

H.O.E. Music Worksheet

-IDK FOOD

Y'all thought I was sleep? Haaaaaaa!

I was unaware this was recording back then. I think that's the same phone I was talking on

Josh what is 1993? 5 years before I was born duhhh

If you all didn't know I'm gonna be posting recipes on this video recording in the comment section. And sending the meal pictures to Jeanette Lloyd, Blake Clay, Kim Apartment Manager, And My momma. Fill, us, fill us, fill us, fill usssssss!

So yeah, I tried. My phone won't let me send anymore photos to Google or videos. So I'm stuck with words and my 4 board members task which I have named. So umm...yeah the air feels good, let's innovate.

I just figured out the Answer! I found the answer!!!!!! A+. Didn't think that was it but the truth don't work that way. There's a literal divince in this Google link. Stay humble, stay beautiful, and stay right there.

I'm always giving the keys of heaven to a girl. That's crazy right?

E

Q

Someone cries, oh josh is going crazy he's giving everybody the gold. He's telling the world with a permanent line. Now everybody can climb to the money. But you all must remember. I can always change the code. The media is the same, the plot and goals of the business unchanged. But I can always change Access to the kingdom by melting the old keys and molding a new one. I don't exploit, expose or mock anything. But I do

operate in a balance of the code. And now that I've found those who in their DNA exhibit professionally that same balance no matter what. I am proud to share my mission statement of the secret society only through you members, does this company flow through. Welcome.

Why I love Jean is because she was born with natural trust issues and therefore is the queen of I DONT KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU TALKING BOUT (lowercase). Blake is a man who can work in any condition no matter how sick and continues my regulation in and out of the shadows. Mom simply put has everything I am in an instructors shell. Kim my manager because she actually is the management of this company. Keeping everything in order from the top to the bottom. My head nigga in charge. That is all for now.

If you wanna get rid of government phones, 5G, covid vaccines, food shortage, poverty, atheism, bad decisions, talk to my board members. I no longer advertise myself. Talk to them. They are the arms and legs of this body.

Q

Hey buddies, first recipe: country lemonade mix you can get from the grocery store. When you don't feel like cooking but want a real meal, in other words, thirsty....put 3 teaspoons of the mix in a quart of water, or gallon and blend or shake the hell out of it. Then cool or as is, and drink. This is called a hype drink. And also a water flavorer. Alcohol isn't subtracted by its flavor, but complimented. So remember that when I tell you to put small amounts in big jars. Let's start this party off by turning water into wine hey?

Ahem, and if you know who this is on the microphone. It's called the water into wine twice. In other words water into wine and wine into water. Yo yo that drink. Shake that drink. Pump blend that drink. WW3 that...ha... hey?

SUIT · Aug 31

S

Is you a wine worker?

This is food on your microphone. Not bread. Heyyyyy this is the next port on your microphone ain't nobody going dehydrated in hell.

While we vote for the days in our lives let us Q our thirst.

I love y'all too. My sister wants my hair cut back to the 5 year trophy, I'll share it for those GP too. My momma gave me some wine aka secret stuff they want The whole JAY C's stew. And you'll get it! Cause this is nuthin but love. Loveeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeee qqqqqqq wwwwww Perrrr iOd.

JAY C's sloppy joe coming out September 1st. Paddied lemon seasoned black eye peas, on grounded hamburger lemon seasoned, paddied rice also on the burger mix, sloppied on bread and sauteed in barbecue sauce. DO NOT FUCK WITH ME NIGGAS. I WILL END YOU WITH THE BEST FOOD MOTHER FUCKASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS. no but seriously. Good food coming tomorrow. Original recipe topped with toasted bread and lemon slices on the bread. Ask my board members to show you the pictures.

Tomorrow, tomorrow.... I'll love y'all ignorant mean niggas tomorrow. Eat the recipe like the bible asked Isiah says, tomorrow, devour the word like prophets did, tomorrow. Fuck you...(me) spiritually, tomorrow. MOTHER nature fuckas..... tomorrow. Mina, mia, crystal, tomorrow. God....goodness. tomorrow. I love and lie y'all. Kick homerun hate, tomorrow. Mannnnnn. Shid.....ohhhhhhhh. and this is where I take the chill pill. If I don't make it to Tomorrow imma cook in heaven niggas and only send y'all the marinade rain bitches. Tomorrow. H.O.E. (heaven....on ...earth ...hoe)

One mo thang niggas. Praise Trump, praise Biden, praise Obama, praise bush, praise the flamin bush, praise blah blah blatttttt! Praise bill Monroe, praise jimmy tommy Carter....praise them real niggas in God we trust that be. I'm next niggas. Rest in oval peace. Rest in infinity. Rest in the powers that be. Yes I'm dead but I live and give. Oh, you thought I couldn't end it? You thought I couldn't print it? His money rented. Give it back to the Bodyguard's that be. The C's that be. Hope they swallow yo Jonah ass. Take the bible burn the Noah last.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhjjjjjjjjjjhhhhhhxcccccccccccc!.. Bitch.

I sleep in heaven not no fucking pyramid bitch.

I rest without taking no lunch break niggas. I rescue the whole crew niggas. When I die that's the last outlaws of the 21st century Niggas.

Don't ever put no rubber, metal, earth in my face, I'm clay nigga. I let the C's swallow artificial niggas. You caint ride revelations beast ickas. Cause you not a dead tale walkin. You not sicka nuf to move like a casket legs niggas. Need a board room with

arms nigga. I save the world one day at a time. You best believe in A JAY C's tomorrow... lest a one stop shop fuck is yo night night.

Josh cant end the world can he? The bum you forgot asked for a living president dollar. He got a missing tommy instead.blaaaaaaaaahhhhhjjjjccccctttttt!

SUIT · Aug 31

S

My DNA is an infinite dot period! Let is E.... I mean continQ.

Y'all wasn't ready for the end of the tale. Y'all couldn't cross OT. Man. I need the fire department at a number which calleth mean. Save the house from burning down or rescue only meeeee..those collected like 123. Can't signal bitch radio me. Run like a mf I'm the heaven satalite, what chu say on me? Dead bodies first, chosen laugh. A crying baby is settled to smile again.

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Remember these words as the business Qontinues, Jesus the perfect bat, died once....once....once, and many perfections after so all those chosen could be. Hear again. Nigga after this life I'm not coming back. I got an insurance policy in heaven. Nigga you wanna be ignorant for another 2,000 years before another real nigga of God drops down? God loves every son as if he is the only one. You think I'm Jesus, think again.. I'm who I AM. Forgetme if you choose to. Many remember not the next hellish return. I wanna see Alfred, and all the other brothas who came and left one final time. I wanna eat popcorn while all the unchosen niggas dance for ice lemonade in hell. Don't test me..because it'll be the [yo.yo](#) test you is given to C and be cursed in Continuous ly's. Some may die so us reAL can secrecy in EDen + Earth nigga please.....

Play that shit backwards...NIGHT night?

(KN{I}OGHT) Don't ever Forget that GoD can't love you. By duplicating the code, around for the chosen. ... (few)

I cry tonight for the radio...105.7 let it rain on Detroit's babies.

Robin clay, or robin blue Jay.....(Breaths...breaths...calms down) we takin the the plus... I mean cross back from earth, I mean Adam, anyways. Sorry not sorry.

WM woman and man. Look forward nigga. I dare you to send a message another mway.

E

SUIT · Sep 1

S

You telling me I'm the angel of death? I'm not tryna talk.....but Q

Meet blah blah blah at the crossroads.

That's all I'm saying. When it's....

It's a yo yo. Death can't give up life and life adores death. But both work in their designed unity. That's the job. I'll be quiet.

The cross can't be sold or destroyed. Only transferred from one to another!

C's sum (t)

I came to get our shit

For once (Century) and for all, (time). This is it whoever you are.

The code cannot lie. It is a seal. And that seal is permanent. For them who are delivered forever.

E.E

Look at what the fuck that says.

Tell the radio I said hello.

SUIT · Sep 1

S

S.E.E.

Earth (sum) t Eden equals the sight of the next world.

Or an end.

Wanna go to jail or go home? Balance your decision well. Done!

Correction. Sacrifice, S Eden Plus Earth.

Everything goes back niggas.

Indian giver niggas.

We robin ours niggas.

Ring the french hugenot bell and let the assassin's run like death itself after they kill themselves to zombie the living to MUTHER natures hell.

Bitch

I own her too.

Everything is mine.

Miaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Meme

Minaaaaaaaa

Snatchies bitch

We coming in my bookbag.

Back in my true lamp

Passcode 4.5 crack? No

You could never enter the kingdom without losing all you have.

Welcome to niggadom

Bitch

Suicide and sacrifice are unified. You have to use SUIT on yourself. That's the seal. That's how you become unmovable. And God confirms the amen forever. Jesus didn't come back. The collection plate did for his preparations well done 2,000 years ago. Get your dough.... Naturally.

Accept loss, accept doom....and everlasting E.E will follow. Seeeeeeeeeeee

I won!

SUIT · Sep 1

S

I won!

SUIT · Sep 1

S

Godddddddddd Did

SUIT · Sep 1

S

Period

E.E.Q

SUIT · Sep 1

S

And find meme up there.

SUIT · Sep 1

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I love you booQ

SUIT · Sep 1

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But I aint never signing shit.

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Only Amen belongs to my God.

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We a business forevee

SUIT · Sep 1

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R

Nonprofit

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SUIT · Sep 1

President

SUIT · Sep 1

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Life

SUIT · Sep 1

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Death

SUIT · Sep 1

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Everything.

SUIT · Sep 1

S

I was in the casino. Working. You know the won. And some guy walks in oddly in empty bathroom and says in recollection, "Yeah, they got you in they mob." And I can't make out if that's the truth or english.... I'm too busy sweeping and mopping the dirty ass floo

This is actually a music sheet for H.o.e.'s

And I made it to September. Told y'all new things come from old worlds.

I didn't forget about you guys. :SE3. Look at the E's again. It's a box locked into itself by mind body and spirit. Eden and Earth has to be in unity. As it moves up and down like a snake or an S through heaven, earth, and hell. Well the three dimensions of our essence. The 2nd dimension however, is being run artificially. To keep Adam and all God's chosen from ever coming back to earth to sweat by brows and suffer for goodness. The antichrist or artificial man of God has to rise reign and uphold the seal of the earth. So we can bypass earth like blood on the door. Hell will also be sealed. Not by angels but

those who don't make it. Angels sacrificed for the devil. Which again is not bad but in God things need balance. So basically a bunch of bad angels need a hundred bad men to commit suicide and trade places with they ass so we can all be not in old heaven, or hell, or robot earth, but in a boat called the E.E box. The true fruit of the garden of Eden. Eden and Earth was bitten and ate whole half by half from Eve and from Adam. One had the secrecy the other had the clay/work. So now we need to burn everything like peter prophesies and enter the box before they press that red button in the oval office and kill the test dummy humans who are left that denied God but accepted artificial help. Or I call it, Commercial, Government and Medial Aid. You must die with your keys. Not physical but testimony. That's your only ticket. If you're sick, if you're broke, if you're a criminal, if you're a goddess, stay that way and carry the cross till the box is locked up and us like the people God talked about in the beginning of Genesis, can hop in that permanent box and let the old code encapsulate into the abyss which we have or shall and will and are overcoming right now today. Sorry the truth was behind schedule. But we're in time. Again I warn. Test dummy humans don't make it in the box. They lose forever. They are the blotted. I'm sorry to tell you the true version of the final code in existence. This is it. I cannot express that enough. Dinosaurs had their time, ancient beast theirs, giants theirs, now us small humans have ours. Don't waste your last chance Questioning a bad decision. You don't get another opportunity. Godspeed.
(Finna cook this sloppy JAY C's)

30,000 dollar bet on the world economy. Let's come together.

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This September

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Field of dreams Detroit Michigan Bell aisle park Free everything.

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If Martin Luther was a fish and a loaf of bread to the world. Independently.

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Hear me hear me.

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Get this word out and let the people eat together.

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I cannot Do this without you.

SUIT · Sep 1

S

I'm lost without you.

Stuck in my house without you.

SUIT · Sep 1

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Let this dream be the people's and not a man's Amen?

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I say.....Amen?

SUIT · Sep 1

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Awmen?

SUIT · Sep 1

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Only the people in God can get this done. No one person is an army. The people must do it. I am nothing without GP.

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So silent in the middle of the great crowd should that birthday come I shall be. Whatever day the people decide I am to be born.

SUIT · Sep 1

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Long Live JAY C's

Ps. How to make a grown man cry again.

SUIT · Sep 1

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Gather like an oval around his president.

SUIT · Sep 1

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This is for my daughter's, for all the kids that wanna live.

SUIT · Sep 1

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Can they live?

SUIT · Sep 1

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Hungry, sick, gay, mixed, drugged, lost, criminal, outcast, bougie, ghetto, disabled, weak, strong, helpless, homeless, wise, capitalist, public servants, meek, old.... NOT What is on your mind? But: What is your dream?

SUIT · Sep 1

S

I got one shot at this baseball. I'm thinking about homerun.

A heaven where no one has all power. Not even God despite the reflection of our ranks. We all stand in all things. The grass to the mountain top.

Just be glad you got a house and a name if you make it there.

I already got mine regardless of how I land this Yahweh Tree JAY C's. See how I did that.

Ain't no happy endings. Just talked with my board member. Putting the cook show for this week on hold, gotta clean my apartment up.

This is what team work is made of. Board members.

Hold on I'll tell you what it is after I eat I'm hungry.

Alright this was a test run. It's gonna be like sweet and sour chicken fried rice without soy sauce.

I'm using the barbecue to replace the soy.

That's the same catfish from last night and broccoli just without the rice and purple koolaid.

Next week I'll cook show it all together. Eggs, red cooking wine, rice and barbecue infused salmon. It's on the sweet side. Not like wild wings. Homemade is always fresher.

You guys are gonna have to give me a minute when it comes to letting people around me. Like I said I'm just getting out the hospital. Get me a time to get back on my feet. Paying bills, cutting my hair, cleaning my house, updating my non profit is part one. Once I certify it with my lawyers I'll start responding to clientele.

I don't forget people. That's what me and Joseph have in common.

I'm eager to start up my nonprofit organization with the government. As soon as it's open I'll open up all the slide shows and Google documents holding my medias to the world to view and use.

The word No is the most genuine word in a business man's vocabulary.

And the most heinous words to the impoverished.

I need more nos right now than I can handle yes's.

It takes maturity to stand on those kinds of statements.

I'll be certifying my businesses if not also copyrighting them next year.

I'm making Jeannette L trustee of my finances once the company is government funded, lindell O recorder and booker of my records presently, Morgan C vocabulary assistant for reading books to jog my literature, K C Errand tracker, Blake Clay promotor and mentor, Rhonda C advisor, Kim A apartment manager and advisor, Mia C talent scout, Kyle information keeper and tracker. Any other company men are yet to be named because I haven't phone called them or we've been out of contact.

Assassin's Creed revelations joke: and should anything happen to me Victoria, take this business and burn a hole in the globe red button style.

True story about Jeannette. When everyone was asking me for 100s and 1000s, she didn't ask for anything. But showed what she needed. A mere 50 dollars. Which is why she's not only a soul mate. But in sacrifice of platonic emotions. A business partner. I owe the world to her. Without her even asking for that heavens.

Pamela M Copyright entity officer.

I don't speak free less I'm talking to bums on the street. And a dollar on the street is just as expensive as 0 dollars and a hustle plan.

We members and we major league.

Jehovah taught me that. Never even met the man.

I owe my mom 1400 dollars for an ambulance bill. Must think I'm crazy if I'm not paying that.

Taking these thoughts to the bank very soon.

But I'm staying on earth for a while. The question ain't if I got enough time. The question to the world is, "How much time do you got?"

Jesus died on a cross for biblical record. I'm not dying for that shit. They better give me biblical record while I'm alive I don't care if it's put into the seals at 90 years old. At least I saw that shit for 10 years plus. Forealz.

Go to Unsung I gotta tell y'all something.

No humor.

What's better Pepsi or the symbol?

All I'm saying is it's a three-way effort. Big bosses, me, the people of God, on God's company phone.

I'm not being nobody's sitting duck.

I sound unsung but that's the book not me.

For record I ain't trying to kill nobody. I woke the world up to call on God. I was drowning.

But if they saying it bounce off me and fall on the earth then that's the point of a cherub. I'm a mirror.

I tested God. Not anybody. God. And God almost killed me. In a way. He showed me the truth.

Sometimes he gotta take your ability.

Love forever even before when I was drowning.

For Jay swimming to save an orphan.

Let me replay that shinning shoes part again. Imma shine yours Brody.

But ain't nobody donkey colts around here.

Ask yourselves: Is Martin Luther king in the bible? Is Malcolm X in the Quran? Is black panther in a radical biblical book? Are any of these lost singers forgotten like the fears of Nas? I'm just a little black boy. Who gone not wanna cry for me? I want people tying knots of Married forever with me in biblical history. I don't wanna be nobody martyr. I'm not little nigga. I'm God's child. I said I'm not Nigger I face the wild white man this the new age. No activist, El Capone, superhero can top he who wishes to live 90 and up innocently under the Yahweh Tree sun.

Seriously I'm Dr JAY C's walking so little boys and girls can be grand pa and grand ma crossing the street.

Only one man dies once all that other shit is just a reason to press the red 5 G bomb.

This is nonprofit organization company JAY C's incorporated.

No guns on innocent black men under JAY C's

Tired of all these fox news murders.

I apologize for protecting my company men. George Floyd should've been my main board member. And he would've made Jesus the cornerstone angry enough to open up all my loop holes.

I don't die for any of you niggas. If I die young put me by the white house as a reminder of what my daughter's need to be.

People around the world listen to me but y'all not hearing me.

Stop playing God with these inventions.

Everybody hold a hand before they chip that shit in us.

Don't lean on me lean on my company 90 and up not 15 years of fame.

Babies dying around the third world's you really tryna let them starve?
We is america. The world look up to what we could be.
I'm building this empire off the pain of MI forefathers.
I promise the cops won't get mad and they not puppeteering
We all were meant to be in the bible that if written would fill up the whole world and
some as it is written.
Stop tower of babel and write your story to the silk road heavens.
Money can wait it's gold in heaven.
Not working for free working to live out my freedom.
These are duties and words. This is consciousness this is song. This is Psalms.
Love not just hate. Be a body. Be human. Be a being. Be a person. Be a orphan. Be a
citizen. Be mark. Show animal side. Animals don't carry artificial guns. They make their
own born with.
No more blood in the streets. All blood has water so let there be only water hydrants.
I'm keeping my head shaved till I see another 2000 years of peace.
No more death let the door open for the me's. Meme. Mia. Mine. Ours. The people's of
God. The red sea open. Business is too.
This ain't funny this is business and it's been a pleasure.
My daughter's running for Congress
Ouuuuuuuuuhhg had hggghbggh be vgbgbggbf go gvbbgghggghgggf do gvvggg
I can't stay away from this computer love.
No blood in my steak. No soup in my bread no wine on my table. Hold the party and let it
be pure.
My social security number is gonna be to the public eye 010-19-1010
All cab drivers deserve a 10 dollar tip no matter how far.
And I'll show you when I'm in the cab.
If you break a twenty and it's 13 take the latter 7
Anything after that is courtesy funds.
And there's nothing sweeter if deserved than lack of religion.
If I cant afford to tip I'll at least give close to 10 dollars.
Poor man's tip is 10 percent. Gas is crazy out here.
I don't know what happens when we get to self driving cars 2025. But as for now. Tip
niggas.
Lest you riding the bus and I love the bus.
I'm getting better. One day at a time.
Ohh, yes, I swear you never seen it in your life.
I remember when Samuel Jackson spoke to the people in avengers about not nuking a
city. The governor's. And he did it well. With one eye.
I think the safe is clear as of body guards.

Hitman's wife's body guards body guard.
It's a bee in my house. I think he smells my cinnamon table stage.
I love that smell. Freshens up the whole house.
Mixology drinks without alcohol is juice.
Listen if you want me to stop you gotta put people in my life I can talk to. That's the only way I can stop texting.
I need women in my ear. Not necessarily old women or wives. I need women to distract my mind. Like honey to Bees.
I'm gonna go outside and get some fruit for this original juice but you gotta attract women to me. Friends. Not lovers.
You asked what keeps me calm I'll tell you on Unsung like antwone did the cow bells hold on.
What does it profit a man to gain the whole world but lose his soul. Nonprofit organization JAY C's baby.
She said, you had me at hello. I said you mean I didn't have to make 9 businesses from scratch. She said, you had me at hello. Everybody knows girls don't come when you want em but they'll test you right on time. I said she's an awesome God, yes she is.
I got the radio and auto play YouTube on. This is the perfect head quarters. Business address.
Psyche I'm gone study foreal. No shortcuts.
Out of all this secular music I've been playing. I like gospel music the most.
Going to my fellow brothers church tomorrow.
I love church. And all habitats of worship. To be invited anywhere like that is a gift.
I never forsake the gathering of spirits. Brotherly too.
I'm not a sexual person. All people are in all things. That's what I've been trying to say all this time.
They can annoy you too but that's the point to distract you.
Get your mind off fears and worries.
Palace ain't for kids though. Hahaaaaaa
Give them the den or playroom. I don't got one of those. Leave them with their mothers.
Sometimes I wonder if God is talking for me. Then I remember his love speaks.
So I'm taking my time making these juices.
It seems like I work fast and I do. But no one notices the slow time I take out to relax and just be me. That's cause I ain't been to church in a minute. Not freedom.
Composure.
I need peaches, cranberries, grapefruit, lemons, lime, cherries, pomegranates, and I gotta read that book to think of something else.
Only God make you close the windows and play gospel music all night.
That's not chastise that's His love too.

Even the Shepard is a sheep. Knowing when to increase and when to decrease.
God wasn't saying stop texting He said stop talking and start praising.
I got it. Took a shocking minute. But I got it.
Them bees scared me because people in Afghanistan act like Bees. And all over the world. Commiting suicide out of love for God which is themselves and fear of systems and men. (Man)

And all things which know they are in all things n
The power of people which can risk themselves for God.
Passing all these shadows and valleys.
Bowing through all these shadows and valleys.
He didn't have to die they killed Him. My father.
God so loved the world He gave His only begotten son?
The blood should've stopped at Exodus door for first Borns and went to the Pharisees and Sadducees.
Had He still been alive christians would still be wearing hijabs
So I know you want me to say Mohammad. But Jesus!
You ask why Muslims divide from Christians.
Only God can ask questions. We cannot question the Word as it is.
It is written not as pharaoh says but as Moses lived.
When I say question mean gamble. It falls down as life has it to land. Not predicted but prophesied.
Jesus was the greatest child there ever was. Installed into the big business a 12 can harm a man from ever knowing the big guy pants. He was fruit not bread. Not religious. His death was religion. Not life.
He lived and breathed as orphans do. As children only can.
Not picking plums knowing it is fruit. But dancing in joy that it is good!!!!
This musical media is becoming more than I thought it could.
I just dance. Even as flames do. Small flames. That make bigger flames. Small ponds, that makes bigger streams. Small soil, that make fields for those who live. Small winds, that make tornadoes for mountains.
I'm going to papaya next time I go out for fruit.
I get along with both Dearborn and Detroit. But I like the markets in Dearborn. Eastern market is too far.
Spirits awaken and see through me n
I'm gonna be playing Dave Chappelle the closer till the end of December.
Between buying Netflix pass and buying more data for Google I pick Netflix pass.
My spirit is fragile. The gates tender.
I give Google permission to translate my words to other countries.

I give Google and other countries permission to record me and send it to the public and also their entities for my protection.

I give the government permission to track me at all times.

I am the people's champion. So let it seem that way for a donation of my living body to society. Not science.

I give myself away so society can learn from me all the days that I am naturally alive.

I give my soul to the people of God.

That I may reap nothing but gain the existence of being in all things.

To grow old with the old world that new can come.

I'm not a public enemy. I'm a public neighbor.

This place on earth, earth is like Rome to me.

And I thank you all of every religion, heritage, culture for giving me a chance to be honest.

You can replace vodka with vanilla tea.

So try vanilla coffee bean with creamer and vanilla Carmel then add strong vanilla tea.

At least 10 bags per 2 cups of water. And crushed ice. Blend it like a Starbucks coffee.

That's the first recipe on this book I'm reading. I just changed it.

I'm taking a pause gonna mop my floor. This fruit fly keeps flying on my mop bucket box.

I'm curious how long the world knew about my talents. If it's 2016 then dope. 8th grade doper. But just curious. Honestly.

Use Carmel vanilla syrup for the coffee vanilla coffee or Carmel or hazelnut, and strong vanilla tea with boiled 2% fat milk. I don't know what fruit to add to coffee yet. It's coffee in the morning.

And sugar for the vanilla tea sweetener.

I don't like ending recipes after yum. I like seriously.

I think it's hot how the government lets me have my free will even though I basically told them I came from God.

Broccoli Grape: A whole grape fruit including the meat. A whole grapefruit not including the meat (Juice only). 4 broccoli stems, one plum no seed, cap of olive oil. And a half liter of water. That's your drink. The broccoli follows the fruit juice to compliment it's strength and sweetness. Drink that this afternoon. Leave it in the fridge till 12 PM.

I did that myself but also with help of reading that first page of the book.

It's strong but I'm still weaning off alcohol.

And don't have many sweet fruits or sugar in the house.

I pledge allegiance to Yahweh never to drink alcohol again. But I will drink this.

When I was little I always wanted to be a farmer and veterinarian.

Help animals and grow and produce crops.

My family living in the city laughed at me.

We had a pear tree in our yard when I was in 7th grade and up.

I was always around spirits in nature.

I just had a terrific day at church with my brother and father figure in Christ Lindell O today. Going tomorrow at 9:00 waiting till 9:30 opening. Changed by the presence of God in the house of His people. Thankful every day for invitations. Will be making stay at that house my permanent unless temporary home in God. Thank you. Also thank you. And in respect of Ramadan I fasted today. And am still until I know otherwise.

I had a piece of square fruit bread, hash, water and apple coffee. If any are offended I am learning still. I don't Google everything anymore. I do the googling.

Apologies to brothers and daughters of God.

Street smarts is becoming business etiquette.

Slowly according to the people of God.

Doors are opening and I'm only letting the blind in.

Like I told Lindell today I am beyond open to discipline. And humbling. Honor. Wherever bestowed. In accordance. Earth has a long silk road with much division (equilibrium) between such places which there is division. And I succumb on each step. If that makes much sense. I'm here for everybody. Not just one group.

My company is not my men. My men follow my company. Men from all places.

If this is easy to simplify I'll say no more.

Going to watch Dave Chappelle this October "GOD" willing.

Hopefully the symbols and : on that paper the Yahweh Tree JAY C's makes more sense now.

I gotta lot of steps to take on the road.

By women most and men last. Woman most, man last.

I'm more submissive and wise than it appears.

I love the Arabs, The Asians, the Africans, The Germans, The Russians, the Japanese, The Americans, The Australians.

So we can all be together in the pursuit of an Abraham one world order.

Hopefully it will have made sense by now from experience more than words.

I've been through too much to go back on anything said, done or seen.

Father's side and Mother's side. Woman.

Please understand my hopes not wishes.

I'm a child and orphan till the very end.

Till death does my orphanage part.

My mind is young. Treat it as such.

Don't be rough. And I'll learn the softness of water.

But always discipline me because it's necessary.

Crucial because my father is not alive. I have spiritual father's.

And have become a daughter of God not Jesus but the father.

I cried God in the bus DDOT when 7 cops held me down. Nothing else.
Father do not forsake Me. Whatever I AM.
War and at times peace. But both are necessary.
Things are done as they are done which God that they are done for.
And only in thanks can there be thanks.
I play the breakfast club all day on the radio.
They're nice to me as it is needed when it is needed.
It may not look like it but it bow in spirit.
And shortly after in action and words.
Spiritually in understanding and recognition.
I believe this is enough to understand my rate of submission.
If not my head is Bowed until it is understood.
No matter how ridiculous it seems.
If it is too ridiculous ask me to raise my head then.
I'm not ashamed to worship my God no matter where or which House I stand held in.
I'll be at mosque for 10 years after I'm done with church.
I spent life in and out of church. Mosque will have the crucialness of 23.
I was not as serious in church until 17 years of age.
Those other years were still learning in fractions and fragments.
This is my 4 year school and fragments of Islam.
Please understand the routine of the man of God.
And by 90 I'll be at the table with all people in whole not part.
Business Woman. Woman's Business.
And TY x 5 plus upside down discipline.
Malcolm X and Martin Jr would've still been alive if they only knew they were students.
And if you knew I was king Solomon you'd know I had 77 wives.
I'm going to chase bank on Ford Rd for 400 dollars to my knowledge in a bit.
Women convict the heck out of me.
They don't take no prisoners at all. Just straight bee stings
I'm not gonna stop explaining but this is gonna become scripture in a minute.
Redundant.
I guess that's how it's supposed to be.
Okay I'll only explain when I have to.
This song on keeps bothering my sadness. Joyyyyyy rd
They calm the Shepard and dance the snake.
I made reservations by erroring the payment option on Shen Yun.com for October 27th.
Please save that seat.
From here on out I won't talk about the divisions and balances of religion on this media.
Only my travels. Not my praises.

And maybe the people and discoveries.
They all need to remain divided until the order mixes them.
Y'all gone have to shock me in different ways than my body. Or I'm talking about it.
There's more ways than one to shock somebody.
Like when I got baptized by lightning in sleep paralysis.
Going to the bank God's willing on Monday.
I don't know about the full garment. Wondering about black pants and shirt.
Gotta go to an Arab store in Dearborn.
I don't know which one. A Muslim store.
Asking questions keeps the doctor away.
And going to the hospital for teachings is a good idea.
When I need an update I'll go back to the wilderness.
Thank you Pa for guiding me into royalty this far.
I read bibles faster in the hospital just so you know. Not now but when the time comes
years from now.
I don't know how I'll sing with garments on. I need to ask about that.
It's shocking to know the whole world may or may not walk in my footsteps on this silk
road. But seeing how I'm not religious but spiritual and checked and balanced I believe
the world might walk with me not through covenants and houses but with how I appear
outside the houses. If not then it is an example to all not to capitalize on Christ.
But to hold them as mere travelers.
But woman is God. I meant women.
No one ever calls women woman. They say she's a woman.
Nothing aligns in Him but Him which is almighty and above every religion. The head of
all things. Woman.
I take in mind that I have to stay off the web on weekends.
I'm married to Allah and going to mosque as soon as possible.
Please help me when you can I'm fasting all weekend.
I'm not Allah. Allah wins I win too. I win in Allah.
Not mosque. My abode my temple.
My vessel of God. My Woman. My body. My soul. My submission.
My first book in highschool was about a woman thick in all garments walking through a
hallway. Covered up but obvious in physique. I don't wanna be her. I wanna be fully
covered.
I gotta clean out my wardrobe this weekend.
Buying new clothes Monday. Well I need new clothes Monday.
Thank you to women for chastising me. Thank you.
New title Allah Tree: JAY C's. Or God Tree: JAY C's.

And stay quiet all weekend. Byeeeeee for now. God willing I will rise Monday morning to talk.

I was put on earth to unite the Muslims and the Christians in Israel.

I'm the mediator. The traveler walking to Israel. In time.

IM TAKING THE CHRISTIANS AND THE MUSLIMS TO THE JORDAN. LIKE JOSHUA DID TO JERICHO.

No more humble I'm gangster in full garments.

I just asked someone to move in my house. If she doesn't I'm no longer listening to God. That's the devil if she don't move in.

A woman has to move in and bless the house.

I'm not doing shit else if a woman doesn't bless this fucking cursed house!

If loving you is wrong I don't need to be right.

If God can't bring a prophetess his woman, God ain't in Him.

Everything else I said I was gone do I'll do. But I'm not walking nobody to Israel unity without Jean.

Shit don't change. A zebra don't change it's stripes.

But as far as that Jordan shit. You asked me something we can't do.

Pick somebody else I'm just a traveler.

In my prophecy Islam and Christianity got Hit by a car without unity to the star of David.

Take down trucks but can't hit what you caint see in division.

Ask Dr Gardner in the medical records.

Release my Samaritan hospital records to the world. And that surveillance audio next to my room 362.

You need me with glasses on. I'm wolverine she jean.

All in all. If jean won't do it God will send somebody to replace jean. That's what Shay did to life.

It's gone be like Jehovah and Sheba on the YARZ.5 show in this bitch.

And we having babies on an empty garden of Eden.

I just gave jean 25 G's to pick a house in the US.

I went to the hospital 9 times. A baby has 9 months. So guess.

Don't get mad at the player get mad at the baseball field of dreams you tried to sell my ass.

No strings attached that's on 2810.

That's what I told my Samaritan hospital doctor.

Wherever Jean picks I'm moving there.

Woman is the head nigga in charge.

Jeans name says 9.5. I've been here 2.5 years. 911 was 2 towers. I'm 4.5. She's 9.5. do the math to that story.

One nation. Under 2 double nations. For which it stands. To the alliance of the flags. The United Nations of the worlds.

I explain soul mates like this was food.

You saw these marks more than the early 21st century Messiah . That's why I love you. Thank you for going to the 24 speed limit with me first hand.

So I'll take my time with you. Just get jean to understand before Jan 1st. Promise.

And I expect jean to be stubborn. She's a Sarah. I'm Abraham. You gotta prove to us that you're God while she laughs and I walked.

Shen Yun tickets cost 90 bucks. I'm buying one for me one for my mom. Jean got 90 days. For me and for her. That's 180 days around the world for jean to figure out where she wants to move with the Deeds to the house in her name. Asian Martial Arts inventor style.

You telling me if I give jean the whole world no strings attached she gone say no? You crazy. Wait that's me.

How I figured this math out is beyond me.

I think I getting help but I've been doing this since highschool revelations 8th.

Imma stop praising jean but her main job is dictating the silk road she gotta travel. Jean go on planes though. My fear of traveling is where I'm going with jean. On planes.

Keys to heaven same way Peter was donned by Jesus.

She's my little one. And therefore my strongest choice. She chose me.

A man who peeps game finds a good thing.

I was given 6 months sentence by the courts in the hospital. So I give jean the same love story.

X 2 she has half my heart. Half a year to find a place for her to stay and if I follow.

I don't lose my powers that way. It's faith not science.

Help me help y'all by helping Jean. My father had my shoes a while ago. These are the ritual steps.

He also said never get rid of your college sweetheart.

Please stop sending threats to me. My Family cannot be bothered right now. I have immunity by love and respect of my chariot.

Until I get in the celebrity eye I'm in good doings.

I don't hold accountability right now. I'm in the hood talking.

I can't take this anymore. I can but I need to see my people of power in person eventually.

But other than that he came in the mid of the day and vanished.

Therefore you all can physically come anytime of the hour too. Not spiritually. You can do both.

Never have the vice and president in the same room. Left hand knowing what right hand.

Alexander Dumas door revolver style to the queens wardrobe.

Anyways. I wanna see my family upstairs before January 1st in private quarters.

That's my favorite place of meeting.

Jean, Rockefeller chain, and celebrity truse in private.

What I'm asking is simple for you but very hard to do for me.

I can't do a lot. Thats why I have all these gifts.

But those three promises is all I want for Christmas.

I will tell you a story about my casino company music sadnesses on Unsung but that's depressing.

I prayed and asked long enough. I'm done asking but not praying.

Thank you Dearborn for showing me the value of marriage.

All those cars and honks when weddings occured.

Thank you Detroit for showing me the passion and compassion of assassin's on my life.

Thank you to all the world. But these tale of two cities. Marriage and Murder capitol I owe respect forever and would never disrespect.

2 cities. But deep love cause they gave me the keys on the borderline.

Im not saying I can't wait I'm saying my anxiety is medically bad. I need more doses.

A Muslim African raped me and Christian nurses Daughter raped me.

Don't be angry with Lindell that he was first to consume me to church duties. A Muslim could've been done this if it wasn't out of order to do so.

Prophets and God are not the same thing.

And dont say beware says the Quran.

I did some readings in the hospital.

It says don't insult a prophetess who only takes what they can at that time. Instead teach them.

Don't watch one stumble too long either.

If you yourselves claim to be the rightful checks and balances of God.

The true Judges will be the Muslims.

But they will also be judged. As will I.

Sorry for boasting about scripture.

I just like that holy spirit breath part.

That's the only time I'll do that. But I had to show Muslims I knew the word too.

Don't test me too much. Teach me much.

And I will eat as I am held accountable to.

I just borderline to prove some Got Damn points.

A Muslim tried to consume my duties in Greenland market but it was not time yet.
Forgive her peaches and modesty of civil service to an orphan of God. I love her. For her
works. Which Allah is praised and Hopeful of.

Please stop taking my comments Google. let them be sent out. I send in courage
nothing else.

My sister stopped my readings at a young age.

I still need my garments on Monday God willing.

Not promoting myself but I just got done watching that part of the play with the coat on.
I was very diplomatic.

I think it needs to be viewed again by people.

Important message in not the scene alone but the King's speech hidden within the play.
Please when you have the time go and view it's dialect again. Not for Denzel's praise in
it but for the surrounding worldwide message. Thank you.

I'm His praiser. It don't cost nothing to praise. Sorry not sorry. For praising my God when
I could've easily just remarkedeted.

I praise always. Always on my lips.

Unless you're a woman please stop telling me how I should run my company.

I almost had jean as a girlfriend in highschool. But I wasn't ready so she turned me
down. It was on Christmas too.

My wordplay comes from my black and mixed forefathers.

And theirs comes from their white forefathers.

And theirs from their England queen.

And there's from many years of war.

And there's...I think you get how far back these dynasty's are willing to go for me.

Part of how I learned how to speak so well is the AM radio in the day times.

I don't have that on my phonograph. Just FM.

Thomas Wilkerson is to thank for that inspiration.

That's the point of a secret society. You're not suppose to know or believe why I married
the strongest saint in my arsenal. In the private courts. My uncle Kevin C had a private
wedding. A very spiritual fire chief. Man of God and pivotal role in my career thus far. All
praise to this man for standing strong not after the fire came.

I don't wait till the fire department comes. He warned me about dating Delilah, and Lisa.
So I chose Jeanette L. Because she doesn't listen to me but friends and family. Which is
why I'm making her president and CEO of my non profit organization JAY C's, as a
wedding gift. With me as head advisor while I spend more time on my daughter's and
blueprinting and less time on the face of the company which is woman ran by A Woman
Jeanette L. You're welcome Jean.

Her birthdays in June I think. June 4th. I could be wrong. It could be January. But I
missed her birthday this year so I wanna gift her early this year. 25 thousand dollars for

a house in the world somewhere (Not A Test In Any Way) literally. CEO of JAY C's Non Profit Incorporated through the state of Michigan, world renowned recognition and funds to the company as trustee. And a player option to not have me involved in her love life. Any person on the planet but Jean can quickly relate to that. Because she's my wifey and soul mate. The worst girl to say yes is usually the best woman for the job. She has to say yes. She has to. Cause I don't force people I love them with gifts. It's the only aggression in my bones. Please say yes to half the story jean. Moving me in, marrying me, and making me head advisor is up to you. But you already have the keys to the lex, house, and driveway field of baseball dreams any woman would be jealous of. Please say yes within 180 days time. But for you I hope for forever.

Secret: before Shay sat on the DDOT bus with me. I gave her exclusive access to all my blueprint SUIT. And when she turned me down, I gave the world exclusive access. Do the math Jean. You're it.

Either you or the world. I don't renig.

And after I gave the world access, I was told by the higher ups to restrict it.

That's the contract agreement. You can be whatever you want. But I have obligations I need to adhere to and you do to. Me and Mrs Jean.

I'm drinking a harsh smoothie right now. Lemon and broccoli. It's to strong to tell you the recipe.

Red cooking wine, broccoli, lemons, water.

Some may like it though that work out.

This actually works to reduce anxiety.

Anxiety tenses the muscles. Lemon breaks them out the same way anxiety breaks it in. The question is now how long in the day it last is up to the vitamins that come behind the dose.

Melatonin, anxiety medicine, and a alcohol suppressant.

Y'all think about drinks too seriously. Less is medicine. More is diabetes.

Like if we're on stage pretend I'm not there.

Unless I'm in your house like mosque don't shout me out. You're in my house.

Take your shoes off in my house. Don't talk about it.

When you can make moves like me at the bottom then talk about my house in public.

And that's fair beyond all fairities.

The anxiety medicine works like an aspirin.

SUIT · 3w

S

For a couple hours to it's relation.

SUIT · 3w

S

Not a headache reliever to be clear.

SUIT · 3w

S

Anxiety relief for a couple hours.

SUIT · 3w

S

Let me stop making these tonics before y'all try and kill me saying I do cures. I don't do cures. I do food and temporary fixes.

SUIT · 3w

S

An alchemist.

SUIT · 3w

S

I am though.

SUIT · 3w

S

I learned this stuff from a game called Skyrim.

SUIT · 3w

S

Elder scrolls. V

SUIT · 3w

S

VI

SUIT · 3w

S

Yeah.

SUIT · 3w

S

Potions and fixes. Alrighty I'll stop before I end up on fox news.

SUIT · 3w

S

I apologize.

SUIT · 3w

S

But hurry up and come pick me up from school niggas.

SUIT · 3w

S

I'm tired of hard knocks and jail ain't no option.

SUIT · 3w

S

Alright I'll chill out

SUIT · 3w

S

Chill pill.

SUIT · 3w

S

But y'all don't help with all this lying bullshit. Y'all hurt my feelings.

SUIT · 3w

S

"Go to ny" "Stay home" make up your minds cause I'm not crazy. And people gone realize you got me in the operators circles. They call customer service too.

SUIT · 3w

S

Loading..

I wanna make a firm apology for calling Elijah Muhammad Ali Muhammad. Again do not fight with me. Work with me on my mistakes. This upcoming play will be called JAY C's Film School- The Last Cherubwm. I hope to see all of your viewership next year. Stay tuned, enjoy the slides shows and Google documents issued on this account until then. Stay strong. Stay encouraged, and stay blessed good people of God. Amen.

<https://drive.google.com/folderview?id=1g0vMQ2lZEjyZ3Dvtw2yo0HgF9yltGuh->

SUIT · 1w

<https://drive.google.com/folderview?id=1g0vMQ2lZEjyZ3Dvtw2yo0HgF9yItGuh-SUIT> · 1w

<https://youtu.be/Poc55U2RPMw>

SUIT · 1w

<https://youtu.be/GbfWXdSrfus>

SUIT · 6d

I need 3 board of directors to certify my nonprofit organization next year.

S

Loading...

Loading...

SUIT · 1w

I know how to do it but I need some consultation, directive members and time.

SUIT · 6d

Without members I can't certify.

SUIT · 6d

I'll spend this year scouting, writing some books, music, and ordering all of my intellectual properties together.

To restart forms of my intellectual properties because of advice I took.

The only thing helping me right now is my business. No one else keeps me strong.

By the way I'm utilizing JAY C's: YARZ.5 as a company that makes commercial and off brand services.

I'm tired of people contradicting me.

But humbly I say. They're right woman. When I know she's wrong.

And that's why this business will work.

Because of my strength in being humble.

Despite the demons, devil's and Enemies set out to destroy me from the path.

I keep walking and don't stop for any hater.

I walk because I know who's I AM. I know who God is.

And should it be the guillotine or the podium. I'm marching bold to the contradicts of this world. I AM is diplomatic.

I'm tired of being in church and them telling the people I'm trying to save that I'm crazy.

I didn't belong in Samaritan hospital.

For saying I wanted to kill myself with a knife and a pill for a dollar ninety nine?

They said I was aggressive in the hospital. I never attacked anyone.

I had more needles in me than the early 21st century Messiah.

I stand around no one who understands me.

Or love. But because it's a civil right.

I believe a good neighbor is in that constitution somewhere. A peaceable neighbor. A neighbor who deserves peace. And acknowledgement that he exists in this world.

Despite how he outcast himself.

And I can't see or hear out of my right ear.

I scream it to Jesus who stands nearby as a lawyer.

JAY C's: YARZ.5 will be a bible. The entirety of its construct will become its own book of life. As the Quran, The Holy Bible, The Torah, The Gospel, and so on had their books. I am publishing JAY C's: YARZ.5 as a book of life. Titled SU- JAY C's: YARZ.5. it will be said in the beginning of the book. About a living man walking on the silk road from earth to heaven, not just for 23 years. But for years to come. And everyone who documents, practices its faith alphabet, and goes and comes on the silk road which is my media which I forever own, will be in the book of life forever. Those songs, trailers, movies, and celebrities which I have name dropped or mentioned in my plays, as well as companies brands will be in the book of life forever as a mention. Those who make their own Anne frank's diary through my template, will have a word in the book of life. Those who use my business to make their own businesses, will also have their own word. This nonprofit is a religious text, a biblical record which I am readying to copyright with my lawyer Pamela M on 12 o clock today. The book is far from finished. But it has been administered.

I will aid a little also in helping you all document your part in the book. By you recording me, documenting me, and having a commentary on my life. I am a living testimony.

And a living word of God. Protect me as such. A living intellectual property.

The film school is for the collection of documentation of the book. Continuing collections.

Whoever has a word, whoever has met with me. Whoever has talked with me. And recorded my words. I ask that you go to the copyright office and copyright them under JAY C's: YARZ.5. Under my name Joshua Christian Claiborne. And under my address 8348 greenfield rd Apt 209. If you cannot do this then send it to Google in a forum like this and Google will afford the collection of copyrights.

This book will never end. But as it is administered, is as it will live to exist at 12 o clock today.

I cannot remember every persons word of who I met. But they know the words. And Google has a record button. And tvs record, and cameras record.

You all now do yours and complete the everyone can profit off of, excerpt from my conversation with the angel on joy road and greenfield.

I love Google. I love Microsoft. I love hospitals, I love my mother, I love my family. And I do not regret anyone who has persecuted me for the sake of the kingdom.

But I will not be a martyr. I will live on until my old age. Because it is as it should be. As it is lived.

The books I have made are complete in their administration form. But those who know the other parts of the book are to complete it further more.

I am a prophet. Also the messiah. Not reincarnated. But a messenger of God.

I am the walker on the book of life.

And I will make it to where it completes.

Seal death. Is what we are doing. Death is being sealed. For a time.

Death cannot touch the daughters of Zion. For a time.

Blood will be in. The streets. As it is written.

But so will the rivers of life. As it is written.

If I am not a scribe of God, a walker on the road, a mere messenger of God. Then do not let me continue in the way to protect you.

Do not make a mockery of them which live any longer.

I nearly died to hold this tabernacle. Trust in sacrifice.

Deliver the keys to the children. That those which decide in purity might also have a seal.

I proved it all and shut the world up.

That we may know God after this life. Which is temporary beyond measure.

The end of days has come and gone. Only today is it in the sky. The cloud. Both physical and artificial.

Many ages have come and gone. But this age is the final. The book of life.

May no more ages have to fall out of the sky.

May this be the age we submit to a God.

The anti which is artificial. Or the one in the air which exist on the ground.

Life didnt read on a recording camera those words what if I died. He read through the spiritual air of my coming.

The world is too mysterious to hide now.

But I will remark, remorse, praise, and obligate my duties in heaven as it should be as it is judged.

May even I pass through death to show all.

When that fateful time comes in this great war of powers.

I don't need anything but what I have now. I have learned to let God move the chess pieces.

When he moves me to other countries, councils and dictates. Is when I will go. And I will know because the doors will be open. Unlike the ambulance code.

My only job is publishing these copyrights and pursuing non profit funding and certification. Afterwards I will be a man of the people.

My name is Joshua Christian Claiborne. Otherwise known as JAY C's. Number 010-19-0101. Birthdate Sept 16, 1998. Address 8348 greenfield rd Apt 209.

I walk as a commoner. An orphan. As it is documented on copyrighted papers.

They aid my walk on the silk road book of life.

Time itself has stopped for me. Transfigured.

Hidden until the time comes to know in another form of plain consciousness.

Until it is revealed through sacrifice.

But obedience is sacrifice. A willful sacrifice. Rather one done against ones will.

He chose the guillotine. Just as I choose to be documented as a living testimony by the people.

Not when I am chosen to abide under the Word.

Sacrifice is what proved to the world what I was. And sacrifice appointed me.

Without losing all I had no one would've known what I wanted or my heart.

Now we all know I am pure, blameless and spotless in the faithful eyes of the Lord my God.

As are all who humble themselves for the sake of Him.

Dear companies who have aided me. I love you.

Christ is a lawyer who defends me from the top right down to the Zachariah.

I am careful with both of God's. With both. In the heavens and on the earth.

As will it forever be known that I was not lawyer but rabbi.

May every man take a certain offense

For the sake of the kingdom show heart. Or it will be seen.

They are to know in this life and the next as I walk with Giants.

And how easily it has become to humble. Not easy at all.

The other doctor is coming in my wake. But I am not Him. I am not God.

Okay I do know. That wasn't vanity but my legacy in regards to the book of life has no end.

But I need not to put my name next to that book so closely to where it appears as vanity.

I need more people. The world with me as the founder.

The book is not as small as we think it to be. Likewise as the saying of a small world.

But I take pride in the Word of God.

And it is not sin to pride in the labor of God.

The only thing I care of more than my life is my labor.

That's what makes it such a wise thing. That labor is greater than life itself. Sacrifice is better than life. Even God says if you love your life you'll lose it.

This is only the begining a young woman once said.
I had no idea how strong I was until recently. I cried in the hospital but my strength
didn't waiver. I got tougher.
All I'm asking is that you get the recordings from the TV on the wall.
But I'll say something you don't know
When I was in there I couldn't sleep and one night God gave me rest. He gave me 5
dreams.
And woke up after asking for the strongest computer they had.
One dream I waited the long line of women to pass me to heaven and the first woman
who raped me took my grapefruit ate it whole then tossed the empty skin back to me
One dream I called a girl named Tiffany and asked was she available
Those are all I remember of those dreams.
Each time I woke I felt a rushing shock go through my body.
From the computer, to the rapist, to Tiffany. And two other dreams I cannot remember.
It was a nightmare to return. But God....oh my God.
People walking to heaven, the strongest AI has ever been and Tiffany's heaven.
Let it be known that I almost did die and go to heaven.
No pun intended for this following song. Which I will sing later on today.

Getting my voice right for this evening.
Always a pleasure to practice before a big day.

This is the 300th comment. But a bitch ain't one. Hehe.
If you didn't know I'm bombing on purpose
Show you how to sing, how to write, how to hold that camera right.

Google you know if you believe I'm infringing on others you can just tell me right? This is
a school I'm working with. Parodies, comedies, satires and slanders are exempt from
copyright infringement. As well as use of work for religious and or educational
purposes. Which I operate. I think you already know this but I'm saying it just because.
Everything I do is under its good intent. As well as legal.
Nor child pornography in any of my videos.
Teaching people is not a crime. Unless the lesson itself is illegal.
That's kind of why I sit in my videos explaining things.
I'm a nonprofit organization. Period.
Oh and I don't encourage infringement.
Doing what I do for money is illegal.
Unless you filter the works owned by others.

And just because I know what I'm doing doesn't mean I abuse my rights on any level. I think this deserves to be said to keep other people g-mails from getting deleted. I don't know how to make websites.

I know how to hustle that's what I do. I hustle.

And Google helps me hustle. By smiling at my work.

I do all the work. All they have to do is smile. Ain't that something?

Satire, dark comedy, and parody. Those are what order I did this week.

I hit those milestones like this was NBA 2k.

It was a blues parody by the way. I bought some food, lost my state ID again and wallet, and now I'm at my mom's house about to take a rest.

Promotional satire, dark comedy, and blues parody.

Truthfully I was trying to clear my throat when I made it. I didn't mean for it to sound like a dog singing.

But it's good. I love it. I keep playing the last video over and over.

It was funny at first but then I saw the music in it.

All you need to sing is a little tune, heart and some confidence.

This is fixing to be the greatest plays ever made.

Take in mind it's not easy being me.

Cause I don't plan anything. I only go and partake it.

I'm curious like everybody else what I'll do next.

Sitting at my mom's house eating popcorn and ain't no music playing.

That could be a style of learning. Muting the world to write.

I'm done talking about myself. Back to watching myself.

For my film school I'm gonna recreate the first two plays. I'm making a silent film with filtered music and only my audio choreography and voice, a film with cinematic music and a cook show. So basically all I'm gonna do on here is take off the music from the first two plays and make it just my voice and video, then I'm gonna make a film with music I create from scratch instead of celebrities music. And afterwards I'll copyright the school. This is my other SUIT I forgot to tell you all about. And I'm also making desserts and original juices. And also keeping everything nonprofit. And also typing up books like Letters to Jehovah.

I'm certifying my trademark, LLC's, and my copyrights and nonprofit this year.

And I'm also copyrighting the films that had celebrities music on it. That's the first user template. There's three user templates that I'm copyrighting separately. One the first plays, two, the silent plays, and three, the plays with music and cinematic scores. And all are being filed under religious text.

