

Motivational Verdict

Orphan Boy

I have lied to many people, because people listen to my words. I've become a wretched murderer, people come to my shows..children's souls are broken, these children hear my healing words...mothers bring me to tears on this stage, point being, not one of their children was mine. I yell on this mic, I lower my voice, they call me orphan boy. Nothing behind me, a crowd ahead, a crowd who loves the architected man upon the stage, who's claps drown the cheerful boy behind the mic.

Hurt Hand

There's a lot of people in this room tonight, a lot of power I see, out of all these people, I can only speak of one, the man with the hurt hand.

He's sitting in this room tonight. He's been through so much I tell you today. He's been through curse words everyday, every damn day he's been through a beating, whether another girl rejected him, another friend told him he wasn't worth shit, whether that friend told him through his actions of neglect or a simple word of goodbye, there was no difference when the pain came.

That man in this room sits among you smiling, gazing at the performer like the rest of you. He woke up today, he came to this show, like you all did. If you look at this man in his eyes, if you shake his hand. His eyes stare without the falling tears to distract his concentration. His hand firmly shakes your hand as if it were a business meeting. He tries so much to avoid being caught, to avoid you seeing his truth. For all you know this man is no different than yourselves.

Let me tell you about this man, this man, I am that man! I am that firm shake, that tearless, that heart hurt, that anxiety filled, that broken man! Let me tell you about this man. He sees me, I see him. I stare at him in the crowd! I stare at all of you. Because he is at least one of you, he won't speak but I will!

As I speak for the man that's like me I hope to motivate you all. Speaking for that man I grab the mic. I grab it and my hand shakes, it moves left and right, up and down, infected, not by injury, my hand shakes because my mind and emotions have been abused.

This hand shakes when thinking of the girl that rejected me yesterday. My hand shook when she called me her buddy. Yesterday my hand shook when a few cool kids in their 20's said I'd never speak. They said we can't be a shy nerds friend.

My hand shakes as it moves the mic to my face, it shakes because I did speak! It shakes because I was told graduation from high school wouldn't be possible. It shakes when I shook that stranger's hand on stage as he gave me that diploma. It shakes people! How much can my hand bear? All this disbelief, all this doubt of whether I am what I am, a man. They thought rejection by the world could lead me to suicide. So I tell the world, I live!

Which is why I wrote a letter. Here's how it goes: "Dear old world. I'm afraid of my hand. I've done so much. I've taken more abusive emotions than the average man, the strong man, the smart man, the good looking man, the war hero man, the rich man, the hood man, the business man.

All these men! And none of them are me. Because my pain is stronger than theirs. A rejection to them is a small blow to the shoulder, then the motivation to move them forward. To me it is an atomic bomb that I cannot escape from. How do I escape? I do not know how to survive. I cannot tell you. All I know is this! After I blackout, after my tears have dried up and I've risen from that sweaty bed, the hand! The hand. It shakes for me, it is the scar from each attack emotionally, mentally. All I see is this hand. I promise you tonight people, that the men I mentioned, the strong man, the rich man and so on. He may have cried a hundred tears, I promise! Listen! His hand does not shake! But the good man! The man that is sincere and whole hearted, the man that puts his emotion in everything he sees. His hand is an earthquake!

Dear old world, I fear the hand, it knows no pain, it sheds no tear, it hesitates not to climb up, Highah! if it did fear pain it would pause when hit, stop when struck, crumble when beat. It does nothing but move on and move on.

Dear old world, If I was crazy, if I was insane, I'd think this hand was speaking to me. I'd think it was saying to tell my story. So today I grabbed this mic. But when I grabbed the mic, the mic began to shake like this hand of mine.

So the hand became the mic and the mic became the hand. Both symbols of pain, both trophies of my pain. Today I've done what the men before me hadn't, tonight I spoke for the hand, and I spoke for that man in the crowd who is greater than me. Because his hand doesn't just shake. His whole body does.

Which is why I dare him to speak one day. I challenge him to tell the world like I've told the world that he knows greatness some day. I dare him to hop on the stage and let the hand become the mic and the mic become the hand. And to all my people! As these words touch you

Let your souls shake, until your soul becomes the body, until the body becomes the hand, until the hand becomes the mic, until the mic becomes the speech.

Thank you

Soldier In The Eyes Of The Wildlands

Dear old world and the world to come, please be advised for a moment, please let me be advised. I'd like to take you to the wildlands. Where the forest are swamped and the animals act like people. Where there exists a soldier scared reckless, a soldier, his gun, and his grenades. Let me take you there, please be advised, please be advised:

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised that what you are about to experience is entirely radical.

"Dear old world, and the world to come, rookie do you copy?! Soldier do you copy?"

"I copy, I copy." Said the soldier to the man in command over the radio.

"Alright, you're in the wildlands now, straight forrest and swamp. No messing up! Your first mission better be your best. Your job is the black wolf, nothing else do you copy?"

"I copy, over and out." The soldier turned off his radio and so it started. He was a soldier without a name, you may as well have called his name soldier if you wanted him to

respond to you. This man walked through the wildlands more scared than any of you could probably have ever been in this audience here today. If you did crazy drugs you weren't more afraid than him. If you'd been in the broken down ghettos filled with violence everyday you weren't more fearful than this here man. You could've told me that you yourself went to the vietnam war, although this soldier wasn't in vietnam, he was in much, much worse. He had no family, no friends, no homeland, no people. Swamp water filled his boots, and as for the unknown life that surrounded the water he did not know, and not knowing only increased his fear. You can't tell me that knowing only one thing, one mission, one command, one order wouldn't drive you mad, knowing nothing else? It sounds like everyone in this audience at one point was just like this soldier. Being told to move forward under a silent command, one word, "Live." But you weren't told to live were you? You just knew you were breathing and that your legs could move, seeing other bodies around you moving you mimicked them, and as they talked you mimicked their words.

But look at this soldier, look at this man here in the swamp forest, he had nothing around him but HEY! There it was! It was a grasshopper, and then a butterfly so beautiful, a snail also could be seen climbing up a tree. I guess he wasn't alone after all. The butterfly was like the dancer in clubs performing for money, the grasshopper was like athletes specifically football and basketball, hopping for baskets and to catch a touchdown in mid air. The Snail was like the lazy man inside his home, fat in his belly with the TV on, ignoring the world outside.

Not wanting anything to do with these insects and wildlife the fearful soldier pointed his gun once at each of them and then proceeded out the water. Look now, look another time, deer could be seen, all eight of them surrounding the distant forest trees. All eight of them, watching the soldier. He is scared again but avoids movement, he doesn't move because he believes that they are just like him, except he is in control of their fear. So he moves to threaten them and like bystanders, like people at any injustice or criminal scene they run and dip beyond the trees, far, very far from sight. Not uttering a word of what was seen. The soldier then meets his match in the wildlands, he meets the wolves. Wolf wolf, they say, bark bark they say. But that's not all they say. Before the man with the gun can shoot he realizes that they are grey wolves and thinks to himself.

He thinks for the first time since he first stepped into the forest a thought that is not about fear. He thinks, "These wolves must know the black wolf. Maybe they could lead me to the black wolf." So the wolves bark again but this time they speak. "Bark bark, soldier man who is dead already, let us bring you to the black wolf, he can bring you to true life, he can bring you back to us." Hearing their barks he attacks the wolves with his gun in hopes to tame them. They bow at him and then surround him in packs only to

lead the way to the black wolf. And now the soldier follows, the soldier follows the wolves that are like the people who serve radical men.

He passes the porcupine whose weapon is on his whole body. He reminds me of the black man who is a threat to the world, the black man who racism places a spotlight on. In fear, like police, the soldier points the gun at the porcupine, but his weapon stares at the animal only for so long until he is led away by the pack of wolves. They then pass a buck and moose. They stare tall and big, fierce and still. Although the soldier looks up to them his gun is more powerful. His head hangs high only for a while before turning away from them to continue the path. The moose and the buck are like the men who anger and sometimes protest, showing weapons and threats yet do nothing to change much of anything unless by violence, if violence comes at all. They then pass the fox holes who showed foxes only for a moment, foxes who are appearing to be friendly at first, appearing to walk with the soldier and the pack of grey wolves right before running into their holes again. Continuing down the forest trail the wolves walk around the trees and down into a lower ground. They are now in front of a dark cave.

Wait, wait, "OUT!" Comes the black wolf, barking and jumping, pouncing the ground before him as if he were a bull who saw red and only red. And then the black wolf sees the soldier and he sees his servants who stand next to the soldier. Barking he calls his servants, "bring him!" The black wolf says. The grey wolves look decently at the soldier man and bark and bark again but he cannot hear them, he only hears barking. Up goes his gun in the face of the black wolf. And trembling in his heart is a mission, "Alright, you're in the wildlands now, straight forrest and swamp. No messing up! Your first mission better be your best. Your job is the black wolf, nothing else do you copy?" Those words echoed in his head, those words echoed until the black wolf barked again, "Listen soldier, you follow orders, an order and a law that has killed countless of my people, and what has it brought your kind? What has it brought soldiers like yourselves? Are you remembered? Are you honored by men besides your own government, and if you are, how long does that honor last? I promise you it fades. Yet the honor of the radical lasts a lifetime and more, the life of a radical never dies though his life is short. Come from the dust that your order has led you to chains in, come to freedom, come home and be a radical, let down your gun, let down your badge and your uniform, let me teach you how to live a true life." The black wolf said. But all the soldier heard was more barking. His finger and his fear pressed the trigger, Doom, doop, boom! Bullets shattered the black wolf and his promise. The black wolf was the radical, and his men, the grey wolves grew angry and barked at the soldier, " Why does the radical die? Why does the radical die? Why does the radical die? Why? Why?" The soldier couldn't respond to their question, he couldn't hear them, he only heard more barking. Feeling threatened he did it again. Doom, doop, boom! Down went each wolf. The grasshopper,

the fox, the butterfly, the snail, the porcupine, the buck, the moose and deer all found their way around him. Fear fell over the soldier and out from his pockets came the grenades he was told not to use. Three grenades, he pulled the clips, three grenades fell through the air. And when it touched the ground the animals that I mentioned were no more, "BANG! SHHHH!" Sounded the explosion. A cry rang from the soldier, a cry that pushed him to his knees.

Let us leave the wildlands, but as we leave tell me. Who will you be when the times get dark and the world becomes corrupt. When the time for radicals needs a risin. When we need a leader to pull us through these end times. Will you be the grasshopper who just shoots hoops or catches the football? Will you be the butterfly who dances for money in the midnight club? Will you be the snail who avoids the trouble outside with his loud TV? How about the buck and moose who appear to be radical and willing to make change but are only another version of the bystander. Will you be the deer that is the bystander scared of the soldier and men who oppress? Should it be you that will be the fox who appears to walk with radicals and change but before the storm comes run into their holes. Is it you? Is it you who will be the grey wolf that serves the radical and delivers the oppressor to him. And why just be the porcupine, the black man that is hated, feared and seen as a threat, if you are to be that black man, why not be the black wolf, the radical. You can run all you want from this, in the end, the soldier, our oppressor hears no negotiation or voices, he only hears orders and the mission. He doesn't see a friend or a bystander, he only sees an enemy. Fear is his means of negotiation, a negotiation to kill only. In dark times, in the times of the radical everyone's death is short. So wouldn't you want to be remembered? Wouldn't you want to be the black wolf if you knew this? Wouldn't you fight back? Or would you just be the man that turns on his homeland, his people, his friends, his family, would you be the:
"Dear old world, and the world to come, rookie do you copy?! Soldier do you copy?"

Thank you.

Flavors

Dear old world, and the world to come let your taste buds be advised what you are about to be served, is flavor.

Some say I'm crazy one hour then funny the next, some say I'm romantic one minute and an ass hole fifteen minutes later. They say I'm ugly without my glasses, they tell me I'd look a little better with more muscles. They tell me to cut your hair to look cool, I heard them say I'm very motivating, another said naw you should be a preacher. Another, no dude, write books cause speaking aint ya thang, one guy told me I was a liar, the guy after him, I was the most honest man in town!

Why am I so many things in one day, why am I never looked at as me.

Look here, drop the attitude. I'm everything you said I was, cause I got flavah! you hear me? I got flavor!

I got a drop of crazy, a kick of funny, a drip of asshole, a touch of motivational, a hit me! Of preaching, I got a breeze of cool, can you smell my mist of romance? Don't tell me what I already know, that I'm ugly on that plate of my face. Wash me off and I'm fine as hell again! Come and taste my words today, let it simmer cause I'll be speakin' tomorrow.

See, I didn't want to get emotional, yet still, I gotta say this, my lemon used to be sour, no friends knocked on my bitter bark door, no lovers licked the burning sting from my greetings and offers of friendship, did you know beautiful great men had coconut hard skin, they were tough and loveless, lemon aint the word they had spinach for candy, But somehow, someway, on a Tuesday in America rain came down on my sour attitude, **and I was mad at the world!** Sugar didn't follow the rain but the crashing waves of water touched my coconut hard skin, **bang!** Then tears came. The spinach was washed

away, the burning pain in my heart was gone, and when it was time for the rainbow, I gotta tell you something, I gotta speak to my future lovers, I gotta tell em'

Ladies, ladies, I got flavah! Did you hear what I said girls, I got flavor.

But why does the beautiful girl cry when they call her stupid, why do they beat the nerd up that's too smart, what's the matter with this man that's rich and lonely? What about the hopeless romantic chick who's always running her handsome dates away?

