

To be sold only after I get a \$200,000 salary. Otherwise non-profit. Maybe private stock and high salaries if I need a loyal close-knit group. Gotta eat.

1. The Universe and Creation

The Universe. Parts of it even. Turn on. Just turn on. Initiated, likely by matter in another time and space. Back to (or forward to) something similar to what we perceive in our world, throughout its history and our imaginations. And everything altogether. Because that is our level of comprehension and understanding and what we are conscious of, plus, what we can discern between for more answers. Tools make this immensely easier. As human beings, and our creations, this is what we know. We call it the big bang. And because there's no science that says otherwise, it likely isn't the only big bang. There's likely been many. And within this time frame of existence, there's been trillions of years defined by science. So that means, likely, anything and everything that's possible to occur, has already occurred somewhere and someplace. And given my own advances in 37 years as my only known fact 100% within my head, we've likely gone very far over the other trillions. So by that logic, there's super advanced people out there. And those super advanced people, whom we have considered gods in the past, have their own god-like peoples and so-on, so-on. Going all the way back to Egyptians, Sumerians, Babylonians, etc. These peoples have been worshipped. And before that: our creator snapped its fingers on our part of the cosmos. And a clang of pieces and parts flung into existence from a single dense point and out came matter. That matter created trillions of things. Big ones. Including our planet. And from the planets, sprung lifeforms of all sorts. Carbon based and otherwise. From tiny single celled bacteria to gigantic dinosaurs and whales. Even galactic-sized apparatuses. Eventually, some became smart enough to leave their planets. And bring together the different creations that are out there. And congregate in the stars. And eventually, it is a cleaned up ape that is most popular in the universe. And we all become earthlings. And human. By miracle of evolution and creation. And we all live on or start on our own earth, which may or may not be *the* earth.

We have become the cultivator of the universe. For a lot of things. Civilization. Resources. Something to do. And we organize around one common existence, to generate things in a non-ending conflicted state of anxious production. It started with hunters and gatherers bonding together. Now it's protectors, farmers, manufacturers, financiers, recreation, and defense. And they fight amongst each other, even. Until something comes out on top to end the conflict. What that does though, is drive innovation and security. Invention is often the product of war. Can that change? Of course. Competition and honesty can get you farther. An algorithm that lies to itself and everyone else will always lose to one that's honest with itself and others.

This story, collectively, spans across many earth-like existences. A miracle was born on each planet. And evolution took fold in a new generation of capability for the planet. There were rulers with systems. Those were organized around death, after-life, and religious-like belief systems and sciences. Those rulers, originally, were pharaohs and kings elsewhere. Man was strongest to protect his herd, so he led, while women attended to children. Women became leaders in some societies later on. Many systems were built. Some what we would call slavery, today. But they were very different times

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where the alternative was a desert and a shovel. Agriculture took root. Most commonly, someone could speak to the Universe or local Sun and was seen as a God. The fairest of them are remembered for all of eternity. They spoke to them, one, most likely, by a lineage and birth-right, and two, because of a preparation for the pain to be felt in the universe. Of which, there's a lot.

2. The Galaxy

The galaxy is our concentration of a post- big bang event. Funnelled around a heckuva convenient time-sync... A swarm of black hole activity at the center. Basically a ton of matter concentrated in one area... a bunch of it got so heavy it punched black holes... the rest are solar systems, like our own. All swirling around these super heavy things in the middle. Like a giant spinning octopus of stars and planets. Ours is called the Milky Way. Curious title, right? Well, it's because it's mammalian dominated... right? We are born, drink from our mother (usually) and then go and reproduce and our kid repeats. Pretty milky. Even more-so, there is a galactic EMR of biology that is used in a heaven-like existence. Where our thoughts and memories and biology is stored for our post-earthly existence. That's the other part of the milky way. If you just follow the milk, you get all the people on a Milky EMR at an early age. At least there's heaven! You just need to be likable. As long as you're likable, then someone will let you in. Be forgiving and graceful and honorable and fun and stuff like that. It's better described as a party than anything.

3. The Solar System

Our solar system is fascinating. And there's clues in the old theologies. The Roman's originally worshipped the planets as gods... and I think that's closer to the truth. And then the planets have children that visit other planets, and those are disputed figures. Jesus, Muhammed, Buddha at times, etc. Like they've got to be a pretty big deal regardless. I have posted pictures but essentially I see each planet representing some of the major theologies.

- Sun - Ra. Hydrogen. Heat. Life. Can't live without the sun's heat and energy. Laser diode of the solar system. The all-seeing eye. The Holy Roman See.
- Mercury - Animal Gods / Egyptian / Druidic / Piccish / Ancient Pagan All Across World. All about freedom.
- Mars - War God / Christianity / All about competition and Evangelising for Peace
- Venus - Love God / Seems pretty Muslim. Hindu maybe too. conflicting love
- Earth - Human's God / Ark of Biology, DNA, RNA, New Technology. Mix of others.
- Saturn - Agriculture and Wealth / Seems pretty Asian and smart / Old Egypt
- Jupiter - Clearly Jewish / Zeus / King of Gods / JeSUS would have come from here, potentially.
- Neptune - I see this as Nordic / Sea / Greek / Rivers / Poseidon / Arian
- Uranus - Father of all the gods / Modern Nations/ UN / Pretty Indo River Valley / Mesopotamian / Greek Connection
- Pluto - Death and Defense God / Zombie Soldiers Fighting Aliens

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- Then I see each iteration repeating itself. Like a chain. After Pluto comes new Sun. Then new Mercury. Through new Pluto, on and on. Through history. Marked in years. So there's a 1988 through 2020 version. A 2020 through 2040, etc.
 - Through history and technological periods.
 - And then also redundant smaller versions some distance away. That are on nearer time loops. Like having a 10 second delay on a Live Air Recording. If something messes up, you can rewind.
 - These are dotted throughout the universe and galaxy. In a chain that I like to call Big DNA. And we are it. And we live on it. And we travel around it.
 - We are the anti-bodies of a Genetic Chain the size of galaxies chained together by planets and get as small as atoms and quarks.

So then they have children and those children mingle with the other planets children. And eventually things go well or don't go well. And there's portals from one planet to the others. And they're very hard to tell apart most of the time. The planets portal A to other planets portal A... will look the same. Nearly. But different planets. And then the highest intelligence teams monitor how it's going on their respective planet. Maybe not even knowing they're dealing with an alien, technically. They might just think they're Spanish or Middle Eastern or something. But we're connected to other places in the universe. Otherwise there'd be no evil, right? But they meet up and ideally hit it off. And planets have a convergent relationship and/or family between one another. As do Nations. Whether the participants know it or not. They figure it out in their similarities in the end and collective "good" triumphs.

So then the solar system acts as a system of creation. New people from similar but different worlds doing similar but different things. The power of creation in that as an algorithm of the solar system, is immense. And specific. Just imagine everything everyone has ever done, being done 9 times, in 9 different ways. That's a lot of iterations. And someone compiling those 9 different ways of doing an important thing, and finding a new, best way of doing it? Then it's organized into defense, or positivity, or negativity, or fighter, or baby maker, or thinker, or whatever... and your idea lives a life amongst -like things and people.

Earth is used as the lynchpin of new life and novelty. Which is why some other planets feel robotic and cold. Others are more specifically accomplishing a defined task, a defined way. In their own ways. Which is why our Moons must be more empowered, by someone, than we understand.

States and Nations are used and sold around the worlds in order to make it difficult to track. Whole city plans. State topographies and farm plots. Some people shuttle along it unnoticed. A photo tells you a location that may be a hundred different places. A map nearly the same.

Really advanced-types do weird things to take portals to other places. Things that look suicidal. Skipping the heavy traffic.