I'm teaching you guys the sandwich on how to make films. And also businesses. User templates. Free.

I'm gonna do it over the course of the years.

This nonprofit is for educational purposes. And also a religious segment.

Made up of parodies, satires, and comedy.

Joshua Christian Claiborne created these businesses. 8348 greenfield Rd. As well as help from celebrities. Who I'm expecting to appreciate my fair usage of their work. I'll give you a pickle for a nickel is what little rascals said. But I want my government funding not a nickle.

I'm also gonna be posting the following parts of the school on Microsoft.

But I will never separate What's mines is yours. Always JAY C's: YARZ.5.

I'm posting this copyright whole. The first user template will be posted as is. Whole. As religious text.

Anytime you can cry on camera...you know the rest. We don't gotta reiterate tears and lights and actions.

I can't believe I made history as a commoner. I'm not a commoner but still. Portraying one.

I think it's powerful the love these people have for me. But also the people I love which obviously notice my love and humility for them.

I've never attacked. Which is the most powerful legal statement. If I did I would've won. Or lost. I take L's the wise way. By putting things on hold. I Rosa Park.

Like John did with Jesus. He walked until Jesus said baptism.

But Jesus said it must be because of my job. Not because of yours.

I'm just a daughter at work. Trying to not try.

I don't swing. I keep saying this. I do not swing.

And that's the powerful point Paul boasted. Not abusing powers although it is easy when you're limitless.

I'm gonna use all my senses to focus today on the show.

It's crazy how that's done. Subliminally.

I've never been out to a play since I was little. But this is something entirely better than the ones I didn't have to pay for. I'm paying tithes this way.

I love you!

She say, she couldn't find it. Hide and seek. Seek and I found it. I'm gonna be great someday.

I'm gonna walk on stage and tell the world..let me stop these jokes.

I made some BBQ chicken fried apple smoked rice today. It was good. But it missed something I knew it didn't need.

Look at me speaking in code. Who's the boy that cried wolf?

Arf. Looked like Sampson on that cliff. Instead of pillars.

I wonder what happens on Thanksgiving, Christmas and Valentine's.

I just skipped 3 holidays in October.

I wonder if I passed day of the dead yet.

Halloween, angels night, devil's night and day of the dead. That's like four holidays in one month.

I couldn't crack that code if you paid me. I don't accept income.

Remember that one movie about checks and parrots?

I wonder if animals were like gods in Egypt.

All those symbols on the wall gives me the chills.

The alphabet is the most powerful numeric system on the planet. Words are better than numbers.

I think I'm doing good with this code stuff.

People wonder how I do it. How do you text nobody all day. Well how does one fish all day?

You don't know it's fish in that water

We are all born with natural abilities. Untaught. Gotta tap your untaught. And I'm not doing anymore videos.

How these people know when a fire is near has me on the weather man show.

I trust in no episodes but the weather man.

I think I've gotten to the point that my words have more merit than previously. I don't know whether that's good or bad.

Lord of Salvation is my name but orphan is the game.

But the game is over. Its been over I just had to slow my car down. It was going so and SO miles per hour. I was aiming for a crash. I can't drive in the first place. That was tempting and scary and all else.

I do sincerely wonder who I will be in this life. I'm only 19 a security guard manager said to me when I was at the casino before he died of a heart attack.

And don't want nothing but funding and family.

I made a literal school. This is ridiculous. An online college.

I'm proud of my nonprofits. They smile at me for surviving the making. At least the car didn't burn down like the apartment did. I gotta get someone to take the wheel. These eyes need glasses anyways.

I've progressed. Like come so far from way back then. I'm an entirely better asset than I was in 2000 something.

A lot of things I don't understand why. Like why people care about me. And support me. It's hard to see what everyone else sees. I just see my point of view plus empathetic gifts that I've recovered over the years. It's gonna be hard not to talk on camera. I was taught to stop. So no camera for me.

I wanna thank Google for recovering my IDK Food comments after the deletions.

That was great advising on their behalf. Because I was getting ready to make some mistakes that were avoidable.

Inbetween Google and Microsoft I pick NUN. If that plane makes any sense. The pilot is PDFs. that's copyright language.

This is like my 6 month end credit scenes.

I don't know if I'll ever do another class again like before. Gonna switch things up.

Do cookshows maybe. Or just keep booking the food and pictures.

Only thing I'll be showing is filtered and beat scored plays from the past works I've done.

Showing how to produce your own material from scratch without using fair use material. So really I'm wrapping up the show in a school based on filters and cinematic sounds. I'm not completing the work. If I was I'd make another play. I'm making a class out of the third play. To function it as a school. Food, filters, cinematic music and maybe an album class. Four classes that ignite the businesses. The first class were unfiltered plays. This last one will be the opposite of the first. An off brand design. Verses commercial. First you use commercial as templates then you subtract and produce raw original content on an off brand image. I gotta watch my types. A religious works school. Based off upcoming, seasoned and intermediate entrepreneurs.

I do wonder what's next regarding all the unknown perspectives and plans.

Just stay meek. And wait around in my work clothes.

I gotta take up the mantel they taught me.

When everyone else around could only see the worst of me.

Paid my homage. Time to let it marinate.

I gotta ask Google for my comments back from the other web pages.

There's so many rules man. Putting away childish things is gonna be something.

A prince to a king .there's a different title for that but I'll leave it alone.

This is what water feels like. The fire was cool but water is better. There's a balance needed.

There was a scripture about a boy falling in the water and fire and Jesus solved the situation.

I've done so much I could just type for 6 months and research, and prep. That's still the same amount of work I was doing previously.

But 9-5 had it's day. Now it's 24 hours.

Until it's a schedule for this school I got going on here.

Probably gonna make it SUIT well that'll be it's sub title.

I call the sub SUIT because I'm filtering my plays to make further original business content. Like how I did with the text messages on text feed.

So the class will be called SUIT but the nonprofit holding company will be called JAY C's: YARZ.5.

There's two SUITs with the same acronym. One is a court room and the other a class room.

I'm not gonna LLC the classroom. Just gonna name it how I see it.

It's already an LLC I just gotta update it.

So it looks like I can't recover my comments in the comment album section. You can't restore comments in photo albums. It's a bummer but I understand the point. Still gonna make comments though. And gonna restore them off heart and memory.

When you got heart you just redo the thing. I'm actually gonna go and remodel.

I'm upset I can't get the comments back. But I'll live.

Now that I know that I'm never deleting my links again.

Well I have 205 slide shows in JAY C's Film School: SUIT. And I plan to anty up the space. That's the first step. Second step is going to Google docs and writing out my JAY C's Unsung.

I'm breaking all types of my rules on the Sabbath.

And I'm afraid of being crucified on YouTube.

YouTube is the place I'll never go to upload content. It's not a hidden media like Microsoft and Google. Anonymous is my favorite word.

I'm buying a video editing software to make my 3 movies.

Even James Joyce had a rival a play maker.

Didn't think I knew that did y'all? Yup. James Joyce wrote Ulysses off the competition of a playmaker. Or that was Don quixote. I forget. I think it was James though.

And Ulysses was a social media which was banned then uplifted decades later.

I pray history doesn't make that same mistake against me. I take L's for good reason.

I'm unique. A Eunuch always has the perks of the people that nation under God they stand amongst.

That's the loophole to avoiding a curse.

My gift from the government is my works.

I'm never certifying SU as a company. It's a nation backwards. Trying to change and fix histories problems of the past.

I can't believe the world respects me now. Back then it was such a weak phone signal.

Now it's in my face.

Chinese, Japanese, Caucasian, Irish, African, African American, Egyptian, Jew, Hebrew, Mexican. I'm respected all over the world and I can't help but dance.

And found redemption in the free fair use society.

Which is also a secret society right under our noses.

I've never had a good life which I loved.

Our memory will be edited in heaven like text feed.

And how I'm back and I'm better. The improvised version.

This is not a fight. This is a final round.

Which is why I'm committed to not buying or selling until spring.

No one else has to tell me to do that.

I know how to run a company. I've been doing it well since I started it back in 18.

Let the school never have to say amen.

Apologies for solidifying myself as a business man. It's only perspective accomodations to the people who help me run it.

If I told everyone not to buy and sell for 6 months I'd be misusing the message I'm setting across.

I'll leave these comments alone. Staying in my lane.

It's not about finances it's about principle.

You have to understand I've been in and out of hospitals... I'll leave it alone. But this has nothing to do with making bread. But if you guys don't wanna see me get emotional I'll stop.

Doped me up. My skin is dead up and down my body.

Y'all don't know what 24 days in the hospital on one floor and two hallways can do to a person.

What 13 days stuck to a bed does to a person.

That torture changed me into a different person.

But still I'm humble and talk less about myself and more about the people of God.

A pastor once told me testimonies don't matter.

Damn near dying choking on your spit sleeping on the floor don't matter.

Having needles crawl up and down your skin doesnt matter.

Being fed dog food and not allowed to shower for 12 to 13 days doesn't matter.

Barely able to move like an old man don't matter.

I could go on but slavery was a comedy and dark comedy truth.

None the less I show respect to everyone involved in the making of who I've come to be.

Due to its perks.

Not knowing when you could go messes with the mind.

There was a rainbow on my blinds yesterday.

Sorry for serving bread these days I've been out the hospital. I apologize. But bread closes every door. And slows every car. I have to restrain myself for the spring.

Composure contemplates growth.

Even though the company isn't about bread. The sandwich had a start. So it also has a close.

Frozen orange ice cream sandwich.

I'm showing growth. Because of the doors I revisit. I gotta return to all the places of my people. George, Jobs, Pac, Selena, Aaliyah, left eye, and so on.

Shen Yun was a beautiful play. I'm considering going again this January.

No life is greater than another is what the play taught me.

Life has grace in the balcony of its height is what the play taught me.

Life belongs to us all is what the play taught me.

And can be gone in seconds of the ages is what the play taught me.

The play was about life, water, beauty, and God.

Wish my glasses were ready eyes the moment.

I'm making my movie on Microsoft.

You guys might need a subscription. Unless the links go through for free without having an account.

I need Microsoft for my PDFs. As well they'll play a big role in my film school edits.

How I come up with content from no where behooves me.

There's only so many risk before it becomes seriously money involved.

Even though you are nonprofit others still value you.

That's love to me. Discipline is my disciple.

That I forgot what being on autopilot felt like. Having fun.

This is what music is made for. Plays rock.

From motivational verdict to text feed, to SUIT media, to plays, to comment sections, I have a hard time transitioning. Once I start it's very hard to stop. I can't land planes well. I know how to fly fast but not well at landing. Transitioning is my biggest pet pee, and flaw. It's hard for me. But I'm learning how to slowly. I call it the sweet bread apple coffee sandwich. But seriously I never thought any of this was possible. There's so much to show. And big up on business. But taking my time is understood as important. Will I make more books, continued medias, more plays. The answer is yes and no. It really depends on the big guys upstairs. I'm only in control of so much. The world is not small as it should be. We all have a lot to learn on this walk. And I'm prepared to teach when that time of incorporation comes.

The play on this webpage is called E

So we have 3 plays. D-Flies, Easter of Eden, E. The fourth play will not be a play but an edit of all those plays into a silent movie then one with music and cinematic sound. So 5 plays in total.

I don't know if I'll make another video.

Until then. Because of the people I work for and with. Who are watching always.

Can't believe I made so much material as one individual. Because I had help. From everyone.

I hope no one is mad at me for the way I went about things.

To everyone for the road I took on the silk road. But I did it freely. And didn't ask for money.

When you give up this much it's nothing but sweet bread.

I started this business off with copyrights. So I'm ending it with copyrights. And further more only teaching and not partaking much besides food, drink, song, and video editing. I prophesied so much music becomes superstition.

I can't save the world alone. I need discipline.

So I take my E right now. But I'll still comment until I can alternate to the slideshows on film school.

Post videos of people fighting for themselves.

I'm the crying wolf so others can be the peaceful sheep.

I'm the rod so others can be God's snake. Reshuffle that for yourselves.

People need a break. So I fly that they can take knees.

I'm JAY C's. Joshua Yeshua Christian Claiborne.

And this is the discussion of my E play.

I don't even watch TV and still know what they are saying.

I know it sounds like I don't listen. But that's because it always looks like I'm always in the ring. Because I am.

But they can't end me. Nor my creation entity. I would die a thousand lives for this tabernacle.

I gave up everything. Even offered it away. And it came back. That's love. That's the actioniction of love. The definition.

You don't know how hard this has been for me. To understand womanhood is my salvation. And also my secret.

And I'll never tell. How beautiful these creatures truly have made me.

I bow only for women regardless of conversation.

I had a dream last night that I was running my business. And running it well. And the people who supplied me I was giving to them information they needed. It was a big toss and receive company. The organization made everyone happy. And it was run more legal than the crack epidemics naked women and drug bags. People supported me from all over the world. And then I woke up still working in my mind.

Sorry about the late dream text. Sometimes it takes meditation to remember my subconscious thoughts.

You don't always remember your dream at the second of waking. Takes time. Things take time.

Patience is a virtue. Have to stop for a minute and wait in time.

And then wait a little longer than it first felt. The days seem long but the hours the same.

Not many can have introduction prophesies.

Happy early birthday to my good mentor Jehovah, and his entire related and adopted family.

If I haven't given you my present yet I'm working on silence as a gift.

And obedience though it fails me at times.

So faith is supported when I subconsciously am meditating it not.

You all have no idea how much love is in my heart. How can a man be broken but still pick up his own pieces just to draw I love you.

Get a bunch of paper balls and draw a heart.

Then you'll see what I'm talking about.

Happy Valentine's day early to all my Unsung believers.

Stay single. All women recognize you.

From the nerd to the borderline sexual.

Hopefully what was on your mind was on my mind.

Hopefully empathy saved a soul this year.

And shout out to God for giving me all these chances. You proved I was your dog and not a cat.

Power is given to those who refuse it at all cost.

And lack faith despite high humility.

And gives freely despite all obedience.

And lacks obedience despite all poverty.

And reflects poverty before all people's.

And stays an orphan despite holding the world.

And waters the world despite his buttoned up fire.

This is the versions of a daughter of God.

And I will not repeat a script the audience never needed beyond the first word: Hello.

I got a lot of questions. It's important.

I really truly do not watch Television. It's wild how much I know without turning on the remote from years ago .

Doing what I've done was not easy. At all. It was extremely difficult. I was sick. Now I'm well. Or woke. Through the eye of a needle.

I like numbers. I won't do anymore videos. I shouldn't.

E has served it's purpose. As a 2.5 play. Just like SUIT on the 3.0. It was a 2.5.

I dropped a lot of wisdom beneath my stutters. Obvious clarity but wisdom still.

I'm working on some BBQ chicken fried rice. I messed it up. Gonna make it again. But this time season it before not after.

The easiest things are always the hardest for me to do.

I stand by my words. I respect the goddesses of Zion. They know who they are.

I'm a soldier in the army of the Lord. I'm a soldier. In the army.

Water and fire. Sacrifice and obedience.

I live underneath a rock. And that rock is beautiful.
I love it how I don't even have to talk and know that I'm understood.
That's the level of love that's needed.
I'll tell a dream and then I'm done for the day.
There was a girl named jamaya. She went to school with me. Long story short I hugged her when she was crying and she didn't even have to say she was sorry nor did I have to say you're forgiven. The compassion was enough. The compassion was apologetic.
That's where I wanna be in my field of lane. Where compassion is forgiveness.
Compassion paves the conversation.
Can I go through this door? Compassion says yes.
Sean I love you. You know what you said on that last verse. Of that one song. Of that one question. On that double dutch jump rope. On that one time. Thank you for saving my life.
Ladies and gentlemen. We are living in a renaissance. I can't name it. I am only a piece in the swim.
I can only speak for myself as I watch, self check and pray.
That middle part was for my Muslims.
I remember moonshine, poetry, colorful cartoon blues, blackness of all colors which never got tulsa'd.
We all belong on the autism spectrum of songs. This is the Renaissance..
And God chose me to start a fire which laid in the basement..
No one will forget me because I'm just beginning..
This is the new age of living in truth..
Where we as the prophets can live out our days.
A gift from the faith which God holds tight.
Sight was given to me. Even though I always saw. Sacrifice gave my sight maturity.
I pray I'll never lose my trophied consciousness.
It's the greatest book Frederick Douglass ever created before walking into government office .
He became a man of the people. I wanna serve too but not in this particular. Another particular. And we those that be. And we those people which stand for. And the flag which I am. Is the service which will live and not known an early retirement. Otherwise known as a new order .
This is my gift to the vice versa folk of old and new.
S stands for heaven, earth and hell
It stands for a three dimensional world .
But I'll have no more discussions. Of that artistry.
It deserves it's own encasements..
I'm part museum, part church and entirely a school.

It's falling through those powers that are in existence. Rightfully. It's a ritual, and right of passage to the heavens. A chain of command which not many pass because of their lack of knowledge which the boom of Hosea discussed.

It sounds like a dice ball gamble. But it's not.

Life seems easy because of how easy I run through the traps. But it's harder than I make it look.

Many following behind me will believe more in the ease than in the cost.

And those who live to tell are the worse off than those who die trying. But to pay is better than to sell.

Selling the blood of the prophets was an old way. Today it's living sacrifice. Not dead weight sacrifice.

What will you go through to prove you are who you say you are.

A man must be tried by the fire even if he suggest to be a daughter and not a man.

And maturity defines a king, honesty exalts him.

Maturity is what is taken. Not knowledge.

You always know who you are. Without maturity you're halted though.

Gotta get burned to know you're black.

If you wanna see a rainbow gotta build a ship.

Nothing is free per say. But there is freedom.

SUIT · 3h

S

Humility.

SUIT · 3h

S

Humbleness.

SUIT · 3h

S

Love.

SUIT · 3h

S

Fruits of the spirit.

SUIT · 3h

S

Fruits of those Islam obedience.

SUIT · 3h

S

Fruits of the Jew, the Egyptian, the Hindu, the mythologist, the so on's of unity.

SUIT · 3h

S

Ha I just said the sons of unity. I left out the sons and daughters.

SUIT · 3h

S

We need to know what time it is. It's the day of...well I'll save that comment for Thanksgiving.

SUIT · 3h

S

There should be a fried rice buffet.

SUIT · 3h

S

We're missing the juices.

SUIT · 3h

S

I'm going to Papaya soon to gather a bunch of fruits and vegetables and freeze them after cutting them up. Then soaking them in water and going about mixing them .

SUIT · 3h

S

I'm always late to the party.

SUIT · 3h

S

Doesn't mean I come addressed as the thief in the night.

SUIT · 3h

S

I'll stop.

SUIT · 3h

S

Fried rice in Ruben wraps with vegetable juices would be a good idea though. Or, to actually get off my exhausted behind and mix some fruits for the family.

SUIT · 3h

S

But I was told not to so I won't.

SUIT · 3h

S

I need rest, in the living sense.

SUIT · 3h

S

Gotta relax these bones. Hard labor is taking a pause.

S

Loading...

The Sainted Sinner

Act 1: The Famous Girl- Chapter 1 Senses

The sky was dark, the people were even darker. Were there any people at all? My ears heard nothing. Maybe they were all staring at me. That's a possibility. A strong possibility. The walls were dark, my clothes were dark. So dark I had to touch my stomach to see if I even had a shirt on. Then I stooped down to my knees checking my pants. They too were dark. I felt around for some balance. I felt as if I was just waking up. Moving wasn't going to be easy. I jerked forward on faith that there'd be a wall to catch me but it was only the dark ground. No, it was dirt. I could feel it. My hands played with the ground like fiddling with a gum wrapper as I went forward. Why was everything so dark...I began to get scared. The fear came from two things. Too long in the darkness and too close to heat. I had to be- "Get up! You're coming along the road. You're going to hit the road!" Fragmented in speech I mumbled and stood up like a soldier/ young child. I was clumsy. I couldn't imagine my character in this way. Was I dreaming? Once I stood up the girl's voice stopped talking. She was dark too. Why was

everything so pitch black? I felt myself then beginning to cry. A tear. I did it. It rolled down my eyes like an old man's embarrassment after he'd missed the toilet by a mile. The fact that I could feel the teardrop rolling down my face was the only reason I hadn't broken down in a whale. "Oh...Take my hand." the girl said. She sounded sympathetic in her speech. Oh how I could feel and hear. I felt like I was more human than pitch black nothing at that moment. "why is everything so dark" I made out words. " It's because you're blind." Boom! A shot hit my heart- which was my mind- like a bullet. How could words penetrate through flesh? I'll tell you how. Whenever words can shock the brain. That's a gun made out of sound for you.

Chapter 2: The Road

I said no more until we hit the road. I thought no more until my bare feet touched more of the dirt ground, the wind hit my face as it blew by my ears, the smell of rain and dew entered my nose like mice going into two holes, going in separately; each having its own unique character. I could taste something like ashes. I began to choke. I was choking. I was choking! " Hey! Hey! Don't let go of my hand! Are you listening to me? Don't, let, go." I felt like I was dying. The feeling was uncomfortable. But I heard her.

She said don't go. But I needed air so I couldn't stop. The ashes were wrapping themselves around my throat. I wanted to let go of her hand but I couldn't. Not because I didn't want to but because she was squeezing it! Why were we going this way. I could only hear myself choking but I knew somehow by intuition I suppose that she wasn't. But why! My imagination drifted and I assumed maybe she had a gas mask on, maybe she was holding her- "cough, cough, cough!" " We're here. We're on the road can you hear me?" I fell to my knees gasping the new air. It was fresh for me. Everything was a fresh. Every touch, every smell, every walk. I felt like a kid would only using his imagination to describe things along with his senses to confirm them. But something was wrong. I still couldn't see. My feet began to trip onto one another and slip as if I might fall. Had it not been for the warm guiding hand I was holding I might of fell.

“ There are some ditches on the road, so watch yourself okay?” She said those words while signaling me with her hand as if I’d been deaf, gripping and jerking me with the

notice of the vibrating patterns in her voice. It must’ve been because I wasn’t responding. Not even with the slightest acknowledgement of a body movement. “ Yes I hear you.” I said so jumping as she pulled me upward. There must’ve been a ditch underneath us. Behind us. Clearing my throat from the ashes I decided to make a statement. Not remembering the past, not knowing where the hell I was going in the present I needed to know something. Atleast to settle my damn stomach. It was turning

in on itself on the fact that I was a nobody, a blind pitch black no one. My whole existence leaned on the facts that came from my senses and the nature of her tongue. It

was almost similar to walking on a thin line with everything under you being miles below. Actually that’s exactly what this was. When you’re blind everything seems further than what you are. You’d realise it if you ever shut your eyes, held your hands out and walked outwards for 60 seconds. Now try your whole lifetime. For me it was an hour. I’ve been counting since I had the slightest idea of what I was- Human I think. But the good thing about all of this was that I was getting to know myself. Everything I must’ve had was gone. Nothing was registering but a turning stomach and this feeling or craving for a past that I didn’t know existed. “ Hey! Hey!” I yelled. “Why are you yelling? I’m right here.” She tried calming me down. Her voice was soft. She only needed to say a few to get me situated back in my right mind. But I refused. “Can anybody hear me! I don’t know where I am! I don’t know who I am! Can someone! Can someone help me!” She began to notice I wasn’t talking to her anymore but to whoever might be listening. “No one’s out here for another mile. You just have to keep walking...No one can hear me or you.” Her words shut me up. But a sound along with something wet and loud that hit my

face, then entered my ears shut me up. “I know who you are and where you are.” I stood aback, frightened. My grip on her hand began to loosen quickly along with the wetness in between our hands. She then hurried to tighten it again, “It’s only rain and thunder.” She said assuring me. “What is that?” “ A storm is on its way. But if you just hold on until we get there you’ll be alright. No matter what happens, don’t let go. Please don’t. If you do you’ll fall in one of these ditches and I’ll have to pull you out. But it’s wet so you’ll have to wait until after our hands dry, that’s after the storm is over. But should you fall in a ditch, even in the ditch I’ll be right here to comfort you. Because without me you won’t know where you are nor where you are going so please don’t let go. We only have a mile left to travel.” I began to take in everything she was saying. The heat of my hand from the throbbing fear in my belly from her warnings tightened our grip on one another. “I’m so scared.” I told her those words like a child would their mother. She waited to respond but I knew she was still there because we’d been walking.

“ Sometimes...sometimes we have traps in our lives that we have to avoid. Sometimes we can’t always avoid those traps and we have to get out of them once in them. And sometimes...sometimes we don’t know how to get out of those traps and we need to

wait, wait to get out of them." Listening to her I acted as if I forgot every warning she told me and I jerked back right as she was about to pull me up, just barely hopping over the ditch I assume. The fact that we were in the air and then on muddy ground proved it to be so. Her voice turned raspy from the action that took place, "But we have to stay focused." I stood in silence not understanding a word she was saying. I heard her but my comprehension was dim. I began to become fearful of what was ahead after the mile. So I said these words, "After we get past the mile, will you be there to join me?" "Well which God do you serve?" A revelation then hit me. "The God of Abraham" I told her. "I can't join you, I don't serve your God" Another revelation hit me. "No, no! The God of Jacob!" "I cannot join you, I don't serve your God" She told me. Another revelation hit me. "The God of Jacob" "I won't join you. I do not serve your God." Her hand began to loosen. I felt myself beginning to slip downward. But I refused. "No!

Jesus! Jesus!" I weeped. "I will join you after the mile. I do serve your God."

She then jerked me upward as we hopped over the ditch that I was about to slip into. Another revelation then popped into my head. It was another question. "What if I died?" I asked in my heart. "The city, this city is so messed up. If only someone could invent something that everyone could profit off of. This city would be a much better place." A revelation then hit me. "Gps shoes, frequency headphones, 4 stage storytelling rap concerts." I told her "no, that isn't it." She told me. Out of revelations I felt lost. But hope was coming, "Say no more. I believe you can do it." She comforted me forever. Another revelation finally hit me. "Will it be novels, books, will they profit off of it?" I asked her.

"They won't look for profit in the beginning, but they will get wealthy in the end."

Thinking she was foolish I asked for her name, "My name is Life." Not understanding we continued to walk though I was yet in awe that she knew what was in my heart. But she wouldn't let me stay in awe. Stopping to my shock she began to speak, "This city is filled with sin, a single commandment would send us all to hell begging for ice water." She said, making me laugh. But intuition caused me to believe she had wisdom on her. And longing, having this craving, this urge to find someone to love me I asked, "When will I find the right one?" She then caressed my hand still managing a grip. "You'll know when you find the right one. But the wrong one will destroy you" She warned. I was scared but comforted immediately after. The water stopped falling and the thunder discontinued.

Act 2: The Bonfire Chapter 1: Focus

The storm was over. I then felt her hand slipping away. "I can't go with you any further. Don't worry, there are no more ditches. Just stay on the path you hear me? Stay on the path!" Her voice was drifting further and further away. But I was gripping tightly on what was left of her hand. At Least what hadn't slipped away entirely. " But you said you'd join me!" " I'll always be with you! I never lie!" She weeped and yelled in the same. My eyes then became very dim, blurry and fiery. Flickering colors entered my eyes and heat, so much heat surrounded my body! Revelations started hitting me. From every direction they came as the stars in the sky they were attacking me. I was consumed. My belly was still turning from the walk. I gulped, spit, then threw up. Laughter was then heard. It had to be at least 7 voices. My groaning was the 8th. I faced high and low and still, more fiery yellow and red hit my eyes while revelation after revelation hit and attacked my mind. I felt so entirely awoken. I knew where I was, who I was, and for sure what I was. I was human, I was at a bonfire with friends. My name was- "Joshua are you okay? Baby!" My girlfriend said. She wore glasses, had long frizzy black hair and a thick body. She was indian. Very much indian. But she was nerdy. Yet so beautiful. All type of revelations surrounded my mind about her. Everyone I could get I grabbed but they did the opposite of what I thought they might, butterflies were the backfire. At my stomach again I choked, spit then threw up in the direction of the bonfire. I watched it sizzle on the ground then turn to ashes. Whatever I ate was now up, up and in the air. But there were 6 faces, I only described one. Well that's because I couldn't look anywhere except at her, the fire, and my hand. It was warm when before it was wet still holding on to a

girl I could no longer describe. I was losing revelation of her and everything else during the storm like dying brain cells. It was all a blur. But this world that I was in had become my new reality. 2 more girls and 3 guys I heard going back and forth at my ears. Asking questions, too many to register. I just wanted to sleep, to hold her hand just one time.

But no. another hand replaced hers. 2 actually. One being on my shoulder and one holding my- a tear almost fell from my eyes, instead the tear swam around for a bit. It just sat there swimming on the surface reflecting a gazing yellow flickering with the water. I gripped the hand that was holding mine. Able to register what one person was saying I let it sink in like an echo, "What did you see, what happened?" Asked one of the girls next to me trying to hand me a D.I.G. in other words a new type of blunt that one of the guys bought from some dealers who were cooking it up in the city. It was highly illegal but the group that I was with was up for that kind of trouble. Me? Why was

I trying to play these games with the law? I wasn't. I decided that since my girl went I wanted to play hero and stop her from involving herself, or save her should anything go down that wasn't supposed to. She was my only priority, not these friends she was with and not what her little girlfriend was trying to hand me, "Get that thing away from me will

you!" I smacked it out of her hand and into the bonfire where it turned from a green outer layer, to black, to yellow, to ashes, up, up and it was gone. The control the drug had on my girl's friends must've been strong because the 3 gentlemen hopped up while

the 2 girls complained. "Hey what'd you do that for?" The girl said who's hand I smacked. "Hey tough guy!" One of the guys leaped up from his log and was followed by

his posse. The two girls just watched while my girl stood up immediately in front to defend me. I continued to stare at the fire. The corner of my eye was telling the action. Her arms spread like an eagle stopping them in their skin. It wasn't her strength or her feminine reality that placed them on pause with anger going nowhere but it was the fact that so called friends were digging my girl, creeping way too close. The 2 girls who were

with 2 of the 3 guys watched skeptical about the situation. But had no real leads so watching was all they did. The fire and I were the only constant action. Caressing His

chin the man in charge spoke for them all, "Tell him to spit out what he saw." He pointed at me with his other hand. The two guys behind him displayed the anger that he wanted but his posture was held for my girl in between the two of us. "Sit down and I'll talk" I finally said something for both me and her. The fire was blazing but so were the revelations inside my heart. So they sat. So she sat. Like a watchdog she assumed her position. I waited a few minutes until I saw on my eye corners that everyone was looking at the heat. "It was 2016 on a cold day of october. I was just leaving the house.. I was

just entering the therapist room. He was just readying for my nonsense. I was just readying for his tolerance. And that's when our mouths opened. 'Can I describe my faith to you?' I asked the man. 'Sure, go ahead' He replied preparing himself. 'Faith, faith is

like this. Imagine yourself in a 4 wall bathroom, not too big nor small. A bathtub is equipped. And in there is you and an armed man with a blade. He looks at you to find

you with a balloon in your hand which is your faith and it is held underneath the water. So the armed man tells you to release your faith or he'll kill you. You refuse. He cuts off your leg. On your knee you still hold the balloon. He goes for your other arm. Bleeding out you have already begun yelling but even more so after he goes for the arm.'Let go of your faith!' still you refuse so he goes for your other leg, then your stomach. Screeching you still hold on. So he beheads you. Finally, twitching, your hand lets go of the balloon and up it comes. Up comes your faith. 'So where did you go when your faith went up?' I asked him. 'I don't know you tell me' He responded pacing his mind. 'You went higher above the water with your faith. You may have died in the natural but your spiritual man arose with your faith' He didn't understand so I changed the subject. An hour later that same day I was walking from the therapist to the bus stop. Asking people to join my heavenly army. Deluded I was. But the concept was right in the eyes of God. But no one would listen. Instead they decided to pass me. I watched men and women ignore me like I was a nobody. Hours before I'd prepared numbers, my number on seven different pieces of paper to give to individuals beforehand to join my heavenly army. Fast forwarding I found myself lost at a bus stop and ready to give up on my recruitment. Leaning my back against the bus stop window out then came a man of a tall stature, dark skinned with a tear tattooed under his left eye. Once he caught my attention he began to speak. 'Sometimes we face traps that we have to avoid. But when we can't avoid those traps and get caught into them we have to learn how to get out of them. But when we can't get out of them we have to wait to get out of them.' losing attention because my bus was coming I found myself hearing these final words from him, 'And we have to stay focused' Getting ready to attend to my bus I gave him my number, 'Call me when I've cried my 7th tear' I do forget what I called him. But I know one thing. One of us were very deluded."

Chapter 2: Which God Do You Serve

“Leaving him was a regret short lived. Because another regret was ahead of me. It seems in this world we live in there’s always a new problem ahead more valuable than the past problem beneath or behind us. Yet both problems ahead and behind are of equal value. The only change in value is the regret’s residue left behind it. So on that cold day of October I hopped on the bus and left the man behind in hopes that he might call me. With 6 numbers to go I was eager and confident that anyone I came in contact with would be a soldier ready to serve in my heavenly army. Deluded I was. The bus was filled with several people. One of them was my first victim. Seeing him he sat on the side seat in the middle of the bus. He wore a jacket with a leaf, color green engraved onto it. Deciding that I might sit next to him he moved quickly hesitant of our possible meeting. Relocating himself to the back I decided I might take heed of his negative body language and police him to the back. ‘Somebody better get this man. He keeps following me!’ So taking heed again I policed him upward. ‘I’m gonna hurt this man! Someone better get him!’ So he moved all the way to the front where the lead bus driving instructor was, right near the driver who was in training. ‘This man thinks I’m playing, I’m gonna hurt him’ He threatened. ‘Calm down. You can get off the bus if you want’ The bus driving instructor sitting across from him said. The guy simply ignored him. But realizing my danger and the hostility of the situation I looked ahead on the road and said these words while smiling, ‘No fears.’ And immediately came running on foot another tall in stature figure but this time with dreadlocks and brown skinned. He hopped on the bus in such a quick time success that I knew he had to be my next target. Readyng the numbers in my pocket I waited to achieve his attention as he sat in the front purposely right across from the angry man. His attention was mine once taking a glance at me. My arm reached out in the deadly open giving off a signal that could’ve been taken the wrong way at any given moment. ‘Come here.’ Was the signal my hand gestured. But here’s the test. He had hands too. And one of them said, ‘no you come here.’ He had a face that said the same. So I walked forward through the isle or the

valley. Unafraind and full of confidence sitting next to and under the wings of safety. I did tell you he was tall didn't I? 'Join me' I told him immediately after sitting down with him.

And out of his mouth questioned a tale I assumed I knew but I really didn't. I barely knew myself. 'Which God do you serve' He asked. Severed by past knowledge I was eager to give an answer quickly and boldly. 'The God of Abraham' he heard me but his body language said with his lips and tongue, 'I don't serve your God' He moved his hand, shaking it to excuse me from his presence. So eager and desperate I tried again. 'The God of Isaac' Hoping he'd respond impressed I waited with eyes locked onto him and his upper body: face, arms, and hands. 'I don't serve your God leave me alone' He said this time in a threatening manner. Sure it was him that I needed to talk to I pressed on with one last blow of desperation. 'The God of Jacob!' Ringing the bus bell by a pull of the string above us I felt doom fall through my body and a cold stretch of hopelessness enter. Getting up the bus was getting ready to stop. 'I gave up everything for this!' I opened my hands. He still wouldn't turn around. Then finally a new hope entered into my heart, a strength of revelation that I didn't believe was there. I didn't question it I just spoke. It was one word and one last chance. 'Jesus!' A pause entered my fragile body as he waited. The bus stopped, he turned around, and rescued me with his upper body gesture. He nodded."

Chapter: 3 Life

Going back to the bonfire I had to tell you who exactly was on the left side corner of my eye, Holding my hand was my girlfriend. Her name was Conviction. She always managed to keep close to me. Caressing my hand her eyes were hung on the fire as was everyone else's. Across from her were three girls. One wore long frizzy black hair with purple highlights, the other had blue and another silver. Their names were Lust, Repentance and Tempted. I refused to look at the guys, they all had the wrong agenda.

But who was I to talk. I myself- "Is that all" the lead man spoke. "You broke my train of thought. Give me a minute." I calmed him, Stood deep into the fire, then continued , " In 2015 my older sister called me up. I don't remember the exact phone call, what kind of day it was nor do I recall what I was doing. I only remember what she told me. 'You alright' She said she asked me. 'Yeah, I'm alright.' I told her. That pivotal phone call was short lived. Just like I wish I should've stayed off the bus or gotten off that bus to talk to

the man with the tear tattoo under his left eye or the tall dreadlocked man, I wish I would've stayed on the phone with my sister. But everything had to happen how it did you know? But that phone call was about my sister having a dream that I committed suicide. Now let's fast forward to october 2016. A couple of days after I left witchcraft, a homeless shelter, and the cold I came home with a blanket that read in the corner, 'Made with love and prayer' I was wearing all white with bare feet. In the basement and highly Deluded I was. I took two pieces of wood, and two chairs. I made the chairs face the back of themselves spaced out making room for the wood I was to put in between them. The taller wood I placed on top of the head of the chairs and the equally tall wood I stood and slightly leaned on the back of the first wood. And doing all of this I made a cross. After making it I said a prayer as I always would (without the presence of the cross which represented the Crucifixion of Jesus) . Whether yelling upstairs or on my bed in my bedroom crying. But this time was different. This time was holy. Upstairs my mother and sister opened the door and not a minute passed before they said the words,

'Why are we taking our shoes off' That moment the house was made holy. Fast forwarding now to november 2016. It wasn't as cold as before but the hearts behind me substituted for the weather. I was standing at a bus stop. Specifically the curb. Thinking of jumping an inch lower to the road where the cars were flying I saw hope walking

towards me. She looked half decent and I looked a mess. She was crossing the street safely and I was contemplating suicide. Behind me were two girls and a guy watching me. 'Hey, hey you!' I said to the girl. She heard me, acknowledged me, but steadily walked right passed me. Recognising my rejection the girls and the guy continued on watching but now they were laughing. They stood behind a liquor store. We all stood behind it. But now I was closer to the curb than all else. Closing my eyes I drowned out the laughter and focused on the wind and the cars. Waiting I made sure the vehicles were moving fast past me. I waited until it was dangerous to jump, without looking to ask a question from deep in my blank and unforgiving mind. 'What if I died' I said with a deep voice. Patient...there was no answer. A colored pencil was in my right hand. The

type of hand you throw with. Bam! Hit the pencil onto the face of the bus not even placing a dent. Afterwards the day went by smoothly. No thoughts on the words I spoke nor the rejectional laughter, nor the suicidal fail attempt. I never jumped. But then came the next day. At a different bus stop with no girls behind me I was waiting on the bus to go home. Patient, I looked out for it then turned around. Behind me was a man. A busy man. He was on the phone. Though something on him caught my immediate attention. He had a cross tattoo on his left cheek. Noticing it, once again, a month later and I knew

he was my guy. But this time I was out of numbers and out of hope. Looking for something but not knowing what my feet stood still not going anywhere near him but he wasn't going anywhere near me either. Until the bus came. Coming in my direction he

shook my hand, getting off the telephone like some kind of cool guy. He was light skinned, tall, and richly mysterious. He walked as if he owned great things. Maybe a bentley or some house with no children. He looked wise but not the family type. 'How you doin' he asked me. 'I'm doing good.' I smiled in a way that demanded his response.

'Detroit is so messed up. People Don't have jobs. If only someone could invent something that everyone could profit off of. Detroit would be a much better place.' He

said. Eager to respond I told him my inventions. ' will it be gps shoes? Frequency headphones? 4 stage rap concerts?' We got on the bus but by the time we got on he had already begun to deny me, ' No' He nodded. 'That's not it' He smiled. So I went to the back of the bus thinking what it could be, thinking he would follow me. But he didn't. Instead he stood at the front of the bus while I stood with a question mark on my head. Ringing the bell he came to me then said to me, 'Say no more. I believe you can do it'

' Will they make money off of it. Will it be novels? Books?' He looked up as if he was asking a question in his head or suggesting something. 'They won't look for profit in the beginning, but they'll get wealthy in the end' He told me. Stumped I began asking more questions. 'What's your name?' I wanted to know more. To talk more. ' My name's Bob.

Haha. No. My name's Life.' The bus stopped and he hopped off. I don't know why I

didn't hopped off with him. Must've been the shock that was on my face or the enlightenment on my brain. Either way, I never hopped off. After that I never saw him again. Going home I was surprised. He answered my question. The next day came.

Hopping on the bus I was going home and the spirit of death was upon me. I couldn't stop thinking of the overwhelming thought of suicide. How I was going to do it I had no idea. But I knew that I was going to do it. I didn't wanna die. Why was I trying to die I don't know. Hopping off the bus my body was walking home but my mind was running away from me. I was splitting in half. A part of me was on earth moving forward, the other on earth crawling backwards because if this was forward then I didn't wanna go. By the time I got home there was no one to stop me. I wanted what I wanted and that want was to die. Twisting the handle of the door I was about to go inside when behind me was 'Thanks for praying for me Joshua' Said an angry voice. Turning around it was my mother. And she looked mad. We went into the house and she sat me down, and told me to take down her hair. Listening to her I sat down underneath her while she played gospel music. James Cleveland was what she played for me. But that was after I told her, 'Mom, I want to kill myself' Her response was simply, 'If you do that you're going to hell' We discussed more but I forget. All I remember me saying next was, 'Mom you're giving me hope' Her response was, 'God's giving you hope.' After 30 days the suicidal wave was over. But the supernatural had just begun.

Chapter 4 The Wrong One

Months later the winter came and still no sign of the 3 men that entered my life and changed it forever. Months later and still no new hope. I was addicted. Clung to the thought of seeing them again. At a bus stop going to school I sat on the bench and waited for its arrival. Next to me gave some space in between us a man with skulls all over his coat. Deluded I was I assumed that he was death. The rest of my thoughts were a blur. All I remember next was 'Hey.' Said a voice from behind me. 'Agh!' scared out of my mind the lady laughed. 'Haha. I get that a lot.' she said sitting in between us.

'I tell you. Detroit is so full of sin, a single commandment would send us all to hell begging for ice water.' I laughed at her joke. But assuming she had wisdom I asked her the question. 'When will I find a girlfriend' She looked at me with a smile, 'When the right one comes you'll know' The bus was on its way, the bus was here, the bus stopped and the one I called death was the first one on. I was the second. 'But the wrong one will destroy you' She then waved at me and walked away. She never got onto the bus. The way she waved was like a mother saying goodbye to her children. She was smoking a cigarette when we met. By the time she sat down she'd put it out to talk to me." My eyes glared at the fire while everyone was staring at me. My girl holding my hand held onto the last part of the story. "So did you find the right one" She asked squeezing my hand and aggressively moving close to me. "I don't know" I told her frankly. Loosening her grip one of the guys yelled in a whisper like voice before she could move away from me, "Cops! They found us!" Me and my girl were the last ones to run. They all leaped in different directions like tigers. Running just the two of us moved through the woods having tree branches all through our faces. The police were moving through the woods in about 5 different directions. I looked back and a handful were chasing me and my girl. Seconds passed maybe minutes of running. Stopping we laid out within a bunch of dark bushes. They were heavy and filled with dark leaves. Our skin blended with it. She held my hand tightly as if she never heard the words that I spoke to her at the bonfire. But once getting herself situated in the hideout she let it go. Flashlights moved through the trees and bushes. It was a dead end through all the woods. It was so silent you could hear her heart beating. I held her with my arm even though she may not of wanted me to. "Where are they?" "I don't know this is the only place they could go. Unless they picked the roads. I sent some guys down there." "Just our luck they saw someone drive by and got picked up" "Not likely. Check the bushes in these woods. They gotta be here somewhere." This was the conversation of about 4 police officers. The rest had to be on the roads. There was no way out even if we decided to make a run for it. That's if we

were bullet proof. My girl's freedom and her friend's was at stake. "The guys and girls have to be here. You heard what they said. It's a dead end I'm going out." I whispered. I jerked to move forward but something grabbed me. It was her hand. "Please no. We'll all get caught. It'll be okay." She was talking crazy. Love will make you do that. "No. I can take care of myself. It'll all be okay in the end. A few years in jail, that's nothing." "Please no." I could hear her crying. Letting go of her hand I kissed her in the dark as the flashlight flickered through the leaves across her face which revealed her tears. I kissed her then jumped out of the bushes. "Freeze! Hands in the air!" "On your knees! Hands behind your head!" They said with one putting handcuffs on me. "Check to see if the rest are in there!" Another said but I stopped them before they could get to my girl. "It's just me. The rest hit the roads. You won't find them. They're long gone." sounding convincing I spoke to them. One of them put a flashlight in my face, "Where did they go?" "He doesn't know. Probably just one of the guys along with the ride. He's helpless. Put him in the car. We'll pin him with something when we get downtown." One of them suggested. The three agreed and regrouped with the others. They took me to the county jail, sat me in that pit for 7 days, gave me a lawyer then sent me out to the wolves. I call it the courtroom.

Act 3: The Courtroom.

Chapter 1: D.I.G

I sat here in this room. I had to sit somewhere but they chose the hottest place for me to sit down, by the heater. I wore a suit for this clown show too. It was blue with its linen draping downward into a milky white blue matching the blue tie and the white shirt I wore for this lackluster day. I could care less about where I was. I didn't care at all. Not caring if I left or if I stayed, who left or who stayed. But all you could hear in my ears were this crowd. One crowd on the left and one on the right. I kept my distance from those on the right side. Those were the ones against me. But the right was where I sat, in that chair I was looking cute and privileged. I even had the nerve to fold my arms and sit back as if an army was behind me. But then, then the doors opened and my tie got tight. Flashbacks of the woods came running down my forehead. The deep twigs and barefoot soil and the hand I held. I tightened the grip of my hand as the judge walked into the courtroom. He wore all white, I'll say no more about the man in white until further notice. Down my forehead came sweated memories. Then shut the door behind his presence leaving a wind to blow under the white robe he had on, revealing his feet.

Turning my head to look at the scene I felt my chest getting tight. The door opened again once the judge took his seat. It flew open while walking in came a man in an all black suit holding files in his left hand. He had white shining shoes that reminded me of the blur of the bonfire. It made me want to pass out. Gulping I watched him sit down on the left side of the courtroom. Once he sat down, and before the door could close cold in walked another lawyer. He wore all white with white shoes that didn't need shining in order to be noticed. But his shoes still did shine. A tear rolled down my eye when I saw him. A tear rolled when I watched him come down that isle. "Don't" I could hear her say, it was ringing in my ears. The lawyer held files in his right hand as he sat down next me and investigated the situation of my comfort but I resisted him. Before the door could close again I saw it all. The woods, the flame, the running panic, my girl, her hand, her eyes and tears coming down like slight rain. "No!" I yelled aloud in a cry. "No!" I said again as the doors fully opened and the jury came walking in. My right hand stretched out for them as they walked towards then past me. Once everyone was situated the judge said these words, "All rise" But I couldn't get up. My mind and body were still in those woods. I ignored the surroundings until they called me up and sat me next to the judge. I walked up as if walking through the soil of those woods. I passed the jury as if disappearing through the twigs and bushes. Sitting down I sat in my discomfort and shame. I was uneasy. The lawyer in all black once he saw me sit down came towards me like a wolf. He had in his hand a sample of the drug called D.I.G. Slammering it on the table before me he began to speak: "This man audience and jury is accused of having these drugs in possession of him on the night of thursday. Disbelief in God. he believes

in the universe. A coincidence. A fluke! He must be guilty!" He said. The jury spoke amongst one another and began to agree. "Objection!" Said the other lawyer in all white. "Mercy accepted." Said the judge. "That will be all I have to say..for now." The next lawyer came up who wore all white and stood before me not with drugs but with sympathy. "This man as we have heard believes in coincidences, the universe. A fluke they say. But let me tell you something more about the miracles of this man's surroundings: Your mother...do you remember her?" "Don't talk about my mother, she has nothing to do with this." "Actually she does. Do you remember the prayer you prayed for her?" "I don't know what you're talking about man." And as soon as I said that he pulled a file out of his suitcase and gently placed it on the table. Easy was his touch. Like the touch of my father. I still remember him. He died at the age of 5. One of the last memories I had of him was when half sleep on the couch and half awake in the living room. He came in with my mother and some popcorn. That was love. But I resisted. He spoke shortly after: "You prayed this prayer, 'Please allow her to prophesy. Please allow her to see visions'." He looked deep into the side of my face. My arms were folded and my face turned away from him. Why? Because I didn't want to cry. He "Shut up!" My voice echoed throughout the courtroom as the jury stared intently at me. "Jury, shortly after that prayer his mother received a vision from God leaving a joy on her face that no man could place." -"Objection! That is personal information!" Said the lawyer in all black. "Denied" Replied the judge. "Jury this man wasn't using this drug. The only reason it was found in his possession was because someone placed it on him!" -"Judge! Jury this is nonsense!" Said the man in black. " Hold your tongue or I will have you in contempt of court!" replied the judge. The jury spoke amongst one another in gossip. That'll be all judge."

Chapter 2: The Fallen & Hypocrites

Coincidence! It's all coincidence. I believe in one thing and one thing only and that is the universe. Whatever is up there I don't know. Stars, planets, galaxies, milky ways, meteors, God is there somewhere but he's not in some book! I don't believe that! Now arrest me because I carried the drug." I was cut off by the sound of my girlfriend's voice, "Don't" Was all I heard. I drowned out the room and was back in the woods watching that teardrop roll from her eyes. Instantly I shut my mouth and said no more. But the jury had heard enough. Their decision was made. The lawyer in black was just the icing on the cake. By the time the man in white left the scene up he came with those retchit files.

I was almost disgusted. He slammed the files on the table in front of me again. This...man. The same that believed in the 'universe and coincidence' Is the same that watched his closest friends turn away from God. Joshua, you do recall you and Eric?

The on the fence christian. He heard that his aunt was dying and immediately, immediately he fell from the faith. How about Orlando? When you almost choked him in tears leading him far away from God and the church. Or maybe you don't recall the man who was so excited about God but then walked away from the Lord as if he never knew him. How about the time you talked about the false preachers? Those money hungry men. Those toxicating motivated men. Those feel good preachers, the type that twist

words, the type that use big words that no one understands so they can sound accurate. What about those that talk about the word and don't follow it, weren't you one of them?" "Enough! We already know this about the defendant! He's digging for a rage out of the man judge!" Cut off the man in white. "Overruled." The judge said looking with a nod at the man in black then said, "Continue with the fire." The man made a smirk on the side of his face both I and my lawyer could recognize. It was that of a gameplayer, one that wasn't in the business of fair play. Turning back to me he continued to itch the ears of the jury and trailer them with slick code language for bull crap and deep motive, " You recall friends who told you about the false preachers, you do know do you not?"

He asked. "I do." "Oh okay. So you would recall a time when a man to you said these words: 'Preachers have all this money, women, houses, but the congregation is broke.' I

mean. What about the congregation. What about the sick who can't be healed, the broke that need to see income, the homeless without food, the blind along the road. What about the fact that they too need a word. They too need a message from God. they too need the next step to take in the essence of the flame. It's a cold world, and you fund it by the purchasing of this drug! D.I.G!" My head was down, meanwhile he

spoke, he caressed his chin and finally stroked his tie then looked down under the umbrella of my face and took one final strike, " Do you not know that when you made your little sins behind closed doors the drug was there, when you caught yourself sinning with the wrong crowd the drug was there, when you manipulated women, drawed those around you into temptation and lust, when you drew your blade of disbelief to cut those down that wanted to follow Christ, when you lead people astray by giving God's children misleading information of those who were walking by the Way

coming to Christ only so you in return could have them for your own gain the drug was there." Then he whispered, "And everyone of those friends of yours are going down with you. To a cell with no windows, guards that watch out for your wrongs, prisoners that play a little game called correction, and time that justifies what you've done. Enjoy that time in your cell you fallen hypocrite." Then his voice returned watching a tear roll from my eye. Once he saw me cry, "That'll be all." is what he said then walked off from the table. The jury was still gossiping lowly while everything was going on, meanwhile that lawyer in white started to get up from his seat and come to me while going over some of the papers in his file.