I got a solution, I see the problem, dry those tears young girl, pick up your beaten body too little nerd boy, come now the rest of you, let's all get together. Take her hand smart nerd she aint gone be stupid for long, take her ring finger rich lonely man, that hopeless romantic is about to get somebody! And why don't you all get together in one house, rich man you pay all the bills, now this ain't no adoption, this ain't family, it's flavah!

Did you hear what I just yelled? I said these broken people ain't broken no more, they found a new life, they found flavor!

But when people start loving each other, when people come together and help one another, when peace comes around, when the air is sweet, when you can tell the world is cooking something beautiful, there will always be somebody there to try and take it all away, to label you and divide you into cliques and groups.

There's gonna come the machine, a great machine against yo flavah! That machine's gonna come three times. It's gonna come one! To stir you up and make you mad and hateful, Two! To spin you around till it ain't no more flavor, and three! It's gone, try and blow you away! Crazy far over there, smart up! through the wind, rich **over by the suburbs**, hopeless romantics never to be seen again, that machine said there won't be anymore motivational, no preacher, no funny, no cool! Blow! Blow away!

But when you see that machine, give them my little words, let em' know there's no flavor like love flavah. Watch the machine that blows break, the machine that stirs crumble, and take a front seat to see the one who spins burn to flames.

And if anybody hates on my friends ever again, tell them suckas Dear old world, and the world to come, you need some flavah in your life, old world did you hear us, you need to get you some flavah!

Motivational Robbery

Dear old world and the world to come, let me paint a picture for you, a picture with grassy hills, a silent black sky and a moon that gave us a little bit of light. Please be advised that what you are about to experience, is a motivational robbery.

On the grassy hills there was a preacher zig zagging his way towards the top of each hill. And as he got close to reaching the top he yelled and stuttered, "This is it...This!...is the robbery we've been waiting for, our victory!.. is coming..just you watch!"

"Give us a little bit of light."

Behind him moved a robber who was blind being led over the hills by a mysterious man. The robber cried out, "I can't see! Hurry up and get us to that robbery already."

"Give us a little bit of light!"

And then there was the mysterious man, an ex gangster who couldn't stand up, instead he crawled along the grassy ground with a cane holding the blind robber's hand. "Give it time sir, trust in the preacher, he knows the way."

"Give us light."

The Preacher climbing over the hill seeing no one to rob said, "It is time again to tell why we are on these hills. To tell why the preacher stutters, why the robber is blind, and why the gangster can't stand! Tell us!"

Feeling his feet climbing up the next hill and down to the ground one more time the blind robber rose his calm voice, "I'll go first. Please let this be the last time I say it! I can't see because that motivator I tried to rob gave me the truth. The truth that there is no motivational robbery. I couldn't believe it! I robbed motivators who yelled, 'you can make it!', I robbed the feel good motivator that never gave any solutions, the motivator who talks for money, even the motivator marketing only an image. All these motivators, cash cows, **robbed and forgotten**. But the motivator who blinded me, who sent me to these hills with a rough, crusty grown man's hand leading me up and down to nowhere, told

me that motivation was for giving people purpose, he said it was purpose which gave people drive, and power, and a will to live, not money. And if you walked in purpose money would come, joy would arrive, peace would find you. He tried to convince me that his motivation could take you there. But because I refused to believe it. Because I believed only in robbing cash from speakers and didn't know how to rob words or purpose, he told me blind is what I'd be, unless I saw another way. But this is the way!

This is the great robbery!"

"Alright son, calm down, we'll get to the robbery soon enough. Mr. Gangster, until we get there can you tell us again why you can't stand?" The preacher asked without stuttering.

Crawling this time in anger he opened his vengeful heart, " I'll tell it, and I'll say it so you can hear me this time. I've got a heavy past, that's why I can't stand. I was a cold killer, a soulless drug dealer, an evil leader, rumors even said I was death himself. All of this came from one man. So strong and feared. But deep inside, away from the opinions of scared women and boys I was paranoid and stressed, haunted, always running. Each moment as the sun went down and rose my past gained weight, getting heavier and heavier. After carrying that past all the way into old age I said to myself, I'm getting reckless, the game is changing, money can't solve every bullet that's coming for me. I was old and I was wise enough to get out while I could. But my past ran out with me. Unable to live with my guilt I turned to motivation for help. I tried to rob one of the biggest motivators there was. And that motivator told me to look in the mirror and see what all those people I hurt saw, he said look at the monster I'd survived to be and to take that monster and help all those people. The widow, the fatherless, the drug addicts, prostitutes, all the people I damaged. If I could do that one thing, he said I could walk. Instantly I fell to the grassy ground, crawling towards the hills for my revenge. And I will get my revenge! I will get that motivator and his money!"

The preacher zig zagging seeing that he was getting closer to the top of another hill preached, "Now it is time, time to reach the great robbery, time to tell why I am on the hills. (clears throat)

Dear old men... and young... robbers, dear... loud preachers and soft liars,... let me tell you what brought me up and down,... high... and low on these grassy hills. I was a preacher. I could lie to any man with God's word. It wasn't hard to tell someone that their day was coming. It wasn't hard to say that their miracle was around the corner, to say a strong loud prayer that would run tears flying down their eyes. Everyone had hands in the air, everyone clapped for me and not God, the money went in my pockets

and not heaven's, I was a man, but on Sunday I was God's man. It had been my superpower, lying and yelling, I didn't have to wear a cape, all I had to do was wear a pretty robe and stomp across the stage and people would just 'feel' saved.

And that's when it fell. No, the lights didn't go out. Nope, the choir and the congregation didn't leave because they saw the truth. My sidekick, my love, my back stage hero, my wife, she didn't even leave my side. Better yet, as the sun rises and falls on these hills, passing each Sunday they probably await for my return to the church. This is what has fallen. My daughter. The best voice in the choir, the greatest dancer on the floor, the brightest face I tell you. Except for getting money she was the reason I breathed and lived. But Cancer came. And cancer fell on her. She'd cry, she'd sing, she'd lay in bed and she wouldn't dance. On Sunday morning I was preaching and stomping, on Sunday nights I was crying. I prayed loud and strong prayers when I didn't believe in praying, I read the pages of the bible when I didn't believe any of these words could save her. So as I felt the bad guy coming, karma, I decided to rob more than just the people at my church. I left my tears in the night with two guys, an ex gangster and a skilled robber to a motivational speaker's house, and when we got there he told me there was no cure for her terminal cancer that money could buy, he said the only cure was the little time I had left with her. Out of all that pacing and walking the floor of the church lying to hundreds of people, he dared me to do what I did to the church to my daughter.

He dared me to manipulate her. He mocked me telling me to see if that would heal her or make her smile again. If not he said finally something that broke me. He said if not I want you to sit with her, love her, give her all your time until she breathes no more, let her preach of her pain and agony, and with your fatherly words give her the love you never gave the church. Fight your way back into being for the first time a good man, a Godly man, by being a real superhero to your daughter. And when she goes to see the angels dancing and singing, when her bright smile is no more, go to that church you lied to, and give them your new super power, a new sermon. Give them the story about a dying daughter and a broken preacher man begging to be worthy of the church's robe. The motivator said if that was enough then to leave this place. But I couldn't. All I could do was zig zag in confusion. So I went to the hills, seeking for the real answer. And my speech..it..stuttered..it..my daughter..I needed money... for my daughter..Yes!..This is the great robbery!..This is the hill..I know it!..This is the story...Of the motivational Robbery!"

"I can't see! Hurry up and get to that robbery!" Said the robber.
"Shut up! I can't stand! I'm gonna kill that motivator just you wait till we get there!" Said the ex gangster.

And so the blind complaining robber, the fat ex gangster, and the preacher who didn't believe in heroes were stuck on the never ending hills, climbing to a robbery they'd never reach.

Killing The Preacher Man

Cockadoodadool! Cockah, CockAh,
Cockadodool!

It was 7:30 am and I was the only one out on the streets running towards the bus stop. It was 7:31 am, and I couldn't stop thinking about what I had to do today. Today would be the day I killed the preacher.

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to experience is a murder in progress.

7:35 am was the time I stopped looking at my watch, took what little deep breath I had, and leaned against the bus stop pole.

I had a few friends earlier this year who told me to calm down, and to move on from my religion. One of them told me that Buddha was a God, that I could serve him. I told my friend who was a boy from the ghettos, I didn't know Buddha, I just knew the preacher man.

Another friend, a young girl asked me if I wanted to serve Allah, she told me he was a God. I told her I want to move on, I want to leave, I wanna go far from this place, but I don't know Allah.

So the ghetto boy and the young girl asked my other friend to talk to me. He was one year older, and I looked up to him, they figured I'd listen if he came.

My older friend said, "This city is going to hell, it's getting darker by the month, but there is no hell, there is only peace and meditation so come to where I am going, come to Hinduism."

I cried, " I wanna leave, the city is dying, there is no hope left, but if I leave the preacher man will still be here, he'll be here to speak to you, to give you an apologetic lie!"

(Dramatical evil)

That was 6 months ago. My older friend moved to Hinduism, the boy from the ghettos went to Buddhism, and the young girl turned to Allah. But what did I do? Did I put my plan behind me? Did I follow at least one of my friends into a better life? Was the preacher man gone from my mind?

No! I got on the bus and on my way to high school I was stopping by the church. The plan was to ask that preacher man, " How can you clap your hands, stomp those big feet of yours, and tell that young girl, my friend, that God has a plan for her? She's been raped! Were you there to see her pain, were you there to wipe her tears? And when will you pray for her? Is it after you've gone through hundreds of people in your church who suffer? Or is it after you go through the hundreds of bills in your office? You put that girl deep in water when her hair smelled good and her clothes were white. But right before she drowned in the river you pulled her out! You call that saving her? You think giving her the holy ghost takes the pain away? And has she gotten better? She went to Allah, where older men wrap their arms around her and give her money for the rent after their night with her is over!

So the plan was to go to the church before school started and clap my hands and stomp my big feet and sing to that preacher man.

*claps, claps, stomps, stomps"

Killinnn the Preacher mannn!"

"No more help from the preacher maAAAnn! There was never any help from a preacher man! There was never a preacher man!! But I am! A Preacher Man!

And Mr. Preacher man, you gossip too loud! I heard you tell the church that she's a hoe now, that every night she goes hips swinging and breasts shaking into another guy's car, that she's lost. But you aren't on the streets each day of sunrise, when the streets are clear, and the sun has come halfway up on an abandoned girl. I was there. I heard her crying, I heard her praying, I heard her say his name, she fell on her knees, shouted eight times, so I came, the real preacher man, he came with a story that said she's still a beautiful woman. The sun has gone down a hundred times and fictional tales have been yelled a thousand (high voice), but if she can hear this truth, if she can hear that **I am the preacher man.** (whisper)

I was heading to walk into that church and ask Mr. Preacher, " My mentor, my mentor! He's the reason I even believed in God, he gave me hope. Looking up to a mentor that walked into your church needing a savior. You tried the same thing with him, give him some water and pick him up before he drowns. But he was smarter than that, he asked you for knowledge and hope instead. And what did you do? Each day after sunday service you told him the show was over, that next sunday his hope and knowledge would come. Well Mr. Preacher, the little knowledge and hope he did come across sent him straight to Hinduism. He stopped answering the phone after a while. When he did

pick up we'd talk about how weed helped him meditate. I thought it was cool, but then it was cocaine to keep him awake and spiritual, and that last phone call broke me, he said he'd been on his last dose of crack, shaking and weeping in his voice. He said not to tell anyone if he didn't call anymore. Today I break that promise, because today I'm telling you Mr. Preacher man.

I'm blaming you! You know about the boy from the ghettos, you know about my friend. He got tired of hearing sermons about hell, because hell is all he sees! I never met you Mr. preacher, I never heard your sermons, but I've heard the cries of the ghetto boy.

He's afraid to watch the news on TV, the dead body around the corner is his news. Another dead man in the ghettos. So when the TV comes on, all that's left playing are shows about Gangs, basketball and rap. The ghetto boy is afraid he'll become another stereotype, so he turns off the TV and turns to Buddha for help. Everyday he meditates.

He meditates when gangs in the neighborhood tempt him to join them, he meditates when his teachers at school keep failing his assignments, he meditates when the kids keep beating and dribbling the ball in his backyard, meditating with eyes closed, because despite the love he gets from his mother, all the ghetto boy sees is darkness.

His world is small and as he holds tightly onto Buddha, asking will the answer ever come? His chances for living past highschool graduation are even smaller.

Taking one last breath for the road, I put the past behind me. Fortunately I thought to myself, fortunately I was the hero, today would be the day I killed the preacher. Two more blocks and I'd pass the church and put an end to him from hurting anymore people. My finger went to pull the string and bravely I pressed halfway down. But outside the bus window, on the sidewalk was my friend, the young girl walking in a tight skirt, a grown man's arm was around her shoulder. That's when I paused, that man's arm felt like it was around my shoulder, pulling me down from ever making a difference.

