claim for about \$55,000.

Chris: Great!

Justin: So just come on in, and pick up the check. You're going to get about \$36,000 from this.

Me: Nevin was studying in Stockholm, so after paying off My car, and some student loans; Adam and I booked a flight to Stockholm, where We visited Nevin; and then went to Vienna, and to Munich for Oktoberfest, and then to Stuttgart for the Volksfest.

For beer drinkers this was a Heavenly voyage. But there were some things which happened there which were suspicious.

In Nevin's apartment.

Chris: Come on Adam, I got up an hour early to make sure that you would be ready.

Nevin: I am getting quite concerned that you aren't going to make the flight to Vienna.

We get to the airport.

Attendant: I'm afraid it's too late for you to board that plane. You'll have to book another flight.

Me: And \$800 down the drain. And then I remembered what Tim did to Me when I visited him in Atlanta.

Tim: What ever you do, don't wake me up. I will be seriously pissed off if you wake me up.

My alarm goes off. I look at the time.

Chris: Come on, Tim. Time to get up. I gotta get moving.

At the Atlanta airport.

Attendant: You're too late. You're going to have to miss this flight and book another one.

Me: More money down the drain.

In Vienna. Adam's sitting on the Guttenberg statue, and falls off as I'm asking for directions back to the hotel.

Me: And after losing half a day in Vienna. Adam injured himself which cost us even more time; because We were in a Viennese emergency room for a few hours into the wee hours of the night. Meaning that We didn't get back to the apartment until almost dawn and slept in late.

In Munich at Oktoberfest.

Me: And then when the Rocky theme can on. Adam punched Me in the mouth. Why would he do this? There was something not quite right about what was happening here.

I just noted these occurrences and continued on My life.

With My car loan paid off, I had a considerable larger budget, and was able to move out of the house. Andrew's, Adam's Andrew, friend was buying a house; and now that I was making good money I could afford to move out. So I moved in with him. It was around this time that I started to smoke cannabis everyday. It helped to dull the pain from the pressure I feel on the right side of My head. I used to smoke with Adam's roommate, John, on a daily basis. Nearly everyday after work and the gym, I would go over to their house and smoke.

With Adam's roommate John, and Andrew from Exeter. I planned the next big trip. As I was now a seasoned cannabis smoker, I wanted to make sure that two cities were on the itinerary.

John: Oh Amsterdam, he we come!

Me: Yep, ha ha. Back to Stockholm to visit, head to a Gay cruise ship; then to Copenhagen and Amsterdam. Oh yes, there copious amounts of Communing with the Great Spirit by John and I on this Solsticefest Holiday. Odin approved, for when We reached Christiania; the island across the waterway was full of Ravens.

This was around the time that I began to rediscover the name of Lucifer after all those years ago when this Holy Name of Christ was inserted into My mind by the visitor in the night. This was divine providence, as when I first was given the name, I was thinking about Gay Marriage. And once again, as I felt, and still feel, that My future happiness, longevity, and prosperity is dependant upon a happy Same Sex Marriage, I began the process of seeking a way to ensure that a Same Sex Marriage would be possible for Me. With the Saturnian deity ruling, this option was not there.

And so, the forces of Heaven would need to defeat Hell in order for Love's Order to reign.

At Adam and John's place. I look at the planet Venus in the night sky before entering the town house. Inside.

John: I just don't agree with it. Why do you need to get married?

Chris: Because . Think about what life would be like for you if you couldn't get married. Think about the rights that married people have, and the joint finances. Rights to kids, and healthcare access, and visitation rights. It's honestly not fair.

Adam: Two dudes aren't supposed to get married.

Chris: Yes, they are. If two consenting adults want to get married, then it's completely fine. I mean look at the History here. You have all of this science, innovation, and civilized advancement; and Gay people were

great scientists and soldiers and poets and philosophers; then the Nicene Council happens; then homosexuality became illegal, and the Dark Ages happened. This isn't not a coincidence; the Mosaic deity is bad for our civilization.

After 1700 years of being executed and burned at the stake for being Gay; don't you think that it's time for the persecution to stop? It should have never even happened in the first place!

RC Ryan: Really. Come on. You sound like a Black person. I'm so persecuted. Wah, wah, wah.

Chris: Am I not? Is not marriage a fundamental step in the development of life for most people? Yes, marriage totally is.

Adam: You know how I feel about it. And I think you're wrong. Being Gay is wrong. Stop being such a silly little girl.

Chris: Adam. I'm not a girl, and there is NOTHING wrong with being Gay.

Adam: And what god says it's ok to be Gay?

Chris: My Father, Mother Nature, and Christ.

Me: Arguing with three Roman Catholics for the favor of Gay Marriage. Through Lucifer, I saw a whole new world; a new Heaven. That the deity of the Torah was a wicked step-father of a deity that was forced on Me by Judeo-Christianity.

But when I read the Norse myths, and took the story back to the Neanderthal and the Crows²² battling over the Earth; I knew that Odin, Osiris; the God Father of Wisdom and Love was My true Father who art in Heaven; and I knew that this was also the God which Jesys was talking about.

Through *The Davinci Code*. The idea of the sacred female had been introduced; and I found Mother Nature again in the form of Freyja, and

²² Homo Sapien Sapiens. "Cro-Magnon."

another legal argument for the smoking of cannabis in honor of Our Godmother Nature.

Adam: Oh. Ok. Who Odin?

Chris: Yes. My Father, Odin. Look, God and Nature, the Great Spirit; create Gay people for a reason. You need to learn how to give Gay people the respect and the equality We deserve, as We are God and Nature sent. Life will be better for all of us if you accept this.

Me: Faiths shaken. Indoctrination cracking. The Light of Lucifer was beginning to shine as I made My plans on how I was going to make a legal argument for Same Sex Marriage. But I needed to find a suitable partner for Myself. So, the search love continued.

At Legends. "Scumbag Blues" by Them Crooked Vultures plays²³.

Chris: Hey Sara, Katie? What's up?

Sara: Not much. Just enjoying some drinks.

Chris: Sounds good. How did you guys get here?

Katie: Jamie brought us.

Chris: I need a ride home, my housemate's going to leave soon. Do you think he'll give Me a ride?

Sara: I don't see why not?

Jenni: Chris! What's up, how have you been?

²³ Them Crooked Vultures. "Scumbag Blues." *Them Crooked Vultures*. 2009.

Chris: Hey Jenni! I'm doing great, I just moved out of the house. How's Jeremy doing?

Jenni: Jeremy's good. He's married now and still doing the merchant marine job. He's barely ever home though. Out to sea for months at a time.

Chris: Yeah, he makes good money though, right?

Jenni: Yeah, he just bought a new house.

Chris: Good for him.

Later.

Jamie: You guys ready to go?

Chris: Holy shit man, you look good. Beefcake now.

Jamie: Yep, put on about 30 pounds of muscle.

Katie: Hey, this one guy at Woodgate said we could go over to his house for an afterparty. Do you want to go?

Chris: Sure. Why not?

On the car ride back. Heavy metal music is blasting and Jamie's speeding on the road. Sara's sitting on my lap.

Chris: How fast is he going?

Jamie: WHO THE FUCK IS IN MY CAR!?!

Chris: Dude, it's me. Chill.

Me: Did he forget already?

Jamie: Oh. Ok. I gotta get some gas, and then I'm dropping you guys off at the party. I have to go pick something up.

At the Woodgate Apartment. Chris L. from Exeter is there. We're playing beer pong and listening to music.

Me: Chris L. was known to be in some dark circles and was a friend of Irish John's. In High School, he got into a car accident which ended up killing his passenger when he was ejected from the car.

I thought of an accident I was in, with Jim; when it seemed that he accelerated into a telephone pole on purpose very near to his house. If I had not put My selt belt on, I would have likely been thrown through the window... and probably killed.

Was Paul's accident an accident, or a murder in which liability was covered by car insurance? The circles which that Chris traveled in were very dark.

Katie: Jamie's coming back. He said he just got into a fight at the other party.

Jamie: Hey, I'm back.

Chris: Do you want to play some beer pong?

Jamie: Sure. Chris will be my partner.

Chris: Jenny do you want to play on my team?

Jenni: Sure!

We play beer pong and listen to Rage Against the Machine. It's getting late, or early.

Chris L.: Lets do shots of tequila!

Chris: Sure, let's do it!

Chris L. takes tequila out of the freezer, and We drink.

Katie: Jamie, no!

Jamie's molesting Katie. She pushes him away. He starts to go after Sara.

Sara: Jamie, get off of me. No!

Apart. Guy: I think you guys need to get going.

Jamie: Hey... Chris, do you want to stay at my place for the night?

Me: Despite the fact that I was very drunk at the time. Between the time that Jamie asked his question, to My response. Thoughts and questions flooded into My head.

Hmm... What did you pick up on the way over here? I do want to smoke with you... and this would be a good time to talk to you... but did you pick up cocaine? Are you high now?

Are you on something else, cause your reaction in the car makes Me think that you're on something that's effecting your mood and short-term memory. Are you taking steroids? You are much bigger than last time I saw you. Are you just horny and looking to get laid anyway possible after Katie and Sara rejected you? I'm not looking for a one-night stand.

If I go over to your place and see you do cocaine or heroin, then I'm going to have to report it and I don't want to do that to you. So this is probably a bad idea.

Chris: Nah. That's ok. I'll just walk home from here. Thanks for the offer though, and the ride. Have a good night.

Jamie: Night.

Me: Knowing what I know now. I should have went. But another opportunity presented itself; so I decided to make the effort.

At the gym.

Troy: Do you want to go to Happy Hour tomorrow?

Chris: Where?

Troy: The Ugly Oyster. I'll meet you there at 4:30 or 5.

Chris: Yeah, I can make that. I'll just go after work.

Me: Troy was a young lawyer who recently moved into the area. I first met him at 3rd and Spruce; where he offered to buy Me a beer.

I thought there was a possibility that he might be Gay since the building near his residence was displaying a Gay Pride flag. He was a decent over at his place multiple times, I would wake up in the morning and vomit from headaches.

Turned out that Troy went to the same University as Jamie and his brother Christian. Ft. Duquesne.

The Ugly Oyster.

Troy: So... are you going to do it?

Chris: Yeah. I'm moving to Denver with CNA.

Adam: I wish I were going too.

Chris: Well... there's an opportunity.

Adam: I figure I'll see how you guys like it; and come out and visit you; and if it seems like a cool place. I'll move out there too.

Jamie, Irish John, and another Jon walk into the bar.

Me: Hmm... here on their own, or did Troy plan this? And still seems like Jamie's with the wrong crowd. Jon was also a known drug dealer.

Chris: Hey, I see some friends from High School. I'm going to go say hi.

I walk over to their side of the bar.

Chris: Hey guys, what's up?

John: Not much. How you are doing?

Chris: Doing good. Just here for Happy Hour. You guys thirsty?

John: Yeah. I'm thirsty.

Chris: Great. Katie?

Me: The bartender was also an Exeter alumn.

Chris: Four drams of Jameson please.

Katie: Sure.

Jamie: Thanks.

Chris: So, I'm making a big move to Denver.

Jon: Oh yeah.

Chris: Yep. Work's paying for it, and I'm getting a big bonus and a big raise.

John: Nice!

Chris: Yeah, I know, right? Ok. I'll see you guys later.

Jamie: I'm going to be going to Legends later.

Chris: Ok. Maybe see you there. Depends on how late we stay here.

Later. I am very inebriated.

John: Was good seeing you Chris. We're heading out now.

Chris: Ok John! Have fun! Hope you liked the shots!

John: We did.

Jamie: See you later.

Me: Ok Jamie... still with the wrong crowd... I really think that you might be getting yourself into some serious trouble here. I'm going to put the squeeze on you, and it's going to suck; but gotta do it. It's for your own good.

I give Jamie a big bear hug and life him up.

Me: That was Me telling you, I'm going to put the squeeze on you. But... too little, too late. And not enough of a productive talk. I couldn't talk to Jamie about this stuff with John and Jon there. Couldn't do it in front of Chris L. And one day after I moved to Colorado, the news I didn't want to hear came.

At home for a Christmas party. Nevin and I retire to bed.

Me: Yeah, My hetero friends and I shared beds.

Nevin: Did you know that Jamie was in jail?

Chris: What? Why?

Nevin: Got arrested for pot. Apparently was trafficking.

Chris: Oh no.

Me: No, I'm not the person that tipped the police off back then.

Nevin: Yeah. And I heard he raped a girl at Duquesne.

Chris: Why are you telling me this?

Nevin: I just thought you should know. Good night.

Chris: Night...

Chapter 12: Rocky Mountain High.

“Rocky Mountain Way” by Joe Walsh plays²⁴.

Me: Ah. Denver, Colorado. A breath of fresh air.

My little brother and I drove across the country on route 70; and inspired by Donovan, we left a trail of light along the way.

I settled in to a new apartment, and a new life in Colorado. I got Myself a prescription for the sacred herb; and went about the task of opening a new branch for CNA in Lone Tree; while some local guys showed Me the ropes of the Gay Community in Colorado.

Work was harder than I expected.

Boss: We're going to need you to take on some extra work, so the trucking unit can catch up. Ok.

Chris: How much are you talking?

Boss: 10 claims a day or so.

Chris: 10 claims?

Me: In a line of business insurance with which I was unfamiliar, besides the automobile insurance aspect.

Chris: Ok. I can handle that.

Me: And handle that I did. With ease. I was in the office an hour early almost everyday, and left work on time.

Traffic... was another story. I-80 was a very busy highway going towards Denver during the evening rush hour. But... hey, if I needed to get into Denver without worry about drinking an driving, or without worrying about traffic; I just took the light rail from My place near Aurora to center city Denver.

²⁴ Joe Walsh. Rocky Mountain Way. *The Smoker You Drink, the Player You Get*. 1973.

Things were looking good.

Adam came out to visit, and loved it so much that he transferred to the new branch. I had plenty of new friends at work to smoke the herb with. We often discussed how stupid cannabis being illegal was; and I told them, I'm going to do something about it.

And Garrett from back in Exeter also moved there; so, I would see him every so often out and about around the stadium.

Life was good! And then... one day. I was sitting at My desk reading an article about changing magnetic declination; and then a word came to Me.

Voice: Iron.

Chris: Hey Kurt.

Me: Kurt was a co-worker who moved out to Colorado with Me in the first transfer class from PA. He went to Penn State Berks and played on the hockey team there. I wonder if he knew Nevin.

Kurt: What?

Chris: How much of the Earth do you think is made out of iron?

Kurt: I dunno. Why?

Chris: Well, I'm reading this article on a change in the magnetic declination, and I'm thinking, wait a minute. That means that the North Magnetic Pole is moving, right?

Kurt: I dunno, maybe?

Chris: Well, let's check this out. Ok. North Magnetic Pole movement. Holy Shit, dude, look at this!

Kurt comes over and looks at the map.

Kurt: Yeah, that's moving. What do you think it means?

Chris: Ok, well you know how a compass works, right?

Kurt: Right, the needle points North.

Chris: To the North Magnetic Pole specifically... Now imagine that all the magnetic material on the Earth and the atmosphere is attracted to that point.

Kurt: Yeah... and? That's probably a lot of stuff on Earth.

Chris: Yep.

Me: That Winter was one of the closest Winters in Colorado; then when the Summer came...

CO Ryan: I've lived in Colorado for my whole life, and it has never been this hot before.

Adam: (*sarcastically*) Is it the magnetic field Chris? Is that what's causing this?

Chris: Well, if the field is weakened than the effects of Solar Radiation or lack of Solar Radiation might be increased. That might be why we're having some of these temperature extremes.

Adam: The smartest dumb guy I know. I think you've been hitting the peace pipe a bit too hard, Chief.

Me: I actually did buy a peace/war pipe from a local Atlantean shop in Manitou Springs. And for the uninitiated; Manitou is the Atlantean word for Spirit.

Besides My work friends, I also had some friends come and visit; and a unique moment happened when they came out to visit; as I was on the path of self discovery and found out that I am a Plantagenet.

My friends John and Haley came to Denver, and We did the typical sightseeing things; and then went out for a night on the town.

John and Haley met at Millersville where John was studying Meteorology and Haley was studying education. There were many fun times with this couple. Haley and I loved to dance together on many a raucous night when John was at Penn State for graduate studies.

By this point, John was much more mellow than his younger days, thankfully.

John Y: What bar do you want to go to next?

Chris: There's this really great bar right over by the stadium. It has two stories and good drink specials. The Tavern.

At the Tavern. "You Found Me" by the Fray plays²⁵.

Chris: Hey thanks for coming out to visit Me.

Haley: Thanks for having us out here. This has been a lot of fun.

John Y. Yeah, Denver is a pretty cool city.

Chris: Well, you guys ready to head on home.

Haley: Almost. I need to use the ladies' room first.

We walk over to the restrooms. Waiting for Haley, a couple and their friends approach My line of site.

²⁵ The Fray. "You Found Me." *The Fray*. 2009.

Chris: Hey, John... Is that... is that Christian?

John: I don't know, maybe. What are the odds that he would be here though.

Me: Pretty good if Garrett knew We were here, and this meeting was staged.

Chris: Ok. I think it is, I'll go ask him.

I walk up to the couple.

Chris: Hey... did you go to Exeter?

Christian: Yeah... is this a joke?

Chris: No, no joke.

I take off My class ring and place it in Christian's hand.

Christian: I guess not. Who are you?

Me: I sensed him thinking, "My brother's in trouble."

Chris: My name's Chris Gant, and I'm a friend of your brother's. And this is my friend John, who's also from Exeter visiting me with his wife. She's in the restroom right now.

Me: Translation: I'll do what I can to help. Him: Ok, good; you're cool with me.