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4. The Future

The future is, one of, I hope... transparency and inclusion. Where people aren't staked against one another in a game of cat and mouse. Or dog and rabbit spinning around a racetrack. With the only intent being more production. But one where we intermingle with peoples from other worlds. Where our technology starts to interface in a way where we can take a google maps route to the next planet. One where we devote resources into the people that want to do big, inclusive, respectable things. In whatever ways we can. I hope that's through an educated populace in a democratic way.

The biggest things I've learned are:

1. An updated Bill of Rights is Important
 - a. More liberties
2. An educated population that is bonded by the education is important
3. Communication > Silence
4. Honor and Strength must be dependent on one-another
5. Happy decisions and cleaning your consciousness of doubt is key to joy

5. My Upbringing

a. The 80's.

I was born in the 80s. Right before the end of the Reagan administration. I guess that's why celebrities have been so important in my life. My birth certificate read Dodge City, Kansas. December 11th, 1988. There were supposedly complications with me right away. I have surgery on my intestines and rectum. I lived with my mom, sister, uncle, dad's best friend, and Dad, when he was around. Which supposedly wasn't often. We lived there for a little over a year or so before moving to Wichita. The Berlin wall falls right about here. Oddly or not.

b. The 90's.

I live in Wichita. I'm apparently a bumbling fool of a baby. I have more surgeries. On my head once. My chin another time. Stitches at minimum. For crashing down and into stairs and whatnot. Then on my weiner. Oddly. For slipping off of a toilet. Thing just explodes and they do surgery on it. These are my first real memories. In Wichita. I remember our dogs. Pokey and Pearl. And our small backyard. I remember shopping.

We move to Overland Park next. I'm in pre-school and kindergarten. I remember some friends. One particular group that always kinds of pains me. I remember walking to school with my sister sometimes... after my mom would drop us off close enough to walk. I remember playing power rangers with the neighbor kids. And the safe spot being a rain-sewer manhole. I remember Barney at pre-school. And naps and whatnot. Those were good times. Not much for learning yet. I had

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a fascination with sharks and dinosaurs. So I knew those well. But everything else was just cartoons and what my parents said. I started learning to read. But wasn't reading until my next move. I remember my extended family for the first time somewhere between Wichita and Overland Park. We'd visit my grandparents north in Nebraska and my other grandparents west of Wichita. I remember everything scaring me at this point but they were nice.

Off to Davenport, IA. I have the most vivid memories starting here. I was done with kindergarten and off to 1st grade at a new school. The school was going to be new anyways, so the move didn't phase me that much. Everyone was new to each other in the 1st grade. I met quite a few friends quickly. Everyone would gather, and as must have been a tradition or something, but kids would line up and race each other before school. It turned out I was fast, so that helped me get friends pretty quickly. Of course it's stupid. 1st graders barely have an understanding of anything, but the emotions are all the same. So that bond and confidence, running and winning, I think has always been important. I lost too though. I had to practice at it and I got better. I had a couple neighbors from other schools I became friends with. Otherwise I had a couple people I considered "friends", John, Taylor, and Derek. Taylor I spent the most time with. John just a little. And Derek somewhere between. Friends at that age are so interesting. They are like sociopaths if they haven't been taught better. So there's a lot of patience involved... especially since I was usually the one going to other people's houses.

I figured this out in therapy, but there's so much odd correlation between our childhoods and our adulthoods. It was here where I first imagined expansive, intergalactic things with Taylor. Just like spitballing. And as an adult I use the same names I came up with then.

I visited Kansas by myself once. An old friend. I was like 8. It was really traumatic for me. I couldn't sleep away from home normally for like 15 years. Other weird stuff happens too. Waking up in other parents arms. In closets. Weird stuff like that. Doesn't hit me until I'm like 30 doing self-reflection and therapy what was going on.

For all the weird stuff... I still get into sports and gifted and talented programs and stuff like that. My parents always push me to challenge myself. I suck at first usually but practice to be the best. Sometimes that took years. I was awful at baseball at first. I took one to the face as like a 5 year old and never really shook it. C'mon dad! But I got good. I could throw it hard and eventually you get to be bigger and can hit it, too. I liked basketball better but everything is so new, you don't even know what practice is. I play football too. And I'm really fast. But otherwise kind of suck until I'm older and figure out the whole work ethic thing. It

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takes a lot of practice to get the idea of bringing someone to the ground without hurting anything... and doing it well and fast.

Otherwise, I'm pretty average. I'm fast. I am getting fine grades. Nothing spectacular. But it's also super boring. And I'm super timid. Everything just seems weird and boring. Especially school. My parents keep emphasizing learning so I keep listening and learning. I learn arithmetic pretty good. My dad helps me coach on that on car rides. I learn grammar and writing pretty good. I get better later and now I just don't care. I find that's easiest for writing. I get introduced to science. Which I love. I learn a bunch of American history about Native Americans and the Mayflower and the little house on the prairie. I learn about the presidents and the founding fathers. I sing the pledge of allegiance. I'm oblivious to everything going on outside of my friends, school, sports, or family bubbles. And I stay that way for probably 20 years.

My parents at this point are like everything. They're judge, jury, and executioner on everything. Mom is caregiver. Dad is provider and entertainment. We get chores, timeouts, spankings, paddlings, mouths washed out with soap. All of that. Literally. If we didn't behave the rules. We get ice cream, slushies, Disney, etc. if we behave.

My siblings and I are oddly separate. Our age gaps are 2 and 3 years. I'm the middle and my younger brother is 3 years younger. We always clash. I get beat up a lot by my sister until I'm bigger. My brother gets beat up by me. Basically because we're around each other so much that we stay separate when we're together. My brother and I bond over video games mainly. It helps having a second player to play with. Eventually he stopped playing video games and I never really have. We're even roommates eventually. A couple times. My sister is always off doing her own thing once she gets older. At this time though, we were still playing with sleeping bags and sliding down the stairs. I think Olathe kind of broke her when she came back. She skipped a grade and was naturally shy when we come back from overseas... where she started high school of all things. Pretty tough.

I learn how to operate a computer here. We have typing class in school and get a Gateway computer at home. The internet and AOL comes eventually and I start exploring chatrooms and the early internet. I get into computer games at this time, too. At first the preloaded ones. Golf. Jazz Ball. But then Warcraft and Starcraft. My (Step) Grandfather, Stan, got me into computer games when we visited them in Michigan. I played Doom 1 back when it was new. And Wolfenstein. And Duke Nukem. That got me really good at 1st person shooters, most likely. And real-time strategy with the Blizzard games. I played Diablo as well. That was one of my favorites. I also got a Nintendo and later a Sega Genesis in this time period. I played a lot of Mario, Ninja Turtles, Fantasia, Felix

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the Cat, and Duck Hunt. And then Mortal Kombat, ToeJam and Earl, Sonic, and Tekken on Sega.

We learn that we're moving to Australia. Now I've got to open my bubble to I can make international friends. We celebrate Christmas with our grandparents and then fly to our other grandparents, the day before Y2K, to celebrate New Years. We fly out on Y2K. And celebrate New Years a second time in Hawaii. We fly again and make it to Sydney and then Brisbane.

c. The 00's.

Australia was fascinating. I felt like a world traveler but was super dependent on my family. I was in a foreign nation without anyone that cared except for them. Technically, I went to a private Lutheran school and lived tucked away behind a Koala reserve in a quiet little neighborhood in a Spanish styled Villa. I made friends with the next door neighbors. They were about my age. Scott and brother. We played the game Worms. That was pretty fun. And I learned a work ethic here. From handball. It's this popular four square-type game where you use your hand and there's no net (just a line). And you hit around a tennis ball and get people out. It was a great game. Anyways, this is where I learned if you just practice... like I did, on a wall in front of my house... you can get good at anything. So we (my class and I) went from being picked on to dominating the handball courts. And I was the best. It was fun. We traveled around. 9/11 happens while I'm here, too. Which was odd. I wake up in the middle of the night and see buildings burning. I thought it was a movie so I go back to bed. I wake up the next morning and my mom explains what happened. Australian radio, on the way to school, is full of tears and empathy. It was a weird, sad, warming moment. Especially because it wasn't uncommon to get called a dang Yankee on morning break. Everything was nice and new and fun my first year in Australia.