For a moment I wanted to quit, the moment lasted seconds before I shrugged those thoughts off me and went to pull the string again. Pulling down halfway! Out the window it got worse, it got so bad my prayer changed from wanting to kill the preacher to wanting a cover to hide behind. Beside a building almost barely seen was my dead mentor, he was one year older than me, it could've been me there too, all I had to do was follow him to that better life he told me about. Yelling in my mind were his last words to me, "Don't tell nobody." My eyes closed like the ghetto boy, I closed them because all I felt was darkness. No. No! I had a job, this was the better life I chose, to kill the man who ruined my friends. I put my finger on the bus string one last time! I pulled down halfway! And inside I nearly choked to death. Outside the window it was there. Like a burning smokey building with screaming people inside. Right there was the

church, boarded up, closed down, nothing but a vacant building. It's been closed for months. The damage was done already. It was over. My fingers fell down from the bus string like a dead weight to my leg. Who was I but another scared whisper in the ghetto.

The words only mocked me now.

[Whisper]

Killinnn the Preacher mannn!"

"No more help from the preacher maAAnn! There was never any help from a preacher man! There was never a preacher man!! But I am! A Preacher Man!

Off I went to school, Police sirens and cop cars were yelling loudly in that direction. The bus stopped at the end of the line in front of my school. But getting off the bus I stopped in front of the building doors with eyes open!

I was frozen. My friend, the ghetto boy was halfway inside the doors getting beat by cops in front of me! Other kids and myself were getting patted down by cops outside. A tear was falling from my eyes. But the policeman patting me down didn't see it, he only noticed a cross necklace around my neck, and then he opened his mouth, "Hey look at me. That's a valuable cross... My name's John, I'm a cop but I'm also a pastor, before you go inside can I pray for you?"

Fear rained before me from my eyes, I looked at the ghetto boy still being beat, I looked at the cop, I was afraid to say it, I was scared to sing it, but this song was too godly, this whisper in the ghetto was too spiritual, too real, and I believed in it. So I say it to the police man who can beat a kid yet preach a sermon on the same day, I say it to the devil who pretends to be a man of God, I say it to the strongest man I've ever seen, I say it, but I am afraid! Why am I crying?

Sobbs *Slowly Claps* *Loudly Stumps*

"killinnng the preacher man!" "there's no help from the preacher man, there was never a help from a preacher man, there was never a preacher man, but I am a preacher man, So go away you false preacher man! I will be my own preacher man! God taught me a preacher man! God was my preacher man! I'll be your preacher man! Don't kill me too false preacher man!"

T-Shirtless

Dear old world, and the world to come, what you are about to experience, is ghetto love.

After I walked away from that policeman who was also a pastor, After I finished singing my song about killing the preacher man. After I grabbed my friend by his blended in bloody red t-shirt. I pulled his weak, beaten body up the school stairs. Policemen were standing at each of the classroom doors. They looked like they'd been guarding the white house or something. "I didn't do nothin bro, they just grabbed me and swung." My friend told me. Leaning my upper body onto his good arm, the arm that hadn't been bruised, I comforted him, "We're gonna fix this, don't ask me how. I just know it's gonna get fixed. It's got to." After we passed the armed policeman to open the classroom door, "Everybody quiet, here they come, don't say shit!" One of the kids in the classroom said.

After we went inside and I sat my friend down halfway towards the back of the room. "Oh false alarm, it's just the Orphan boy and his bloody gang friend." One of the kids teased, laughing, before being hit in the head with a book by one of the affiliated gang members in red shirts. "Say it again and I'll make sure my guys meet you at the back of the school, ASAP. Say it!" He was the leader of everyone in red shirts sitting in that classroom. The kid shut up, he didn't laugh no more. After I sat down next to the row of the now nine boys in red shirts including my bloody friend. After I sat down in the classroom of twenty-eight students including myself. I asked a question in my mind. Who was I to sing a song, who was I to be a part of today, a day where kids were to be beaten by cops because of gang relations. A day where kids walked into a system built against them, a system they could do nothing but drown in. Was I a strong man like these brave boys in red t-shirts. Was I as strong as a gang boy? Who was I but a weak kid leaving childhood. I didn't belong here. And these policemen that they could come here and interrogate minors. What did they do but what they were taught to do, survive.

WACK! The door flew open and I knew despite all the serious faces, everyone was scared. The cop charged in pointing at the first kid in the row of red t-shirts, "You, get over here." The cop told the kid. He got up and looked at the gang members behind him before being grabbed and thrown out the classroom, BAM! The door shut.

The rain hasn't left

We were all silent until the door opened slowly fifteen minutes later. In came a new kid, he had a red t-shirt, the same face and body as the boy who left, but his face was

purple, he limped and you could see his leg slanting. Closing the door behind him you'd think he'd go to his seat, instead he moved in front of the classroom and spoke with a busted lip, "Guh, guys. A cop is gonna come in here, he's Guhnnna, shut me up and take another kid. Before he does, let me tell you something. When I was getting beat, I, I saw something. I saw hope. I looked at hope beyond the hood. Always standing around the liquor store with my guys I've seen a lot. Women with babies at thirteen, families surviving off one bridge card, a little boy only seeing fifteen years of age then gone, right at that liquor store. I saw an older man crawling at night to the store for the weed man at the corner. I saw prostitutes being thrown into men's cars of all ages after taking a fifty dollar bill and saying yes to sex. I saw that prostitute come back to the liquor store in the morning with that same fifty dollar bill buying groceries to feed her family. I heard about the struggle to get a job everyday on that store corner by a different man. Some because they had felonies, some because they were black. But In that room when the cops beat me I saw something, I faced the fact that we are living in the great black depression. This is the great depression. We aren't sent off to college, we're sent off to prison. But in that room as the men took turns beating my face and legs I saw hope. I saw a place beyond this hell. A place we could get to if we kept learning and kept studying. A place where mothers see their daughters to grow up healthy and unharmed, a place where women don't sell their bodies but sell fascinating ideas, I saw a place where jobs are good and bring money in, so much money that families could buy ten bridge cards and still have some left for the rent. I saw the crawling man who was begging for weed standing up strong and tall as an example for who we all could be, if we just keep learning and studying. I saw that little boy grow up passed fifteen with a testimony, that he made it passed twenty five, that he made it passed forty, that he had kids and watched them grow up around good smelling flowers on the big porch by nothing but chirping birds. I saw hope people! We see a great black depression, but..but I, but I see hope beyond this place. I..I hope you too can see..see it today."

The rain is not gone

WACK! The door sent the kid back down in his seat and another kid out of the classroom. "You, sit down! You! Come here! Get over here!" Grabbing the next kid in the row of red t-shirts the door slammed. And fifteen minutes later the boy returned. When he came back, I was in disbelief that it could happen again. No, I believed this kid would just sit down and shut up, but then he did it. He went in front of the classroom like the last boy and spoke with a black eye, limping with a bloody nose.

"Most of my teenage life I never had much to say. I had a simple mindset. Which was to stay hard, stay tough. Don't let nobody see you cry. My father taught me not to get emotional, to be emotionless despite all tragedy. So when a friend of mine asked me was it right to go join a gang, the answer was always yes. Was it right to shoot people who did nothing. Yes. And was it right to stand by while men I knew personally shot six

bullets in a family household of six.." He paused for a moment looking down at the ground and then continued, "Children too? I'm just a kid...I'm a kid, a kid that lied to all of you. I lied to the black man. I am the emotionless man, but I never believed in that man. Instead I believed in bravery so when those men ran in that house I wouldn't just stand by but stop them. I believed in motivation for when my friend asked me if he could join a gang I could give him a better way of life, and I believed in love so when my father cried every night when he thought I was asleep I could comfort him and be what he never taught me to be, I could prove that love didn't have to be bitter. But I have none of these things. My friend, dead, my father, bitter, and those murdering men still run these streets."

The boy in front of the class began shaking from his limping leg, a tear broke from his tough eyes. Nobody knew he could cry, nobody knew black men cried.
WACK! "Hey! What'd I tell you kids? Sit the fuck down! You! Get up and come with me!"
The cop pulled another kid out of the classroom.

The rain hasn't left

BAM! That same kid came back minutes after. When the door closed, he went straight for the front of the classroom. He had a small cut on his arm, bloody in his face and limped out. The whole class watched him in curiosity.
"I don't need to tell you my name, most of you already know it. They beat us three boys bad in there. Those cops look like army men. But enough of cop talk, if I were to ask you what you saw when looking at the hood what could you tell me? Would it be four men in cars riding up and down your block? Would it be the cars that blew up halfway into the night? Would it be clubs and the baddest chicks in town? I gotta tell you, it's none of that. Stop looking at what the hood is or could be and look at me. I am the hood. The biggest product of the hood at that. In my house is a letter of a full ride scholarship to the best college in the state to play basketball, the main drug dealer who runs three of the hottest neighborhoods in the city just approved me to take over operations for him once he retires, and I am now one of the hottest rappers in the city. Is this your ghetto american dream? Well, I'm sorry. Before my ankle breaks, before felonies catch up with me, before someone kills me to take my spot in this rap game, I want to say I see. I admit to corrupting girls by what flashes, I admit to corrupting young men by my fast life. To these people in this classroom, and to wherever gossip takes my words. If my eulogy won't express it, I'll express it myself, I'm sorry brothers, I'm sorry sisters. Know another way. Whatever that is."

The leader of the gang then sat down, tapping on the shoulder of the emotionless man and the fellow who spoke about the black depression.

And before the door slammed open I noticed that my bloody friend was next in line. I saw him trembling with sweat.

"Hey, bro. Give me your shirt, I got an idea. I know how to fix this."

I told my bloody friend.

He looked at me worried, "they're gonna know you're not in a gang, it won't work."

"It will work, they don't see what we look like, they just see color. Give me your shirt, hurry up, and switch seats with me."

My friend listened. I gave him my black t-shirt and I took his bloody red one. Everyone was watching us.

WACK! You, kid in the back! Come here!"

The cop opened the door yelling at me, I didn't make a move.

"You heard me? Get the fuck up!"

Leaving my seat the cop dragged me slamming the door behind us. "Who was I but a weak kid leaving childhood?" The cop pushed me into the room down the hall and then it hit me. Five men stared at me, including the one who pushed me inside. They were armed with all kinds of gear, each of them looked like pure muscle. When you looked at them you didn't see faces, instead you looked at the ground and saw fear. I thought to myself, "All this for a weak kid?"

"Look up! Look at me! You should've stared at the ground before you put that shirt on today. This is how we're gonna do this brotha. What do you know about the two boys shot in midtown? Were you a part of the gang that did it?"

They asked me questions I didn't know the answers to. "I'm a part of a gang. But I don't know about any two boys." Right after I said that one cop placed his hand on his pistol.

Another looked furious, that's the guy that pushed me into the ground with his arm.

"Talk boy!" One of them ordered. My cross necklace fell out of my shirt touching the floor. Before I could get back up a cop stared at it. He was the cop outside the school.

He was the preacher man. "Alright that's enough fellas. This little kid doesn't know anything. There's more of them in the classroom. Calm it now! I'll go get them. " The preacher cop demanded, pulling me up, placing my cross back in my shirt and walking me to the classroom. He didn't ask me any questions when he shut the door behind me, he just threw me gently in the room of twenty-eight kids again. Unharmd and unafraid I walked to them, "Alright I got an idea, this is gonna work. Everybody, take off your shirts and mix the red shirts with the others, and change your seats."

Quickly the inspired students did what I instructed. Two minutes later in came the preacher cop. When he saw us shirtless he ran for the rest.

The rain

WACK!

The tough one busted in the door with all four men behind him including the preacher cop, "Who did this?!"

The cop asked. The whole class then said, "We did!" "Who's red shirts are these?"

Another cop questioned.

We responded, "ours!" And when the police tried to intimidate us, pressing their guns by their sides and walking near, everyone started stomping, all the students began clapping. Singing loudly,

stomp, claps

"There's no help from the preacher man, there was never a help from a preacher man, there was never a preacher man, but I am a preacher man!"

"Silence, be quiet I said, or force will be used!"

One police threatened. The cops lined in front of the classroom not knowing what to do.

So the rain, Got! Louder!

stomps, claps

" There's no help for the ghetto man, there was never help for the ghetto man, no one helps the ghetto man, but I will help the ghetto man, I am the ghetto man!"

stomps, claps

Our loud voices and stomping faded out.

Dear old world, and the world to come, in the depths of rain, is ghetto love.

Hate Crime In Progress

Dear old world, and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to participate in is a hate crime.

The rain is gone

I remember not long ago, a girl's beautiful voice and wonderful words spoke to me. A friend that I call close, a friend that knew me, I thought she knew me, and I trusted her.

Her words:

"I wish you were gay Orphan boy, The straight life ain't for you. I got some friends that want you. Them boys ready for a young thang like you. I know what bus you catch. Don't run from me cause I'll find you, I'm gonna hook you up."

Those words echoed in my thoughts. I wasn't just meant to be at that school today with the police beatings and the kids from the ghettos, I wasn't just meant to be here at this bus stop with these people around me, I was meant to think of those painful words.

Lifting eyes from the ground everyone looked at the bus pulling up to the stop letting off three black boys before pulling out again. The kids were talking amongst themselves, "Hey that food was crazy." One said. "So where we going after this the movies?" Another chatted. "Yeah, movies and food, but before, wait? Is that? Do you think that's him?" The leader talked. "I bet it is, yeah let's do it." A guy got louder. "Hey! Kid! You're that Orphan boy right! Your friend told us about you!"

Looking up I paused at them and refused to walk away, I knew what they were talking about, I knew their plans, it wasn't a memory anymore.

"Your friend said you were curious, she said you wanted to try something." The boys got closer to my unballled fist and body. Until they were standing only twelve inches away. All of the strangers at the bus stop were now watching, all becoming gossiping bystanders.