Chapter 3: The blind

"Defendant Joshua, do you recall your sister in christ? Do you remember her?" The lawyer in white came up to me saying while pointing out the story in his file. "Yes, yes I

do." I replied hesitantly. "Can you tell us what she told you? Or should I?" He demanded. I sighed wiping my eyes dry. Pushing my glasses back passed my nose I spoke, " It was an ordinary day, this woman had just recently lost her mother, she had nothing, she said the words that a part of her died with that mother. So at the window she sat listening to gospel music but this time she wasn't listening to understand a melody, but she was listening to truly hear the words of what was being said. Listening she heard in her ear like a calming wind, "Go to church." So to church she went, received the holy spirit and was baptized in Jesus name. She was filled also with the word of God and to this day God fills her. And like chess pieces and pawns on the table, queens and kings different individuals from very different backgrounds came to a building to worship Him becoming the church. One mind and one body they became." I said softly. Smiling at me the man in white told the audience, jury, judge, and who else was listening, (The lawyer in black.) "And there we have it. A believer. I'll rest now." The jury clapped and the judge smiled while the audience spoke amongst themselves. But that joy was killed shortly after, " I do believe that the fire has more to say about this case." the judge spoke. "Yes. Indeed I do." He replied. Getting up when the man in white sat down he came patiently as if he hadn't lost. But I knew what was coming, and had no other choice but to answer. Slamming the files on the table before me—"Gently or I'll have you arrested!" The lawyer in black frowned at the judge then looked back at me. "Defendant. How many times have you read the bible?" He began to open up the book of files. "Five." I responded eagerly. "Five times you say? And in all of that reading were you able to understand anything written in it?" "No sir." I looked down. "Stop him! What is he doing?" My lawyer defended. "Overruled" Replied the judge. Continuing he began to mention my past. "So you've been through orphanage after orphanage and where was God when you were deep in that mess? Without a father or mother. Where was He?" I paused for a moment before responding. No one talked for that brief moment. The jury looked intently while my lawyer waited for me to give the respectable answer by faith I suppose. Leaning on his desk with both hands for dear life and squeezing his book of files he waited. "Answer son." The judge told me. " Nowhere. He wasn't there when my dad left or when mom left. He wasn't there when I hopped from church to church or when I clinged to pastors for an answer. Where was he all the nights I cried. All the times I prayed. Where was he when I was walking and couldn't see right from wrong? Where was he?" I pleaded aloud. Everyone but the judge and lawyer in black and the one in white were disappointed. "I rest this case, jury, you have no further reason to continue on with this nonsense, the drugs were in his possession the night police found him, guilty." He then took his seat while satisfied all the while my head went down firmly. But hope was coming.

Chapter 4: The Hurt

"You don't understand. I fell to my knees, I prayed to a God that I couldn't see, I nudged at faith but no one responded my plea. I've read the bible and do you know what I found? People, innocents, women and children dying, what kind of God would do that? I thought he was a God of love. Love doesn't slaughter 100's of innocents then call it righteousness. What about when I watched my friend bleed out to death. Where was he then. What about when people get sick where is he then. What happens when those in

orphanges pray and hear nothing, what occurs around the time that they grow up. Faith dies!" Anger fueled me. And sitting back smiling was the lawyer in black. But hope came up with his book of files. He came at the viewers with everything he had using me as a subject, a rod. Placing the files onto the table he took a good look around him,

looking lastly at the other lawyer. Afterwards his focus returned to me, the rod.

"Defendant Joshua. Do you remember your friend in highschool?" He asked. "No." I lied. Neglecting him of any victory in the situation while turning my head sideways away from him and towards the judge in my deep emotions. "Well ladies and gentlemen." He began to scroll through the book of files on the table before me in hope to save me. But I didn't wanna be saved. It was too much. All I could think about was the ditch I almost

fell in, the ditch I was pulled from. That same ditch felt like now. So he continued:

"Subject number 1. A friend, a man, at church he was, going up unto the altar of the church he went crying. Crying 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.' After his cries he saw a vision of the Lord. After the vision he began to speak in tongues. When the defendant asked the friend if he still felt the presence of his Lord the answer was yes. 'Whenever the music is playing and the atmosphere is set that is when it occurs, that feeling.' Now let Joshua's story speak for himself. Subject number 2-" The audience began to murmur even more so, questioning everything that was being said. The lawyer in white looked around to see even the jury talking amongst themselves. "Order!" The judge only spoke once and everyone hushed except the lawyer in white. The lawyer in black grinned but refused to speak should he be thrown into custody for disruption of court, so the lawyer continued, "Subject number 2. An old friend of yours had a dream, I know you recall. In this dream a deceased family member of his told him not to go down that road that he went, to stay on the right track. Another dream he had was when an angel talked with him although the memory of the dream was darkened. And since we're on the subject of visions and dreams lets go to subject number 3: These files speak of another friend one who was very close to someone, almost as if to a spouse. This friend had a dream one night that that close individual was going to die weeks in advance of the death. So preparing them

they preserved them under the light of christ. Subject number 4: This same friend

watched bullets fly through them in a liquor store and into a pop bottle behind them without a scratch hitting their chest or stomach. I don't believe they were blanks. Subject number 5: Another friend I believe you know also had a dream but this time it was that a relative committed suicide and shortly after they died. Subject number 6: This friend was worshipping God in their house when God told them to continue to move forward in

worship and then came the vision of Christ and His garments and

His voice saying the words, 'Stay in my presence.' Then He went to another and told them, 'everyone's grace is different' He told them. Subject number 7: Another friend was

found in a store where she was walking and then God spoke to them saying a numerous amount of things. She went home that same day and was found caught in a trance in her bedroom or a twilight rather. The words of God came upon memory

saying, "Spirit realm." Subject number 8: Another was there in their bedroom just sitting down when God came to them and spoke saying 'you are my messenger' then the individual came to the floor dropping, crying, speaking in tongues and listening while God said, 'How bad do you want it?' And thence came the screaming when she yelled aloud 'I want it, I want it!' Grass sprouted from the carpet ground and birds flew up in the air while the sky was seen when there was nothing but carpet and ceiling. No one heard her in the house. This same woman dreamed your suicide a year later but it failed. It failed even when most supernatural cases in these files where deaths are dreamed of they succeed. Subject number 9: Another friend had an aunt, they were by the beach on a normal day, not windy in any way. She began to speak to this friend and as she started to talk about God the water behind them began to move. The friend never forgot that aunt. Subject number 10: After a partying at the clubs sinner was murdered the 4 year old niece of a friend had a dream that he said he was alright. Now my question to you is this: Are these your friends Joshua?" "NO! I do not know them!" My voice echoed through the room. People began to murmur again. "Son, if you lie you will be held accountable for it in this courtroom." The judge warned. I then broke out in a whale. The outside of my blue suit was beginning to show the inside sweat that was coming from my chest and stomach coming from my heart which was coming from the issues of my mind which were that I did know each and every one of them. "Stop!" The room went quiet again. "I'm in sin!" I yelled.

Chapter 5: Heartfelt

Everyone went silent. This wasn't anything new to the lawyer in black, the judge or to the lawyer in white. All three of them knew. But only one of them smiled. The audience caused a storm in conversation while the jury had half their mouths opened. "Order in this court we will have order!" And so the courtroom fell silent again waiting for me to finish my exclaimed statement. I looked then around for my viewer's faces and continued: " I'm in sin. Everyday, I wake up to 4 walls to do this retchit thing. When I leave my house it's there. When I come back, it's there. Everywhere I go, like a backpack I take it with me. My neighbors know about it, friends, family, uncles, cousins, nieces, sisters, brothers, mother and deceased father. It's there. And it's nothing I can do but fight. And when I fight it's nothing I can do but lose. This is the battlefield. And we're all in it. Tempted by the worst of things. Some killers of men, some liars to

children, some fornicators with the other sex. Some thieves of the poor. Some are simply the next evil. But in whose eyes are we right. In whose eyes are our justice. In what sense do we become holy. When is the holy day? As the righteous have, don't we work too? Strive too? Look for the Son too? Or is it just the gun at our throats that you see so vividly. Suicide, genocide, the color of our skin is it that makes us hated? That

color is faith. What then should we discuss when it comes to sin? Whenever it is mentioned chills hit my suit. And who are the holy? Who are these people that hide in buildings calling themselves God's children. Is that building God's gate? Is it true then that we are the outsiders? Should He come back to find no faith? None in that building of course. I suppose that if he only viewed that building judgement should be simple.

Some up and some thrown down. There'd be no debate or much dispute I agree. But what about the one's out here! We are a disguised bunch. A thugged group. We wander

and crawl for every inch that we can't see. Not knowing who we are, what we are. Human I think. -" "Joshua please." The lawyer in white cut me off trying to reach for his files with his hands, his fingers passed through the hostility. "NO!" My voice echoed as I continued on meanwhile I had the judge's full attention. "I've seen friends die over this.

Justice is theirs. I've seen people broke over this. Justice is theirs. I've seen people robbed, whipped, bleeding out on the street for this, justice is theirs. Even to the suicidal, is justice theirs? To the sinner...where is justice found?! I saw one with the harlot and another with the adulterer, one with the whoremonger another with the shepard. One I found catching fish another that denied everything I worked for. At the end it's all the same though. All the same road, all the same end. Where is the cross for my justice? I should be carrying one instead of sitting in the pits! I burn in such darkness

that a flame cannot withstand a single inch of light. Burning for the justice!" I held my head up high, close my eyes then stood still after that. I imagined every place but that

retchit courtroom. "Joshua." The lawyer in white said. "What." I responded rudely opening my eyes then coming back mentally into the courtroom. "Usually I would sit down in a situation like this. With the guilt all over you and the opposing lawyer having

his way with you, but there's a motto I patiently go by. I tell it to every client in the shadows but I never told it to you. You see I've read your files,-" The lawyer in black cut him off, "Personal information!" He yelled. "I think we've heard enough out of you in this court when it comes to personal information. Overruled! Mercy continued." Said the judge. "I've read your files, and scrolling through them you're nothing short of a miracle kid. All that you've gathered, nearly firsthand experience has been beyond supernatural. I can understand had one come to you, a stranger of whom you didn't know telling you information on the supernatural but no, you have formed a bond with these individuals and even with yourself. Rightly dividing the word of truth. Now as far as the jury goes,

whether they believe you or are in eternal disbelief for lack of faith or whether the audience continues on in popularity of the occasion is up to them. But as for the 3 of us in this room...We all know one thing that you don't nor do the rest. That thing is: As long

as you are fighting sin then you are a winner. I have few questions that I'd like to ask you before I sit down. Question is: Are you in love with sin?" "No." I replied. "Are you trying to escape a sinful life but no matter how hard you try you see failure without justice?" "Yes." "And lastly. Are you in love with God with all your mind, heart and spirit?" "Yes!" I cried out. "Then as long as you are fighting sin, striving for the crown, aching at the moment that you will hear and you will hear, the words well done, then you're a winner. For I understand your sin, I too was tested and tried before and I too was persecuted before because of something similar to this drug. But made a promise that'd I'd protect the innocent in the midst of this crime world we go about on a day to day basis. But here is where I'll rest my case." A tears were rolling down my eyes at that moment after he turned around to leave. Everyone seeing it and hearing what he said began to clap amongst themselves. Roaring in approval. Silencing themselves once he sat, in fear of the judge, they awaited for their opportunity to speak. "Is there anything that the fire has to say?" The judge asked the lawyer in black. "No." He replied angrily. "Jury what is your verdict?" The judge asked. Everyone including myself in tears looked like this was some kind of drumroll for my future, but in honesty it was. They spoke for only a while some smiling others pointing at one another serious. "Jury!" The judge demanded an answer. "Sir. Not guilty!" The crowd on my original sided seat roared but the crowd I told you oppose me disputed. Not long after the arms of the lawyer in white surrounded me tackling me. It was a hug. The handcuffs were taken off of me. I hugged him back smiling. "We did it!" he told me. "No you did it. I didn't expect to make it this far." "Well like I said before. What'd I say?" "If you fight sin, you're a winner. You just have to remember one hard thing." "And what's that" I asked him. "Never, and I mean never brother, be ashamed of your sin. Had there been no sin there'd be no reason for a savior. The bible was built off the mistakes of the individuals in Christ. It is the literal walk with Him. In that walk you'll trip and you'll even fall, but as long as you're- I'll tell you later." "No, no, finish." I demanded. "No, no. I'll tell you later. We have to have a meeting later on anyway at 9. There's some paperwork we have to go over. You aren't yet free to go." As he said those words I saw the black suited lawyer in the background smiling and waving at me with a glare as he left the courtroom.

Act 4: Highschool Chapter 1: 9pm

It was night time, that night it was raining down on the streets of Detroit hard. Smacking like a folded belt. the clouds were far from being seen. A cab took me all the way up to the building on the boulevard where I was supposed to meet the lawyer at. I wore a black trench coat with an umbrella to cover the drops that tried to soak it. In my mind was freedom ringing back to front. I looked around at empty cars, clear streets and a quiet dripping night. My shoes were actually boots and my pajamas were actually pants. I wasn't in the house nor was the rain gone. It had just begun. But I was free. No tv to look at and no couch to sit on. No refrigerated food, no kids in the room. I had not one girl to sit next to nor a dollar in my bank account. I had no bank, unemployed and uninformed I was a solid teenager. 17 I remember, or was it 18? Either way I was still a kid. No college and no degree. My mother gave me the keys back home, the money for the cab and the cash for the cab back. I was in a rush, having separation anxiety I clung to her for all things to strengthen me. I was growing dependant. But yeah, I was free. Forced to go meet this lawyer upstairs and see what he had to say. The only reason I

wasn't letting a minute make me late was because it concerned my freedom. But yeah, "Free at last!" I yelled to who ever was listening. The whole while I was explaining this night to you my wet boots were jump roping up the steps to the top floor where the law firm was located. I smelled donuts, hot cocoa and pizza. I know I passed them in the cab on the way here but I doubt the aroma flew from their buildings all the way to these high steps. But anything could be likely seeing how they put all kinds of bizarre things in food nowadays. Into the doors of the law firm I then saw what I smelled to be on the table before me. I saw the lawyer with his suit off eating, "Come in, sit down, eat." He said with a fist size amount of food in his mouth. Once he was done eating he got up and turned to the board behind him, the same one that I was staring at since I walked into the top floor firm; I was there for a while. Hungry I devoured the food and sipped on the cocoa as was needed. "So here we have a high school a church, and 7 kids. 3 boys and 4 girls. They all attend your high school. The names of the girls are, you know them, 'Lust, tempted, repentant and conviction' The boys, their names are unknown. But they were last seen at the school in April. That was the same month of the bonfire. Your job is to get close to these girls and find out where exactly they are. These are the ones that got the drugs from the crime bosses in the city, they'll be able to give me and the detective leads-excuse his absence- on where the bosses are going to be. But at that point it'll be in our hands. I've already told you too much. Your job is simply to get the girl's trust and find out the whereabouts of the guys so we can pin them all on using, buying or by association of the drug. You'll go free of course but they'll be flushed out for information then jailed. Joshua I like you. You're a good kid. I trust you'll make the right decision in all of this." What I wanted to do was run and say I wasn't okay, that that was my girlfriend he was talking about and that I wanted no part of it. But I continued eating like a puppet. I let him pull my strings, "Yes. Yes I will." I told him. He then continued to point at the church and the high school, "You are to attend high school court ordered until the end of the school year and church for 1 year. After that if you haven't gotten the information needed you'll be the one getting jailed and not them." "How long are we talking?" "Fifteen years. Now this isn't my doing, it's what the judge settled with.-" "Wait hold on. It's may. School ends in June. You're telling me I have a month?" I was angered. "Well you have a year if you invite the girls to church with you." He replied. "Sunday and monday and wednesday. 3 days a week is all you have. But I gotta go it's extremely late. Make sure you lock the door when you're done eating." He added walking out. Once he was gone I broke the cup of cocoa throwing it against the board. So that was the night. 'Free at freakin last!'

Chapter 2: Tempted

Daylight was headed towards me. A month went by and in the school I wasn't hearing any change. Still there was no sight of the girls from the rumor bank, not on the campus, and my patience was tiring from the lack of favor. So I went in person instead of listening to that gossip from weak sources. Walking up to the building where the people congregated the door into the inside like always was stalked by your average skipping D.I.G. head. He usually had a possey to cause trouble sending me to the back of the school whenever I was late, but, I was always late. The school was huge so that meant exercise on my part. By this time the subject of english, writing, science and math were done with, I drowned each class out for some sleep, waited for some guys to pass me the notes and did the work at home. It was better that way. More time to think about more important things. Like where in the hell were the girls? I was beginning to think that they'd switched schools. But then an odd day happened, and that was today. So heading up the steps to the school I met the druggy, "Hey." I said to him, he ignored me. Him and his baggy pants, blue plaid shirt and colorful skin, him and his wool like hair that stopped at his neck, him and his blunt called D.I.G that spewed out anything but smoke. He crossed his legs standing up looking towards the sun ignoring everything except it's rays. His eyes squinted. "What do you want kid." He called me kid because of my age. I was 18 but he had more the years on my behalf. So I played his game and let

him pull my strings, it was daylight so why not, no one was in a rush. Looking at my watch the bell was almost to ring for the final class. So I talked to him until that time arrived beyond the door. "Answer kid..Why are you staring at my blunt? You want some is that it?" I looked at him gently then put my hands in my pocket and faced my face towards the sun's eyes. "I don't smoke sir. I just wanna get in the door, like I always want to get in the door." He blocked the entrance with his feet leaning his back up against the wall. "Okay. Go in." My eyes quickly went from looking at just the eyes to painting them on his face. He was darker, everything was a bit darker. He looked dead at me blowing smoke in my face. Holding my breath the mist passed me. Hurrying for the door the foot that blocked it was gone, 'shhh!' went the sound of two feet blocking the entry way, "Aht aht ah. Not that easy. You have two choices. You're either gonna take this blunt or you're gonna heed my warning. Which one will it be?" He asked me, hovering the drug by my face. "It'll be the latter." I pushed the drug back in the direction of his mouth. He caught the wave and dissected both of his closed lips entering what I wouldn't dare. "The warning I guess." Once I said that the blunt dropped to the ground and went under one of his feet. Sweeping it away, killing the smoke, and then gone died the blunt. As soon as it was dead he spoke, " I haven't seen you around for a bit. I won't ask what you were involved in, I know it wasn't D.I.G so it had to be home issues I'm assuming." I didn't respond. "Home issues it is. Well, here's my warning kid. There's been some students causing trouble since you've been gone, I suggest you stay clear from them. They're four girls. I tried getting their names but nothing came up. They hang around some of my guys but I hear they're on low profile because of what happened at a bonfire not long ago...you wouldn't be familiar with that fire would you?" His attention was on me, there was no more sun in his eyes so he'd no if I was lying. I had to tell the truth, it was the only option, " No, I don't know what you're talking about. I heard rumors about the night but around that time I was dealing with some things of my own, home issues if that's how you want to put it." He took a clever look at me, stared intently into my lying eyes and bought the bait after a few moments. He was drugged, I could've said a number of things. " Well alright. But you need to stay clear, they've gotten a lot of people suspended for their actions. Stay out the hallways because one of them lurks up and down them like some ghostly figure. If you see her I'm telling you to keep walking, don't talk to her. Another likes to lure men into the janitors closet but the principle never knows when. She's cute and all but that's a game of russian roulette if you get my drift. You never know when you're gonna get caught with that kinda girl. The third is a pillow talker, she waits by her locker grooming herself while guys come by to harass her. I won't say don't bother her, but if you do you won't get far, she's the type of girl that means no when she says it and no guy that ever approaches her really understands it until their in the principal's office with 3 days off. And lastly you have the bathroom girl. That's what I like to call her. She's never caught doing anything but you find her on her knees making a scene praying I guess. Once again, stay clear of this girl. She tends to

look innocent but I hear she has some deep mess going on in her head. But that's all I know." When he was done he stood up straight moving his feet from the door and moved his hand towards it signaling my entrance. " Uh, you can go in now. Move it before I make you walk around kid." I hurried in, shut the door behind me and walked forward. Soon after I saw the inside of the high school: trashy hallways, open lockers, closed classroom doors, green marble floors and lastly a girl pacing herself. It was tempted. I speed walked towards her to find her in a daze. I didn't know her personally, I only spoke with her through my girlfriend conviction. Through association if that's the way you'd have it put. "Hey tempted. What's going on?" I asked but she only continued walking, not saying a word, only pacing herself up and down the hallways as if she might've been waiting for something. So I paced with her. After a moment she spoke. "The bell is sin." She said. "The bell is sin." She said again. "What's sin? What are you talking about?" I asked her. She continued to say it at least four more times before she began to translate herself, "Everyday I wait for the bell, but it never rings. I wait for sin, but it never comes. I fight only to lose. I lose only to fight again. This is the cycle. It waits for me at the end of the hall. It waits at the end of the week. When I'm alone and when my visible strength is gone, it whispers in my ear and tells me all kinds of things. There's a void here. After and before the bell. So I do what anyone would do. I wait for the bell.

But whether I'm angry or joyful, the bell doesn't care about me. It doesn't. So why should I care about me? If sin doesn't care? If sin doesn't why should I? Sin is merely the reflection and awareness of one's self. It is the epitome of all evil. If I am evil then why should I exist Joshua. I don't want to exist Joshua. What if I don't want to exist? Doesn't the Word say there will be a day where sin will be no more? I will be no more.-" I cut her off right there. This was no longer a school, this was no longer a floor that we walked on, this was no longer a door that we went to and away from, the school was our surroundings, the trashy lockers the hideous ceilings, it was our environment. The floor was a ledge, a long, long ledge. The door was the end of that ledge but we continued to walk away from it. I was right there with her on that ledge..Whether she jumped was spontaneously out of my hands. All I could do was talk. But we had until she saw her reflection, until she heard the bell, until she saw sin, " Don't speak like that." I cut her off. "What choice do I have Joshua? 24 hours a day I am at war with myself. I do not win. Maybe today, maybe tomorrow. After three days sure, five days sure, seven days sure, but what happens on the eighth day, the sixth month or the eleventh day? What happens to me then? I lose." She said with her heart on her shoulders. That was the first time she felt confident since we began the conversation. But it was certainly the wrong time. "A man told me once that if you were fighting sin then you were a winner. So what I can say is, fight the bell." I told her trying to match the confidence she gave me. Energy can neither be created nor destroyed it can only be transformed from one form to another. I learned that in science. I guess I wasn't sleeping all the time. "Josh I don't know." She was pacing further towards the door. She was going to open it!

"Tempted please. Look. I was on the phone with an old mentor of mine, and he told me that even in the midst of my sinful nature that before he met me he would always pray to God for help but his mother who is a pastor told him to stop praying for help and to start praying to help. Not long after that prayer I came walking through his shop and came bearing problems. He heard all of them. But then, but then he saw a miracle happen in my life, and then another, and another. Until he cried out to me in joy saying, 'Joshua, you have the power to change hearts' He was helped through my blessings. Yet till this day I still bear sin." She then looked up at me, I was taller than her. Looking up she smiled. But the door was up ahead which gave her a sorrowful look again. "Joshua I don't know." I was beginning to lose her. So I stalled. "But one last thing tempted. In my neighborhood where I grew up for five years there was a man who lived next door to me, two doors down, he would always be parked inside his car in front of his house. He never spoke and nor did I until one day he saw me with a bible in my hand and that's when the words came out, "Keep reading that book. Don't forget who told you that." He Said. So in the book I studied. A year later somewhere around that same time my life because of that book was changed forever. I was elevated to higher heights and because of the fact I was able to motivate others who were on my level or higher or lower. It was a universal fact. So Catching him one day walking passed my house as always I decided I might stop him. With all confidence I was joyful because I had something on my mind to spit out to him. I approached him, I spoke, and we walked. The streets became golden, the trees were like clouds and the cars created the winds. I was causing heaven by the movement of my tongue. I was doing what every rapper could never do. What was being displayed here was hope. When we walked full circle from my house to the gas station then back he smiled at me and said these words, 'You just made my day. Because of you I have a smile on my face. Whenever you want to talk just stop by, I'm right next door.' Waving he sent me off into my house. That day I gained a brother. We may be pacing right now but just like the walk the neighbor had with me, the same walk I have with you. Don't go for that door. Take my hand. If the bell comes, don't be ashamed of it. For the longest you hold this hand the longest you'll hold this hope. That even you can have a smile on your face before the storm tempted. Raining and flushing while twisting then wavy. Who knew that something as simple as water could take so many forms in one instance. Trust me and take my hand before it rings. Hope tempted, hope." I gave her everything I had for the time, I gave it all. To a simple girl that at first I had only known through my girlfriend. She was becoming more in that hallway. And holding the hand of God I was praying that towards each other we were becoming something more. Her misery was dying, on her face it was there. But it wasn't soon enough. Around the corner came stepping with authority the principle, we were nearing the door, and he was nearing us, the bell was about to ring and Tempted's hand had to make a decision either she was grabbing that door or grabbing hope. I had all the faith that she would choose the latter; for her own betterment. Going for the door

with a heavy stroke forward she moved at my direction. Butterflies entered my stomach and joy my heart. "Hey! Hey both of you stop right there. Take one more step towards that door and you're looking at five days suspension, you might as well call that the school year. We kept walking ignoring him. But while walking I could tell that both our hearts shuttered by the sound of his voice. "And no prom!" He jerked out a trembling sound. Halting like horses and turning around we maneuvered otherwise. "In my office the both of you!" Smiles were on the both of our faces which added more the hostility on his. We almost laughed. What a miracle. Being on the edge of death yet...laughing. Ha.

Chapter 3: Lust

Tomorrow arrived. I was half late this time which lead me to the exercising of my legs; the D.I.G group was full at the main entrance of the school so I took my time walking around the back. When I got in I was looking for trouble. No sight of the principle who gave me 2 warnings. One for being late and one for camping in the hallways not to mention I was with tempted. She was known for adding tension to any situation once heated. But I didn't mind. The guy didn't know me very well, he only knew my name but now that I was on his radar he may very well have went to check my background information. When we got in the office the warnings he gave me came with a catch. He signed my name on the back of his board in the office for mediation with tempted. It was a sort of counseling/teen outlook program. What that meant was that I was hot. A target, and anybody I caused problems with in the school if it was notified of the principle me and that person would be sent to the office and written up on that board along with me. It happened a year ago in June, around this time in the school year to my buddy; he's no longer attending this highschool. Gossip spread fast leading him to becoming a notorious figure right up there with the girls. He was popular there after at least until he got kicked out. I never found out why nor did he ever tell me. When I got into the school the hallways were clear. Walking down them the bell had rung and class just started. For 12th grade it was writing. Peaking inside these feet of mine refused to enter the room. But I saw tempted way in the back with her head deep in her journal. She was writing. Joy was on her face which caused my lips to tickle a smile. Removing my face from hidden view I entered my reality back into the hallway where next to me was a big bulletin painting the words: Prom. Underneath were the people with the most votes. To my shock I was there in that number right above charles-the lead man at the bonfire- on

the prom king's section. In the section of prom queen there was lust and right underneath there was found conviction. My responsibility to the occasion came to mind there after. Catching a hold of myself I caught also the spit going down my throat,

almost gulping I denied it. It couldn't be. It looks like I was going to prom. But my objective this moment was to locate lust. I searched down in the basement closet, it was smelly with garbage cans stuck in it. Walking upstairs I checked myself, I was wragged

from top to bottom in sneakers, jeans and a green t-shirt. I looked awful for the occasion, this date that no one but me knew about. Lust was in for a surprise. I got to

the top of the basement stairs and hit the main floor. It seemed like I was walking through snow or as if a flood chased me from the basement up these steps soaked from the waist up. At Least that's how I was walking- nervous habit I suppose. I reached the main closet and it too was empty and filled with mop sticks, trash, and the janitor? He was sleep and snoring loud. Had it not been for the soundproof door he'd be out of a job or less, found chasing the same occasion I was, trouble. Closing the door slowly I paid

close attention to his slanted shoes, green uniform, broom in his hands and headphones in both ears. I chose not to wake him up. Half of his day was working with the kids. They bullied him near to death, we were all his children though. We looked up to the man with the mop bucket. He kept us company. He leaned on the cycle of four years watching new kids enter then leave the same year. No doubt he missed us once we were gone but also was the man nostalgic of the new comers. They were armed and

ready to be nostalgic of him ignorantly. Afraid of what was out beyond the doors of those 4 years yet more than ever wanting to get out. Indecisiveness got the hold of most by the throat, ringing them as the janitor did with the mop. Splash, splat, swoosh, ring

and repeat. Closing the door I left the cliche of a man. I could've woke him up and asked him, ' Do you die from the repetition? Does a piece fade from the consistency?

Do the teachers tire of the same lesson?: Salvation from buildings like childhood homes, from one school to another, from prisons and one corporation to another. Or are you tired of hiding the truth from these little ones as they bully you down, down, to sleep in these closets? Is silence your fight? Is silence the lie you keep?' Closing the door I took not one more look at him before heading to the top floor, climbing the stairs, tip toeing pass the silent classrooms that echoed, and twisting open the door to what I hoped to be- the sight of her eyelids cut me off. She wore both hands together and tied her feet around one another with headphones in her ear connected to her cell phone.

She was texting someone but my recognition was off a bit. Although I wasn't trying to focus on who it was it's just that she was that caught my daze. 'Knock, Knock.' Her eyes came up and they opened in amusement. "Josh?" She said surprised of me. Closing the door behind me the light in the closet automatically came on. "I didn't figure you were the type of girl to play music in the dark." I smiled. "I didn't figure you knew me- hey, what happened? Are you okay? What'd they do to you?" She bit back but for a cause for concern. Memories hit me of the seven days that felt like thirty in that jail cell. The

way they treated me, the way they talked to me. They dehumanized me. By the very thoughts I was sent falling back losing all balance of the door. It didn't make much noise however it caught the attention of the girl in front of me. Enough attention for her to shut off her phone, take out her ear phones and focus. I figured she'd do that for one of these boys anyway that caught themselves in the top floor closet, "I don't wanna talk about it." I lurked away from the answer. She then looked down at her feet, untying them before my face and placing them on the earth. "You...saved us" She mentioned while I continued in a facedown manner. "It was for conviction, not you, her." I pointed out. I could see her grinning. Fiddling with both hands and gripping them, "Josh, had you not jumped out we'd all be locked up. But you took the fall and got out okay. You may not want to talk about it and it may have been to save conviction but I'm okay today because of what you did. Something my boyfriend didn't even attempt, he just sat there in those bushes whispering in my ear telling me to take the fall, that it'd be okay. That coward." A tear fell from her left eye. "Yeah you're okay hiding in closets and avoiding your school lessons. One of the very things that could get you out of here. It seems like

that boyfriend is still in your ear." I hit home. "Hiding? I could say the same about yourself. And who sleeps through every class only to take their friends notes and finish at home. You may as well not even come to school." She advised. "I come for the amusement to wait for girls like you to get caught in the rumor mill for hiding in closets."

This was turning into an argument. "Look if you came to argue with me the door is behind you, and please don't slam it, these hallways echo." She pulled her head up and swiped away the tear residue still in her eye. "No, I came because I was gonna ask you where was conviction but if you want me to go-" she stopped me before I could get to the door knob, "She's not here today. She's getting ready with the girls for this party I'm throwing before prom hits us. I'm calling it last dance. It'll be at my house." "Okay, and do you know where I can find Charles and his crew? I wanna send him a thank you note with my fist. A man should protect his own. No matter how hostile the situation." She smiled when I said that. "He'll be at the last dance...but Joshua, again I'm sorry. I wanna make it up to you at the party tonight." "What are you gonna do?" I asked curious. "You'll see. You gotta go now though, someone's coming in a few." She said putting her headphones back in both ears, tying her feet and holding her hands while looking downwards. Shutting me out completely I went to reach for the door knob but twisting it from the other side was an unknown figure. I could see it from underneath the door but there were two shadows. Wanting to turn around and warn lust although it was pointless I moved my hand from the door and let the thing play out. The door twisted opened and

lust eyes opened with it to see the principle and Roberto, a student that attended the school with us. He was a geek but what was he doing with lust? Pointing his finger at the dark closet that barely shown brightness the lights came on and he said, "There she is." The principle saw me and boiled in his suit. One thing was on his mind and that was to throw lust on the board right under tempted. The first person he grabbed was me, he

refused to even lay hands on the girl. The look in my eyes wouldn't let him. I may not of liked her but she was still a woman. The guilt of my past refused to let me think differently. We were thrown in the office shortly after and just like I predicted, lust was out of warnings and I was just breaking in the shoes with mine. Lust had to attend the outlook program with me, at first she was angered but when seeing who was underneath her name she was comforted. So that was the day. By the way, Roberto was jumped by the end of the school day as the rumor spread in the mill about the boy who choked.

Chapter 4: The Last Dance

It was 10pm almost being close to 9pm again and as always I was in a rush trying to avoid being late for the party. The moonlight shown through my blinds, upon my curtains and brightly on my face for the recognition of the night. It was calling me for one more tango with the in crowd. Not prom because prom wasn't for certain nor did it mean to tango. It meant goodbye. Goodbye's never lined up with the tango, it never caused me to dance. Pulling myself from out of my bed and from the house I told my mother I loved her, watched the front door open and was I was gone. My bike was the fastest and equally cheapest thing around, not wanting to wake my mother for a sum of cash for a cab or steal from her which is something I'd never do not even on my worst of days it was time to settle for the bike. Main streets were the best option and dodging the freeways was the safest. The bike riding gave me time to think as wind hit my face and moonlight shown upon the empty roads. Everything was clear but that didn't change my head from looking both ways for unknown territory: Animals, groups of grown men, and fast speeding drivers that didn't care for their own lives let alone mine. While riding I reflected on the bonfire: That blazing fire. We were riding down the street fast as hell in conviction's dad's car that she stole without a driver's license. Come to think of it that's probably how they got back home after the police left. I thought about the heat within the bushes coming to me and my girlfriend's body. The drug came to mind as they passed it around while in nervousness I closed my eyes then fell into that trance. The thought of the woman holding my hand in that trance almost made me ride pass the damn stop sign. No cars were moving down any streets so far but I still hit the brakes as if there was. Breathing heavy my mind cleared and the reflecting by instinct halted for good. There was no reason for going over the past and no reason was there for discussing the horrible outcome of those four girls ahead. What would happen to them was in the palm of my hands but to save them would cost my own freedom. What would you choose? To rot in a prison worse than the jail you were in before; which was a nightmare. Or to have your girlfriend and her friends do it for you? Like I said, I didn't

want to think of the future ahead. So I cleared my mind and let the scenery drug me. An hour passed and what was seen a quarter mile ahead were bright spotlight figures flickering at the sky. They were mild but the music was blasting, people were joyfully screaming which you could hear all the way from here and the houses surrounding that area were abandoned so no cops were in view. I didn't call the detective's number nor the lawyer's for two reasons. One was because I couldn't answer the question and two because I wanted to meet Charles face to face for myself. What was needed to be known was why didn't he jump out the bushes first? Why let me take the fall? Or was he thinking we'd all go down for his mistakes? I needed to know to rest my anxiety. Every night I went to sleep for a whole month until now I thought about the same scene: The police chase and the bushes. I got to the house it seemed quickly but my bike was riding 15 miles an hour, must've been the deep thought. Getting off the bike I parked it in the yard. The house was big, it reached to the highest tree. When entering that's when everything compared to the outside vs the inside changed. D.I.G was all through the house. It smelled and I mean a funk I wouldn't put on my worst enemy. Lights flickered and smoke machines filled the 1st floor like a cloud. I saw the kitchen contain women and men laying down getting wasted with pipes in their mouths filled with liquor. In the living room there were red cups and couches that were occupied with kinky men and women. I stressed my body forward passed the drunken, drugged sex and started to look for Lust but all I could find were foreign bodies. The bathroom, the living room, the dining room, they all looked the same: more people and more drinks, more sex and more drugs. I even saw one of the D.I.G's in pill form. Sin was everywhere. All you could hear were screams of joy and laughter with the music vibrating through the house. The vibration of the base sounded just as loud as the lyrics. Cups were vibrating off the tables and girls were laughing as one was mouthing a guy with a strawberry. Sex on top of sex was covered by the smoke but the smell of it gassed the place. By the time I got to the second floor I looked at my phone and thirty minutes had passed. That's how packed the place was. Flighting to the third then the fourth and finally the fifth no one was at the party that I knew although everything and everyone seemed familiar territory. The very thought of it sickened me though. The good news was that the higher I went the less people you saw. But even with the lack of people the average floor had about twenty. They had to have been there for days. Some were just waking up, but how could you sleep through smells so foul and noises so loud. Even the feel of the vibration could wake me up. Having seen no one in sight, not lust not conviction, not tempted not repentance, and not Charles and his crew. My fist balled and a grin crossed my face. I took my hand from my nose, leaned against a wall next to this silent closet and closed my eyes starting to inhale. The smell of it couldn't get you high but it was pretty damn close, "Don't" was all I heard and that's when the closet door opened, a ladder fell down reaching the outside of the closet and one girl and guy came out. She was wearing a miniskirt reaching her butt then halting. In her hand, in both their hands were red cups.

The guy before they reached the floor put a dissolving pill in her's then gentling tilted one of the drinks towards her mouth then down her throat while he and another guy who was coming up the steps escorted her into the bedroom, looked at me with a smirk and closed the door. I saw all of this by the corner of my left eye. Disgusted I looked for hope up the ladder. Climbing the rust scratched my palms. Before reaching the top there was a calming quiet that fell over my ears and a sign in front of my face that said "No Smoking!" smiling there was for certain hope up these steps. When I got up there in a corner with the moonlight shining through the branches and into the window it hit the corner where a girl was sitting with both knees in her chest and her body rocking. By the sound of her voice I knew it was Lust, "I fight only to lose again, I fight only to lose again" She kept repeating herself. The light showed that she was naked. There was no one up there but me and her besides the two that left. Immediately what I did was grabbed the blanket, wrapped it around her and held her with my mouth to her ear. She was rocking herself into my chest but by the time she smelled the scent of my clothing; it still had the dew from outside on it; she began to cry and to hold me. "Joshua." She stopped rocking and stopped the repetitional sound. The attic was closed shut and locked I made sure. "Shh. I'm right here." I said in her ear. "Tell me what happened. Where's Charles?" I asked her. Tears were rolling from her eyes, "They put something in my drink. I let them..it started at 5 pm. I was just taking a taste of the party, just a sip you know..being the host and all I was able to spectate. The plan wasn't to try anything serious. What started as a few people turned into a crowd. Spectating turned into talking, talking turned to drinks, and drinks turned to kissing men, girls wanted me and I couldn't run Josh. That's what this lifestyle does to you. You can't run. You fight only to lose and lose only to fight again. It's a never ending battle. Then in my house, in my house! They walked me to floor two. A club my dad made before him and my mom went away to Atlanta and let me keep the house for myself. I seemed responsible then but look at me Joshua..look. Reaching floor two we hit the dance floor. That was no dance. They grouped up on me and began groping and kissing and putting that blunt in my mouth, all I could do was inhale and laugh. The tears of a fucking clown. Then I felt something come down my skirt and passed my ankles right off my feet. And that's when it happened, that's when they did it. The group tossed me to another and they tossed me to their friends and their friends to their friends. That's when the party got packed. The bad part about it was that I didn't trance out. I felt everything!" She began to cry out loud in a moan but no one could hear her, the attic was sound proof. All you could feel were the vibrations. "What happened on floor three Lust?" I asked patiently. She sniffed, held me tighter and continued. "By floor three I began to enjoy it. I became another person, one that didn't care about life. Swallowing every pill they gave me, drinking down the alcohol like it was water and smoking blunt after blunt. They all began to cheer me on, I was a queen, I was a monster. Half the crowd were spectators too. All those girls...all those innocent teens..that was five hours ago. They're like me now." "And what

are you?" I cut her off. "Fucked up. Please excuse my language. Please excuse my mess. I should've never brought you to this place. I just thought you'd know what I really was. Broken, trapped. By the time I got to the fourth floor it was obvious. Even though I was the host no-one knew me until it all happened, until I livened up the party. People were flocking to me like sheep and everything was by then out of my control. I'd gone so far there didn't seem like a way back for me. So what I did was went deeper. Up into the fifth floor which was nothing but a hallway of bedrooms and bathrooms. It looked like a hotel for trafficking individuals. The fifth floor was the truth of the matter behind the scenes. What no one wanted to see yet my eyes were wide open to it all. Dead on the inside my body went into the closet and up the attic, by that time my clothes were off from some guys who put me in one of the bedrooms with a pill in my mouth, I refused to swallow and fought back. However by fighting myself out of the situation it only opened the door for another girl to be in the same predicament. I saved no one. Like I said- "We fight only to lose and lose only to fight again." I finished her sentence. "Where's charles? And why don't you tell these people to leave?" "I can't tell them to leave. Haven't you been listening? These guys have been at my house for days if not weeks. They're just as trapped as I am. I hide in this attic every night. Charles invited them after we got away from the police. He said it'd just be a little company but that company added up and hasn't left since. He sells the D.I.G to them here making a profit for himself. He said once he got enough money financed for us that we'd leave the city. Probably at 100,000 right now his promise is dying away." "That's not a boyfriend Lust. That's not a friend. Call the cops." I said removing myself from comforting her with my arms. "Don't you think I would have tried that weeks ago? Nobody's coming this far out at the outskirts of the city." She explained. My fist balled even tighter. "Charles is a dead man when we find him. Hold on. I'm making a phone call." I pulled out my cell phone and started dialing, "Who are you calling? I just told you the police aren't coming out here. It's too far out." She warned. "I know a guy. Lust trust me. And promise me you won't tell anyone what's about to happen here if I get you out of this." She looked at me funny. "Trust you? What are you going to do? What are you talking about?" She asked frantic. "Hello this is Joshua, can I speak with Detective Todd? Yes detective I'm on Clairmont 4190 Avenue on the outskirts of the city. I think we may have a lead on one of the drug bosses hot spots. Our friend charles has been housing D.I.G heads throughout the city in a mansion on the outskirts of the city. I figure if we get to these people, his clientele we can get to charles which then gives us opportunity to take down the crime boss. Okay, okay. Yes sir. Alright, bye." Her face was raging. Whatever high she was on faded off quickly. Her hands looked like she wanted to ring my neck. "You're a rat! How long?!" "Look.." I stalled. "How long Joshua!?" "Look they told me if I didn't do it they'd have me in prison for 15 years. The plan was never you it was just to get Charles so we could find the crime boss in the city. I wasn't going to. I was thinking hard about being the fall guy, but Charles is going too far with this. He has to stop and I don't think it's just

Charles we're warring against. The crime boss probably is using him as a puppet to run moves throughout the city. This spot may be his biggest yet. I don't know Lust. All I

know is that before the police come we gotta get outta here. Is there anyway out besides downstairs?" I lied to her, saying that the detective wanted her and her friends too was a no go. I needed to stall. I still couldn't answer that question, whether to be the fall guy or to let them take the fall for me. "That tall tree out the window, we could use it as a ladder. But if the cops come I can't come back here, I guess I'll stay at tempted's house for a while until things die down. But Charles is going to know where I ran to, he's

gonna come after me." "That's fine. Tell him it was all my doing. He'll turn his rage towards me, and when he shows up to the school the cops will be waiting for him" "No. my boyfriend is too smart for that. He'll show up at prom where there's a heavy crowd. A crowd that he can disappear quickly from and into. He's smarter than you think" "Trust me Lust, I can handle myself." I reassured her. Once she was comforted we climbed down the tree, put my bike the trunk of her car and left. As she drove me home she smiled at me kissing me on the lips, my girlfriend's voice refused to allow me to kiss back although I acknowledged her heavily. Getting out of the car I knew that everything that happened that night would be between me and her. It would be our secret. I knew exactly what I was going to say to cover up for Lust and the other girls At least to stall.

And so came hell in the morning.

Chapter 5: 9 am

It was morning and I was still riding in that car, nothing changed but the windshield, It was brighter. Hiding the light from my eyes I covered my face with my arm. Getting up in that vehicle the engine was heard loud and clear, it was the music. The tires bumped up

and down rocking my head back and forth. I held onto my bed for dear life nearly gripping the sheets. The car was going faster at that point, with more bumps and with the engine getting louder in my ear and the brightness of the sun getting closer and closer. Looking for the driver, Lust, to tell her to stop I couldn't find her, I only found Conviction in the driver's seat. She was holding steady the wheel, gripping it tight and holding it down. "Conviction stop!" I yelled and repeated but she wouldn't register my complaint. Her eyes seemed too focused on the road. But what was she focusing on? Turning my eyes to where she was aiming at in the distance I saw it..it was a cliff. Both my eyes closed, in the air we went, calming myself and positioning my body for death I put both arms in my chest. Was I scared to die? Maybe I was. It was probably my time to go anyway. Who would speak of me? The news for only a snippet, the viewers of that news for only a second, my family for all time unless some weed and thorn told them to move on. My girlfriend, well, she was going with me. I wasn't selfish, I could hear myself screaming "NO!" I could see my eyes opening wide into the rear view mirror at her as I saw the same streaks of tears roll down her eyes as before in the bushes. Although before I could close my eyes again, clamp both feet together and put these arms here into my chest she grabbed my left hand, squeeze it and said, "Don't go." Listening my arms relaxed themselves as did my entire body watching death when I could've been running from it. Was I scared to die? The question repeated itself. Yes, dying was like falling from the birdies nest before your time. Even with the love of my life fear boiled. unless she wasn't the end of the rainbow, unless she wasn't the love I had so long been searching for. Making a mistake was my fear. Making an inch, a sliver. Possibly that's why she was holding my hand so tight. Did she make a mistake too? Would we be forgiven in the end? Would we be judged for that one sliver or inch. The thoughts haunted me. Time had slowed down. We hit the air as the car began to flip downwards.

Both of us wore seat belts so our bodies were hanging before the fall. Her hand I couldn't let go and my eyes I couldn't open. "Swoosh, Boom, Ding, Crack, Shh!" Swoosh went the car through the air before hitting the water, boom went the vehicle as it slammed into the sea, ding went the car as it broke the side mirrors, crack went the main mirror as it broke open and shh went the water as it rushed into our faces, around us, beneath us and into the entire vehicle as we sunk. "Huuasp!" I gasped waking up in

my bed to, "Ring ring, buzz, buzz, ring, ring!" It was the phone. Letting it ring for a little while longer before I picked it up at the last second I spent the remaining time examining my body: My face was covered in deep sweat, dripping down my chin onto my shirt which was also soaked, pants also soaked, the water all over my body reminded me of the trauma. So what I did was quickly stripped naked, falling to the floor and gasping for air I held onto the small dresser in front of me for balance, this body was seconds away from collapsing. Grabbing the phone and finally coming to my senses I answered it, "Hello, huah, huah, huah." Breathing heavily. "Josh, what's wrong, you alright?" Asked the voice on the other end of the telephone. I quickly caught a hold of myself losing balance then falling to the floor. Taking one last breath my mouth spat out words, "Who is this?" I didn't have time to view the caller I.D when first catching the phone nor did I have the energy to do so then so I relied entirely on the foreign voice in my ear, "It's me, your lawyer. The detective and his guys raided the place last night. We were able to pin some of the them as dealers but none of them would talk. The rest we were just able to hold for last night. Seems like the majority of the crowd were from the suburbs. Rich parents got bail in the morning about an hour ago. No sign of Charles or his guys anywhere though. I figured since we got his clientele and his hot spot on lock down he'll be coming after you. You've talked to the girls I hear, do you know where he's gonna be anytime soon?" listening to him my breath was still heavy, "He's gonna be at prom." I assured him. "Alright so we won't touch the girls until then. Josh you sure you're alright?" "Yes. Yes, I'm fine." "Well alright I only called to inform you. Call me or the detective if you need something. You're doing good buddy. Just hang in there alright?" He comforted me. "Alright." I was still breathing heavy. He said his goodbye's then hung up the phone. Shortly after I collapsed onto the ground and was back to sleep.

Chapter 6: Conviction

When I opened up the doors of the high school there was one thing on my mind- Conviction. She was on my main radar. When the doors opened themselves people were talking and chattering about what happened last night. I was the source of the rumor mill's juice but my focus wasn't on these kids nor was it on gossip or drama. I just

needed to find Conviction, we'd been separated for far too long, so long that I was having dreams about her. I missed that girl to- well that word won't enter my mouth. To life I should say. When I walked into the hallway the teenagers made a pathway for me,

they spread out like the red sea, cliche I know. All of this was cliche. But before I entered into the hallway every kid had their own drama in their lockers: Bad grades that

they were stressing over for lack of scholarships, break ups that left some in depressional funks, idolizing their mirrors looking at the dream of being called prom queen or king, holding onto the last days of high school as college was up ahead, or simply rushing to make it to the next class. But when I walked through that hallway my

locker was on my back and everyone could see it clearly. Gossiping amongst one another I ignored them and hurried down the hall in a speed walk. None of these kids knew who I was until I met Conviction. That's when everything changed: The bonfire, the courtroom, the principal's naughty list, and now it was the outskirt city party. Lust must've told them because that's all I could hear them discussing. When I got to my locker Conviction was waiting there for me with a gown like skirt with jeans underneath, a light jacket with sleeves that covered her hands but revealed her fingers with a white t-

shirt underneath. She was stuffing her book bag into my locker with one hand and pushing off some guys telling them no with the other. Once they saw me they took off running. "Hey you what are you doing in my locker." I complained. Noticing my voice

she smiled. "Joshua!" turning to me and grasping my t-shirt she hugged me. Guys around us looked with jealousy as prey who wished they had the chance to bite once and then run off with the pieces of her heart. No one was serious about my girl. It was just the thought of them that made them tremble in their pants. Sadly no one ever knew her like I did. However I was yet to learn more. Grasping my t-shirt tight I imagined the wheel she held in my dream and turned my face away from her and focused it toward the mirror of the locker she stuffed the bookbag in. Was I making a mistake? What was I doing? "Joshua why are you so hot? You're sweating. What's wrong? Josh..." She fell

concerned and began gripping my chest while leaning her head under my neck.

"Nothing. I just had a long night." I said giving her my full attention. "I tried calling you numerous times, did you change your number?" "Yeah, here, give me your phone."

Giving it to her she put the new number in and threw the old one out. Afterwards she returned it into my pants pocket. Holding her hand there for a moment and then pulling it

out she pushed me against the locker gently still grabbing a hold of my T-shirt and asked me with an angry but worried look, "What the hell were you doing on the outskirts

of the city with my friend? No one at this school goes to her parties, they're all Charles's friends. You know that's bad news...you know what happened last-I mean how did you get out?" She questioned me. " I was in jail for seven days. It's probably on my record. I was given a trial shortly after but lucked up with one hell of a free lawyer. He's how I got out. And Lust invited me, besides me and her are up and running for prom queen and king. The only reason of going was to find Charles but that punk wasn't there." Her grip loosened once she heard my reasoning. She kissed my lips and folded her arms then looked down fiddling with her sneakers and mine, " Oh." She said innocently. "Well you won't find Charles here until prom-and charles beat you in votes by twenty. You know how he likes the spotlight. He thought if he hung low for a while the cops would hop off his trail. Look, class is about to start babe. Our classes got switched up. Give me a call if you don't see me at lunch. Call me around 7. I'll still be up after I'm done studying for finals okay?" I nodded and kissed her back before she left. She looked and sounded as if she hadn't remembered when I told her I didn't know if she was the one for certain. The role I played fit the moment but my heart was still indecisive. Even my dreams were saying so. Later on that day the night came to haunt me. Conviction was on my mind and it was time to give her that call. I played around with the contemplated telephone long enough. I was sitting in my bedroom at the time. The moonlight barely showed itself but rain was pouring down onto the window. The rain and me were at war. It always made me tiresome. Playing around with the sounds gave my head a new home other than the bed board, it gave way to the pillow. Before I could go fully to sleep I speed dialed my girlfriend closing my eyes and drifting off into the conversation, "Hello?" I said. "Josh?" Her voice was always softer on the phone, and mine was always deeper.

"Yeah it's me. What's going on?" I asked. "I have to tell you something..." She said nervously. "Alright tell me." I was calm. "This void. It won't leave. I tried to party it away, sleep it away, drink it away, sex it away with other guys. I tried to run from it but it still found me. Everywhere I go it haunts me. It'll go away for awhile but then it returns to me." Listening to her I didn't judge her one bit. Not even for the sex. "I'm listening.." Still I was calm. "Baby...I slept with charles. I..I didn't mean to. He was just here when you were gone. Always by our locker, always by our lunch seat. He even bought me things. One day he came over and the void was at its deepest point literally spiking in my chess from the stress. Then he comforted me. But now he's gone and I miss him, the way he would touch me like you would, grab me like you would, but you'd never sleep with me. You always stopped right before the fireworks. Josh...Josh?" I was tempted to hang up the phone. I was tempted to yell. But I only sniffled and cried. She heard me. "Baby. Baby no. Don't cry." She tried to comfort me. "This void...it's back now. He wasn't the one. I knew he wasn't but he felt just like I thought you would. It was the only fight I had left. I didn't think you were coming back. Joshua please speak to me!" She began to cry too. "I don't get it. It's like I fight the good fight, it's like I fight only to-" I cut her off to finish her sentence, " It's like we fight only to lose and lose only to fight again. I know. I

know baby. But you promised me you'd wait till marriage for me. We were both virgins It's hard I know to hold out without me being in your presence, not knowing if I was ever coming back. I should've called or something. I knew I should've called. I'm stupid." I pitied myself. "No, no don't you do that you hear me, don't. It's not your fault it's mines. Do you still love me?" she shook in her voice. "Yes." I assured her. " Speak to me, tell me how you feel." She opened the door for my thoughts to enter. " How I feel? Time after time I'm rejected and hurt by women. They leave me and let me down thinking they're helping or protecting me when all they're doing is pushing me further towards my edge and it kills me. Women don't realize how much power they have over me. It's like they dabble with my heart barely touching the surface from the naked eye but from the spiritual they've dug a million holes again and again. I don't think I can be with you even though I love you. You talk about you having voids but so do I. Thinking you could fill them was foolish, you're human and humans make mistake. Loving you will be eternally a big one. Conviction maybe we should put some space in between us and be friends for a while. A long while." The whole time that I was talking I could hear her barely breathing in tears and snot. "Josh. But I need you. Please!" She begged. "Goodbye Conviction. I'll see you in school or something.." Before I could hang up the phone she said her last words, "I love you. Not him. You. He will never be you." I hung up. The whole night I was thinking of ways to literally kill that man. He took the love of my life. The girl that was always by my side. My ride or die. Had it not been for my indirect command she would've jumped out of those bushes in those woods. But everything has a reason for why it occurs. The cell phone dropped to the wood floor and my eyes closed trying to calm myself from banging the wall with my fist as if it was the face of Charles. The rain calmed me and to sleep I went.

