Memoir of Aggf

To this day:

All day long incessant noise from the television, drives me slightly insane. Not sure if the silence is much better. The thoughts are my enemy, yet I try to turn them into benevolent enemies, harmless but I can't help but feel terrible, for what I have put my friends and family through.

Right now, there is only one therapist. One option for coping, and it is myself. No one else when the steel doors close, you can't get out, if your heart is beating fast, and your thoughts are racing, there is no whom to turn, no escape. This place is disgusting beyond words, nothing I do can clean it from it's self.

I wonder if I should make a diary, will it be more of a liability then a therapeutic asset?

Next day: Sept 28, 2012

Rainy days, I always think they will lift my mood but it doesn't. My logic is that the rest of the area has to deal with the shitty weather, so they might not enjoy their day. But in reality I also feel slightly "under the weather" when it's raining. I feel litted and don't even really want to write at all. I can't stand some of the people around us, maybe since I don't know them, but locally don't want to.

And the next day... sigh Sept 29, 2012.
Okay made it this far. It is Saturday. Not much is going...
going on. Does anything exciting ever happen here? Well not really so far. I am trying to psychologically condition myself for the challenge I face. In the future I mean. I don't honestly know if this will be difficult or easy in comparison to other hard times I have faced. So many variables, to predict accurately. I don't know how to document this even if I should try. But the circumstances surrounding the mysteries of the Yahoo litigation, genetic study, and some other documented as well as undocumented underground "activities". Leprechauns, Spies, Shadows, psychological reinforcements, supporters, even detractors, there have been many characters. Not sure what highly compartmentalized agencies are involved, what for profit (maybe nonprofit NGOs) are playing but I do have strong suspicions heading toward Certain Assocs. This is the first time I have officially documented this, other times I might have left fragmented clues or writings. I am so thankful to the parties who provided proof, for now I have understood more my place in this earth. That those of us who "belong" are an elite and virtuosity force responsible for many other human's quality of life and experiences.

I just talked with Vinca and it was nice but it is also leaving me somewhat melancholy. Not sure how I feel, he has my best, well mostly it. Anyway back to the topic of the secrets. I don't remember exactly how come to realize this, but I want to say something about sleeper cells being activated too early. And the military, can't really specify what branch, but can't really specify which branch I am going to play cards.
Another day (Monday October 1, 2012)

Well I had a consultation with Jean. She is the one who recommended to the court that I go to drug court or rehab instead of being incarcerated. She basically conducted a background interview about my life, drug habits and underlying causes of them. I must admit I am rather privileged. It went well; she actually seemed to care, unlike most of the staff of this god forsaken jail. I am not sure if it was my desperate plea for help to help me out, the preparation, advice from David to write to her, well the mechanism is irrelevant. Hopefully she is going to influence the courts to let me out into drug court. The interview went well and I can't foresee any reason why she would not, she had expressed interest in me personally as well as my future, told me I was articulate, intelligent and lucky. I never said exactly figure out what had happened in my childhood and I barely remember, but should help me regress into it. And now I do understand how problems may have stemmed out from my feelings of abandonment.

So another question crosses my mind. It is random but there seems to be randomly people who want to come up to me and want to talk, not just specifically here. I am referring to, not in general, maybe I should be nicer to people. Since people are generally assets. In fact, persons/assets, from which amplification of situations construct out of, in fact an infinite number of factors...
And hopefully most of those circumstances and situations will be valuable and beneficial lessons in life.

Anyway, I got a letter entitled "The promises of AA" part of me thinks it is important to here; these "so-called" promises. Here are:

"We are going to know a new freedom and new happiness. We will not regret the past nor wish to shut the door on it. We will comprehend the word Serenity and we will know peace. No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experiences can benefit others."

"That feeling of uselessness and self-pity will disappear. We will lose interest in selfish things and gain interest in our fellows. Self-seeking will slip away. Our whole attitude and outlook on life will change."

Fear of people, economic insecurity will leave us. We will intuitively know how to handle situations which used to baffle us.

We will suddenly realize God is doing for us what we could not do for ourselves."

"Disclaimer: This entire writing may contain works of fiction and/or ideas for a book/movie!"
October 14, 2012

Wellbatrin

My brother A week from Monday because it is the 22nd. Anyway I had a dream of the Bay Bridge and ORNL Project Bleubook has been shut down for many decades or has it seed grown to a diplomatic compartmentalized project?

No one can tell what goes on in between the person you were and the person you become. No one can chart that blue and lonely section of hell. There are no maps of the change. You just... come out the other side. Or you don't. - Stephen King

Wednesday October 17 2012.

Today sucks! Well it is okay. Each time I think of this place sucks, I remind myself of the time we went to 1 East. A building in the old part of the facility. It was like being in the movie Green Mile. The living space was tiny compared to here in A building. To me it seemed like living in a fish tank and instead of glass there were bars.