"I'm not a gay man." Were my words. The boy at the left end denied my comment, "You're not gay? Oh, we wanna play that game. Your friend, she said you had gay friends that's not true huh? Straight guys don't do that. It's a new age," The boy put his hand on my shoulder, "It's okay to be gay" He smiled.

That's when I shouted, shoving the boy's hand away, "Respect me! I don't have a problem with gay men! I don't hate you. The reason I have so many gay friends is because for some of them, I know what it's like to have women reject you because your different, turn on you and convince you that you're gay, I know

what it's like to go home blasting depressing music because the opposite sex that you romantically love calls you a friend. I don't just support gay men. Support is a weak word. I am a friend, and a brother. And as a straight man who will not give up on my love for women, and will not turn my back on my gay brother, I understand!"

After seeing the bystanding people listening hard I looked back at the three boys and continued,

"Listen to me and not my friend! She doesn't understand that what she says is painful. Because of this I don't blame her. But hear me out when it comes to my gay brothers. Just like the elderly man that has survived the ghettos shakes the hand of the wanna be young gangster giving the young man wise advice here and there, as the young man listens looking up to that old man who's weaker physically, this is the same thing I wish for my gay brother. For him to listen to me, not an old man but a man who has ignored the peer pressure of being gay, a man who has healed from the pain of rejection, and a man who can finally see clear of what he really wants rather than what other people think. So to my gay brother I want him to listen to me, the wise man, when he thinks no one accepts him, to listen when the voice of suicide feels louder than his, and to take advice when he treads in a world that doesn't love him. Now bag back and respect me!"

The boys weren't moved by these words at all, instead the second boy at the right jumped in, "Your friend, she talked to us plenty of times. She told us you were a christian man. You have gay friends, you support gays but your belief says you don't. Are you lying to us?" The boy's words were loud. They touched every bystander, but they didn't move me once.

"My belief? Look at the crowd around us, look at these genuine faces. My belief is that no young child should have to see men and women having sex on their television screen, no thirteen year old should find the entire history of porn on his cellphone in a matter of months time, no child should hear it's okay to be gay at the age eleven from the mainstream media, no child should see men kissing and laying with each other by the age of twelve. And by the age of eighteen he shouldn't have to be peer pressured into gay sex. What about his choice? Is his choice lost? If a man is to lose his choice and free will before becoming a man, if his thoughts and ideas of manhood are to be torn apart, then my belief is to hold that gay man's hand, my belief is to listen as much as possible to that poor man, to advise him in every step, and to let the little boy inside that gay man feel like he has freedom for the first time, freedom because he is loved by a straight man! I am christian, but you have me confused with a different christian. Now bag back I say! Bag back! Respect me! Or else!"

Bystanders behind us then gossiped to each other. While they were talking, me, and the three boys didn't move. Despite my fist not being balled the moment was hostile and tense. That's when the third boy in the middle broke our silence and quieted the crowd.

"Alright fuck all of that. I see you. I see right through that tough guy look you got going on. I got something for that, I can soothe you!"

The third boy moved closer to me. His two friends were confused, as if this wasn't a part of the plan. It was only supposed to be an interrogation. He touched my shoulder. Pushing his hand off he grabbed the front of my shirt! I brushed him away, backing back from him. The boy then did something that would shock me, the crowd and his friends. He pulled down his pants, leaving only his shirt and underwear to cover him,

"Do something! These people are watching! Hit me! I dare you!"

The crowd one by one either covered their mouths or looked at their neighbor. One of them could be seen calling someone, following another reaching for a phone. Grabbing for his shoulder the kid on his left tried to stop him. The boy on the right reached low for his pants trying to pull them up.

He shoved them both off, "No! Get off me! Get off me!"

In the midst of it all I drowned out the noise, closed my eyes getting on my knees, and bowed my head, putting both hands together. The boys stopped wrestling their friend standing in shock at what they thought was going to happen in public. Most of the crowd behind me now had their phones out, some calling with it and some pointing it in my direction.

"What are you? Are you bowing to me?" The boy with his pants down asked me.

From my mouth words out came calmly and somewhat loud enough for everyone to hear,

"Dear oh lord, dear oh lord, I pray for this old world, and the world to come, I pray love finds them, I pray knowledge retrieves them. Hear the cries I shout! Oh lord!"

Police sirens arrived, the crowd of ten backed up, the boy pulled his pants up backing away also with the rest of his friends. Out of the police car came one officer. It was him, the preacher cop, the same cop from in front of the school, the same cop who saved me from getting beat by the other police officers, and the same cop who could beat a kid

but preach a sermon in the same day. Immediately after the officer got out of the car, the boys pointed at me in blame, "it was him!" Cried the two boys defending their friend who pulled up his pants.

When the cop recognised me he handcuffed me, put me in the back seat, and drove down the street, drove around the corner, then parked, went to the backseat, opened the door and let me out. Once he opened up his passenger door I had his attention, so I asked him the faithful question, "Why?" He ignored my question, instead he pointed at the front seat, "Get in the car."

Both feet in the car and body in the passenger seat the cop closed the door, opened the driver's seat, then got in and sped off while talking, "I thought of what you said about preachers in front of the school yesterday... I saw what you did with the gang related kids in that classroom...you said why? Why didn't I arrest you just now? Because I figured out what kind of man you are...I figured you were praying just now, now I don't know why that boy's pants were down," He laughed, "Look, I don't wanna know...but I know something, I know you're a Christian. Now I gotta ask for a favor."

I stared at the side of his face as we hit the freeway.

"What's the favor?"

He didn't answer at first, giving me more time to judge him. Because I was still skeptical. You can't just save me from a police beating or a framed hate crime and expect praise. So I asked him again, "What's the favor?"

He sat there letting silence pick up dust. But then came his words blowing me away,

"Can you pray for me?"

Hearing him, I told him, I told that ministering abusive cop after I looked at the side of his face, "Take my hand." When he grabbed it I spoke,

Dear oh lord, I pray for this officer, as he drives me home away from the death of radicals, away from the death of the preacher, away from the beatings of the ghetto man, away from hate crimes, I pray for this old world, I pray for this world to come. I pray we listen, I pray we take advice, I pray we are loved for the first time, and in the midst of that love, I pray we become free.

Amen

Dark Prophecy

Dear old world, and the world to come,

There was time to sit on my big porch, it was finally night. After all those open mic shows downtown I needed something simple. From everything that happened at school, that bus stop, it was time, time we all went back to the hurt hand, wait, something's strange. Silence, do you hear that? No birds chirping, no flowers, where are the kids?

Please be advised, what you are about to experience, is the darkest of moments.

Boom, doom, doop! Three times a gun awakened my front yard. It was the preacher, the ex gangster with his cane, there was the blind robber.

"Let's make a deal! Give me sight! And I won't give you death!" Said the blind robber.

"Who are you?" I shouted to myself.

"Looks like we're...gonna rob...motivation tonight fellas, gangster, show him.. the work."

Said the preacher to the ex- gangster.

I get to come outta retirement, coming out with a bang, "Doom, Doom! Doop, Doop!" The gun shot all over the porch, before I became a target the fence on my left called me. Trying to use my hands I was terrified, they were numb, they wouldn't move. A thought came desperately, use your body to hop over.

"Get him!" Said the preacher.

"Doop, Doom!"

That thought became reality. I leaped over the fence and slamming the ground there was nothing to do but find a street, trees were in my way, and finally the road.

Still I was human, still I was alive, breathing another breath down my terrified stomach it was something to be seen on this road, I'd be wise not to move. The first thing looked at were big moose and bucks, they looked hideous, there were porcupines stained with black, ugly deer encircling them, and inside that circle were wolves, black and grey. Not letting another breath fly from my stomach I sealed my mouth. These beast had rabies!

But that wasn't the running word, that wasn't what cracked air from my lips, "Agh!" The wolves were eating a man, what were they tearing, no, it was the soldier. Both buck and moose were stomping the ripped bodied pieces, it was that porcupine who ate nibbles, behold, circling above like vultures were grasshoppers and butterflies. And now they all heard my scream, a stampede was the response. You could hear the road vibrating, thumping. Mindlessly I saw no real way of escape, and in the midst of childish hope something ran faster. It was a fox, no rabies, no soldier meat in his teeth. He ran north, "Follow the fox, follow the fox!" My feet ran north too. "Awhoooo!" Wolves went a cryin. On the back of the black wolf was a snail, like horses have men.

In the distance of the black night was a moving bus, light flickered from its Windows, "Stop! Aghuh! Aghuh! Stop!" Waving my wand like hand through the air it was useless, these animals looked at me just like the soldier, I would soon be the soldier.

That's when a color saved my life. The traffic light turned red. The fox already at the bus's door began pawing the entrance, giving the loudest bark he could. The door opened, and just like the fox, "Aghuh! Aghuh!" Identically I flew inside.

"What's wrong son?"

The bus driver asked, saving all secrets I breathed again, "Drive, drive!" The driver saw the green light as his only general, proceeding at a normal rate down the road.

I pulled from my pocket leftover change from the day and abruptly I was warned, "No one pays fair, no one kills the preacher."
Not understanding yet scared to ask I faced the fox.

The fox seemed like the only normal one, sitting on the bus seat wagging his tail like life was something stressless. Calming myself I sat with him, I patted his back, it was considered a thanks, a bonding for being the only friend I had tonight.

Up ahead, after a short silence the traffic light turned red again. But Bright white and goldish yellow shined a church building with clear windows, it was big. You could see the benches, you saw the podium and microphone, a stage was behind it.

This was a long red light.

"Stopping for the preacher man, changing intercom to church intercom."
The driver said.

Confused I asked no question, a free bus ride was better than being a free meal. But the church became weirder by the second. Who were those people?

A closer look was taken, "Hey, that's the girl people called a hoe, that's my friend." Inside the church a girl in a tight skirt hanging onto a provocative tank top walked down the aisle in between the benches. Other than that girl there was nothing but men, men throwing dollars onto the aisle, she picked them up in a hurry, but it looked like she wanted more, like she saw more than just money, her hands stretched out, full of cash, pointing at a solid brown altar! The closer she tried getting to it the more these men yanked at her. "Take the money, be with us." Said the men on the bus intercom.

In front of the podium on stage was a man dressed in a bloody robe. "Come to me, praise me for my greatness, worship me for my victory." It was my bloody gang Friend, he was trying to preach.

Behind the preacher was a table, and on that table was a dead man, his arm was out with needle holes showing up and down. "My mentor! No! What's going on!" It was my mentor who overdosed.

The preacher spoke again, "Praise me girl! Come closer! It is I. The blood is still on my face. It is I who have survived police brutality, it is I who survived a cop beating, worship me. Look behind me, look at this man, our gift from the heavens, a martyr, he faced a cop and look at where he is now, dead, many black men, dead! But not I! Blood is still on my face! Sing with me, 'Who can kill the preacher man?'"

All the men responded, "No one!"

As the chants repeated the girl was now in between the altar and the crowd of men, they held her back from seeing the altar, arms stretched out full of cash, ignoring every word of the false preacher, all she wanted was to see God.

The light turned green and the intercom turned off. Down the road we went, away from my fear, the beast.

"Was this it? Did I fail? My mentor, my bloody friend, my.."

There was no more air in my stomach.

The foxes stomach was the chapter we needed,

"Bark, bark!" His paws scratched at the windows until even I looked outside.

"The highschool. Are you sure pal?"

I was afraid to get off the bus, I was afraid to pull on that string. He got me this far, what's a little farther?

'Follow the fox.'" I said aloud pressing down the bus string.

The doors opened and flying out first was the fox, on his tail was me, heading for the doors.

He moved faster than I could, it was his advantage, stopping by the door that tail wagged again.

Just to check I went to pull it open, stopping once it cracked, "I thought it'd be closed around this late." The crack was wide enough for my little buddy to enter, "You're not gonna go inside?" I asked him. He ignored me, looking up at the moon, steady wagging and peaceful. I wasn't the soldier, but I left a comrade behind.

Now inside a building, my school, I dusted my thoughts off, and embraced safety. Not paying attention at first, I could now see someone else other than me in the hallway, a boy I think, he was laying flat on the floor, belly up, my curiosity took me until I was but two feet away, then when recognized, panic dropped me through the air, this was the leader of the hood, he spoke about the ghetto apology, a bullet hole sat on his forehead. "No. Why is this happening tonight?!" My voice echoed through the hallway.

"Help him, somebody please!" A voice cried. "Who's there? Did you do this?"

"He's gonna make it. He'll breathe again. Watch I tell you. See!"

"Where are you? I've been through enough! I don't need this! Show yourselves!"

There, right there where my hair stood up against my arm, there is where he grabbed me, "There will be no ghetto apology."

"Agh! You were dead!" I said to the boy.

Laughter sounded from both sides of the hallways, two shadows popped out, it was the emotionless man and the optimistic boy who spoke of the black depression. They both had bullet holes in their heads. They were both walking.

I tried to let go of this mad man holding me. I tried to get up, he wouldn't budge his hand.

"Take him to the executioner!" Cried the emotionless man.

"Take him to the police" rejoiced the optimistic boy. This is when he chose to let go, when the other hands had me trapped.

My body would have made a storm with all the strength I let out, meaninglessly I dragged down the hall.

"Do you smell that? I smell death to motivation!" Said the optimistic boy.

"Yes, yes! Death in the courtroom." Weeped the emotionless man.