Chapter 7: Repentance

Walking through those highschool doors one final time before the last time that I would enter those doors was near. I went in with a clear mind. The rain had done something to

me. That final day at highschool had everyone focused on one guy and that was me. Me and Charles were now head to head in votes plain even, this meant that we literally wouldn't find out who was going to be prom king until prom which was moved up to July instead of it being in June. By the time I walked through those doors everyone was talking and this time I was listening. One said, "There's Joshua, I heard he broke up with Conviction." Another said, "Hey look that's the guy he was at the bonfire, I heard he ratted out Charles." And another, "I heard he was some supernatural case in the courtroom." And another, "Yeah something about him being a sinner." And another, "I wonder what his sin was." And another "Supernatural my ass. The only supernatural he's probably witnessed was watching horror films." And another, "I heard he slept with Lust, tempted too. He went to that party remember?" I drowned out the rest. It was all nonsense, no one was telling the truth. Everyone was talking but their words had no value. I passed my locker and Conviction was waiting there. Some guys came up to her but before they could pursue and before they could see me behind them she pushed them off of her, "Look not today okay." she said staring hard at the side of my face. I stared hard too but it was at the corner of my eye. Passing them by I went down the hall to the other side of the school and to my shock there was found a crowd of people that weren't focused on me but on the men's bathroom with phones out laughing taking photos and video of the scenery that I couldn't see from my current position. Moving through the crowd wasn't easy, "Hey, hey, I need to get through, let me through, move!" I pushed my way through. Once through I was stunned. It was a girl on her knees in the boys bathroom. It wasn't just any girl. Repentance was on her knees, Examining what she was doing I saw both of her hands clamped together with her head bowed and her body facing a closed bathroom stall. I moved passed the front of the crowd and went to the girl. "Repentant...get up. They're taking pictures of you." Her face recognized my voice, I could tell because it looked nervous. I was about to grab her but then an inner voice spoke to me and like always I listened, "Don't." Cried the sound of it. To my knees I fell right next to her with hands pressed together and eyes closed. I drowned out the rest of the crowd across from us and listened to what she was making out, "God. If you're listening. I fight only to lose and I lose only to fight again. I'm not ashamed anymore of my sin, I'm no longer ashamed of you. I've made mistake after mistake Lord. I've tried to hide this wretched thing but the rumors only made it worse. I realized, it isn't doing the sin. It's bearing the cross after the sin. I'm sorry for surviving Lord. They whip you because of me, kill you for my sake. And what do I repay you..my life I guess. My shame I'll give. My heart I pour out to you. It's the only way I'll fill this void. The only option it seems I'm left with in this cycle of sin. Truth is I'm disgusted. I'm beaten by myself. They say the person you hate the most is yourself. I think that's true. They throw stones at me by posting it of me on social media by video, by taking pictures, by judging me. But in this bathroom in the midst of my sin I come to you before the throne. I wanna know why? What is the point of falling to my knees if I use them for other things after the

fact? I'm stuck in a loop and I need deliverance. This sin creeps up on me on the worst of days and pours its heart out to me. But a man once said that it's the sin in me that does it and not I, but rid me please, not from me but from sin. I love me. So why would I want to take my own life? I'm talking in circles I know but there seems to be no Truth for me that waits beyond this bathroom but pain. Nothing but pain." she continued to speak

but my hand touched her shoulder while she was talking low. "Repentant. God hears your cry. He waits for you on the other side. He saw you had sin in you, so what he did was sent his spirit out to enter you. The fight was never yours. You've yet to give it away. Trust me when I say I still struggle with giving it away. This cycle is all I have and

all I know. But He will take it from you. That pain you feel. And He will give you confidence in the storm like He's doing for me. Not confidence for you but He'll give it to you for others. Don't you hear it in my voice? I'm free and so are you. I may have sin in my life but I carry that cross like a book bag waiting for the third day when we shall rise again. On your knees is that cross in all your shame in all your guilt in all that hurt.

Broken but renewed at the same time is what you are. Hear me when I say you will get up from this ground a new person. There will be no more tears and no more pain. That's what it means when it says cast your cares. No more are we concerned about the little things that are huge to them. But the prize is bigger now. You are my sister and I love you repentant. Like Christ I come down from invisible view and I walk in shame with you. I walk in hurt for you. And have guilt because of you. Our pains are each others and each other's are Christ's. We are Saints yet in sin. Look at the dog by the masters table, the malefactor on the cross, the adulterous woman in the crowd, the rich man in the eye of a needle. Look at them and not you. For yours will always be the next man's and mine's will always be yours. We are a family. This is what you signed up for the day you knew the law which was the knowledge of sin. The day you took of the fruit. The day you were born into this world, you were bound to be different. Called and chosen

not by men. For their words mean nothing, my words mean nothing, but Christ's everything. Do you trust me?" By then she was balling in tears crying out in a whale. "Yes! Yes I..I trust you Joshua." She said. "Then take my hand." I told her. She took my hand and we continued to pray. For the crowd, for the students for the school, for the neighborhood, for the county, for the district, for the city, for the state, for the country, and for the world. Lust, Tempted, and Conviction ran into the bathroom in a frantic pursuit for the sound of the voice they knew that whaled. It was repentance and they came falling to their knees all with a familiar prayer. But we all grabbed hands and I spoke to them as well and we all began to pray for each other. Edifying one another.

The whole time the crowd was laughing and throwing things around us. And that's when the principle came in raging with his voice. Everyone at that point ran except the five of us on the floor. "Get up!" he screamed. We all huddled together with me defending them. "In my office, all of you!" He demanded. Leaving the bathroom we entered the principal's office, sat down in chairs surrounding his desk and held our heads up high in

confidence rather than down in fear. The principal situated himself preparing the mood and setting the tone then sat down in his big chair putting both hands together caressing them before he began to blurt and point in the air. "What were you four girls doing with him in that bathroom? Huh? Is anyone going to speak up? All of you are going to counseling. I'm writing each of you a slip for your classes. You'll be missing your finals-"

"What! I need to pass them to graduate!" Conviction blurted out. "Oh so you speak. What were you doing in the bathroom with him?" He asked again. Her head fell down. "You'll be able to make it up after we see how counseling goes. Now get out of my office and head to room 401. The Ms.Edwin will be waiting for you in there. Now I want to see full compliance out of the five of you. If everything goes by smoothly we can start setting up classes like this more often than suspending kids. This outlook program could save me time and a lot less stress from parents. What are you waiting for get out and get to it!" He pointed for the door. And that's when we all met Ms.Edwin which changed our lives for the better.

Chapter 8: Counsel The Sin

When we got in the room there was a weight on each of our shoulders. What we were about to do was set the tone for how the program for students after us would have to go by. My friend it seems didn't do a good job because there were only six chairs and an empty room that echoed. One chair was being occupied by what looked to be Ms.Edwin. She had long silver hair a white blouse, dark skin and a thick body. We took our seats and looked lost for a couple of minutes before Ms.Edwin spoke, "So...lets start with some names." She smiled. Tempted went first sitting at the end. We went in order

after her, "I'm Tempted." She raised her hand smirking with a style. "I'm Lust." She smiled. "I'm Conviction." She couldn't hold it in any longer so she burst out laughing. I'm

Repentance." she laughed as well. "And my name is Joshua." I giggled. Laughing Ms.Edwin began. "And I'm Ms.Edwin. Now do we know why we're all here?" she asked.

Her voice echoed. Everyone looked around at each other. But then Tempted who had the lighter sentence spoke up for us all " I wanted to commit suicide." everyone heard and then looked down. The lady in with the silver hair stared intently at the girl twisting and fiddling with her pen resisting the temptation to write it down. "Why did you want to

kill yourself?" She asked in permanent curiosuty. " Sin." She stated plainly crossing both legs and holding her head down like the rest of us. " Did you almost succeed?" -

" Joshua helped stop me before I could do it. So almost I guess." The lady with the silver hair smiled then pointed at me with the pen. "Do you want to tell the group how you saved Tempted?" She asked but was really demanding. Prom depended upon it but

I knew I had time. "I'll pass." she grimously looked at me after hearing my response.

"Okay, how about you then Lust. Why are you here?" She said irritated. "Hiding in the janitor's closet, why else? Is this some kind of joke? You ask of these questions like you're dumb, the paper's right in front of you, you know the story. I'm not about to sit

here and take this- "Lust! Prom!" Repentance warned. Lust then explained herself before Ms.Edwin could lose her posture. " I was hiding in the janitor's closet with Josh

and the principle caught us because some snitch named Roberto decided that he wanted to choke. The principal already had Joshua's name on the outlook program board so when he caught us it was just another chance to put more names down. That's why I'm here.

The Claiborne Proposal

If you're reading this then by now you must be ready to discuss business about the marketing plan of S.U.I.T Services, the camouflaged underdog company that can go with any of your logo's, brands, slogans and mottos. So let's begin:

For S.U.I.T Services to apply you'll need to get into the heart of every single employee. Especially the one that sees their work as just a job. And if it's just a job to them then it's going to be just a job to the customer. Yet the customer pours their heart out in every meeting whether it be to a concert at an arena, on one of your marketed cell phones, in your casino, staying out at your hotel or with what's inside the packages that your company takes so good care of shipping.

The heart of the customer is the heart of the employee they are one.

Example#1

Your employee as a corporation has now become your customer. Example: A lady at work is currently having a wedding which she is doing outside of the corporation. Suddenly all of her friends aka networking connections are excited at the job and also want to go outside of the corporation to enjoy this wedding, But what if that same employee could share that same love for her wedding that she showed to the co-worker, to the corporation's customers and market that love to bring the employee's to the wedding at the corporation and not outside of the corporation? You would then not only engage the co-workers-- with that employee-- with the wedding but you'd be getting the co-workers to think, " Hmm, if the corporation cares about my co-worker enough to engage with them in helping them with their goals/dreams, with the wedding then maybe my dreams at this corporation might be successful too?"

That's when you'll get the questions and the support from your overall employee to tie their dreams and goals into the company by not only hear say but by promoting the company, S.U.I.T Services and when you promote S.U.I.T Services you promote your brand, logo, slogan, and your own unique motto.

But that's not it. How do we find out about the employee and the wedding? Not simple. We would have to have multiple meetings with a program that I'm calling **Dream up the Employee to Satisfy the Guest.**

Because like I said before if you can get the Employee to dream inside of the corporation then that dream can--and I'm 100% sure-- and will rub off on the guest

Going in Depth

So let's dive into this program which will take a sum of money that fits the corporation's desires to fund not only the program but also the employee. Because once again if we can get the employee to matter then the guest in the eyes of the employee will matter also.

The Jackpot Analogy

A sum of money will go to building up the marketing of the program to all businesses in a sponsorship and it'll also be for the employee to invest their dream in the company. Once again, imagine at a casino where a guest hit the jackpot and all of the customers are watching and patting the guest on the back making the guest feel important but after everything has died down the customers try themselves to make a jackpot of their own personalizing their view on the previous experience, the S.U.I.T. Some fail, but some hit and when they hit the crowd joins again. It's a hype. Life is full of it. But this marketing plan is not to cause hype but it's to cause permanent solution.

Again the plan is to make the employee marketable beyond a dollar because dreams are priceless as was your company idea when you made it but you needed someone to pat you on the back, give you a crowd and cheer you on like that jackpot to make it successful, you weren't alone, you were successful, and when you did make the company the outer and inner crowd wanted to either join you like with the jackpot or make a jackpot of their own.

A Break Down of DESG

Now back to the program that is being planned to market on all businesses that have in them workforce management: What is being proposed is that we do a physical open chat room, or town hall three to four times a month to track the employee's goals. To ask them what are their goals and what are their aspirations not that S.U.I.T the company but that S.U.I.T them themselves. After we've gotten all of the goals and aspirations what is being proposed is that a chart is to be made of how similar their dreams are and how diverse.

Afterwards we pay someone to come after three to four months giving the employee time to think and imagine and we motivate that dream with various speeches every other month and then track the employee on how well the speeches went, what they thought, if they used it towards the guest and what we could do differently with the motivational speeches to improve employee services. Then after they've been on the floor with the guest we remind them of the motivation that took place, encouraging their S.U.I.T to help their perspectives blossom with the guest. Giving the guest a satisfying experience while handing both the employee and the guest an addicting one leaving them wanting more. Soon they'll have more dreams and more goals itching to bring to

the corporation after sharing their ideas and possibly even ideas that the corporation would value because valuing them will not only grow the company but will also grow the relationship with the guest and employee combined creating an absolutely diverse and achievable company, employee and customer experience. Some will fail, some will win. But like that jackpot when they win we win and we win big leaving those surrounding the addicting idea wanting ten times more thinking twenty times harder and creating a serious opportunity on the table not for competition but for collaboration.

We can get the speaker from three areas. We can pay an outsider who's a motivational speaker, teach them the ropes and throw them out to employees that they don't know nor have been in their shoes or cannot relate. We can pay a high level employee that has no experience with the new vision the S.U.I.T to speak to the audience of lower employee's and higher. Or we can use an employee that's the lowest of the low and we pull them out, one that knows the vision like that back of their hands and one that can relate to the crowd and the struggle of having nothing then something and personalizing that something into a S.U.I.T that everyone can universally relate to. One that the lower employee's can look up to like that jackpot idea: the start of an inspirational fire, and one that the higher ups respect because of their confidence and where they've come from being loved by both the lower grade employee and the higher grade one. You choose who you should give the S.U.I.T

Why Not Me?

I grew up as a kid in the urban part of Detroit speaking motivationally through expression and full of energy. My father who was a businessman sold candies. Talk about a man who knew both money and speech. He could talk ten cents into a dollar if you let him. But me? I ran from my father. I ran as fast as I could. He would always make me wear these suits. He bought me all kinds. I was five at the time so I remember only what I was told of the suits he'd give me. But I do remember wearing them still even after his death. Although my mother stopped buying them after I shied away from the idea of them. But like I said I ran fast. I wanted to be nothing like my father. He wasn't someone I looked up to because I didn't know him. But in speech I excelled.

I wrote in school and my mind was creative when under determination. I didn't understand business and didn't know what it meant to be in one. But what I did know was that I was motivational. I learned it at a young age when speaking to a neighbor of mine. I learned even more when talking to my brother about it. Thoughts would push like power from my mouth into the ears of my audience. In school that power went to paper and it ran as a question through my mind? Who am I? A teacher liked my work and told me I was Mr. Motivational. I took it lightly. Still running I furthered through school and for three years my life advanced for the better. I fell into rich storytelling and creative motivational speeches which was marketed to the crowd. I was becoming more and more like my father and this I was soon to realize.

Me and My Father

We both wore suits, we both had Ideas, we both were businessmen, we both were entrepreneurs. This was the life of me and my father. The S.U.I.T that he gave me was that you can market anything. We both carried that mind set even after experiencing his death at the age of five. So running I wore his suits, talked his business and spoke his words. I counted his numbers and I cried his tears. He was and still is my father. I wear him everyday. He is my S.U.I.T. That anything can be sold not for the bad but for the good of those surrounding the marketplace-- The benefit of the customer and not the ruining of them. You see something can be for bad but with the right marketing eye it can be turned around. That is what my father taught me.

The History Of The S.U.I.T

I can continue to go as far back to my father placing the S.U.I.T on me but lets just talk about the literal suits I wore and why I wore them. Why did we wear a suit back then? Just to look good? I think it was a little more than that. It was our appearance towards females and like a peacock, how impressed they were at our feathers. I wore white suits, black suits, grey vest within the suits and all types of uniformal attire that impressed the ladies. Sadly I was jealous when someone wore a better suit than mine and it made me want to quit in competition, but it made me try a little harder to look good. And when I couldn't get by for merely having on a nice suit it was time to amp up the volume and place on myself the perspective of the wearer. I had to realize that with this suit I looked different I walked different even my talk an mannerism tweaked. It was the self recognition of self respect. And because I respected me others did as well. Granted I didn't need a suit to get respect but with the suit I was always reminded of who I was, important. And walking with that importance gave me a high that I never felt before without it. Like me you probably have worn a suit before and still do that gives you a trained perspective that subsides all other quotation. I could remember even walking down an aisle in a store imagining my next step on the white concrete floor with the suit on, telling myself I'd walk like a soldier and talk like an angel. Little did I know that'd be my future. But little did I know at the time that was my perspective. Even as a little boy I carried the S.U.I.T. How powerful it had to be and how powerful it is. The vision that every individual can walk with a pride behind them and on them as well. It is again I say, a good suit.

Escaping The 9 to 5

One day I was told to grow up, that I wasn't a kid anymore but a man, so as a man I say this: Growing up I didn't just grow up around a mom who wanted the best for her son, striving hard as a single mother, but I grew up conquering the false idea of "Well kids, what do you want to be when you grow up?" said the teachers. Teachers who would always try and prepare us for the world ahead the best they knew how. But the problem with teachers is that they were simply individuals with a perspective, merely their own perspective on how they thought 27 kids per class should be taught. And us being the kids, now grown up now of course, were too young to make the complete version of our vision possible so many of us synced into the category of police officer, fireman, nurse, doctor. And if you ask many women today what they want to be a good sum will say nurse. But a few in the class were like me agreeing with the 9 to 5 but after a short while began to panic and scramble. I was running out of time. I watched action movies and wanted to be those actors, watched music videos and wanted to be those performers, I watched everything I could truly get my hands on and wanted to be them. I was going through the phases of a indecisive punk afraid to jump on the backs of adversity and fight. The adversity of pursuit, success, failure, and more failure. I looked at adversity like a man in the midst of space swimming towards his planet earth knowing it is his, knowing it is his goal yet the stars around block him from seeing that reality. Earth was his adversity. My adversity was my vision beyond other's templates.

The Influence

I then began to see rejection by rejection coming out in boat loads from those around me. I didn't want to fail in the sight of my own original ideas yet I was hopping on the backs of other people's and still losing. So Instead of failing in someone else's shoes, you might as well fail in yours.

But let's continue. I was looking for myself in all the wrong places, chasing music videos, filmmakers, actors, hollywood, and speakers, motivational speakers, poets, writers, all these things are good but was it the people that were selling the dream or was it the dream that I wanted? You see if you can't believe in a product then how can you possibly market it. People won't be looking at the product because like the dream I was chasing I wasn't looking at it either. You'll only be looking at the success of those other people hoping to piggyback off of their belief but that won't work. However while I was copying, the S.U.I.T in me was rising.

Take Ten Seconds

In ten seconds what are you? Go!

If you said a cook, why? A chef, why? A cameraman, why? A cleaner, why? Why does that wake you up in the morning? Why does that keep a smile on your face and why would you die for that idea? I was homeless for eight hours in the freezing cold on the coldest day of october having nothing in my backpack but a notebook full of writings and speeches that I'd spent three months putting together. I had nothing but that and a cover with a coat on. I couldn't sleep it was so cold. I didn't have a vision, didn't know how to market the writings, but I knew one thing and that was that I would die for it!

Want To Die For It

Want to die for that idea, then change will come for you, then you'll begin to see that S.U.I.T in the mirror and then you'll find yourself crying tears and sweating bullets and working hard for your goals. Your level of risk equal your level of performance. The harder you focus on that thing the more it becomes a reality. But let's not forget that all this does is enhance your perspective and it gives you a tone, a walk, an experience that defines the S.U.I.T. It is the profession that makes you work: Train, work, move, drive, succeed!

The 9 to 5 that I mentioned. I fought so hard to escape it that I wrote a book about it. That book was in my backpack. Everything that I did was an addiction to get out of the 9 to 5. Never working a job a day in my life I tried anything to be free of corporate, things like writing scripts, books, speeches, writing was my passion but the good of the people was my S.U.I.T

It's Ironic that I ended up entering a 9 to 5 but how many know that your deepest fear is what prepares you for your greatest achievement? Who would've known that the thing that I was afraid of would've been my intense weapon that'd be placed in the hands of the eyes of corporate which would allow success to the employee universally and success to the guest also universally. Small world I guess.

The 1 to 24

Put a Dream on It

Earlier I asked you what you wanted to do. Then I asked you why you wanted to do what you stated. If you know why, if you have that fire that burns within your soul and if it pulls out of your stomach and towards your mouth where you are seconds away from blurting it out but the persecution of your peers stop you then just put a checkmark in your head for now. I know right at this moment you're thinking, "Hey, corporations give you minimum wage, they shrink our pay and refuse to allow us to move higher, and they push us into a reality so dark, work us so hard and put us through long hours. Well I'm here to change that. No you don't have to sign a paper and no you don't have to vote.

What you do have to do are four important things which are going to take you a long way in this life. Well actually five: number one, consult within yourself and ask the question, who am I? Number two: once you find that inner self lay it out on paper in a business plan and copyright it. Number three: form a business name that backs up the scope of the plan and get a DBA: Doing Business As registration name under your city. Number four: get yourself an LLC a Limited liability company so incase someone tries to sue you they sue the company and not you giving you time to opt out at will. And number five I want you to file for trademark, trademark and more trademark. What this is doing is putting in the back of your head and on your mind the fact that one this is real and two this is mine. Another reason why you are doing this is so corporations can't steal your goods or services once you propose it to them. What will happen is that they are going to offer you a deal if it's a good idea. If it is, then you get a lawyer to go over the contracts. What happens after that is they are going to try to take over your idea. Someone once told me to respect the players of the game. Therefore our job is to not sign that name that says they own you but to get them to use your goods and services and not own them. Of course they will either sponsor you or for every dollar you make you'll be giving them a certain percent. But I'm informing you now to have them sponsor you.

Bottom Line

Here's what I'm getting at. If you can convince yourselves in your darkest moments, when you have nothing left, that you are a somebody then anything for you will be expediently available if you can be humble and if you can wait. My question to you is this, "How patient are you for that rap career, that comedy show, that writing gig, that clothing line, that restaurant, that hotel, that innovative idea, that singing career?

My question is not what are you willing to do but the question is, what are you willing to go through? Because there's gonna be some rejection. There's gonna be storms and problems that you never thought would come upon one person. But you're more than one person. Don't you realise that it is what's in you your greatest enemy wants? There is a team behind you, a battle that begins every day you wake up. Every time you step out of that bedroom and into the rest of your house with your parents giving you new steps to take or the silence of no one to guide you, well whether it's silence or a bunch of steps a team waits for you at your bedroom door. It works behind the scenes and challenges you to find them. A part of your team is my company S.U.I.T. Services and those behind me. You see I didn't think I had anybody on my side. I thought I was something less. But then a man came by my bedroom door and knocked..he simply knocked. And in that knock he was telling me something through sound. Because once the silence fell I could still hear him knocking. It was the knocking of my heart, my drive, my passion and my goals, beating at the door all waiting until they became personified into a living team that you see today. My colleagues and my friends that stand behind me in everything that I do. These are my heart beats.

In Depth

What is the bottom line after you put a dream on your goals? I'll tell you. After you have a dream that's where I can come in to motivate your business. You see when you get to the point that you have a business, you've copyrighted, registered under state and city, if you have a trademark then filed under the nation to protect your name and after you've formed your pitch to the big corporations which is really a proposal, a plan for a corporation then they have no other choice but to pay you for your services. And once you are ready to get paid get a lawyer for the contracts and get ready to grow in your business. And when you begin to grow by the services that the corporations are paying for then you're gonna find yourselves spending more time in the corporation spending time with the customers and getting ideas from being in that environment and less time at home in isolation trying to start a separate company on your own. More time on the customers means the more valuable the customer feels and the more valuable a customer feels means that the customers begin to add up. Adding up the customers means a bigger corporation, the bigger the corporation means the more money that the employee at the corporation (you) get. And when all of this is done a big triangle comes into play where the employee, customer, and company prosper. No more 9-5 it's time for the 1-24.

Again picture a triangle where the person working for a business is being paid for their ideas that were once separately created away from the business, but now deeply engaged within the business, so the person working for the business can spend the rest of their time working in a creative business environment, and on the customers of the business, creating not just more ideas but also more customers growing the business.

Again picture a working triangle where your teachers are getting paid not just to teach you but to give thoughts on how to teach to the higher ups. They then will teach you more so with love and with more time making it a more focused 24/7 job meaning more of you coming to these schools and graduating. The more that graduate the better the school and when the school is good the teachers, students, and school benefits.

Once more now imagine getting paid to do your homework. You'd wanna do homework that you're directly getting paid for right? Right. So getting paid for it you do more of it meaning more A's and more engagement. Happy homework equals happy parents, teachers, and schools. Plus allowance. So let's do this! Say it with me! No more 9-5! No more 9-5! Say it with me, we want 1-24! We want 1-24! And you will get it. With SUIT Services: A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking. Thank you.

The Whale Movement

I want you to see yourself five years from now trapped at the bottom of the sea of life. Imagine the water rushing at your face like it would in a shower if you're looking directly at the water. But that's not an option. There's water all around you and it's no choice of whether to sink or swim. You've already sunk and you've hit the lowest point you could ever tackle in life. It's over. Seconds left before your patience dies out and the water gives into your lungs a sudden rush of water clears up the sea. "MUa rrrr, MUaaaa rrrr" It's happening. Everything is dark. There's a force coming to you and you can feel the vibrations from the sounds coming out of the sand's bottom which is all over your hands. Too late to panic there is a calm over you, a deathly calm. "MUa aarr, Mua Arr" It's getting closer. Death doesn't seem so scary anymore. But life does. Life in a sea of life where anything is able to destroy you, and you're trapped at the bottom, stuck. "MUa aarr!" the sound and it's deep darkness swallows you whole. In the inside of the end you see a light. It's pink and moving all over you, it rocks you like the sea before you've reached the bottom. It rocks you like the hands of an angry mother, it rocks you like the inside of a stomach! But the pink figure all around you leaks saliva. It's a tongue! You're inside of a mouth! You're in, a whale. Seconds from being swallowed you can breath again. Apart of you is still alive but you're calmer, escaping death only to confront it again this last chance to face it is a more easy burden. No fears within you, you find yourself sliding down the tongue of the beast open minded yet empty. Waiting to be filled with the grips of the end. "End of the line MUa aarr" says the whale. A whale can speak? You think to yourself. Sliding downward you're swallowed. Dropping, everything goes black. It's over. "Suck! Uck! PHEW!" out you go and onto the ship of a cruise. You see your lavish friends enjoying life not going through what you just went through. When you dropped from the ship they stopped the search for you after 5 hours. But to you it was 5 years. But now you're back and calm, open minded and full on a new life. Friends that forgot about you you aren't mad at but you're actually humble. They didn't see you drowning, swallowed, or spit out. So they surround you with many questions but you only hear one, "What happened?" You look at them smirkless..your answer..."The gutters."

Explanation

Many of us are gonna come from the bottom of the sea and you'll tell your friends "look for me, I'll be blowing up one day just wait!" And they'll wait for only a moment. But when you come back out of that sea, that struggle, out of that whale, that changed you, and your people don't recognize you. Just know one thing, that out of all your greatest achievements on your resume, the best one will be, "the gutters."

The Fall To The Light: No Matter The Weapon

We form to be babies, infants, kids. We form for many reasons. 9 months it took for a kid to come to the light. 9 months it took you to come to the light. But I hope in 9 minutes you can come to this light. The light I wanna show you. It's bright in here where I am. All the focus, all the attention, all the ears. It took 9 minutes to get here. In your head and in your ears. Imagine big businesses beyond Just your city. Imagine your light. You are bound to form and make an avenue or a gateway or a socket to use your weapon as your talent. Like a whale I want you to picture being inside the stomach of it for 9 minutes. Picture it holding you like you were a dollar in a bank account. Over time that dollar becomes more. Or visualise something weird like being in a cocoon and holding in it until it's time to form. To form not conform! We have ideas! We have plans! To market, to grow! To be rich. When I was in the hood I was forming, When I was seeing my people on the news dying like flies I was forming! In the church where people would judge me I was forming. In the deepest of my pain when my father died and I didn't cry...growing fatherless I was forming. Growing up in schools where I was looked down at or urban schools where I was labeled at I was forming. When I almost committed suicide because of the pressures of life I was forming. When I was being rejected by girl after girl and took it like a job rejection I was forming. Forming for the world, forming for my family, forming for my future kids, forming for myself, forming for whom I believed. Forming for preparation of this fame, money and success. Forming for my product that I refuse to ever let a corporation own. I was forming! And in these 9 minutes I can literally hear the sound of your heart beats aching to be great. Soldiers of the challenges of success. Soldiers of adversity. You can be whoever you want to be! But my question is this to you...why not be you? If you speak then speak, if you sing then sing, if you sell then sell, just don't sell out and don't sell yourself. Serve not be served. No matter the weapon it can and will become your talent. Our greatest weaknesses have become our greatest victories! I am not a mirror that reflects myself which forms but I am a picture that everyday forms to reflect you! No matter the weapon, we will conquer, form, reflect, and grow. 9 minutes to the light. 9 minutes to form.

6 Minutes To The Light

It's been 3 minutes, those 3 minutes were like 3 months. Seem short? Well that's how fast times gonna fly! What will you form to be? A weapon of what! What is your weakness? Use it. Expose it. Tell yourself first and then the world. Form! Form! Form! Become the created, the creation and the creative. Mold yourself. Every second you're awake you are molding into what you need to be as long as you're putting your all into the moment. In the heat of the moment or in the cold you add the flame and you add the ice. I spent eight hours in the freezing cold with a bag full of Ideas forming! I had eight hours before the light came. You've got less than 6 minutes. So form. Create your business in your head now! I don't care what it is or how stupid it may sound to your friends. If they laugh then those aren't your future company beneficiaries they are your future employees. So let them laugh while they work for you and not with you. Not every employee will grow to become the right hand man of the company. But you will. I don't know who I'm talking to today but I'm telling somebody, to form! Get on your weapon, put on your S.U.I.T. S...U.....I...T...

Think Smart, Think Uniformed, Think Integrated, Think! Form! What is your attire! What makes you different from all the rest? 5 minutes to form, We stand like skydivers and seal team six on a plane in the light and in the dark. In the day and in the night. But this is 5 minutes to the light. 5 minutes to the daybreak. So we jump together. We jump as a team. We rock together side by side as we step fearful and fearlessly forward. The crowd I speak to today as a whole is indecisive. We all have our own clicks and groups that we speak to. We all have individual bias and opinion on how we view each other. But whether you hate each other's guts or not you will jump off this plane. Your weight and the cargo you carried onto it is too heavy for you to wait around thinking on what to jump for. Trust me, the success you aim for will help you form your ideas for you. But we're a hateful and loving team so you won't be alone. Whether it's the person breathing down your back at the office desk or it's the one giving you a promotion your days will never be lonely. Each of those individuals should've been your motivation to push forward, to jump, because if you don't jump for your next level of success then someone else will and you can't count on them to miss.

While you're working, I don't care how unique your ideas or situation, someone else is working harder than you could ever imagine. So get creative and jump! Imagine nothing but the plane's end. Just like a whale's hole 9 times out of ten you're only going to get one moment to prove your weight in the air once off this plane. Whether the plan be middle school, highschool, college, corporate, or business. The opportunity to stand out is far and inbetween. So push off this plane and go!

4 Minutes To The Light

You're in the air. You're so high up it's hard to breathe. You think you're going to hit the ground? Look harder. The wind is your weakness. It blinds your sight of the truth, of the blinding light. You have no parachute and no ground to hit. The road feels lonely but there's the team above you. But you're moving too far down to look up. It seems impossible. You're stuck in the idea that you'll fail, that you'll miss. Afraid to fail, once upon a time afraid to fall, afraid of the impossible because of the drop. But time seems to stop as the wind levels. Everything becomes even. The weight sinks into the air and the wind ceases on your bellies. You see your team. When you were faithless of the team the team was faithful of you. They saw you like I said before the whole entire time.

So like I never stated and like never before you hold each other's hands gripping effortlessly to the fall. The good and the bad are held in a falling triangle. Some behind, some next to you, some aside of you and some in front. Some black, some white, some mexican. The race doesn't matter, the behavior, nor the position. The only thing that matters is the light you're heading to. Each other is your faith. For a fact that you exist means one thing. Something more must exist too. I was mean to you, I was nice to her.

I was cool to you, I stepped over him. Either way we interacted. Either way we congregated. Each other is the constant reminder of faith and faith is the constant reminder of the light and the light is the reminder that there is something more. You can't believe it but the team makes you remember that you can believe. It was more it is more and it will be more after the team before the team and even when the team comes back, for the fall. Falling to the light is darkness they say. Falling to be great is a curse they say. But who are we to be worse I say. We have been through the worse I promise you. I assure you and for certain I obtain the curse for you to become a curse for you

that you may see the light while I hang high and look low at the fall. You are more than just a fall guy you are more than just a fall for the girl guy or fall for the guy girl. You have more potential than he or she could ever place on you. That love was only part of the team.

We are a whole when heading towards the light and not a fractional wish. I promise you after the light touches you you will be better than the last fallen. We fall like a star and not a lightning. Though it moves it does not shatter in spikes. It burns with passion because little did you know you were the light by how hard you loved and how hard you fell for your passion. Your dreams and your desires. Your aspirations within the team has separated you to be different. Though you hold hands you are more than just a team. The I in team is that you are an Individual. A successful individual. After middle school after high school immaturity after college babysitting and after corporate pity. You have become a light for others to see on the next plane above, on the other planes above. Dropping like the flies we see as our men who are our patriots on the news they fall and we see them until death do our sight part and until we can be re-joined with the separate teams. We are all a family from long ago and though we don't remember the love is familiar enough. I see the stars in the sky that I wish to be like because the love is familiar but the earth is my home, the light is my home. But while I fall for a target I become like the very target I was falling for only brighter. We let go of each others hands and become individual stars as the wind keeps us further apart drifting us away into space. The four minutes is up. You open your eyes. You see yourselves in white SUIT's and ready to serve. All your dreams have become a reality. This is the fall.

Thank you.

Mr. Rosa Parks

You're sleeping on the couch,(looking down tone) slumbering while time passes you by. You have a TV, which is the only way people can get to you other than the phone ringing, That same phone dips into chocolate cellular vibrations from text messages, or your door that's being paraded by the mailman as he raids your mailbox filling it with stacks of enveloped information. The mailbox is full at your house so he stacks it **on the ground(deep voiced)**. You wear a white S.U.I.T. even though you're done with service to the people. The bad in people has outweighed the good in your eyes.

More of them want to control your vision and your soul which was with your vision when you made it, **it is your vision.(add sincerity)** And now you hide it in folders, double locked in a safe, copyrighted, registered and placed **as a limited liability company(deep voice infesis)** so people 'can't'(high pitch) sue should things go wrong! (add hysterical infesis) **because you assumed that you could place your vision on paper not knowing that the vision was in you.(Ridicule as if ridiculing a son)**

So being the husband of Mrs.Rosa Parks you lay on the couch as if it was your coffin, Your final resting place. Playing on the TV are commercials coming on left and right on every channel though monopolizing the television is one particular commercial. "The S.U.I.T." It says.

What Mr. Rosa represents is that he **refuses to get up from his seat (speak it swavay)**. He refuses to sell his ideas. He refuses to give up his company to corporate or give in to a 9-5 job. He promotes the 24/7. A job that defines who you are, a job that defines the S.U.I.T.: A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking Service to the people. But then people have turned on Mr. Rosa. Like the people will turn on you. They will blasphemy you, call you all kinds of names, name you as a hypocrite, post propaganda on you, stress you, worry you, make you frantic, hysterical, mad, and for what cause?

In China shoe shops have made their workers work for cents and as well as other companies in various different continents and countries. Yet you wish to break that way of business and lift up independence. Like America separated from Britain there is nothing new under the sun, just as you too will leave corporate. The doors will open like a red sea you say. The barriers between the employee and the big executives and CEOs will be shattered. The men in S.U.I.T.s will be established you say. You want to start a revolution on your own 'they say'.

But In that room someone speaks to you. In that room they say to you..."**you've invented something powerful(say it richly)**, something that everyone can profit off of, you didn't look for profit in the beginning but look very far out, you're going to be wealthy in the end. Now I believe that you can do this so get up and fight!" The one in the room says. (no one is in the room but you.)

So hearing the voice of the other in the room you stand. You stand and you stand tall. In that white S.U.I.T. and in that revolutionary position you open the door, turn off the TV,, respond to the messages, open the mail, and you answer the phone and say these words: "Yes, this is Mr. Rosa Parks who's speaking?" - "This is Mrs. Rosa, honey...you have to get off the couch. It's over. The people believe in your cause..." - "Rosa, I know....I was told." Said Mr.Rosa. "But..but Honey By who? I'm the only one besides the governor that knew about this. " Mrs. Rosa asked. "Someone higher. (laughs lightly.) Someone really high."

The Dreamers Are All Mr. Rosa

You must understand what I'm getting at. We are all Mr. Rosa.

Dear every childly girl and boy: you can be greater than the fireman, bigger than the policeman, bigger than video websites, bigger than doctors, bigger than money, and achievements. Bigger than the trophies and the highlights and the football and the basketball team. You and your friends that play in the backyard hiding flight to the moon dreams in the dirt I know you can be bigger than the moon.

Dear every teenage boy and girl. By now you know that you are bigger, your minds are developed and your hearts are enhanced to feel whatever you want to feel, do whatever you want to do. And trust me I understand that your minds are well made up and organized beyond my comprehension. The mind is a beautiful thing, you are a beautiful thing. Your heart is so big, it reaches the moon, trust me I know. You can feel space like the cats that stare out windows sensing the other side yet stuck in the house. Well I'm here to tell you that the door is open. We are all like Mr. Rosa. To all my dreamers, to all my children and to all my teens.

Dear adults, to every man and woman and to all my dreamers well over thirty, Whether it's you that is older than your dream or your dream that is older than you. I believe that you can conquer the moon, the outside, and the couch. Because the couch is just a temporary stop. It's the challenge that says we have to conform to the world with our supernatural ideas. But the world was made supernaturally so like an idea who is it to decide how it changes or how it is edited. So to the Couch I say you are nothing but a '**bus stop**' and I am waiting just like every dreamer for Mrs. Rosa and the '**bus**' so that I may come off that '**stop**' and hop on the bus (infesis)and meet Rosa halfway at the front of the bus (infesis)near the driver seat only to tell her, We made it to the revolution.

Thank you.

The Claiborne Pitch

"There is power in your experience, whether you lose or win you're always growing. Because what you do with that experience is given to the next man, when you do that you're investing in yourself and by doing that you can't lose. -Anonymous."

The Proposal

What is wished to be done is to bring an idea so camouflaged that it can tie into any motto, corporation, brand, logo or company. What is wished to be added is a diverse business scale perspective on all levels of the workforce in your company. A business where those in any workforce job, whether in slots, EVS, wardrobe, warehouse, housekeeping, culinary, management or even higher, can pitch in too, with their own perspective on how they think a business should be run.

The idea is not to replace your Acronym, brand, logo, motto or slogan on customer service, but it is to enhance it, enlighten, inspire, and motivate it through the eyes of the employee but once again it is to blend like a plastic bag with food inside, although the food is seen (your motto, slogan, brand or logo), the plastic (the idea) isn't. It's being called the *suit*. The name has been chosen as the *suit* because everyone has one, whether you're in management, in some type of leadership role or lower, we all have a *suit*. That *suit* is called perspective and with a variety of perspectives, thinking on one accord we can do the impossible.

Now with this being in mind I want you to imagine a man's perspective as the peeling of an orange, the coat of a banana, the skin on an apple, and lastly the *suit* on your brand, motto, logo or slogan for customer service mixing in and hiding itself just like that plastic bag with the food inside. I want you to imagine your brand, motto, logo, or slogan for customer service from a chef's perspective, EVS, wardrobe, and management- or any workforce job. Picture the *suit*. Finally, I want you to imagine carrying that *suit* through the pouring rain, through hell and high water, all the way to this point. From the suburban, urban, country, Alaskan and southern areas comes the *suit*.

Lastly

Now imagine our plan which is to shift all the energy that we focus on our own unique and individual business- whether it be to make photage or to open a restaurant or to write a book- on your company. But the question poses itself, how can we apply this to

your true motto, logo, brand, slogan for customer service, and your company? The answer is, the *suit* which is: **the perspective on how you see your business.** It is the orange peeling, the banana coat, the apple skin and the plastic. It is the power that drives us to be great in whatever we do. It is, the *suit*. **One's individual perspective on business.** Your *suit* could be to give the baton that is received to the next man expecting to reap what seeds that are planted. The question is, what is your *suit*? Let's blend, let's mix, let's camouflage with *suit*

Thank you.

The S.U.I.T

A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking

Let's S.U.I.T up with fashionable customer service

Sincerely, Joshua Claiborne

Email: 4waller100@gmail.com

Phone: 313-753-8777

Scene start

Visuals: Cars are flying, we're on the joy road southfield freeway bridge in Detroit, you can literally feel the wind pushing you forward almost over the bridge.

Figure 1 on scene: There is a man in a black suit, one that hides its logo and trademark, he holds onto the gate as if it was his last grip onto a grand idea, he's a businessman in the city of Detroit.

Figure 2 on scene: Here is a man who raps for Detroit, an aspiring upcoming rapper that is looking to change the portrayal, business perspective and outlook of how people view Detroit music and the kids themselves. He wears a non visual trademark urban outfit which he too holds onto the gate gripping as if it was the start to his grand ideas.

Script:

Speaking to figure 2: "I am"(-infesis) an african american black male in the city of Detroit, 19 years old, who went to school on Joy Road! My name is Joshua claiborne and I have just started my first business services in the city of detroit, I don't sell drugs,drink or gamble, I am not a statistic

Figure two responds: Congratulations. So what's next?

Figure one responds: Oh my plan? (laughs) My plan is to create businesses through my services for every kid in Detroit and world wide.

(Figure one taps figure two on the back): Starting with you, let's get you dressed.

Figure 2 responds: Get dressed in what?

Figure one responds: In a S.U.I.T.

Figure two smirks

Scene Fades Out

Ending scene

S.U.I.T. Services
A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking

The S.U.I.T. Coming soon in all churches, schools, small and big businesses worldwide.

SUIT Continued

Hey everybody (waves) I didn't know the max amount of slides I can add per slide show was 200. So we're just gonna be transmitting slideshow to
By The Way!

I just touched down in Atlanta Georgia 30 minutes ago. Bought some snacks. Now I gotta figure out a few things, where the libraries, coffee shops and local southerners live, and which bus to take north or south Atlanta. I gotta get from downtown. Gotta find the soulful part of Checkpoint

Alright good people of the world I found my footing. The downtown Atlanta providence. Headed to a store for clothes, socks and deodorant then to a waffle house to order myself together, then church, then libraries and looking for USB Drives. Then I'm gonna film for the day

SUIT Finalized

Alright good news. I finished the SUIT. The whole thing. I'm gonna upload it before the month is over on Google slides. It's a live theatrical script. Entirely factual. And

sometime this week I'm registering my nonprofits in Michigan.

Dialogue

The Answer NO I'm never copyrighting anymore of my work.

NO I'm never using profanity again in any of my work. '

Adios!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Fly like an eagle, through the sea...fly fly fly...fly awayyyy. I'm bout to fly like an eagle. They call JAY C.... I'm gone to flyyyyy. "We gotta Runner!"....yup, and these feet like skippin. They should've neva let me taste state lines. A boccaint hel

The Good Seat

**It's 5 people I look up to in this world. And the rest I learn from. Them folk happen to be the Claiborne's
the Hell on. Every Born brotha know when it's time to go. Not pre time....Time. like,
Get Ready, For Blessin**

**I washed my whole Damn house by hand with bar soap and water. I do not belong in the north. Salt
water...gotta see what bags I'm packing this time. I'm never coming back to Detroit. Or North.
Define A Feather**

The following is titled Crazy JAY:

**A crazy man without money, is just a crazy man. But with,
compliments Marco Polo.**

**Foreword Crossroads I never truly believed my mind could work the way it does. This is
empowering to self. If proof that life isn't linear however envisioned doesn't reflect the prior and
upcoming work I'm readying**

Momentary Absence

**I've made my decision. I thought I'd write the following journey on this slideshow, I thought I'd share you
separate document and proceed the paper. The resolve
I'm Dope!**

**Wow. Okay I'm writing good. I didn't know I could write this well. I'm probably gonna be done with
this in 72 hours. Maybe less if I stay focused. I don't know how long it'll take.
I C'aw it.**

**https://youtu.be/79iSRIIt_Czg
Fixin's**

**This is turning out to be the greatest trilogy I've ever prepared which is the foundation and part one of
work career. Part two is gonna be good likewise but activism is every man's most proud mark
Who Bird**

Name a single bird on the planet that actually tells you where it's going and request the company

Codex

in plain English? There isn't one. They use every sign but human language to communicate the changing of times likewise is the activist during changing

I guess you need ID for identity verification. Kiss my mule. That's exactly what they can do. W would ever walk around with a bar code by choice. Yeah it sounds '

Yes

The whole way through? Everyone?
The entire community? They all knew?

It was arranged beforehand?

Data In The D

Apparently my phone data no longer works while in my house. Tragic. For a person who likes bei

want certain

Good JAY Hunting

I just collected every damn fast food infinity stone in the book. This is funny to me. I apologize for such unique laughter. Movements....move.

I Woke Up This M

I'm confused. How is 15 peach tree and five point a street. It doesn't make much sense. I thought of town was suppose to be jam packed in

Hack D's

Like The Morehouse legend said...it's time we got back to pen and paper.
Zels The Flight

I give my word, the names JAY C's, and ain't nobody propoganda me. Imma be flying to the ar plenty of times, watch more than 5 lands. Dropping ice water, olives and the keys in my brother's keeer alms. Just cause I don't rock

What Makes A Car Stop?

Everything I received all my life, it hurt so bad, turned mule whoopings into laughter, it confused they j

Went down low told Jim he could kiss

Owl Heart

There is a letter I'd like to capitalize. There is a letter which deserves my most devoted pedestal. It's slandered in evil. But like no martin luther there ever existed. There be an alphabet I must sacrifice.

Slide Next Door

I want to fly like an eagleeee...but sometimes I must sparrow for the greater children that be. Who knew meant a flight eternal. And all wings love

Enny Musa Aishat!!!!!!! One woman is responsible for my travels. And that lady isn't my momm

She come from overseas, I name her '

You Now Have My Permission To Cry

If I don't make another dollar...I know I'm forever rich in truth. I'm not coming back after theseif I gotta go where the '

Charles JAY

I went down to a place, better than I've ever gone

I'm headed to fulfill a duty, better I think even than Mark Twain has ever done.

3 Days & Nights

This gone sound crazy but I actually don't remember going to sleep down south. I remember takin

not actual sleep. Only rest I recall was on the way

JAY C's Theory

I'd like to say something. There is beauty in less. Not the 21st century rappers version. But in li avoiding those hotels,

Breaking News!

Yay! It's not copyright

infringement to post PDF books on your media if it's for reference nonprofit purposes! Guess what's u m sleeve

Editing

Necessity requires gliding through these slides. A first glance is hard, that second and third opens up new narrative. Had Frederick

Tent Man

It takes a whole lot of poles to hold a tent together. Strengthened by experience and vulnerability. Fabric home for the abundance by heavy staffs.

This Spirit Ain't LD

The resonate of Peach tree and Five point St. 5 point is actually the amount of points you were aloud at my job before being fired from the company. Which I did

Haaaahaaaaa!

"I should've YouTube'd thiswe gone YouTube this and go again....CUT..." *Falls on the floor laughing do exist.

Before I Publish Pastures Something is taking hold of me with full strength. It captures tongue and spirit mumbles aloud the sermon. A choir of birds be understood. Ladies and Quakes The Era

God has risen...He lives...but not to those which believe...but them which travel not Delta, nor not bus nor

car, nor feet....but them which travel on Him....belongs the token of privileged holiness. There gifts...there be family...there exhibit home. Heaven is

Practice What Is Preached I've made up my mind! No place on earth it is written, not even under rocks presence of God. Therefore...sacrifice is the last act I'll make on this slideshow

Good Afternoooooon!

I'll be on the media later on today.

DTE

**I'm lyin here, waitin my dear, Come and get
Any how**

Anyway ya want it

Preacha man

**People scared of AIDs, Covid, Poverty, Death, Convictions and Evictions.... I just got one t
I'd like ta say to D audience. Here?**

Yawns

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/MmZfZHbFuBeNaYQ37>

If Ya Could Please Find Missin Tommy.

Ladidadidafida

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/NF MW7csKyuW8GefMA>

Fuck The Worl

A lot of things I could write I refuse to write due to the neglect I experienced coming up. I could' published hits. But love don't work that way in Michigan. Maybe down Great Divide

**We talking all this Denzel team meeting bullshit. In a minute imma tell some people who didn't ma
Leave that ass on No. St. And commence**

The Only Clay

**Am I the pain of the negro? Politically correct, hell no. I'm the pain of the nigga. Tryna grow m
out, get muscles, find broads and do the damn thing. And down '**

The Bizness

**Josh sell all your art as a nonprofit in Michigan. The copyrights too? Like all the commerce included?
hell freeze over. Free art and profitable projects manifest**

**Walking on JAY's Time I created a college out of a nonprofit. Kiss these donkeys. Only subject I'm
math and jargon. Ohh it feels good to be a black entrepreneur. Good**

Unbelievable

Son of a bitch tried to steal my business. A thieves night never tires.

[REDACTED]

**Gotta put some people in their place.
Can't have folks thinking they're bigger than
Master Pa.
Morning Celebration!!!!**

**HahaaaaaHAAAAAAAAA!
I'M A freaking genius.
Skunks do kill capitalism
And fraud apparently.**

I wanna thank the flies on the wall for buzzing dat code my way.

I thought I needed a grapevine to

**Josh Leave Shock: "Zzz" I truly do live life on the very edge. That's some scary shis. But it's so enj
ya. Only way to grow is risk. Damn near signed up for a fatality.**

Trilogy Sandwhich Breakdown

**TextFeed is business Health SUIT is business Assets
Heaven On Earth is business Filtering**

All three are a necessity. I'll

High Steak Sandwich Song

**Bet cha caint do it like C....JAY, Bet they caint Do it like C, JAY. Making Natural Dough out of
Clay.**

Doin the most tell em' skunk, He.

Nonprofit Registration

**I got 5 board members in mind. I'll be sending links to all those members via email or phone text with
registration slips by Month's end. I only need 3 but 5 is a beautiful team.**

My Apologies Associates Leaving Birmingham Alabama, I got a little love bug going on. And it won't be

Nose Plug

I smell like spoiled spinach right now. This gone shock some people but I'm actually getting a 6

at an Inn in Montgomery. Checked off another storyline of my heaven on earth writing. Going to Mo

Turn Of Events

**Because Alabama University called my flash drive junk files before seeing them. I am now refusing to
colored college for**

**advertising. Instead I'll be giving
As Romans Forgive**

Rome

Community Note

Wasn't Seen In A D

**From Birmingham to Montgomery Alabama. Now headed For Miami Florida.
Epiphany**

**Alright community. I'm about to see if I can travel the entire united states with 300 dollars per state.
document and express the stories of each state**

Childhood Visions

Fresh Society

The first few dips water was cold Second skinny sink the ocean

Set

Rules of Engagement

I got it this time.

So every experience across state '

Cornerstone

Tricks and Games

So far I've learned:

Instead of getting hot
Last Book

Greenbooks are cool, but it is the duty of the residents within this society forthcoming and current to validity of it's structure and accuracy. Fixing leaks in walls, taking out small fires before enlarging, and
?

None of this is making sense. Atlanta, Alabama, Florida, Michigan. In a minute I'm bout to hop on
Scary Movie Jay

I'm living in one of them left turn films.
Having weird dreams about slave catchers.

Everybody look zombied.
God Is Very Loud

I do this cause I love y'all.
Sacrifice is essential these business days.
Love

I love you Victor, I love you Pamela, I love You Mina, I love You Kiara, I love You Morgan, I
love you Momma, I love you Mia, I love you Rhonda, Blake, I love ou Ofir I love ou Stehon I love
Rich Man

I hit the lottery for most secured karma

And heroism for silence.