Christian: Hi John. Nice to meet you. This is my fiancé Colleen.

Chris: Hi, nice to meet you, Colleen. Well, we're heading out. So... maybe see you around.

Christian: Ok. See you later. Have a good night.

Chris: Good night.

Me: Step two in Jamie intervention. Make contact, meet the family.
But, besides being miles away, I was also going through some of My very own personal matters as I began to discover more about Myself. One day, as I was Communing with the Great Spirit this path of self-discovery. While watching a show on the History Channel, I saw an old photograph of Eva Braun.

My Uncle JR is visiting.

Chris: Hey, JR. Doesn't my Grandmom Gant look like exactly like Eva Braun?

JR: Yeah... she does. Striking resemblance.

Chris: Hmm... Her father that died apparently looked like Hitler... and she was raised by the relatives of Marlena Dietrich... And she grew up in a castle...

Me looking in the mirror. I wet my hair and push it over to the side. I block out the sides of My mustache and see that I look exactly like a young blond Adolf Hitler. I immediately start vomiting in the toilet.

At night, I have a dream. I dreamt that I was underneath the Washington Monument, and there was an earthquake that cracked it. I call Andrew in Washington City.

Chris: Andrew, hey. What's up?

Andrew: Not much. What's going on with you?

Chris: Well... a few things. I think... I'm related to Hitler.

Andrew: What...?

Chris: Ok, hear me out. My grandmom on my dad's side was born in Austria after Adolf Hitler met Eva Braun and he became a German citizen. My grandmom looks exactly like Eva Braun; and I bear a striking resemblance to Hitler. She grew up in a castle in Austria, and there was a famous German actress's family that raised her.

Andrew: Could be.

Chris: And, I had a really weird dream about an earthquake hitting Washington and cracking the Washington Monument.

Andrew: Yeah, I don't think that's going to happen anytime soon.

A few days later.

News: The Washington Monument has been damaged by a 5.8 magnitude earthquake...

Chris: What... the... fuck... is... going on?

Me: This was just the beginning of occurrences such as this. Strange dreams about natural disasters being surprising accurate. Premonitions being true.

This was also the beginning of the end of My career at CNA. But also, the beginning of a new political career; as I was gearing up for the Civil Unions and Legalizing Cannabis debates.

I know there was something going on at CNA, that apparently involved Adam; because they placed an HR employee next to Me at work. I had been complaining about how the Judeo-Christian opposition to Gay Marriage was the cause of life's uncertainty for many Gay people. I showed people the path of Gnostic Christianity, and I spoke to My coworkers about political prediction and Lucifer.

Chris: I'm going to create a billboard.

Danny: Oh yeah? Of what?

Chris: The torch of liberty, and the words will save, "Lucifer Saves."

Danny: You're kidding right?

Chris: Nope. Look, I already have a bid of a billboard in Kansas.

Danny: No, way. Let me see.

Chris: Sure, look for yourself.

Me: Sure enough, I had a bid for a billboard that said "Lucifer Saves" from Lamar.

Danny: Huh. You do.

Me: But the billboard was not to be. The boss of this guy's boss didn't approve the billboard. I asked on what grounds since Lucifer and Christ were one in the same. And they didn't have a good reason. So, I contacted the ACLU about this; and they didn't take the case. I argued that they were denying Me services unfairly by discriminating on religious grounds.

After all, if Lamar put up muslim advertising, a religion of genocide and hate; then Lucifer, the Love and Light of Jesys, should surely be an acceptable billboard message.

I guess the ACLU didn't want to give Christ Lucifer the attention. Shame on Lamar and the ACLU.

And in addition to this, I was also making bold predictions about the political world which were also coming true.

I predicted that the Arab Spring was going to happen; and that there was going to be an opposing force to the Tea Party; and then the Occupy movement developed across the entire globe.

There seemed to be a harsh response at work to My political actions. I received claims when I wasn't supposed to. It appeared that my new boss was setting Me up for failure; and loss production in My claim opening and closing ratio, as though he was purposefully making My statistics look bad. And things with Adam were getting worse as he began to distance himself from Me.

I received some strange texts from My step-father as well. I remember one specifically mentioned a saying about living by the sword. The meaning of this would soon be revealed.

I was sent to a psychological counsellor at work; and I remember him saying...

Counsellor: "Strike while the iron is hot."

Me: As I explained to him that I felt insecure and uncertain because I didn't see a sound future without the knowledge that I would one day be able to Same Sex marry.

And it was around this time that I became a Bishop and Priest in the Universal Gnostic Church, and initiated Myself into the ancient Druid Order of Bards, Ovates, and Merlins. I knew exactly what I was going to do with this; spread the word about cannabis as being the Universal herb of Holy Communion with the Great Spirit of God and Nature; and marry a Same Sex couple and challenge the law in Colorado which prohibited Same Sex marriages.

I was given a severance package from CNA; and in the start of the Election year of 2012; I began a political campaign for Cannabis Legalization, and Same Sex Marriage.

Of course, one of the best things I could do for the movement was become happily Same Sex married myself, so I took this opportunity to fully immerse Myself into the Denver Gay dating scene as well.

The Battle for Colorado.

“Ghost of Tom Joad” by Rage Against the Machine plays²⁶.

Me: As a response to corporate greed and the lost American dream, the Occupy Movement had started in Manhattan and exploded across the globe. Denver was one of the cities where this movement had spread.

There were protests on the streets of Denver as news was spreading that Civil Unions and Cannabis Legalization might be on the ballot this year. This was the right time for Me to begin the campaign; and I started by checking out what the Occupy Movement was all about.

Downtown Denver.

Chants: Show me what democracy looks like!
This is what democracy looks like!
Who’s streets! Our Streets!
We! Are! The 99%!

I approach the movement. I find My way into the circle.

Occupier: The American dream has turned into the American nightmare! My family and I were kicked out of our house while the bank profited off our mortgage for years! We have to take our country back!

Occupier: I just graduated from college, and I can’t get a job that will pay for my student loans and leave me with enough money to afford food, an apartment, utilities! I’m fucked and I haven’t even started a career yet! I can’t even repay my student loans!

Me: The rotten fruits of all the administrations from Reagan to Obama, and now Trump. The message of the people resonated with Me. These were people who were truly suffering from America’s sick society. It was My turn to speak.

²⁶ Rage Against the Machine. “Ghost of Tom Joad.” *Renegades*. 2000.

Chris: Mic Check!

Occupiers: Mic Check!

Chris: I recently moved here to Denver from PA, and lost My job working at an insurance company because I had a simple dream. A dream of getting married in a Same Sex marriage. And this is a dream which has been denied to Me because of unfair and unjust laws.

Because of these unjust and unfair laws, I face a life of uncertainty. A life of not knowing if I will be able to have the stability that marriage provides for so many households.

The world where we are living is just as unfair as these laws. And I have student loans too; and now I'm unemployed; and I know that the reason is because I decided to call America out on its inequality, because I challenged the authority of the status quo. And we all have issues that are related to each other; and the cause of these problems is the status quo in America. I think we can fix that. And that's why I'm here.

Roshan: Thanks man. That was powerful.

Chris: Thanks.

Roshan: Let's break out into work groups and see if we can get some plans going on how we can fix these problems!

Me: One of the first problems Occupy wanted to fix was the camping ordinance in Denver which allowed the police to crack down on the people of the Occupy Movement in Denver, and this battle drew attention away from the Civil Unions goal I had. So I made sure that We put Gay equality at the forefront of the movement, and chose to attend rallies supporting this goal. I met a few fellow Gays that were interested in the project; and so We set about doing the work.

We attended session meetings on how to reach out to the public, where to protest, and what to draw attention to, and on how to mobilize the Gay Community and Our Allies in for the fight for Civil Unions.

Andy: Ok. So what can we do?

Chris: Why don't we hold a fundraiser, and have people sign a petition that we can send to the Colorado Assembly for the vote on Civil Unions.

Andy: That sounds like a great idea!

Wayne: Do you think people will go for it?

Chris: Maybe, there's probably a lot of us that feel the same way about wanting to get married.

Me: And I was right. There was a huge mobilization of the Gay Community as a Civil Unions bill was introduced in the in the Colorado legislature.

Me: On the flip side of the politics of the Occupy Movement; I had infiltrated the Republican Party as a member of the Log Cabin Republicans in an attempt to sway the Republican nomination towards a more Libertarian Candidate; one that would support Same Sex marriage and cannabis legalization on the national scale.

At a Log Cabin Republican meeting.

George: Hello. You must be the new member.

Chris: Yep.

Mike C: Did he pay his dues?

George: Yes, he paid.

Mike C: Good.

George: This meeting of the Log Cabin Republicans has come to session.

Me: George had recently gone to a Colorado Republican event; where the Republican delegation booed en masse at him.

I found Myself as being viewed as the radical of the group as I voiced support of Ron Paul in the primaries over some of the more mainstream candidates. But... the Republican Party was not for Me; and despite being elected as a delegate for Arapahoe County, I became disillusioned with the Log Cabin Republicans, and joined another national political campaign.

The Log Cabins endorsed Mitt Romney; I am glad I left the organization well before this point.

In terms of My own love life? By this point, after a strict regime of crunches, push ups, and a limited diet from mainly bread and cheese, coffee, beer, and the occasional cannabis confection, as I mainly smoked My medicine, I was in pretty decent shape. From about 2007 being a little less than 16 Stones, I was back at My high school weight of ~150 pounds with definition. So, it was time for Me to explore the dating field.

At Charlies, the Occupy Gay Committee meets the young gay community. "Boots and Boys" by Ke\$ha²⁷ is playing.

Tony: We really appreciate what your doing here.

Chris: Thanks. Just getting equality for Our cause; you know?
We're going to be having a fundraiser over at Hamburger Mary's, if your interested.

Tony: I might show up? What's the fundraiser for?

Chris: So we can have a float in the Denver Pride Parade. It's going to be about Gay Marriage.

²⁷ Ke\$ha. "Boots and Boys." *Animal*. 2010.

Tony: Ok. We'll see what my schedule is like. So, besides being a Gay superhero; what else do you do?

Chris: Well, I'm on the Outreach Committee for Occupy Denver; and I'm also an ordained Priest and Bishop in the Universal Gnostic Church. What about you?

Tony: I used to work here as a bartender. I do work at a rodeo, and I'm a train engineer

Chris: Wow's cool.

Tony: Well, here's number if you ever want to give me a call.

Chris: Oh, thanks. I would like to do that sometime.

Tony: What are you doing now?

Gay sex.

Me: At least he showed for the fundraiser; but by the number of times he was texting people the morning after; I think that Tony had a lot of people calling on him. Good breakfast though.

So, I moved on looking for the next prospect.

Tracks, Denver. Eddie Prydz's "Call on Me" is playing²⁸.

Chris: Hey.

James W. Hey, Penn State. Do you like to dance?

²⁸ Eddie Prydz. "Call on Me." *Call on Me*. 2004.

Chris: Yeah, sure. Where'd you go to school?

James W. Ohio State. Big 10. I was a cheerleader for the football team.

Chris: No shit. Really? That's cool. What was your major.

James W. Bio, Pre-med. I work at the hospital. You?

Chris: Global Studies. I'm working on the Civil Unions campaign.

James W. Cool! You want a drink?

Chris: Yeah sure.

Drinking at the bar.

James W. Where'd you come here from, like where are you from?

Chris: Moved out here from around the Philly area, grew up there. You?

James W. Le Grange, Georgia.

Chris: Are you serious, La Grange? I lived there when I was a little kid. I still have family there.

James W. Interesting. Anyone I might know?

Chris: Well, my great-uncle's an attorney there, and my aunt runs the parade committee in La Grange and has a dance studio.

James W. I used to go to a dance studio. Her name isn't Jenny (blank) by any chance, is it?

Chris: Yeah... that's her. That's my great-uncle's wife.

James W. Small world.

Chris: What's your last name James, she might remember you. I can tell her you said hi.

James W. (Blank).

Chris: What? That's really strange. My grandfather's last name is (blank).

Me: Who I thought was My grandfather at the time.

James W. Looks like this meeting was meant to be, huh?

Chris: Yeah. Looks like.

James W. What are you doing after this?

Chris: Was planning on going home and going to sleep.

James W. Want to come to an after party at my place?

Chris: Ok, sounds like fun.

Gay sex.

Me: An after party of just Me and him. So, besides a couple home runs and some fun nights. Long term relationships didn't really seem on the table. But, I continued on looking for "the one."

At Denver Wrangler. "Lucky Star" by Madonna plays²⁹. I walk through the club, and a younger guy is sitting on a bench by the restrooms.

Lucky: Hey.

Chris: Hey. What's up?

Lucky: Not much.

Chris: Why are you just sitting there with water?

Lucky: I don't like to drink too much.

Chris: Do you want a beer?

Lucky: Ok.

Me: An interesting find. Lucky aka John, was a young fairly attractive man.

Lucky: Do you need to use the bathroom?

Chris: No, not right now; why?

Lucky: Cause I need to go take a pee. Will you come with me?

Chris: Why?

²⁹ Madonna. "Lucky Star." *Madonna*. 1983.

Lucky: I don't like to do alone.

Me: I knew where this way going. So I coyly played along.

In the men's room, Lucky is urinating as I stand by the door not watching him.

Me: See, the Men's room at this Gay Bar was like a horse tough. No walls between urinals; so when you were urinating, your family jewels, so to speak, were flying free for anyone to see if you didn't guard your jewels, or at a secluded spot.

This place can become show and tell location where some men decide to show off the goods they have on the market. Lucky was one of these people.

Lucky: Have you ever seen a Prince Albert piercing before?

Chris: Only in pornos.

Lucky: Do you want to see one now? Look.

I look up at the ceiling.

Chris: What?

Lucky: No, down here.

Chris: I don't want to look at your dick, Lucky.

Lucky: Not yet, huh?

Me: Yeah, I was a little leery at this point about the new person I had met. But... maybe he was a diamond in the rough?

Lucky: Do you want to go somewhere? I live close by.

Chris: Eh... not tonight. I have something I need to do tomorrow. Do you want to exchange numbers?

Lucky: Sure.

Me: There were a few strange things that happened after I met Lucky. One was that while spending time with him My smart phone went missing. Two, when We walked through Denver, I noticed a pack of pope rockets (paparazzi) were taking pictures of Us. I even walked up to one of the people taking pictures and asked...

Chris: Why are you taking pictures?

Paparazzi: Brad Pitt's in town.

Me: I had seen Brett Favre before, but if Brad Pitt was there, then why weren't they where Brad Pitt was, if they were there to take photos of Brad Pitt. I even noticed when I was out with My mother and sister while they were visiting that someone was across the street taking Our picture as We walked near the Art Museum and 16th Street in Denver. My mother was temporarily separated from My step-father around this time.

I look across the street and notice a young woman taking a photo of Me and My family. She looks away and puts down her camera as I see her.

Chris: Hey. That girl over there is taking pictures of us.

Me: Three. While said party came to visit; he became angry because I couldn't come over to his place.

Phone texting.

Lucky: Can you come over?

Chris: Nah, My family's here right now, so we're doing touristy things.

Lucky: What took you so long to answer? Where were you? Why can't you come over? Who cares about them? Let them see the city on their own.

Chris: I care about them, and no, I can't right now.

Me: Four.

Lucky: BDSM.

Chris: BDSM, what is that?

Lucky: Bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism.

Chris: No... I'm not into that. That's a door I would like to keep shut in terms of My life.

Me: Five. He had a big tattoo of a sword on his chest; and took a trip to Chicago; where CNA headquarters' is, and I remembered the text that My step-father had sent Me about living by the sword. There were also many drug dealers in Denver that had Chicago gear on.

Six. And speaking about Chicago and dogs, one being Anubis of the Underworld; He identified himself as a "puppy," and liked to roleplay as a dog with his "partners;" going so far as liking to eat his food off the floor from a dog bowl. In this kind of role playing, We didn't have a mutual

interest. Remember what was happening with the pope rockets? The Chinese nick name for these pope rockets is “puppy squad.”

Seven. He didn’t agree with Gay marriage; and I was looking for someone to date in the prospect of marriage.

Eight. Shortly after he found out where My apartment was, someone ran through a red light and struck My vehicle at a high rate of speed; and when I called Adam from CNA for assistance immediately; he told Me that he couldn’t help Me. I also spotted Lucky with a wig on the corner near My apartment bike riding shortly after the accident, and I did have several people which struck Me on My bike after this; one even causing Me to go flying into a parking lot after accelerating his vehicle to a higher speed as he approached Me.

Nine. There was a guy who was on the same type of BDSM websites as Lucky which happened to attack a movie theater near My apartment in Aurora, where I Myself might have gone to see the Rise of the Dark Knight movie, on 31 of Solstice, or July 20.

At X-Bar in Denver. Anderson Cooper arrives. I approach him.

Chris: Hi. Nice to meet you. I’m a fan of your work.

Anderson: Thanks.

Me: And ten, his ex was a problem; who apparently was closely linked to people who were murdered or “committed suicide” in Denver. And one of My new Gay friends in Denver had this happen to his dog shortly after dating Chuck, Lucky’s ex; or so he said was his ex.

My phone rings. Harris is on the other line.

Chris: Hey, what’s up?

Harris is crying on the phone.

Chris: What wrong?

Harris: It's my dog... she just died. She was fine and happy, and now she's dead. I just woke up and found her like this.

Me: Harris's story is that he was a war veteran who was previously Heterosexually married and had a child with his former wife. He had just started dating Chuck; but found that Chuck was not only verbally abusive; but quick to make a death threat or threatened to invoke a curse.

Chuck seemed very unstable; but... maybe it was an act. In fact, maybe Lucky and Chuckie were working together because Lucky had previously dated Chuck.