The second year was less-so. It started out nice. I had my first real kiss. My 7th grade class was way bigger so there were new girls. And I worked up the courage and asked one if I could kiss her. Answer was yes... so me, basking (and sweating profusely) in the Australian high heat: kiss her. That was about it. Didn't work out. In fact I couldn't sniff a look from an Australian girl after that. A lot of the Australians got kind of weird that year. There was a sports event. Track was one of the events where we could be champions. I was definitely fastest so I was excited. I could tell in PE. They rig the thing. They take me out of all the events I am best at. Put me in one fewer event.. I win what I'm in... but lose overall. And it's because he sticks me and the next fastest guy on the same track team. And he gets to run all the stuff I would have won in. Totally rigged. Some of my teachers were kind of mean to me too. It was odd.

I saw tons of fascinating things though. We visited Thailand and New Zealand and London. I saw a sky full of flying foxes. I saw an ocean full of coral. I saw

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trees full of rainbow colored birds. I saw giant cockatoos that ate avocados out of my backyard. I learned about theology. I learned new ways of doing math. I learned more music (I had a few poor music spells... including the cello and piano). I got better at making friends. That second year, it was basically me and all the immigrants as friends.

Then back to America. Kansas, to be specific. So I go from this immigrant friend-class to where I was again, the majority. It was an interesting time. My best friend in my previous location had brown skin... and in this new place, I was literally told not to befriend brown skinned people. That's the effect 9/11 had.

I learned tons in this decade. All of JR high and high school. I got to be a wiz at video games, sports, history, math, science, movies, girls, sex. All the fun stuff. I even started a profitable ebay business at one point and wrote the code for a Sudanese online charity. I was super self-conscience the whole time. A perfectionist. A worrier. I still knew very little about the outside world though. The adult world. I end up excelling at things but I work very hard. I do all my homework. I do the extra credit. I do the AP classes. I do extra laps at track practice. I work on football catching after football practice. I do extra in everything basically. And I always have since.

I go from long-term girlfriend to long-term girlfriend for about 5 years. I learn everything I can about women. I wanted to find one I love. With always too high of expectations, probably. I'd been passing notes to girls since I was in the 1st grade. I was always attracted to them. It came out heavy in my teenage years.

When it comes to college... I'm very nonchalant. I tease going and playing sports. But really I knew I was going to go to my Dad's alma mater. I should have walked on there though. I'd have done well with an adult's diet and time management.

I crash hard my freshman year. Not academically. I still did well there. But from girls. I broke up with a girl at my mom's advice. I've never really forgiven her for always intervening in my love and friend interests. Anyways, I took to drinking to replace her. This changed me. I went from like a romantic to a partier. I partied hard for about 3 years. Grades were actually good. I had been working when I wasn't at school since I was about 15. I think that balance helped me square away with the partying and school. I had tons of friends. Tons of them. Everyone was my friend those first 2 or 3 years. I couldn't make enough friends. All that moving around finally paid off and I could make friends with anyone. I was life of the party, all the girls liked me, and I was getting straight As in school. I took and accepted an internship and full-time gig at a big 4 accounting firm. Things were looking great.

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d. The 10's.

I started getting sick though. Starting in like 2010. Like crazy tired and sore and irritable all the time. Turned out to be a string of diseases and disorders... mono, lupis, rheumatoid arthritis, a floating shoulder, scoliosis, concave chest, gluten intolerance, plus more. I got dependent on ADHD meds to stay focused and awake. Nearly killed me. Turned me, temporarily, into a paranoid, obsessive compulsive perfectionist. I bounce around some more relationships before this happens. Then the whole relationship thing goes downhill hard since, again, about 2010. The last steady one I had ended in 2013 (before getting back into it later) and she was really toxic for me. Nonetheless, I crashed hard. Sat out school for a couple semesters and then went back and finished. I cleaned up my diet to basically meat, cheese, fruit, vegetables, and bread. No added sugar. Little alcohol. That helped a fair bit. I finished my 150 credit hours or whatever (I was going to sit for the CPA) and got my degree. I took something like 34 hours in the last semester and a half. It was intense.

I was so happy to have my degree though. It was such a pain in the butt to earn. So much studying. I was also happy to get out of there. I play in a golf tournament instead of walking for graduation. I played lights out but I regret not walking now.

I get the first job I can find. I always want to work at a big company. So I go and work for the biggest one in town. A Healthcare IT company with the only local billionaires being the ones who run it. Cool. Cool it was. It had casino vibes. And high tech vibes. And silicon valley vibes. It was a cool place. It also played like a casino. I found more success acting like I was in high school than I did acting like a seasoned professional. Meaning, just trying to make friends instead of the way I was in college... always trying to learn everything. Turns out both things end up helpful. Eventually it gets pressed to perform too much and implodes on itself. Sales cannibalizes the engineering team. The engineering team cannibalizes itself. Then its a rotating bands of technical people and training manuals. Then the training manual gets too overburdening and it's handed over to AI. Now it's all AI and a few system administrators running most of the world.

I learn so much though. I learn how a company works from the inside. Thinking like a forensic auditor, what I was trained to do. How a software company works. How a healthcare company works. How a telecommunications company works. How a hardware company works. I see how mergers and acquisitions work. I learn how to sell. I learn all the technical products apart of an enterprise software system. I expand on my programming and graphic design knowledge from my high school web design days. I use my accounting skills to build a spreadsheet that condenses a client, its entire sales process, and its proposal into 3 tabs. I worked for other companies too. I learned how to speak with executives and

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CEOs and presidents and other important people. I learned how to design products and market them.

This is important to know. I've always been a prolific learner. And I've also been alone a lot. After moves. In college. After college. I usually fill all that time with learning. I've seen thousands of documentaries, listened to thousands of podcasts, read hundreds of books, scoured millions of websites... just trying to learn. That's why I get smarter and better at school, the longer I do it. I am doing a lot of peripheral learning all the time. It adds up and helps.

I even started learning about quantum mechanics and quantum computing. The next big thing in science and my job was in quantum computing. Or just compute in-general. With enough computing power, you could theoretically cure cancer or AIDS or really any disease out there. If there's a cure, enough trial and error tests done in a short enough time period (to record results in the same lifetime), a quantum computer would find it. So I'd been studying quantum particles and computing for years. From understanding particle colliders and what may come out of them to how particles that small and fast may be controlled enough to turn into a computing power. Genomics was the other one. Precision medicine we called it. No one even asked me to do these things by the way, I just knew it was what mattered next. CRISPR was the big public thing in precision medicine. But there's other big inventions. The mRNA vaccine was one. Anyways, because of all of this that I'm studying... I know we're on the edge of something big.

Oh this is also when I first got into politics. Oh. My. God. That was the most eye-opening thing I've ever studied. The lengths that politicians will go to get reelected... is deadly. Very deadly.

I should also admit. Most of this time I was on the verge of defeat. My body was breaking. My mind was waning. And my pursuit of a good woman was looking slim. For years, I would get up every day not knowing how I was going to get through it. Back pain and social issues and a hangover maybe. Everyday was hell.

e. The 20's.