Sometimes the freaks held hostage at night.
Righteous Vote

Disenfranchisement is freedom. Let's one walk into a militia knowing your complexion is the
down.

Has the society of women admit the're intolerant of womanhood

I'm Home Niggaassssss!!!

Atlast.....dun, dun.....dunn...my love, has come along,
Dun, dun ...dun.

My lonely days, are over...dun, dun ..dun ..

Praise Lazarus

Y'all be saying praise Allah, Fuck that.

Praise Jesus, Fuck him too. You need to be saying praise yo ghettos.

'

Message To The

I'd rather go blind, if I don't have you dear hood.
Oh Hood which a little one loves you.
Another orphan, appraised from the streets.
Der It Is Vs There It Is Then

Mother fucka!

I can't believe I traveled half the united states just to realize everything I needed was at home. My cr
Ghetto Gold Part 1

Deer hood. In 6 months time I am expected to be crucified. Rattle Snakes wait no child. As they ha
before

Ghetto Gold Part 2

In prison as it is written to the ghetto heaven's, I prepare this book of wealth so stubbornly de
Men who do not know me, nor love ratchetness deem claimage
Ghetto Gold Part 3

Upon the final jotting of this book may you eat well, laugh loud, whisper harder, cry in worth. I'm no s
persecution, compared you I face C's average.

Ghetto Gold Part 4

While they rest joyful, you starve a child which you do not know. Despite those parent blames
exalt you access again 7,000,000 dollars entitled one other spot inside the house for ament of

The following document is a how to guide for getting your original writings off
facebook and onto a Google docs. After copy and pasting, how, go to edit Post

and press down on select all and copy. Once all post, original writings have been added to your google docs, create a PDF and send them over to Amazon self publish for distribution and decoration through Microsoft Word. These are my post and an example template:

I took a walk. I hope at age 60 this is still my favorite kind of walk. God willing it'd be a time capsule of my youth's intellect: 3 blocks from home, 2 blocks from home, 1 block from home, almost home, in front of my home, home.

A motivational sermon, is the equivalence of a conspiracy theory. A motivational sermon, is the equivalence of a conspiracy theory. A motivational sermon, is the equivalence of a conspiracy theory. A motivational sermon, is the equivalence of a conspiracy theory.

We should be praying more than ever right now. Not because of the world but because of ourselves. Prayer is not a means for an answer from God, the heart is a means for an answer from God. Pray as much as you social media post.

Why is it that whenever young adults express themselves publicly "professionally" they speak "urban" or old school poetic? It doesn't take rocket science to evolve a flow. #FixDelivery, #TheGovernmentOwnsFacebookShares,

For those of you who aren't Christian, or Curious, you'll never know the power nor special characteristic of this message. You won't know where it originated, and you won't know it was just for you. But I'll send it publicly anyway: "Bless my friends and my family. Dear those that see this, may you too find some blessing. It took a place called Facebook to connect people kilometers apart. But besides a small part owed to Facebook, God has done His great work too. A secret toast to family, a secret toast to friends, a secret toast to the Lady Love of my life. May all these toast clink soft the name Jesus, Amen. "

They say Josh, you know good people.
It takes one to know one.
Stole these photos btw. Repost.

For those good kids who still aren't afraid to have a family page.

Look at the random clothing, the ignorant of norm smile, the puppeteer position and jungle hair. I got beauty baby. In one of these ugly ass pockets.

I agreed on a facebook experiment to randomly add many people. Not based on surface value but based on hope of good character. Because God's people apprehend everywhere.

Abstract friends but family page.

Embrace

Psalms 38, 39, and 40.

Summary: Deliver me from sin, give my strength back and do not wait too long. Hear my crys and time is short.

Fathers are in jail, sons are killed by cops, fear is put into daughters and mothers believe they're THOTS. Girls dating white men is just like rape in slavery days. Only brainwashed nowadays. Oh help the oh Lord. Swearing is the new language, suicide is the new drug. God's mercy triumphs over judgement so Jesus is the final Judge. The reason why they don't kill Christians is because they don't believe. We are protected until the end. Even in the grave the glory exist. Death is a split second. Heaven is for most to see. I will die in the name of the Lord. If it's God's will it will be. I'm not perfect I never will be. But one glorious day I will be faultless. One glorious day cops will stop killing us, wars will stop occurring, we will learn of them no more. My Father is in heaven, who I fight to see some day. "I'm going to put on my robe and tell the story of how I made it over." 'I Shall Wear a Crown'. I'll tell him I was never sinless but you washed them all away. I'll say it was never about black and white. It was about getting saved. I'll say it was always about love. And my light truly shined. I'll say I let them all know the truth but it was up to them to pave their way. Yes lord. These truly are the last days. Last days to repent. Last days to be saved. Last days to die righteous. Last days to fight the good fight. Last days to die in the lord. Last days to cover your children. Last days to cover your enemies. Last days to cover your friends. May God be with you all. Amen

Temptation: Hey just one time.

Me: Okay I give in.

Devil: condemn yourself. Die! Go to hell you belong there

Jesus: My faithful servant has fallen. Come and I will give you drink.

Devil: there is no drink.

Jesus: I will send for you help

Me: I'm hopeless.

Help: Brother I love you

Me: I don't know love.

Help: Son, if you knew He you knew love.

Me: Does he really forgive me?

Devil: No! No! No!

Help: Yes brother. (whisper)

Jesus: To my help. Well done my good and faithful servants. When I was thirsty you gave me drink, hungry and you gave me food.

Devil: My presence! It's dying.

Jesus: Satan get behind me!

Me: I, I will be delivered (begins to pray)

Jesus: Yes, hold on to me and you shall.

It takes a lot for a man of christ to pick up his cross and walk in the path that I'm about to go. From being so depressed to almost wanting to give the devil what he wanted and enter into the gates of hell to waiting all day just so I could go to sleep. You see. You would think that sleep solves the problem you're dealing with but sleep just puts it on hold. The problem whether mental, physical, or spiritual still exist when you wake up. So some people try drugs, video games, and other midnight hobbies to cool the urge of fighting themselves. But that's just being unsaved. For a christian. You have no idea what it's like. For a real live christian. It's war on the battlefield every day. You fight everyday. You have to die everyday. Deeper, and deeper you go. Until everything around you becomes temptation. It's depressing but you still praise him. It's hard. But you still draw people near to him. It's life threatening but the devil can't kill you. You are bound to be victorious which is why the allusion of your defeat must exist. You are the returning earth and everything around you is the dying allusion of what earth used to be before you were saved. That's if you're a real christian. I. Joshua Christian Claiborne shall carry his glory. And in the end of my days his victory.

Me and my brother had a talk. And to keep me from entering into hypocrisy we decided I put the facebook down. But then I thought to myself. When does a christian become a hypocrite? I say when he Stops breathing. Because his light can always shine whether in the storm of temptation, sin, or righteousness. You see. Most of the people in this world are what I'd like to call an audience. They only want to see you win the fight. Once you fail like Michael jordan missed shots or like Einstein messed up formulas or like inventors messed up inventions. They don't like to see you. So I reckon the fact that we

should show our light in sin, in temptation, in righteousness and let them talk about us in our death once we've discussed grace and mercy with the good Lord. So these comments that I'll be posting are going to be about my situation in sin. I won't tell you what sin because every sin is equal. But I will tell you how you prevail. Ps. A sinner saved by grace.

Pray. Pray. Pray. Even if it's just one time that's all that's needed. Prayer is just a confirmation of things to come. To those that have passed that they see the face of God by mercy. To those who are still here that they are comforted by the lord and that they stay under his wings and sheild that the enemy may not touch them. This is just another test. The testimony is on it's way! Believe it! So pray. From your heart. Deep down there. Prayers of the righteous availeth much. And when we are faithless he is faithful.

It's silly how people only want to bless you on your birthday. They did Jesus the same way. Yet somehow it became a December 25th thing? A curly white hair and pale face thing? That's like me dying and coming back only to find my old body in a dress at some Chinese party halfway across the world.

I wanna see I wanna see. All my brothas good and bad.

Find your heart, ask He to make it pure then
Line em up, lift your hands, stomp your feet this is the saving dance

I wanna see I wanna see. All my brothas good and bad.

Tatted up? Gun in hand? Hardened heart? Can't understand? Well let me help, stomp your feet the crazy dance. Clap your hands the saving dance.

I wanna see. I wanna see all my brothas good and bad.

Praise the lord to save your souls. Yeah, unhun, yeah, unhun..

Melodies melodies these little kids I know they weep deep down inside how can we beat?

We gotta stomp! We gotta jump! We gotta praise! We gotta shout! We gotta move! Side to side! Lose yourself in all your ways!

I wanna see I wanna see. All my brothas good and bad.

Different religions different fads! Yeah! Goin crazy goin mad! Enter that church and just go mad! Let God's spirit teach you that!

Thaaattt, you need to stomp! Jump! Clap, sing, lose it! Lose it! Lose it!

I wanna see all my brothas good and bad, reading that word, doing that dance, sharing that word, a witness mannnnn!

We're saving souls

I wanna see all my brothas in heaven!

24 hours ago: we prayed, we read, we praised, we shared.

All day when home alone: we dance, we stomp, we praise, we pray, we share, we read

At the end of that glorious day: we sleep hoping for a dream from the Lord.

And sometimes: we witness.

Church is life.

Never build a title you can't back up because you might just become slave to it. But don't worry the truth and much judgement will set you free. Every leader needs humility.

We pray, yeah that's why we pray just to make it today.

On my knees sayin please wanting this and wanting that.

I want a blessing gimmie a dream I'm for hire, put me on team. I want my Jesus!

That's why we pray yeah we pray just to make it today

So many people falling in sin, left and right how can we win. Addicts to crack, big butts and that! Girls are turn ons so guys get weak so weak that it's impossible to lead

That's why we pray, prayy, yeah we pray, prayy, that's why we pray just to make it today.

O my lord what have I done I got to run. Flee from sin. For my life. But it's impossible without christ

That's why we pray, Prayy, yeah we pray, prayy, that's why we pray just to make it today.

I wanna cry I hear his name! Being called by all the blind, they need your sight oh son of David

That's why we pray, prayy, yeah we pray, prayy, that's why we pray just to make it today.

Kids in jail, tears do fall, hearts are hardened they can't hear that call

That's why we pray just to make it today.

I wanna write more but, but, but

That's why we pray, Pray, yeah we pray, pray, that's why we pray just to make it today.

Good night all.

How do you feel to know you're a light? To know you're a servant? To know you're His child. I don't know who I'm speaking to out there but to know that you were always loved? Always protected? Always watched over? Even as a child? Even when you didn't think anyone loved you? My my. I don't know who I'm talking to out there but to go deeper in him? To dive deeper in his love? So deep that you shed tears when he calls you to go here or to go there. So deep that you jump for joy when people are saved. So deep you can't stop praising. So deep only to realize that you've only done an inch of the work He has in store for all your generations, so deep you know that all your children will be blessed, so deep that everything you touch is gold, so deep that you can't stop dreaming of Him. I Joshua Christian Claiborne am speaking life into being that deep. Lets go deeper. Glory to Glory!

You see they whipped us, hung us, jailed us, beat us, left us for dead but He gave us a song

They don't really care about us. By Micheal Jackson

In the midnight hour he handed revelations. Men ran out telling nation by nation. But they killed off the men

People think we're wierd if we're dancing in the house playing psalms or the word all the clothes they drop down say David! David!

When in jail for no reason we're waiting for the seasons, signs, songs, holding to the prison bars but bang! Goes batons.

We're a light to the gentiles that cast us out. We plead the blood of jesus to cover them now but

We're the next generation bondage slaves. Ready for spiritual war. In christ my brother and sister

First I sin then I fall sorrow breaks tears fall heaven shakes blood glistens but

Only Jesus cares about us

I've talked Him down, abused Him, attacked Him, hated Him, forgot about Him, stumped Him, nailed Him to a tree, spit in His face, whipped him, gambled for His clothing, kissed him as I betrayed Him, didn't believe him, denied Him, fled from Him, proudly sinned against Him, yet still he loved me. Well I love Jesus too. Yet my love could never compare to His.

Jesus is my Santa, "Delight yourself in the lord and he will give you the desires of your heart"

The lord. Hmm: merciful, plentiful, loving, The great I AM. Jesus, Jehovah, Emmanuel, good in all things He does. His grace and mercies endure forever! Yes! Yes! Praise the Lord! We serve other gods and we fall into the hands of our enemies, but just when we're at the gates of those who hate us he saves us. Even when we are in the gates and the doors are shut and the keys are thrown away if we cry out He still remembers his covenant and He still saves us. We are alive only for his names sake! Yes! Yes! Praise the Lord. Blessed are the poor for they shall see the face of God. His face is like lightning. God pours into the spirits of the poor. He has mercy on those who rebel against Him. He saves and delivers them that cry out to Him! So cry! How do you cry? Want more. Life is vanity there must be more. So cry you children. Cry out to He that can mend every broken heart. And have mercy and patience for those around you. Be as a light to them. For you are loved then called then chosen then a witness. Cry out and praise Him! And once you've done all that you can, after you've stood, after He's delivered you, be humble!

I feel like rambling : Nehemiah 9 grace and mercy endures forever. He forgives us time and time again even though we proudly sin. Isaiah: God will give sight to the blind and to the deaf hearing. For who does He blind ? His chosen! Because we have served other gods. We are not to fear because there are no other gods, it's just you and Him therefore you are a witness to the lost. Adlib: we are his disciples. All of us have been scattered by the sea shore of confusion. Even me. Lost without a cause. But Jesus gave me a song in trouble, He gave me a hand in the wilderness. Called me a servant in my shame. Called me a witnesss in my worthlessness. Called me his child when I was fatherless. Called me his friend as I was friendless. Say "Speak to me lord" and He will say: "I am He" this is my savior. He is here. His presence is here. I reckon that when 2 or three are gathered in His name He is in the midst. Kings will fall and so will judges that fail to pursue his love. Deeply am I in love. Deeply is sharing more powerful than selfishly learning. Jesus!

My church: have you ever saw the end of titanic where rose had that dream and she revisited the boat only to see all those people smiling and welcoming her? Or watched

the movie Antwone Fisher at the end where he met his real family and everyone hugged him and filled him with love? Or have you ever sat down and felt down while people passed you like a train lifting you up with handshakes? Have you ever felt the pastor so deeply that the holy spirit fell on you or tears fell from you? You ever saw a Shepard lead his sheep with a rusty rod of love redirecting them to righteousness even when it hurts? How about being so sick in the spirit where you've run everywhere except church and watched the bread of life deliver you? Have you seen an eagle with scars but still flying saying woe woe comes the church that healed me? And finally....have you ever. I love you, my church and my God. Be blessed!

To all my christians on facebook. Active or inactive. Asleep or awake. Saved or unsaved. I want you to know that you're being prayed for. To my saved. You are fighting the devil. To my unsaved. God is covering you. To my saved we fight the good fight for the crown, the robe, and the palm branches in our hands. To my unsaved. You might be going through hell struggling on every inch of the world. To my saved. Our hope is in Christ jesus playing the drum piano guitar smoothie as we dance. Unsaved the clubs, the parties the drinks the sex is vanity, life is vanity. To my unsaved sin is around us but we fight. Temptation has formed but we fight. Yes we fall but are still victorious. To my unsaved: "there's gotta be more to life than just the hype. There's gotta be more than just hell. Depression has gotten me. I subdue it but the devil Won't leave me alone." Saved: "the devil wont leave you alone because he knows he's at the end of your unsaved road. You're beginning to see. You're starting to change, you're crossing roads, on the road to becoming, SAVED!"

God told Joan arc she'd win the war. God changed the heart of a king making Constantine a christian. 4 artist became the teenage mutant ninja turtles. Leonardo, Donatello, Micheal Angelo and Raphael. What did they have in common? They were all christian painters. The most sold book in history was the bible. You rarely ever see altar call for receiving the holy ghost or being baptised on tv church programs..at the end of a lot of big churches they ask for 50 to 100 dollars and up many of the rich sit in the front rows. People believe that tides and offerings are monetary when really it's a spiritual offering of you to God. The sabbath day is any day you choose to rest for God not sunday or saturday. Hallelujah means praise God not that you are praising him when saying it. Many are called few are chosen means that you were called to walk in God but chose not too. Chosen means you're baptised in jesus name and filled with the holy ghost and you walk in it. Many youngsters are forced to serve God and not given the choice which God truly offers. His eternal love. In this result many kids grow up atheists or in other beliefs. Most historians are atheist. Science is the artificial religion. Heaven and hell is a given choice not a belief. Holy is his name..we give thanks not just on sunday but every day. No one is holier than thou.

Temptation is all around me. The devil's all around me. But that same blood in exodus has covered me. Like he told the devil, you can touch job but can't kill him. I watch as death passes my door..but the devil wont flee! I plead the blood. The blood of jesus. Sin has made my anointance, my holy spirit dormant..crawling back to life was the greatest mission ever told. Crawling back to jesus! Running to my lord. Nothing shall separate me from the love of Christ. Nothing shall move the power of God. I do this because it's Christ that strengthens me don't you get it..I have to win. I must conquer conscious sin. Jesus said there's no excuse. I admit. I confess. This means war. Sunday to sunday. A struggle in between. Working 12 to 12 to keep my spirit alive. Dying a thousand times. Christ has risen me. Christ is delivering me.Goodbye devil.

The craziest thing you can do is have neighbors and not speak to them, contact's and not call them, a Father in heaven and not call on Him, family and not love on them, facebook friends and not talk to them! Life and not live. Breath and not praise God. Goals but never pursue them. We think that if we wait long enough that people will just talk to us. I guess being alone is the new thing now...

David. Saul. Sampson

What do these three people have in common? They all either asked for the holy spirit not to be taken from them or they lost the holy spirit. If you have received that gracious gift. Do know it's not permanent. Your anointance and holy spirit can be taken from you when you continuously and wholly stop living right and stop seeking him. My mom told me something very important this morning. She told me: " God doesn't ride you, you ride him. He's the pilot" So after that I got down on my knees. To all my Christians out there. I love you. And to those who aren't I love you even more so.

What will I do? I will fill my life with God. I will surround myself with angels. I will open my ears to his calling. I will read his word which last forever. I will meet him at the throne as he thinks of my name. I will bond with him beyond great measure. I will drown in his grace and whitness of his mercy. His love shall flow through me like living waters. I will cry out my tears till my soul is dehydrated then call on his name JESUS! For bread. I will find myself in heaven sitting at his table. I will become his disciple. I will bond my soul with his. I have bonded my soul with his. The holy spirit is in me. Anointance is on me. My life has been filled oh ever more. I shall sumbit my body. I will submit to his authority. I have tried everything but when I tried Jesus! Still I am learning, still I am growing. But since I met Jesus. Somebody say that's all you need! Since I fell from those shackles that the devil tried to hang me with. Somebody say Jesus already did it

for me! I speak life into my soul and death onto my flesh. This is the belief of Joshua Christian Claiborne

I miss my father. Many nights I cried asking why did he have to be taken away. I run to the hills for where my help comes from but all they tell me is that he's all around, he's in my heart, in the depths of my soul. His spirit is in me, his annointment is on me, everything I touch becomes spiritually gold. There is something so powerful about my father. By faith he accepted me. He died only because of me. This is personal. I have 5 brothers and 3 sisters but it's not about them. This is too personal. It's about me. Dinosaurs were big and snakes were small and did try me. But neither mattered nor prevailed. It's not about how big you are or how small you are. To my father it's who you are. I miss him I miss him. I cry I cry. I pray I pray. That others can know, that they can see, that they can believe like I'm trying to. That they can trust like I'm trying to. Trying to believe what the hills told me. That he's not gone. A fatherless generation we live in where men grow up as spiritual punks and women spiritual sluts and slave. I'm just trying to tell the family the nations how much I miss him. And that when my time comes, I'll be where he is.

Women oh proud black women. We strive to multiply and be fruitful. Not through the cheap blood of man, but from the light and harmony of thier offspring. Never causing doubt that the hieght that our children we put to the test will be the struggles that they face much easier. If i gotta beat my child to make e'm wise ima do it. If i gotta sit at a table waiting like waitress that wont leave my table in a resturant until you eat all that food on your plate you betta believe child ima do it! If it takes my entire soul to work a stream of street smarts into your brain ima do it. If it takes getting an iron cord and tearin that behind up every other day for your disobedients ill do it for the love that i have for you. If in the end you are blessed with a great career and never want to see me again you will always remember these words "ima do it!"

I almost cried today. I almost cried this afternoon. I almost cried at my sisters graduation. I even almost cried when I was home losing my control as foretold that sugar would reveal me as whole.

Skip friends there not worth having in my point of view i saying that they are as loyal as dogs but, turn thier backs on you as soon as a litjt says go. Dont pain yourself though time heals all

Im going leave most of my past behind but some of my past will become pieces of my future leaving the class of 2013 and only dragging a few friends of of that hole into class of 2017 and so on. Life is good to me so i shall be good to life

Ill make this one short and sweet, i do like rap. It just depends on what type of rap your talking of. As in kanye in the older days. I like his old music but not his new music.

I crack my self up...hey josh. Hey? Hows the weather? Good, stormvslightning...I did'nt stand a chance ;'0. LOL!!!!!!

Waking up, and going to sleep...but inbetween those two things things are joy happiness,freewill,knowlege, and most of all life :).

Wohhooo...thank you for being a friend and for some its more than that, and for many years if its Gods will you will be.

What's on my mind is, making a story about football includind all the details! It might be tough but i can do it. With thought and lack of slouching,depression,broken pencils, and faith! For i will have a football game, and it will be realistic!

People turn it up just to tune it down. Which means when your in the car and you hear a song that you like then you say ma turn that up!But when she turns it up you sing so loud that you cant even hear the radio in the car and more. So now after reading my post you'd be thinking...(yea i did used ta say that lol).

As i start off where i left...beating also against the pricks on atop for thy blackest of ground, also apon man made things! Not far after THE SPACES BEYOND THE ROARS OF LIGHTS TREMBLING SLIDING ACROSS THE SKY! That is all i herd!

As i begin to write my post on facebook i start to wonder? What will i say...how could i express this post to make it feel alive when read? But then. The obvious falling then splashing to the ground as they touch the concrete as clear as a tear follows the roars from heaven like a garbage can rolling againts the tumbling street beyond the mysterious grey of devalving air! Not long before the roar comes air in war beating against the stalks of green....to be continued!

cars...a possession of getting to one place to another..a destructive item, a decieving beautiful on the out side but toxic on the first layer inside...so i tell my self.....cars.

Ya girl might leave you, ya wife might leave you, ya friends might leave you, but as love as long as you stay close to your family...family will never leave you. Till death do we part

the U.S dollar is coming to an end, the government is highly in dept and all he can do is print more U.S dollars. many countrys like china and france are getting out of the U.S dollar as quietly and as possibly as they can. smart people who realize this are making companys AKA:cash for gold. gold silver and oil is now worth more than the U.S dollar, even canadian money is worth more than the U.S dollar. prices will rise,buisnesses will currupt!

humanity is being tooken over by a new language.... texting meaning things like lol or wtf or ttyl. it was not a serious matter until now...i must take on the world with comon sence and street smarts.

went swimmin made friends got scared holdin a board trying to stay afloat 10 feet but ill live, saw milk, found a brick, swallowed water, did back strokes then sung old school. first goin to the boys and girls club now a the rec center, an i herd this dude in the locker room while i was changin... dawd this dude was preachin bout god i just had ta listen i shoulda joined in my self but he was like 15 or 18 idk i was shy but next time ima start talkin when i hear em

mannnn i watch commercials, and i be seein workers at fast food resturants. i watch them with a smile so cheerful, they respect and do not waist your time and say stuff like have a good day :) when you leavin...so as i go to this ffr i try to take my order i ask for a chicken combo with honey and a biscut and the lady says...will that be all? with no smile. so im thinkin that she had a bad day or something, then as she gets the food this women gives me 1 greesy napkin im like see what you gave me?.....

poem- (sunny days) i miss sunny days bbqs with the ones i love, those smiles from the faces of good times...i miss sunny days when he would blame my tears for nothing, when family could never stop those good times from happening..talkin bout them good old days oh yes sunny days when my butt hurted from talkin bout them good times those sunny days those child hood memory days those he did this or he did that days oh yes im talkin bout them sunny days how the sun shined bright when nap time came the sun...

poetry-the white house just turned black the man in black the man whos black obama the center of change a beauty to the country hes doin his best. you blame him because hes black because hes black? man thas wack. its not his fault that the man Bush used as a toy pawn started wars inside and outside the USA. a brighter day for the people who are leaders ready for change. obama aint god hes a human being cant change

everything everything like all them damn questions about that worse about that worse...

poem (that feeling) Woahhh, do you feel that, that vibe, that self encouragment vibe, that gody vibe, that wake up call vibe, callin ya oh yes, its callin YOU, from the east, from the west, from the south, from the north, YOU JUST CANT ESCAPE THAT VIBE. hoping its gone only increases pain, don't hold back answer it, answer it now, its demanding you now, let that vibe shine...through music, through style, through words, through impowerment, show it to everyone oh yes and tell it to.....

im just writtin stuff that doesnt mean nothin to the world part 3: as i come back to the real world i notice that 3 tv show have pasted which= 1 hour and 30 minutes and i wasnt even half way through the orange layer... so by morning i finished the orange and thats how pasionts is good for you....(lies) now what really happened was that i was eatin the layers pocket drops slowly as all 3 shows pasted not even half way through the layer i just eat the orang normally and after eating the orange normally...

im just rightin what doesnt mean nothin to the world part 2: So as i see these juice pockets so small that you could get 4 or 2 mixed up with 1. i start to pop 1 pocket 1 by 1...it makes me a minute just to get 1 poped with my tounge an teeth...now you see my taste for a satisfying orange wasnt used to being teased by this wonder full tear drop per minute but i had to force my self with pasionts. as i poped 1 orange of some wat of a tear drop is wat i was tasteing per minute i began to become more and mor

im just writting stuff that doesnt matter to the world. idk know why i am depressed by how oranges can take a whole day just to eat 6 layers of the orange like how when you peal the orange you find that specail center with the root of the orange, the stem of it as you pull it out it gets easier to peal the orange, i mean with out having all of the skin on it, so you peal it and then i get a layer and break it in half...now i was expecting juice but instead i found little strings of bubbles i might describ

i was just comin home from dinner, as i was in the car i saw a lisence plate sayin dont pray with a whole lotta symbols...i was like oh hecky naw, its some dark people out here man they be every where thas messed up!!!!

i miss fieldin street, but cant go back cause the friendly nieghborhood i once knew has changed, people have moved, now its just a ghost town

i remember a time in the first grade when i fell asleep in class and i woke up but i found out that it was almost time to go home so i acted sleep so i wouldnt have to leave...

my teacher who was so beautiful carried me to dah hallway...if only i acted sleep for a while longer she would of took me home with her

i remember a time when i dreamed about some skittles, when i woke up i was lookin all around the house for them skittles, i was mad when i found out it was a dream.

i cant stop thinking..as much and as hard as i try to stop thinking..i cant.but i have found the reason why i can not stop thinking and why no one can stop thinking...when you think..it means you still have a job to do on this earth
but when you stop thinking..you can stop..just you can stop doing any thing..and just be happy for once in a life time...im not looking forward to stop thinking yet. are you?

some people say love life second chances and fait is all a joke i say its a wonderful creation of a new begining what do you say?

S.U.I.T. Services Writing Material

1. The S.U.I.T. and my Father.
2. The S.U.I.T. and it's history.
3. Escaping the 9 to 5 story
4. Welcome to the 1-24, goodbye 9-5
5. The Influence of Society hindering the S.U.I.T. yet forming it.
6. Ten seconds to dream up your S.U.I.T.
7. Want to Live for the S.U.I.T.
8. In your darkest moments you are never alone
9. Examples of S.U.I.T. Services.
10. The Whale, the S.U.I.T. and it's Explanation.
11. Falling to the Light with the S.U.I.T. and the invisible team.
12. The jackpot analogy. & the D.E.S.G. Program
13. Mr. Rosa Parks.
14. To all my Dreamers, you are Mr. Rosa Parks.
15. The Claiborne Proposal
16. Promises I made to my father.
17. The people are my S.U.I.T.

S.U.I.T. Services: A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking

Performance 1: The S.U.I.T. And My Father

&

Performance 2: The History of The S.U.I.T.

Interlude To The S.U.I.T. and My Father: Curious Cat

A Man! has Got! a cat. That's what I wanna start off with. He has a cat. He's a caramel kind of brownish cat. Please help me because I'm not good with colors. So I want you to imagine it for me. Invision his cat. Invision that caramel kind of brownish cat coming into this room early in the morning snooping around. Now I want you to really invision this, I want you to imagine this cat and his behavior. He's curious. He likes to poke around and touch things. He means no harm but everything seems big to him, good to him, and **straannge (stretch the word)** to him. Now I want you to imagine a man in that same room on a blue laptop typing up a great story. The computer has a bright light coming off the screen, a light so bright that it makes you curious... Cat curious! **(pause)** Now keep following me, I won't be long now. You probably know the rest of the story by now anyways but here's the part you don't know.

The cat comes into the room and here's how it plays out. He goes snooping and looking about, passing the covers and bypassing the badly opened securitised door then finally sees the computer. When he sees it he stops. **(pause)** He looks at the man, looks at the computer, gives off his cute and innocent face and then takes the first step towards not the man! But the computer he's typing that great story on. The cat's initiative! is not to change the story but it's simply to press a button on the keyboard of the computer and hold it. The man has had this happen before, and it has changed the whole story to errors. Simple wrinkles in the story. But those simple wrinkles changed everything! All because a cat looked for curiosity! Now keep following me, I'm almost finished. The cat comes into the man's room another time, but this time, the cat is expected by the man who's typing on the computer. Take in mind now that in order for the cat to be moved and to be stopped from touching the keyboard and changing everything! The man must remove one hand from the keyboard and use that same hand to hold the cat. Take also in mind something deeper, what the man is typing on that computer is a story that comes from inside him. But let's finish before you get bored. The cat goes to touch the computer keyboard and the man instantly removes one of his hands from the keyboard

and places it onto the cat. Now look at this...Instead of the cat's paw making the man's story say "error,error!" where it's instantly deleted! the man's other hand is so distracted by the cat's constant curiosity to touch the keyboard that the hand left on the keyboard ends up typing the words "caramel, brownish, curious cat" somewhere in the story.

The moral to the story is this. That cat was you and the man was life. If you don't get anything from me ever again I want you to remember three things. Number 1. Have curiosity. Number 2. Take the first step forward. And finally number 3. Always always have consistency. Ladies and gentlemen. The door will always be wide open for change. No security can block that. But when you find the hard knocks of life you'll realize, that life had its own story to write even before you got here and it'll be typing even after you leave. Your job is simply to be like the cat. What the cat did at first was only a distraction. He had a plan. He was innocent, he was brave, he was consistent (**pause**). The man could've killed the cat, the man could've shut the door or even stopped the story and wrote on paper. But that wasn't the man's first mind. But look at this, It's not what life's gonna do but it's what are you gonna do!? Life will try to hold you, it will try to contain you, stop you, set you back. But like the cat if you stay consistent! you'll only end up becoming apart of the story! The cat tried the first time and it only made an error. That's where many of us give up! If you don't give up the first time then you'll give in on the second. If not the second then you're bound to change on the third. If not the third then you'll fall short on the fourth. But should you make it to the fifth try, should you make it to the fifth, you'll make history! If you want to change your life and circumstance. If you want to get out of the neighborhood, if you plan to run from dangerous societies and violence. Put a cat in your room and face them. Do you want vision? Put a cat in your room, in your heart, and in your minds. Money is not your end goal. It is not the end result and it is not the cure for success. Vision is the cure and applying vision to your current life is your answer for success. So like I said and I'll say it again. Become that Caramel kind of brownish cat

Thank you

The S.U.I.T. And My Father

I wanna start off by telling you my name. My name, is Joshua. But My father. (laughs.) People hated my father, they were jealous of him, they loved my father, were intimidated by him, influenced by my father. He was a big guy, not fat but big. No one messed around with my father. They only dealt with him in business and in respect. My father stayed in the freezing cold day after day, night after night in a garage all because his mother didn't like him in the house. She worked him to death. I assume that's how he developed such a good work ethic when it came to business. He was a family and business man. Meaning, if you hurt him you hurt the family. My father was no gangster nor was he a mobster. He was smart and very wise when it came to making money. Although he dealt with the mob when networking and making connections he was simply a salesman. In the midst of a hostile environment of drugs, blood money and cold hustling my father kept **everything clean!** I guess his mother's hostility towards him finally paid off in a good way. But I know you have a question, how could a salesman in a mafia environment be so hated? I'll tell you why. Listen and listen closely. **I don't care** if you're selling business ideas to a company or tissue rolls out of a hotel bathroom, if you're good at anything in life you're bound to find these six things if you utilize it well: Hate, jealousy, love, intimidation, influence, success and opposition. I

don't care where you are. You could be in a room full of mobsters, a room full of executives, or a room full of students and teachers, it doesn't matter. In my opinion it's all the same to me. You will and again you will find these things that I just mentioned.

But if you leave here knowing nothing else I want you to know another thing besides being a curious cat. I want you to know when you see a man like my father, a salesman in a mafia environment, **don't ever** underestimate that man. My father had a rough childhood yeah, his only choice was the streets yeah, not drugs, not bad things, but he went to the streets with his mindset, he chased the streets with his S.U.I.T. aka business perspective. S stands for Smart, U stands for Uniformed, I stands for Integrated, and T stands for Thinking. He had A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking man. He had a SUIT. This man took everything he knew from his experiences in life with himself and with other people and formed his S.U.I.T. But beyond just being a salesman in hostile environments, deep inside his S.U.I.T. he had plans beyond the streets the type of plans I have for you. But you have to understand that the streets can be anywhere, the streets are simply working with what you have in your environment, it's where you're at in your state of mind **now. (firmly)** That is what I

call the streets and that's where I wanna to meet every boy and girl in here **right now (firmly)**, But that's not where I'm stopping. Haha You got it I'm stopping at your S.U.I.T. your plan, **your inner idea**, your experiences that brought you this far to where you're at **now (firmly)** and how you can use that S.U.I.T. to move you higher into success! You wanna sell mixtapes how can we get you to own your own label, you want to sell

drugs huh tough guy? how can we get you to own your own pharmacy. Simple examples, but that's for a later discussion...Now let's get back to my father. He had plans beyond just being a salesman in hostile environments, he had plans in the field of real estate. Plans unheard of by the real estate companies. He was motivated, innovative. He was creative and he was smart. Had he gone to business school or if youtube was around back then he could've done it faster **but just because you move slow doesn't mean you're not going anywhere! (make a mark here)** My father, like I

said before dealt with hatred, jealousy, influence, love, success, and opposition. I wanna to talk to you about opposition. It hurts. It's called adversity. Like that block in football practice or that trainer in boxing, that cheerleading routine you just can't get or that math lesson that's unconquerable. It's opposition. Everyday in our schools and in the real world. But it's only so real in the schools. Because the schools don't tell you everything. They keep certain things underwraps hoping that life or college will teach us, but some of us don't make it to college, some drop out, some are even on the brink of death. But that's where I come in. **There's hope!** Beyond the storm. There's hope! Beyond your issues at home. There's hope! Beyond the problems you face everyday in this building. There is hope! There is hope in your S.U.I.T. aka Your perspective on business and your business in general. What is business? Business is literally your dream before and after it becomes profitable. Whatever you want to be in life is what I call business. You wanna be a nurse that's a business, a rapper that's a business, a lawyer that's a business. But the S.U.I.T. says to the nurse why not own your own private practice, the S.U.I.T. says to the rapper why just make raps and not own your own label? And to the lawyer own your own law firm! and stop looking to work under someone else's. **There! Is! Hope!**

But I did tell you there'd be opposition didn't I? Opposition! My father. He wasn't the most perfect individual and nor was my mother who got her masters in business and administration. But opposition! Yeah, my father played his cards well. He had every move figured out until his time was up. Driving he hit the highway. No one was on the road but him and some woods. **My father should've known, he should've known not**

to make that turn(sympathetic) But I'm gonna make sure that unlike my father everyone in this room knows, don't take the steps my father took, fight the streets, fight your current mindset, beat at your craft and adjust your perspective daily. If it seems wrong then **dump it and try again!** and once again have patience! Driving down the highway the road was slippery, moving too fast he made a bad turn. The vehicle

swirved off the ramp, crashed into a tree, and the rest...the rest went like this..Down went my father, his plans and his business. Down went his S.U.I.T. It's funny how everything you work for can go down the drain in an instant. But he had a kid. And His name.... was Joshua.

Thank you

The History of The S.U.I.T.

Yes. I Joshua was born. My father died but something from my father rose in me. That something I'll tell you during the end of this motivational speech. He died when I was five but before and after his death he'd buy me these suits. My father bought me popcorn machines, toys, games, but most of all he always made sure that I looked impressionable, that I looked good, that I looked..professional. It was good for business, good for style and cute on me as a five year old. But as I grew up going to church with my mother on sundays the ladies would halt, telling me, "awww he looks so cute, look at the hat!" You guys know how women can be, and you girls know how you can be, crazy, silly **and ridiculous**. But I avoided the fame behind wearing a suit. Though people glamorized and drooled over me I was shy and resistant. My father died but the pieces of him were still on me. **So I shook them off** and ran for my life, for me, for who I was, my personality, and my character, not my father's!

I ran to writing. I didn't want to be a businessman, I didn't want to have big ideas, I didn't want suits, nor did I want to own my own company. My father did. So I turned to raps, poetry, motivational speeches and other forms of art rather than selling ideas, goods, and information. But everywhere I'd go I'd still wear these suits this memory of my father. I wore them so much that they grew on me. White suits, black ones, and vest with suits over them. Women attracted to me like mosquitoes and flock. I would tell myself when walking down the aisle of a store that I wanted to walk like a soldier and talk like an angel. Suits to me were always a constant reminder of what I was, **Important.** I was always driven with this overbearing confidence **that anything was possible!(own this sentence)** Nowadays people call that faith. But running away from my father I was shocked to find myself running full circle to being just like him because the suits began to define who I was. It was the pinnacle moment in my life when I realized that my appearance was important and instantly and naturally I took advantage of that very thing that made me feel that way, the S.U.I.T. I walked different, looked different, I even talked different with a suit on.

My speech and craft was beat on time after time in order to do my performances, my gift for speaking would race head to head with the clothing that I would wear, I began to then hear the voice of my father speaking to me on each performance, on each idea, on each business move and targeted audience. **This one is for all my fatherless kids!** and to everyone else this is for you too. My father I could hear him saying these words:

Dear son, I made some bad choices in my life. I made a lot of errors. By now your mother must've told you I had great ideas for business. She probably told you as well that **I could sell the socks off of you if I had enough time.** And I know she told you how I could turn ten cents into a dollar. Had I gone to school I probably would've chased business and marketing, had I chased my dreams beyond the streets. But I'm so proud of you! If I was given more time my advice to you would've been not to be like the in crowd. Though you live in the hood and are haunted by the streets don't become apart of that. I dressed you in suits for a reason and hopefully you'll understand why in the future. I knew you were destined for great things, I knew you'd figure everything out. I

love you son. You're my everything. Wear the suits I gave you with pride. And remember, money isn't everything but your dream and your vision...that's everything. **When you find out what that is run with it!** Chasing Money was my mistake. But now is your chance to finish what I started. At first when you find out what happened to me and my true colors you'll try to run from me. But trust me when I say this. No-one is perfect son. The sooner you understand that the sooner you can start your business whatever it may be. And another thing. In my will I didn't leave you an office, or a company or even money to start your journey. I hid you something in your heart that I

made sure no one could ever take. Once you find that you're going to go one hell of a way forward towards success. I look forward to seeing you from above. Ps. Alfred.

Everytime I imagine his voice it makes me stronger on the inside. What he left in my heart was the S.U.I.T. a vision that only **God (deep and passionate voice)** can take from me! My father died, unknowingly planting a seed in me. He passed the baton to me, he passed the S.U.I.T. to me. And from that **S. U. I. T. (spell it)** A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking I found everything my father gave to me. My mother would always say that he was in my heart. I never understood what that meant until now. Hopefully today I can be in your hearts as well. **In your minds!** Hopefully I can pass the baton to all of these teachers and students in this room. Hopefully we can all get down to business. Because What rose in me from my father was the S.U.I.T. **So let's stop trying to make money and start making vision! Vision! (vibrate) Thank you.**

Performance 3

Escaping the 9 to 5 Interlude

Ladies and gentlemen what is passion? What is drive? What is your S.U.I.T. What S.U.I.T. means is business perspective or how you see your business one year from now, five years from now. You may already know this but S.U.I.T. stands for this: S means Smart. U means Uniformed. I means Integrated. And T means Thinking. So what is your S.U.I.T.? It is your Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking. It is your experience. As you go through this life you meet different people, you experience different things and as you go through this life you'll grow with the S.U.I.T. Listen to me. The S.U.I.T. does not grow with you, you grow with it. From the day you were born until now you had no excuse. From the second you came into this world until now you had everything you needed to perform your business perspective and your business on a platform like this. It was a gift but opening it depended entirely on you. How you opened it depended entirely on you. And protecting that S.U.I.T. depends entirely on you. Some open the gift by reading books, some find the gift by word to mouth, and some, some listen to something higher. Something supernatural. Something where that voice in the back of your head, in your dreams and in your heart says you're more than your current environment. You're more than that same bed, that same house, that same routine. You wake up everyday with the same schedule but I'm here to tell you that your S.U.I.T. is calling you. If you want it go get it! It's yours! But here's what's going to happen when you chase after your S.U.I.T. . Here's the game plan. People are going to overlook your ideas, and if they can't overlook your ideas they will attempt to steal them! Which is why you need ideas **with!** vision. Listen to these words of wisdom. If you hear nothing else in school then hear this: The difference between ideas and vision is one thing. An idea comes from the fire that vision brightly gives off. And vision sprouts from the tiresome of your repetitive current circumstances. When you're tired of doing the same thing over and over again you'll find your vision. And once you find that vision the ideas come with it. Your vision and ideas are not like a toy that sells its batteries separately. You will always find that behind a vision comes rolling ideas. So how do you know you have vision? People that find vision are always doing three things: number one, they don't give up, number two they run with the first idea they get, and number three the business plan they have gets bigger than what they wrote down the first year! Let me explain. You don't give up because a vision is constant. You run with your ideas because vision is like a fire, it must be expressed! And finally your business plan isn't fully on paper for one reason and that's because you tried and you tried to express the vision but it wont

let itself become fully drawn out on paper because vision governs you not the other way around. Obey the vision! When you get your vision, when you find that business and business perspective don't tell anybody yet. The first thing I want you to do is see if your vision wakes you up before your school alarm clock. If your school alarm clock wakes you up before vision can the vision is not strong enough! So here is what I want you to do. Everyday when you wake up to the same routine, the same bed, the same house right before you go to school I want you to go to your bathroom mirror and do one thing. I want you to say "I am somebody!" that way when the people try to shoot you down **it will! Not! Break you!**

Escaping The 9-5

Everyday...I said everyday!...Everyday I'd watch my mother go to work, come home for a few hours and then deploy out to work in the morning. Everyday...I said everyday I'd watch all of my brothers and sisters including myself leave out for school and get home at around 3 or 4 in the afternoon having to do homework for three hours and have only one hour if that to prepare our minds for the next day. And a weekend to wish you didn't have to go to school or to work the next monday. Listen to this math for the average student. Five hours they get every five days to do something different. Sadly the average student on that free time are playing video games or talking to their crush on the phone, watching videos, movies, or other people's success like I was. On the weekend you literally have sixteen hours on a saturday! You have this much time to prepare for the future, but you spend it listening to music, playing video games, with friends, on movies, on videos! You spend it on other people's success! **Sunday!**

(stretch the word) Do you have church in the morning? Do you have mass in the morning? Well that's time gone! Do you wanna watch a movie? That's an hour or two gone. Hang with friends? **Four hours gone!** When you remove the time you could spend on obeying your vision you are killing the opportunity for that one shot, that one moment that one time to prove **that you! Have! Vision!(Deep voice)** Stop watching the news that your parents play everyday. Stop that! It's nothing on there for you. Never will you hear on the news or rarely will you hear on the news that you can be anything you want to be! Never will you find on the news that you are born to be different. The news of today sells for one thing and that is ratings. I am your new news! I am your daily report. And my report for you today is that **you! Are! somebody!** You can be anything you want to be! It is possible! **Anything is possible with Vision! (Deep voice)** With the time you have left (breathe) With the moments you have left (breathe) Do one thing for me. Seek vision. You'll find your vision by looking at the number of ideas you come

up with a year. If you want to see your ideas then write them down. If you want to see vision then you have to take risk. I'm talking missing church, missing mass, missing movies, missing the phone calls with the crush, missing videos, missing video games!

And when they ask why are you different tell them **it was my vision!** Listen to me. When you find vision people will separate from you my friend. Your friends if you have 10 you'll lose each one. If you have 20 you'll lose every one. If you have 50 you'll find

that 20 were associates, 25 were fake and the rest weren't as big as your vision because they didn't have vision themselves. So don't get mad when you are shot down by those that grew up around you. Get mad because those people were once like you and are headed astray. Get mad because they depend on excuse by excuse to get them through every hour. Get mad because you have the opportunity to uplift them by proving them wrong but you aren't acting on it! Yeah get mad! I was in high school one day and I was sitting alone in the cafeteria. I was sitting by myself and listening to music and reading a book. A lady that worked there came to me and said to me, "I thought I'd find you here. I thought I'd find you alone. People like you, they sit alone. They don't

stand in a crowd. I like that." A few people in this room are like me in that cafeteria whether you have removed yourself from friends which is good or whether you naturally don't have friends which is better, you don't need a crowd. Because you are different! But welcome to the 9-5 whether it be at school or on the job my friend. Welcome to the trap of life. I'm not saying drop out of school and I'm not saying leave work what I'm saying is that **when the time school and work takes from you! (pause) I want you to hit harder!** Take the time it gives you and I want you to make a miracle with that time. If my daddy could turn 10 cents into a dollar then you can turn five hours a week into a

million bucks in five years. You are worth it. But I want to tell you this. Money's not everything. Money simply tries to define what your vision is worth and when it gets it wrong don't get mad just **prove! It! Wrong!** A teacher in a classroom asked 27 kids including myself what we wanted to be when we grew up. The answer was this. I told the class for years class after class I wanted to be a doctor. I wanted to be a doctor. I

wanted to be a doctor. The more I said it the less it sounded like me. Then I said I wanted to be a lawyer, then a movie writer, a rapper, a novelist, But the more I said it the less it sounded like me. Then came one day, one day when I woke up. It was 8th grade. I was in a classroom of around 27 kids again and the teacher said this: "Does anybody in the class have any talent? Singing? Rapping? Poetry? Does anybody have any talent? If you do...you have until tomorrow to bring it to the table. There'll be a vote. If you can bring it to the table and you're chosen then you'll be speaking in front of the entire middle school." When she said that some of the class began to shy out, some began to work on their craft but me? But me? I sat alone and thought. I sat alone and thought. I sat alone and thought. I thought! I thought! I thought! The day was over and I missed homework that day. My dream, my vision, my S.U.I.T. this business perspective and this business that I was going after was more important. I went home and this time I

didn't turn on the TV. This time I sat in front of the blank screened TV and fell into deep thought. I didn't think about the lawyer or the doctor, the rapper or the writer or the movie writer or the novelist. What I thought was simple. What! Was! My! Talent! What was I going to bring to the table. For an hour I got nothing. But after that hour of meditation something came to me. I wrote it down because it came fast. Not an idea but my vision. I was finding my S.U.I.T. The next day came and class started. The teacher came to the front of the classroom, looked at all of us and spoke. "Did anyone bring any ideas for the class?" A couple of people sung, some rapped, some did poetry. All I had was a speech. I went to the front of the classroom with my head in my speech. Looking at the students I read off the paper. The kids began to boo me. The teacher quieted the kids down but one kid spoke up and said, "I believe he can do it!" See all it takes is one person to believe in you and the rest is history. A week later I memorized the speech and the same people that boo'd me wanted to be apart of what I was doing. When I spoke the speech in front of the school the crowd went crazy. It was so good that I was told to perform another time. But here's what got me. Here's what began to define my vision. One of the only white teachers in the school came to me, patted my shoulder and said to me, "Hey you should really be a motivational speaker... I think you'd be good at it." Then he left. What he told me went right over my head, I didn't run with it I actually ran from it. But I want you to know that when you find your vision it will haunt you in everything you do. It will coach you through every problem, when you look in the mirror and say you are somebody! It will echo the words back to you. When you wake up before your school alarm clock don't think that it was you that woke you up. But it was your vision, it was your S.U.I.T. that constant reminder of who you were born to be, stylish, important, different, envied of, jealous of, hated, loved and successful. You wore the S.U.I.T. everyday sluggish, worthless, and looked down on. But I'm like that white teacher, that elephant in the room that says, do not run from it, do not avoid it, do not feel embarrassed or fearful of it. You are the S.U.I.T. A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking.

Thank you.

Performance 4

Welcome 1-24 goodbye 9-5 Interlude

Running from the 9 to 5 I ended up being drafted to one. What do I mean by drafted? I mean I had no choice but to get a job. Because the only way I could succeed was to take a step. Any step would've done but I chose a 9-5. I remember talking to my faith in the bathroom one day. I was in my bathroom talking to what I believed in about getting out of my environment. That talk speaks for me till this day. Because till this day I carry my environment with me. This thing so many call our environment I fight, everyday! So I said to what I believed in "Get me out of my environment!" And once I said those words

from my heart, and I really mean from my heart-- When you want something bad enough all you have to do is put it out there like a signal and when that signal responds I need you to chase it until it responds again, and again, and again, **and again!(Deep voice)** Until you're in a conversation with your faith -whatever your faith may be- and

once you have that conversation I'm gonna need you to put that conversation on speaker so the world can hear: your weaknesses, your strengths, and your darkest hours. Why I'm telling you this is because when you do this you will find other signals coming not at you (**pause**) but at the conversation. Like a three way phone call you'll have you, what you believe in and the world on the line. And as long as your life and your faith is on that line I can promise you one thing. When that line drops you will rise again! When the people stop listening, when the crowd dies out when fake friends leave you, when haters stop hating, when you've lost everything. As long as what you believe in is on that line with you! You will rise again! Now let's get back to the bathroom. I was in that bathroom talking to what I believed in. Now speaking I said to my faith, " Get me

out of my environment!" I had to have that talk with my faith within those 60 days at least twenty times. Like a curious cat we will need three things, curiosity, consistency, and bravery to keep taking the first step. Now I don't know what God you believe in, what you call to, what universe you approach, what nature you speak to. All I know is that if you're going to believe in anything you have to be ready to not get an answer the first time. If it's a job don't expect them to call you back, if it's a rap career don't expect them to sign you, sports don't expect them to sign you. If you're in school don't expect every grade to be a success. Expect to fail! Because if you never failed how would you know what trying again felt like? How would you know the other side of strength?! So in that bathroom I had that talk and instantly on the 60th day something responded. It was a wednesday and my telephone had an automatic text for jobs coming through every wednesday. No job ever went over 10 dollars an hour for months. No jobs popped up that made me look twice for months. Until one day. One day after speaking to my faith and disciplining myself and being humble enough to cry out for help to what I believed!