So, I stopped talking to Lucky; requested a criminal investigation. Needless to say, I did not have sexual relations with that man.

Seeking love in Denver was not so fruitful, but this had some fun moments. So as I was focused on My own pursuit of happiness; I was also laser focused on the pursuit of happiness of the Coloradan people; in knowing that a favorable vote for Same Sex marriage; and for cannabis legality would cause a debate and force a possible Supreme Court decision in favor of both as I knew that the legal, logical, reasonable, egalitarian, and humanitarian arguments for these matters are fit and sound.

In this pursuit, I visited Colorado General Assembly representatives which were opposed to Civil Unions, and attempted to speak with related to the arguments for Civil Union.

Mayday. Colorado Capitol Building. I arrive with flowers and Hersey Kisses and an Occupy photographer named Jesse.

Jesse: I just think it's so funny that you're giving out candy and flowers.

Me: Jesse was a resident in the Gay Community in Denver and Occupy photographer. He was a known associate of Lucky and stated that he moved to Colorado from the Midwest. He said one night when drinking that he was in charge of "corpse removal" back in his hometown. I found this disturbing. He was also sexually involved with Harris at the time of his dog's death.

Chris: Well, candy and flowers is an ancient Mayday tradition, and plus roses have their thorns, and kisses could also symbolize political death if they are voted out of office.

Jesse: Wow, that's deep.

Chris: This is a symbolic gesture.

In one of the representatives' offices.

Chris: I'm wondering if I can speak to the representative about their position on Civil Unions in Colorado.

Staff: The Representative isn't available now.

Chris: May I leave these gifts, and this paper for the Representative?

Staff: Yes.

Chris: Thanks.

I hand a flower and a Kiss, and a paper; to the staff of the opposing representative.

Jesse: What's on the paper?

I show Jesse the paper.

Chris: It's a simple equation. If Man + Woman = Marriage, and Man is equal to Woman; then Man + Man = Marriage, and Woman + Woman = Marriage.
And, then "Isn't it time to end 1700 years of discrimination?"
Yes, the time has come to put an end to anti-Gay discrimination.

Jesse: Simple. Effective. True.

Chris: That's what I think.

Me: In the argument over Civil Unions, the Roman Catholic Church utilized tactics of threatening to end charitable services in Colorado if the Civil Unions measure passed.

As I was further researching the Roman Church; I found that the Speaker of the House in Colorado was a member of a Roman Catholic Knighthood known as the Knights of Columbus.

What does it mean to be a Knight of Columbus...? It means that these knights have fully dedicated themselves to the Roman Catholic Church and are the political and military wing of said church, a foreign entity, an imperial city-state known as the Roman Holy See or the Vatican City.

And considering that this city-state is an Axis creation and power; then it also means that the Knights of Columbus are guilty of treason. For it is clear that the Vatican is also the source of many terrorist organization which have attacked the Allies since the end of World War II.

Roman Catholic Army (IRA) bombings.

Me: It also means that that have dedicated themselves to an order in service to the spanish crown; and to the immoral of Columbus, the patron of their order.

At the Columbus statue in Denver. Glenn Morris of Colorado AIM leads a protest. I am present. We march through the streets.

Glenn: Try to make people aware that the that Occupy talks about, the efforts that the Occupy movement tries to advance; the restoration of community, the building of consensus, the recollection of direct democracy, that's not new to this place. That was here before Columbus ever got lost. That was here and firmly ensconced.

Egalitarianism, respect between genders, direct democracy, redistribution of wealth, respect for children and elders, those things were here. The ability to reach consensus, the ability to have a political system without coercion; those things were already here. And they can be learned by the Occupy movement, but people have to be open to that notion. That indigenous peoples have something to learn. Indigenous peoples aren't just shadows of savages running through the forest bolt hunting deer.

History didn't begin in this hemisphere on October 12, 1492; and so we have lessons to teach...

Me: And so, partly inspired by the lecture of Prof. Morris; I did teach a lesson.

Leif Erickson Day, Denver City Park. I stand dressed as Leif Erickson on a ladder next to the Columbus statue, as people walk by.

Chris: Happy Leif Erickson Day.

Happy Leif Erickson Day.

Happy Leif Erickson Day.

Me: If only I knew then what I know now. My ability to teach at this moment would have been much greater. But did I learn about Leif Erickson or Hiawatha when I was in school? Nope.

But I would come to know the real power which is behind the Leif Erickson Saga; and the even greater power of being an Atlantean in Atlantis; both knowledges with the power to undo the legacy of Spain.

Me: But, I digress from the the Speaker of the Colorado House.

And, this a good time to note that upon further research I discovered that Speaker of the U.S. House in Congress back in 2012 is also a knight of that Columbian Roman Catholic Order.

The Civil Unions measure is placed on the docket in the Colorado House. I am sitting on the second floor watching the proceedings; an edelweiss pin on My suit jacket, and in a white Tyrolean summer hat.

Observer: I have never seen this before.

Me: The Speaker was doing everything in his power to ensure that the bill did not come up for a vote. He stalled, and stalled, and stalled. A special session had to be called; where the Civil Unions measure was not passed, and the Colorado people had to foot the bill of the special session.

But, We worked. We mobilized. I married a Same Sex couple with My Holy Gnostic Powers.

A Park in Denver.

Chris: I now pronounce you husband and husband! You may now kiss your husband.

After the wedding.

Chris: Here is your marriage certificate. Please sign your names.

They sign, I sign.

Chris: You are now free to sue the state of Colorado.

Outside the Arapahoe GOP HQ. I'm outside holding a Gary Johnson campaign sign.

Me: In terms of My relationship with the GOP. The county where I was working with the GOP already supported Romney, and Ron Paul they did not consider as a viable candidate.

I also could not get a confirmation from the Paul campaign on the issues of Marriage Equality, nor on Cannabis Legalization; but there was another candidate from who I could get these confirmations on. And who I was able to meet in person on several of the campaign events.

At a bar in Denver.

Jeff: Hi! You must be Mr. Gant.

Chris: Yes, that's me.

Jeff: And you're here for the Gov. Johnson campaign?

Chris: That's correct. I am.

Jeff: Good. Would you like to meet Gov. Johnson?

Chris: What? When?

Jeff: Today. He's coming here and will be arriving shortly.

Chris: What? That's awesome! Yeah, I would love to meet with Gov. Johnson.

Me: So, I switched from the Republican Party to the Libertarian Party and joined up with the Gary Johnson campaign.

That night We talked about the campaign; and Gov Johnson confirmed with Me that he supports Marriage Equality and Cannabis Legalization.

I also advised that he discuss more in detail the improvements he would make to the Outer Space program and addressing illegal immigration.

Gov. Johnson and I met on a couple of occasions after this. He came to the Gay bar Charlies, and marched in the Denver Gay Pride parade to show his support for the Gay Community. (I also marched as Occupy had raised enough money to have float. We had a float of the Statue of Liberty and Lady Justice making out; and Occupiers wearing papier-mâché Supreme Court Justice heads, inferring that this Marriage Equality battle was going to the Supreme Court.)

Another event was in Northern Colorado, where Gov. Johnson discussed legalizing cannabis nationally and the Cannabis Legalization campaign in Colorado.

In terms of this cannabis campaign, We began by petitioning early in the year, prior to the Gov. Johnson campaign.

In the Occupy Movement I sign and assist in collecting signatures for placing Amendment 64 on the ballot.

Chris: Please sign and print your name, and your Colorado residence clearly.

Me: Once We got confirmation that We had enough signatures to place Amendment 64 on the ballot, campaign, campaign, campaign.

Friday, 31 Freyja (April 20), 2012. City Park. Rallies for Amendment 64, and smoking. Harris, Jesse, and I are there enjoying the festivities.

Chris: Don't forget to wear your "Yes on Amendment 64" buttons.

I pass out voting information.

At a farm show in Denver with the Gary Johnson Campaign.

Chris: Don't forget, vote yes on Amendment 64. If you aren't registered to vote, here's some information that can help you register. And remember, register Libertarian.

Me: We went to bars, clubs, and campuses around Colorado talking to people about the Amendment 64 campaign. And come Election Day, we declared victory on the Cannabis Legalization campaign. However, the Johnson campaign was not without its issues.

"Take Out the Gunman." plays³⁰. In Boulder, Colorado. We're holding up signs about impeaching Obama and the Gunwalking Scandal.

Driver: Fuck you!

Chris: What was that about?

Matt: I guess they don't want to impeach Obama.

Chris: What the fuck? Him and Bush gave weapons to the cartels that are fucking invading our country.

Scott: Hey... look's like we got company.

³⁰ Chevelle. "Take Out the Gunman." *La Gárgola*. 2014.

We look over and a spanish-speaking woman gets out of her car and starts taking pictures of Us.

Woman: Cabron!

Me: Shortly after We began the impeach Obama campaign, specifically due to his links to Saudi Arabia and Mexico; We became the targets Obama supporters.

At an Occupy meeting in the art district. I have Gary Johnson flyers with Me.

Chris: Hey. Here's a candidate that's not part of the political status quo, and he supports Marriage Equality, wants to bring our troops home, and supports cannabis legalization.

The card identifies Obama as a "Warmonger," and lists Obama's warmongering activities. Some of the Occupy members frown at the card.

Taking a cigarette break outside the meeting.

Chris: Look. Clearly Saudi Arabia is behind this terrorism. Osama bin Laden, saudi. The majority of the 9-11 hijackers, saudi. Saudi Arabia, using oil and stock profits directly funding Sunni terrorism. It seems like Obama ousted Ghadaffi, which allowed islamic terrorists to take over the nations weapons which are probably now being used in the saudi effort in Syria, which has been targeting Christians and is part of Saudi Arabia's extreme islamist sect.

Obama's a part of this. The guy bowed to the saudi king on camera. Come, what more evidence do you need? Obama supports terrorism, and Operation Fast and Furious is a part of his terrorist support. How is he any different from George W. Bush besides his ethnicity?

And you know what, he didn't even support Same Sex Marriage until Biden forced him to take a position; and what actions has he taken besides giving lip service to the Gay Community? And where is he on Cannabis Legalization. Mr. Choom Gang himself, making money off drugs illegally; of course he wouldn't support Cannabis Legalization. That would be money of our his gang's pocket.

Don't you think that while dealing with illegal drugs, as cocaine, he got himself involved in the Chicago Underworld. He might even be a Blood.

Me: What evidence more? Barack Obama, in service to the Saudi kingdom in the Order of Abdulaziz. A Saudi vassal. What are the initials of the Saudi Arabian National Guard. SANG, blood in French. Who was in the photo with the Saudi king when Obama bowed? The French President, Nicholas Sarkozy. George W. Bush and Donald J. Trump are members of this organization of Abdulaziz during their presidencies as well. Treason.

Chris: Obama needs to be impeached.

Me: Seriously, it's as if they were acting like the narcissistic Batman character E. Nygma, the Inquisitor, err, the Riddler, leaving clues behind; which allows one to solve the mystery.

The next day. At Safeway near My apartment.

Chris: One coffee, please.

I walk to the car, and put the coffee in My cup holder. Secure the Gary Johnson hangers in the seat next to Me and drive towards the neighborhood I'm going to campaign in.

I approach a green light, enter the intersection while the light is green, a line of cars pass. The light turns yellow, I'm still in the intersection. The light turns red. I wait for the opposing traffic to stop, and slowly begin to make a left turn. Then a car rams into the side of My car going at a high rate of speed through the red light, ripping the front end off My Mazda 3.

As I slowly get out of my car, unharmed but full of adrenaline, and break down on the side walk as I realize what just happened.

The other car, a beater car, has a dent in the front end. A Hispanic girl gets out of the car. Lights, sirens. Police, ambulance show up. The police man takes a report from myself, the other driver, and a witness. He determines that the opposing driver ran through the red light. It's a blur.

I get out my phone and call Adam, while Andrew (from Alvernia) and his wife Katie are visiting. I leave a message.

Chris: Hey, Adam. This is Chris. I've just been in a serious car accident, and my car's probably totalled. I need to get some stuff from the accident to My apartment. Please help.

While I'm waiting. I get a text.

Adam: Can't help you. Lucky.

Chris: What the fuck...?

I start walking to My apartment from the accident location.

Me: Shortly after the attack. The Mexican Federal Police ambushed a U.S. embassy vehicle outside Tenochtitlan. And I remembered what some of the people in the Occupy movement were saying about Mexico.

Hector is leading a protest with a bull horn.

Hector: Mexican land! Mexican land! Mexican land!

We abandon the march which was supposed to be about another topic. Hector is stopped by a line of Policemen holding rifles.

Chicano: We didn't cross the border, the border crossed us. In my mind, this is still Mexican land.

Me: No. It's not.

It was clear to Me. Mexico was at war against the Allies, and they were getting support from other Axis affiliated powers; and what was happening in the Occupy movement; the incitation of destruction and violence, the hijacking of marches, the anti-Israel... oh yes, I was threatened when I voice a pro-Israel opinion... pro-Arab Spring slant of the Occupy Movement in Denver showed Me that there was something much larger happening here; and that I was a "kite dancing in a hurricane" as Mr. White stated in *Spectre*.

“Ar Var Alda” by Wardruna plays³¹.

Me: And speaking of hurricanes. I began to get strong visions of a coming storm.

I am dressed in a hooded monk’s robe, and go to Cheeseman Park, to the New Classical Temple there; and place a paper with a Norse long ship in the center of the temple.

Chris: The winds of Thor will meet with the storm of Ægir; and the waters will rise as a sign for all to see the changes which are soon to come from Neptune’s taking of the Earth. There will be a hurricane this year in which these things shall appear.

38 Dawonstide, 2012. CBS Miami.

Anchor: Sandy, the potential super storm that’s headed up the East Coast. Let’s get the latest from David Bernard, Chief Meteorologist at our Miami station, WFOR TV. He’s also a CBS News Hurricane Consultant.

David, good morning again. And what do you think will be the worst element of this storm, do you think? The wind? The rain?

Bernard: Well, a little bit of everything...

Scenes of Hurricane Sandy and the aftermath.

³¹ Wadrunga. “Ar Var Alda.” *Gap Var Ginnunga*. 2009.

Chapter 13. *Homeward and Bound.*

“Echoplex” by *Nine Inch Nails plays*³².

Me: Fresh from the victory in Colorado on cannabis; and aiding in giving the Libertarian Party the highest numbers in their Colorado history in terms of Presidential politics; I returned to Pennsylvania.

Oh, and lest I forget; We did win the Colorado House against the GOP; and do know what day the reintroduced Civil Unions measure in Colorado was passed?

Mayday, 2013.

I arrive at the airport in Philadelphia. My mom picks Me up.

Jen: Hi!

Chris: Hi mom!

We hug. And drive with the meagre belongings I had left. A few suitcases and a carry-on bag.

Me: With no aid from the former co-workers; I could not find a financially viable option to transport or hold in storage the furniture or many of the belongings I had accrued in Colorado. So they were left behind or trashed; even My computer was left in a dumpster.

I had few funds left, and My mom was separated from My step-father and living with an old friend of the family. I was taken in by My aunt and her family; and then by My uncle; and then... I was thrust into the wolf's lair.

Jen: You're going to have to live with Matt. He thinks it would be best if you were in the house you grew up in, for your mental health.

Me: Mental health? More like mental Hel.

³² Nine Inch Nails. “Echoplex.” *The Slip*. 2008.

Chris: What? Why? I don't want to go live with him! Don't you remember the texts, that guy with the sword tattoo, and the people taking pictures of us?

Jen: Chris. That's just all in your head.

Chris: No it's not! That actually happened!

Jen: Do you need to go see a counsellor? A psychiatrist?

Chris: No. I don't.

Jen: Look, Betsy's overwhelmed with taking care of her kids and the animals; and JR's JR; and they don't have the room for you right now. Matt said you can go live with him, and that's the only option you really have right now, honey.

Me: So, I went to live back at the Lorane house that apparently My deceased father's Social Security checks helped pay for instead of My University loans which totalled to about \$500 a month at a minimum.

This situation was very tense. Before I went to bed each night, I locked the door and tied a rope from the dresser drawers to the door knob out of fear of My visibly unstable step-father.

I tried to stay out of his way, and slept over at friend's house as much as I could, like I used to do in High School. But when I got home, My step-father would scream at Me.

In terms of job searching, I applied to the Reading Police Dept; and passed the Civil Service test; and began preparing for a physical test I didn't take. I would go to the gym in Exeter and work out for this preparation. Cardio, crunches, push-ups... My usual routine. Without a car I walked to the gym, but guess who was driving Me to tests and job interviews? Matt.

And day, as divorce seemed likely; he was driving and became very emotionally unstable, I suppose over the prospect that he may lose the house, and he yelled...

Matt: If I can't have the house, then I'll just burn the house down! Then no one's going to have it!

Me: In addition to this, My mom told Me that he called her one day at work and screamed at her over the phone And so you see why I locked and roped My door. I was in a very bad situation with apparently no glimmer of hope in getting out.

Eventually, My mother did return to the house, and their separation ended. Early next year, I got a job working at a local law firm doing filing work. It was a temporary position; but I made some money working there full time.

I also continued My political activities.

At Liberty Tap Room.

Chris: Hey, thanks for coming.

Katie: Sorry we didn't get to see you in Colorado. Adam was being weird.

Chris: Yeah, Adam started acting weird as soon as I started getting politically active.

Alvernia Andrew: So what's this meeting all about?

Chris: Well, I have a five point agenda I'd like to accomplish.

I hand them handouts.

Chris:

1. Impeach Obama. And the reasons why are listed here; Operation Fast and Furious is one.
2. Marriage Equality. This will make the lives of all Americans happy and better.
3. Cannabis Legalization. This is just common sense.
4. Defend the border against Mexico. There was an attack on the U.S. Embassy vehicle outside Mexico City by Mexican Federal Police; this is

a sign that Mexico is at war against the United States and Our Allies.