Four armed police walked out into the hallway clapping, "Is this our threat?" They moved in closer laughing, clapping.

In between me and the executioners stood my final chance, seeing no one in the distance to help, not knowing whether fear or faith was in my belly, I used it. "Help! John! Preacher cop! John!"

So from out of closed doors came a man, mad and able. Running his feet into the ground, pushing forward, all around him were the strength of ten children dragging him back, failing, he broke free, "Aghhh!" Cried that man. Once free he dived at the four armed police with a new strength. On the ground they went, and from the pile of fallen men rose John the preacher cop, holding two guns in his hands facing both directions, out popped a gold cross necklace from his uniform, swinging back and forth. Lacking all fear in his eyes, a voice emerged, "Let the boy go! Let him go unless you all were praying for a second bullet in your heads this midnight hour!"

"It's over, we lost." Cried the emotionless man.

"Let him go, he won't get far, the night belongs to us!" Assured the Optimistic boy. And in the back of the hallway was the leader of the hood, "He may be free, but I'll never apologize."

Seconds waited no more, I was loose.

"Now run Josh! Run!" Ordered John the preacher cop.

I was soon out the door, the air smelled fresh in an odd way. Looking all over I couldn't see my buddy, "Hey fox, little fox where'd you go?"

Something went shaking at my leg. It was the fox, why was he shaking, his eyes were filled with terror, his teeth were bright, his upper paws gripped my calf.

"What's the matter? We're safe boy."

Then I knew his fear, I saw it. The preacher from the church walked into the school yard, behind him was a table lifted up, carrying my dead mentor, and in the chains of the church's hands dragged my friend they called a hoe. "Who can kill the preacher?" Asked my bloody gang friend, "No one!" Replied the church.

Next to the church were a group of gay men, the gays and the church were divided like the red sea, In only so many words, I'll tell you why, The gay men approached the yard tackling straight men to the ground crying out, "Look at what you made me do! You hate me, you kill me, you shame me! It is torture from the words you speak! Everything I've ever loved is destroyed by your anger and hate. But everything you love is manhood." Pulling the pants off one of the straight men he shouted to all of his gay brothers, "We will take his man-hood tonight!" Other gay men followed his lead, bringing strong men to their knees.

Yet instead of a rape scene, inbetween the divided church and gays crawled, and stuttered the motivational robbers, "The deals off kid! Don't worry about my sight, I'm gonna give you death, gangster, shoot this noodle!" Said the blind robber.

Raising his gun, unable to gain perfect aim due to his crippled condition, the gangster with his cane let loose bullets all over the school building walls, "Doop, Doom, Doop, Boom, Boom!"

Death...to motivation...Death...In the courtroom...Rise dollar, Rise gold, Rise!" Cried the stuttering preacher. Behind all the people in the yard returned the animals, waiting, stalking the scene.

The school door behind me began shaking and banging.

Doop! Doop! Doom!" Shot again the gangster.

In the midst of this hour, I Lifted up my numb hand towards the moon which around it flew in a circle the butterfly and grasshopper. A hand that could not shake, A hand that would never become the mic, a mic that would never become the motivational speech which could rescue this moment. Yet still, I kept my hand high, despite having no hope, I kept it high as a symbol of what motivation will continue to be.

Upon seeing my hand stretching out into the air, the woman they called a hoe reached out her hand, dropped every dollar she had, just to point at my numb hand, and out of her mouth came the glory of this nightmare, out of her mouth she cried, "God!"

Dear old world, and the world to come, what you are about to experience, is the darkest of moments

Interview With An Adolescent Capitalist:

Dear old world and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to experience, is capitalism.

When the nightmare was over, trickling down the dream of sky, that horizon of drama, to me it was the last dawn left, I opened my hand (Leadership tone), tipping my greek mask, tipping how men in business tip hats, one more tip (toasting voice), to catch that final drip of drama, this half fictional, stained world, was painted to know.

Deep in the newspaper tossed me on the right side of the bed, there was a headline about a suspicious man who was giving free interviews on capitalism. Because of my nightmare, today meant more than open mic shows or attending school. Today was about skipping school, today I would make a name for myself, I'd sharpen my speaking skills, Now I thought, the whole world would know who the Orphan Boy was. But when getting outside I realized I was afraid to move my hand, the nightmare had made it numb.

Going to the interview I didn't ride the bus, I was headed to change my life, a bus wouldn't do, I took the little money I had riding a taxi cab instead, "Where to?" Asked the driver.

"I wanna go to Bigger, better and great, Proceed us to Town Square street!"
Was my response.

When Arrived at the destination I forced my way into what seemed to be a vacant building, if not evacuated, up the stairs and into a quiet room, room 201. There I sat for about fifteen minutes. In front of me seated a table and another chair. I'd never been in an interview before, sitting here I pondered, skipping school for silence, hm.

Silence was later broken, a man dressed in a cherry white suit came in, he sat down as if this was his home. It only made me more comfortable.

“Sir, are you here for the interview? What’s your name kid?”

I got up immediately as he sat, leaning gently into his face to shake his hand, “Most people call me Orphan Boy, yes I came to speak to a capitalist the newspaper said.”

“Yes, and when you shake a hand, try not to squeeze so tight Orphan. My friends call me Capitalist Sam.” He smiled for a second then continued, “Call me Sam.” A seriousness eroded from his face. “But go ahead, ask what you will.”

Both our legs were crossed, pressing the recorder on my phone I let my lips instigate us forward. “What are your views on capitalism?”

A smile swept by his face, “I’ll tell you a small bit. Are you hungry?”

“No, I already ate.”

“Yeah? What’d you eat?”

“Um, I had a steak why?”

“Was it? Not just good, Was it great Orphan?”

“It was alright, Sam where are you going with this, I thought this was about capitalism.”

Sam then cleared his throat, “Ahem, People all over this city and other cities are in poverty, they can’t afford steak, this is like a third world country to them, this is the same as the starved Hatians in the Caribbean’s. Don’t ask me what they eat, I’ll tell you, cereal in the morning, pizza in the afternoon.”

“People aren’t in poverty in these cities, America is nothing compared to Haiti sir, where are you getting this from?”

“You’re right, everyone can afford steak, but the trend of these times is to be a kid, and kids like what’s colorful, what shines, and greasy pizza shines. Who do you think sold the kid to America’s people? Who do you think sold the idea of the fast life? And I’ll tell you why your steak was just, ‘Alright’, cows burn away by the hands of nature, and the higher the death my friend, the lower your quality. But you pay the same price for low grade steak as you would premium beef, you fight to live above your means yet eat just like the sugar addicts dying to be kids again. There is no escape from this poverty.

There is no fighting your cheap Haitian blood.

“Sir! Please stop yourself. Aren’t you just like me? You live in this city, you eat steak too, aren’t you also trying to fight? Trying to escape?” I asked him.

No, the difference between me and you, my poverty and yours, is that I have money, much money, ‘I’ live off selling you the hamster wheel. It is you who believed steak was the best of life, you who put money into food and not financial investments, but food isn’t your Achilles heel. 3 years ago, at age 16, how many cartoons did you watch a day?
When the business was great for TV, when every mind was glued to a screen?”

“Hamster wheel? I don’t know, maybe eight cartoons a day.”

“Did you buy any toys after seeing those cartoons? Did you purchase any watches, any games, did you think about changing your career?”

“I don’t understand the point, everyone in this city bought those things, everyone had those ideas.”

“Yes, yes, the old common saying of the Roman success and French failure numb the minds of the public so revolt is an impossible option, give them toys and no investments. I’m no huge capitalist. It’s just a hobby, bringing kids to my apartment nostalgic and destroying their childhood, all children come to this apartment building eventually, all kids grow up. And when you grew up what was the sound you heard up north? What did you hear Orphan?”

“I’ll play along but for only a moment. I don’t know what I heard, tell me.”

Sam tightened his grip on the arm chair. “Billboards and magazines, gossip and newspapers advertised loudly. It was better than circus, it was better than a concert, it was magical film. So you dropped your cartoon watches and toys, and headed straight north for the best seat in the theatre. You bought the popcorn, drinks, and candy, as you ate it the kid inside your heart, the kid our faithful Sam I am capitalises on got brighter and brighter. The kid inside you felt safe, loved, he trusted the movies and believed in his heart that this was all he’d need, but the popcorn grew salty, the pop destroyed his body, the movies were now boring, and every penny from that kid we sold to you built a billion dollar empire. Abruptly the kid realized he was the show, not the screen.”

“Liar! Movies aren’t like this, cartoons aren’t either! You don’t know what you’re talking about! You said it yourself, this is a hobby you picked up.”

“Wasn’t the cartoon a hobby? Wasn’t the movie? Look how much money you invested, look at the empire you built. (Laughs) My hobby is no different than yours. And look at it

this way, didn't magazines and movies convince girls to dress in those tight blouses? Being the hoes they are, selling their bodies as paychecks? So why buy steak when you can afford a lady? The dollar never ends Orphan boy, it only knows dirt. Nothing can stop it, nothing stops me."

"I've had enough!" Right when I thought about getting out of my seat, or putting my hand on the door handle (Imaginary hand on door), a different thought woke me backwards, "Mr. Sam. I have an interview question."

Sam Smiled eagerly, "Ask away my slave friend."

"What do you think about the quote, 'Today's world of wealth is like a closed room on fire. No one is burned up. Smoke is filling the room! Poor people at the bottom of the room breathe fresh air. And the rich people at the top, the capitalist, from way up high on their thrones, look like they're laughing, but in reality, they're choking to death.'"

A short pause carried through the room, then Sam the capitalist jumped from his chair, "No! Yes! Yes. I think I just found my court case. Listen here you ignorant slum! I'm a lawyer, at the top of the food chain without debate! I saw that speech you did called 'flavah!', I've heard all those open mic speeches. Up here you don't need happiness, friends, a place where everyone connects or shares love. Let this be a warning. Flavor surrounds you from the sugar to the pop, from the TV to the colorful screen. I am the machine you called the evil enemy, try to break me, I will not break, we have the same shaking hand, but my hand is rich, I cannot crumble, and you've said it, no one is burned up in this room yet it's because I own that room. So since we're in this locked apartment together, I'll tell your choking mind a secret, at the top you don't need air, all you need is thick money. Let the smoke rise, rise dollar, rise."

Hearing those foreshadowed words of salt and butter, I smacked my Haitian lips, I turned the locked handle, I cracked open the door, looking back at the fiery room one last time.

"Goodbye Capitalist, try not to choke."

Dear old world and the world to come, please be advised, what you are about to experience, is capitalism.

The Motivational Verdict

How I got here, everything I did, whether wrong or fair, now you know. Right here!
(Bluntly) But few men arrive, jurisdiction.

"All rise!"

Dear old world and the world to come, what you are about to participate in is..
"Order in this courtroom!"

[Pause]

(Standoffish) I'll be my own lawyer, I'll fight off lawyers and judges! (Blunt surrender)
There's a case against me, that I've committed the crime of weaponizing motivation.
(Description) The judge, jury, victims, and lawyer, you know his name, Capitalist Sam,
seat this courtroom. (Desperation) The Samaritan hour is at risk. (Relaxed low voice)
They wait for me.

"This man!" Yelled Capitalist Sam.

"Has committed crimes unthinkable. He kidnapped, and I am led to believe, murdered
three men who allegedly tried robbing him. He killed animals, a black wolf. Not only that
he slaughtered a preacher man. Are these not causes for homicide? But this is not the
end of it, we have evidence of gay hate crimes. Footage is rambling through social
media, in times like these? Good folk of the court."

Sighs trembled through the jury stand.

"The man we see here now only gets worse, he must get worse. An advocate for gang
violence, an advocate for prostitution, a murderor of his mentor... and I'm sorry to inform
you but "anxiety", he calls it a hurt hand, will by no means exempt this defendant by
reason of insanity."

The jury grew silent enough for Sam to make a move, he walked towards me in his
Cherry White suit.

"It's a special night kid. I told you I'd get the flavor. Now we get to see who chokes."
The Jury found a song, "Death to motivation!" Claps, "Rise dollar rise!" Claps, "He's a
preacher speaking, poetic talking, motivation yelling man!" Claps.

The judge bored of ranting spoke out, "Alright Sam, do you have any witnesses to back up your evidence?"

Sam pointed into the crowd, "Bring them in."

One witness after one rolled into the stand giving a testimony.

First came the girl, my friend, who everyone called the hoe: "Young doll, do you admit to being persuaded into prostitution by this young man?"

The woman looked at me with a shaken stare, "No."

Grabbing that pricey hand of pillar and salt, the bailiff betrayed it for silver, my bloody gang friend, "fellah, do you admit to witnessing this man testifying of killing a preacher? In front of you? Before you speak, do know that you are under oath, and any agreement with these crimes convicts you, an accessory."

A simple word came from his mouth, he didn't look at me, "No."

Twiggled and snatched, in came the boy who spoke of the black depression, " Bro. A gentleman, and a high school scholar from the hood. I'm proud of you. You've come far. And now you're here to come further, to testify about this man! Who partook in advocating gang violence. Did he not?"

Sam looked at the youth whose face was as blank as the silence in the room. "I am no scholar. I'm just another kid this man you speak of, has helped. No, I deny witnessing support of gang violence. But I admit.." The boy who spoke of the black depression paused, Sam raised an eyebrow, "You admit? Go ahead, you are under oath." Sam warned.

The minor cleared his throat, "I admit to my friend, my helper, advocating for hope!"