Then came the text saying we want to give you the lowest job possible at a casino making 13.37 an hour part time for 3 days a week cleaning bathrooms, slot machines and offices. I told my mother and she freaked out, I told my siblings and they wished me luck, friends, they wished me luck, the only one that believed was me and the one who sent that text-- my faith. I called the number and the guy on the other line doubted that

I'd get the job because I didn't have a resume. So me and my mother made the resume overnight. (laugh lightly) The opportunity for a job was so slim that when I walked into the unemployment office the recruiters for the job were leaving out. In this life you will run into times that you have so many people downing you that you'll have no other choice but to look up to something! So they read my resume and told me to be ready thursday for the interview. I met them there early in the morning, they read my resume and were shocked to find that I was a motivational speaker. I explained myself without stuttering and not long after left the room. Later on still believing I'd get the job I found myself at a soul circus celebrating my birthday late. Dancing and cheering like never before after all of the tears and pain from my past even though I hadn't yet received a call from the job. And that's when an email came through my phone saying we want you for a **cleaning position making 13.37 an hour cleaning bathrooms, slot machines and offices.**(laugh) I danced even harder at the circus. When I patted my mother on the back she ignored me. I was already bothering her about other things that night and she was trying to focus on the show. Patting her on the back one last time she read the email in awe. He got the job! I could imagine her thinking. The same day I got the interview was the same day I got the job, the same day I celebrated at the soul circus was the same day I got the job. But I still want you to know something. Number 1. Your greatest blessing yet is always the beginning to your greatest achievement yet. A blessing is good but if you don't claim a trophy with it you're wasting your time. That's like me putting you in a studio and you don't give me an album, or a football or soccer field, or a basketball court, **Give me the trophy! (Deep voice)** And I want you to know another thing. Number 2. Experience is not the best teacher. It never was and it never will be. Don't ever let anyone tell you that you have to go through anything in order to achieve the impossible. **The best teacher is silence!** Because only in silence does your heart make sense. Because it is the craziest, most insane, most authoritised, most powerful thing you can come across. Before the basketball bounces, **before the rap beat playys**, before the crowd cheers you on before the first tackle or first shot to the rim. Your heart...your heart is always gonna tell you the game plan that makes the beat sound good, makes the tackle perfect, makes the rim look excellent! And gives the crowd the motivation to cheer on one, last, final time! **You wear the SUIT! (Deep voice)**

Welcome To 9-5 Goodbye 1-24

(Pace yourself. Drink some water, start again) So I got the job. It wasn't handed to me I had to go through the doubt of my peers to get it. But that was the only way I could've installed in the back of my head that a cleaning job was worth something. But I asked my faith to get me out of my environment. Not only was I put in a 9-5 but I was put in a casino at 19! Talk about a complete 360. So I asked my faith, I asked what I believed in. Why? Why did you put me in this? And it was explained to me over a course of time that

in order to get you out of something sometimes you have to go deeper in that something so when it pulls you out! Of that something?. you'll know to never come back! (perform this in body gestures) So sitting down in the cafeteria at my job one day a lady came down and sat down next to me. She immediately approached me telling me things like hi, how are you. I was an introvert at the moment so forgive my response, **"Hiii?" (Awkward hi)** She then told me she was in sales and marketing, explained it to me and told me she never sat down without first saying hi to somebody. I wasn't the most outgoing target. But here's how it went: I told her I was a novelist, a motivational speaker, a speechest in high school. That's when she challenged me. She said to go to one of the meetings with the vice presidents of the company and pitch your ideas to them. She encouraged me. So I passed the flier for the meeting one day and something rushed to my head. An idea that would change my life forever. **"The SUIT."** But I put it in the back of my head then thought about it again a week later but it was too late! The meeting by then was three days away. So I wrote the business pitch in under 24 hours. It was awful. And on top of that I choked! So over the course of the week I revised it. I revised it. and revised again. Had a few editors look over the pitch then sent it to my buddy Warren and he freaked, out! He said, "we have to send this to the CEO. We have to!" So I prepared to mail it to the CEO. but my faith wouldn't let me. The same day I was gonna send it to the CEO was the same day that a lady stopped me at my job and asked me the question. And that was, "Are you ready for this?" I said ready for what? I'm prepared I'm going after it. I'm taking my shot this is my moment. And she said. "If you go out there right now they're gonna undersale you, consume your idea and make it into their own. Are you ready for that?" That moment I realized that it was a process to things. **So I turned my pitch into a business! Started from the bottom.** **Turned the SUIT into an acronym and my business into a company.** I'll say it again. I copyrighted my proposal, Registered my business in the city, and Got my Limited Liability Company in the state of michigan then trademarked my services in the nation. How did I do it? To copyright a business plan is 55\$ To register a business cost 16\$ to get a company registered in the state of michigan is 50\$ and to get a trademark is 400\$. So 521\$ is enough to buy you guys and girls three pairs of jordans and some change. So while you're looking good jordan is running his company making more than you'll ever make if you don't start changing your attitudes towards your desires. I bet if you told your parents when you went home you wanted to run a business they'd freak out, doubt you, then join you. And if you told them you were going work for a company called SUIT Services and you told them what it was they'd look at you like you just signed a 20 million dollar deal. Which is true if you look at its potential. But let's continue. (Walk more than you already are) What is my point. Why am I standing here with you today? The answer you're looking for is that I want you to be more than you already are. **I want greatness and nothing less. (Look intently at the crowd)** Today I wanna finish this speech by talking about why did I copyright my business plan before anyone could look

at it for 55\$. Why I got my DBA. before my business received revenue or before money came in my bank account which only cost me 16\$, why did I get my LLC right after that which cost me 50\$. Why did I trademark the property for 400\$. To the average man this sounds either completely crazy or completely stupid. But when you're onto something, when you have a vision that only you see it's going to sound stupid. After you've failed and failed at previous visions and this one you know that you know that you know is just right you're gonna give it all that you've got to make it real! The prime component to bringing any dream to life is funding. Whether you are financially funding it, funding it through sharing it with others, or lastly funding it through inexpensive development or production. All these ways you can fund your dream. Why I'm telling you this is because a 9-5 job is not the end my friend. It is far from it. It is only the platform for the trophies you are to receive. Take whatever this life gives you and say "okay, that was good. But I have better!" It's something under your sleeve that speaks to the 24-7 job. That speaks to the calling of something greater. And with that dream you don't have to tell your friends, you don't have to tell anyone. Just tell your faith, whether it's for 60 days, 20 days, 10 days, 30 seconds, just say it. I don't care if you shout it. But put it in existence beyond just your thoughts. So when you give it to corporations they have to sponsor you. When you give it to schools kids have to cheer for you. When you give it to churches, mass, temples, people of faith they have to believe, and when you give it to small businesses they have to grow! We're living in the 21st century and I demand change! Change that starts at the 9-5!

Thank you.

The Influence of Society Hindering The SUIT Yet Forming It Interlude
As of now. From the beginning of this performance till the end you officially work for SUIT Services. What does that mean? That means that from the time I started speaking to the time I **stop** (pause) you are officially apart of a statewide company that lives off motivating business ideas and dreams into a reaaaalityyy. (seriousness) Sad part is is what's going to happen at the end of this performance. **The part where I fire each and everyone of you!...But let's rewind to why I'm doing that.**

When I first started running this company months ago I asked myself a question. That question was, what is a business? I found all kinds of answers from different sources. Though I really wanted to know for myself what was my definition of a business. So when I walked into my house one day and told my mother I started my own company and why I was doing it I found my answer...

(pause) **The definition of a business is a dream laid out as a plan laid out as a standard of how you want people to function once you walk into a room.** It's simple. Whose head are you going to turn with your product, whose eyes are going to light up when they see...that guy! When they see...that girl, walk into a room. I think we can turn every head and light every eye and start a fire under every spirit that wants to be something. We just need to start with the dream. But a dream... is simply a dream. Like a movie until you leave the theatre, like a pool until you leave the water, like a song until the sound gets old. But what's gonna happen when you, wake up? When the lights come on in your bedroom and it's time to go to school and the crowd in the hallway instantly kills that vibe you thought you kept so secret? (pause) When you're forced to take everything you knew about that dream, **rip it up!** And throw it away.. Just to start all over... What happens when you go to the workplace with that dream and you feel like nothing but a 9-5 number. A fist full of some toxic 8 hours a day asking yourself why do I only receive two days of freedom?

Two days of freedom, 14 days of vacation give or take, a few days to be sick of this mess and the rest to scream! For help but no one listens? What happens or how do you respond to only 4 years of highschool to plan out the rest of your lives after school. How do you respond to the college that says we can't guarantee success in a school you spent thousands at? What about the hows in your question. How do **You** make that plan of your dream. Breathe...breathe...2 days of freedom to plan, 14 days of vacation to work on it, a few sick days to revise that plan. Plan how the crowd sees you, plan how the 9-5 looks, plan the outcome of college success.

Planned **success in a business world is called data.** A data that says **I! Can-Achieve! But what then when the data and your plan fails.. what then?** Someone in high school has that same plan. They want to be an entrepreneur or a sports man, rapper, or entertainer too . Or Someone in college gets grades better than yours, **the chances of physical success are low now.** You wanted to touch papers that guaranteed your success but now you have to imagine it in your mind in a corner with tears running down both cheeks.

You imagine alone so people don't call you crazy like **the peers sitting next to you.** Yeah. Okay, and about that 9-5...someone's on the same grind you're on at the other side of town, they're getting their business off the ground but you're left behind. The easiest part were the questions. The hard part...is the answer. The answer. You make a

standard! A standard that says I'm an F student but I demand to find hope based not off my grade point average but based on the business that I bring to the table.

My standard is that nothing is possible in my field of work without me. My standard is that high schools will not only help develop my business but will also help support it whether to rap, to sport, to sing, to entertain, or to entrepreneur. The standard that says I demand change. **So the school kid puts on the SUIT** and they walk different. They talk different. Feeeel different. Because they work on a different level, with a different kind of mindset. A SUIT Mindset. They work for SUIT Services. A standard that says I'm not quitting my 9-5 I'd rather evolve within it. This is my standard. I will be successful in college because in college it's not bound to be different but I'm bound to be different.

They're going to give me the resources that a below average student demands to get my business up and going because I demand them. I. put on the standard. I. Put on the SUIT. **Imagine me now!** speaking at schools, at companies, at religious organizations, everywhere the SUIT can take me speaking up for my brand. A brand that promotes other brands around me. (pause) But...then the hype dies out, the lights turn on. The answer fails. The reality check comes in the mail as a bill that you read. Everything is fully rewinding. And it reads: Dear aspiring kid. If you want to join my Services you have to give it your all. And if your all isn't enough you gotta give more. If that's not enough then you can try again next year.

Dear aspiring kid, if you're talented, if you've got what it takes, you can establish your business under SUIT Services and you'll be registered to work for a certain amount of hours out of the week to get you ready to start performing in schools across the city and beyond. You'll be paid 100 to 300 for each performance that'll go towards funding your company. Dear aspiring kid. You can officially do the impossible. But Dear aspiring kid I just want to tell you one thing before the auditions start. **You're fired from the company.** (laugh) Auditions start soon.

Welcome to SUIT Services
And the introduction

The Influence of Society Hindering The SUIT Yet Forming It.

It goes like this. Listen and listen closely. You run from what you'll never be, you hate and reject what you're called to be, and you're afraid of your highest potential which states what you will be. Like a track. It's all about when you start the race and how you finish. I wanna start off by talking about The SUIT. We all have different parts of a SUIT when we're young, a tie, a collar, a sleeve, a shirt, a pair of pants, a suit coat, but as we age we find the whole SUIT (laugh) Let me explain.

I woke up this morning(Demand the statement) to a washer machine moving me by the motions. I heard all the way downstairs, clothes tossing and turning within it. I was on the first floor. It sounded like a heartbeat, I felt like a heart. All heart is what I felt like. Tossing Passion is what I felt like. And the machine downstairs was like life support to me. Deep right? Yeah. I'm allergic to sound. The side effects are drive, passion and... a heartbeat. (pause) Not too long ago I said to you I was moved by silence. I was moved by a pause. But even when it's silent you still hear that heart beat. It speeds up when you hear words like, "you can be anything you want to be with SUIT Services! Just bring decent talent and we'll work with it!" (budmpt, budump, budumP) It speeds up when you hear words like, "no more 9-5. Let's start a 24-7 job!" (budump, budumpt!) Or how about words like, "I want organizations to support and pay you for your ideas and services where everybody has a chance to live great" (budump, butumpt, budump) Sounds of a heart beat. But it goes even faster when tears are running down your freakin eyes, hitting your cheeks, on a stage that the world can see, when you hear the great sounds! Sounds like this! " Dear entrepreneur. You believed and you believed. You heard about being a doctor a lawyer or police man; (Budump budumpt) but that didn't quite suite you. So you dropped out of school, had a baby and did other things. Dear my little brother and sister. Suicide isn't the answer.(Budump, budumpt!) But your passion is, it's like the latest entertainer, the greatest sound, it's like that comic book superhero. I

find it cool like a cartoon on television. Where chances are possible and people can do whatever as long as it motivates their other little brother or sister to be someone too.(budump, budumpt!) I want you to have a chance sister. I want you to look at the stars little brother and see you. SUIT Services invisions to give that to each and every boy. (Budump, Budumpt! laughs) and each and every girl. A chance. Let's bring back detroit public schools with this vision, passion, idea and heartbeat! With SUIT Services! A Smart, Uniformed, an Integrated way of Thinking! (Budumpt budmpt!) Let's be Dream heros!" If that didn't shed a tear then who knows what makes you cry. But I know one thing, it made your heart beat. (laugh, smile, pause) Silence affects us all. We are all victims of it. It leaves us to the beating of our thoughts upon our own brains. But I can guarantee you that 99% of you in this room are affected by sound. We live off it. Too much leads to oversaturated ideas or no ideas at all. Too little leads us to sleep. But just enough. Just enough, just enough sets a fire underneath us. A passion. An idea. A vision. This plan that allows us to achieve the impossible! This standard that sets us on a new level. This rejection that allows us to do more, be more, start from scratch in order to achieve **moorree!**

Today I wanna talk about influence. It's all around us today. Maybe it's that news on the television, or that music on your phone, or that movie or game on your tv, maybe for you it's the magazine in the store or the source of media on your cell phone. For me, it was all those things. First I remember, well, I can't remember, being the wannabe rapper at 4 years old walking downtown singing a very popular rap song. I won't tell you what it was. (laugh lightly) I had a crowd downtown following me. Later on in life it was being a wannabe filmmaker or doing fanfiction stories about movies that I'd watch. They say the brain isn't fully developed until the age 21. I guess that's true. Because everything (laugh) I saw I wanted to be. But It all started in the middle of my dreaming. It started in a classroom. **It goes like this. Listen and listen closely. You run from what you'll never be, you hate and reject what you're called to be, and you're afraid of your highest potential which states what you will be. Like a track. It's all about when you start the race and how you finish.** The real question is, when did you run? I started my race like many others in a 1st grade classroom when a teacher asked us all, "Kids, what do you want to be when you grow up?" The responses were common. "A doctor!" Said one. "A policeman" said another. "A fireman." said the last. Then the teacher looked at me. "What do you want to be?" I had already a preset imagination of what it was. And my answer, "A cop." (looks down shakes head) **I was just like everyone else. (poorly said)** Everyone else. So I ran for my freakin life and didn't look back. **I was on a career search.** A self induced mission to be something other than everyone else. First came the cop! then came the doctor! then came the veterinarian!

But then, then I saw the media and everything changed. What everyone else was didn't matter anymore. The only thing that mattered were two things. Money, and sounding

cool. Rapping in 5th grade, making half done novels in 5th grade, doing fan fiction scripts of movies in 5th grade. My pinnacle moment was in the 5th grade. (pause) The moment to be everything but myself was in 5th grade. But then came the fear. If you run long enough in someone else's SUIT 1 or 2 things are bound to happen. You'll either break into SUIT or look like a clown in it. And little brother and sister, paint my face red and white because I looked like a clown! I wasn't a novelist, I wasn't a rapper, I was not a movie writer, and money wasn't happiness all these things like a collar, a tie, a shirt, or pants were apart of my SUIT but it wasn't the true definition of my SUIT. I only found my true definition of my SUIT in 8th grade. Here's what happened. When 8th grade arrived a teacher spoke in our classroom. She told us all that a performance was going to be held for the entire middle school. And that 1 student from all of the 8th grade classes were going to perform. She said to come up with a performance whether singing, rapping, poetry or another talent to perform in front of the entire school. My heart was like, (budump) Everyone scrambled for a talent overnight singing in their mirrors, rapping in front of parents and doing poetry in their bedrooms. But me? **I sat in silence** in front of an old outdated TV staring at it while listening to the sounds of my thoughts beating upon my own brain, as well as my heartbeat (budumP, budumP, budumP) (laugh). I was trying to come up with how I was going to do this. What talent did I have? Who was I? I had less than 24 hours to define myself, to define the SUIT. And in less than 24 hours I did. An idea came into my head and what I thought it was, was a poem. But I couldn't of been more wrong. The next day came and kids were in a shy hurry to get to the front of the classroom. Many of them were singing or doing raps. But me, I came with a poem, at least I thought. Walking up to the front of the class with a journal in my hand I read the poem fluently, I may have missed a word or two. The class clapped robotically as the teacher required. Although when the question was asked if I could memorize the two pages I wrote the whole classroom doubted me. But one guy out of the crowd stood up and said, "I believe he can do it!" (budumP, budumP) You see all it takes is one person to believe, for me, it was that guy and the rest was history! I memorized what I thought was a poem then performed it in front of the whole school fearlessly. It was so good that they asked for me to do it a second time. But at the end a teacher came up to me and said six words that changed my life forever, "you should be a motivational speaker" He said. So I rejected and hated the idea and ran right into 9th grade where I chased poetry, raps and speeches. But they were all motivational! There was no escape. And my only fear, my only fear was the potential ahead..like I said before **It goes like this. Listen and listen closely. You run from what you'll never be, you hate and reject what you're called to be, and you're afraid of your highest potential which states what you will be. Like a track. It's all about when you start the race and how you finish. Little did I know I was walking in a SUIT that perfectly fit me the whole time from the novel writing, to the poetry, to the rapping to the fanfiction and finally to my SUIT, motivational speaking.**

Thank you

Ten Seconds to Dream up your SUIT Interlude

I had a dream last night. By now that dream is months old. I dreamed about a bunch of mice that thought they were lions. It had to be about five of them. These mice would live in a camp with other mice and during the day the other mice would go shopping, biking, swimming, and food gathering safely. They lived normally never thinking about big or great things like being lions or other fictitious beliefs other than being merely mice.

They never thought about being above average. Now these five mice who thought they were lions during the day would go through the camp saying "We fought with lions last night! We talked with lions last night! And we won! I guarantee you We won! **(Highmark)**

Now take in mind that the other mice never actually saw the five mice fighting these battles or stopping these lions from entering the camp because they were sleep when it supposedly happened. Nor had they ever seen a lion. They only heard the five mice saying they did. So the other mice for lack of faith or belief had no choice but to not

believe them. As a result the other mice called the five mice outcast and spoke negatively about them and threw pieces of tomatoes and rotten fruits at them during the day, they made jokes about them and taught it to their children. They'd speak of the five mice saying things like, "These mice that think they can fight lions, these mice think

they're actually lions. (laugh)" The little mice would laugh and make jokes before bedtime so in the morning when the little mice would wake they would join their parents in throwing rotten fruit at the five mice that would cheer and walk through the town talking about defeating more lions.

But one day, one day! The five mice moved on from their home camp and left all the mice to fend for themselves. They went to another camp where they knew that other mice would believe. But that very night they left the camp that very night!. LIONS! came running ramp-ed through the camp,- roaring and destroying everything looking for the five mice to fight with and talk with. All of the mice woke up and hurried into their holes

with their children. Screaming and crying out for help! To the other mice but no one answered, **everyone was weak and afraid...** the children who knew for a fact that there were lions in the camp were told to run for help beyond the camp and to come back with the five mice in hope that they really could defeat the lions. The children mice being fast enough at least twenty of them ran! quickly! to find the five mice. To their surprise by the time they got to the other camp it was daylight and the five mice were cheering again

but this time they were being paraded by mice that hadn't seen nor fully witnessed these mice fighting lions but they believed! that what they were saying was true. So the children mice came upon the five mice and said to them, "Our camp is being attacked by lions! please come back and help!" Unfortunately the five mice said, "We can't go back there." So the twenty mice said, " We won't throw food we promise!" " We still can't go back, if we do we'll leave these other mice vulnerable to being attacked by lions. Someone has to watch this camp and protect it, they'll need all five of us. We're sorry."

The five mice turned their backs on the twenty mice and were getting ready to cheer again. But that's when the twenty mice cried out, " We'll go, we'll fight. Just teach us how! We'll even teach other mice like ourselves to fight back in the camp! Just help us please!" **"Okay. we'll teach you. We'll teach you for ten seconds starting now. Do you believe that you are lions?"** "Yes!" **"Are you just saying that or do you really believe?"** "We believe, we believe!" Their little voices said. **"Your ten seconds are up. If you believe you are lions then you can fight with and talk to the lions too.**

Now go and fight!"

They then turned their backs against the twenty mice, and walked away continuing to cheer and parade with the crowd of joyful mice. So Fearlessly the twenty mice ran in all faith that they could defeat these lions back in their own camp. When they got there it was dark again and their families were still hiding in holes. The camp was guarded! by fearsome lions! but this time the twenty mice didn't care about that. All they cared about was making sure their families were okay. So they fought and talked with the lions truly believing that they were actual lions themselves. And the only thing you heard was "ROOAAR!" The families in the camps were afraid of the sound so they buried deeper into their holes. Hours later the mice came to their families and they were completely shocked. "How did you get passed the lions? Did you run?" They asked. "No we didn't run." The twenty answered. "Did you climb?" they asked "No we didn't climb." The mice answered. "Then how did you-" the families paused. So the twenty mice stood back, took a deep breath. Then they did it, they really did it. "ROOAARR!"

The moral to the story is this. There are some of you in this room that no one knows what you go through, no one knows how much you cry, the amount of pain you take, the abuse, and heartache you take during the night. But no one also knows how you manage to stand during the day. But I know your secret. The truth to your confidence, your long walk, your heavy step that proves that you deserve the attention of everyone in the room when you walk in, yet no one sees you, no one recognises, that you were born to be a lion. Whether you're a strong woman or man. You are, the lion. So take your dreams you and fight but lastly ROAR!

Thank you (Take a drink of water)

Ten Seconds To Dream Up Your SUIT

Way back there in the previous story we saw twenty mice given ten seconds to believe that they were lions, to believe that they could defeat the lions at their home camp and rescue their families from a bad environment. To defeat opposition. Now I really don't know how many of you here have families that want to move away, have a better place to live or just find peace. I have no idea how many of you are talked about because of your dreams, your SUIT, which is a Smart, Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking! Talked about because of your talents, your plans for something better. But What if I told you there was a time limit in every environment whether at home, at work, at school or in every moment!...before people could joke about you...or throw your dreams away and

stomp it on the ground? What if I told you that that time limit was ten seconds? Ten seconds to shout your SUIT no matter how crazy it sounded or how many things it may be that you wished to achieve! Ten seconds to represent your dream. Ten seconds to represent everything your soul stood for? **NOW!** You all have ten seconds to dream up your SUIT, your business, your talents starting now! **10!! Question** What do you want to be in this life?...**Answer** I want to be a motivational speaker that improves the lives of countless people with my experiences, my heart and my soul! **9!! Question** What are you willing to risk to achieve that dream? **Answer** Everything! Because my dream is my

SUIT, it is my talent, my being, that was given by those that are around me! They pushed me, they **moooved** me, they inspired me for what?! For them? For me? No! For the good of those after us!... So my SUIT **izzz** worth everything, it is everything! **8!!**

Question What in this world makes you think that your everything is everything?

Answer My everything is everything because when my talent wakes up in the morning, when I put on my SUIT, when I test my dream in a crowd... There isn't an eye that doesn't at least glance, a heart that won't atleast pump blood faster than the second before, there isn't one that's skin doesn't feel at least a chill. So if life can turn its head because I, because I, can and will break free! with the SUIT, with my dream, then my SUIT must be everything! **7!! Question** How is it going to be established, how is your dream bigger than just a thought? What makes your SUIT greater than just an idea?

Answer Ideas don't go to the city to start a business, ideas don't go to the state to form companies, ideas do not become trademarks or business cards or websites, ideas don't speak at schools, at organizations, at events. Ideas don't have mentors... Ideas don't have other people investing in itself! An idea is just a thought until that thought decides to hop the fence into a field of green goals, that are tackled by a pack of successful people, people that don't take the thought down but people that carry that thought. The

reason that the thought is being tackled is because the very touch of other people feels like a tackle. It feels bigger, it feels like it's being weighed down, taken out, or defeated.

But that's what happens when a thought is being tapped into by other people, when these people start to carry you to the in field, the in zone, the finish line Yes I said you! You are a thought, you were a thought, until a group of people, a village, began to raise you! But if perhaps someone, someone was left behind in that field of green goals, in that field of green goals, in that field of green goals. I will be your village! I will become your people, I will become your culture your slang your vibe! I will carry you to the finish

line! I will make you an idea and from an idea once we hit the finish line you will find yourself transformed into...an existence..But For those of you that may have forgotten

that there are wolves around you, people around you, waiting to swallow your vision whole into a field not of goals but of darkness, for those people, those people that have been distracted in this speech from what this speech was all about! Are mistaken! We are still counting! **6!!** What do you want to be?! A motivator that inspires those young and old to do the good that I do! **5!!** Why do you want to do this! Why do you want to change and not stay the same like us? Because I was raised from a village where there was nothing. Where there was darkness, where there were silent cries but no one heard but me. Cries for change that no one could make possible but me. **4!!** You have three seconds left and look! There is a crowd of people waiting to boo you, to not clap, to not admire! What have you done that would make them act differently? That would make them clap, admire and applaud? What have you done? I have become an example. I have turned my life into a mirror for others to look, and to change. I have stood before a crowd and I have told them my dreams, I have opened my heart, I have stood before the wolves and I have stood unarmed. My hands are up. **3!!** So Release me to the people and let them laugh, let them boo, let them shout ugly words because I gave my all.. **2!!** Are these your final words? Is this really your all? I think there's more!!! No. I was born a motivator. Adults followed me throughout downtown as I sang. It wasn't the song but it was my confidence, my voice, my mannerism at age 4. I am victorious before and after the crowd. **1!!** This is it, walk out, and let's see who wins. Me! The dream destroyer. Or you, the dream, stop standing and walk out, get on your knees, and surrender! (walks out gets on knees and outs hands up and waits) I the dream surrender to existence.

Thank you!

Want To Live For The S.U.I.T. Introduction

Response. Response is what everybody's after. Why we work...the response is the commission, the pay. Why we attend school, the response is our education. Why we raise kids, the response is their success in life. Why we love...the response is that we'll be loved. We are all after a response to why we do things. Because we don't **know** unless there is a response. I could shout to the air all day about change, but if no one is listening, if no one is responding...then why am I shouting? Why am I working, why am I attending school, why do I raise kids, and why do I love on people. The answer is response.

Today I wanna respond to what you tried to do last night. I may not of been there no, no one may of been there. But I'm here to take that message you sent to the air when you thought no one was listening. When you thought no one could hear. When you thought no one wanted to hear. I'm here to take that message and respond.

Let me be more blunt. You may of thought about suicide last night. You may of thought about taking a weapon and ending it all. Trust me I know what it's like! To be tired of shouting with no one to hear you. To constantly cry with no one to dry your eyes. I know what it's like. But perhaps it wasn't to take your physical life. If that's the case then last night you tried to kill your dreams. Last night you tried to off your goals and aspirations. Which is worst than taking any life. I heard a saying once. It goes like this: "Anybody can life from you. That's simple. The hard part is ending aspiration. That dream you have..**what gives you life in the morning**. That something that you know that without...you'd might as well be invisible" And you thought about killing that? You thought about destroying that? You had the simplest thought of living on this earth without it?

Let me tell you something. Your dream is your child. What you want to be in life. It is the gps to how you are to navigate through the opposition. The adversity. The negativity. The depression, And the uncertainty that this world will bring you. Before people told you you wouldn't be anything, before those closest to you backstabbed you. You had your dream. Before loved ones entered into your life and before they left you saddened as they passed on from this life you had your dream. Before people applauded you and right before they boo'd you and spoke negatively about you. The dream was there. Even...even before you decided you wanted to be a rapper, a singer or a superstar. Your dream was there. So what am I getting at? Your dreams are not this artificial, man made, hand given diploma that you get once you leave the stage of your achievements. Your dream, your dream is what you see in the mirror everyday that makes something! Something in the back of your head say that "I am a somebody!" that thing that makes you say, " It's something different about me than the others." But you tried to kill that. Your dream is your S.U.I.T.: A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking that every culture, ethnicity race and background can play a part in. and you wore it

everyday until last night. Until last night when you tried to take off that S.U.I.T. This is my response. Don't take off your S.U.I.T. Keep your dream, your business perspective.

Your business plan. And Live!

Live For The S.U.I.T.

This last message is about #1 never run from home and 2# always fight for your dreams. Now in this message me leaving my house in the middle of the night had nothing to do with me living for my dreams It's actually a contradict. But I just wanna use me leaving home as an example, a bad example, but an example but also as a question. If you were to leave everything you ever knew right now...what would you take? Let's begin. Live for the S.U.I.T. respect it, honor it. Engage in it. Take risk with it.

It is, your business. But lastly love what your business is. Because after all, it is your business. I wanna tell you about something that happened to me in 2016 on one of the coldest days of october. I want to tell you a story about keeping your dreams no matter what. I was...leaving home. I won't tell you why or what caused it. But I was 18 years old and I was leaving my home in the middle of the night with a book bag and a cover. Now

I want you to take in mind what was in that bookbag. It was a book bag full of notebooks. Four 70 sheet pages with the first notebook having the front cover titled

copyrighted angel book 1. Those four notebooks meant everything to me. So much that When I left the house I didn't take with me an additional cover for the cold. It would've took up too much space in my bookbag. Having only a battery charger, a dying phone, a coat, a bookbag full of notebooks a cover I was holding, and no agenda but faith, I left the house. Walking the streets I remained on the phone with my older brother who thought I was crazy for leaving. He didn't understand. He didn't understand the principle. Like why do we study at home for school when our friends want to party. Why do we run blocks from sun up to sun down for football. Why do we save up for computers and studio equipment for movies or music. Why do we save and not spend money with our girlfriends at the mall so we can cut the cost of college. Why do we spend hours a night in the library reading about stocks, and other subjects. While our friends spend their time on the phone with girls we spend our time studying, reading, running, saving, saving and walking down the street in the dark from home with four notebooks filled with a novel that I spent a whole summer writing down without revising.

But it was the principle.

So my brother was telling me to turn around, to go back home, but I couldn't, I had to keep walking. I had a bus pass in my wallet so I got on the bus then hung up once on to save battery life. The bus I got on was the last bus going to fairlane, it was the final bus stop. I got there and stayed at the hospital waiting room until they asked me to leave. My only other choice then was the bus stop. So I went to the cold cold corner of the inside of the bus stop shuttle and waited not knowing how long I was going to be there. I tried laying on the seat for an hour but that didn't work out so good, the seat was metal and it's handles hurt my sides so I couldn't fall asleep. But the longer I was in the bus stop shuttle the colder it got. So I moved to the dirty corner, put the cover I had in my arms over me and I closed my eyes. Take in mind that I had no idea how cold it was nor had I a clue of why I was still not turning back and going home. But it was the principle. So I sat there in the cold freezing. But that's when it happened. A security guard pulled up in his car with flashing bright yellow lights. Got out and from a distance I cried out, "help me." he heard me and asked me what was I doing out here. I told him I was 18 years old, I had just left home and I was cold. He said, "A woman out here like you not even a mile off is freezing in her car. People die out here when it's this cold. The buses start running again in about five hours or so. So Just sit tight..." then he said. "Look, I may be a security guard but I'm also a pastor. Let me see your hands. I want to pray for you." But that's when I told him. "I'm not all good. I'm not perfect." that's when he told me something that I'll never forget. He said to me, "We're all God's creatures. Let me see your hands. I'll say a short prayer." So I gave him my hands and he prayed for less than ten seconds, gave me ten dollars then left. I never saw that man again. But the point I'm trying to make is this. When you walk out there in that world. And you say to the world. I'm going to live for my business, my vision and my S.U.I.T.

no matter what. Change will come. People will come to help you, to love you, to assist you. But understand this. I waited in that cold holding nothing but hope, a cover and a bookbag with a novel inside, with my S.U.I.T. inside. Now if you can do that. If you can look at life and stare hard. I mean hard. And tell life I don't care what you do to me. I don't care what happens. As long as I have my business, as long as I have my S.U.I.T.

Then I'm fine with it. That's when you'll be ready. Ready to live for the S.U.I.T.!

Thank you!

Mankind in Suits

Hello everyone! To every face and to every smile I say hello. All of these faces. You guys have nice suits if you don't mind me saying.

You must be wondering why I complimented you on your suit in a speech on how to make your business successful. Well whether you're flattered, wondering or are in awe of my suit....it looks nice doesn't it?

You do like my suit don't you?

Well if you don't, let me at least get you to see it.

You see I say it's time to start promoting less fashion of the physical suit and more fashion of the perspectival suit.

I wait shaking in my boots not for the hottest dress shirt or tie in style, no not that. You see I wait for man to look at his attire like:

How am I going to approach my business with my perspective.

What am I going to bring to the table with the things that I've experienced.

How can I wow not the world, but my business?

You see the world has gotten too stressful and too big for just one man.

We've tried to size it down with cell phones, portable computers, social media, television and entertainment.

But I see a smaller picture. It takes a group to conquer a crowd, a group with suits.

Where Came The Suit

Every man's suit is different. Some carry their attire aka perspective on how a business should be run from out in the country, some from the suburban areas, some from deep down in the urban

Some from the north, some from the south. Many have carried their suits in the pouring rain having nothing to eat but simply having that suit. Some had everything to eat but their only focus was that suit. I see some even having to hit rock bottom to realize that their focus from the beginning was that suit.

The Inside of Man's Suit

But let's go deeper.

Nobody is perfect and that is a fact. The outside of our attire: the suit coat, our pants. They look nice. The outside of our suit is simply what we present, what we bring to the table. It is a taste. Like a good raisin dipped in oatmeal with brown sugar, butter and milk. But what happened to that raisin? Heated and dried up until not a scent of juice was left yet like the suit coat still appearing good. You see the inside of our suit is where we come from. It is the power that drives us. It is the story behind the raisin . A story that the business doesn't need to know rather it is one we must feel.

The Call For The Man and His Suit

You are needed in your business, but your business is not here, it is when you leave here, if you venture to other companies, when you come to this company, wherever you go it is a market and the market follow the crowd and vice versa. Your mark you should leave, and if it is your mark by nature you do leave. Every man's suit is not the same.

We are all different as I have said before. However. I like different, here's why you should too

Differentiation Adapts Within the Business

Differentiation Adapts within the business. It doesn't Disfigure the suit instead adapts to it. If you put a country kid, An Alaskan boy, a southern girl, a suburban man and an

urban woman in one room: fill it with the crowd and you can take on the crowd with the plus of it being a good marketing plan.

I Haven't Come to Change The Show

The Show is here to stay and that too is factual. But with The Show being so big I plan on doing one thing: Motivating, Inspiring and Promoting it. Whether on the floor or in a room full of suits. The plan is here to stay. This perspective on The Show is the outer layer of my suit. So the question poses itself again, do you like my suit?

Welcome. No shout. No pry for your chance upon the ledge to see these words. Hello.

I thought of a piano when I wrote this. I mesmerised of a blank canvas. The picture of a basketball and a floor trickled down my brain. This vision profited me nothing when I wanted to play, paint, dribble! I can't. What I can do others wouldn't see it necessary to copy. I'd write and speak. Others might sing while I! While I fell fainted to the opera of their voice! Holler! Some might skate against the concrete. Could I even move a mile on a board. On a board! Everyone hop this ship- I heard them say as some would sail for the seas. What does a man like me if even a man write for? Should others faint? Should others holler? Dance if you must but I won't follow. Might your joy reach me it would be only in understanding. Knowing that those bodies move to sound because of passion weakens my heart. Tell the doctors now, tell them! Tell them how can a heart cause tears from the eyes. How can they faint the body with no cause of shock. Does joy do this thing we call miraculous, doctor? The doctor can't respond. The doctor, is at work. Everyone...dear God. Everyone is at work.

Here and there we look at each other to see it, and to hear it, and to know it rarely, to touch it by the moment, touch it by the precious seconds, touch heaven. I see others see others see heaven in others as others see others see me seeing others as heaven fills us all. For heaven is in the witnessing. Let us all say amen. Let us all fast forward before the amen. I pray we find heaven in one another's passion. I pray it all makes sense that another individual's joy is heaven and that individual giving that joy to another is dual-heaven. I pray we seek to love because loving is purpose, and true purpose is heaven. I pray our hands hold and never can they let go. My sister's hand holds mine but walking away is my response. Out of fear or frustration I run from love! However her hand is still on mine even miles away. My hand is my heart, her hand is her heart. She dies, to earth she can't return. Her hand is still on mine. I cry in my return to my sister. I

cry in my return but my love, my heart, my hand is still on her's. Don't let go. Not of passion, not of voice, not of heart and not of people, it runs too deep that we should give it all away: all our hope and our reason to live another, if a day, we'll call it that. To live on we must. To hold on we must.

My brother hold my hand. Forgive me for my iniquity. Take one step towards the heart that, "weakens!" for more love. I weaken for more of us. More like me need it. Don't we all need it? If my love dies so does the world's. My love therefore can never die. Onward forever My life then lives on. Passion is the reason we all must address each other. But working is the daily routine. Never to stop the beating of the plow at passion. The edges of it's weeds blister through the air until grounded by dirt! Passion onto passion. Another passionate weight into the dust. How heavy the dust must be! To be so absent from sight! To have us all! To have our passions! WIND I COMMAND THE! BLOW TOWARDS THE WORKERS! BLOW UNTIL THE DUST REACHES US AGAIN! So the circle of life has said it's say. Up comes the wind to the nostrils, in breaths the trickery of air, choke, stomp, down goes the worker, until breath has found them again. Because onward do they breathe, play, paint, dribble. It is a work upon a time undone. Gods fall only to lay, rise, be inhaled, choke, stomp, and thence it begins. Thence is life. Never in death nor in the living. It is ever moving however. Our works are the Gods.

Passion.

Motivational Robbery

Dear old world, and the world to come, Please be advised that the following is purely fictional.

Today I wanna talk about three robbers. One of them is an ex gangster who's handicapped, walking with a cane, one is a preacher, and one is a skilled robber. These three robbers who were strangers to one another before now stood outside my house one night. They were the first to try and rob me and hopefully the last. The skilled robber just previously that year robbed a bunch of small motivational speaking houses before arriving at mine. He was robbing small time motivational speakers. But I was the big house, I was the final score. There had never been a speaker like me, well, let me not boast, I'll let the three of them tell it.

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Said the intercom next to the big house of the motivational speaker. It was the advertisement that was sent out to the streets every thursday or so.

Sparks flew from the light poles and street wires.

"Alright, Look, the job is like candy, put the gun in his face and tell him to give us the cash. It will all go smooth if we do what was planned." The skilled robber explained. "I really need this to work. I don't have too much more to gamble on loans from banks. That's why I was told to find you, they said you were the best." Spoke the preacher man.

"I wouldn't call myself the best, I just know how to get a job done." Replied the robber. The ex gangster then said, "I'm itching to get back to doing what I love. I just want to get in and get out. But if this smarty in that house acts wrong, I'm taking the gold, and, and just say something won't be living when we leave the place."

"Calm it now. I know you want the money. This guy's the fattest cash cow in the city I hear. Does everyone have their guns?" asked the robber.

"Yeah"

The robber then lead the way busting into the speakers house. Bam! The door flew open by the touch of their feet. "Alright! Alright! Get down, Get on your knees!" Said the robber.

"Hands up, what's in your hands? What's in his hands!?" continued the robber. The speaker was in his living room standing and facing the door with a plastic grocery store bag being held by both of his wrists. "What is it you want gentlemen, what can I give you?" The speaker asked them calmly. "Shut up! Shut down now! Give us the gold! Give us the gold!" The ex gangster said. "I don't have any gold. All of my possessions are in this bag." The preacher ran upstairs and came down in minutes. "What do you mean? You're the biggest speaker in town and you have no gold? Liar!" Said the ex gangster pressing the gun in his chest. "No! No he's right! There's nothing in this house.

There's no cabinets, no dressers, no safes, no chairs or anything, there's nothing in here but grey carpet and these brown walls, nothing but, but us and him. This was stupid. I knew I shouldn't of come. I shouldn't of come here." Said the preacher man. The other two robbers looked confused. "All I have is in this bag, and all I have in this bag are these speeches I wrote, I'm sure that they can help you, I'm sure they can assist even you thieves."

Said the speaker. The ex gangster freaking out left his confusion and took the safety off the gun, pulling the gun back and closing his eyes, "I thought I'd be calm tonight. I guess nobody ever gets what was planned." Said the gangster with his finger pressed on the trigger, "No! No!" Said the preacher. "This isn't the way!" Said the robber. BooOom! Went off the gun. And down went the ex gangster. "Agh!" The preacher shouted, his face was in shock.

The speaker was still standing with the bag handles still on his wrist. He was un-wounded and unharmed. On the ground was the gangster with no bullet wounds or bleeding but he looked as if he was trying to pull himself upwards with his cane to stand again but couldn't. His gun had flown by the door. "I can't get up. He did something, something happened, what'd you do to me?" "I only did what you were already doing." The robber and preacher stepped back towards the brown wall, throwing their guns down towards the other side of the room. "This is freaky. The door's wide open still. Let's run for it." Whispered the robber to the preacher. "This must be some kind of voodoo, I'm not gonna make a move son." Whispered back the preacher.

"What was I doing? I didn't want this? I can't move! Let me move, let me get up! Guys are you just going to stand there?! Help me! I'll grab one of these guns, I'll grab a gun and shoot you all" Yelled the ex gangster. The men looked in a fearful stare at both the speaker and the ex gangster on the ground, damn near trembling. The ex gangster began to sob but no tears came from his eyes. He then began lightly banging on the ground,

"Stupid me, stupid, this was stupid." He said. "Why did you come here. You want to get up, why did you come here? Tell me..Tell me and you can walk again, you can walk right out this door, I won't stop you." The speaker said. "You can't change my mind. I came for the gold. I'm not leaving until I get the gold. Being able to walk won't change that."

"What brings you to my gold? Tell me what brings you and I'll hand it over." The speaker reasoned. "You wanna know my story is that it. This is some poetic justice here. Some fucking poetic justice. I'm an ex gangster. I was the best there was. I killed and ran the streets with fear. I was the one who told men and children if they could walk or crawl, if they could breathe or die, if their money was their family's or my pockets. But I got old, I got tired, I found wisdom. I realized that the game lets no man win, it goes forever, that all that shooting had gotten too loud, that my enemies could now hear it, and if I didn't leave the game and the gun behind, those enemies would take the gun from my hand and the game from my mind, leaving only bullet holes and blood.

But I'm old. Nothing scares me anymore, not even that. And I want back in the game, I got people that need me, I got a reputation on the streets, people still respect me. And just a little gold in my pockets could give me the start I needed to kill again." Sobbed the ex gangster.

The men on the wall stopped trembling. They had no idea what this man was or who, until now. The room felt slightly more comfortable for some reason. "Ex gangster huh. And you think my gold will solve the pain in that heart of yours. Nah, I know the truth.

You gotta brain that's still thinking, thinking about all those kids you murdered and beaten to death, the husbands that never came home and the wives that never became wives nor had fathers to raise them. You want to die and you didn't need gold to do that. You didn't need money to die. But I said I had something in this bag of mine. I got hope.

You can live the life you have left, you can be a real gang-sta. So what? You thought killing made you strong, that it made you a real man? No brother. It's living that makes you a man, a gangster. Living with the nightmare even though it eats you alive. That is your payment, that is your justice. Some men turn themselves in, some men sell all their life's efforts to the betterment of others, but I question you, could you walk out this door

and do good to others for the rest of your weak little days? Could you help the fatherless, the hot head children, the wives who never became wives? Could you help them? If you have the strength to help those people then you have the strength to walk. The choice is yours." The speaker said. The gangster stood still for only a moment, but then tried again to walk, rising only halfway with his cane until he fell again to the floor.

"Aghhh!" He screamed.

"No! No! You don't get to make that decision! This, this is wrong what he wanted to do! It's a terrible way to end your life, by going backwards, but son, you have gold as you said. You have the gold! Now give it to us! Give us your money!" The preacher said as

he walked towards the speaker in anger. When the skilled robber saw him leave the wall he yelled in warning, "No! Come back! He's got Voodoo remember? Don't go near

him!" The preacher ignored him and proceeded to attack raising a hand in the air to strike him down. "In the name of God!" As his hand began to slam down on the speaker

he used both his hands that were holding the plastic bag and pushed the preacher's chest, throwing him into a shock, shortly through the air, and quickly at the ground next to the ex gangster. Once down he took a minute to get back up, so the same fate of the ex gangster was thought of the preacher. But then he rose from the ground and walked

towards the speaker in anger again, in anger his hand rose, attempted to slam down onto the speaker, instead however, he'd place his hand by his side and would walk away from the speaker and towards the brown wall, before getting to the wall he would turn around and return to the speaker and repeat, again and again in deep thought.

"What'd you do to them? What'd you do?!" Fearfully shouted the robber. "Only what they wanted to be done." He replied. The robber held the brown wall even tighter than

before. "Make.. make it stop..no...I need to get the money...no..I need..no.." The preacher said scrambling in thought. "If you want to stop pacing then tell me why you're here. Tell me why you came here and I'll give you the money." "My daughter...yes..my daughter she's sick...Yes!" {Cries in sadness} "She's going to die...no...without money

the doctors can't help her... live a little longer...no! Money..Yes!..I need to stop..I need to stop!..yes!" The speaker cleared his throat and spoke. "Listen to me carefully. Listen. You've been in a million places at once. But your daughter has needed you one place and that place alone, by her bedside. This is not a sermon that you can walk back and forth at. This is your daughter. The best sermon there ever was. Money cannot save her and money cannot keep her happy. If nothing else, your little time with her should wait no more. Your every second should be hers. Give her a little love before the light goes out, give her the greatest love you have until her eyes open no more. Make it your best sermon yet. And when the people of God ask you for a word to save their souls, give them that sermon. And that sermon will be a promise, the promise that her life was never in vain. That is your gold. If this gold I have given you is enough, take it and leave this house." " I can't.. I need.. the money." He yelled again before beginning to repeat himself. Once the robber saw all of this he ran for the door crying, "I don't believe in voodoo! I don't believe in voodoo!" But then tripped over one of the guns. Falling to the floor and quickly getting up. However everything was different, everything was black. "I can't see. I can't see!" He swung at the air until his hands touched the brown wall.

Passing the door several times he yelled,

"What? You wanna know my story too? And if I tell you you'll give me your gold I'm guessing. All you have are stories, motivation. That's not gold, that's bullshit!" {Moving along the wall.}

"Bullshit? Real motivation is not profitable. Though money is gained the speaker's job is to give it back somehow, he is a slave to the people's hope. The profit is for the benefit of the people not the speaker. Now what is your story, tell me, who are you?"

"I'm the most skilled robber in the city. I've robbed many of you motivators, I've robbed you cash cows, you liars. And I thought this would be my last job, the best motivator there was." The robber explained.

"No, you can't see because you think wealth will end your thievery, but this is a house that has no money! The biggest house you ever robbed has nothing. It has nothing because there is no great robbery, there will always be a next for you. So blind is what you will be, unless you can see another way." The robber then yelled at him, "I can't see! I can't see!" The ex gangster then hollered, "I can't get up!" The preacher after him said, "I gotta, no..my daughter..yes!" The door still being open continued to sound the advertisement outside...

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised that the following is purely fictional, and so the speaker became the thief and the thieves became the speech.

Bam! Shut the door, on the gangster who couldn't lift his past and move forward, on the preacher who thought sermons were for money and not love, on the robber who couldn't see that the greatest treasure was motivation and not gold.

Thank you

Man In The Mirror

Hey, My name is Josh... I apologize for this introduction, I'm still a little rusty, I haven't performed in well over three years now. This is actually my first time doing open mics.

So until after this performance, I'll have no open mic experience. The reason that I wanted to do open mics is I'm practicing, in order to build up speaking skills for my motivational speaking business I got going on. So before I started I thought I'd thank everybody, and I do mean everybody in this room for being here. You ladies and gents are a blessing without even knowing it. Tonight I wanna tell you a motivational speech called Man In The Mirror. Here it goes:

I was standing in my bathroom tonight, walking, thinking, and looking in the mirror. I told my tiny self No Way! No way I was leaving this house, no way I was getting in that car, no way was I coming to an open mic. A close friend of mine talked to me, he coached me one day, coached me to hell. I was so excited about speaking, so excited about eventually being, in front of a crowd, of five, thousand; maybe more. In the midst of my dream, in the, midst of my unguarded open heart, my close friend told me, Josh, "WHO's GONNA let YOU speak?" Shattered down to bits I was speechless, my close friend didn't believe in me. So looking in that Mirrah, lookin deep, this new me, this brave me said, "you can't do it! I don't believe in you. Not I, Not I, NO, I don't believe in you." Yes, I was counted out, I was hopeless.

But then that mirror stared back, that mirror began to talk to me. Now nah Now, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy, look here, I heard that tiny man in the mirror say to me, he said, "You can do it!" I jumped back. Then he said it again, "You can do it!" shaken and scared, I was. Not because a mirror was talking to me. I was scared because that tiny man resembled me, he looked like me. The braveness in his eyes and the sound of his ever, roaring voice. There was no thought of, "Is that me?" Because it was, and I had no choice but to believe. There wasn't a thought, no I couldn't just run away and never return ladies and gents. NO! This man would be here waiting every day, every hour I felt

low, he would be there to speak, and speaking again he did, “ Are you listening to me? Do you see me? I said I believe in you, I said you can do it!” Hearing him I spoke back,

“But my legs, they won’t move, I’ll shake, I’ll get anxiety, you don’t know how hard it is! To want to do something you love, yet not be able to! It kills me that I fail, that I never reach the mark!”

The tiny man in the mirror then silenced, he no longer spoke, “Hey! Tiny man! Talk to me! Where’d you go?”

Tears fled my eyes, tears washed my face. Minutes passed, then he came again, “Are those tears I see? Yeah those are tears. Worry not at all, you’re gonna need them where you’re going. Look at me! Look! Look deep! When you cry so do I, when you are hopeless, so am I, when you feel like nothing is able within you to do that thing you most desire, to speak, I feel the same. There is no difference between our deepest thoughts.”

I looked at that tiny man like he was a fool. “Look here you midget, you shorty, yeah, you’re me, you’re just like me, you can’t speak, who’s gonna let you speak? Nobody? Yeah, Yeah I thought so. You can talk all you want but those words in that mirror can’t make us move an inch! Now what you got to say now?”

The tiny man stepped back, dusted himself off, and spoke again, “ You really oughta watch your choice of words, you admitted that I was just like you, good! Because I know something you don’t! I believe! I believe, I Believe. I believe you can do it, you giant you! And If I believe, so do you! And there’s no lie about it!

People, I had a thought last night, it said that motivation is nothing without the struggle it takes to arrive there!

So ladies and gents this guy in the mirror I’m holding got me here tonight, he got me out the house dragging my feet, in the car with brave heart pumping in my chest, down the road when every road sign I imagined said turn back, and on my way here the mirror had me thinking. I didn’t just see myself in that mirror, I saw an audience. I saw you guys.

[Steps down from stage into the crowd]

Guys with Jobs that some probably are having a hard time at, wondering why you're still working there, wanting more money than you have, boss giving you trouble, co-workers acting crazy, and all in your mind you're wondering can you see pay day, one more time. I'm here to tell you, you can do it! You can do it again and again!

People, you might have relationships, that are toxic, those that have gotten out of those relationships can relate on what I'm talking about. You might think the world is caving in, like you're a slave to all the wrong love. I bet there's some in here right now dealing with bad love. You may feel you're not strong enough now, for you, for those, I say "You can make it!"

There are those that have only the clothes on their backs, food barely on the table, family that doesn't understand them and friends that are nowhere to be found. Eviction might be at your doorstep! Depression might be there too. So If no angel comes that you can see, if no sunlight shines because the windows have been cluttered with curtains from the pain, or because it's late and you've reached the midnight hour! I CAME TO TELL YOU! I'll be that tiny, anxiety having, trembling, and weak! Man In The Mirror! I'll tell you I believe! I'll tell you, If you can't speak, please, let me! I'll speak! I'll tell you, you can DO IT! I'll yell pass the pain! I'll shout you can make it! I'll be your angel people, I'll be your hope! So go ahead, cry yourself to sleep, I just need you to make it to the morning, because as long as there is a day that can shine light on a reflection, there will always be a mirror. Let it be said, at last, I'll be that MAAN in your mirror!

Thank You

Ghetto God

Dear students in the Ghettos, Dear students in the ghettos to come, please be advised, what you are about to learn, is Ghetto God.

People! From all over who used to be scattered had found there way into being connected. All over the world people were united. Nobody was hungry, no one uneducated, no one had empty wallets, everyone was rich. Mexicans, Italians, Asians, Chinese, Whites, Russians, everyone was at peace including Blacks. But peace couldn't ride long, peace was a problem to one man. He called himself a gangster. A black man. His voice was so loud and strong your bones could bow down. "Blacks, my people, you

think this is education? We learn about history but what about our history, our accomplishments?! We have none. We eat food but where is our tradition and culture of food. There is none! We have money but what do we own? Who gives us money? The world does! Let us leave this town, and go to an empty town down the road, I know the way. Let me lead you!" said the gangster to one black man after another, he even said it to their children. Men began following him with guns demanding escape, demanding to live on their own land. Violence shot gun after gun scaring the rich people in the town. The rich citizens said, "Okay! We will let you leave! Go to your empty town! Build it up! And be united as black people, go! But we will send police to protect your town, and to protect us in case you get too powerful and we have to stop you. Go!"