5. Protective tariffs against OPEC and China.

Katie: These are all great ideas but how are you going to make this happen?

Me: What did I attempt to do? What I did in Colorado. Start a Cannabis Legalization petition.

I'm canvassing neighborhoods with a petition to place Cannabis Legalization on the 2014 PA Ballot. I come to a friend from Exeter's house.

Ryan E: Hey, Chris! What's up?

Chris: Oh wow, so this is the house you were talking about?

Ryan: Yep... this is my house with Trish. Want to take a tour?

Chris: Yeah sure. Would be nice if it wasn't in the morning so We could have that beer you were always talking about.

Ryan: Yeah... and I have work. So this is the living room.

Chris: Nice. Looks nice and quaint.

Me: Ryan showed Me around his new home, and his mancave in the basement, then We got to the meat of why I was there.

Ryan: So, what's this petition?

Chris: Well, take a look at this map. Do you see how all these narcotics are coming into the United States from Mexico and the Caribbean?

Ryan: Yeah.

Chris: One of their main cash crops is cannabis; and what We want to do is take away those profits from the gangs and cartels; and create a legal and viable industry which will create jobs and revenue for PA companies and residents, which will also be taxable.

And... see this painting by Philip Veit?

I show him the 1848 Frankfurt Assembly painting.

Chris: What is Freyja holding in her right hand?

Ryan: A sword and... some kind of plant.

Chris: Look closer.

Ryan: Cannabis.

Chris: Yep, the symbols of Justice and Industry by our Godmother Nature. Cannabis was utilized in the worship of Freyja; so this is a faith based Freedom as well.

Ryan: Well sign me up.

Chris: Ok, just sign right here...

Me: I was busy collecting signatures for the petition. I became mobile as My Uncle JR found a van which he gifted to Me. I went to meet with the Penn State Berks Student's for Responsible Drug Policies and worked and collected signatures here.

I attended a student fair, and spread the word about cannabis while looking for permanent employment, which seemed elusive to Me.

One of My mom's friends got Me a position as a Patient Care worker, working in the private home of a paralyzed young man. There were

financial and legal complications with this as I was supposed to be on the patient care's payroll; but instead was being paid "under the table."

The paperwork seemed to keep getting lost.

And I was invited to a party, a home coming party, so I thought this would be a great opportunity to recruit some old friends for cannabis.

Facebook.

Anna: My brother John is coming home from Ireland, and I'd like to get as many of his friends together as I can for the homecoming.

Chris: Yes, I'll be there.

West Reading. "Champagne Supernova" by Oasis plays³³.

Anna: Hey Chris!

Chris: Hey Anna. It's good to see you. Thanks for inviting me.

John: Chris!

Chris: Hey John, welcome home. I brought you a homecoming gift.

John: Mead.

Chris: From Ireland. Get it, the irony?

John: Ha, ha. I get it.

Chris: Sorry to hear about your mom's passing. My condolences.

³³ Oasis. "Champagne Supernova." *Morning Glory?* 1995.

John: Thanks.

Ben: Anyone up for beer pong?

Chris: Yeah! Let's do it to it.

Me: As the day went on and turned into night. Copious amounts of drinks were had; songs were sung, stories were told. Guests arrived, old friends from school. It was like a multigrade High School reunion.

Playing more beer pong in the basement.

Sarah: Hey Chris, do you want to put some music on?

Me: Yeah, sure. Thanks.

Aly: Nothing too hard, ok?

Chris: Ok. I'll keep the music neutral.

Sarah: Here's my phone.

Chris: How do I get to the music.

Sarah: Just go to Youtube.

Chris: Ok.

Me: I put on this song, Champagne Supernova by Oasis. A text message comes through.

Jamie: Come on, girl, you know I make you wet.

Chris: Uh... Sara? You're getting a text message... from Jamie.

Me: Ok. Sarah asks Me if I want to put music on. Then she hands Me her phone. Situation assessment... planned. Sarah was trying to show Me something... or was the message for Me? If so, I'm not a girl, Jamie.

Sarah: Oh, ok.

Me: Then I remembered My meeting with Jamie's brother Christian in Denver. I thought, *Shit, that's right. The commitment.*

Well here was the opportunity which I let slip so many times before. Not this time.

But at the same time, perhaps triggered by the alcohol, the Irishness of the event, or simply the mead; I began to get a very strong premonition which continued to get stronger the more alcohol I consumed.

We went to a nearby bar within walking distance.

At Brewer's. I'm at the bar talking to an old classmate, Brian.

Chris: You were in the U.S. military; so what do you think about Obama basically serving the interests of Saudi Arabia? Bush took out the Saudis' OPEC competitor in Iraq; and now Obama took out their competitor in Libya; not that Ghaddafi was a good ally to us by any means; but still he posed a threat to Saudi power; not only in oil, but he was also crowned the King of Kings by many nations in Africa.

Brian: I try to stay out of politics.

Chris: Well, look, we have to address this situation. There's huge changes coming environmentally, and Saudi Arabia is a problem. They're the ones that are behind several global attacks. I just can't shake this feeling, I feel like their going to attack again very soon.

Brian: What kind of environmental changes?

Chris: I mean the Magnetic Pole movement, and all the geological consequences of the shifting pole.

Flashback. Denver. My friend Brandon is visiting.

Brandon: Why are you checking the earthquake maps? How long have you been doing this?

Chris: Just recently. I just have this feeling that there's going to be a really big earthquake, and I'm trying to find out where this might happen.

Brandon: How soon?

Chris: Very soon.

Brandon: Why do you think that.

Me: I explained to My Penn State friend My compass theory; and as I began to tell him out the iron, it was almost as if you could see the information as a line of energy flowing from Me into Brandon's ear.

Brandon is an intelligent person. As the realization of the trueness information was sinking in; he flinched.

Brandon: Stop. Just stop. I don't want to hear anymore.

Chris: Ok, are you ready to go out then?

Brandon: Yeah.

Me: Overnight, the 9.0 Fukushima Earthquake took place.

Back at Brewers, Freystide 2013. "Face to the Floor" by Chevelle plays³⁴.

Chris: Look Brian, just think about it. I'm a Plantagenet, a Hitler, and a Bonaparte. This means something. Maybe I was born at this time to warn people about this.

Brian: Do you think so?

Chris: Yeah, I do.

Me: But, I also didn't forget about My commitment to Jamie, even though I was very drunk. I needed to find out if he was still dealing, and if I could somehow talk to him about this.

I tried to be sly.

Chris: Hey, Sarah. Could you just let Jamie know that I apologize for calling him up looking for pot?

Sarah: Why would you want to do that?

Chris: Well, I called at inconvenient times; mainly when I was drunk.

Sarah: Jamie dealt drugs, so I guess he should have expected it.

Chris: Yeah, but could you just let him know that I apologize.

Sarah: Look, drug dealers should expect calls at anytime of the day or night. You don't need to apologize.

³⁴ Chevelle. "Face to the Floor." *Hats Off to the Bull*. 2011.

Me: Was that an admission?

Sarah: No.

Chris: Ok, fine.

Me: As the night continued.

Chris: Something bad's going to happen. I can feel it. Something terrible.

John: Yo dude, just chill out.

Chris: John, listen. You don't know, ok! When I have these feelings something tends to happen! I am a Plantagenet of the bloodline of Christ! I have God given gifts!

Bouncer: Hey dude, you gotta go.

Chris: Why?

Bouncer: Because you're causing a problem.

Chris: No... I'm not.

Bouncer: I said, go; before I force you to go.

Me: Well, he forced Me to leave Brewer's that night. And I was thoroughly embarrassed; and did not go back to the West Reading party; and instead slept in My van before heading home.

I turn on the news on, on Monday.

Matt (CNN): It was about 15 or 20 minutes ago near the finish line on Boylston Ave here in Boston when I heard two explosions. The first one I saw up closer to the finish line from where we were. It was big, it was booming, we saw big amounts of smoke, come up; and about 10 seconds later, across the street from me, on the sidewalk, another big explosion.

Me: The Boston Marathon bombing had happened. Maybe this was what was causing My mind so much disturbance? As I look back on these events; and the comments that Obama made during his address to the nation on gun control as the Boston Police and FBI were seeking the identity of the bombers, he declared that this was "Round One" on gun control.

I thought. Boxer rebellion, the older brother was a boxer, Obama's using boxing language. Obama knew who did this at the time. More evidence supporting the effort to impeach Obama.

At home.

Jen: What's all this political stuff you're getting?

Chris: Log Cabin Republican items. I'm going to change the Republican Party from the inside; and I need allies to impeach Obama.

Jen: Impeach Obama? Why? He's given Healthcare to a lot of people.

Chris: This isn't about healthcare. This is about him giving guns to the Mexican Cartels; and bowing to the saudi king.

Jen: Well, I don't want to talk about this. This is an Obama house. Don't talk to me about it again.

Me: I met with Representative Jim Gerlach at a Republican meeting in order to discuss the issues of war with Mexico, the Knights of Columbus holding the House; their connection to nationalist Spain; as well as the five points of My political action plan in Pennsylvania; and getting financial support for a large mass public transit expansion in Southeast PA.

I was also working two jobs, the Patient Care job, and another job as a manager in a nearby hardware shop in Reading.

I also decided I was going to write a book on the topic of History, Faith, and Current events; and began work on this.

One day, when I was off work; I read an article that Saudi Arabia had its missiles pointed at Israel. And so, I travelled to Harrisburg and met with several state reps on a political action plan.

With little to no success in My plans, and little income, in Pennsylvania, I decided I was going to join the Navy at this point.

At home.

Chris: Mom. I'm thinking about joining the Navy.

Jen: Why?

Chris: Because, I need money; and this would be a great way to serve the country.

Jen: I think you should really think long and hard. I don't think that you're suited for a military career. You have some issues you need to work out first.

Fairgrounds Mall, Navy recruiting center.

Recruiter: So why do you want to join the Navy?

Chris: I want to serve my country; and follow in the footsteps of both my grandparents who served in the U.S military.

Recruiter: Great. We would like for you to take a quick assessment test. Is that ok?

Chris: Yeah, that's fine.

I take the test. I finished.

Recruiter: Ok, let's see how you did. Wow. This is a high score. Officer Corps might be good for you. Are you ready to commit to joining the Navy?

Chris: Well, we'll see. But I'm leaning towards joining the Navy at this point.

Recruiter: Great. I just need you to fill out these forms.

Back at home.

Jen: Chris. We need to talk.

Chris: About what?

Jen: Your problems.

In the den.

Jen: Listen. Matt and I think that you're not thinking "straight" and that you have some serious mental health issues. You think that people were taking pictures of you; and that someone tried killing you. You're refusing to seek treatment.

Matt: You sound crazy.

Chris: I'm not. These things really did happen.

Matt: Chris! No they didn't! I'm going to write up a list of conditions and you will have to obey them. And I want you to sign it.

Chris: I'm not going to sign that paper.

Matt: Then you're not going to be living here. And good luck out on the streets. You'll be lucky if you last a week.

Jen: Matt, that's enough.

Chris. You can't live here anymore if you don't go to the hospital and seek treatment for your chemical imbalance.

I leave the house and go to Exeter Family Restaurant. I get text messages from My Aunt Betsy.

Betsy: Chris. You're mom's worried about you. Won't you please consider going to the hospital?

Chris: I'll take it under consideration. Thanks for the concern Betsy.

Me: I sat there and thought to Myself, *what are My options here?*

If I don't go to the ER, I might be homeless; and then how am I going to take care of My patient? I'll probably lose that job too.

Wait a minute. I'm still getting headaches and have a dull pain in My head. The St. Joe's ER didn't follow concussion protocol after the attack.

Back at home.

Chris: Fine, I'll go to the hospital.

Jen: I think that's what's best for you.

At the Reading Hospital in the ER.

Doctor: So, your mom thinks that you're suffering paranoia and have the symptoms of schizophrenia.

Chris: That's what she says. But I'm really here because I was attacked by someone back in 2008, and St. Joe's didn't take a CAT scan or MRI; and I've still been having headaches from the attack; so I'd like to have an MRI or CAT scan done.

Doctor: That's not why she brought you here.

Chris: But that's why I'm here.

Doctor: She also said that you think you're related to Hitler.

Chris: Yeah, that's correct; My grandmother was born in Austria and she looks almost exactly like Eva Braun; and the person she was told was her father was a Hitler look-a-like. And she grew up in a prisoner of war castle in Hitler's hometown of Linz.

"How do you solve a problem like Maria," in *The Sound of Music* might be reference to her; since she also lived in Salzburg and her adoptive family had ties to the entertainment industry through Marlena Dietrich.

Doctor: I see. And... what's all this political activity your mother is talking about? She said that you're obsessing over the news and politics in an unhealthy way.

Chris: What I'm doing is not unhealthy. I'm trying to show people that the Obama administration is liable for what's happening with Mexico; and that Saudi Arabia is liable for the September 11 attacks; and the direct connection between Obama and the Saudis.

Me: You know what the diagnosis was? Paranoid Schizophrenia. Did I get an MRI or CAT scan on My brain that day? Nope.

So when I went to fill out the Navy application and came to the health section and saw medical diagnoses, and that mental diagnoses were also on there. I found this path was being blocked.

And decided I was going to move out as soon as I found a second job.

Oh, yeah; and because I didn't have health insurance to go to a secular therapist; which was another requirement of living at the house. I was sent to a Roman Catholic therapist.

Chris: And the main thing is that I want have a Same Sex marriage, and that without the certainty of a marital bond; I feel very uneasy about the future.

Therapist: Do you tell other people that you're Gay?

Chris: Yes.

Therapist: You should just keep that to yourself.

Me: You Roman fascist bitch. I didn't spend time, energy, and money on top of risking My life in a Colorado campaign for nothing.
I decided that I was going to move out, end these Roman fascist sessions; and move on with My life as soon as I got another job.
So I began work at another job in Wyomissing, when I realized I was beginning to suffer symptoms of dyslexia.

At Stratix.

Boss: Chris, all these numbers are in the wrong column.

Chris: Oh, crap. Sorry. I'll fix that.

Me: Well, I did move out with when I got that job into a Reading neighborhood near the border of Shillington with one of Adam's old Alvernia friends.

I had the intention to possibly obtain more information about what happened in the attack in which Adam was involved.

But... literally the week after moving in Mid Autumn, the other job requested that I not come back to work in their company.

And so, My finances were limited to the part time patient care job.

At the Reading house. Mail comes through the mail slot addressed to Me. I look at the mail. Dr. Christian (Blank).

Chris: I guess he's back in the area now.

I put the card and other mail on the island in the kitchen. I go to watch TV, and the TV starts flickering in and out. I check the connections and see that they are fine.

Chris: What's the matter with the TV?

I stop to think for a little what the issue could be.

Chris: Ah, that's right! Jamie!

Chapter 14. Pitts vs. Gant Intervention.

“Momma Sed” by Puscifer plays³⁵.

Facebook.

Chris: Ok, Jamie. You were arrested for drug dealing. I found out it was only a cannabis charge, you got lucky on that. I might be able to get your criminal record expunged. But how can I wake you up...?

I know... a rhyme will help you retain the memory and the information, give you something important to meditate on.

I type in “Do not be afraid, for in a World of Water, I am the Lord. You will know My strength, and you will be wise to remember My names.

Among Greeks, I am Poseidon. Among Teutons, I am Ægir. Among Romans, I am Neptune, and in the Indus, I am Shiva. On the Islands, I am Tangaroa. In the East, I am Ryūjin and Suijin.

*In the West, I am Aligned and Turtle. On the Nile, I am a Crocodile. In Hebrew, I am called Gabriel, and to some, I am David Jones. Remember Me, and I will give great blessings and herald great things; forget Me and My arrival will be unpleasant and full of woe and ill bodings. Remember the **trials** of Odysseus when he forgot to heed Me.*

The Earth through cycles shall go; polar ice will freeze and flow. Twenty-six thousand years, the Earth spins like a wobbling top around the Sun at the system’s center, which circles around the radiant black hole Sun of the Milky Way galaxy which gave birth to it. Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring; flood and drought come and go. Flip and flop of a magnetic equitagnacht. Let the Heavens and stars tell you time and yield to you secrets of the Earth.”

From the Gospel of Matthew;

“Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27 And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.”

³⁵ Puscifer. “Momma Sed.” *V Is for Vagina*. 2007.

Me: Step 3. Show the big picture.

Chris: And some pictures of the North Magnetic Pole, and this Norse prophet picture will do. Oh, and the melting ice of Antarctica, and a compass. And then you'll know this is no joke. You're smart, you should get this. Concerned Smiley face.

Some information about how drugs are related to the Cartels; and how this is an extension of the Spanish Civil War and World War II; going all the way back to the Spanish Empire...

And I'll include Asa as a witness. I know you two are close; and I think I might include him in on this intervention.

Late Autumn.

A giant sea monster washes up on the shore in California. The Philippines are struck by Typhoon Haiyan.

Me: This was the time.

Christmas Party.

Andrew: So, yeah my mom's still living in the area.

Chris: That's cool. Hey. How's Jamie doing?

Me: Step 4. Recruit concerned friends.

Andrew: Jamie? He's working landscape last I heard.

Chris: Oh. Ok.

Andrew: Why do you ask?

Chris: Oh... I was told about the arrest.

Andrew: Ah. Well... I don't know what to say.

Chris: Did you ever talk to him about that kind of stuff before? Drug dealing?

Andrew: No.

Chris: Don't you think you should?

Andrew: It's none of my business.

Chris: Can you arrange a meeting?