Angered, the lawyer shouted, "Take him down! And bring me another."

The ditch begot the ground, and ground begot a shovel, hereafter there was the emotionless man. "I understand you've been beaten by cops. I'm not here to beat you, all I want is the truth. Did this defendant advocate and partake in an act of gang violence in a high school classroom?"

The emotionless man gripped his hands onto the wood in front of him. How do you feel? Every lawyer needs a heart. I deny any act, I deny gang violence. He's numb! (Looks at the jury) Numb!! (Covers eyes pointing finger at lawyer hysterical)"

Sam smirked, "Bring him down, before he gets any tears on my suit." (Laughs)

Kicked out the garden the lad who spoke about the ghetto apology climbed. But before the lawyer could talk, his loud words started, "I don't need you to ask me that question." And so he saw it, "Orphan boy, you're a better man, nothing because of me.

You've helped more than my image or words ever could. You taught me more than just apologies."

"Quit your motivational lectures pal, did he or did he not advocate the violence?!"

"I won't play along with your parade, wack me down."

"You are under oath."

"Chop me down."

The judge heard his ghetto cries, so timber came.

claps *claps* *claps* "I'm the Cherry! Bring me more! I will not have defeat."

In place of the boy speaking of ghetto apologies, one of the gay men from the bus stop took the stand, "Yes. Yes! Royal blood. Did you, at a bus stop become the victim of a hate crime, by the defendant?" Sam said to the teen while pointing at me.

"Yes. I didn't know what to do." Stated the boy. "Thank you. Take him down, gently."

In came the second gay from the bus stop. "Young prince. I know it's hard for you to deal with this. These times haven't been good to you. Were you a victim?"

"Yes."

"By this man!?"

A slight pause carried the room, then the kid nodded my way, "Yes."

"Thank you. Give me the last child."

When the gay who pulled down his pants, and told me to hit him took the witness box Sam asked a different question. "Soon to be king, what happened in the evening at that bus stop?"

"What happened? We thought he was gay, he said he was a christian. Do you believe God hates men like me? Why'd he beat me?"

Sam angered, "God doesn't." He paused in disgust, "I think we've heard it all good folk.

Take him from this courtroom, this victim needs a tissue."

Sam then looked around, "Where is the officer? Where is John?"

Casually and with deep steps The preacher cop took the stand, as he walked the lawyer clapped, as did the jury, "Death to motivation!" Claps, "Rise dollar rise!" Claps, "Kill that preacher talking, poetic speaking, motivation yelling man!"

"Order in this court!"

Cried the judge. Everyone grew silent again. Sitting down, the preacher cop was asked a question. "John? Can I call you John? You're a cop. So you fully recognise the obligations here. I will not inform you. But do you admit to being assaulted by this man while on duty? And do you admit, while on duty, of this man testifying that he killed a preacher?"

John looked deeply into Sam's eyes, so deep it disturbed him.

Sam in return looked back, "My brotha. I'll ask again, out of generosity of the badge. Have you witnessed gang violence, hate crimes, have you been a victim of police assault, has this man! Testified to you himself about the murder of a preacher?"

A brief pause met the room's intense heat, " Listen you aren't just a cop tonight, you're a witness and a victim, you can do right now what no cop has ever done. Out of all the officers that have killed black men, how many of them can say they've made motivation illegal? You don't need a gun to do it. (stress it) All you need is the tool that every protestor, riot, and petitioner has ever used. Help me kill motivation. Help me raise the dollar. (Evil) Give me your voice.

John the preacher cop opened his mouth, "I understand the power that I have, and I feel it is no power at all, to put an innocent boy in jail, to silence the hills of people eager to change the world, that's no power. But I do have something, Sam, you were right, a voice, this Orphan boy is flawed, yet, out of countless activists, I dare merit him the city's finest. Orphan I read your speech, "Soldier In The Eyes of The Wildlands", although I saw something different, it spoke of a soldier who follows a law yet gains no honor, and a black wolf who idols the radical man, remembered forever. But then it read: "Why just be the porcupine, the black man that is hated, feared and seen as a threat, if you are to be that black man, why not be the black wolf?"

The preacher cop stood up on the stand, "I am a cop, like the porcupine, there is a weapon all over me, from my gun to the badge. I am a cop, who has witnessed weaponless black men die. What kind of preacher have I become? Following a law and law alone. I don't want honor. Tonight, today, Orphan boy, I will be the black wolf, I am the radical wolf!

Sam was furious, "I don't need your testimony to kill motivation, I have the confessions of three gay witnesses. Besides, didn't you see my suit? I am the cherry on top! Take him down!"

Sam walked to the jury, "Folk of the court, if this man is convicted tonight, we will have proven that motivation was used as a weapon, a weapon that is not yet registered, therefore illegal in the eyes of the law. I rest my case."

"Ahem! Ahem!"

Once Sam was seated the judge offered my response, "Sir, Defendant Orphan Boy, do you have anything you'd like to express?"

Getting up from blank silence, I walked out into the front of the court, and it began.

" More than the average man, the strong man, the smart man, the good looking man, the war hero man, the rich man, the hood man, the business man. That's what's ringing through my head. More."

" My birth name is Josh, but everyone calls me Orphan boy, folks, I'm in the cleaning business, there's not a floor I won't mop or a room I can't sweep, it's common knowledge that we are labeled as the lowest and richest part of the world, where is my proof? Don't shrimp work there?"

"It seems that this has been a long court session. The moon has done its job, glittering and painting on our discussion, now comes the sun."

Good folk of the day we are met with

A question, a question that has no time period. Reason being, it will always be needed. Will motivation be illegal?

"We live in a time where it's not safe to be yourself, where it's dangerous to have identity, we want titles that have no value. Call us a ladies playa so we aren't called gay, a fast girl so we aren't called queens, all the kings men can tap dimes in the clubs, but are getting brushed off at the early bird banks. Since We live on a planet of name calling, I hope I can be your alien today."

"Everyone in this room needs motivation, even those who fight and deny it. Because without something having rival or competition how can it succeed?"

"The preacher cop spoke about honor, he spoke about every radical man. So today I want to hold a silence for the black wolves."

(Pause)

"Thank you. Now that we've closed the door on silence I'll tell you about black wolf. We are all the animals in that story, and if we deny it, we are no better than the soldier loyal to law and command when standing up against our morals."

" A lot of you wish to be soldiers, hard, tough, a lot of you wanna be "that" gangsta. And in a way we are. We all have a dark part of our past that at any point if exposed could make us monsters. But every one of us, "gangsta" can use that past to help another individual in their lives, we call that potential."

" And the Preacher cop was right, more can be done in churches full of broken people, (Serious empathy) the door at the back of the room should be open not closed when the sermon begins, because only prisons shut their doors once men have gone inside for **rest.**"

" Who am I to speak? I'm not a preacher, but the little experiences I did have I put in my stories to help make someone a better person. If that makes me a hero, well?"

But this hero had a dream, a dream where ghetto men had emotion, optimism and apology, then change. Yet then I had a nightmare, a world where none of that was true. How long should that night last good folk? How long should the nights be before a morning?

The Lawyer, the Capitalist, Sam. Although His knowledge is evil he sees more than anyone in this room today including myself, he sees an end to motivation, and if the verdict is to criminalize me and my talents then you'll prove his eyes were right. That the labor of evil is pregnant.

However, Sam, you spoke of my anxiety hand..it was numb, not out of pain, out of fear. Good folk I fear no more, (raise numb hand.)

"My hand will not go numb through the night!" (Shakes numb hand)

The jury finds the charges on the defendant for manslaughter, kidnapping, not guilty, prostitution, gang affiliation, not guilty, animal brutality, not guilty. For the charges of gay hate crimes, the jury finds defendant, guilty!
And the ruling for whether motivation will be illegal in Court of law...

(Straightens shaking numb hand leaning back and forth)

What's he doing! He thinks he can fight the law with motivation!
He can't win! He must choke! I'm the cherry on top! I'm the flavah! Rise dollar!"
Cried Sam.

"Through the night!"

The jury chanted, "Death to motivation, a preacher speaking, poetic talking, motivation yelling man! Rise dollar rise!"

"Order in this court!"

Dear old world and the world to come, the motivational verdict you have experienced, will be continued..

Women's Paradise

The Flawless Friend

I meet flawlessness rarely. So when meeting you, over time it began, and is still beginning, to feel as if some stars far away are aligning. But in order to see someone that beautiful, in order to see you, you'd have to tear through what looked like thick piles of brick. Listen: only the shallow run from what can be seen from afar. That, is easy. Not being shallow I come closer. To my surprise, it is only the color that resembles brick. However, the objects are only heavy leaves needed simply for a small wind to blow. Inch by inch, mile by mile; with the motivation of her inward beauty; one watches the winds of merely time cut past each leaf. In time I will know a friend.

Special Rubies

Why is it that you are one of the rubies in Detroit? There's big booty girls, they don't meet the qualifications, big breast or big hip girls, they don't make it, we have good sex in the bed girls and they miss the mark, pretty all over girls yet no genuineness is found in them. I could point at the most quiet and smart, the most outgoing and seductive. Neither ends up to make a beautiful woman. But the dawn of sun rises on your jeweled face. It's not Beyonce's for good reason, and your personality is no where near Whoopi Goldberg's luckily. Rather it's right in the mix of mature then honest. Despite what you are caught up into your heart sails through conflict and drama not becoming it.

Because of that your ruby outshines every diamond and pearl. And while those haters watch you, every ruby left in detroit becomes an assistant to your great purpose.

Her Bodyguard

Men hurt you, they got you bad.

I wasn't strong enough to kick their ass, I wasn't rich enough to make them pay. So I stood under that God made heaven called a woman's body instead, I stood under the cloud that once showed the sun. And from your eyes I caught the tears. A man cries and he quickly wipes them

away to hide his weakness. But you see strength in even salty water, letting them fall you believed they would water the ground.

So can I tell you they did? I am a man but those tears I let sit on me, then as the water soaked my body I waited to tell you this: I prayed under your storm that the clouds would run away and the sun would come. I am a man but I believed in your tears. I saw strength in even salty water. As the day came that your sun finally shot out, this same sun would show a man barely breathing from a hurting woman's punches and kicks. Not because he deserved them. Digging out the stomped and beaten ground, holding up the last of her tears in his hands. It's because he believed no valuable woman, not even you, should stand hurt alone.

The 1000\$ Poem

What are you doing swinging your hips in a fifty dollar blouse? You think that's why men follow you down the road by the wink of your eye? Your body commands these men you say. It's too simple that a guy would bow just because your hand told him too. One man eight times your strength is set up to be killed in the ghettos everyday by a woman all because she smiled, swung her hips, moved her hand and winked in that fifty dollar blouse. A while ago I saw you lead those five men down the street without having to speak a word. So enough of this nonsense. If it is worth nothing to set up a man, bow before you, or have them follow you down the road while being speechless, then you are the valuable, not them. Stop acting like a product when you are the business. Take this poem, it's worth a thousand dollars. Put it in your suitcase. But when I give it to you I want you to give 999\$ of the money to one of the five men, don't give it to the fifth man when he asks to have sex with you, tell him, "you ain't gettin none of this poem" don't give it to the fourth guy who asks for a kiss, tell him, "you aint kissing this poem" don't give it to the third who asks to smack you on the ass, tell him, "you cain't smack this poem" and don't give it to the second who wants one night only, tell him, "this poem ain't one night, it's forever" no, give it to the man who is just as speechless as you, the man who is not strong, his arms are weak, and is not flashy, his clothes are boring. Give it to him by wrapping your arms around him, take all of that swingin, and beauty, all that strength and power you got, and hug him. And when he asks why his heart is pumping and his head is light, tell him that out of all your kisses, sex, and smoothe words, nothing holds tighter than love.

Stuck At The Playground

We got a lot of men, I could name em' all. Playing by the swings, sliding down slides, the shit they'd say, "That's a bad bitch!" Grown ass men. Still at the playground. Dealing with girls, the kind of girls that'll have their baby and rack up child support, talkin bout, "Give me a rich nigga!" They have you girls at their playground. Get your own shit, you're a woman not a housewife. You don't know how, you're stuck... Men brainwashed you, you say. They told you to put on heels, wear a big ass and keep that hair long. They said it was the way to find love and a suitcase full of money! But Ms. Lady, who put on those heels, that weave and tight pants?

Wasn't it you my queen, the same woman that lead and won wars, changed the laws of countries, and who was it who brought hundreds out to freedom?

Please, dry your eyes, walk with me out of this place. All your life you waited in a sandbox full of unhappiness dreaming for real sand. You even made that rich nigga leave the bank open and join you in his sandbox. A woman like you could be building schools for girls, teaching them about independence, writing books on innovation and new ideas, and building neighborhoods for broken women allowing male doctors only inside. You could build a world not a playground. Now lets stop talking and go rob these rich niggas while their bank is still open. When you get the money meet me at the sandy beach where the water goes as far as your ideas. That's where we'll discuss your future. And if you're old enough to drink we'll toast our glasses, and laugh at those men who once brainwashed you miles back at that place they called "our" playground.

The Daughter In My Shadow

I think of you and am reminded that you are in every stroke of my pen, empowering every sound when I speak about women. There are no days like the day when it arrived in my mind that you existed even in my shadow. You moved across the ground's surface like giants who walked across the earth. Tell the world it's amazing! When I thought I was worthless, that no woman wanted me, there you were, standing up when I fell down. Name a time that my praying body wasn't greater because you prayed with me. Our hugs covered the weeping ants we called hurt people, they wiped the tears of the hopeless as if no tear ever existed. Your arms covered an entire auditorium of women and men who needed love, say it's not beautiful. You helped my arms reach heaven, but when your arms grew taller and disappeared I wasn't afraid because temporarily you had gone into the light.