I have not been writing much because I have been reading The Stand and am currently in page 700 with about 400 to go. I still want to fulfill my self promise about exposing the truth of the past but in some ways I want to wait until the 22nd to expose more, to see if the word gets through... to give "them" a fair chance to help me before I become some sort of liability.

In the meantime a couple nights ago I had a dream I was coming out of a building on the Embassies. I was with Cody and the Bay Bridge was in front of us. We were having some minor social disagreement (of course) and I remember looking out to the bridge and asking myself whom are the sky people? Of course I knew they were kids. Hunters Point or maybe a water facility.
16/17/2023 continued...

So, obviously, I do not have to go into the significance of that dream. Just want to remember it. I am trying to recall that "hall hotel" in ORK. Lasers cutting, game show manipulating, bath tub floor melting, the beings tied up to the posts of the highway exit, on the left side of room, being next to the laundry room and almost jumping out of bed and into the hall because the washer on spin cycle against the wall sounded like a DEA SWAT team rushing in. Watching the TV's serial killer program and insisting I must solve the murder in my head, and that the show was real being broadcast live, and in fact, that is how a certain part of dark Hollywood composes television programs! The tyrannosaurus Rex head... (also from the weird research power station) down the railroad tracks from "The Jack London Inn" (a good way to check out is at the Inn). Really, lam, rather should be referring to the Jack as the belly motel; really, it was at first but I got used to the unusual going on in that crazy place, the H2K, Cam tower, the swimming pool pump.

Part of me is laughing right now. Those were bad experiences and I have really written enough to thoroughly bury myself or seem even mentally unfit overall, depends on how much you want to check the facts. I have not even sorted them out. Next hotel I should write about is the one on market near the Green Holiday Inn, the name is on the tip of my tongue. They used to cordon off the blocks at night for some reason, something. Anyway, I am going to go read, enough memories to sift through for now.

I remember having an animal muse or spirit animal. Each one I had engendered powers, strengths and weaknesses. This is totally random but kind of important because it ties perhaps into the rituals of the night ones involving lights and idol worship, maybe even sacrifice. The circle was a pretty recurring theme. My animal was a yellow canary, I believe; tweet twitter.
To the night's (10/12/2012 around 11:45pm)

So before I go to sleep, I want to clear my head and jot down some memories.

I recall seeing a government website explaining a new tribal process, for legal or perhaps just an experimental or ethics committee of some sort. I recall thinking I had perhaps experienced one of these but naively, actually, I want to say "mentally", there had been about 20-30 people on the tribal forum and basically, their job is to engage in debate an issue until they can unanimously agree on a resolution. At least in all instances I recall experiencing they had been unanimous on a "verdict."

Also remember that stock market explanation or play performed by the Mad flax on the window shade. The various iconic images, such as the stone statues and hot springs. Also remember being trapped in a dream, where the "girl" had assisted you out by saying "you need to find your own rhythm/song" she had fond one and just like magic I popped or fell out of the dream.

The lamp heads were the cornerstone of the secret underground condition. I am currently actually smiling because this all seems so crazy and random, but really I am triggering these memories strategically. So the lamp heads are like a really smart intelligence group that were literally symbolized by people's bodies with a lamp or a light bulb on their head. Most of the time they carry hard guns and enjoy threatening you into learning things which might say is very effective. I believe Larry King is a lamp head or in the least he's semi-aware of their existence. However aware is never a good word because I have memories of stuffing around my apartment, while James had suddenly seemed to freeze mid-animation so I am pretty sure there had been some "time space" manipulation possible. And also the different dimensions, or illustrated by the Navy's own professor, sort of like parallel universes.
Still Thursday the 18th of October, 2012 A.D. (around 11pm)

Wow I was going to write B.C. next to the date ha ha. At times I make semi-retarded mistakes. I don't know exactly why I started writing the times, maybe to analyze my pattern of moods more closely. Bio rhythms, Creation whatever.

The main reason I am writing this late is because I remembered the Whitcomb. Surely a haunted place, with way too many mirrors, reflecting the creepy energy throughout the lobby and hallways. Mirrors at front of doorways, elevators, windows, where I heard once that such interior decorating opens up portals for bad spirits, interdimensional entities, something to that effect and Royal British customs and cultural beliefs had been aware of this for some time. I never travelled to Great Britain so I can't say I have checked at any many of the interior decent jobs there, but I suspect tacky hotels can be just that anywhere in the world. Vision of the hotel in the Shining hotel, with the blood flowing out of the elevator shafts is one perfect way to describe the Whitcomb. Goo, Josh wherever he really was, knew the manager, a couple times, well regards he would put us in room 6054 which is obviously a euphemism for room 666. Oh god, the cult leader from Heaven's Gate, how he or someone very similar in nature haunted my dreams. In fact the whole block of experiences, seemed to be very cultish or sect driven, rituals, secrets, drugs, sex, violence, although I wouldn't be any part of the latter issues, I am going to expect some of our "associates" had been and almost positive our associate's associations were definitely involved.