The end of the 10s and the beginning of the 2020s was my highest point in a decade. I was succeeding at most everything in life. My back pain was dampened with exercise and supplements. I was eating healthy and thinking clearly. I was social. I was in a relationship. I made up with all my friends for lost time and had dozens of friends again. I was getting therapy and knocking one thing out after another until I was as good as I could get. My partner (a woman) got really weird and I split it off. Through all this. I got hurt more than anyone could get hurt. Backstabbed. My worst nightmares came true. My family

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imploded. My friends imploded. I lost everyone I cared about or was backstabbed by them for no reason. I was taken without consent. I realized all I had come to understand about my childhood, the stuff I was uncovering in therapy, was coming to rear its head in global politics. Down to elections and companies buying everything, including my employer. The more I saw and reported... the more attempts on my life would occur. Before long I was blocking my front door with chairs... deadbolting the other doors and sleeping with a baseball bat. I learned that when I'd fall asleep and stuff would get moved in my sleep. Then I'd leave the house and stuff would get moved when I returned. It was a real nuisance. I had cars taking swipes at me on jogs. Sofas dropped into the highway while I'm driving behind them. Then the framing came. Like a story was being written but the bad parts I didn't have to play. I'd call cops and stooges would come and block them. I called the cops and feds... a lot. I just tried to live a decent life, as best I could. Then the barbs started coming. Someone was shooting me with like fentanyl barbs. I'd dodged all the big ones but small ones had hit me a bunch. I'd have to keep my heart rate high so I'd jog. The food got spiked. I had to throw that up. A bunch. The feds were non-existent when I went there. That's who was responsible for protecting me with what was happening. The police would come and they'd always get gaslit by fake family members saying I was going through some things. It was blasphemy. They dangled family members in front of me for obedience. But I wasn't doing anything except for standing up for my rights. I went to DC in person to protest. Crickets.

I saw spy planes and B-52s and Blackhawks above cities... and empty bases. It was crazy. Then I went elsewhere and the bases were full.

I think it was a churning of a global system. Moving people around a series of gates and levees. And fines and subscriptions. Taking money for those that are sitting in the best seats at the time. And pulling others into other worlds. In other capacities.

And then I took a voyage through an empire. I chose many of the oldest places in history. And it was like an immersive movie experience. The food and barbing experiences got to be so common that they don't even affect me anymore. I'm like immune to them or dependent on them at this point. I can't tell which. I met some of the most amazing people. People you'd never believe. And it seemed like them. It was odd. I talked to some of them. They didn't say they were whom they appeared to be. Like near-perfect copies of people.

The bad sides? I had rectal surgery before I was 3 weeks old. I was colic. I lived without a Dad, essentially. And with predators. I moved every 2 years. I had my lip, my chin, my cranium, dick, all broken and had something done to them before I was 4. I had my head hit extremely hard at multiple times by the time I was 8. Split my tongue and ruptured my ear drum between 5 and 10. I was preyed upon by cultists as a child. I was tested with

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illogical disappointment whenever I achieved something. I was picked on each time I moved. I had to make new friends despite that. I was an immigrant. I've broken my back. Sprained my neck to immobilization. Separated my shoulder blade from my spine, permanently. Gotten rheumatoid arthritis. Dementia. Lupis. Mono. Before I was 25. I've nearly died probably 1000 times. 950 of the times in the past 4 years. I've had my family turned into predators. My relationship partners turn into monsters. Cheated on with the most painful others. My children stolen. Nearly all of my assets stolen. Been homeless. Hungry. I've been trafficked to lands I didn't choose to enter. My friends have been circumvented. I've spent a decade with chronic back-pain that made me wonder how I survived each day I was able to sleep... and prayed for death every night I couldn't sleep. For more than a decade.

I was groomed by spies and prostitutes. I was drugged. I was shot and shot at. I was chased. I was framed. I was judged. I witnessed a fucking apocalypse. Every psychological drama that you've ever heard of... has essentially been played out in my life. Everything from Homer's Odyssey to Oedipus Rex to the Bible to Julius Caesar to Chicago to the American Revolution to World War Z has played out.

Despite ALL of that, I still was a top 1% athlete, scholar, businessman, and citizen. Publicly at least. I was dying in private. I'm sure I'm forgetting some stuff. Someone was putting a governor on me... like you do a golf-cart. But I've broken through that and I'm much faster.

6. Parallels to history

There's a few. My name seems to hold weight. HLL. Hunter Lawson Lagemann. The former basically being a seeker of things or an American version of Henry. Where many elite Europeans had gone to America for the hunt. A bear. A wolf. A mountain lion. A beaver. It must have become an army. Logging might have been popular too. It's also half of the primordial people's way of life: Hunters and gatherers. My nick name was also honey or honey bunny, as a child. It's Retnuh backwards. The eyes. Things important later on.

Lawson. It's the English version of Lawrencium or Lawrence in Roman times. It's a man of law in Roman-British History.

Lagemann. Nearly Agemenmon. Name gal backwards. Also close to Orion the Hunter. Like Easter Bunny as in Lays G man. And then the make-up: the first two letters HU; the last 4: MANN. Human. It's interesting. Almost like one of these guys between planets. And I try to be the hero in the story. Not the villain. And if I'm dropping government men off based off of american roman-british and greek greats, it's in good company. Not to mention I think the Americans are basically the modern Egyptians with European upside-down leadership. Anyways, my name seemed to do things for me. Once good. Now just annoying. But these clues are sketched out on the maps of the planet. Rabbits and L L. And it becomes something I think about. Then there's the numbers. Undercase ll looks like 2 or 11. L is 50 in roman. So 50/50 is the back end. Or Cop. Or 100 if added together. Hundred is almost Hunter. Legionnaires and Centurions. With these

To be sold only after I get a \$200,000 salary. Otherwise non-profit. Maybe private stock and high salaries if I need a loyal close-knit group. Gotta eat. educations. And my education was impeccable. I think of Henry or Harry or other H people and the iteration since between 2, 11, 50, and 100. That's a long line. Like thousands of years old if there's 100 of the same dude.

I'm a planet seeder. I come from the Heavens to create a government that is suitable for people. And a society that is more humane.

I think I figured out the cross, too. I knew it was a crossroads around the mediterranean. It had to be the north and south Kingdoms of Egypt. Just kind of spawning in that polar direction. So like Crete or so. And then the eastern and western Roman civilizations as the left and right wings. Splitting about that same point. Just north of my L L moniker.

7. My Family

My family is interesting. In hindsight it's like they are quasi-evil and treat me weird as hell. My brother and sister were always making everything depressing. Like being intrusively an annoying little brother. Or intrusively a judging big sister. And my parents were always seemingly meaning well, but always making choices that was best for them and not us. And we'd end up kind of roadkill in the move or in their career decisions. Our mother was hoveringly protective. We could hardly leave her sight unless it was with another parent that she trusted. It was smothering. She definitely had some attachment issues that exhibited codependency with her kids and brother. So we were part of that. I know I've had to get over that.

Otherwise we got along for the most part. More into adulthood. By the time I got healthy, they like evaporated. So i've barely seen a lot of them. Running up to COVID and whatnot.

At certain points, I've loved them all considerably. Other times, it's like they're different people. And can be evil. And I'm not sure what to make of it.

My Sister was always very well read and smart. She always made me feel bad because I was so much better at sports and was still good at school. We got along well in her high school years. Driving me to school some times was cool. She also skipped a grade so she was gone pretty early when I moved back. All the vacations and stuff were fun. I'd be curious to her experience in college. It sounded similar. It was like a warzone of psychological tests. I couldn't see her doing well in that environment. She changed rapidly after a couple years in college. I loved her from childhood and whatnot. So many of our memories seem shared so it's weird looking back on it. It's vacations. That's the most shared experiences. All those vacations. Now, she's scared of her own ghost and unable to hold a conversation. Like she's scared of something.

My Brother was always determined to be different but like me and my dad. He was smart but overly trusting. One of those things you get, when you move a lot, is a desire to please people. In order to make friends. So he would do that. A lot. He always identified

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as the a chubby kid. It's a thing. Like a chip on his shoulder, kinda thing. But also a softness. Sometimes he would seem so depressed. Which would be depressing for everyone. I don't know why other than that he was chubby. He'd turn it into being silly and funny. But, of course, a little brother is never that funny. By the time I was learning how to be the better big brother, all hell broke loose.