Andrew: Maybe.

Chris: Well, make it happen. This is important, one of our friends might be in mortal danger cause he got caught drug dealing; and now whoever else was involved in that supply chain's going to be worried about if Jamie gave up information on them to make a plea deal.

He might be targeted by those people. You know about what happened to my cousin.

Andrew: Look, if you want to talk to him about it. Just message him yourself. But I'll let him know what happened to your family, ok?

Chris: Fine. Thank you.

Facebook.

Chris: Hey Anna, Happy New Year.

Anna: Hey, Happy New Year to you too.

Chris: I talked to Andrew, and I'm a more than a little concerned about our mutual friend Jamie. I talked to Andrew and Nevin about this... My cousin was in a similar situation to Jamie's and is no longer with us.

I did send Jamie a message directly, per Andrew's advice.

Anna: Jamie lives in LA. He's living with Jeremiah. Why don't you send Jeremiah a message?

Me: Jeramiah. Shit. Jeramiah of the drug dealing Battle family; the Battles being one of the largest drug trafficking families in the East Coast. This is not good, not good at all. If you think I'm going to send that punk who punted My mother's brandy snifter a message about Jamie's welfare, then you don't know what I know about then. Or maybe you do?

I realized in this moment that all my premonitions and concerns about Jamie were valid. This is going to be the "Battle of Los Angeles" over Jamie's future, and soul.

Chris: Can you meet up sometime to discuss this? I would rather you speak to James yourself.

Me: Than go through Jeremiah.

Anna: Contact Jeremiah, they live together.

Me: No.

Chris: I already sent a message to Jamie directly. Look, I'll mail you some information. Let you me know when you get it.

Anna: I got the mail today. What are they involved in?

Me: Drug dealing. Isn't this obvious?

Chris: That's what I'm trying to find out. Look can you meet sometime soon. I'm meeting with Cristian from the soccer team, and he's a Reading Police officer now. We're meeting on Saturday at 1:00 pm. Exeter Family Diner.

Anna: Can't, work all day.

Chris: That's a shame.

Me: We attempted to arrange several meetings. But whenever I was free to meet, Anna seemed to be busy. So... I began to become suspicious of this; maybe she was afraid of what Jamie knew. Did he have information that would implicate her or her brother? As far I as I'm concerned, she was being a bad friend; because I felt very alarmed in relation to Jamie's safety.

I saw terrible visions of Jamie being the target of murderous gangs. Being watched by enemies reporting on his movements as Lucky had done to Me. Being targeted by rival drug dealers.

Anna's avoiding Me on this. I'll contact Christian. Christian will talk to his brother. This will give Christian an excuse to ask his brother himself about these things, to be the good older brother.

"Monarchy of Roses" by Red Hot Chili Peppers plays³⁶.

Facebook.

Jamie: yo. I appreciate your concern but you are trippin. My brother said he got a hand written note from you concerning my intervention and arrest. This world is crazy yes but I am ok and free. I am not in a cartel and don't want silly rumors getting spread around. So chill, please, homie. Drugs should be legal especially natural ones. I would actually be really upset if my brother or family took that shit seriously. Tell Andrew I said what up but don't trip and talk nonsense.

Me: Man... he's communicating in ghetto vernacular...

³⁶ Red Hot Chili Peppers. "Monarchy of Roses." *I'm With You*, 2011.

Chris: James, listen for a second.

First, I'm glad that you are safe. Second, I mean no harm, nor do I mean to spread rumors, and you and I both know I'm not talking nonsense. I want to be direct with you considering my own personal knowledge, experience, and loss on this subject, and let you know that sometimes these matters extend past the person involved to family members and friends. You have to trust me on this one.

Look, I have so much I want to say and share with you on the subject, and I have a lot questions I want to ask...but Facebook isn't the place.

I'm actually trying to stay off due to privacy concerns and safety issues. I'm running for a government office.

If you want to get in contact with me, its better by phone or email since I'm deactivating my account on here. Your brother, Maynard, or Anna have my number. Remember Andrew's mom works for your dad.

I hope we get the chance to talk soon.

Gant.

Me: And this was true. I ran for Congressional Office that year as a Log Cabin Republican against the Republican incumbent Joseph Pitts in our district. The date of the Republican Primary was May 20th, so I began campaigning by seeking the support of the Republican Party.

West Chester Republican meeting.

Chris: Hi. My name is Chris Gant, and I'm running for Congressional office in this district.

I have a plan which I believe most Republicans can support.

Firstly, I want to impeach Obama and repeal the Affordable Care Act because I believe that Obama is guilty of treason; and the Affordable Care Act is not affordable for many Americans.

Me: And I want to replace the Affordable Care Act with the implementation and augmentation of the Canada Health Act here in the United States.

Chris: I also want to ensure that Marriage Equality is national policy so that Heterosexual and Homosexual couples can enjoy the benefits of marriage.

I plan on legalizing cannabis as I know that many cities in Southeast Pennsylvania are hubs of narcotics trafficking; so we want to take the cannabis profits made by gangs and cartels away, and turn this into a viable and taxable industry in order to create jobs and for the benefit of the American people.

Whereas Saudi Arabia is a major financier of international terrorism, I want to stop the flow of money to Saudi Arabia by placing tariffs on OPEC; and expand domestic production of petroleum here and with our Canadian partners; which is why I support the building of the Keystone Pipeline; with the Pittsburgh Extension to access the Marcellus Shale oil reserves.

I also want to place tariffs on products from China and Mexico in order to stop U.S. dollars and industries from losing the market place to cheap products from these nations, which are hostile to us.

And since Mexico has invaded and committed acts of war against the United States; I want to place an additional force of at least 200,000 Allied troops on the U.S. - Mexico border and in the Caribbean to stop this invasion, the trafficking of narcotics, and for reasons of National Security. Mexico's acts of war are a trigger for the NATO alliance to respond.

Are there any questions?

Republican: Have you ever smoked pot yourself?

Chris: Yes.

Republican: I'm on board with most of your plan, but can you drop the Gay Marriage from your platform?

Chris: No, that's non-negotiable. Marriage Equality is a necessary step for our nation's evolution and is a fair and just policy.

Voting time.

Republican: And anyone in favor of supporting Mr. Gant in the Republican Primary?

Me: o. A goose egg in support. Well, I am Acadian; so I'll take a Canadian Goose egg as a compliment.

What was clear is that despite My realistic policies, there was something about My platform that the Republican Party rejected. Now, four years later; it is apparent that they are not aboard for Marriage Equality, as after this primary the Republican Party shifted their platform in the fascist direction for Marriage Equality.

Patient Care. (Didn't sign a HIPPA or confidentiality statement with regards to this patient.)

Connie: We need to take Phil for a dental check up. Will you come with us?

Chris: Yeah, that's my job isn't it? Ha ha.

Connie: Guess so.

Penn's Common Dental Group. We approach, and I see Christian's, Jamie's older brother, name on the placard of dentists.

Me: Hmm. Was Christian Phil's dentist? Is this another planned meeting? Am I being hired by their family to help Jamie? I did offer care services to help in Jamie's intervention and rehabilitation.

But, nope. Not at this time. Tis a shame, for a vision showed Me the truth of the relationship between Jeremiah and James the Rhine. A disturbing psychic vision brought on by a connection between Soul mates. An event which would have ended in terrible tragedy if Mercury had not intervened.

“Le Vie de Jacques, an Empathic Psychic Vision.

As I sit here pondering sleepy and serenely, meticulously meditating on matters of what were once sharp memories which faded into a foggy haze of often forgotten frames of the photos in my mind's constant shifting stream of consciousness, wandering from the chandelier on the ceiling to the shadows cast by light upon the furniture on the surface of the floor... The hazy fog is lifted as, in a moment of solarine clarity as I remember a time when I once lived by the crashing waves of some distant salty shore.

And by a visceral vision flung from a reflective recognition and flickering reminiscing, from which the paralyzing panic to which I am prone recalls a time in which I; as the shadows are cast like Wotan's Raven's from some ancient magical and mystic lore were fluttering throughout the room in which I am sitting, producing flittering shades upon the friendless floor; was once laying, seizing like an engine seizes, shaking, and shuttering, shivering in icy death's throes upon the callous carpet in that place by some distant salty seashore...

...This was when I remembered that he left me there to die for evermore.

Like some common corvine crow who is spooked by the shotgun's fiery glow, fiercely thundering; as I lay shivering, shaking, and shuttering, quickly approaching the silvery silence which swiftly shuts the murmuring mouths of those who passively pass through the vicious veil which opaquely shrouds the gloomy gates of icy death's door...

...This was when I remembered that he left me there to die for evermore.

Frantically, out I was freaking; paralyzed by some poison which I had taken to please the vengeful vice which held me seizing, shaking, and shivering upon the callous carpet of that cold and friendless fibrous floor in the distant place by the crashing, roaring waves of the saline shore...

...This was when I remembered that he left me there to die for evermore.

As the seconds seemed to cease, though the clock continued clicking, chiming out the ticking time which so incessantly stroked forward, progressing so soundly, stopping nevermore; as I laid so silently now, quietly lolling, eyes rolling as the raging, biting, crashing, avenging waves smashed upon the rocks of that prehistoric plate which cleft and schismed the land of that ever eroding beach by that distant sandy shore...

... This was when I remember that he left me there to die for evermore.

And then, as the Messenger Mercury rising, as the Herald of Heaven arriving; like the luminous light of a lighthouse shining; I lifted myself up and off the cold and callous fibers of that friendless floor; no longer paralyzed by the poison which I to myself had administered which tirelessly and tightly tied and tethered me alone and afraid in darkness in the shadows which danced macabre on that fruitless and feckless floor by the pounding waves of that distant land which lay low by the shifting sands of the sodious sea of the harbor and the shore...

...This was when I remembered that he left me there to die for evermore.

And so, as I sit here, pondering and pooling my thoughts so purely, thinking upon the time of when I was laying, dying, so perilously paralyzed by a poppy's poison, sorely, desperately in need of some medical attention to which I had later received.

Sighing. This is when I so fastidiously and clearly recall and remember; yes, that roommate of mine who so rapaciously and repugnantly lured me to that dark and distant starry shore; who I assumed was so solicitously and altruistically leading me to an illustrious place of fame and fortune, of romantic and cosmic allure, who introduced me to the vendors of my vice like some sweetly singing sirens of some agèd Grecian story of long ago records; he so carelessly and cowardly left me to die alone on that cold and friendless floor... No, that reckless roommate was no friend of mine...

...He left me there to die because he was forever moor. And Aye, I will remember him as a friend nevermore.

(Rhythm and Rhyme based on Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven." "Sirens sweetly singing..." Cream. "Tales of Brave Ulysses")

Chapter 15: *The Mission.*

“7 Words” by the Deftones plays³⁷.

Me: Upon requesting tax documentation in order to do my taxes, I was released from my patient care services for Phil. I was now jobless; and without the support of the Republican Party. So... what could I do?

When Gov. Gary Johnson wasn't supported by the Republican Party, he went for the third party option. I could do that and get a voice; and if I collect enough signatures then I could be on the ballot.

Nope. Didn't happen. I was going broke, and My landlord, Adam's friend; gave Me a month's notice of eviction... based on what? I was still paying rent and a rather clean and quiet housemate.

But Adam's friend was cruel, hateful, racist, and when I saw the BDSM magazine in the kitchen with the person on the front bound and gagged; then I knew this was part of their persecution. He had a confederate flag as a hat, and his friend captured him on camera screaming the black N-word repeatedly at the top of his lungs. He had a brother who committed suicide, and often criticized his sister about her bi-racial relationship. He also was mysteriously knocked out when with Adam one night when they attended Alvernia. He was making a lot of money with his insurance job.

It was also around this time that I decided to press attempted murder charges against Brian Jones, as the events after the attack, especially with Adam, showed Me that there was a coordinated and premeditated effort in harming Me; and that there were several people involved.

Flashback. Riding in My car on State Hill Rd by the mall.

Tim: There was once a chief who decided that he was going to punish a man of his tribe and he sentenced him to death by Roho.

The man said, “What's Roho?”

The chief said, “Roho is being fucked to death.”

So the man was tied to a tree and was ass fucked to death.

Chris: That's a weird story.

³⁷ Deftones. “7 Words.” *Adrenaline*. 1995.

Me: Does Roho mean Roman Orthodox Health Organization? Because, with what happened at St. Joe's, and the forced hospitalization by My mom and step-father; it makes Me think that you were in on this Tim, considering your connection to Andrew (from Alvernia) and being roommates with Nevin, and the fact that Brian Jones' initials are B.J. And this being related to My act of Karma against you, and Nevin.

Yes, Tim, I find it extremely hypocritical that you commanded Me to suck your dick...

Flashback. House party in Farming Ridge. I'm sleeping upstairs. Tim has been rejected by a girl he was making out with. He crawls up the stairs to My sleeping bag and grabs Me.

Tim: Do it! Suck my dick!

I immediately get up grab Tim, lift him, up and throw him into the bathtub.

Me: ...and then you still have a Roman "holier than thou" attitude. Hypocrite.

Typing on a computer. Then at the Berks County Services building.

Chris: I would like to file a PFA against my step-father based on the facts of this lawsuit case.

The police serve Matt with a PFA. I'm at the Lorane house. Matt calls Me up to his office.

Matt: This hurts!

Me: I know it hurts because it exposes exactly what you did to Me, and the people involved.

Chris: I'm just trying to figure out who placed a hit out on me. We have to be thorough on this.

Matt: I don't want to see you again. Get out of my house.

Me: My house too, since My money paid for this. At this point I remembered that My step-father sold My guitar and amp system without telling Me; and then gave some of the money to Trevor. I knew that after the Social Security and this that Matt was a leach, a tick, which was sucking blood money off Me. And that he's the type of person that might have hired someone in order to collect life insurance money. The carp went for the bait that I had so intricately placed before it. I am fortunate that I did survive the attacks.

Homeless, and cast out, and with less than \$100 in my bank account. I took My bike and started on a tour the continent. I rode from Exeter to Philadelphia on the Schuylkill River trail. My mission was to get Pottstown and Norristown on board for a major rail expansion.

"Supermassive Black Holes" by Muse plays³⁸. Pottstown City Hall.

Chris: Hi. I'd like to meet with Planning Committee.

Clerk: They aren't available right now.

Chris: Oh, ok. Then I'd like to leave this information about a proposed passenger rail that would connect Pottstown and Berks County to SEPTA. And I'm looking for funding to go to this project. And here's information on the Federal Dept of Transportation. We might be able to get Federal funding for this project.

Clerk: Thanks, I'll let her know.

Me: I arrived in Philadelphia for the Elector's Day³⁹ celebrations.

I'm at the concert. I text Andrew of Exeter.

³⁸ Muse. "Supermassive Black Holes." *Black Holes and Revelations*. 2006.

³⁹ Elector George III of Hanover of the Holy Dutch Reich.

Chris: I'm in Philly without a place to stay. Can I stay at your place?

Andrew: My sister's visiting. I don't have the room.

Me: So I rode my bike all night and stayed up to the next day when I rode back to Reading, and boarded a bus to Lancaster. There was rain when I got to Lancaster, and a large rainbow that had formed as I went to the Lancaster County administration building.

I met with the elected officials and discussed transportation, Gay rights, cannabis legalization, and Mexican issues. I slept outside. How did I eat? Hotel breakfasts.

I boarded a train from Lancaster to Harrisburg. Did the same in Harrisburg, and posted information about the Mexican war in neighborhoods there. Despite telling the church I was a member of that I was going on a faith based mission led by the Great and Holy Spirit; I was not funded by the church. The meager money supplies I had to travel with were given to Me by My mother.

I went from Harrisburg to Carlisle and did the same. I endeavoured to go to the War College and discuss defense against Mexico; and to prove a point, I slipped under the fence at the War College.

At the War College.

Chris: I would like to speak to an officer about Mexico.

The Police arrive.

Police: You're under arrest.

I'm cuffed and taken to a police station.

Officer: What were you doing? Why didn't you just go through the gate.

Chris: I went to the War College to discuss issues about defense against Mexico. I slipped under the fence to prove a point.

Officer: Well, someone that goes under the fence and around security is a threat, that's why we arrested you.

Me: I know. As he said these words, I hoped that he would make the connection between what I did and what invaders from Mexico were doing. I was released and began a bike ride to Pittsburgh.

Riding in rural Pennsylvania. My tire pops.

Chris: Man, how far do I have to go?

I still ride on the flat tire. Some Mennonite kids see Me.

Kid: Hey. Do you need some help? You have a flat.

Chris: I know. Yeah, I could use some help.

Kid: Hop on board, and we'll get you to a repair shop.

Me: Thanks to the kindness of these young lads; My bike tires were replaced and I was able to start riding again.

I had over 150 miles to go. And in a small town, I saw a local Methodist Church was having a picnic, and I was starved; having not ate since Carlisle. So I went to the picnic to get some food.

At the picnic.

Rev: Wow, so you rode here all the way from Carlisle and are on your way to Pittsburgh?

Chris: Yep. I'm on a mission.

Rev: You certainly are. Some people from the congregation have volunteered to give you a place to stay and take you to Pittsburgh.

Chris: Really? Thanks!

Me: I had to trust in this case. So I went to the Methodists' home; where I showered, slept, and was fed breakfast in the morning; then another family drove Me from this town in rural Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh.

What did I do in Pittsburgh? The same thing I did in Harrisburg and Lancaster. I showered at Gold's Gym as I still had a membership there.

I walk past a 311 concert and listen for a little bit, then continue walking.

Me: I found a Hyatt Hotel card on the ground and used this to gain entry to the hotel. This is where I ate breakfast and spent nights on the computer printing out information to post, or present to City Council.