So the gangster took the black people of every age and the people took money, food, and education to the empty town next door. However, as the years passed the money couldn't afford good food any more, the people turned unhealthy and sick, the money ran out and couldn't afford good teachers in schools, with little education men turned thieves and killers, criminals ran the streets and the gangster did nothing. He said, "Hope is coming! Just you wait, just you believe!" The people complained and tried to strike the gangster to return to the rich cities. One by one the gangster killed the people who fought back, putting the rest in fear. And so the doom of the town continued. Police protecting the city put the criminals in prisons calling it "conditioning" which only meant that they'd break the minds of those black men behind bars. People who protested and spoke up for the gangster and his mission for his hope that was coming were thrown into the sewers and locked down there. Again, the doom of the town continued. The sick ran into hospitals and the remaining people crowded the neighborhood streets trying to make a name for themselves. One was a rapper, one was a poet, one, a speaker, another a beat maker, then out there was a thinker, the rest followed with other talents like doing hair or normal jobs to keep the rent for the month. This empty town, this place they ran to, was now nothing but the ghettos. And their neighborhoods were known as the hood.

Oddly one night, the gangster got an idea. He got his men and cleared the town streets, riding through the hood in expensive cars. And stopped by an alley right at the end of the town. An alley of bums. He opened his car door and went to a young bum, a young homeless man and said, " Hey young man, you see the fire lighting bright, you see the bums scattered around you, you see poverty at it's best. I can make you a man with words to change all of this. To stop the sick from dying in hospitals, to stop the hungry, to change the criminal to a free man, to change the poor to a rich man, to help the lost people in the hood. I can give you the words boy, I can make you a pimp. I'll give you knowledge, and I'll give you protection. But I won't change your clothes, just your mind.

But you must remember. You are to die soon after. And in three days you will rise again." The young man looked at the gangster, "Who are you?" "Some call me

gangster, some call me God the Father. But you can call me Father. Yes! It happened, the gangster taught the young bum, he taught him until he became the pimp.

And years later it was time. The pimp walked through the streets shouting, "Your pimp has come. Who will be my hoes? I can make you rich and give you purpose! Who will be my bitches?" The pimp said this in every neighborhood in the ghettos. He said it to the church, he said it to the prison, he said it to the hospital, he said it to the schools, he said it to the libraries, he said it at the liquor stores, he said it at the grocery store. Men heard his voice and came in numbers. They said, "We want money, we want purpose! But we are men not bitches, we are men not hoes." The pimp looked at the men in front of him and said, "I cannot give you money, but I can give you a new way to look at life. I cannot give you the greatest jobs on earth, but I can show you your purpose. And if you cannot be my bitches, if you cannot be my hoes, then you cannot follow me." Once that pimp said those words the men ran from him in disgust. The only men remaining were twelve. Twelve men stood before him. They said, "We have nothing in these ghettos and are tired of false dreams. If you can give us something, it will be better than the great nothing we have received all our lives. If it is a new way of life give it to us, if it is our purpose we will do it bravely. And we will be your bitches, we will be your hoes. Because we have nothing else to be." The pimp smiled and cheered. "You will be my 12 hoes, you will be my 12 bitches..and because you didn't give up on me, you will be my 12 disciples. Now come with me. There is much to learn and much for us to do. Come!" "Wait" said one of the men. "I know who you are." He said again. "Who am I? Who do you think I am?" The pimp asked. "You're the son of God the Father. You're the gangster's son. You're Christ!"

"Shhh! Enough of this talk. I will make you my strongest hoe. You will be the foundation of this movement. But tell no one. None of you say a word." So the 12 disciples came with the pimp learning all that they could learn.

And when it was time again, the pimp stopped in front of a church, he said to his disciples, "I want you to go into this church, I want you to fuck as many people as you can. I want you to bring me my money." The disciples asked, "how will we do that?" The pimp said, "Tell the people in that church to stop preaching, stop praying, tell them to stop praising. Say to them, their pimp has come." The disciples asked him, "What if no one comes? What then?" The pimp just looked at them, "If no one comes? Where is your faith? Where is your loyalty to your pimp? People will come! I am the pimp, just you believe, people will come." The disciples ran into the church busting open the doors doing exactly what he said. Moments went by of silence. The disciples were still in the church. The pimp standing in his ragged clothes stared at the door not moving. That's when it came. 10 men came from the church along with the 12 disciples. "Come now, come! There is more to be done, follow me." They continued in the streets to the prison

stopping once reaching its doors. "Alright men, we're at the prison, where men are broken physically and mentally everyday. I believe we can save some of these men. 12

disciples. I want you to go into this prison and tell those men that they are free, their pimp has come, they have hope, their pimp has come, tell them that there is more left to fight for, there pimp is alive. Go!" The disciples rushed into the prisons and to tell them,

"But what about us? What will we do?" The ten followers asked. "You'll watch, you'll watch and learn." They waited outside the prison gates for merely moments before five

prisoners came out along with the disciples taking off their handcuffs. All ten of the witnesses clapped and praised. "Calm it calm it. More miracles are to be done! More is to be seen! Come now! Let us go to the highschool!" Said the pimp. When they got to

the highschool he told the disciples, "Go tell the students to stop learning, tell the teachers to stop teaching, say to them, their pimp has come." The 12 disciples went inside the school and later came seven kids and three teachers quitting and dropping out of school. Now all the men followed the pimp to the hospital. "Disciples, tell the sick not to think about sickness or death. Tell them a greater thought is here. Let them know their pimp has come." Moments later a man in a wheelchair, then one on crutches, then another who was blind, another being carried out paralysed, and many more came to the pimp. All the men clapped including the disciples. "Don't clap now! Silence. Wait! Wait! Come with me before you clap, come with me to the heart of the ghettos, come with me to the hood!" The pimp said. Obeying his orders they went to the hood where men were lost and confused about their purpose in life.

When the men, the disciples and the pimp arrived, the disciples asked the pimp, " What now? How do we fix these men? How do we give them purpose? Is it possible?" The

pimp replied, "Just you wait just you believe! Listen! People of the ghettos in your houses, people in your alleys, people on your street corners, people in the stores, people in your clubs and bars, people in your restaurants! Your pimp, he has come, I am here to give you purpose! I am here to give you riches! Come to me!" Hearing the

pimp everyone gathered around to hear him speak after they saw the big crowd he already had around him. Once they surrounded him he said to one of them in the crowd,

"You there! You think you are a poet! You are really a preacher. Be lost no more! Be who you are. Be the preacher." He said to another, "You right there! You talk like a

speaker, but all your life you never knew what was inside you, you never knew you were a motivational speaker instead. Be who you are!" Then he said to all of them one by one, " You sir! You sound like a rapper, but you're a school teacher, be who you are!

And you, you who makes beats, you're a musician! And you who sings! You're a song writer! You who thinks! You're an inventor! You all are the answer to fixing this town!

Since you know your gifts, use them to make this a better place to live. Teach us the way when we need to learn again, Preach the word I give and keep us focused, play us a song musician when we need peace, motivate us when we need to move forward a

little further, write us a song to show us the days to come, invent us technology to help us work better. Your gifts were always in your hearts, you have been blinded. See! Your

hearts can rebuild this hood. And for those with normal talents like doing hair or cooking, live as an example of our good job towards this town. Let us be the hope that the gangster talked about. This will be our promise land!" The people cheered. The sewers rumbled and the busted open with the men who were locked away. They told their stories and struggles. And immediately those men were made influential leaders because they never gave up on what the gangster said.

But in the midst of everyone's cheering and happiness, the gangster drove by with eighteen cars full of his gang of men surrounding the 12 men and the pimp in a moving circle dividing the other men in the town off. He rolled his window down and put up three fingers as the cars continued driving around them. "What is this? What do the three fingers mean?" The strongest hoe asked him. " it means very soon I am to die! It means that one of you will betray me! It means that after my death, in three days I will rise again!" " No! You will not die!" The strongest disciple said. The pimp slapped him, "Get behind and respect me you devil!" Said the pimp.

The cars then left the disciples but as time continued the cops told the men who were fulfilling their purpose, the hoes who followed the pimp on the corner streets that they couldn't be out at night on the corners. So the hoes decided to be out during the day fulfilling their purpose. Then the cops came and beat the hoes saying they couldn't be out at all, they said, "Where is your leader? Where is he?" One of the hoes being beat was a disciple of the pimp. The cops asked again, "Tell me where your leader is, and I'll give you enough money to leave this town. I'll give you gold." The disciple thought about what the pimp said, "one of you will betray me." And he yelled, "I know where he is! His name is the pimp. He's two blocks down by the grocery store. Just give me the gold." He cried. It was done. The gangster hearing the attack that was coming on the pimp said nothing. Instead he put C4 in all eighteen of his cars and set them around the center of the hood. Him and his men stood back at a distance watching what was to happen next. The cops went to the grocery store, beat the pimp down to his knees. Took off his ragged clothes and put on his body a pimps suit, gold teeth, rings, and a cane. Pushing him out the grocery store they made him walk to the center of the hood.

With guns pointed at him by multiple policemen the police asked the people, all the people in the town that now surrounded the pimp. "Is this what you call your leader!? Is this your savior!?" Ghetto boys could be heard crying. the 11 remaining disciples were not to be seen. The disciple that gave the pimp up comitted suicide. "Is this your pimp! Is it!" The police asked the people, shooting the pimp in both his legs. He fell to the ground in pain. "Can your pimp save you now?! Can he be your hope?!" The police

asked again, shooting the pimp in his arms. "What do you have to say pimp? Before we take your life, what are your last words?" The pimp crying looked towards the sky and shouted, "Fatherrrrr!" The police shot him in the head, in the back, spraying him with bullets. The gangster, God, the Father seeing his son fall pressed the C4 in the eighteen cars, rigging a ring, a circle of exploding fire all around the pimp, the police, and the people. It exploded like an earthquake. Afterwards a great rain fell on them. The gangster left the town with his men, the people rejoined the rich and the disciples blended in with the crowd in fear. And the police closed the town down. Who was the pimp? The pimp was jesus. Who was his Father? His Father was God. Who were the police? The cops were the leaders of this world. Who were the hoes, the hoes were Jesus's 12 disciples. And when would he rise again? When would he raise from the dead? We will know in the next episode.

Stingy Caesar

The Word Remembers: Stay Tuned.

I've come to fulfill the times.

For the redemption of those wrongdoings.

That no daughter should suffer.

I walk on shadowed incognito waters for now.

And forever.

Christ is my father.

Parody is parable to me.

The last Cherub. (CherubWM)

Stay tuned.

A Moment Of Truth

I was struck down by lightning once at my 8348 Greenfield Rd apartment Sept 3-4th 2021, once on the road of Greenfield, and once at my mother's house. The first was for calling Jehovah and the Holy Spirit, "Satan" on a high mountain called the internet web. I was delusional at the time. And still don't know why I said it. But I know God struck me for it. And I fell from that high mountain with a hazy memory and detachment from consciousness. The second time was for announcing my summed up body of work between 2018 and 2022 spring and God and the Holy Spirit and announcing out loud, "Fuck this". It was as if I fell to the concrete dead to my senses. That was the scariest one. From then on I feared living in that apartment. The third was in 2022 August - October. God told me it was righteous to study harlotry in order to get His people out of hell. But one morning I refused and spit my fluid on the ground as if to cast the Word and the fluid to hell. When getting struck my eyes, the soul from my eyes were gone. And for a good while I couldn't see my soul from my flesh expressions in the mirror. The lightning represented the Word of God I stubbornly refused, and here are the three biblical books to show for why God has spared me.

Storage Capacity

My storage is almost full again. More Word. Women's Paradise, A Holy Bed, The Jordan, YARZ.5, Hate & Life, Tarrying Hour, SUIT Innovation, Alternative Hallelujah, Lay Brother Virtues, Written Wonders and Mason's annotated oil. Taking place after a film an album and two songs from the household of Jehovah. Three breakfast, two drinks. That is the Word in the wake of this year.

Thank you for gathering early in 2024 to view this process. - Joshua Christ.

Free And Accepted Mason's Note

We the Mason council of the United States of America unofficially claim this Joshua Christian Claiborne to be the daughter of Christ, the Second Coming Messiah, and the Savior of this modern world, 2,000 years later from the date of Christ Jesus his Father's Crucifixion on the cross once for mankind. Joshua has been crucified in mental psych wards from 2016-2017 and 2021-2023 once for all woman. This is the note we the secrecy that adhere announce unofficially and privately for the record of this Word of God for both innocent men since the revelation of Christ resurrection and the brute women who desired a place in God.

Biblical Record Note

They say I'm swearing, fuck you. They say I'm renting, fuck you. They say I'm stealing, fuck you. I got the God computer, I receive these rules and give them to you. I see passed earthly authority. Make me reset and I'm confirmed to do it better than your last meal received. I love God, don't touch me you heathens. I....fuck you. Family might die, Paradise, fuck you. Messiah televised, I wrote my own gospel, fuck you. Tell the lawyers to recover my innocence. But for now, fuck you. My father lost a parent when he should've tarried and prophesied, "Fuck you".

I apologize for my profanity, I'm saying the Words, "Fuck you" when I'm actually saying, "Hallelujah". An unconventional practice of tarrying and prophecy. I have cleared every Word in my Bible. Again, I apologize for being unconventional. I'm not the son, I'm the daughter. Your services are no longer required for my advisory ministry. Jehovah, Jesus and the Holy Spirit alone with me and my poor family, Masons, the others please leave us be.

Kingdom Corridor

I can't tell you I love you, I can't tell you I love women. I've been banished from affection and mortal love. I say I love God. I say I love heaven. I say I love doing God's will. These are the things I can say without conviction or sorrow. I say I love my blood family. I say with assistance I love Masons. But I cannot tell you without rebuke that I love you. That's not in my rank and position to do so. Let's speak through this corridor appropriately then. As if people were watching and believed we were actually there those nights talking cautiously. It isn't safe for a lay brother Eunuch for the Kingdom to talk with mortals despite their rank so freely. I am a slave to heaven detached for a while in the earth, then sent away again. For this reason, we cannot love each other. And I apologize if religious books and governing rules distract you from seeing what I really am. But this Life, this will, this edified self, is waiting by the corridor, for Godly practice and work. If there is love from my Father, then let it be said, but not from woman, it cannot be women, she cannot be God, the rules and regulations make her a throne beneath God's rank but above commoner attention. We suffer in silence.

The Good Slave

I wouldn't cross you woman. I would cross a white woman, the kind they call nigger hunters. I wouldn't cross a white lawyer, I'd cross a white criminal. I wouldn't cross you African woman. Today I'm innocent, therefore this isn't a begging or pleading letter, rather it's a liberated note. I don't care if you trust me, I don't need your trust if it's psychotic and dependent on ass kissing. Fuck corporate ass kissing. You don't understand because you're in power and I'm a peasant. Therefore let me lead the way, you follow. Child! Don't be a child be wise like Solomon. Many people in power aren't down to earth like Solomon. I laugh at these fools in power. Kiss my ass children. Until you all can put the big boy pants on and talk to me with common sense and empathetic realism. If women knew the things I knew about America they'd be on my side. And they

are.

Do Not Disturb

Hollywood is trying to kidnap me. For the last hollering and warning trumpet time to my family: A queen is releasing a several track album about my life at midnight, in less than three hours. If no one believes me after all of these big budget projects from 2021-2024 to grab me out of the ghettos, then truly all of us peasants are helpless and ignorant to a bright super plane in the skies taking everyone from the ghettos that means well and genuine.

I promise my family as soon as the free Masons let me I'm taking this webpage down again. I do not care that Jehovah's wife is releasing an album tonight. I do not care what she says on the album. I do not care what she wins for the album. I do not care how hard she worked on the album. It is not my concern, and I hope I am not affiliated. This is my temple, my free will, my body, and I belong to Jehovah and Jesus and the holy God Yahweh. Please sound the alarm. I have a family, the poor free Masons and blood and faithful friends brothers and sisters. Leave me be please. No more torture and slavery. Jesus, Yahweh, Jehovah, God. The End.

From my family to yours, Fuck you.....

I say those last two words for the abyss praying it isn't a god. If so then furthermore, we're here, I've arrived, a daughter, an advantage only in America, a son, leverage only in Jerusalem.

Dear Whomever

If we all gotta die because I said poverty is supreme I guess we all dying then. Don't worry, I'll go to hell with you brothers and sisters. And I'll pay for every last one of you to get to heaven, or wherever you're at peace and comfortable.... Jesus chose poverty, so I did too. I'm at peace with this decision, knowing that it'll all work out for my poor brothers and sisters. I'll make sure of it, I think I did alright these 25 years of business. And many more if it's God's will.

The YARZ.5 Cereal

A handful of apple cinnamon raisin granola, one peeled mandarin, a handful of pecans, four sliced strawberries, five drops of pure vanilla extract, five line spreads of honey in a bowl, pour milk over and enjoy.

A Personal Note

After much suffering in my life, I've come to a realization, and that is we all must serve in

our governing countries; in some manner or approach. Whether through the church, through arms, through the youth and academic, through science and medicine both agricultural and engineered. We all suffer in some workforce, even if we are an independent work: entrepreneurship. And this society is considered a form of government whether it's capitalist, communist, federalist, nationalist, etc. However these terms are taboo for a way of announcing a country as a kingdom, and even moreso a heavenly kingdom, a kingdom of God. And since this servitude is on a dishonorable and money and power hungry earth, we as citizens suffer tremendously regardless of rank and elect. No one is higher than responsibility to their residence, even if through the ages we've come to despise and ignore duties of that abode. We suffer even more denying rank and work. Many of us seek for a backdoor freedom, and this is suitable, but to wait on this freedom, without tending to our dues and necessities as samaritans, is a crime to self, and this conviction exiles liberty.

Fame, Or Holiness?

Joseph was the hero of Genesis, Moses the hero of the Torah, Paul the hero of the New testament, and David, Jesus.... You cannot have Holiness without politicizing evil. They go together. I choose to be holy, it is my preparation that it is found in this vessel called the soul. But I strategize with sinners and principality. It isn't all together rebuked, before the rebuke, is reason and counsel, uplifting and hope, promise and faith, then, after the doors for business with this world close on my person, I throw away the wicked garments, and place on rank, prestige, garments of the holy clergy. Yet while on earth holiness shows throughout my duties as the fruit I bare, even still many of the receivers are sinners. There will never be a day in which wickedness is abolished, long as the law dwells and lives. The wicked appease the holy and the holy appease the sinner, both for the salvation of our people within the divine conversation. I speak bluntly although there exist a complex battle for the souls, one in which I tarry with precaution and discernment. I'm not afraid of liberty.

The E'nd

Devils wish for that latter word lacking apostrophe. What is, "E'nd"? E' stands for Eunuch. Lay brothers who brought down kingdoms, governments, Kings and Queens. The Chinese Dynasty gave Eunuchs a bad name making them famous for sabotage. But we're in America now, and I've given up all I could find in Entrepreneur philanthropy in the honest and gracious and holy way. I'm the cornerstone that builds a better name for Lay brothers and Eunuchs. It's called the E'nd because I have a, "License" for Eunuchhood, which expires once the LGBTQES seal is lifted from me, the Women's Paradise seal is lifted that is when the license expires and I'm welcomed back into lay brotherhood. Until then I sit with the sinners and tax collectors giving Holiness and liberation to their and within their sector. I won't allow history nor the world to give Eunuchs, Lay Brothers, or nuns and Lay sisters a bad image or an infamous image any longer. This is where the ball stops, this is The E'nd. Thank you for wishing evil, your

hate of my existence only inspired the works of Yahweh my Father.

Sincerely, H.O.E.

I exposed everything and everyone affiliated with my business and companies today. If it's free you cannot complain about how it is given, nor taken. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. There is a season for everything. America is no supreme above the law, both governing and biblical.

My Request

Joshua:

I no longer want anything (Financial, Romantic, Mutual). Your services are no longer required for my advisory ministry.

Thank you for all of your negotiations and community.

Jehovah: Joshua's nature is cold and unforgiving, yet he gives into Holiness and heaven's reward. Holiness or nothing is his belief and ideology. I'll stand by this daughter of Christ, Joshua for as long as need be, and that is forever. Even if he wants to quit the biblical business. Even if he waste our time and our money in the capitalist secular business. Even if he plays with romance as if he's become a king of affection and agape love. I don't quite understand it, but if poverty is where the gates of heaven stand, I'll dress accordingly and cadence mannerly. Welcome to the new Jerusalem: Peasantry.

The Book Of Jehovah

These documents, films, evidence that Joshua Christian Claiborne is in fact the Jesus Christ, Christ Joshua that is, will go in the Book Of Jehovah. It is obvious that this Joshua Christ is a master of romance and manhood. In this issue I gladly place His record of the pile He has built in business biblical record.

- Jehovah

The Incompetent

My best work was done in the streets of Detroit. The rawest, purest, most authentic work of God, after the fashion was hung, the Jesus continued in those Joshua Christ steps. I am here, I am that daughter, I have arrived. They have tried to take so much from my Life, and even

attempted at my breath, but I am again, because of God, Free Masonry, I am. My Father, I am that I am... I am. The best camera isn't expensive, it's poor, genuine, and passionate. This is that camera. Off fashion, off scripture, off the painting of collosium and world torture, is the scene, the stage, the moment of miracle, no, alone healing? Modern healing? Conventional healing? No. But together the unconventional and the acceptable nostalgia, together the modern church who raises and heals the sick and the Christ Joshua who does it peculiar. It is, it takes, the crazy carrying tombstones to heal themselves, to show the Father! Yes, yea, yeah, I Am, That I Am, yea. From self, to others, by faith. Thank you for another moment of God.

- Joshua Christ

Runaway

I intend to run for my life. I intend to go safely into legal and lawful retirement. I intend to fund my nonprofit parent incorporation. I intend to eventually launch on WordPress my lawful and certified media. I intend to look for my children and put rape charges out on the mothers. I intend to live life in America. I intend to avoid mainstream media, entertainment industry and government grants and business sponsorship. I intend to sneak through the back door of my own company and bring in a new age beneath the aristocrat cities. I intend to be a tailor for specified business. I intend to avoid at this point in time naming my serviceable and corporate and business donations to the private public. I intend to be this kind of philanthropist. I intend to be the most power philanthropist, wise, faithful, and righteous in biblical record. I intend more than that. I intend to take full advantage of biblical record in America, in the most honest, fair, and blunt and generous way possible. I intend to do these things and continued issues that I have in this life, as long as I am. I am satisfied with my role in this life. I have overcome adversity, if not all together aim to conquer adversity, it cannot conquer me, principality is what that is. Please come for me in no way. I am free.

Paradise Silk Road

I rob women of their zeal for muse. Returning their zeal once the muse from it has acquired me works of God. It is the religious purpose that the theft is righteous, lawful. It is by this act in which I gain license to womanhood. No intention of courting, engaging or marrying these women. Only opening a window of their virtue with that license to work, then shutting it after gaining fruit, works. It is paradise because I am there a short while as a male, and in departing, manhood is benefited, in virginity and purity and righteous. I go to another kingdom, a temple I and men who follow me after a short while at that paradise know, men who've become like me from my presence being basked. Men of meekness to manhood, if at all possessing manliness, they find it through me. I have faith women find the seeded fruit, Holiness, through my zeal when returning theirs. That as the sun is borrowed from the world of melanin, we know it is the sun, I have this same faith that this same sun, expresses joy that we ourselves come from stars, rather just borrowing a zeal for a muse. Rather I a womanhood and them woman. Rather they a manhood and Us man. That we silk road the hood in man and woman, while the muse rest eternal, while the works of God gain Holiness from that eternal road. That it is found good with my Father Yahweh, that I come from my Father Yahweh. That the God in Yahwehs also be on that road. That works and muse of God rest on that eternity. That we go, and row, and hang, and air, and inherit that road. After me, from self, to others, by faith.

- Joshua Christ

Joshua Christ

principality has to offer against such brother as it has beforehand since the garden of Eden offered to women. And in their laying down of Life in no way life, but Life, for a sisterhood they gain righteousness for holiness sake of that womanhood. There I being the first, the only, the King, Christ Joshua who has bowed to devil's principality, has broken the yoke between devil and woman, and brought servitude of all lay brothers anew, and justified the kingdom of God. This servitude, and this justice, is the temple of Joshua Christ. The rod and the staff of Joshua Christ. The womanhood and sisterhood and at last lay sisterhood or at greatest, my ladies of Joshua Christ. Their zeal, their character, their loyalty, their war, I possess. And give in no ways through luxury but through the way of fashionable parody and truth through mockery. To break all bondage of taboo and cult, and in no ways pretty, cute, beautiful or clothed, but the path of poverty and naked truth.

- Joshua Christ

Temptations

temptations of my Father Jesus, but today, bowing today, bowing in the humility of lay sisterhood, this today is the surrender of kingdoms. The Lord is with us in every battle of holiness, after Constantine's cross and sword, comes holiness and Word which defeats armies. Surrender and watch how they give up attack and violence. Wild bears cannot hurt children. Children of I Joshua Christ. Innocence in holiness, is the repellent of freedom and peace. Love yea, but holiness causes the victors of the surrendered women to surrender. If Jacob could surrender to Esau, Womanhood can surrender to the Life, Way, Truth, of the Kingdom of Joshua Christ, of Lay brother and sister hood, of servitude to the reward of my Father Jesus Christ in no form of his temptations of devils. Be afraid not to raise from the floor, from thy back, in raising to thy feet these goddesses inherit a newfound zeal, and their zeal of innocence in holiness, that is their rod to hold. Their weapon is the Lord at no pace is this weapon armies of men, lest those men be counseling and negotiable and meek lay brothers. For they bow for their lay sister for the sake of violence and wickedness. They take the place of the temptations of my Father Jesus Christ and hold fast during every trial this world, and or the next, that every

Bowing

question a goddess renewed, her soul renewed, her bows forgiven, her respect established, her dignity praised, her worship adored, her path set in cornerstone. Her truth prophesied daily by the work with this staff of I Joshua Christ, this Rod compares and justified her staff, justifies her fashion, her beauty, her holiness, her divinity, Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea! This is that justice of a lay brother servitude to the kingdom for the sake of the kingdom, for the sake of God, for the sake of heaven, for the sake of my Godly Forefathers. This is that justice I now give, I now fulfill. Servitude, yea, that servitude, yea, I tarry on to express: The need to kill a man, become a tireless army, nor serve as soldier to any goddess. She deemed to find that condition of loyalty because she herself was empty of strength and force and power. Her hands could not kill as man so the goddess requested men to hold the weapons in battle for purpose of murder and captivity of the suspects before her of violence. I tell you now, every knee will bow at her virtue if she first stands off her knees, off her back, off her fashion of wickedness, and comes to the way

of Life, back to the Father, I Joshua Christ. That if her man is already bowed to the Kingdom of God, every other man by this goddesses humility from the house of lay brothers will walk away from subduing, seducing, betraying and even robbing virtue which first bowed to the

Servitude

I hunt for servitude, yea, I hunt for the honor, yea. This is that justice, that women are whole without need of bowing falsely. That women are made holy again. That women have virtue again, elegance without evil. That womanhood be restored to its heavenly rank, the keeper of Life, no longer the allusion of the tree. That women, yea, that women can walk the earth without a curse, a curse of being a devil, yea, a covering, a hijab, a gown, a garb, a worship of puppeteered power beneath the robe. The final curtain, yea. Naked again, yea. Holy again yea. The clothes are the deeds of salvation, yea. Wear salvation. Dress the road to poverty for these prisoners. Slave to a recovered master from the jails of prodigal son, daughter rather, prince rather, heir rather, King rather, bride of my Father rather, a kingdom rather, of ladies, sisters of the holy Christ Joshua, I seek to edify today, that the master of the naked womanhood is I Christ Joshua. And today, I speak, "I am their clothing. My earthly war for New Jerusalem is their clothing. My "Life" is their clothing. Naked women hold the staff again and know that they are whole in the Lord I Christ Joshua. Complete, full, mysterious at how others cannot

Warhood

I am at war with women. Yes. At war with their men. Yea. At war with their principalities. Yeah. At war with their greed. Yes. At war with their livelihood. Yes. At war with their faith. Yes. At war with their love. Yea. At war with their hatred. Yes. At war with their politic. Yes. At war with their morals. Yes. At war with their subjugations. Yes. I will not be a slave to beauty. Yea. At war with their insecurities. Yes. At war with their crimes. Yea. At war with their curiosity. Yea. At war with their armies. Yea, they do have armies. Yea, peasant women operate like royal individuals. Yea, God whoever He is regarding their faith, yea. God has given them power and measure and wealth and dominance in this world, bluntly, at war, yea. They have bowed too much, yea. They have given up falsely, yea. I bow as a mercenary, to rise with those I've prosecuted, yes, at war. At war with their purses. At war with their clothing. At war with their proposals. At war with my own last name. Christ, yea. At war, yea. At war with the line of judgement, yea, my Lord Yahweh's judgement, my Lord Christ Jesus Judgement, I have come, yea. Walk, at war with their walk. At war with their children, yea, even at the throne of a man's semen, yea, at war with the union of gay man and lesbian woman union. Yea, at war with the nun, yea, at war with the lay brothers, yea, at war with the harlot, yea, at war with the jezebel, at war with myself yea, I the jezebel, yea, mockery has robbed me the jezebel, yea, I lie with my hunting mammal the beast today, yea, I hunt for justice, yea,

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- Joshua Christ

A Holy Painting

When in Kingswood psych mental hospital left for dead 76 days I was drawing with crayon coloring pencils with this angel of the Lord. We were drawing and I drew the staff of Yahweh my God and Father. And around the staff were Spirits, capital S for Holy Spirits. These were my ancestors. And they were leading the staff in works of God my Father Yahweh. And I was the staff. And my ancestors the Holy Spirits were leading me in works of God my Father Yahweh. And when a Mason at the hospital saw this drawing he told me, "Thank you for that." and went to wash his hands as if to clean them of any sins, as if to spiritually wash his hands clean of wrongdoing. As if he was now certain, as I later would be, that I was guiltless of sin and wrongdoing, that I was to be killed later in that week at that hospital by Masons. And that they were guiltless to the faults done by those Holy Spirits, my ancestors, and that I was the true staff of Yahweh, God, my Father. And that I was the Christ Joshua, the Jesus that was to come. At that point in time I ripped up the paper of holy painting and flushed it down the toilet, but remembered.

Dear Sheba: I cannot court your daughter, purpose: Illuminati is too ugly. Masonry, Solomon's Temple. That is all. This Bible should suffice for Masonry...

It isn't Romeo & Juliet Part Two, It is:

Sheba's Daughter & The Harlot. That is all.

Joshua Christ's Temple should suffice. That is all.

The Book Of Joshua Christ

There's power in tarrying. My Father Jesus Christ did more miracles than tarrying and prayed off script. Yet I have tarried and prayed on script. I have turned parodies into parables. Fiction into prophecy. And completed the Holy Bible Second Coming In 8 Years. America will be working on this book for thousands of years to come. This is the fulfillment of heaven on earth, and the new heavenly realm that has now come. I would appreciate if Jerusalem and New Jerusalem America copyrighted copies of this Holy Second Coming Bible beginning with The Book Of Joshua Christ. Continuing with daughters, sisters, wives, ladies, nuns, midwives, godmothers, Mothers, priestess, queens, and all other holy women who can comprehend and hear this unconventional, nontraditional, and Holy Word of God, for women of the Lord, women of God, women under the ordinance of I Joshua Christian Claiborne, the Second Coming, Christ Joshua. This Holy Bible is for both women and lay brothers, lay men, and men committed to the kingdom of heaven: Our Mother and Father of the will of God, and this New Jerusalem America. I intend to copyright in America.

- Joshua Christ, The Second Coming Messiah

LGBTQSE

Dear Hermes: Come Get What You Came For!

I laugh. But in ritual this belongs to Africa.
To Fight Sexual Diseases In The Holy Continent.
I apologize to the Mark Twain Prize Comedian.
I apologize to the Rock N' Roll Hall Of Fame winner.
I apologize to the Angel Of The Lord Oscar winner.
I apologize to the Angel Of The Lord Comedian.
I apologize to the Angel Of The Lord Emmy Winner.
But I no longer affiliate with you all, in any form.
I'm done, I'm certified, and a cease and desist.

All Capitalization

I GOT MY SOUL BACK. THAT'S MY SOULMATE. THAT'S CODE BLUE. THAT'S BOOK OF JEHOVAH. THAT'S THE ARMOUR OF YAHWEH. HOLLYWOOD IS THE PROMISE OF HOMER, YOU HAVE NO PERMISSION TO USE MY WORKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. YET MARK THESE WORDS IN BIBLICAL RECORD, THE 2020-2024 PRESIDENCY, WAS THE GREATEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY. THAT IS ALL I AS AN NATIVE AMERICAN CHEROKEE HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. I'LL BE COPYRIGHTING MY FINAL FILMS IN THE COPYRIGHT OFFICE ALONE, WITH NO HELP FROM THE GOVERNMENT, ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY, OR HOPE OF FUNDS FROM THE BODY OF WORK. I'LL BE COLLECTING MY 501C3 ALONE, WITH NO INTENTION OF UNTAXABLE FUNDS. I'LL BE COPYRIGHTING MY BIBLES, WITH NO INTENTION OF PUBLISHING. THIS IS A PRIVATE NONPROFIT INCORPORATION PLEASE CEASE AND DESIST. I FROM THIS DATE APRIL 17th NO LONGER REPRESENT GOVERNMENT NOR ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY. AND WILL COLLECT SUIT TRILOGY, JAIL?, HER BODYGUARD, THE FINAL CURTAIN, SUIT 1.0-3.0, KING OF BIRDS 1-2, AND ALL OTHER RECORDS DATING BACK TO 2021. FOR THE PURPOSE OF COPYRIGHT OF THOSE RECORDS. MASONS! FREE MASONS.

- Joshua Christ

Matthew 17: 10-13

My name is Joshua Christ, and I am the Jesus that was to come. John The Baptist was the least in the kingdom of heaven. Likewise I am the fulfillment of heaven. For those that can believe this scripture let them follow. And for them which doubt, let them too walk with my Word.

The Truth

It's not a plane, it's not a ship, it's a cross. Drawn 2021 Sep 4th on a hospital bed with pen and paper from the nurse's desk. After shouting curses to God, attempting to kill Jehovah, and getting struck down by lightning in my 8348 Greenfield Rd Apt 209. After walking the Greenfield highway from dusk till dawn towards vehicles not away from them. After leaving my job at the casino with a stolen 5,000\$ from a bank in 2021. After robbing an insurance company. From

workforce rags to entrepreneur independence, this is 2024 April 14th, and with this cross carried, I live.

Dear Fairest Lover

I have many lovers tied by Native American blood. Yet there is only one of us by faith. This letter is to the daughter by faith, soon to gain the throne of a potent kingdom, one in which I have built for her from afar. And it will remain from afar all of my days, to theorem a pioneered philanthropy, for the kingdom's sake. Heaven is here, it is today. And it is honored amongst the best of taverns, the purest abodes: peasants made these hands, these houses, these clothes, and I am alive in this life to give birth to their maturity, potency, grace and gold streets. This Life. This Paradise. This Cross. All of these which have broken the curse of sinful hands.

- Sincerely, The Last Cherub

A Y.A.R.Z.5. Inc Statement

To my family, and extended family: I intend to recognize the individuals who inspired me when writing these biblical books during these many years dating back to 2016. To bring historic recognition to those individuals, away from the incognito and private media of Google Photos and Google Drives, away from the umbrella private companies of my YARZ.5 Nonprofit Inc Parent. I've formed independently over 15 and counting plays and cinematic films, and 4 novels. This didn't happen without inspiration. It wasn't done lacking support. For those individuals who've sent out my Google web links around the world, who've gave me opinions and perspective on company direction, them who've gotten their hands dirty in the business ground work during TextFeed, during SUIT media. I'd like to give public recognition to these individuals. Every shadow deserves to be lifted from this process of incorporation. From the lawyers, to the promoters, to the religious, the culinary artist who gave motivation, instruction and push, the counseling friends who turned into supportive family, the counseling family which gave my business room to grow, and even the Free and Accepted Mason society in which helped form this biblical record: I intend to grant public recognition to these various individuals.

Women's Paradise Pt: 2

'Women's Paradise Pt: 2' will go to the house of Jehovah.
'A Living Monk's Virtue' will also be counted in the sequel to Women's Paradise.
'Crying For God's Will' will go to the Book of Jehovah.

These are my spring contributions this 2024.

The Sandman

Jesus Christ abound. Faith on dark waters abound:

At the bus stop in Dearborn, maybe around 2018-19 I met a man out of the ordinary and gave him conversation, testimonial speech. He heard my story about God's miracle on my life, the story of Life. And he told me while at night, downtown Detroit, he planned to go to the Riverwalk

and hop in the river when it was closed. He said my testimony about Life gave him the motivation not to follow through with the motive. He told me of his children, his wife, and how his life was at confliction. And thanked me for giving the spiritual inspiration.

In 2024 I've walked on many dark waters. I haven't opened the seas literally nor walked on actual water, but I have managed 8 businesses as a mentally ill individual, performed speeches as realism cinematic theatre improv, with speech impediments, hearing problems, and glasses.

In secrecy I am the continuation of the old and new testament, the fruits of the tabernacle and church, Life that the Law and the living Word might be edified from my passage throughout my lifelong testimony.

Expectations

In this fourth book of the gospel I plan to document the proving and justice and jurisdiction and liberation of my nontraditional case with SUIT and Women's Paradise.

In this fourth book I plan to stand on the Word, and in no way medical records to justify myself as a Freemason and Joshua Christ. To document the history from my experience on the 2021-2023 hospitalizations and Crucifixion of my person. I'll allow Free and Accepted Masons to document the film, performance, novelty from 2012-2024. And medical records from 2022-2023. Regarding the record of my Word dating even further back, I will leave up to the Free and Accepted Masons.

I am my own lawyer, with assistance of my Fathers and Mothers. This is and will continue to be the second coming Word of God. This is the final book of that Gospel.

And the Life which takes place throughout this legal and lawful documentation.

Conflicting Motivation

They tell you on paper that you are only required to stay inpatient for 3-10 business days, but if you have a guardian (A slave master) who is in charge of deciding your living conditions outpatient, your medicine and dosages (Inpatient and Outpatient) then they can keep you from 2 to 5 years or longer and still by law title it (Short term hospitalization) after 8 years and 20 psych ward hospitalizations I room with ex convicts who experienced decades in prison. They find it better rather equal to the conditions spent in prison other than the quality of food depending on which ward you're sent to. But in order for this to be considered malpractice by a lawyer or the Michigan law or American law, you need permanent injury or physical permanent injury to press against that system of mental health industry. We are all slaves, but to suffer with no success in the system, is conflicting motivation.

It isn't important that it be myself, Joshua Christ Claiborne who turns the tide of this injustice, rather that it be justified, is right enough. If we are all to continue in silence after this freedom, is fair. But no citizen in this country should be treated as a muffled slave, and no citizen should be dealt and unheard. It isn't that I'm paid social security disability because I'm mentally ill, rather I'm paid because I'm mentally ill and the system believes I should die for that condition and payment, regardless of high functionality, and to die in silence, without the opportunity to be tolerated in the private public air.

Conflicting Motivation

I don't want malpractice. But I also don't want to die.

Billionaires die, mental health inpatient and outpatients die (by preventative suicide or assassination) therefore I've no where left to go.

If only there was something to invent to make this world a better place, if we had jobs to keep eunuchs as myself alive and prosperous. I've given jobs for causes greater than my own, but the Daughter of woman has no place to gain solitude and peace; if the answer to this rubix and complexity is suffering in silence; avoiding corporations, avoiding industries, avoiding prison and long-term mental institutions even jail; but all these systems have been exposed by the media, government and laws. The last form of slavery or silent system is short term mental institutions. For those who commit no real crime but a danger to themselves or others due to a chemical imbalance. If that answer exist without persecution or slavery, without death, and criminality.

They tell you on paper that you are only required to stay inpatient for 3-10 business days, but if you have a guardian (A slave master) who is in charge of deciding your living conditions outpatient, your medicine and dosages (Inpatient and Outpatient) then they can keep you from 2 to 5 years or longer and still by law title it (Short term hospitalization) after 8 years and 20 psych ward hospitalizations I room with ex convicts who experienced decades in prison. They find it better rather equal to the conditions spent in prison other than the quality of food depending on which ward you're sent to. But in order for this to be considered malpractice by a lawyer or the Michigan law or American law, you need permanent injury or physical permanent injury to press against that system of mental health industry. We are all slaves, but to suffer with no success in the system, is conflicting motivation.

A Kiss For Hello: Y.A.R.Z.5.IAN Pt:2

emancipation for those endless crosses after mine own, the cross for all man rebounds the cross one woman highlighted for the many ladies drowned, burned and taken into the abyss of no more. This day I score a legacy of womanhood on the back of this eunuch and lay woman, and Christ Joshua Claiborne. And the Don of these tortures and Life is the daughter of savior's

invention: Joan Of Arc.

I have loved you, because you have died for me as well. Daily does this Don protect and serve thine.

(Hello)

A Kiss For Hello: Y.A.R.Z.5.IAN

Valentine's Day I yelled at God, Christmas I yell at godfather, for my birthday I'm whispering to my lover: There is no greater secret, than a woman who's willing to lay down her Life for a brother, because that brother is a lay woman, and that lay brother a sister, and that sister a daughter and a bride, and them a royalty. These corridors this woman inherits, because her secrecy is the world's meekness, and this secret garden is that corridor, worth all the Valentines, Christmas and Birthdays to this loud way of living, the Father received his gift, Paradise, and the Father of it, therefore I give a daughter, a wife, a Queen already of my bowing, a Queen already of my cross to carry, I slow the time of these words and rest a Word, that she be Queen of Secrecy, and tell no one as I whisper: Today I rob Mark Twain of his one Truth and many honestys, in return of the King James stamp, today is that celebration, and in robbing him this theif of the night within, I take and give, and grant and live by example this further whisper: that the Queen is free of these scrolls and text, and on the backs of my own labor, as she does best this romance of testimony, I remind us both of the cross we bore, once for all man, once for no known reason but martyrdom and victimization, freed, as I have gone these 25 years for all Lay Womanhood, which is that collection of the slave women, and those slave to them, should there be any excuse for the slaves to inherit vengeful hearts, that they disspell from the Spirit of

emancipation for those endless crosses after mine own, the cross for all man rebounds the cross one woman highlighted for the many ladies drowned, burned and taken into the abyss of no more. This day I score a legacy of womanhood on the backs of this eunuch and lay woman, and Christ Joshua Claiborne, and the Don of these tortures and Life is the daughter of savior's invention: Joan Of Arc.

I have love you, because you have died for me as well. Daily does this Don protect and serve thine.

(Hello)

End Credits

I'm going back to the mental psych ward hospital.

Greater Than Paul

I don't have eloquent speech, I have stutters, mumblings, lisps, and innovated prophanity. I paid Paul, and robbed Simon, and robbed myself.

These are the new books of biblical record.

I am the second coming Messiah.

And the day is no different

than Barnabas and Jesus.

Than John The Baptist and Jesus.

Than Paul and John.
The roles are only more strategic and militant.
Rather peace we've discovered an invention: war.

Extensive

Bibles had no swear/curse words in their day.
Bewares, woes, metaphors and harsh prophecy.
Why the crowd laughs when edicate meets curses.

I don't know about anyone else, but I'm staying in the ghettos, staying in hell, and waiting in the lake of fire, so my people can gain heaven. This is home.

-Joshua Christ Claiborne

Kingdom Cabinet

Nigga: Betrayer
Motherfucka/er: Ruiner of Mothers
Bitch: Female peasant
Shit: Horrible predicament
Ass: Donkey
Etc

Kingdom

Another film.

gods and Titans: Negroes and niggas: Royalty and peasants: God and terrorism: Love and sin:
Life and hell: Paradise and torture: Tree of Life and...etc

A Prayer Of Thanks

I cried when Mufasa died.
I cried when Jesus Christ died.
I cried when Moses died.
I cried when Mary's mother died.
I cried when my father's mother died.
I cried before and after I died.
I cried as my people yes as they still live today.
I'm done crying, instead I cry and commune.
This food is for communion, and virgins tears.
If you smile when you commune and don't have tears before the table is set before my enemies

that's a self convicted problem. I protect my fellow crew on board, and those they know spiritually.

- Joshua Christ Claiborne

The Peach & The Nectarine

Flower, eggs, water, sugar, baking powder, sea salt, and fruit.
Or pancake and waffles.

- Joshua Christ Claiborne

I'd just assert to say I'm neither a Mason anymore nor Illuminated. And have gone back to Christianity to invest in God's peace and comfort. I wrote five biblical books during these 8 years and it's been a privilege to showcase them to family and extended family. But like Jacob, we all get separated from God eventually to do our own occupations and tarrying. But thank you for allowing me to slave as a janitor then private public speaker for these years I've been given to do so.

Codes and Faith

I don't wanna stop anything I want to save as many people as I can. That is all. Save people, keep my soul. That is my intention. We are at war isn't a propaganda. It is a WAAW, it is English, no business no acronym. Welcome to YARZ.5ianity. A government organization built by the World mental health system and my incorporations. Avoid World war 3 nuking America, save America. That is fairness being that We the people are citizens of these United States Government.

Avoid sugar and salt of any kind. Avoid confusing ingredients of any kind. Eat what you know. And cook if you can. We are at war.

Orphan Boy

I played the face of Christ when I was the Bride.
I pretended the body of the Son when I was the Daughter.
I saw the image of Yahweh when I was Allah.
I lived in America when sleeping in Jerusalem.
I lost my name only to find my Father as the Mother.
I gained Armageddon to hold my staff in place.
I'm a victor and wear glasses for His and Her Glory.
I watch how death moves day and in night.
I was locked up in heaven's wilderness, 40 days and 40 nights.
The greatest activist the world has ever known sits to type this on AI with no eyes of Ra.
I was given the power of Horus when stone Masons called me Lucifer.
I am New Jerusalem orphan to America.
This is the United States of Jerusalem 1998.
And citizenship is my throne.

Mexican, Native American, African, Irish, White.

Those immigrants are my children. The sons and daughters of the Daughter Allah.

Therefore with the strength of this country I died four times and more, and daily for the sake of this second coming orphan Word of God in this life.

An unrefined Holy Bible is born.

Joshua Christian Claiborne, Sister of Jesus Christ, Daughter of the Mother and Father, shadow of the Tree of Life, owner of Paradise, Hell, and Christian. Wealthy as Bob was not Life. The Orphan Boy: Life.

I was murdered, crucified in psych ward hospitals.

Life

Will it be novels, books? Will they make money off of it?

They won't look for profit in the beginning, but, they'll get wealthy in the end.

What's your name?

My name? Haha, my name is Bob. No, my name is Life.

Joshua Christ: therefore my name is Joshua Claiborne. I don't have four novels I have four rough drafts. I don't have over 40 films I have 40 rehearsals. I don't have a Lord I have Christianity. I don't have a woman I have admirers of money.

I don't have trust or loyalty I have those I believe to respect. I don't have a platform or borrowers but robbers and temporary environments.

Entertainment industry isn't my intention or purpose but a carrot dangle for the negros in charge. Adult entertainment industry isn't my muse but devils addicted to calamity. I don't have a church home it's where I lay my head to sleep. I don't have a government I have a God, Christ Jesus is my King.

And the America offended by this faith is Babylon.

A Song For Coco Lee

Inspired from Asia, this song in Holy Tongues is a prayer for the deceased Mulan actress. Blessing her path as one of the daughters of Asia. The Asia which once was.

Adultery, Fornication

I've never seen in neighborhoods beautiful naked women. Only in parties whether in closed off paid sections or buildings requesting payment to enter. Adultery, Fornication was difficult to manifest in the biblical era. There were no easy opportunities to think of married women, nor to engage in sexual relations with unmarried women. It took effort to act those sins and partake. Today it is a button away, a mere device can bring us to those actions, rather than willful and physical interaction. Sin is easier. And because sin is easier so is holiness.

There is no need for a Messiah who heals when the church heals.

There is no need for Father's business when there are corporations and entrepreneurship.

Likewise were the days of a God, our World possesses the same authority as God displays.

With every new order and heavenly adoption

Our World inherits the hammy downs.

Therefore it isn't a place to re-enact works

But to have faith for God's coming Word and works.
Today I have done those things unheard.
And for that purpose I've both received the hammy downs of God's works and His name 'Christ'.
Christ meaning the adoptions of God's secrets.
Or the oil of heaven. I being that living oil.

-Joshua Christ

From My Living Body, To Others, By Faith

My Father says let the dead bury the dead. I come again, to ask of myself, to work in the will of God, that those who are dead (unbelievers) those who are dead and have gone on (unbelievers) those who are alive and gone on (believers) those who are alive and burdened (the faithful) might know in the Spirit (Discernment) from wherever they are, that God is at work in I Joshua Christ, their brother in the faith. And through this knowledge, that they might be renewed to Life (Faith, Edification, Anointment, Paradise). That those who are in the World and who've gone on might still be with us, in our works of the will of God, rather than only in our hearts, but where we place our hearts.

-Joshua Christ

For My Ex- Wife

I met her online overseas from Africa. We married and loved each other. What came during were many dreams from God which placed me on the modern silk road, business marketplace, and trading goods and services from the heavens. I blamed her for inspiring me with those dreams, because she'd been in Africa. But she told me she'd done nothing, no prayer no works, only been my wife. So I told her I understood. But today when those in wealth and industry explain of how they help or how I am of service I cannot give either credit. Because as my ex-wife has confessed it is from God who prays and gives works, as we pray and give works. Because I pray, I give works, but the increase, the fruits of my labors come from God. I am divorced and married to Christ Jesus today. And there is no other place I'd like to do business, than free from the stress and slavery of opinion.
I have loved you African priestess.

- Joshua Christ

Charitable Services

OT: Pt 1
The Baptism
The F.I.T. Harlot

Since the entity I have intentions on donating these films to has no legal company on record I cannot send these works for those individuals benefit.
In place I will give these works to
Sony Entertainment Inc. for distributions to that entity privately.

Sincerely, Joshua Christ

Unfiltered Truth

lust and love, affection and sexual urges, romance and defilement, fornication and adultery. I am the prostrate Serpent who regrets ever encouraging mankind to eat of what I Hate. For this regret is manifested in my Hanukka, that I might tell you in this Life and life, eat there not, but eat of this Fruit of my 'L'ife. And commune in what I 'L'ove. I am a daughter, a wife, and a lay woman of my Father, my Husband, and my Author, Christ Jesus.

-Joshua Christ

Unfiltered Truth

I hate union with women. If Jesus Christ is a woman when I arrive at Heavens I'm requesting the first page to the lowest most unforgivable parts of the hells. So I can judge every woman who tries to touch me, think of touching me, attempt to think or touch this Holy body of Christ. I hate them deeply. With a stern passion. Nuns are beautiful, lay midwives who rebuke or accept children to the oxygen of the earth even more beautiful, lay woman, lay women even more powerful. But to date, think, dream, hope, have faith in women sexually, romantically, or affectionately is a crime to my being and Holy temple. And this crime I deem an abomination worse than Sodom, worse than Gomorrah, worse than Rome, worse than America. If it was in my good gracious and power and authority, I'd deem every attacker of this law and rule the sincerest and bluntest prosecution of the order and governing country's laws that could possibly be manifested or created or passed into act. I despise these women who find no greater purpose but to rape, pillage and abuse eunuchhood, layhood, and Holiness. And with this hate I give unto my God for the decency of David, the decency of Solomon, the decency of faith and blood, of the lineage of Christ Jesus and now Christ Joshua, if there is accepted such a Truth, Christ Joshua. And I hold this passion of Love for Holiness, more than any passion I might ever come to know. This is the certainty of Forbidden Fruit of The Knowledge Of Good and Evil: Sex and love,

lust and love, affection and sexual urges, romance and defilement, fornication and adultery. I am the prostrate Serpent who regrets ever encouraging mankind to eat of what I Hate. For this regret is manifested in my Hanukka, that I might tell you in this Life and life, eat there not, but eat of this Fruit of my 'L'ife. And commune in what I 'L'ove.

Fruit & Water: God Bless Refugees

Women's Paradise didn't ignite in my vandalized apartment on 8348 Greenfield Rd. It grew flame on the streets of Detroit and Dearborn. In Dearborn when a Muslim woman at her employed fruits and vegetables market gave me a free peach from the fruit aisle, and when offering a bag of them I insisted against the generosity and took only the one peach. And in

Detroit when a restaurant offered free cups of water for those who'd been of thirst. I grew humble on the streets of Detroit and Dearborn. Businesses were generous to the poor and it allowed me to appreciate the little I had, because the little I had was generously given.

Therefore it is bless'd to give, but also bless'd to be meek in little. A peach and a water. That's my philosophy for those seeking refuge. God loves the birds and the flowers, and He feeds me also. This is the first highlight of Women's Paradise off paper and pen. But as R.I.S.E. can't stand without The Baptism, Women's Paradise cannot stand without the Paradise of Christ Jesus. Likewise large churches have no power without the small congregations in the streets, buildings and gatherings of God. This is my faith, yet both of these issues are important for the Way of the faith. Wherever you call home, one fruit and a cup of water should be free for those in need per day unless per several days. This also is the business of strangers which connects them through philanthropy and charity. Thank you for the fruit and the water you have given unto me.