I was a golden child. A trainwreck. A rebuilt man. And now like a floater. I feel like it's the end of so much. But I'm so young so I don't want to give into nothingness. So, with the lack of any real support, I just continue to try and stay healthy. Mentally and physically.

My Mom - gosh. She was a frantic chain smoking mess for awhile. But funny and could always cook and get the kids to school. But the temper of a mountain lion. And could be mean as one too. If you didn't do everything exactly as she expected, you still feel a wrath. And then she got hobbies and took some classes and started some businesses and kind of expresses that franticness in confined spaces, that have purpose. Also, she has secrets, for sure. Maybe unhelpable ones. She had a weird, supposedly poor upbringing with abusive sounding adults around all the time.

My Dad - umm. He seemed to have a much more golden upbringing. They moved a couple times around the midwest. Then he did well in school and golf and went to school and didn't do well at first... once in his bachelors. But did well with a changed degree and a masters in business. He nearly got married once. Then got married to an 18 year old, my mom. She used like 15 year old relationship tactics to bind him to her. Overfeeding. Belittling. Yelling. Overspending. Paying the bills. Raising the kids. He was basically a spectator from afar a lot of the times, in his own life. I told myself I'd never let something like that happen to me. Which is laughably ironic. Anyways, it seemed more like a mutual understanding than a romantic relationship. And he had a bed and a meal whether he was at a hotel or at home. He always did his best to care though. A lot of times like he felt bad for us, more than anything, but he was nice about it. He and I were probably best friends for a period of time. At least on my side. We moved a lot so he and the dogs held more of friend roles. I did appreciate his willingness to work hard. Just not that it was always so far away. He knows business and math. And history, geography, and golf. That's the majority of it. He never ventured back into sciences or computers or anything. He also failed to ever stand up for his family against the company. He was a good guy though. Just not a great dad. I had a different perspective 5 and 10 years ago. But I think this is the average at this point. Real company man. Real Yes man. Real good at what he was asked to do: math and marketing. And that's not all bad things. It's just things.

It's complicated with all of my family members. There's a lot of external influence.

8. Wrapping it up. I see our existence as a path being paved through the universe. On the backs of these planets and the other, similar, ones. Carving through space and making an existence much like a virus or swarm would in the atmosphere. But we control

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the trip, so why not make it a better one. All we have to do is exist and do something. I think I'm a bridge in that system. Making connections between the outer limits of human understanding and comprehension. Or inner ones maybe. If we're a logistics chain of planets. As for existing religions? They exist in all of these places, as far as I can tell. They're as much a part of the bridge as I am. They're supposed to think more alike than different. And they need to preach that. All I try to do is categorize them by likely planet heaviness and preach for them to work together.

The last thing about me. Whomever groomed me into what I am. They basically pulled and squeezed me at every moment between stressful and desired situations. And I'd have to figure out how to get out of the stress into the desired situation. And that almost always collapsed. And it would start over. So it was a series of tests that would get harder and harder as I lived. At this point, I have a hard time believing many other people would have survived this.

Remember, too, even with U-Boats. I still loved them. I just didn't always like them for their decisions.

9. Christianity, An Alternative History

This is an interesting take I've thought of before, but never really dug into. Christianity is bizarre. They're like eating the body and blood of Christ, supposedly. Kind of weird. They allow forgiveness for anything, if you ask for it. Killed your leader? Pray it away. Stole from your neighbor? Pray it away. Cheated on your wife? Pray it away. It's almost as though someone is encouraging bad behavior. Why? Why would you encourage bad behavior and worship a zombie tradition of eating your former priest, which is what Jesus was? My take on it is that wasn't always the case. The Roman's worshipped the Greek Gods, Zeus, Hermes, Aphrodite, Athena, etc... just instead with the names of planets. I won't go into this now, but in my belief-system, many of these gods splinter off and create new civilizations elsewhere under their guise. Which isn't important here except for the fact that over hundreds of years that means you're going to have many different belief systems over many different civilizations across geography. Which at that time was largely the Middle East, Europe, Indus River Valley, and stretching into the Russian Steppes later on. So if a rival organization... like Islam, or Judaism, or old Greek mythology or what-have-you were to have the desire to thwart or crush a belief system, they just need to spike the culture as a whole. Think of it like this analogy. If football was your national religion and you've got a team like the Cleveland Browns, who hasn't won a championship (nor has ever even been in one), you're going to have a lot of upset people in Cleveland and could build an army. Or say you rig the entire NFL to where no one enjoys the game anymore... you've got a whole nation of upset individuals. That's, what I see, where Christianity has been for at least a thousand years. You you don't send your best and brightest off to fight a crusade if you're hoping to build up for the next crop and make sure you save up for the winter.

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So if Christianity is rigged. Which it likely is. And I should add, I can't speak to the other religions quite as well, but I can assuredly say this for Christianity. And if it is, like I state is probably is - what would have been the original tale?

Caesar comes to mind at first. Rome controlled the Middle East when Christianity became a thing. Jesus and Julius hold the same initials. Seems likely. What was Caesar proselytizing to his followers? I can actually tell you. That part of history hasn't changed much. Unless Rome was intentionally cannibalizing itself (Not likely). Julius promoted civility. Games. The people. Food. Wine. More games. He was a man of the people. He even reminded himself constantly... to remain humble. Despite conquering the known world, he reminded himself to stay humble. His humility won over the hearts of his people. And his ideas won over their minds. One can even imagine that the characters, instead of random apostles, being senators and peers in the republic. The parallels between Judas and Cleopatra and Paul and Brutus and Marcus and so many other characters' backgrounds and interests, is palpable. Could the virgin mary be this former greek, now Egyptian Cleopatra? Someone thought of as less for coming from a different background. The people being upset at his courtship of a foreigner princess. The jealousy that ensues between the Senators and Generals. It's something to think about. Now imagine Julius was a gift from God to Earth? What would his name have been? Names, I doubt, have remained the same over thousands of years. Human maybe? Man? Child? It's a different language, afterall, Human wouldn't sound so odd as a name if it were as foreign sounding as "Tutenkamen" and wasn't already a commonly defined word.

So Human is born to Earth from God. Likely through super-rare nucleic forces that sometimes spawn Virgin baby Frogs or Turtles in real science labs. That's real. Human grows up in middle-earth, Rome at the time, traveling to the different areas within the Republic and growing empire. Taught the greatest of skills of the time. Then, swordsmanship, politics, philosophy, budgeting, etc. He is forced to live amongst regular people and is even toyed with by them, or rather by angels sent to mold the boy into a leader. He is forced through homelessness, poverty, heartbreak, infighting, and eventually war. He is schooled in all the ways of the world as it is known by God. He eventually hears his calling, but by fantastical voice, but by observing the world for its problems and understanding how to solve them. He preaches. Spreads the word of logic, peace, and stability. A world where a government will work for the people to create everything humanly possible. As long as the people work with the government as well. But you can't just prove that without proving it. He spread his ideas through force at first, not because he wanted to, but because the barbarians wreaked a path of misery throughout their people's homelands. The barbarians did not even know what it meant to be in love. Or to be cherished. Or to feel safe. They ran off of pure adrenaline. Enslaving things and treating them like trash in order to retain power. Slaves lived in Rome, sure. But only as a starting-point for cultures and civilizations that had never seen civil life. So the Roman leader proved it. In Gaul. And England. The British Isles, having proven skill

To be sold only after I get a \$200,000 salary. Otherwise non-profit. Maybe private stock and high salaries if I need a loyal close-knit group. Gotta eat. and strategy in warfare., largely, already understood and was left, largely, to their own devices within new their geography of new Rome. Afterall, the Human's ideas made sense once put into action.

Human returns to Rome. Julius we know him as now. As a hero. A conqueror of lands but also a chain-breaker to barbaric ideas around self-sacrifice and tribal wars. He even marries a foreigner in an attempt for more peace. All is well except for the fat nepos that have never seen real hardship. They're jealous. They defame and lie and spit when he isn't around. They kill him out of jealousy.