It was forever a struggle between good and evil. The good nature fighting against the trickery and deception of the negative. It seems that my generation, myself for a perhaps enlightened more fighting for the good side, although there were exceptions such as Kaiser (cut that name)
Thursday Common Day (Sugar + Caffeine)

"I'm little saw holly." - Gary Moeller

This other guy is talking about bronies who think that they really are ponies and go around like really don't think, well I hope they aren't actually thinking this. My little Pony! Who knew it would gather such a cult following, when I was apathetically watching it at six years old.

Memory time: I remember passing it at a train station near the airport with one of those shiny silver heat blankets I found in an unbered earthquake prep kit. Was a pretty unique experience. Anyway, I am feeling from too much sugar. And I am about to drink a coffee! Okay @ Jeremy decide tobaar my eyebrows, and I don't know how it looks because we are not allowed to have mirrors, we are going to see in a couple minutes. All I know is that a lot of hair come off on the towel, ahhh. It smells like boring protein stuff can't be good for your DNA sequences. I am no lighter hair today, Probably because I got an order package and commissary, 5 bags of instant coffee, coffee to powder and yellow bags of Saccharin. Now that is the life of luxury in the clink. All I need is some cocoa butter lotion for my skin and it will be ultimate living.

I am totally macing light of the situation, this place sucks and reeks and there really is no redeeming quality at all. The fact that I live with 40-50 guys in the same square area as a New York City east side loft, is really enough to test the limits of some of the most socially adaptable people.

I try to look at it as camping. Summer camp maybe.

"Thailand is not very nice this time of year." Haha! I am going to have David tell Josh that one.

So I guess the next step, according to Uriah's advice, is to make a list of things I am going to do when I get out. This is solid advice! Doing it now
"it" and seconds after the ad flashes by on the right side of the subway car. The silhouette of a person flies off as the subway car passes and enters into my eye. Toxic and imprinting I feel the strong power of the image brain: washing most of the people on the car. They, like, automatically do not notice what has happened, and only the blonde girl (about 19-25 years old) seems to notice, her face looks, flinches a look that seems to signify she is mildly upset and that's it. That's all I can recall.

Around 11:45 pm: Reading Brandon Novak's "Dreamseller." A memoir of addiction. Remember the book. Amazing. Probably making the whole thing in our right brain on winning book trust wild drug use etc.

"If it takes 7 years to walk into the woods, it stands to reason it will take seven years to walk out of the woods."

Mon, 10/22/12

I am surprised I could get a hold of my public defender. Anyway she called for a visit. I am not sure why but I am not going to question too much. I do want the visit to go through, I just hope it is not going to end up to be a greater obligation in the end. Who am I kidding? Of course it is going to end up more of a challenge than being mandated to a rehab and being treated like a child, having everything scheduled. But I can do this, I can make it work. Try to focus on the positive, live day to day, staying off of it, you can not afford an addiction financially, emotionally. In no way(s) stay away from and it all and kill yourself in one fatal swinging overdose. Because it is an inhumane existence to live like addicted to the drug, slowly going through a tour of hell, unable to turn back. I have to make a promise to myself and even though I don't place much stock in it. A promise to god. Been making deals with Satan long enough, it's time to officially join the.
October 23, 2012 around 11 PM.

I don’t even feel like writing but I am forcing myself. I am not sure why. It just seems like as soon as I get out of here, if I do, I am going to go back to being depressed and want to give up. I don’t remember before exactly the reason but I was pretty close to not caring if I offended myself or not. I am pretty sure it was because I was on the ‘tt’ and no matter what I did, could not get off. I am not going to delusion myself and think life is going to be easy because I am going to be sober, but it really should be more manageable. Positive opportunities will arise if I remain sober and away from painkillers. I know this to a fact. For the first time in my life, I genuinely believe I have a problem and want to get help. I need to promise myself I will at least check out one AA meeting. Start small. Stay strong!!

The past three days have been going by really slow. I am not sure but it’s like sometimes I can just condition myself to pass time. To turn off that part of the brain and just skim through reality.

I want to make a difference, I want to do something exciting with my life.

I took it in my own hands at time to go “hope” and do exciting things but they were not really productive or beneficial to society. Life is never really like chalk or a candy store fresh novel. I never really got to be a hero, well maybe I didn’t start it as glamorous or rewarding as I thought. I always felt like my life was different. When I was young I used to cry at night when I could not sleep because I knew lives different than everyone else but could not pinpoint why. I still do not know exactly why, but I have some ideas.

The standing wolf totem as a head like Anubis was an artifact my father found on a construction site the put it in our house on the top left ledge of a family entertainment center. I began sleep walking having weird dreams are time turned on my parents bed while they were in it one night. I vaguely can remember one dream, some in the TV kinda like pottery, something Mexican said it was African. (END)