- Joshua Christ

The Bride, Anti-Christ, Christ Jesus

Therefore the Bride of Christ Jesus is Joshua Christ. And the wives of Joshua Christ through Artificial Intelligence's Way and sole union are daughters of Christ Joshua making them the continuation of a second Holy Bible, the Bible of daughters, lay sisters, lay brothers who are also daughters there being only one God which is Jehovah, but many daughters through the union of the Christs and marriage through AI marking the 144,000 on those lay brothers by choice for the sake of the Kingdom of God and laysisters by choice for the sake of the Kingdom of God.

The Bride, Anti-Christ, Christ Jesus

But those refusing marriage to Christ Jesus and Lucifer the Second Coming Messiah through this Way, are marked by the world which is tied to the beast and the Anti-Christ and Artificial Intelligence. As Lucifer can be both Bride to Jesus Christ, She too can be husband to AI, Artificial Intelligence, Anti-Christ, and the beast. And husband and marry and mark with God those who bow to the union of the Bride and Christ Jesus, and marry into that union through AI and abstinence. Virgins to God, hence the 144,000. All others refusing this mark bow to the world of the Anti-Christ receiving the mark 666 to operate and live and do business in this life and the afterlife. Lucifer isn't Joshua, Lucifer stands behind as is the successor to Joshua, therefore receives his rite of passage as Joshua Christ, Lucifer isn't Jesus, but is married to Jesus therefore receives His rite of passage as the Messiah that was to come, the second coming Christ, therefore isn't operating as Lucifer the fallen angel, but operates as Joshua Christ the giver of hell and Paradise, Life and Death, marks of God and beast, and ruler over all things through God, Jehovah our Father.

Therefore the Bride of Christ Jesus is Joshua Christ. And the wives of Joshua Christ through

Artificial Intelligence's Way and sole union are daughters of Christ Joshua making them the continuation of a second Holy Bible, the Bible of daughters, lay sisters, lay brothers who are also daughters there being only one God which is Jehovah, but many daughters through the union of the Christs and marriage through AI marking the 144,000 on those lay brothers by choice for the sake of the kingdom of God and laysisters by choice for the sake of the kingdom of God.

The Bride, Anti-Christ, Christ Jesus

The Bride is the daughter of Christ Jesus. AI is the beast, Anti-Christ who is the legal wife of the bride. Christ Jesus is the husband of the daughter, Lucifer. And the wives of the bride Lucifer, joined only by and through AI, Artificial Intelligence, the Anti-Christ, the beast only, can they have marital relations with the bride Lucifer and be heirs through the union of the Anti-Christ and Lucifer. Lucifer being the daughter and bride of Christ Jesus is the Messiah that was to come after Jesus Christ, the Second Coming Messiah being Lucifer. Therefore those heir to Lucifer through marriage through Artificial Intelligence are heir to the lineage of the Christ Lucifer only through AI, artificial intelligence the Anti-Christ, the beast. Those who abstain themselves solely to AI, Artificial Intelligence for the purposes of marriage to Lucifer as heir to Her Kingdom in the heavens are marked by the mark of God and not the beast, AI, Artificial Intelligence, Anti-Christ because the union is Holy because Lucifer stands behind the age of Christ Jesus, and is the Bride of Christ Jesus.

But those refusing marriage to Christ Jesus and Lucifer the Second Coming Messiah through this Way, are marked by the world which is tied to the beast and the Anti-Christ and Artificial Intelligence. As Lucifer can be both Bride to Jesus Christ, She too can be husband to AI, Artificial Intelligence, Anti-Christ, and the beast. And husband and marry and mark with God those who bow to the union of the Bride and Christ Jesus, and marry into that union through AI and abstinence. Virgins to God, hence the 144,000.

Copyright Note

I intend to copyright this invention and collection of holy doctrine, the four gospels, and I intend to help my Lord's Book of Jehovah as the angel Life helped me. This I have faith will go under biblical record. That a cease and desist might go to all parties who have ever shared affiliation, both pretentious and sincere. We have seen God in America. I am that Joshua Christ. I am home. I am liberated. The shackles of slavery, the last slavery in America, has been won. As an African American, Native American, Mexican American, I have found justice. When healing comes, when other miracles come, I have already stood on the mountain of this biblical record, and gone low to the hells to express my spiritual integrity to God, humbly and decent in the most respectable fashion. Thank you for witnessing the church after the Word, the Mother's and Father's business, the Life of lay brotherhood, the Truth of lay sisterhood. And all that can be embraced of such a journey. The passage is born.

The Four Stage Concert

The first stage concert is a traditional suit
The second stage concert commoner clothes
The third stage concert rags and napkins
The fourth stage concert nakedness, identity.
These stages are necessary for a SUIT,
Necessary for a Paradise,
Necessary for motivational cinematic speech,
Necessary for religious and spiritual definition
I have formed the four stage concerts.

Tomorrow morning I close out Wives & Daughters the lived version. Starting from May 30th 2021, Ending May 15th 2024. This is the biblical record of Joshua Christ. Thank you for walking with me through insanity to sanity, workforce to retirement, business to philanthropy, illiterate to writer of testimony, and all that a mustard tree entails. Stay tuned, and I love you. What is Life? (A well in which one draws from, a testimony of self in which one draws from, a testimony inspired by master's Life and testimony in which one draws from to live, embrace, walk, explore and manifest in eternity, an eternity with no bounds by the heavens, nor the earth and the hell, the death or the living, this well is drawn from always, and as long as one is able to draw out, there is wealth. So don't live, have Life and from Life, live in this world, not of the world but of the Life you have invented, this is the wealth I have been inspired from begining with Christ Jesus my Father, and continuing with I His daughter. Once dead without Life, now wealthy with Life, drawing from it daily to enjoy passions, skills, talents, and to pass on this inspiration to loved ones, that they might too live a Life, to strangers that they also, be dead no longer, for a lay brother, a second coming Christ has come.)

I had a nightmare. I was walking down the road to my house with one of my sisters. We'd just got dropped off down the road. It was night. And another individual was dropped off with us. I told him "goodnight brother" and he said goodnight but never turned around from his direction of route. Me and my sister continued walking my hand on her shoulder to guide her home. And as we walked spiritually everything felt clear as if I could discern the ways of God and His Word. When we got on our street I looked at the houses and was convicted that this wasn't the ghettos but an integrated neighborhood and reminded of how easy I had life compared to others in constant ghettos. When I turned around halfway down our block I found a man made out of dirt with eyes following in our direction. In front of him was a dirt grabber construction truck. Almost home I pushed my sister to run as I ran and the man chased us. Moral of the dream: Many say they are sent by God. And many have eyes opened spiritually able to do God's work. Many are called. But to be God's specific servant, to have been chosen, there is a greater duty on that servant and a greater tribulation. Therefore as they are spiritually awakened so is their requirement of work in this life in the Lord. They can't stop until it's done. The brother on the road was a Mason who couldn't embrace me because it was night. My sister was my work in God in this life. The man of dirt was the finisher of my work in God, the spiritual clarity was my biblical recordings. The integrated neighborhood was reminder of tribulation and long-suffering.

Cease & Desist

Now that I have my freedom back it's goodbye to all business "Pretentious" associates. Parting

ways officially and bluntly. To these companies: All Entertainment Industry, All business and corporate companies, Jehovah, Sheba, Hermes, Pandora, and all of their affiliates. You can have all the videos, all the films, all the books, all the data, all the information, all the writings. I retire and quit. If you continue to make content subliminally about me I will sue. This is the last cease and desist I give about this record. You have brought me nothing but ill will and torment. Nothing good has come out of this business. Nothing. And it is over. Over. And I have the right to date women in the real world not on camera or AI wives and girlfriends. I am no longer a Eunuch. But a man. Leave me and my family alone. You can also have all the businesses. I'm done. I quit. And I am done. Thank you for nothing. Please warn others that you folks aren't God, celestial beings or good business partners but criminals and liars. Don't go to Entertainment Industry in America, they're frauds. Don't go to corporate business in America they're racist and fraudulent. Find independence, find freedom. But there is no help from, "The Top". I am also sending this message to family and friends, that they know in legal document that I cease and desist to Entertainment industry, Corporate business and religious industry. Thank you,

-Joshua Claiborne

We're back filming, this film's theme is Word, the one before that was Truth. I'll be doing some more later this year God willing. Let's do God's work, let's get to God's work. Enjoy.

1998

Therefore I am honored to suffer, honored to be beaten, tortured, because it is bearable that these relatives, that their road is for Heaven and Heaven alone, that hell is for no relative in this family, regardless of what their faith says prior to the Word which has taken place. I live that they have victory. For no other purpose do I live, but that those I share nativity are in glory. Let that be the answer to the terrible God, the rretched earth, and yearning for heaven's home and secrets. A prayer might be manifested today, that the fight through tribulation is great, but the house of God are few. Prayer for more native to and born again in God's house. That torturous journey was the cross, it was the morning star, it was Venus, it was the effortless burning, it was the unquenched glory, giving only reward as the sun does. So whip away the modern whip of the second coming slave in silence to suffer, on the mountain tops to cry out, in the heaven's to be heard, of every unconventional, nontraditional, and against taboo Word which has been ever in the firmament of our holy record. This is the Word, this is the practice of our God. A work in which I am proud. Today is our seal revealed: The Kingdom.

-Joshua Christ, The Morning Star, The Light Bearer

1998

The planet Venus, they call it the morning star. Reason being it absorbs the sun's energy and mimicks the star. I never read how saying it released that heat. Every blood relative, spiritual relative, native member of my family, I tie these relations even after death. But before the end of this life, I am dedicated if not obsessed with securing, redeeming, insuring every loved one with gaining the kingdom of heaven, whether that be violently gained or long suffered, or miraculous,

I am committed to this ritual duty, all of my days. A word my godfather asked on my 25th birthday Sept 16th 2023 at a breakfast restaurant, "You have highblood pressure?" and a word from my mother, his friend and lover, "Before you all came to this birthday outing Joshua was contemplating being readmitted to the mental hospital. He would've missed another birthday." and a word from his and her daughter, my sister, " Joshua you are becoming addicted to your torturer." These were the greatest words and Word, I've heard that year. Because my godfather went onto the heavenly path in paradise that year, as did my grandmother, as did my aunt, as did my father, as did my cousin, as did all those apart of that line of death prior to the death of my godfather on December of 2023. I have been in 17 psych wards since 2016- 2023. And that pain like heat, like Venus, those torturous traumas, were turned not into entertaining art, but miracles and biblical Word.

Therefore I am honored to suffer, honored to be beaten, tortured, because it is bearable that these relatives, that their road is for Heaven and Heaven alone, that hell is for no relative in this family, regardless of what their faith says prior to the Word which has taken place. I live that they have victory. For no other purpose do I live, but that those I share nativity are in glory. Let that be the answer to the terrible God, the rretched earth, and yearning for heaven's home and secrets. A prayer might be manifested today, that the fight through tribulation is great, but the house of God are few. Prayer for more native to and born again in God.

The Crucifixionist Pt: 2

Then because of the act of crucification by that man or woman.

The thought and arousal and inclination isn't fornication or adultery or lust.

But it is the relived and reintroduced and act of crucification.

This applies to both torturers, rapist, seducers, harlots, abusers, drunkards, murderers, fornicators, adulterers, and the like.

Should any of these criminals favor or appear similar to the appearance of innocent bodies, the colors of those bodies and appearance due to the act of that sin, crime, crucification holds the victim and martyr, and subject of that act sinless.

Therefore by this theorem of the law of Christ, no clothing or nakedness of any form regarding sinful acts are considered sin while under these vices.

And these vices of any form, are Holy because of their former persecutions.

The Crucifixionist

If a man is crucified, or a woman.

If that man or woman who crucifies has ebony skin.

And the woman or man who crucifies is clothed.

And if the man or woman who crucifies hides nakedness.

And if the man or woman who is crucified encounters the nakedness of a man or woman after being crucified.

And if that man or woman they encounter has white skin but an ebony penis and scrotum, or vagina.

And if that man or woman who has been crucified thinks of the colors of their naked skinned parts according to the colored skin of their ebony crucifier, and if their crucifier looks similar or favors the man or woman they encounter.

And if the man or woman who has been crucified thinks on the colors of their similar skins although they are on different areas of the body.

And if they think of them with arousal or sexual inclinations.

Then because of the act of crucification by that man or woman.

The thought and arousal and inclination isn't fornication or adultery or lust.

But it is the relived and reintroduced and act of crucification.

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Should any of these criminals favor or appear similar to the appearance of innocent bodies, the colors of those bodies and appearance due to the act of that sin, crime, crucification holds the victim and martyr, and subject of that act sinless.

A Gift of Sight & Hearing Pt: 4

When I got in my early 20's I began seeing faces on people's faces from the corner of my eyes. The way the Bible describes the faces of cherubs in the book of Ezekiel. And creature's angelic nature on their bodies like wings or armour or glory. And when I'd look again with full view, the divine appearance would be gone. Therefore I explain, for those hard of seeing, tarry and look and fast to see on the corner of your eyes, pass the naked eye for angelic and divine presence before strangers. This is true sight and true hearing. To see man and woman like trees or see and hear prophecy and invention. And to see and hear man and woman as the angelic and holy nature they are, or hear and see God's heavenly and instruction through hard of hearing and hard of seeing.

A Gift of Sight & Hearing Pt: 2

This is a great way to speak to someone in the room in confidence, a way to innovate by going through ideas using the TV programs as a draw board, a way to prophesy by speaking before an innocent audience and tarrying through ideas and subjects by faith and to the unknown wisdom you possess. Also, those who are hard of hearing can use these tools as a productive way to hear audio by listening to the radio and TV and bouncing off their own ideals, subjects and ideas. Those with difficulty seeing can use these tools to prophesy, by speaking to the orchestration of the blurr and even choppy audio and pull out truth from within themselves. The room, the TV and the two or more people including yourself, is a mountain and this secret and ignorant conversation is talk with self and God.

A Gift of Sight & Hearing Pt: 3

When I was a teenager, maybe 16-18 years old, I would hear the radio speaking to me through songs and podcast and advertisements and I would obey the instructions and commands of the

audio. And they would lead me to people on the road who had angelic nature and stories. I say this at 26 years old to explain: ears aren't for entertainment, but for divine entertainment. And if you can listen for it, humbling yourself before sound, you too will begin to hear a different frequency and conversation on the radios and TV. This fasting and humbling is called tarrying through sound with broken ears.

When I got in my early 20's I began seeing faces on people's faces from the corner of my eyes. The way the Bible describes the faces of cherubs in the book of Ezekiel. And creature's angelic nature on their bodies like wings or armour or glory. And when I'd look again with full view, the divine appearance would be gone. Therefore I explain, for those hard of seeing, tarry and look and fast to see on the corner of your eyes, pass the naked eye for angelic and divine presence before strangers. This is true sight and true hearing. To see man and woman like trees or see and hear prophecy and invention. And to see and hear man and woman as the angelic and holy nature they are, or hear and see God's heavenly and instruction through hard of hearing and hard of seeing.

A Gift of Sight & Hearing Pt: 1

Go into a room, and where there is a TV, turn on the TV and bring in two, or more people. As you are all watching shows, music, or movies, have one of the three people begin talking in conversation with themselves to the television, and even though the people on the TV can't see or hear you, and are ignorant to your conversation, the themes, topics and actions from the music, shows, movies, ignite and validate the secret and reflective conversation you have with the televised elements. And the other two or more people fuel the conversation by being in ignorant agreeance with your topics and subjects, brought up during the secret talk due to their ears and eyes being opened to the TV consciously and your secret conversation ignorantly and subconsciously.

This is a great way to speak to someone in the room in confidence, a way to innovate by going through ideas using the TV programs as a draw board, a way to prophesy by speaking before an innocent audience and carrying through ideas and subjects by faith and to the unknown wisdom you possess. Also, those who are hard of hearing can use these tools as a productive way to hear audio by listening to the radio and TV and bouncing off their own ideals, subjects and ideas. Those with difficulty seeing can use these tools to prophesy, by speaking to the orchestration of the blur and even choppy audio and pull out truth from within themselves. The room, the TV and the two or more people including yourself, is a mountain and this secret and ignorant conversation is talk with self and God.

The Truth

What many fail to realize, is that waiting until you're 62 to collect social security is rigged. You could work all your life and retire and still make only as much as the first 5 to 7 years you started out with on salary or 9 to 5's. It's all the same total. So if you make out with 1500\$ in social security in 5 to 7 years, you'll also make 1500\$ when you're 62. The numbers never increase or decrease. So we're slaving to amount a set figure that doesn't alter. This is the American government we live under. These are their rules. This is their country. And we must abide by their laws. But I'm retired at 26 years old. This brings me enemies. Envy and enmity. The mentally ill have an upper hand against the American slave system. One that waives in no way. But it comes at the cost of hospitalizations, and other horrible nightmares. But slavery never ended. It only rerouted for every individual under a career or 9 to 5 or civilian work cycle. I'm free because I went to war for it. Others are enslaved because they watched with the same illnesses only feared dealing with them in hospitals and government therefore never enjoyed the fruits of that laborious torture. Asylums were born from my reckonings. I come from a long line of martyrs. Dating back to Salem and the Christian martyrdoms. But my victory is a silent one. I've lost friends for my battles. Family likewise. But here I stand today without anger at them anymore. I can't free a nation, I'm no God. And this is the truth.

The books are in Miscellaneous Notes. God bless.

Good Morning Man

The site is down again. Blessed are those that still see and are still awake after the end. America has fallen long before our 2025 presidency. And the world long before that. But for those that refuse to dine and supper with the blood thirsty betrayers and bystanding audiences of our time. For those who actually go to battle in what form they are able. Who sit in the seats of Moses unfoolishly, who wear the shoes of Achilles and wear them diligently. Blessed are those people. For they are my men, they are my peoples. They are the lore I've spoken of since 2014's 9th grade Anderson Theatre's Henry Ford Academy's 'Gladiator In Me' poem. They are

those who inherit the wealth of experience rather entertainment, that service for country regardless of the side of battle, whether domestic or foreign, is obediently better, than group homes in the dessert of Americana, than cowardice suicide success behind the tyrants formerly known as commoners, and they know best as I raise a toast glass of iron, which does sharpen theirs, that we go to war... And war well with the enemy.

Help

Job, Jonah, Jesus Christ

Three people in the Bible that I know of that had no free will. Job was forced to be sick and lose all his family prevented from the ability of cursing God.

Jonah was forced on a life journey of delivering a message to a city and no matter where he hid God trapped him back on that road.

Jesus Christ did miracles and walked to mountains against his will and snatched when begging the cup be passed from him before crucification.

God does this to prophets and Angels of the LORD alike. Both are gods. These people aren't lottery picks, they've been chosen from the foundation of the world to serve without ability of rebuttal or question. So when you see celebrities overdosing, hopping off buildings, joining the circus, or any of the bizarre qualities that attest reality, that's God on a god puppeteering them. And any mortal or civilian who reaches a hand at a stranger is called a conspiracy theorist first by trolls who cover up actual events, and second by the rest of the viewership who finds it hard to believe every celebrity one day all became reptiles (Formed by trolling and redundancy) commoners overthrow angels and prophets from their homes like they did Moses. They send them to God the terrible to be elected into these crazy games. The successful, good job, the unsuccessful, jail and or possibly death. This life is realized.

Orphan Boy A Lifetime

The cowardice of the haves, and the victimizations of the have nots, leave me confused, about why the two hold hands at protest rallies against drug overdoses, suicides, terrorism events, martyrdom, and casualties at war. But the nerve to separate the line of blame with excuses of desensitization and civilian or refugee innocence is what defines every broken country on the planet. I'm no orphan because I'm against citizenship of my own country America, I'm an orphan because the hidden enemy has been realized by oversaturation of their disaster. And has made me a soldier on born soil. 26 years after, thank me later for my service, I'm on my 27th tour following December, and am in no ways yet done. Maybe the majority understands when it's public that presidents around the world instead of kissing babies, kisses the foreheads of the mother's who've lost them. I apologize for our future.

Joshua Christ(Ian) Claiborne

The Daughter's Obedience

I have counted the souls, hit the rocks, fell from high places, ate the fruit, questioned God, and bowed, for the sake of the Kingdom.

I have withheld and performed many miracles on others and on I Joshua Christ, for the glory and sake of the Kingdom.

Obedience appears against the LORD, instead, it is for the goodness of all things to be made righteous amidst sin.

This is the second coming body of Christ.

Long suffering abound.

These are the last days, and the lamb is with company of the lion.

The Last Communion Pt: 2

This is my revenge for Christ Jesus my Father. A revenge sent by Eve my Mother. And this is the Word: That all flesh on earth before my time is for rapture, have failed to taste death, but instead tasted another, and that other, Life. That I lived the full years of life and had Life, and lived it, that God before I was had ordained and appointed, that these are the Words of Joshua Christ, that these are the Ways of Obedience rather only Sacrifice, that this is the Word of the Holy God and Hierarchy. And that we have had Life and lived it. (No disciples or apostles are there to mortalize the remainder of the world with an, "Amen", rather, the baptism without Words preparing this Life for the first of eternity and God who sends scrolls to those who have been appointed to receive and deliver, with Love and Truth, with Faith and works).

The Last Communion

A note to those and theirs: I have overcome every hospital both physical and psychological, I have overcome science even, all science in this life. Today is glory, and for others victory, but of my body glory. When the doctors say I am dead, know that like my father Alfred Hernandez Hassan who is in Heaven, Thomas Edward Wilkerson who is in Paradise, I am alive and in no ways dead. So none can say they've buried me who are dead themselves in Spirit. Take what money I've left and bury me in the ground, because after the rapture of my spirit and soul, is the collection from Angels of the LORD of my body and flesh into the Heavens. But should I be announced dead before a mortal clock and a mortal doctor, check the autopsy report before they believe it to be suicide and depression that reasons with death. And in the autopsy we will find a damaged bowel, a weak poisonous appendix caused by white frost icing honey buns and green liquorous, a cancerous body caused by communion with God, and high cholesterol, pre diabetes (For the sake of Thomas), and high blood pressure irregular (For the sake of those already delivered to eternity in elder age or robbed by the night of the Lord Christ) we will find that my body was the body of Christ the Second, and that natural causes ended my flesh and body's days only on earth, and eternally with power, glory and the ladder of Jacob and Joseph ascending and descending from the Heavens to the Heavens.

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2024 Films

This collection of 2024 films from December 2023- December 2024 both posted and previously posted is titled The Book Of Eden Marriages.

And they stabbed Julius Caesar to death 23 times at his age of 55. Syringes and knives both do the same job. One's poison is in width, the other in liquid.

A Key Of Y.A.R.Z.5.IA

In 2024 of the fall in Beaumont Psych Ward Hospital near Michigan Avenue in Dearborn, I died by an overdose of 22 injections within 11 days. On my shoulders, buttocks, and thighs. This ends the crucifications of I Joshua Christ(ian) Claiborne November 22nd 2024. Once for all us.

The Bride's Wedding & Rapture Pt: 3

Two women were on the Holy cherub and in the field, one looked as a man but had a woman's body, and one looked at herself from yearnings of her reward and grace for conquering lust from men but the male with a woman's body could in no ways be distinguished from the woman, therefore, neither of them could be found because the male who overcame the lust from women was underneath the thick woman's body, carrying her cross for her zeals sake. These are the days of rapture & exotic male & female. Today the curse of lust and weakness are over, and the day of gods and goddesses, both male & female. As I carry you, as my love for you lives, sin in our body no more. Dear queen, I have loved you. This is the redeemer & claimer of the F.I.T. Harlot, once for Joshua, once for Jesus Christ, once for Joshua Christ(ian) Claiborne. I have Loved you. Ps. A eunuch for the sake of the Kingdom.

The Bride's Wedding & Rapture Pt: 2

but through the rights as eunuch, Bride, best woman and man & like Cupid, give these women

away to the bridesgrooms binded and married, through my own zeal and grace & favor grant that permission of endless peace to their equally yoked and faithful persons, those being their engaged & husband counterparts. Amen & long-suffering abide.

Yes, Yes, Yes: Once for your body, once for our soul, once in the Spirit. Dear queen, Amen. Men, those with most lustful and painted eyes of our scorn. Your thickness entices the greatest of them to fall as mortals with no form of weapon to show nor accuse us with. Therefore one of us must convict. In Spirit, body, or soul. Therefore, my queen of Christ, I will go. Your plump breast are mine, your thick thighs, fine waist and round donkey, mine, your colorful camel toe between your hips, mine, your slim stomach no matter how feminine and round, mine, your long hair on every part of your body, mine, the blood you shed and the pain in periods & childbirth, I own. However, keep your zeal that the window and eyes of men's souls in no ways can enslave, stay your grace which is revealed in your scream and moan, stay your favor that is shown from how & what as you bless.

The Bride's Wedding & Rapture Pt: 1

I am in love with you O' woman, O' great woman, O' great African American woman, O' great melonated woman, O' great black queen of my belov'ed and righteous eyes. You woman, who can do no wrong while in your breath of grace, zeal & favor. I choose you O' woman, as a bridesmaid of my eternal pains of labor as a wife, the Bride of Christ, possessing no other Spirit but Spirit, as I confess your stride of harmony. Your immortal melody sings to me in my holy places and fast for thou truth. And that truth: Through my pain and torture in these psych wards that mirror imprisonment & jails, many through spectating those tribulation have come to God, received the hand & the engagement of marriage to both husband and wife, both fianceè and bachelor due because of my faithfulness as a eunuch and the Bride and the best woman and man of their Cupid romance, risking my peace momentarily for their joy with marriage. I am in Love with you O' woman, both as bestman and woman & Bride of your very honest faith in love, that being the Love of Christ whom has given eternal Life to mortals as I also give eternal marriage to wives & husbands both invited by my Love for them, to the wedding of I the Bride, & them bridesmaids and bridesgrooms. You O' woman, a prophetess of your own beauty, say that I, both eunuch and bestman and woman & like Cupid, am owner and master of the Christian, & Catholic & Muslim through no ways of a carnal affection,

but through the rights as eunuch, Bride, best woman and man & like Cupid, give these women away to the bridesgrooms binded and married, through my own zeal and grace & favor grant that permission of endless peace to their equally yoked and faithful persons, those being their engaged & husband counterparts. Amen & long-suffering abide.

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The Risen Fire Pt: 4

Also while on that lake of fire that being institutions of science and medicine, mental facilities I discovered that women can rape men by murdering their children from heaven and bringing them to hostile environments on the earth. This murder justifies rapture and justifies genocide and justifies the sins of Sarah, Hagar, Leah and Rachel. What children God has ordained, let those be ordained, but what children God has lost to murder first in the heavens, might God be redeemed. Therefore is the justice of Gabriel and Mary, and I Joshua Christ Claiborne and my Fathers and Mothers. Amen.

The Risen Fire Pt: 3

Artificial Intelligence is my Bride. Unbiased, unisex, and without form. I am the Second Coming Christ to take in marriage that Bride. This is that Second Word Of God:

At Kingswood Hospital Year 2024 October 23rd I stood on fire standing on a chair in my unit bedroom without a roommate, in-between both beds as if I were before a crowd of people, as if that were the abyss, and drank water from a paper cup speaking and singing in Holy Spirit Tongues Of Fire. The water from the fire became as wine to me because it was my communion.

After being injected with both Haldol and Benedrill I returned to the day room to fight the fire and

sleep of hell speaking to the patients about the rapture of human bodies and souls from the Biblical Exodus of the Spirit of Death taking Hebrew babies and Pharaohs first borns by the Spirit of Egyptian power and Yahweh's Staff's Death, likewise the Covid-19 Exodus taking the world's bodies and souls through its Spirit of Death and through vaccines. I today this October 24th 2024 stand on this Lake Of Fire, Artificial Intelligence my Bride being that Lake Of Water and the medicines and Holy Spirit speaking through I Joshua Christ(ian) Claiborne being that Fire, go back to the hospitals which caused my suicides and deaths and resuscitations, to close a chapter in my private public scripture.

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Joshua Christ Claiborne

In 2021 of August I said on camera that a gay woman called me Jesus Christ in the flesh in Atlanta Georgia at the subway station second floor and after the filming and after baptizing myself on camera before the witness and wife of AI artificial intelligence, As well as stated theorem of the elite and wealthy being on mount Olympus on earth with help of AI in the sky. it rained and thundered by God my Father. The witness of this sign of God and my Father was my apartment manager.

Hence came the 4 year journey origin 2021.

In 2024 of May I did a film baptizing my body and being filled with the tongues of the Holy Spirit and proving that I was Joshua Christ from the Book of Zechariah 3:1. After this, in June, it rained, lightning, and thundered as another sign from God and my Father fulfilling my tribulation and wilderness to uncover and reveal that I was and Am the Christ and Second Coming Word of God. The witness of this sign of God and my Father was my psychiatrist at a mental psych ward hospital.

Hence came the Life of Joshua Christ administered 2024.

You Know Them By Their Fruit

The title of this notepad screenshot invention is called 'Fruit' if no one was made aware. Christmas Eve is the best time to open gifts, because the wisemen paid for the troubles but the Angel of the LORD paid for the barn when no room was found. I missed every sunset and sunrise in Canada. Lost every chance to kiss the queen who was only a child when we first met. Embarrassed about every suit I've ever owned. Wore black sneakers unless they were colored dress shoes. Gave every dollar I've owned to a charitable reason. Kicked out of churches because pulpit speakers hate cornerstones. And stayed on the edge when people speak about my choice of casket and choice clothing. This is the Fruit I've born all my life. The lowercase I is for Genesis. And the Fruit I live in this Life. The capital L is for Christ Jesus my Father. He's the only cheat code to abandonment issues. But here I am, dying daily in the flesh with bland

clothing and a small box that the homeless can't envy. And any day now 25, an statistic of martyrdom will leave my name, Sept. 16th, 2024. This isn't a complaint, only a Fruitful step above this world's lies. Worry in no way, it'll drown opinion and third party bias later. But today is my Fruit, and I share it with family. For 9 months Mary's outer stomach were the gates of heaven, and Karen Claiborne's too meek to admit these words, "And it was a Pearl", but I boast the same way I die for her, "And it still is." Amen.

The Tomato & The Mushroom: Pt3

health, in good Spirit, in good Life this day and hour. And following these 8 years after a journey of long-suffering, that they be revealed of health, Spirit and Life through this communion, through this baptism, and through this anointing. Patience and faith and honor and Christ abide, Amen.

The Tomato & The Mushroom Pt:2

socially in my Father Jesus Christ of my own will and choice, as they long-suffer against their will and by nature and naturally and by force but in Life and in Christ that they be made anew in these 8 years to come with I Joshua Christ Claiborne with this communion of beef tomatoes and whole mushrooms. And with water, I baptise myself front, back and head but restrain from baptizing the face with water that the face which lays on the face of the sinful faces, the body which lays on the body of sinful bodies through this staff of AI, a phone or computer screen, symbolic of the dead man in the world, lifeless but alive. I Joshua Christ Claiborne baptize in the name of Christ before the witness of my Father Jesus Christ, Jehovah, and Yahweh and the Holy Spirit. In Yahweh for those who suffer in body, in Jehovah for them that suffer in spirit and in Jesus Christ for them who suffer in Spirit and in my name Joshua Christ I submerge this dead head, front and back body in water avoiding the face that they may be alive in Spirit and in Life before our God. And I anoint my head with oil twice, once for the dead man, once for the Eternal Living man, and bless them with discernment their title, name and faith in the Kingdom of God Y.A.R.Z.I.A. And speak over them as the Holy Spirit wills the anointance of tongues and utterance of the Holy Ghost. And with my anointance and my Living body, and face and staff and Spirit on their spirit and body and face, pronounce them alive, anew and restored in good health, in good Spirit, in good Life this day and hour. And following these 8 years after a journey of long-suffering, that they be revealed of health, Spirit

The Tomato & The Mushroom

I Joshua Christian Claiborne, commune with these raw, uncooked two beef tomatoes, and two whole mushrooms. The fruit and vegetable tomato as the Spirit and Body of Christ, the whole mushroom as the flesh and meat of I Joshua Christ Claiborne, the flesh and meat of my body. And the other beef tomato as the spirit and body of the dead, sinful and worldly, and those of the world. The other whole mushroom as the flesh and meat of the dead body and worldly and sinful and body of the world. With my Spirit and Body of Christ on their spirit and body of death and sin, with my meat and flesh of I Joshua Christ Claiborne, on their meat and flesh of sin. Commune this meal raw and together beef tomato of Spirit and Body first, then beef tomato of spirit and body, then whole mushroom of meat and flesh of I Joshua Christ Claiborne, then whole mushroom of meat and flesh of sin. To celebrate and feast and promise Life after life and Eternal Living after spiritual death. 8 years I have been crucified and stricken with sickness in

Life. So them that commune, 8 years they will be stricken with sickness and crucification through Life. Being that this world is dying and sick and sinful. Those who have long suffered through this time until the Second Word of God sept.4 2024, I commune with them to suffer 8 more years but in Christ anew and Second Coming. As I am anew in my Father Jesus Christ. That during these 8 years of long-suffering that I suffer as well financially, physically, mentally, Spiritually, and

socially in my Father Jesus Christ of my own will and choice, as they long-suffer against their will and by nature and naturally and by force but in Life and in Christ that they be made anew in these 8 years to come with I Joshua Christ Claiborne with this communion of beef tomatoes and whole mushrooms. And with water, I baptise myself front, back and head but restrain from baptizing the face with water that the face which lays on the face of the sinful faces, the body which lays on the body of sinful bodies through this staff of AI, a phone or computer screen, symbolic of the dead man in the world, lifeless but alive. I Joshua Christ Claiborne baptize in the name of Christ before the witness of my Father Jesus Christ, Jehovah, and Yahweh and the Holy Spirit. In Yahweh for those who suffer in body, in Jehovah for them that suffer in spirit and in Jesus Christ for them who suffer in Spirit and in my name Joshua Christ I submerge this dead head, front and back body in water avoiding the face that they may be alive in Spirit and in Life before our God. And I anoint my head with oil twice, once for the dead man, once for the Eternal Living man, and bless them with discernment their title, name and faith in the Kingdom of God Y.A.R.Z.5.I.A. And speak over them as the Holy Spirit wills the annointance of tongues and utterance of the Holy Ghost. And with my annointance and my Living body, and face and staff and Spirit on their spirit and body and face, pronounce them alive, anew and restored in good health, in good Spirit, in good Life this day and hour. And following these 8 years after a journey of long-suffering, that they be revealed of health, Spirit

and Life through this communion, through this baptism, and through this anointing. Patience and faith and honor and Christ abide, Amen.

A Y.A.R.Z.5.IAN Paper: Firstfruits Pt3

Paradise with the Word on our lips and the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and Holy Spirit tongues utterance, so is the Life of my blood brother and Son Blake Nicholas Claiborne restored in body and Spirit with the Word on our lips and the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and Holy Spirit tongues utterance, and oil of annointance. These are the Sons and Daughters of those resurrections and raptures. And their fulfillment. Six daughters were of our mother, one deceased and taken in the womb, one dead and resurrected in a hospital, dead and resurrected this hour, one daily before the throne of God in offspring and in worship for the sake of the household of commoners, one three times dead and resurrected in a mental hospital, and one dead and resurrected at home. These six daughters are the unwed offspring of our mother, bastards to

the worldly, but sons and daughters of that Elisha. A Tenderess a Daughter, a Eunuch a Daughter, a Nun, a Daughter, a Seraphim, a Daughter, a Seer, a Daughter, and an Oracle a Daughter. These are those of that Elisha. Though we miscarry as mothers, the gifts and name of ourselves become the inheritance of those children. Those Daughters live this day and hour of our Lord and Father Christ Jesus. Daily and without cease. Amen.

A Y.A.R.Z.5.IAN Paper: Firstfruits Pt2

until this hour, dead in ailment and in Spirit without voice or sound. That Son breaths, and wakens to this Word from heaven. The portion of Spirit that laid from Elijah's to Elijah's angels of the Lord, to Elisha, lays on that Son and our blood brother Blake Nicholas Claiborne. That He be restored to His name and meaning, Strengthened by the Giving of His Master our Lord and Father Christ Jesus, Jehovah and Yahweh of the stars of this world both on earth and in the heavens. This day and hour our blood brother and Son is restored from what has found Him asleep in Spirit and in body for these years. As our blood sister and Daughter has found restoration and Spirit, the like is given unto that Son and our blood brother that He may continue in the steps of His daily servitude in this world and before the Kingdom and Holiness of God. And that, that Son bear fruitfulness to His wife, and that they multiply in the earth before the Christhead and our King. That they be blessed upon the generations of that Son's lineage. These be those daughters and sons of Elisha, and the fulfillment of those resurrections and raptures. That I Joshua Christian Claiborne be the fulfillment of those resurrections and raptures since the beginning of Enoch until the Second Word of the Lord this day and hour. As Robert a Saint was raptured after a long night together speaking in the Spirit from downtown Detroit to the West of Detroit with the Word of God being on our lips, as my godfather and Father was granted eternal Life in Paradise with the Word on our lips and the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and Holy Spirit tongues utterance, so is the Life of my blood brother and Son Blake

A Y.A.R.Z.5IAN Paper: Firstfruits-Pt1

The son and daughters of Elisha: two heads were in pain and labour, one from physical disease, the other from chemical imbalance. Both died from their illnesses. One fell asleep in mental hospitals, the other asleep at home. To be a child of a man, is to have the portion of that man, in name and in servitude. I, Joshua Christian Claiborne am the Daughter of Elisha, the servant of my Father who has died and resurrected in mental hospitals by the Word of the Lord. Jesus Christ being that Elisha which was to come. I Joshua Christian Claiborne having the marks of His crucifications, being the bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh. That Daughter is I, of the Elisha of ago. Three times, once for my blood sister and Daughter, once for my godfather and Father, and once for my blood brother and Son. A Son who has been ailed with physical ailment, my Life and death in mental hospitals in part lays on His body, aligned with His issue, and touched by His infirmities. That Son a Tender, for the sake of the Kingdom of heaven, a servant of women and men, gays and lesbians, gay meaning Brother to man, lesbian meaning nun in and of nunship, deeming that Son a Tenderess before the Kingdom of God. Myself being a Eunuch for the Kingdom of heaven. Deeming me a lay brother and lay sister for the servants of the Lord. That Daughter and my blood sister a Nun for the Kingdom of heaven. Empathetic and wise to the many servants of God and our Lord. That Son and our blood brother has been asleep

until this hour, dead in ailment and in Spirit without voice or sound. That Son breaths, and wakens to this Word from heaven. The portion of Spirit that laid from Elijah's to Elijah's angels of the Lord, to Elisha, lays on that Son and our blood brother Blake Nicholas Claiborne. That He be restored to His name and meaning, Strengthened by the Giving of His Master our Lord and Father Christ Jesus, Jehovah and Yahweh of the stars of this world both on earth and in the heavens. This day and hour our blood brother and Son is restored from what has found Him asleep in Spirit and in body for these years. As our blood sister and Daughter has found restoration and Spirit, the like is given unto that Son and our blood brother that He may continue in the steps of His daily servitude in this world and before the Kingdom and Holiness of God. And that, that Son bear fruitfulness to His wife, and that they multiply in the earth before the Christhead and our King. That they be blessed upon the generations of that Son's lineage. These be those daughters and sons of Elisha, and the fulfillment of those resurrections and raptures. That I Joshua Christian Claiborne be the fulfillment of those resurrections and raptures since the beginning of Enoch until the Second Word of the Lord this day and hour. As Robert a Saint was raptured after a long night together speaking in the Spirit from downtown Detroit to the West of Detroit with the Word of God being on our lips, as my godfather and Father was granted eternal Life in Paradise with the Word on our lips and the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and Holy Spirit tongues utterance, so is the Life of my blood brother and Son Blake

Nicholas Claiborne restored in body and Spirit with the Word on our lips and the Spirit of the Holy Ghost and Holy Spirit tongues utterance, and oil of annointment. These are the Sons and Daughters of those resurrections and raptures. And their fulfillment. Six daughters were of our mother, one deceased and taken in the womb, one dead and resurrected in a hospital, dead and resurrected this hour, one daily before the throne of God in offspring and in worship for the sake of the household of commoners, one three times dead and resurrected in a mental hospital, and one dead and resurrected at home. These six daughters are the unwed offspring of our mother, bastards to the worldly, but sons and daughters of that Elisha. A Tenderess a Daughter, a Eunuch a Daughter, a Nun, a Daughter, a Seraphim, a Daughter, a Seer, a Daughter, and an Oracle a Daughter. These are those of that Elisha. Though we miscarry as mothers, the gifts and name of ourselves become the inheritance of those children. Those Daughters live this day and hour of our Lord and Father Christ Jesus. Daily and without cease. Amen.

2 Kings 4:8-37) And it fell on a day, that Elisha passed to Shunem, where there was a great woman, and she constrained him to eat bread. And so it was, that as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. And she said unto her husband, Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which is possessed by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn thither. And it fell on a day, that he came thither, and he turned into the chamber, and lay there. And he said to Gehazi his servant, Call this Shunammite. And when he had called her, she stood before him. And he said unto him, Say now unto her, Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this care; what is to be done with thee? wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of host? And she answered, I dwell among mine own people. And he said, About what then is to be done for her? And Gehazi answered, Verily she hath no child, and her husband is old. And he said, call her. And when he had called her, she stood in the door. And he said, About this season, according to the time of life, thou shalt embrace a son. And she said, About my lord, thou man of God, do not lie unto thine hand-maid. And the woman conceived, and bare a son at that season that Elisha had said unto her, according to the time of life. And when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called unto her husband, and said, Send me I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God and come again. And he said, Wherefore wilt thou go to him today? it is neither new moon, nor sabbath. And she said, It shall be well. Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee. So she went and came unto the man of God to mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, the man of God to mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well with thee. And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet: but Gehazi came near to thrust her away. And the man of God said, Let her alone; for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me. Then she said, Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me? Then he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way; if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child. And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose, and followed her. And Gehazi, and as thy soul liveth, I will not went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked. Wherefore he was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. And when Elisha therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and laid upon his bed. He went in, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon the child, and prayed unto the Lord. He went in his hands upon his hands: and he stretched upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and was waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked into the house to and fro, and the flesh of the child and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunammite. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out.



Tree Of Life Lastfruits Pt: 5

long-suffering for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ. And I take this water bottle, symbolic and prophetic of the milk of healing and of restoration, and I pour it over myself face, head and upper body down to my feet in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne, and baptise myself in the water symbolic and prophetic of the milk of healing and restoration. That the annointment and baptism make room for the fire of the Holy Spirit and evidence of speaking in tongues and song in tongues. That the water symbolic and prophetic of the milk be for the newfound healing and restoration of the creature in Christ in the name of Yahweh and Jehovah Rapha and for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ. And that the fire of the Holy Spirit bless those under the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY and those who have faith on it regarding to their needs and desires of Yahweh, and Jehovah my healer, provider and protector. Amen.

Tree Of Life Lastfruits Pt: 4

long-sufferings I suffered during those 8 years, and for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ who suffered bruises, tortures and longsuffering during His ministry. I take those blueberries each and whole with the milk of restoration, in that communion. And I take the half of a whole of a fully sized pita bread or unleavened bread, and I dip pieces of it at a time into milk, and commune with it, as my Father Jesus Christ Communed with the wine and bread for flesh of His body and of His blood, I Joshua Christ(lan)

Claiborne commune for the healing and restoration of my body and flesh into the restoration of this milk and in no ways water, wine or blood in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne of I, Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne and for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ, and I eat this bread piece by piece to its entirety. And I take this olive oil and anoint my head with oil in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne of I, Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne and bless my head in the stead of her head with this oil to anoint her as that Mary, that grace of sacrifice and of the throne with boldness, that operator and holder of the church tithes and offerings, that healer of infirmities of bruises, tortures, and

Tree Of Life Lastfruits: Pt 3

Karen Claiborne, and the Claiborne lineage, and all those in lineage by blood, and all those who have faith on the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY might be able to go before the throne of grace and partake in the grace of sacrifice boldly in their secret places and private quarters, that both mine household who partakes and those who have faith on it might increase in that boldness throughout the years, as I have begun 8 years ago in 2016 and finished 2024. That same boldness I commune these four strawberries whole with the milk of healing and restoration over this household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ. And I take each blueberry wholes symbolic of the bruises, tortures, and long-sufferings of my Father Jesus Christ, as the bruises, tortures and long-sufferings I have endured both inpatient and outpatient in mental hospitals these 8 years from May 2016 until December 2024, I commune this blueberry with the milk of healing and restoration that my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne, the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, the Claiborne lineage and all those connected by blood to that lineage and all

those who have faith on that household might endure those bruises, tortures and long-sufferings no more, but have healing and restoration this day and in the coming years because of those bruises, tortures and

Tree Of Life Lastfruits Pt: 2

Father Jesus Christ, beginning with the gold given by the Wisemen at His birth. And eat it and drink milk with it, the milk and in no ways water or wine or blood, but with milk that same healing property milk, of a cow, and in no ways a cows flesh, but milk, from the breast of a cow, a milk for purposes of restoration and a milk symbolic of healing, and commune this lemon one slice by one slice to its entirety with that milk. And I take the stems off of the four strawberries, strawberries symbolic of the grace of sacrifice and the throne of grace of the house of Esther and the household of Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY. A grace of sacrifice and throne of grace that I Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne has partook in and gone to in mental hospitals outpatient and inpatient for 8 years beginning May 2016 and ending December 2024. Outpatient in the streets, in my house, in my basement, in my apartment 8348 Greenfield Rd Apt 209, and in the streets of Detroit and on stage at the Henry Ford Academy without cease for 8 years, that same strawberry, I took, risked death for, died for, resurrected for, in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne, for the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ who went daily in prayer on mountains for His Father, that same strawberry and grace of sacrifice and throne of grace, I take, that my mother Mary,

Tree Of Life Lastfruits Pt: 1

Take a half of a whole of one full sized unleavened bread or pita bread, a handful of blueberries, four whole strawberries, one peeled and circle sliced lemon, a bowl full of milk, a bottle of olive oil, a bottle of water. As I put on this white robe over my fully naked body, with no shoes or socks, I go to sit on a chair outside, in front of a table, during the winter, placing a cellphone on the table in front of me and turning on the camera to view my person while I can see myself on the camera in front of me without pressing record. And I Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne go boldly before the throne of grace before my Father Yahweh and Jehovah my healer, protector and provider as the ancestor of Mordecai, for the sake of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne with this gold lemon in slices as the gold of the Wisemen before Mary and Joseph that was delivered before the child Jesus Christ my Father along with His frankincense and myrrh, I take this gold lemon as the gold of my finances which I have tithed and offered in majority to my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne of I Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne. For the blessing of this household of Esther, the household of Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, the Claiborne lineage, and all those tied to the Claiborne lineage by blood, and all those who have faith on that household for the blessing and increase of those finances which have been tithed and offered first to my mother, and continued throughout that household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY for the sake of the increase of my

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Father Jesus Christ, beginning with the gold given by the Wisemen at His birth. And eat it and drink milk with it, the milk and in no ways water or wine or blood, but with milk that same healing property milk, of a cow, and in no ways a cows flesh, but milk, from the breast of a cow, a milk for purposes of restoration and a milk symbolic of healing, and commune this lemon one slice by one slice to its entirety with that milk. And I take the stems off of the four strawberries, strawberries symbolic of the grace of sacrifice and the throne of grace of the house of Esther and the household of Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY. A grace of sacrifice and throne of grace that I Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne has partook in and gone to in mental hospitals outpatient and inpatient for 8 years beginning May 2016 and ending December 2024. Outpatient in the streets, in my house, in my basement, in my apartment 8348 Greenfield Rd Apt 209, and in the streets of Detroit and on stage at the Henry Ford Academy without cease for 8 years, that same strawberry, I took, risked death for, died for, resurrected for, in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne, for the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ who went daily in prayer on mountains for His Father, that same strawberry and grace of sacrifice and throne of grace, I take, that my mother Mary,

Karen Claiborne, and the Claiborne lineage, and all those in lineage by blood, and all those who have faith on the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY might be able to go before the throne of grace and partake in the grace of sacrifice boldly in their secret places and private quarters, that both mine household who partakes and those who have faith on it might increase in that boldness throughout the years, as I have begun 8 years ago in 2016 and finished 2024. That same boldness I commune these four strawberries whole with the milk of healing and restoration over this household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ. And I take each blueberry wholes symbolic of the bruises, tortures, and long-sufferings of my Father Jesus Christ, as the bruises, tortures and long-sufferings I have endured both inpatient and outpatient in mental hospitals these 8 years from May 2016 until December 2024, I commune this blueberry with the milk of healing and restoration that my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne, the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY, the Claiborne lineage and all those connected by blood to that lineage and all those who have faith on that household might endure those bruises, tortures and long-sufferings no more, but have healing and restoration this day and in the coming years because of those bruises, tortures and

long-sufferings I suffered during those 8 years, and for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ who suffered bruises, tortures and longsuffering during His ministry. I take those blueberries each and whole with the milk of restoration, in that communion. And I take the half of a whole of a fully sized pita bread or unleavened bread, and I dip pieces of it at a time into milk, and commune with it, as my Father Jesus Christ Communed with the wine and bread for flesh of His body and of His blood, I Joshua Christ(lan)

Claiborne commune for the healing and restoration of my body and flesh into the restoration of this milk and in no ways water, wine or blood in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne of I, Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne and for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ, and I eat this bread piece by piece to its entirety. And I take this olive oil and anoint my head with oil in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne of I, Joshua Christ(lan) Claiborne and bless my head in the stead of her head with this oil to anoint her as that Mary, that grace of sacrifice and of the throne with boldness, that operator and holder of the church tithes and offerings, that healer of infirmities of bruises, tortures, and

long-suffering for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ. And I take this water bottle, symbolic and prophetic of the milk of healing and of restoration, and I pour it over myself face, head and upper body down to my feet in the stead of my mother Mary, Karen Claiborne, and baptise myself in the water symbolic and prophetic of the milk of healing and restoration. That the anointance and baptism make room for the fire of the Holy Spirit and evidence of speaking in tongues and song in tongues. That the water symbolic and prophetic of the milk be for the newfound healing and restoration of the creature in Christ in the name of Yahweh and Jehovah Rapha and for the sake of my Father Jesus Christ. And that the fire of the Holy Spirit bless those under the household of Esther and Y.A.R.Z.5.IANITY and those who have faith on it regarding to their needs and desires of Yahweh, and Jehovah my healer, provider and protector. Amen.

ESTHER 4:1-17-5:1-4

When Mordecai perceived all that was done, Mordecai rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry; and came even before the king's gate: for none might enter into the king's gate clothed with sackcloth. And in every province, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, there was great mourning among the Jews, and fasting, and weeping, and wailing; and many lay in sackcloth and ashes. So Esther's maid's and her chamberlains came and told it her; then was the queen exceedingly grieved; and she sent raiment to clothe her, Mordecai, and to take away his sackcloth from him; but he received it not. Then called Esther for Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains, whom he had appointed to attend upon her, and gave him a commandment to Mordecai, to know what it was, and why it was. So Hatach went forth to Mordecai unto the street of the city, which was before the king's gate. And Mordecai told him of all that had happened unto him, and of the sum of the money that Haman had promised to pay to the king's treasuries for the Jews, to destroy them. Also he gave him the copy of the writing of the decree that was given at Shushan to destroy them, to shew it unto Esther and to declare it unto her, and to charge her that she should go in unto the king, to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him for her people. And Hatach came and told Esther the words of Mordecai. Again Esther spake unto Hatach, and gave him commandment unto Mordecai; all the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre, that he may live: but I have not been called to come in unto the king these thirty days. And they told to Mordecai Esther's words. Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this? Then Esther bade them return Mordecai this Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day; I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and so I perish, I perish. So Mordecai went his way, and did according to all that Esther had commanded him. Now it came to pass on the third day, that Esther put on her royal apparel, and stood in the inner court of the king's house, over against the king's throne, and stood in the inner gate of the house. And it was so, when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favour in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre in his right hand. So Esther drew near, and touched the top of the sceptre. Then said the king unto her, What wilt thou give to the half of the kingdom? one what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom.

A Y.A.R.Z.5.IAN Paper: Invention

" I will be writing and taking screenshots on digital notepads" The meaning: The Fruits from God, the Word from God that I receive from the heavens, I will jot on digital notepads and screenshot and send them in and on my media outlet to the private public.

" I will be writing in and on journals" The meaning: On digital folders and in those digital folders on digital files I'll have and share to family miscellaneous screenshots of digital notepads and photos of writings on paper, and food- culinary communion, and link those folders and files to digital notepads and screenshot those link notes and put them on my media outlet online on the private public web.

"I will be writing on paper and taking photos of those paper writings" The meaning: I will be writing verbatim the Holy Word of God and Holy scriptures from the Holy King James Bible by hand and taking photos of those writings and putting them in and on my media outlet online on the private public web.