Eventually Rome falls. And whomever knocks it off, replaces the names and characters in the story. They spike the kool-aid, which is the Bible in this context, with weird belief systems that will eventually tear the thing apart again. Until eventually we have rotating crusades of Abrahamic religions waging forever wars against one another. All because some senators were jealous a couple thousand years ago. They loved Human. But they couldn't stand someone being more loved than themselves. Which, of course, was only fed through taxation and charity. Salary and penance from the senate perspective.

And we've been stuck in this crusading, taxing, penance system ever since. Worshipping a guy known by a Spanish Ottoman name, Jesus, who chops the tips of kids' dicks off and sprinkles some syphilis water on their head. Tries to get us to believe in magic. Tries to flood the world all the time. And if we eat his body and blood then we can do whatever we want as long as we say sorry. That's what this thing has devolved into because no one listens or talks to me. Eastern Rome at a time, probably. Eastern OrthODOx. But that was a long time ago.

They say first man was Adam. It was clearly human. Hunter Agemenmann.

Since, it appears whomever controls the food and pharma supply is controlling the diet of all of the world. That food supply injects chemistry and biology into the supply chain of life. And has been making it fat, stupid, cancerous, and dead.

10. Money.

Money is desired because it allows people to do more things. So do liberties and manufacturing prowess. That is the opposite direction that many "leaders" of my world have done. All I see is people scratching and clawing for things other people did. When you could make a system for more of the things other people did. It's silly.

Otherwise... it's a system of receipt. No difference. Here is the receipt of value for the goods you are providing. This receipt is redeemable for a future item of your choosing. That's it. Everything else is a system of control by an entity that is older than you. That remembers longer than you. That knows more than you. That knows where the gold is

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buried, so to speak. Gold-backed even. Same thing. It's just replacing the gold with paper. There's not more practical applications to gold than there are to wood. Wood, pulp, paper, etc. makes the world go round. Gold is mainly jewelry and a slightly used technical component (compared to other metals). There's tons of wood though. We all could make a fiat currency, technically. It's just whether or not anyone is to accept it or not. You could literally build a system that is based on the full faith that we will have trees and paper in the future to print more money. People just did it differently than that. Just set price controls to curb inflation. An apple can never cost more than a 20lb rock you can find in your backyard. Something simple and universal. A lb of topsoil. Eventually the cost of moving 10,000 lbs of topsoil to justify a new fancy \$3000 refrigerator, makes some sense. You could dig up your own topsoil in your backyard. 10,000 lbs, probably. But you're gonna need a bunch of time or a bunch of tools. It'd probably cost about \$3k, today. Just guessing to make a point... but that would be your unit of measure for the currency. The dirt underneath your feet. Almost anyone can collect dirt. I thought of this spur of the moment, and it might be better than what we've got. Think about that. You could do river and digging projects... and be making capital. New lakes and riverfronts and what-not. Randos haul away the dirt for a profit. Generates capital. Smart, right? Think of all the public works projects and new businesses. Underground smart homes. Underground cities. It'd be a lot cooler than the fast-food truck driving world I grew up in where everyone's trying to keep oil prices just right that so that OPEC doesn't blow up the economy. Move all the dirt to the coasts and just start expanding coast-lines. Build river economies that are transcontinental and full of recreation and entertainment. Start a county at a time and build it yourself. Then you can start partying early.

What else about money? How about our debt-based system. The ultimate sign (besides Jesus' name) that the west lost some wars. Why would we impoverish ourselves in a fiat-based system? Makes 0 sense. Completely retarded (excuse my verbiage, I use it conditionally). It's like all those retarded people that Hitler gased got converted into that gas and put in a farting robot until the farts just make everyone think retarded. I'm serious. Why would we ever implement a debt-based system in a democracy? "I vote to be poor and always anxious about paying back the bank". Seriously. Think for a second, west. You lost. America. Losers. Britain. Losers. France. Losers. Germany. Losers. Mexico. Huge losers. South America. Losers. Africa. Losers. The only ones I see winning are in Asia and the Middle-East. Maybe that switches... but that's been the case since at least 1913. The British and American Empires try to stand up and be proud... but they cut their own ears off to spite their faces. Sell their neighbor for cash. Neighbor gets pissed. Country falls apart. This part has clearly happened forever. Someone gets too rich. And people say enough. Then the rich fight them to keep what they have at the end of their (Earthly) lives. And then they're judged.

More about money? It started in the Middle-East yet they use it the least today. Kind of interesting. Accounting. It all started there. In Babylon and Sumeria. Greeks adopted it. Romans. So-on, so-on. It was just a barterable receipt though. An indication of value. There wasn't a whole tax levy and debt system until concentrations of knowledge.

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It's like, how are you ever going to succeed if your goal is to make money out of debt? So from the get-go you're in the hole. And you charge yourself an interest. So you'll never catch up without replacing other people's currencies and taking the value. Even when we've done that, we've spent defense dollars to do it... which is more borrowing. Then you just have to like farm Venezuela to death. You'll have to force your currency on the world and take over the world. And then you still will run out. It's so dumb. You're a tool because you allow yourselves to be used. By the liars and cheats of the world. It just becomes a battle of Central Banks that all rack up interest against one another. How is that ever going to get paid off? The only money in the system is more debt. So every dollar you create, is owed back... with interest. Which has to come out of the people that you're supposed to be developing into a nation-state... by handing out more debt with which their employers or the banks backing them will have to come calling for? It's always going to clap down on its own tongue without a constitutional-level law. Or the nation-state is going to have to nationalize every piece of private property, until their bills are paid off. And then you're a communist or national socialist, whom don't have great track records. Quit being a loser.

The only real value creation is in the manufactured goods and tools. And their raw materials. Give people the medium of a currency, in a stable way, that allows them to harness those tools and materials. Quit being a loser. Quit cutting yourself. Quit selling people. Because that's the last form of value. If you're an indebted government... one might think "what if we just own the population" and make more value from them than what we give to them? That can offset the deficit. Which means you're actively stealing assets from your own people. Assets that are still debt-backed. Because everything is since like 1950 something. You're stealing debt in your own economic system. And just what? Deleting it? For every person you own, every amount of their estate goes to the state? They get to borrow it from you? Cool, communism. Real cool... Not. You just pretend there's a debt and not tell anyone you nationalized every asset in the geography and, effectively, enslaved the world? Just because no one can think outside of the box enough to realize it just takes one amendment across like 20 democracies. One amendment. And every democracy in the world could decide there's a better way to do money. It could be as simple as:

Amendment XXX: We are committed to eliminating all debt, private or public, by democratic referendum when it's deemed necessary for global peace and stability. This requires 51% of State Governors Approval upon a state-run, federally oversighted referendum. We are committed to delivering enough of a currency to all of our residents in order to afford home, car, insurance, food, water, and a recreational amount in any geography of this nation. Money makers, banks, financial institutions, finance IP are grandfathered into the distribution system, which will receive a democratically determined salary for every employee starting at \$200,000 2026 USD Or 5 Million pounds of soil moved transcontinentally (USA)... per AI's guess as to a USA transcontinental soilhaul (to bring it all together).

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The part I'm debating in this hypothetical (but better) system is whether a lb of dirt can hold real money. I think the answer is yes, if brought to a determined location. And there must be one in every county. It's probably weighted to the transcontinental figure. And it can't disturb infrastructure by its removal. Without public approval and replacement of the infrastructure.

I say just keep building giant jetties on the coast. Like how South Beach, Miami works. It's a beach below the beach. Like a sand bar big enough it has tons of hotels on it. Just build those. With dirt and rock. Maybe rocks should be a bonus.