At night, in order to pass time, I went to a Gay bar in Pittsburgh and sang Karaoke.

I sing "House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals⁴⁰.

Me: I travelled from Pittsburgh to Cleveland and slept in an abandoned tower. I served at a local Lutheran homeless shelter in the kitchen, which is how I ate and obtained food supplies.

I went to speak to the Cleveland Police department about the Mexican invasion and their act of war. What became apparent to Me that many police officers and officials had little to no idea of what was happening in Mexico; and the true danger that the cartels posed.

Cleveland Police Headquarters.

⁴⁰ The Animals. "House of the Rising Sun." *The Animals*. 1964.

Chris: I would like to speak to an officer about a foreign threat in the city that's related to narcotics trafficking. And there's a lot of cocaine and crack dealing around the homeless shelter. Your officers would have a field day arresting people there.

Police: We don't handle that sort of material.

Me: What was going on this city? Police officers not going to places where people are blatantly using crack cocaine? Crazy.

And in terms of Gay Rights, there was something terrible happening with the Gay bars in Cleveland.

At a Gay bar.

Patron: Yep, there's been several attacks on people coming in and out of the bar by kids in the neighborhood. Gay bars are closing down in Cleveland too; there's only about four left.

Chris: What, why's that? Isn't the population of Cleveland still growing? That means there would be more Gay people; doesn't it?

Patron: Yeah. I don't know. It's weird.

Two older men in suits walk into the Bar. They sit down next to Me.

Suit-man 1: What are you doing here?

Chris: Me? In Cleveland, or at this bar?

Suit-man 1: Both.

Chris: I'm doing mission work, trying to spread the word about Gay Marriage here; and that all Gay couples need to do is find a priest with the authority to marry; and then get married; have the certificate signed; and then sue the state for equality.

Suit-man 2: And what church is this with?

Chris: I'm a member of the Lutheran and Episcopal Church; and I also am a Bishop in the Gnostic Church. You?

Suit-man 1: We're Anglo-Catholics. I think that it's time for you to go.

Chris: What?

Me: I didn't leave then. But when I did go to the restroom; I was followed by them. In the stall, I heard them walking around on the wooden floor looking to see where I had gone. I knew that this was an intimidation campaign.

At the shelter.

Chris: I'm back to volunteer in the kitchen.

The Bouncer looks at Me. I notice red bananas in many of the pockets of the shelter occupants. The bouncer was wearing a red shirt.

Bouncer: Blue-eyed. You can't go in.

Me: Actually teal. I am cyan eyed.

Chris: Why? Call Christine. I'm a Lutheran volunteer.

Bouncer: No.

Me: Shit, how am I going to eat if I don't get to work in the kitchen or eat at the shelter. Hmm, resource control.

Chris: Just call the director, she'll tell you that I'm here as a volunteer.

Bouncer: No.

Chris: Fine, I'll ask her myself.

I reach for the door; and then the bouncer slams Me against the wall.

Chris: What the fuck, man? You're in big fucking trouble. I'm going to let the director know about this.

Bouncer: Yeah, whatever.

I walk away.

Me: There was something happening... a gang was taking over the shelter and trying to control who got food and shelter, and who didn't.

I visit the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. And I tour the Great Lakes Brewing Company Brewery.

Me: At least there was something good in Cleveland. I travelled from Cleveland to Toronto, where there was a storm which brought flooding to several neighborhoods.

Upon arrival, I was directed to stay at Seaton House on George Street. By this time, I was riding on the rims of My bike; and they were shredded to pieces.

The area around the shelter was lined with people smoking crack pipes.

Toronto's Mayor himself was embroiled in a scandal involving crack cocaine. The main traffickers of cocaine in the area, the Dixon City Bloods. They had a hand on the Mayor's Office, a hand that I wanted to remove.

Inside the shelter. Two young guys walk up to Me at My bed.

Guy 1: We have some cocaine here. Do you want some?

Chris: Nope.

Me: Report 'em.

Walking past crack dealers.

Dealer: You want to buy some crack?

Chris: No. You should probably turn yourself in though.

Dealer: What'd you say? Do you know who you're talking to? I'm a Blood. See this Blood flag. You better watch yourself.

Chris: Oh... did you know that the Nazis called their flag the blood flag too?

Me: That pissed him off.

The dealer then swings at Me with an open palm, and smacks Me.

Me: Assault, battery, drug dealing. Witnesses. I want to send this Nazi drug dealer to jail. So I filed a police report and reported the incident.

At City Hall in Toronto.

Me: I also began to formulate My plan for the annexation of the United States of America by Canada.

I walk into the Marriage Chapel in Toronto's City Hall.

Chris: Dearly beloved. On this day, before God and Mother Nature; and with the Power of the Great Spirit; I, representing the United States, take you, Canada, to be My lawfully wedded husband. To love, and to cherish, for better or for worse, for all rest of the days of Our lives.
Amen.

At the City Planning building high above Toronto, looking out over the city.

Chris: Thanks for meeting with me.

Planner: You're welcome. So, what brings you here?

Chris: Well, I'm on a mission and I want to ensure that Toronto has a plan in place for the likely event of future flooding.

Planner: Yes, we just had lots of flooding in a few neighborhoods.

Chris: Exactly, but what I mean is that with the ice caps melting; there is a probable chance that the water level in the lakes will rise; and Toronto is at risk of major catastrophic flooding.

Firstly, people should be made aware of the danger posed by rising water levels.

Secondly, Toronto needs to make sure that there is a plan in place for, what I call, "climate change refugees." As in, the higher elevations of Toronto should be prepared for massive migration of people from lower elevations to those higher elevation areas.

Planner: Ok, we'll see what we can do.

Chris: Thanks.

At a cannabis shop near Toronto University.

Chris: Hi.

Clerk: Hey. What's up?

Chris: I'm here on mission for cannabis legalization, and since this is a cannabis shop; I'm wondering if you would know of any connections that I can get in touch with about the campaign to legalize cannabis.

Clerk: I would suggest getting in touch with the Liberal Party; and one of their Candidates, Justin Trudeau. He might be Prime Minister one day. His father was the man who came up with Canada's Charter of Rights and Freedoms. He's heavily favored and supports the legalization of cannabis.

Chris: I'll keep that in mind. Thanks.

At Toronto University, the Anglican Church.

Priest: Hello, how can I help you?

Chris: I'm interested in finding out how we can better educate students through faith.

Priest: How do you mean?

Chris: What I mean is that, we can use the stories from the Bible in order to teach greater scientific and historical lessons. For instance, when I look at the book of Genesis; I can see the story of human history.

Priest: Well, yes, the story of creation is in Genesis.

Chris: But the story's not complete. There are two creation accounts in Genesis; and one I believe is a reference to the creation of the Neanderthals, which are actually the wise serpents as the serpent has been the symbol of wisdom to Indo+European people; and that these people are the offspring of the Neanderthal. Now that story is of course in sources other than the Bible; for instance the Story of Ask and Embla, known as Meshia and Meshianna in Persian scripture.

This would explain why there are other people besides Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Nod; and also explains human evolution.

Priest: I see. So you don't believe that the Bible is the complete word of God.

Chris: Not at all. The Bible is not a complete account of human history, from far from it. That's why I refer to the Bible as holey, as in, full of holes.

Priest: Hmm... well, as you can see we have been mixing the practice of Tai Chi mediation in the Anglican Church.

Chris: Tai Chi, huh? Interesting. But until other scriptures are included, then Church is as the Bible; imperfect, incomplete.

Priest: So you want the Church to go in a more Universalist Unitarian direction?

Chris: Yes. With the Gospel as the center piece, and I still believe in Holy Communion with the bread and the wine as being Godly.

Priest: The Bible is the foundation of the Church.

Chris: The Gospel is the foundation of the Church, and early Christians actually had Greek and Zoroastrian texts that accompanied the Gospel. Plato's Republic was apparently a treasured possession among early Christians.

In Hermetic texts, there is clear knowledge of the human body, and of evolution. We know that Hermeticism is the combination of ancient Greek and ancient Egyptian mysticism and philosophy. I believe that Jesus was of this philosophy, and that he studied in the Library of Alexandria.

I actually think that Jesus was a doctor, using Greek and Egyptian knowledge to literally heal people. I mean, look at the passage in Chapter 2 of the Gospel of Luke when he comes back to Judea after studying in Egypt. He's sitting with doctors, and they are asking him questions; and they are astounded by his answers. He was probably studying in the field of medicine. Hippocrates had lived 400 years before Jesus was born, so this medical knowledge would have been well known in Ptolemaic Egypt.

Priest: That's true. These are some things to think about and meditate on.

Me: Translation: Church doctrine is changed at the top levels; not much she can do.

But, any priest or person can be as Martin Luther was; and church doctrine can be changed when time is necessary for such a change to occur.

I also had another very important mission of faith in Toronto. I needed to reconnect with the First Nations.

I'm at a First Nation's center in Toronto. In a drum circle.

Me: I went to learn about My Atlantean heritage and focus My mind on the Great Spirit because I knew that something about America wasn't right; and that I would have to come to grips with the reality of what happened, and why.

Back at the Seton House. Eating dinner, the news comes on and a muslim man has stabbed another man to death arguing over islam. One of the residents turns off the TV.

Chris: Hey, we were watching the news.

Resident: Turn something else on.

I turn to one of the people I talked to regularly in the shelter.

Chris: Seems like he doesn't want us to see that a muslim killed someone.

Me: Yep, as soon as that news came on, he turned off the TV. I knew the reason was he was covering up what I'm assuming someone of his community had done.

On a bus to Detroit.

Me: I stayed nearly a month in Toronto and was interviewed by an immigration officer for possible Canadian Citizenship. Maybe one day.

My bike was in terrible shape; but I still held out the hope that I would get the money needed to repair the wheels; so I carried My bike on My back from a location near the shelter to the Bus terminal in Toronto. The desk agent took one look at the bike and told Me that I wasn't allowed to take the bike with Me. I argued with him; but he said that since I had a carryon and a luggage case; I wouldn't be allowed to take the bike without paying an extra; money I didn't have. So, the bike got left in Toronto in a trash bin.

But even without My bike, My mission had to continue, and I wanted to make sure that I got to New Orleans; and vowed not to shave My beard until I got there. I explained this was like My hockey playoff beard; referencing the NHL which represents both teams from Canada and the United States.

Detroit.

Me: While I was in Detroit, I continued the work; warning about the danger to Detroit from the rising Great Lakes; and watched the underworld gangs to see how they operated. It was simple. They just sold illegal narcotics near homeless shelters, and they weren't stopped.

Talking to an elder man.

Man: Did you ever hear of fentanyl?

Chris: Nope, what's that?

Man: It's a powerful narcotic that's causing a lot of overdoses.

Chris: Hmm... where's it coming from?

Man: It's being shipped in, on commercial ships coming from China. Right in there with the legal products. They unload them to stores with owners in the triads; and then the triads give the drugs to local crime bosses; and they have their gangs make the delivery. The local gangs take most of the risk in getting caught.

Chris: So they just ship in their drugs, right under the noses of the port authority.

Man: Yep. That's why they do. Must be working, cause heroin is cheap and plentiful round here.

At the shelter.

Operator: Sorry, you got three days here; and then that's it.

Chris: But there are other people that have been here longer than me.

Operator: Three days. You can't stay here again.

Chris: But where am I going to sleep, and what about food?

Operator: Not my problem.

Me: I found a place to sleep and found food. It was a rough next few days as I waited for the funds to get from Detroit to Chicago. But, I did notice one thing.

At the Church of the Mariner near the Canadian Border; people were camped there.

Chris: What are they doing? Binoculars... they're watching the border patrol.

Me: That's what they were doing. They were camped out watching the movements of the border patrol and notifying other people with their phones about the location of the border patrol agents I found out as I walked among their numbers.

Report 'em.

At the border. I speak to an agent.

Chris: You've got a whole camping site up there watching you; and relaying messages to some people on the ground about your movements.

Agent: Really?

Chris: Yup, that's what they're doing up there.

Agent: Thanks, we'll check it out.

Chicago.

Me: I managed to find a hotel card when I arrived in Chicago and tried to stay awake as long as I could working on the computer at the Hilton in Chicago as I was denied shelter at a local Chicago shelter.

I met with several officials; and I proposed to the education board that the schools teach the Saga of Erik the Red and a greater curriculum dedicated to teaching First Nations' history. I also requested that when teaching sexual education to ensure that the inclusive approach was used; teaching that homosexuality and bisexuality are natural to humans in addition to heterosexuality.

I met with the leaders of the Chicago First Nations Center, and discussed Atlantean History and made an eagle feather staff with a Chief.

I also made sandwiches at a local Presbyterian Church.

Someone comes in the church.

Person: Someone call 911! A stone just fell off the church and hit some woman in the head!

Volunteer: I'll call 911!

Outside the church.

Me: When we stepped outside, there were two men; and a woman on the ground with blood pouring out of a gaping wound in her head, with a stone laying on the ground next to her.

Something didn't feel right about this.

Man: Oh my God, we just got married.... Oh my God.

Me: I saw the shirt he was wearing said "Money over Bitches." MOB.
I looked up and saw a camera on one of the poles. I went back into the Church.

Chris: There's a camera up there; if they file a claim or lawsuit against the Church; you're going to want the footage that's on there. Call your insurance company and notify them about this.

I go to the police station in the district.

Chris: There was just an incident where a woman was reportedly struck by a stone falling off the church. There's probably going to be a claim; and you're probably going to want the footage that's on the camera there; so make sure you contact who you need to contact to ensure that that footage is saved.

Me: I travelled from Chicago to St. Louis; meeting and posting information about the Mexican attack; and instructing people to turn narcotics dealers in. I provided copies of the Saga of Erik the Red to local schools. From city to city I went. A terrible storm struck St. Louis when I was there.

I walked from St. Louis towards Memphis; camped out under a bridge when there was rain. My feet were burning from walking. The heat was hot. Dead frogs, insects, and birds lined the side of the road.

At night, I attempted to sleep under overpasses, but the mosquitoes would seem to bite every few seconds, through My socks, through My shirt, through My pants. After resting for about 20-30 minutes; I would get back up and start walking again. Three days I walked like this.

My hands, arms, and legs were full of mosquito bites; and I saw why the early settlers were so stricken by malaria.

I wasn't hitchhiking, but a truck pulled up next to Me as I was walking.

James: Need a ride?

Chris: I could use one; I've been walking for three days.

James: Where you headed?

Chris: Memphis.

James: Great, that's where I'm going.

Chris: Hey thanks man. Sorry about the ripe smell; I've been sweating and don't have clean clothes.

James: That's alright, we had to deal with that shit back in the military. Names James, what's yours?

Chris: Chris.

Me: I was very glad that I didn't have to walk those last long miles to Memphis. He dropped Me off in center city Memphis, and I was up and

running. Volunteering with a local Methodist and Presbyterian church; I was able to eat. But had to sleep outside, luckily, I was given a sleeping bag which helped Me keep cover against the mosquitoes.

Racial tensions were high because a mob of young African American teenagers had viciously attacked a man and employees at a local Kroger store, and then reported that the mob was bi-racial and two black teens were the ones who were attacked. But the video evidence showed a mob of Afro-American kids attacking a European American guy, beating him unconscious and then attacking two employees. One of the people, an African American, who was recording the incident was laughing at the mob attacking the European American.

It was in Memphis that I also noticed a number of Confederate war monuments and immediately realized there was a deep undercurrent of racial hatred there.

I go to a port-a-potty and toilet paper the monument. I see someone sitting on a bench near one of the monuments.

Chris: Aren't you concerned about the Confederate monuments? The city is memorializing the Confederacy.

Man: You know... I never thought about that.

Me: I also endeavoured to meet with the NAACP in order to discuss Gay Marriage and school curriculums which teaches First Nations History.

At the NAACP building, front door.

Chris: Hi. I'd like to meet with someone about getting schools to teach about First Nations History. I figure that since the NAACP is for the advancement of colored people; that your organization would be interested in helping. And also Rainbow People are colored people too.

Employee: Well, the person you want to talk to is busy right now. Try coming back in about an hour. She should meet with you then.

An hour later. I walk up to the door. Ring the bell. No answer. I wait a little, then I hear a car door slam and a woman drives away in her van.

Me: I guess she wasn't interested in meeting. From Memphis to New Orleans. More Confederate monuments, and terrible racial violence.

I arrived shortly after a young Gay pizza delivery man, who was also a DJ; was killed by African American teens when he delivered pizza to their house.

They should have been charged with 1st Degree murder; since it was clear that the man was killed in a premeditated murder, and that he might have been killed because he was Gay.

So... I began to investigate.

I'm wearing a golden Mardi Gras mask; and questioning people about Chris Jaeger's associates at local Gay bars.

Patron: Oh, Chris. Yeah he had a few friends in the area. He used to chill with a guy called Monster. He's a bouncer at local bars.

Me: Monster. Hmm... I remember someone named Sea Monster; and that guy struck Me.

Another bar.

Chris: I'm looking for a guy named Monster.

Patron: He's a bouncer here; oh there he is.

Chris: Hey, are you Monster?

Monster: Yeah, that's me.

Chris: So why are you called Monster?

Monster: Because, I'm a monster.

Chris: Are you Gay?

Monster: No.

Chris: Then why are you a bouncer at a Gay bar?

Monster: The money.

Chris: Did you know Chris Jaeger?

Monster: Yeah.

Chris: Did many people know he was Gay?

Monster: No, not outside the community.

Chris: I noticed that the article about his death left out that he was a Gay DJ.
Did anyone ever threaten him?

Monster: Not that I'm aware of.

Chris: Are you friends with his family?

Monster: Don't know them too well.

Chris: How close of friends would you say you were?

Monster: Just bar buddies, really.