As you came down children waited while you passed them with that piece they felt was heaven. How is it that even a shadow seeming to be dark could hold the most angels any child's smile had ever seen? But when you had gotten too big it was time, time for my daughter to be born. Walking around the corner the shadow got smaller. So small I looked down thinking God had relocated. Yet there you were beyond the stage, a crowd of millions stood all my daughters. Every girl I write for, every woman I speak because of. Every woman who needed a voice and not just a shadow. Every woman yearning to sail their hardworking boat into women's paradise.

Ms. Feel Good

I came to heat the heart, I came to warm the carpet.

There she was. Lips wet, and hair the good kinda nappy.

Delivering every boy her number they went textin' somethin' special. Hearts were in every letter. Every pen had a hand. But soon the moon ran away and the night kidnapped the polka dot sky. Dark no's and Rejection was what she brought them. And from their tears and immature anger

they painted broken hearts all through her memory. Nails complete and lips wet she smiled in her room, again and again she felt her power. Hearts touched the ground like see through glass. Having beauty on her whole body, nothing could stop the holy moment.

Pause.

Now put a cape on her back to hide those scars and place a W on the chest. Hearts are breaking, the wind is blowing. She's a hero for our women to come. Her grown up ass pops and the breast sprout, but who has she saved? In her blood she has the manual to molding kings, yet all we see are thieves. Stealing love by manipulation, snatching joy through lies. The king's manual is frozen, the queen's outlawed blood is iced. Taught by her mother, hurt by her father, cracked by a brotha. The sharpness of that bloodsicle doesn't save the day it freezes it and this is the picture it snaps: Weeping boys dry into old hard carpet, broken girls rise into feel good heroes refusing to touch any mat rolling to a throne. Leaving babies, a kingdom and blizzard tears behind, she escapes. Flying above with all this power, all that beauty belonging to today's world, saving no one but her feelings.

Who's left? Who will take the cape from heaven, fly back to the iceberged hell, bring a new holy moment and let us love again?

The Pregnant Vision of Women's Paradise

Hey young girls, stare at the wall until all you see are your thoughts. Young women, stare at the mirror until you don't just see how cute you look, until all you see are memories, older women, stare at your scars, stare at those horrible places till all you see is blank. Now think about this,

Welcome to Women's Paradise. A place before the sandy beach and water. A place with statues of men on both knees staring at a flat stomach woman, and in that man's eye is a queen pregnant with his greatest joy. Behind those are statues of men with their faces to the ground bowing to the peace, love and beauty around them. Witness this place, every woman is worth as much as her heart can give. Young girls dance to victory when no music is playing but the wind, the birds grateful to be in her presence, and the water that flows down to grown women. Women teaching again and again to the little children about what love is, "Love is when you can touch your chest and feel more than your heart beating, when you can feel two feet kicking at the door, when even eating food is for more than just you. Are you ready for love?" Women now grown are seen years later loving on their old teachers, helping them walk to the field of tall trees and low dirt, walking them in a song, walking them in a dance, singing them to their resting place.

The watery beach is close.

Weapons guarded the land, women armed with the strongest weapons ever known: their tears expressed heaven's rain, their voices were the riding thunder of the sky, their hands able to make bones bow, eyes which saw earth itself, lips that everyday kissed the ground of paradise, feet were a birthmark, claiming the sacred ground which they stood for, sung for, died for. You couldn't see a single nappy haired soul not covered up in the finest clothing from head to toe. The only time they wore just bra and underwear was when praising around campfires. The smoke rose, the fire died, the sun shot over grass, trees, and almost naked women and girls

laying, beaming and bathing in the picture which became richer by the thought. And passed the sandy skin of every glorious woman, deep inside her belly was that unending water.

Paradise Swimmer

We arrived on these times, women were finally leaving to paradise. They were going to hope and beauty. As a result they left behind them those cruel men, and precious children. These babies grew up into young girls. And out of those many young women left behind, three of them decided amongst themselves peace was murdered, and stories came about of a woman's paradise. How bad they wanted to go, how obvious it was that they'd never been born in a place so beautiful. So lead by their oldest sister the three girls took off to the screen of a dark beach, crashing waves and a moon's family of stars in the millions. Behind them was hell, the hell they wanted to swim from. The younger girls wore basic clothes to the scene. Although their bodies showed enough: Perky breast, fat juicy lips, long thick hair, round butts, and a flat stomach. These two young women were shaking from the cold staring at their older sister for direction. The oldest faced towards the ocean with the breeze wind pushing through her green flawless dress, she wore gold bracelets tough as steel, ankle bracelets that matched it's toughness, a necklace with diamonds meeting gold curves, no man could look away or attempt to buy. Looking back at her sisters she pointed at the ocean, "Come with me to paradise, we've spent nine months in our mother's water, what's a little longer in this endless ocean gonna hurt? Swim with me down the sea, there's nothing left behind us!"

The waves smacked the beach, the moon was laying back with its family. "Marrissa maybe it doesn't exist, we want more, it's got to be more than just this place, Marissa let's go back, we'll bring a boat, or come when the sun is up." Groaning and screaming She pointed again while walking towards the endless tide, " You never listen. I'll show you, I'll come back and bring you with me!" Saying no more she dipped her legs sinking after a fierce body, stroking arms at the waves, "Marrissa no!"

Cries and shouts from her sisters fell and broke far behind her, as did any sights of that corrupt world. One arm after another went against the rising sea ahead. Motivated by the boys who would play songs and speak cheap dreams to get her in the bed, as that failed she pushed harder at the thought of her sisters both every man's attention grabber young and old, then stroking deeper into the currents she never knew how to be a woman. She never understood to sit on every seat as if it were her throne, she was never taught to make a man bow by the touch of her hand, knowing nothing but what the streets of lustful men buried in her purse and clothes that their money bought she nearly fell under the deep thinking about her empty heart.

But over and over were thoughts about what her heart could be if she made it to paradise, it would be worth tons when she got there. So with a stroke and swing each arm went above her head slamming under the deep, pushing her closer to an endless stream. Far from the past world, around her there was nothing but ocean and midnight. Thoughts soon slipped in that

maybe there might not be a paradise, maybe she should've used a boat. Thinking of swimming back the waves covered and stood up behind her. Again she swam at the waves letting time do it's worst! Tears came yet nothing was seen, salty water wasn't just falling from her eyes, it was the crashing and slapping salt ocean. And then the skin all over her diva body began to wrinkle.

The girl did her work towards the sea, it was a wonderful art. Now it was time for the ocean's motion picture. The water made sounds cracking towards her ears, the waves became bigger than before, and in that dark blue, was a black hole spinning with crushing madness. Marissa looked at the hole without fear most would run with. In that darkness she remembered the gold rings her mother gave her. She said they meant she was married to a defensive purpose. So foot and hand swam at the dark circle. Yet the water became heavy closing the hole and pulling at Marissa. Fighting in a swim she yanked her body back, however once free, when the water seemed less aggressive, she realized the words of her mother meant nothing in this sleeping rain, the rings were gone.

Her father was a man of respect, he trained her to fight and stand up against anything. His words were so far away, which is why she clenched the gold strapped purse he gave her. "A gold strap that could choke any man out." were the words of her dad. He said it'd force every gentleman to realize that all those goodies she was guarding inside were worth too much for them. Even still, that water wasn't a man, it was much taller, if it rose you rose too, and as the wave got too huge, Marissa on the high tip top scrambled under the deep. Swimming back to the surface she carried anger yelling the words, "I am not for sale!" But the words of her father felt lighter, her purse was gone.

All that yelling found the ears of the tide. Something heard her. Underneath, her swimming legs felt a swoosh touch, another yank went for an arm, and then she tapped her stomach on something wide and deep. The last thing her eyes saw were swarming watery legs and splashes that seemed like arms. This bodily horror pushed itself on her, and not a fight, not a memory could bring this moment to an end. So against it all she closed her eyes and fought regardless. water filled that screaming mouth of hers. So thoughts shouted instead, she saw memories of the one boyfriend who gave her the most fanciest of glasses to keep her from looking like a nerd, they broke up, the waters twisted and so did those glasses. Her sisters painted her nails daily, they wrote in blank color that she was a blue on the right hand and a plain red on the left kind of goddess. Dedicated time in the mirror fixing makeup and spreading a smile with lipstick it now bravely colored the dark and mad sea. Where was that goddess now? Ignored of kicking and pushing. The night water was sinking the fight she had left. Was she a goddess when she stole that gold necklace from the shop she couldn't afford? Was she a goddess when she traded a touch on her lips and a feel down her thighs for the bracelets around her wrist and ankles? May as well be shackles and handcuffs broken off into the blue, the swallowing waves formed a prison.

Her eyelashes loosened from the tears, her earrings skipped across the sea surface. The fierce statue you might call a woman was closer to the title Ms. Nobody.

And as the weave slipped from her head leaving black naps and the green dress men's money bought flagged down and beneath, her final cry was the memory of her sisters' smooth arms holding her, rocking that beautiful head of hers on their thick thighs. "Everything will come someday, just hold on Marissa"

Opening its watery white mouth the sea swallowed her naked body grabbing only underwear deep and far.

Blind and naked to her purpose, curled into a ball like a child in a mother's womb she thought to herself, "The sun will never rise on me. The sun will never shine light on this precious ruby called a girl, my glasses are gone, I have no vision, I'll never see women's paradise, who will see my tears, when the salty ocean erases my cries, who will hear my thundering beautiful voice, water stops me from shouting? It's over."

The moon fell away and there were only dotted stars to paint light on her underwater brokenness.

"Hummmm....Hummmm." A sound could be heard underneath. A fish or a submarine passing her she thought. "Hummm." And then it was again, so calm and gentle. "Humm, Marissa. In your very body the bones of kings form. Humm, this salty water is all the tears you've cried. Humm, The sun can't shine on your rubied body when you carry the light. Humm, everything you wore to the ocean for so long hid a body designed for endless paradise! Live it Marissa."

Hearing those sounds her eyes opened flinging out instincts of survival. Up onto the sea's surface she floated. Choking up water that held her screams she paddled her wrinkled arms and legs back towards home barely seeing the journey ahead. She found paradise and her sisters had to know. As the stars vanished, arm after arm dashed into the water and that's when it happened: the sun burned slowly out from the sizzling sea, peeling a circle in the sky and painting light on her nappy haired, jeweled body.

And in front of the wide sun were the women of the real paradise. Paddling their canoes after Marissa. "Marissa, you're home." Their soft words stretched. In the screams she could never shout underwater she said, "No I'm not!" Her weak body tried and tried but their canoes floated faster.

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They reached into the clear blue and grabbed her fighting body out of the wet sea, like a baby from the womb, and onto a canoe. Laying her next to a towel and a silk robe tears could finally be seen dripping from her red eyes. She noticed the beautiful island behind her, barely seeing it without glasses. Looking up at the canoes of women now surrounding her she realized that these were the women of paradise. "I didn't want this, I don't want paradise. I have to go home and tell my sisters, not this." She cried. They wiped her eyes while peddling to the island, "Marissa it's okay to let those drops fall, because in this salty ocean are the tears of every woman who has made it to paradise."

And as for your sisters, you were allowed to swim, so let them, they have to let go of their love for what's on the outside and listen to the humming that says swim deep in their hearts. They will come when they are ready." More tears fell from the eyes they wiped. " No, no! I will wait for my sisters, I will wait as early as possible, I will sit with my canoe by the shore and hum for every sister yearning for this land." Every woman after hearing those words smiled gladly yet said nothing as they arrived at the beach.

So each morning when the smoke rose and the sun was almost cracking Marissa waited by the shore for sisterly souls to bring their best armor, swim towards the beastly waters, and hum their wrinkled rubied body passed the peeling sun.

Women's Paradise Poem's 10-139

The Humming Marissa In Paradise

The poem begins long after she wakes from her tears and sees the Pregnant woman's festivities, and long after she leaves to explore more that paradise has to offer than just preparing for childbirth in the day time. Rather it discusses these things in brief summary. Marissa's eyes in the poem go passed the grassland and trees, further beyond the dirt road and village cabins, (the place where women go when sick, giving birth, on periods, raising animals like fast horses, where kids stay, and where the sacred unity of man and women take place to create a child) **6.** and she enters a place she never knew existed on a women's paradise. She enters street roads, carriages with the finest horses, light posts, industrial city buildings and to her odd view she sees women in silk robes like hers, barefoot carrying briefcases, it is illustrated in the story that the briefcase holds information on the purest of men, and ideas for how to love them. This whole city was built by the men born into paradise (men like me who have honest and good hearts giving women a strong desire to keep that same heart of a good man on the corrupt world to bring women to paradise and keep them in good hope and spirits) and also by the help of women, it was built because of the inspiration of the idea of the paradise born man and because of the hope to save the good man on corrupt earth. The whole city is based on inspiration and hope. They hold the constant changing of the man who is lovable and genuine. How trends and popularity of the good guy causes him to drown from the eye of a helpless and unloved woman who is blind in the corrupt world that she wishes to escape from. One briefcase states that he stutters, that he trips over his feet when walking, that he is bullied, that he isn't book smart, one says that he's the smartest cat in town just not in school, another says he writes ugly, another says he's brave when he uses whatever gift he has but is shy with everything else. Others talk about his looks, he has glasses one year, three years later the guy is drowned out again and now he's handicapped and can't walk or he's blind. A briefcase even says that this man has all of these things and is the most unwanted guy even by jobs who won't hire him because of under the table discrimination. The women bring the briefcases to business meetings attempting with all their hearts to save the good man in the corrupt world. **7.** Their

decisions are always the same. A few women are voted in the meeting to lead the business of the good man hunt and ship out to sea, rise on the tides of the corrupt world, locate a few good men, love them through hugs, through feeding them meals, through talking to them, through wiping their tears, through saving their lives from suicide or someone killing them, through an honest kiss on the forehead to remind them of motherly love. **8.** All these things are only done once and when done they disappear on their ships back to paradise. Changing the boys life forever by giving him the strength to push through his time on earth until he either fulfills a purpose rightfully his or finds a girl that all the love that was given by those mysterious women would be given to that girl who's without hope of the good man. These men are not from paradise rather they stand out in the corrupt earth beaten and broken the most, but because of the pure heart of a man born from paradise and the man thrown into the corrupt world who's also from paradise he is loved. **3.** Their business is an attempt to fix the corrupt world and keep a tight grip on the good man that is trapped there in pain.