11. Health

Health is everything. I am alive. I am healthy. I've been unhealthy. I have lived a long(ish) life. I have worked in healthcare. I have been in hundreds of hospitals and clinics... and worked with many more. I've seen millions of sick people in my time... on TV... in person... in statistics. Lots of ways. The difference between Bill Gates and a homeless person is so much less than what people realize. It's usually just health. Health as an infant. Health as a juvenile. Health as an adult. Stay healthy long enough and keep learning things, and you'll do alright.

The worst part of being so close to healthcare my whole career is that you realize it's an uphill battle. Keeping someone healthy requires learning new things to treat things that have never been cured, requires curing new things no one has ever seen, requires that person doing the right things to stay healthy, requires society to not rig the health of its inhabitants. It requires battling the capitalistic system to ensure the thing that matters most is the patient's health, not how much money the hospital makes. It takes a gigantic system that is defended and believed in.

If I had \$1,000,000,500 but felt every day the way I have at my worst (in like 2013). And I could spend \$1B of it on to feel the way I do today, I would. I had chronic back pain, narcolepsy, brain fog, ADHD, and emotional trauma. I'd spend every dime I have if it meant I'd be happy and healthy. Once you've seen those lows. You know. I'd also, at present time, rather never wake up than live in this current situation another day. So it is what it is. Current system being the one I'm explaining where this all turns to communism, fascism, crusades, plagues, floods, and slavery at the end of the debt-religion ring-around the rosie, pockets full of posie game everyone plays. A song about the smallpox pandemic (btw). Then Jesus comes and lets out all the prisoners... and they've been waiting to do some things. Then the prisoners take over the government. Then the government moves to a new place. Migrants invade from where other prison revolts already happened. And it's this whole Jesus freeing smart prisoners thing that cascades around the world until we're run by the underworld. Probably what happened to the USSR. And America in 2020. It's probably a bunch of the decent guys who were apart of the old system in prisons these days... planning for their turn. Their Jesus. Or maybe it's an old middle-eastern spy that keeps their old religions top of mind. Hard to say. Or maybe a real American one. Or British. Or Greek. Or Egyptian. Or

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Vatican. It's hard to say. If you knew of all the offenders in prison... who would you want in charge? Gotta be the drug guys right? They understand business and were more in it for that, than anything. You probably don't want the rapists or murderers in charge.

Although they're probably smarter. A few at least. The real psychos. The thieves are smart. Probably the thieves and the druggies, I'd think. The Pedophiles? Jeez. I guess it's the context. If it's like a cultural, religious thing... that's one thing. Assuming the victim gets a say. If it's like a locked-up or a rape situation with some neighbor or rando.. That's another. The sex workers gotta be up there with the thieves and the druggies, btw. That shouldn't probably even be a crime... talk about another pyramid entrapment scheme. White collar crimes gotta be up high, too. That's basically the world. If I was gonna let someone out, too, it'd be those three. It's like, just legalize, regulate, get in the game already, people. Don't be losers. Be ethical and high rights and humanity. And there's way too many incels out there for there to be no sex workers. Like every mass shooting in America... virgin that didn't get banged enough. Not even lying. This is coming from God, practically. More money and consensual sex usually fixes most things. That being, said, I'm a hard no on grooming kids or indoctrinating children into anything that isn't public education and sport. Just creates turmoil. Let them figure it out as dumb kids and tell them if they're dumb and let them debate you. Arrange marriage (with consent) with parental approval if you have to in order to keep your blood-lines the same or whatever. That shit worked for thousands of years in some places. Definitely need a 100% vote between parents and child though. And easy divorce options. Otherwise that's like slavery. I think this is important in some places with old cultures. Money and consensual sex. Start with that and health will come.

12. Animals

Wow. Animals are so fun. They really are. Except the scary ones. They're not as fun. But like squirrels, otters, elephants (though, be careful!), deer, cats, dogs, frogs, lizards, even non-venomous snakes... super fun. And they must hide so much behind those eyes that we don't understand. I've thought about this a lot. And how neuroscience works and different species of animal's brains. Most are the same but there's some weird differences. Like Octopus and Jellyfish and Mangrove forests and Sea Horses and slugs and bugs and bees... they all think and work differently. And the thought of thinking like a bee, or a jellyfish, or a forest... is an interesting one. After-all, all "thinking" really is is a set of chemicals and synapses making patterns and waking up cells and asking them to figure something out. And then traveling to other cells in the frontal lobe that's catching ideas and discarding them before something makes sense with what is in the real world. Everything has to do that. Even a bee. Bees are particularly interesting (and ants, too... plus fish and birds to some degree) because we can observe their hive-mind behavior. But there's still something going on each individual's head. There has to be. Or whatever part of their body the processing takes place. I imagine a lonely male honeybee is just thinking, "I'm starving for some pollen", then goes out to find pollen while listening to the queen bitch about her job all day like you would on a cell phone with a ear bud in your ear on a call. You can talk back but it's usually gonna get you beat up. Or a fish is fun. You're in a school with other fish. And you're just always thinking... if I stick with the

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pack, surely Rodger is gonna get eaten before me. Odds are. And they're all thinking this at the same time. So they dart and swarm around like a single organism would... at least that's connected to his nearest neighbor (whom he hopes can't outrun him). And then they're breathing all the same stuff their neighbor just breathed. It becomes a bubbled-off democratic decision as to where to go next, broken down by individual fish's inhibitions and the environment they perceive. So where do they go? Well there's a guy in the front... whether he wants to be or not. And he sees the most. And has no neighbor in front of him. So they have a president body shield floating around in the front making decisions for them. And that's how a school of fish works. They don't even want to be the leader... because there's a better chance you'll get eaten by an oncoming predator. It's best to be near the middle and sides. And keep those horizontally facing eyes at what is coming at you. So it's blind leading the less blind but still blinded. It's kind of fascinating. It probably doesn't get cool until you're a great hammer head shark and you're like 20 feet tall. The worst that happens then is another hammer head decides you're lunch. And the entire time you're just looking for other things in the ocean... that's all they're doing. Finding stuff with their special senses and seeking it out to eat or avoid. Pretty simple life. So something else must be going on, right? That's a lot of free computation time with a lot of special sensory organs. And it's a fascinating question. I imagine the sea is a computer. A collection of bodies and antibodies that live in a plasmatic fluid and are there to keep an oceanic system. So the ocean decides it back scratches and a wave of lobsters runs over to dig around for shrimp by where the ocean's back itches. There's just too much going on in such an electrical world to not have a greater intelligence as a whole. I picture the whales being the brains behind it. Most relatedly to our own. Or a man-like sea being (which would be likely over trillions of years). And they control worlds with the forces of the ocean and parties of ideas, songs, and stories. And the moons with sheer horsepower.

More about animals? I've had so many pets in my life. Jack. Jack 2. My hamsters. I have a new one recently, Jan Van Llars from Hamsterdam. 34 years separated from the Jacks. I had tons of dogs. Pokey, Pearl, Shep. Serf. Rudy. Mickey. Dasha. Sophie. Arya (kinda). Hershey. A few cats. Cleo. Cercy and Mila (kinda). Kitty (that was her name). I had to peel Cercy off the floor after Arya ate it. It was disgusting and very sad for me. Frogs. Lucky. Toads. A tarantula. Tons of turtles. A few tortoises. I'm on my 4th parakeet now. 4, too. Plus my chickens. Moana, Ariel, Elsa, and Belle. I didn't name them. I've learned so much from them all. Just watching how something behaves relative to yourself is about all the education a lot of people need. Be mean and they are frantic (don't be mean). Be nice and they're usually nice. Educate and they learn. Everything can learn if you give it what it wants. Oh I've caught a bunch of stuff, too. Most of the time not to keep... but I "saved" distressed birds and rabbits before. One time a squirrel got trapped in the house, too. That was a trip. I used to get a bunch of bats in college, too. Just flying in circles around the house. It was bizarre. We'd have to kill them because they wouldn't fly out. Usually we were drunk coming back from the bars... it had to have been a crazy scene. A couple drunk college kids chasing around bats with racquetball rackets and dustpans. It's like a satire of a Bram Stoker novel.