Chris: Well, I think that the people that shot him killed him because he was Gay, it was premediated, and a hate crime; and if you know any of his close friends and family; then I would ask that these charges be additionally added to the prosecutor's case.

Monster: Ok. I'll let his friends know.

Chris: And I'll inform the police.

A storm strikes New Orleans, and a rainbow forms over the city.

Me: I worked with Habitat for Humanity and assisted in house building in the 9th ward which was devastated by Katrina.

I met with the New Orleans City and Orleans Parish planning department to discuss options to help New Orleans if a hurricane ever threatened the city as Katrina did again.

Chris: What New Orleans needs to do is build wider highways so that evacuation is easier; and so that people can escape the city if necessary.

You can implement the building of a dike system like they have in Amsterdam that can also act as generators of hydroelectricity, instead of using the proposed pump system which drains the power grid.

Me: And from New Orleans to Atlanta with a shaved beard.

Atlanta had the same problems as the other cities. A huge narcotics dealing population which was predominately African American; and black islamic state sympathizers within the homeless population who regularly listened to muslim preachers and idolized Louis Farrakhan.

I also met with the National Congress of American Indians; and discussed with them a greater push for First Nations History in schools. I also advised pooling resources to buy tracts of land to ensure that Our People would have access to good farmland and housing.

I was able to speak with the President of the NCAI, Brian Cladoosby of the Swinomish.

In each of the cities, I met with local, state, and federal representatives; warned of catastrophic climate change which might threaten the cities of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley; how to better deal with narcotics traffickers; cannabis legalization, Marriage Equality, education initiatives; the war against Mexico; and the Keystone Pipeline.

I served in Churches along the way; and discussed these matters with priests of Mainline Protestant denominations; while attending Bible studies in order to spread the Gnostic Truth within the Churches of Christ.

After two seasons of this mission work, I returned to Philadelphia in time for My birthday; which I celebrated with Andrew from Exeter; My mother, and her sister. I was home; but still homeless.

Despite all of the intelligence work, data collecting, speaking, meeting, and serving on the mission; I still didn't have large financial support; and ended up camping in the mountains; and seeking shelter in Reading.

Happy 32nd Birthday to Me. Homeless and destitute.

Chapter 16. *The Strange Case of Magoo.*

“I Talk to the Wind” by King Crimson plays⁴¹.

Opportunity House.

Chris: I'm looking for shelter.

Clerk: Nothing's available at this time for you.

Chris: Hmm... do you know where else I might be able to stay? Winter's coming.

Clerk: Did you try Hope Rescue Mission?

Chris: Nope, where's that?

Clerk: Greenwich street. It's cold enough now that they're under code blue; so you can probably find a bed there.

Hope Rescue Mission. I'm sitting at a table; and a young guy in glasses, a Marvin the Martian jacket, and a snowman cap sits at the table and reaches across.

Magoo: Hey.

Chris: What?

Magoo: What are you doing here?

Chris: Sheltering... I just got back from a Mission crusade across the country; and now I don't have a house to live in.

Magoo: Oh, ok. Don't you recognize me?

⁴¹ King Crimson. “I Talk to the Wind.” *In the Court of the Crimson King*. 1969.

Chris: No.

Magoo: How about now?

Magoo lifts up his head and takes off his glasses.

Me: I still had no idea who this guy was.

Magoo: You're friend... James.

Me: No, you're not. But I'll play along to see what's happening. Is this a trick by the Romanians? Or was this a test to see what I would do in this situation with Jamie?

Chris: Oh, James. Wow, you lost a lot of weight.

Me: And don't have brown eyes and are taller than this guy is.

Magoo: I know, I used to weigh 215 lbs, all muscle.

Chris: What happened?

Magoo: I'm addicted to heroin.

Chris: Oh... man, that's terrible. What happened to that sweet ride you used to have?

Magoo: I crashed it.

Chris: Why are you here, what about your family?

Magoo: They're assholes.

Chris: Are you working now?

Magoo: I work at a cemetery.

Chris: Ok. How was California?

Magoo: I was never in California. What's with all the questions, are you the popo or something? FBI?

Chris: No, I'm not a cop.

Me: This was is a drug dealer I could catch. So, in keeping My enemies close to Me; We slept next to each other in the basement of the shelter.

Hope Rescue Mission was full of people involved in the trafficking trade. Why this guy was pretending to be Jamie, or even had knowledge of Me knowing Jamie was a mystery; but he did have the appearance of a heroin thinned out Jamie; only he was shorter and had brown eyes; and brown hair. Even this Magoo had a friend who called himself Jeremiah.

Magoo spoke spanish fluently; and had what appeared to be a talent agent named Frank.

He was part of a crew in the Mission that I would see out on the Penn St, acting like he was selling drugs; or he was actually selling drugs.

I walk by Magoo on Penn St.

Chris: Hey what are you doing out here?

Magoo: Selling.

Chris: Selling what?

Magoo: Heroin.

Chris: Oh yeah? How much?

Magoo: \$10 a baggie. Should last you a few hours.

Chris: Nah.

Me: I started to report on Magoo; knowing that there were fatal overdoses involving heroin in the city. The dealers would go through the city during the day; and then come back at eat and sleep at the shelter.

While I was there, a few of the residents overdosed. One named Kenny overdosed right in front of Me.

So... I gathered what intel I could on them; locations of dealing, houses they went to during the day, people involved, their relationships to each other. And then... one day... another strange thing happened.

I'm walking to the restroom in the Shelter's basement, and a taller, more muscular version of Magoo is standing against the wall in the shelter wearing a black Calvin Kline shirt. He nods to Me as I walk by.

Me: Is that you, Jamie? I mean the real you, because this guy was not the same person as Magoo though they had a similar appearance; and there was a sense of familiarity to him as I walked past him.

One snowy day, I for some reason was led to Reformation Lutheran Church, as if the Great Spirit said to Me...

TÄÖ: Get up and go to Reformation.

Me: So, I made the trek from Center City Reading to the church. And as I was getting coffee, a woman spoke to Me.

Muffy: Hi... welcome to the church. Are you here for the service?

Chris: Yeah. I volunteered to serve Thanksgiving Day dinner here and figured I should at least go to a service; and My mom's thinking about becoming a member here.

Muffy: Oh yeah? I watch the kids during the service, so I should get back to them. Enjoy the service.

Chris: Ok. Thanks, I will; and this coffee too.

Muffy: Well there's plenty of coffee, so drink up.

In the service. I pick up a program and then look at the acknowledgements and see that the flowers in that day's service were dedicated by Jamie's parents in remembrance of a family member.

Chris: Huh... this is strange. Of all the days I decide to come here, this day.

After the service.

Chris: Pastor... My friend James has been in trouble with the law about drug dealing, and I'm trying to help. And there's also a guy in town claiming to be him; and I guess James' parents go here because I see their name on program.

Pastor: Yes. His mother actually volunteers for the Sunday School kids here.

Chris: Really? Then... that was probably who I was speaking with today. Huh. Weird. Well then let her know about my concerns about Jamie, please. I don't think it's a good idea for him to be involved in the standard rehabilitation programs. I think that we need to take some inspiration from *Trainspotting*, and do this by getting him away from places where he'll fall right back into the old drug habits.

I think that moving him to Avalon would be best; and then barricading the island.

Pastor: Why?

Chris: Because I think his life is in immediate danger.

Pastor: Ok. I'll let Muffy know about your concerns. And please don't come back to this church again.

After the service, on Penn St.

Magoo: What's up?

Chris: I think it's time for Magoo to go.

Magoo slips into the Boost Mobile store.

Me: Also at this time; I had met a young Dominican from New York who's name was Oliver. He and I were both Tool fans; so We had something to talk about.

But I knew there was something off about Oliver. Something dark.

At Hope Rescue Mission.

Oliver: Do you want to go for a walk with me?

Chris: Ok. Where do you want to go?

Oliver: To... a park.

Walking near Buttonwood. Near a church with a Dominican flag.

Oliver: Can we stop right here?

Chris: Ok... why?

Oliver: Just because.

We stop. Someone walks by. We start walking again.

Me: I sensed that there was something going on here. That Oliver was making a target out of Me, and that whoever just walked by was someone involved in a gang with Oliver.

Chris: Did you ever do drugs Oliver?

Oliver: Oh, yeah; lots of them. I know several drug dealers.

Chris: Do you? Would you report on them to help stop the gang activities here?

Oliver: No.

Chris: Well, then you are a part of an evil empire which needs to be stopped.

Oliver: No, I'm not.

Chris: Yes, you are.

At the park.

Oliver: You know I did something don't you?

Chris: Yes... I know. There's something dark in your past.

Oliver: Are you Lucifer?

Chris: Many of us bear the Light within.

As we leave the park. There's a passage from on of Saul's letters.

Me: That wasn't there before we got here. Someone's following Us.
I read Oliver Atlantean stories from a library book before he went to bed in order to reconnect him with his Caribbean Atlantean heritage, and gently tried to persuade him to turn himself and his dealers in.
One day... the dark side of Oliver showed after We had gotten coffee at a McDonald's on Lancaster Ave.

Oliver: Where are you getting your money from! If you don't tell me I'm going to beat you up and kill you!

Me: Well that was it. I ran away from Oliver into a nearby CVS; and then slipped out when he came in, escaping; then reporting on the death threat.
Oliver did end up turning himself in, and confessed to murdering a U.S. veteran in another city. I provided the prosecutor with the intel I gathered on Oliver and requested that the death penalty be sought. The threat was real.
I also spoke to Andrew about the Jamie situation again, after being invited home for Christmas.

At a Christmas party. "Roxanne" by the Police is playing⁴².

Chris: Andrew. There is something seriously wrong with "James." He said he's addicted to heroin, and I caught him out on the streets trying to sell heroin. And... I think he's prostituting himself to pay for the drugs.

Andrew: What makes you think that?

⁴² The Police. "Roxanne." *Outlandos d'Amour*. 1978.

Chris: Well, I was at the shelter one day, and there's this older hispanic guy that sells drugs, looks like he's in his late 40's or in his 50's, and "James" walks up to him, and tugs on his sleeve... and then they left. It looked like he was saying, "Ok, I need drugs now, time for us to do whatever."
You know what I mean?

Andrew: What do you want Me to do about it? I barely know the kid. I just played soccer with him.

Chris: Andrew, you can talk to his brother about this. Your responsibility as a team captain doesn't end on the field. You have to be responsible for all your players. And you have a teammate that is in serious need of help.

Andrew: What would you do for him?

Chris: I will command armies and move Heaven and Earth for Jamie.

Me: I made good on My word; and did I so. Looking out for him became risky as it became evident that the people Magoo was dealing with were more than dangerous.

At the corner of Franklin and 6th. I arrive at the building where some of the drug dealers have been going during the day; I'm wearing a Winter mask. Two darker skinned guys come of the building.

6er: What are you doing here? This is our block. And people we don't know are either drug dealers or cops. And you don't look like a drug dealer.

Chris: I'm neither a drug dealer nor a cop.

6er: Then you best be getting on your way.

Chris: Public street.

They start to circle around Me, and I pull out a rubber band and point it at them both.

Chris: Stay back.

Me: Yeah, I protected Myself with a rubber band. Had better range, and the ability to distract. They eventually went back inside, and I left that block for the evening. Besides, I was getting hungry anyway, so I went back to the shelter for dinner.

But it was evident that the Puritanical people behind Operation Mobilisation at the Hope Rescue Mission weren't on board with My mission.

One of the coldest nights after at the end of the Yulefest.

Missionary: You can't stay here anymore.

Chris: Why? Don't you have to accept people on a cold blue?

Missionary: No. We don't. Give us your social security number, and maybe you can stay.

Chris: No... I'm not giving you my social security number.

Missionary: Then leave, and if you don't leave, then I'm going to call the police.

Chris: Call them then.

Handcuffed in the back of a police car being taken to St. Joe's hospital.

Police: You know there's a serious threat circulating about you?

Chris: Yeah, I know. I've been tracking heroin dealers and trying to help you guys catch them.

Police: Don't you think that's a little dangerous?

Chris: No more dangerous than your job.

Police: But we have guns. Do you have a gun?

Chris: Nope.

Police: Well, you're not allowed back at Hope Rescue Mission; so just steer clear of there.

Chris: Where am I supposed to stay?

Police: That's something for you to figure out.

Me: I was taken to St. Joe's hospital into a forced psychiatric evaluation; where the doctor interrogated Me on what I was doing, and My mission.

Chris: I better not get billed for this.

Me: I got billed for the services, despite the fact that the evaluation was forced. I didn't pay these charges.

I slept in the woods in the freezing cold Winter until I was able to gain entry at the City Lights shelter.

I was persecuted there and assaulted by the volunteer staff. There was definitely an anti-French bias as I would speak French when they spoke Spanish, and when I spoke Dutch; that's when I got pushed, shoved by the volunteer who seemed to use the shelter as his own crash pad.

I used this time during the day to read, research, and work, and I invoked the Antarctic Treaty and pressed for the United States claim to Antarctica.

With Magoo, I wrote up a report using quotation marks for James' name, because I knew he wasn't really Jamie, and delivered the report to Jamie's father.

Do you know who followed Me into the dental office? George from Exeter, and the Reading Police. Ah ha! The Romanians did have something to do with this!

Shortly after this, Magoo, Jamie's doppelganger, disappeared for a time. Hopefully some good was obtained out of all this. There were certainly signs there were people that were hunting Jamie.

A scene at the Reading Bus Terminal. Jamie has long unkempt hair, a black backpack with a Reese's logo on it, a long beard and glasses. I come to the terminal. The guy looks at Me while I'm waiting for a bus. He walks outside the door and looks directly at Me.

Chris: Is that Jamie? I think that is. Well, I'll give him the chance to make first contact at this point.

Me: Jamie didn't come over to Me at that time; nor the next time when he presented himself to Me; and the third time We were both in the bus terminal waiting station, so I walked up to him. He was sitting with an older woman who matched the description of a heroin dealer I was told about later. This was in the late Autumn of 2016, a week or so before Thanksgiving.

I knew that this person was Jamie. And I had to get through to him. One night, while sleeping under a bridge between Exeter and Gibraltar, I smoked some cannabis with local kids that came there to smoke under the bridge. I dreamt that I saw a friend's obituary, and the dream seemed so real. Then, a couple days later, My brother's best friend, Sam Weir, passed away from a heroin overdose.

Flashback. Trevor and his friends are watching TV in the den.

Chris: Ok. I have something important I need to tell you. There's been a lot of heroin overdoses in the area, so if you know anyone that's doing heroin; you have got to get them to stop.

Trevor: I don't care, I don't care. Go away!

Chris: Trevor, this is really important.

Trevor: MOOOOOM! Chris is bothering us!

Jen: Chris, leave Trevor and his friends alone please.

Chris: Just remember what happened to my family, ok?

Me: Sam came out to visit Me in Colorado with Trevor. He was a nice kid and fun to be around. His death is a shame, a terrible tragedy that too many people are familiar with these days.

I walk up to Jamie.

Chris: Hi. You look familiar to Me. Do I know you from somewhere?

Jamie: No.

Me: What are you up to, James? And was this a disguise you were wearing, or was that the result of years of narcotics addiction?

I was able to inform the police about the facts of My lawsuit and the attempted murders charges by crossing them with the strange case of Jamie and Magoo.

In terms of the lawsuit... the lawyer on the case declined to aid in further investigation. And the Spring Township Police refused to file the attempted murder charges against Brian Jones. What was clear is that there was a widespread persecution taking place, and they were getting away with it.

I still pressed for the charges though, and to this day refuse to let this go. What I realize now is that the Earth almost lost one of her best and brightest residents; Me, by the hands of Gay bashing bullies.

Chapter 17. *The Return of the Kaiser and King.*

“Volcano” by Beck plays⁴³.

Little Hispanic kids in Reading are taunting Me in spanish. Riding their bikes in mobs of kids.

Chica: Bandejo! Bandejo!

Chico: Negra! Negra!

Chris: Are they saying black girl...but meaning white man?

The adults give dirty looks.

Readingo: Cabrone.

Chris: What the fuck happened to this city?

Me: You want to know what happened to Reading? Santander, a spanish bank, bought Sovereign Bank; and the sovereignty of Berks County was lost. City funding and profits from the arena went to spanish stock holders. Reading, the city where the anchor of the USS Maine is located; became a hispanic colony, unbeknownst to many in the county; except for those who looked into Santander’s actions in Reading, and the City and County budgets.

Police funding was cut; and already overwhelmed police were additionally burdened. Someone had to do something about this? And I... whose Huguenot and Teutonic Ritter ancestors’ signatures were on the founding documents of Berks County; I, who is a cousin of Jimmy Carter, and an offspring of Washington’s family; I, an Algonquin whose ancestors have been on the continent for over 10’000 years, I an Atlantean in Atlantis... I, a graduate of Exeter honors, and a graduate of Penn State was wondering the streets, lonely,; scrounging for food; and being insulted by little hispanic and their parents in the seat of Berks County in the

⁴³ Beck. “Volcano.” *Modern Guilt*. 2008.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania which Our Stuart ancestors chartered under the names of Ireland, Scotland, England, and France.

Mayor's inauguration.

NAACP: We will be like the conquistadors in our pursuit for a better Reading.

Chris: Buffalo bitch.

Centro: We will make this city like the City of God!

Chris: You mean, as in that movie about Rio de Janeiro where gangs run amuck, and kids killed each other while law enforcement was too impotent to stop it? Or are you referring to the Roman Catholic ideals established by Augustine?

Me: Yes, I wielded the knowledge from My research as weapon of words. Reporting, showing, teaching the truth about Atlantis, about treaties, colonial charters, telling the good nations of the Earth that there was something happening here which was extremely terrible; and that Rome and it's church is liable for many of the past and current atrocities which have taken place across the globe.

This time of homelessness was difficult. I was being stalked by people into libraries who would whisper threats and exorcism prayers under their breath.

At a Library. A hispanic woman is sitting in a chair near Me as I'm doing research.

Chris: Hey, Sally... you remember that dream I told you about; where I dreamt that a cyclone hit the Arabian Peninsula?

Sally: Yeah.

Chris: Look, this cyclone is following right along the path I dreamt about in the dream.

Sally: Strange.

I go back to researching. The harasser starts to make her harassments.

Witness: Sinner. Gay asshole sinner. Racist. I am Set. I'm going to get you.

Chris: Sally, can you hear what that woman is saying?

Sally: I don't hear anything.

Chris: She's sitting over there making threats and insults.

Sally: No, I don't hear it. I'm heading out, see you later.

Chris: Bye Sally.

Sally gets up and walks up to the Librarian.

Sally: 10 to 1.

I do a little more research, being disturbed by this woman. I stand up.

Chris: That's quite enough. I hear what you're saying.

Witness: Go to Hell.

Chris: I'm going to Asgard, actually. And I'm filing a complaint that you're harassing and threatening.

Me: She filed a complaint too. About what though? I wasn't the one doing the threatening.

If I rebuked them, then they would file a complaint; and even in I filed a complaint against them; then it seemed that the some of the librarians took the side of the ones who were harassing Me. One by one, the harassers went from one library to the other; heckling Me.

It seemed as though they were deliberately interfering with the important research I was doing at the time. They were systematically shutting off My access to vital information, and the means by which I was communicating with the larger world.

I had the police called on Me ad few times; when I was the one the other people were threatening.

In a Wyomissing neighborhood.

Resident: Hey brother!

Chris: Hi... but you're not brother.

Me: He called the cops after angrily confronting Me. My mom even called the police on Me, after inviting Me over to eat and shower.

At the Lorane house. The Beach Boys story is on AXS TV.

Chris: Thanks for letting Me shower and stuff.

Doorbell rings. It's the police.

Police: We got a call about a domestic threat?

Chris: What?

Jen: It's my son. He's sick and he needs help.

Chris: What are you doing?

Jen: Chris, I hate to say it; but I'm concerned about you and I didn't think there was any other way to get through to you.

Police: Did he threaten you at all?

Jen: No.

Police: Did he hurt or hit you at all?

Jen: No.

Police: Then there's really nothing we can do.

Me: Not once, but twice; and repeatedly forced Mental Health services on Me by inviting Me places and then ambushing Me with an agent from the Berks County Service Access Management.

In the car outside the library.

Chris: Thanks for the food. I'm starving. What is this?

Jen: Spanish rice.

Chris: Oh...

A female SAM agent comes to the car looking very stern.

SAM: Are you Chris.

Chris: Oui. C'est Moi.

SAM: I want to talk to you about mental health. I think you need to go to the hospital.

Chris: For what? I'm not going.

Jen: See he just shuts down and refuses to go.

SAM: If you don't go to the hospital willingly, I can have you 302ed.

Chris: I'm not going, and no you can't; that's illegal.

SAM: Yes I can, and that's what I'm going to do.

SAM Agent calls the police.

Chris: I'm out of here.

Jen: Chris, you need help; you're sick. You have a chemical imbalance.

Chris: I'm fine, and I am most certainly mentally healthy. If anyone is sick, it's you.

Jen: Chris, please... don't walk away.

Chris: Bye. Aufwiedersehen. Au revoir.

SAM: There he is officers. Right over there, talking to his mother.

The police block both ends of the alley way, four officers get out.

Police: Ok. You're being 302ed. You have to go to the hospital.

Chris: No I don't.

Police: Ok, cuff him.

Chris: Help! Help! Someone help Me! I'm being attacked!

Me: I was painfully handcuffed, forced into their vehicle, and then taken to the Reading Hospital, and after repeatedly saying "no" to the Police, and telling them I did not want to go to the hospital, and informing the Hospital staff that I did not give my permission for treatment.

I was then taken to an Emergency Room, and then transported to the Spruce Pavilion of the Reading Hospital where I was held with a false diagnosis of *Paranoid Schizophrenia*, which held Me there against 55 days. I was forcibly injected with medicine which kept Me sedated; and each time, I refused the medication I would be held down, and stuck with a needle. Some of the staff had a meanness to them when they did this. It seemed as though they enjoyed inflicting pain on Me.

In the hospital room.

Nurse: Are you going to take this?

Chris: No.

Nurse: They doctor said you have to.

Chris: No, I don't.

Nurse: Hold him down.

Chris: Get off of Me!

Security: You're out numbered.

Me: My roommate there, was a guy who stated that he checked himself in because he was feeling suicidal. Coincidentally, his name was Jeremiah and he reminded Me of Jamie in appearance.

I had Dr. Neog at first and then Dr. McLain; who downgraded My diagnosis to "Delusional Disorder" towards the end of My 55 Day detainment at the Reading Hospital. I was informed by Dr. McClain that a (Berks?) County Administrator was attempting to have Me court ordered to remain in Reading Hospital, or to be transported to the Wernersville State Hospital for an indefinite amount of time. I wrote and mailed letters to Canadian, British, and Austrian embassies, telling them about My hospital imprisonment. Eventually, I was released.

My mother stated that she did this because of My mission related to aiding police in apprehending drug dealers; one of whom was liable for the giving the fatal dose which caused the overdose death of a friend of mine from Elementary school named Mel, who I had convinced to turn himself in. She stated that she also did it because of My intervention on behalf of Jamie. And she said that she did it because I was claiming to be the Monarch of an Empire.

Someone has to put an end to this persecution and nonsense. And I am a Teutonic Knight by birth; a Reichsritter. I will put an end to this. And how, do you ask? I discovered that I am the Inheritor and Successor of the Reichskrone.

The House of Bonaparte was created in Tuscany from the bloodlines of the Valois, de Medici, and Austria Este; the Habsburg branch in Lombardy. Thus when Napoleon Bonaparte was born, the three lines of the three parts of the Carolingian House; from France, from Burgundy, and from the Easter Reich were made one; and Napoleon inherited the Reichskrone of Charlemagne.

The line of Scottish Succession had passed into the House of Austria as well; and thus the Jacobins of Brittany supported Napoleon; but being a Roman Catholic; he was barred from inheriting his claim to the Scottish British Crown as James VI Stuart; Jacques I of France and England;

ensured that the inheritor of the British Crown must not be Roman Catholic.

With Napoleon inheriting the Crown of Charlemagne; Franz II passed the Holy Dutch Empire to Napoleon, who formed his Frankreich.

Napoleon I had a son, Napoleon II; the grandson of Kaiser Franz I of the Easter Reich; and Kaiser of the Frankreich. There was a handmaiden in the Austrian Palace of Napoleon II by name of Maria Schickelgruber. She, gave birth to Napoleon II's son, Alois Hitler; Louis Bonaparte his name would be in French.

Alois fathered a son named Adolf, and Adolf fathered a daughter named Maria with Eva Braun of Bavaria, who was the daughter of Friedrich Otto Wilhelm Braun, who was the son of the Bavarian King Ludwig II Otto Friedrich Wilhelm, who was also a Hohenzollern of Prussia through his mother, Marie. This House of Wittelsbach also has claim to Bohemia and the United Kingdom of the Netherlands by the intermarriage of the House of Orange with the House of Wittelsbach, which is why Ludwig III claimed parts of Belgium and Alsace. But in Amsterdam, the Austrian Crown acknowledged as the ruling crown of the Dutch; as illustrated on the Coat of Arms of this city. The House of Wittelsbach also is a House in the line of the Scottish Succession.

Now, both the House of Austria and the House of Wittelsbach are also the House in which the Swedish, Polish, and Russian Succession passed by intermarriage with the House of Vasa. Adolf was perhaps named after Gustavus Adolphus, indicated that he had inherited the Swedish, Polish, and Russian Succession.

The House of Stuart also inherited the Kingdoms of Denmark and Norway through the Fairhair Dynasty of the Norman and Norwegian House; which was acknowledged by Robert the Bruce's victory, culminating with the combining of the Norman Plantagenet, both Lancaster and York branches, Canutian Danish, and Sverre bloodlines; which carried the Carolingian claim through Gisela; and Mary, Queens of Scots of the Carolingian House of Guise in King James VI.

Maria, daughter of Eva of Bavaria and Adolf of Austria, was given the surname of Astl. The Golden Branch of Dutch and Magyar Bohemian nobility; of which the motto of the Prince of Wales, Ich Dien, comes.

Maria had a son named Edward, who was My father with My Angevin and Norman grandfather Herman of the Atlantean Lakota House of Iyotake, which is the meeting place of Algonguin, Ute Aztec, and Mandan Nations of these continents named for the Water Mountain Land as Atl +Antis translates to from the Aztec and Quechua languages so immortalized by Atlantean sources and Plato.

Both branches, East and West of Genghis Khan; one flowing from the Rurik to the Vasa to the Austrian and Bavarian; the other flowing from the

Far East into the land of the Blackfoot Sioux, sweeping South like a Raven; as the Norse had done, to find the bloodline of the Aztec Inca within these lands of the Great Sioux Nation of Algonquins, Mandan, and Aztecs; coming together in Edward Gant von Astl. And by the Scottish inheritance of the Egyptian Empire through Queen Scota; and the Latin Imperial inheritance through the bloodline of the Caesars and Ptolemies came to Edward Gant.

And by Edward Gant these came to Me. And upon his death, to the Crowns and Thrones of these Empires We succeeded.

My mother, she is a Plantagenet and Norman herself of the Carter-Gordy Clan, and until recent years I thought that My grandmother's husband was My grandfather, but then I noticed a peculiar thing.

At My mom's house.

Chris: Um... did you happen to notice that your eyes aren't the same color as Mimi's and Pop pop's?

Jen: What, I hazel eyes like my dad's.

Chris: And your father is...?

Jen: Jack. John Richard.

Chris: Are you sure that Pop Pop is your dad? He has blue-green eyes, and Mimi has blue eyes. Genetically, biologically it's not very probable that your eyes would be hazel then; you would probably have blue or blue-green eyes too, if Mr. Warner was your father.

Flashback.

Sue: I dated a Kennedy when I was younger...

Present time.

Chris: And you do have a striking resemblance to JFK, as in former President John F. Kennedy...

Me: So what did I do with My Imperial Authority? By the Union of the Crowns. I created an Empire, empowered a Libertarian Federalist Constitution; formed Realms, Republics, for the benefit of the People; especially in order address climate change. I commanded militaries and made strategic plans. I enacted policies which were better for Our environment; and linguistic policies for the better communication and uniformity of Our People.

And what is this Empire of all the lands united by the Union of these Crowns? This is the Volcan Empire; the Reich of the Volk. The Empire of the People, for the People, and by the People of this planet of Earth.

I witnessed the corruption of Our youth by roman and muslim fascism and communism, which is a serious problem in these United States; which appears to be getting worse by the actions of churches, mosques, and gangs and cartels, as is evidenced by what is happening to Reading, PA; and many cities across the globe.

However, We vowed that We will work to make things better, not only for Us, but for the future of Our entire species and Civilization. And acts must be done in order to bring Heaven to Earth.

And so, I edited two Universal Canons, a Solar Canon and a Night Canon for the Volcan Catholic Church. Each over 1000 pages telling the story of the People of Earth from before the last Ice Age to current times from scriptures across the globe.

I published that *The Apocalypse of Balder Christ* in 2017, which I began to write so many years ago, after ending a 3 year time period when I was mostly homeless and sleeping outside by gaining employment at a mail factory in Hamburg.

I also wrote 10 scripts for the *Age of Apocalypse* series based on the Marvel Comic Books that provided Me with strength, an escape, and vital knowledge at time when I was facing terrible abuse at home and inside and outside school, which I sent to Marvel Studios, and applied for a job with Disney.

I recently went to Montreal to meet with the Cree Governing Council concerning the merger of the Canadian First Nations with the NCAI to form a great Acadian Congress of First Nations, fulfilling the prophecy of the Seven Fires of the Atlantean People.

In these plans, during My mission work, and in the hardest times of My life; My muse, My inspiration, was My Love, because what the world needs now is Love, Love, Love; as I do.

So I hope, pray, and search for Gay Love to find Us before I pass away, in the Pennsylvania town My ancestors founded of Kutztown; alone and never having experienced the joy of marriage, the joy of raising a family; the joy simply enjoying life, time, company; and yes most definitely sex; the man that will be called a boyfriend, partner, a fiancé, and ultimately a husband to Me.

I wait for My Kaiser Consort and rescue from the life obscure; for restoration, for recognition, and for permanent relief from what has been a terrible past of abuse, loneliness, destitution, longing, oppression, and suffering; because I know that I deserve a better life; a long, prosperous and happy life which has a happy ending many, many, years from now.

I did these things all for Us. And now, time is running out for many as the effects of the Magnetic Pole Shift are very soon to take their toll.

“Walking in My Shoes” by Depeche Mode plays⁴⁴.

End Credits

⁴⁴ Depeche Mode. “Walking in My Shoes.” *Songs of Faith and Devotion*. 1993.

Bonus Scene. “Le Roi” by Noir Désir plays⁴⁵.

I walk through Reading to the Mayor’s Office in City Hall.

Mayor’s Office.

Chris: Hey.

Clerk: Hi. How can I help you?

Chris: Well I see that you have signs in British and spanish.

Clerk: British, what’s that?

Chris: The language of the British Isles; of Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales influenced by French.

Clerk: Ok, so... English you mean.

Chris: No, British. The point I would like to bring to the Mayor’s office is that I’ve read the Pennsylvania colonial charter; and I see that the nations named on the Charter are Ireland, Scotland, England, and France; so the language policy in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania should mean that British and French are the official languages, by law; like Canada has British and French as the official languages. This is a Nova Scotian colony; and therefore should have been annexed to Canada when Nova Scotia was incorporated into the Canadian Dominion.

So, please let the Mayor know this, and change the sign language accordingly to be in compliance. And... ah... We do recall that George III was the Elector of Hanover in the Holy Dutch Reich, and that the United States is still under the Reich’s Crown of the Dutch Reich; so keep that in mind as I assert Our Authority, as well as the fact that this is Atlantis.

⁴⁵ Noir Désir. “Le Roi.” *Soyons Desinvoltes, N’Ayons L’Air de Rien*. 2012.

Clerk: Who should I say is leaving the message?

Chris: Tell the Mayor that We are the Kaiser and the King, and the Inca, and...
Parlez vous Français, merci.

Soundtrack:

1. Lakota Ghost Dance Song.
2. Nate King Cole. "Mona Lisa." Nat King Cole. 1954.
3. Donovan. "Jennifer Juniper." Hurdy Gurdy Man. 1968.
4. Wham! "Everything She Wants." Make It Big. 1984.
5. Genesis. "Home by the Sea." Genesis. 1981.
6. The Beatles. "Help!" Help! 1965.
7. Van Halen. "Right Now." Van Halen. 1990.
8. Zombies. "Time of the Season." Odessey and Oracle. 1967.
9. Led Zeppelin. "In the Light." Physical Graffiti, 1975.
10. Korn. "Good God." Life is Peachy. 1996.
11. Alice in Chains. "Heaven Beside You." Alice in Chains. 1995.
12. Guns and Roses. "November Rain." Use Your Illusion I. 1991.
13. Soundgarden. "Mailman." Superunknown. 1994.
14. The Black Crowes. "A Conspiracy." America. 1994.
15. Soundgarden. "Head Down." Superunknown. 1994.
16. Eiffel 65. "Blue Da Ba Dee." Europop. 1998.
17. AFI. "6 to 8." The Art of Drowning. 2000.
18. Tool. "Stinkfist." Aenema. 1996.
19. Youngbloods. "Get Together." The Youngbloods. 1967.
20. Hall and Oates. "She's Gone." Abandoned Luncheonette. 1974.
21. System of a Down. "Chop Suey." Toxicity. 2001.
22. Queens of the Stone Age. "In My Head." Lullabies to Paralyze. 2005.
23. Them Crooked Vultures. "Scumbag Blues." Them Crooked Vultures. 2009.
24. Joe Walsh. Rocky Mountain Way. The Smoker You Drink, the Player You Get. 1973.
25. The Fray. "You Found Me." The Fray. 2009.

26. Rage Against the Machine. "Ghost of Tom Joad." Renegades. 2000.
27. Ke\$ha. "Boots and Boys." Animal. 2010.
28. Eddie Prydz. "Call on Me." Call on Me. 2004.
29. Madonna. "Lucky Star." Madonna. 1983.
30. Chevelle. "Take Out the Gunman." La Gárgola. 2014.
31. Wadruna. "Ar Var Alda." Gap Var Ginnunga. 2009.
32. Nine Inch Nails. "Echoplex." The Slip. 2008.
33. Oasis. "Champagne Supernova." Morning Glory? 1995.
34. Chevelle. "Face to the Floor." Hats Off to the Bull. 2011.
35. Puscifer. "Momma Sed." V Is for Vagina. 2007.
36. Red Hot Chili Peppers. "Monarchy of Roses." I'm With You. 2011.
37. Deftones. "7 Words." Adrenaline. 1995.
38. Muse. "Supermassive Black Holes." Black Holes and Revelations. 2006.
39. The Animals. "House of the Rising Sun." The Animals. 1964.
40. King Crimson. "I Talk to the Wind." In the Court of the Crimson King. 1969.
41. The Police. "Roxanne." Outlandos d'Amour. 1978.
42. Beck. "Volcano." Modern Guilt. 2008.
43. Depeche Mode. "Walking in My Shoes." Songs of Faith and Devotion. 1993.