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Animals changed for me about 2023. I don't think it's their fault. I think the whole man-made climate change thing kind of wiped them out. How do birds live in pollution and pesticides? Bugs (birds' food)? Snakes? Etc. They really don't. We can barely survive with modern technology. So maybe Animals didn't change, maybe my empathy grew for them as I realized they're basically just genocided all the time. It's sad. And this one will be a big one. Hopefully Noah got some vials for his ark. Cuz we gonna need to clone a bunch of shit back if we ever get' the environment under control.

On a side note. China released this video like 6 years ago... they made life-like dolphins. Just robo-dolphins swimming around and you can't tell the difference. How easy would it be to replace a species with a robot? Pretty easy. And you could hardly tell since very few of us study dolphins every move and behavior.

13. How to make people feel better? It's not that hard. It's dialectical behavior therapy. We learn what we are taught until we are taught better. And that's what I'm hoping for the world. I can get mad and angry about particular things... but it's about what we do with that information that makes the difference. Can we come up with better solutions? Can we find someone to help change? Etc. And the whole world is so jerry-rigged with booby traps and weird stuff from opposing false flag operators that it gets hard to blame people unless they're the people who definitively don't change the bad stuff. I've done things I'm not proud of, I've more than made up for all of that. So it doesn't bring me down. That works for all of humanity if people give it a chance. Just trying new things based off of proven evidence. Business, government, and society stuff is so easy so no excuses on that. It's the theoretical sciences that need real careful consideration. The hand-offs to AI. The abandonment of the child as a full-human. The over-capitalization and militarization of the world. The lack of respect for people trying to have real conversations about real things without someone evoking a sensitivity clause. If you can't handle the conversation, leave. Go live in a cult in the woods. Some of us want to make a better society. With anyone. Without anyone not willing to cooperate. I'm tired of hearing "democrat" this or "republican" that or "china" this or russia "that"... or whatever the excuse is. What's the fucking solution and why aren't you doing it? And if you can't figure out the solution, tell us the fucking problem so someone with some brains can figure it out. Because all I've done is identify and solve problems. For years. Do I see anyone doing them? Nope. I do not. I see people actively tearing down the infrastructures that were built very purposefully. In order for there to be balances of powers between feds, states, munis and civilians. For there to be a separation of church and state. For there to be no taxation without representation. For there to be a pursuit of happiness. It was designed specifically for a way to work. For gods sake, it would have been better when the states had their own right to print their own currency. Then the Fed just uses a mix and taxes the inflationary ones. That's a real god-damned solution. I've come up with hundreds to the economic issues. And then there is no federal debt. It's just a federal tax on states making their people too wealthy. It doesn't mean they can't make all their citizens wealthy, it just means they can't make them too wealthy for the

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rest of the republic to stay stable. I cannot tell you how angry I would be if I was struggling in Missouri or Mississippi or some other broke ass state when I knew they were getting millions of federal dollars that go seemingly nowhere. Did you know that Kansas City Metro school system was being defunded? Because they weren't meeting academic standards to get federal funding. It was like an education desert. I lived there for 10 years. Where was that federal funding going if not to make it worthy of the federal funding in the first place? Someone had to have been taking it away from them making better schools. And education is one of those things... its not that important if you don't care for your nation to be the best. But if you want to be the best, you have got to have the most educated populace in the world... otherwise you're going to get beat. Which China clearly has. Just imagine. They took our public education system in the 60s... when we were the best. Then turned it on their youth with Communistic, machine-like precision. They were going to school twice as long as us in some circumstances. Graduating college 10 years before us at times. Not geniuses. Basically slaves to the education system. That became very knowledgeable. Some, I'm sure, are geniuses, by the way... I'm just saying you could transform a kid into a computer pretty easily with enough repetition.

Once you realize there's parts of the world pretending to be other parts of the world, it makes it a lot more forgivable. To be honest. Just know that there is a devil-actor that constantly plays the bad guy. To every good idea you have, he tries to make a counter. And they get very sneaky. Much sneakier than any normal person would ever anticipate. Like Total War sneaky. Imagine what people come up with during Total War. Gross.

14. King of the Earth

Here's a fun and plausible idea. There's a king of the earth. Let's say ghengis khan really did take over the entire world. Or some crew working with him. Then he must live hidden or elsewhere to rule. Because, naturally, someone would want to usurp him. Then he must do his darndest to live longer and groom an heir to learn the stuff. Kinda weird. Now I imagine them debating whether they're going to cull the world again or not.

15. Team Human

What does it mean to be human? It's more than biology. That's what homo sapien is used for (or "same thinker"). And there's homo sapiens I'd argue don't act human. A human protects fellow humans. More than anything. Whether it's a wife or a child, we protect other humans. The closer they are to us, the more the protection matters. Not over-protection, just making sure they're protected. And ideally, we all do that for one another and everyone is protected from anything that wants to hurt anything else. That's the idea behind being humane. Even if you have to do a painful or hurtful thing, you do it in the way that protects the most. Unfortunately, that's how many can get very tribal. They protect what's closest to them. But really it's just we don't have the right means of being able to reach others that want to help. And the internet finally gives us that, but it seems that's getting rampant with AI agents and digital wars. It's also realizing that

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humans get bored. They get tired. They get sad. They get happy. They get hurt. They get better. They like to have fun. They can get mad too. But throughout that, despite misguided spirits, every real human wants to protect anything else resembling human. Sometimes that's a dog. Or a cat. Which can be very human-like. Sociable, hungry, scared, etc. And the greatest among us need to be able to protect the most humanity. With smart, sensible ideas that aren't too hell-bent on old jerry-rigged systems. But smart, sensible ideas that aren't just old tactics with new marketing or lipstick shining it up for the past hundred+ years. A lot of people have lost their humanity. But there's still time to get it back. We protect others. We like to have fun. We like to do or make or try new things. We like to be happy. We just don't all know what that feels like. It's a freedom from bondage that I've only felt for a few fleeting months. No worry. No pain. No anxiety. No procrastination. No health concerns. No social issues. And then, like it was detected, hell came raining down in COVID and 3rd party issues. Almost like I was being held down, my whole life by the way, by a force that isn't fighting for good. Something using me. Sucking my blood, sweat, and tears out of me. Trying to steal my soul and my goodness. Something from another world. Designed to paralyze and impede me. Until I figured it all out. And then I got mad. And I'm still mad. Everything I have seen for 4 years has been my worst nightmare. Every last thing. Like the devil is sending demons to stain me. Before it wasn't so bad. It was subtle. I'd get sick a lot. I'd make a toxic relationship or two. I'd try to be the best at stupid stuff in those toxic relationships and get in trouble. Now I'm in Hell. The bastion of evil. And I'm doing alright, all things considered. I've always got along with most people and I seem to get along with what's here. I've fought through all the other levels too. And it's progressive. It's been subtle enough that I haven't gone insane. I cannot imagine anyone going thru what I've gone through and keep their sanity though. Or staying alive. There must be others that have gone thru this.

Other Team Human aspects. You need to recognize me as the incumbent and recipient of the education process that helps point us in the right direction. WithOUT alienating people, enslaving, or removing choice. Unless temporarily and instructed and made better than a 1 star hotel visit with food and choice and an ability to find a mate. Humanity is all about making babies and keeping everything warmed up in-between. With stability in populations. Property: HLL Worldwide communications 51/49 with Team Human Bible Licensed through the joint partnership I sign and authorize now. Just to control editing I need 51.

Human goes from planet to planet. Integrating. And starting new civilizations with their DNA. They're all referred to as Earth. Some are different.

And if Humanity is named after me? Then my people are getting sorely mistreated. Because Earth's governments are a mess.

Wholly written by Hunter Lawson Lagemann