She also sees in the city council a man guarded by every door speaking about his love and revelation about women. He's there to renew his license for writing and narrating women's paradise to the corrupt world. Although the doors and building is guarded, you can loudly hear him preaching about the good in all women and his responsibility to keep reminding their love in his stories. Every couple of weeks this trial for his paradise license renewal is held. Mostly to secretly praise the rarity of a man so infatuated with a woman and to be sure that this man is in line with the true nature of women. Crowds of women always surround the building cheering the man on and then falling in silence. **5.**

Moving down the road to explore more she walks away from the sunset and into the beaming moonlight where festivals are had holding concerts for the women who have returned from the corrupt world with news of the good man, pregnant women in wait for their due date being celebrated for the most beautiful experience on earth, the experience of having unending water in her belly, the experience of her great responsibility to bring another baby to paradise, and the song of every struggle and climb that the baby hasn't experienced in the corrupt world but will be blessed by in song, older women which celebrate their many years in paradise teaching and giving wisdom, women that swam for paradise and tell their story for how they made it, and the hero Ms. Feel good who tells news of a new man broken down into a wiser being able to see paradise. **4.**

Children who are males born into paradise either become boat builders on the edge of paradise far from the sacred home of women, mine diggers bringing red rubies from the caves to clutter the ceremonies with, stone choppers building statues for the land (these men are allowed to build statues on certain days, after the great ceremonies of the week has slowed down), or are instantly shipped to the corrupt world and watched by the best women to make sure that their light of being a good man is not darkened, these men become the wise men of women, servants to their greatness, escorts to their struggle from pain to beauty, poets, princes, motivators, lifelong gifts to women, the symbol of a man who never has to bow because his heart has not been built to manipulate or destroy the beauty of a good woman, these men are watched always by women of paradise and constantly given hope of their good nature here and there. Despite

the cold heartedness of earthly women who haven't yet met paradise. Although due to sacred principle he is only watched and never revealed to by them. 7. He is the receiver of their beauty.

While men of the corrupt world receive a woman's tears from her pain or man made joy, this man receives her heavenly rain from the heart breaking love and revelation that paradise is inside of her. He is the water drain for every endless sea of women looking for paradise in a corrupt world, if not looking to come to paradise entirely. Every man in paradise wishes to come to the corrupt world, and every man who goes finds happiness greater than in the paradise he was born in. It says that struggle then love, corruption in the midst of wisdom, is the greatest product for revelation and supernatural change. Supernatural change from a woman's forever sprouting paradise. It is said that I was once born into paradise, it is said that I was shipped out into this corrupt world and through the help of great women and spiritual revelation was led to write of this place called paradise, so all women could reach it. And that every now and then I, this same man stood in the council of women to renew my license to praise and speak on them.

1.

Later the night comes and she dances by the fire until waking up early again to paddle and hum until she sees her sisters one pregnant and the other following her into the new world. Shocked she hugs her tight and tells them her job as a humming swimmer giving them their silk robes in joy.

Three ways to get to paradise

The ways people enter paradise, women either swim there, every now and then escape as villainous heroes there, or are born into the place sacredly 7.

Marissa's Sister's Escape To Paradise

In the corrupt world, deep in the ghettos men pulled and manipulated two sisters. One was knocked up by the smallest of the thugs in the area, tricking her with his cheap money and borrowed slang. So beautiful she was now forced to give birth to a baby she wanted to kill. Hating so much the child her life was in ruins. Not knowing how to be a mother and having no idea of what it was meant to raise a baby she contemplated killing the child. Every man in the ghettos knowing she was with child stood around taunting her about them being next to give her a kid. Breast slumping and round butt not as attractive because of her baby bubble she looked in a new mirror seeing pain and no beauty left. So she ran to the bridge of a high tide sea not to swim for paradise but way up high she wanted to kill herself. On the bridge next to an ally she tried lifting up on the bridge rail, instead her pursuit was stopped by a crawling dirty, big breast, big butt, pretty eyed, long haired woman whose outward physical looks were barely noticeable.

It was her other sister. Every night or so she stood in the alleys getting high with weed to cocaine. Saying her name on the rail, "Crystal" she learned what was going on and told her she ran away because her herself was beaten when nearly raped and now couldn't have kids, the one thing she wanted was a baby and that gift was taken from her, the place talking about paradise wasn't for her and the life she lived was on the edge of being lost. But then seeing her big stomach the cocaine couldn't hold back the thoughts coming from the heart. She always wanted a baby, and if her sister got off from the rail, came with her to the sea, and swam to paradise that she would help her raise the child and always tend to it as if it were her own.

Never would she worry about a tear, her sister would never have to worry about a single pain or because there would be her hand, delivering every need. Broken down to nothing she started believing about women's paradise and the pregnant sister thought if it were true then it would be better than this and if it wasn't then it'd be an even better way to commit suicide. So taking her hand they ran from the ghettos but being pursued by a dangerous man raging in his vehicle down the streets looking for his baby's mother they made it to the beach and dipped off into the ocean with gunshots flying through the pool. "Crystal!" His gunshots faded as did his angry voice, soon they were helping each other through the deep blue. Crystal's sister preaches about paradise from a poor woman's point of view in the depths of the ghetto's and it's hardship, speaking through the pain and lifting out weak hopes, that send them off to the deep blue.

1.

Ms. FeelGood And The Deformed Man

Ms. Feel good arrives at paradise to be attacked by the women who guard the island from unwanted intruders. Making her bow with the strength of their hands on her shoulders and shouting with a thundering voice of beauty she is brought to her knees and forced to beg for a stay at the paradise after seeing it's beauty, at least the front of the island's beauty. The guards take her into the council where there is grassland and trees surrounded by statues of men bowing. In the midst of that sight she is told of her crimes. That she abandoned and broke growing men turning them corrupt. That men are just as important in the way of life as women. For her punishment she is given the thundering voice of a woman., the sight to see through even earth., the power to make bones bend and bow with the pressing of her hands and touch., lips that could kiss the ground of paradise and make other places even on corrupt earth echo a feeling of paradise with her lips to its ground.. She is even give the precious gift of marks on her feet., giving her a reminder and residence of the ground she must stand for, sing for and die for always. She is given these powers by the thundering voice of judgement of a guard to her heart.

All women on paradise have this ability but Ms. FeelGood is the only one who has to go to corrupt earth to fix what she broke. Given these powers she is made a guard of paradise but under one special condition. For her crimes she has to fix what she broke, return to and from corrupt earth giving men back hope and allowing them to become good men. In this state of change they become deformed changing his strong muscles to slim bone, his ears to pointy features, eyes that turn to smaller ovals, and hands to soft skin able to feel everything in the room, increasing his tremble at her thundering voice. This is all done until he can humble himself and is then reversed to his normal state. But some men don't humble so instead are stuck in that condition creeping around looking to stop women from entering paradise. Seen as monsters they are found easily and ran from but their mission always delays the process of a women's escape into the blue. But in this story Ms. Feel Good ends up discussing his player mindset towards women, his manipulation to them, his hate for them, his bitterness, his hurt heart and then his humble return to yearn for a good woman once more for the first time since he was a child. In that breakage Ms. Feel good is reminded of what she broke and for the first time she is hurt and convicted by her evil actions and each time she cries when the men return to loving boys on the inside again. But her tears being changed to heaven's rain and a woman's

watery paradise the man is changed by the sights he sees and although he doesn't cry sometimes he moans a loud shout or is silenced in a stare, either way he is changed forever into a good man and therefore reverses back to the strong, tough skinned, normal eyed, regular eared man. From this moment she flies away leaving him to his heavenly emotions and thoughts. In Ms. Feel Good's stories we have men who have been tortured by masturbation who are at war with sex versus the genuine love of a woman, men who fall to the inability to raise a child going through the reasons of why they can't raise their daughter or son, daughter because he despises women and son because he fears he will become as cold as him, the weakness of the goodman on the edge of giving up and turning cold, the power of the smart man who is tempted to use his brains to trick women into sex and corrupt deeds returning his mind to being humble and working on helping the woman become smart rather than deceiving her, Ms. Feel good even deals with a shootout from a nest of men which kidnap pregnant women and the ones that aren't they try and rape. She comes and deforms them, some humble themselves and others roam the streets weak and scary. **10.**

The Purpose Of Sleepless Women

But from the midst of these deformed men women in the corrupt world who are growing up to swim to paradise end up becoming stuck and sleepless, they try to swim but are anxious, what ends up happening is that these women roam and pace the streets sleeping barely and walking much, this is a benefit because women who are too scared to enter paradise by the sea are lead by these sleepless women to secret passageways throughout their city which leads to a bay, dodging the deformed men they make it to shore and stroke each arm far away. The sleepless women don't wish for paradise so are worthless to the deformed men and overlooked when carrying off victims to the shore. **5.**

The GateKeepers

As it is originally described, every woman has paradise inside of her but she is just untapped into her potential. But the right man, the good man can bring that joy of sea pouring out of her, he just has to present his love and humble ability in the correct manner. However women are so sensitive that the wrong word or wrong move could send her running away from the man needing to be inspired by the paradise inside. What they then do is go through all of the wrong ways to approach a women by accidental lust, obvious pick up lines, wanting to date them, humbling themselves but wanting one girl's joy only so he comes off too strong, bowing too low that he puts her on a pedestal and fears the woman he is looking inside for paradise. All of these instances form sparks of their paradise, sparks of their light which are described as the

stars in the corrupt night giving shine on women swimming, before the moon and the stars go blank and before they enter darkness later discovering paradise, it is also seen as the far out galaxy of happiness that many men are yet to know. Yet in order to find a woman's paradise, he has to love every star wanting no light in return, wanting only to give the little light he has already. 1.

The Trash Prison Behind Paradise

The deformed men of corrupt earth take it in their minds not only to stop women from entering paradise but also to seek out to sea and find it themselves. They build ships and place gold jewelry, diamonds, pearls and other fancy stones on the boat. But instead of getting to paradise, when the night goes black and the tides get high they end up behind it where women guard the area and prisoners are kept and other women who feel worthless come to instead of returning home. 1. They dress either in provocative clothing or underwear and bra. The deformed then dance with their jewelry but are quickly attacked and caged to go back to where they came. 1. Deformed men hear their cries with their unique ears and kidnaps a boy to make sure the job is done right next time. 1. More come however filling up the land with what is now called trash.

Lost women live in the filth of jewels, prisoners disgust in it and women protect the place shipping out the deformed to the sea where no one can come back from and no one can claim home no matter how much they believe. The only people that can come back are those that hear the hum. Out of all the abilities the deformed have, they can never hear the hum of paradise.

The prisoners due to a guilty heart their conviction stops them from using their powers for a certain amount of time. 1. The lost girls find the humming ability through seeing the *prisoners* lack of love for fancy things and their sacrificial acts to save towards them so before falling deep in the sea and away with the deformed they hear the humming and are saved by the grabbing of the boat. She now has a stronger gift to teach others including the lost and newborn babies to hear humming. Becoming the humming instructor. 1. She teaches a ship full of women how to hum in the shaking of a storm showing them the way through motivational illustration and empathy. 1. The only way you get to paradise is by humming. If you can't hear it you can't get there. How the deformed get to the trash area is by belief not humming. The leader of the deformed council was a baby born into paradise met to taste hurt and pain from women on corrupt earth and is kidnapped from a family of two and a strong working woman. They take him to paradise with a fight and struggle but when he sees his brothers, the deformed, once he's made to bow he covers his eyes from seeing tears like the deformed told him so it isn't permanent. Due to his pure heart he only changes to a deformed when he doesn't bow but his change after rising from a bowing position only last so long. 3. He is a big muscular beautiful man who deceives the lost girls into being kidnapped. Anger gets him back to corrupt earth and belief gets him there. Why he is never lost to the sea is because he has enough anger to see the way to corrupt earth which lets him by default regain belief and direction of the back of paradise. The other deformed men can't do this because they only have belief and don't possess enough rage for their people to see both ends which in result makes him a leader of

the deformed. He is also leader because he is the only deformed that can fight and temporarily hold a human form by bowing. But every man has to bow upon entering paradise, including him so him and his crew always bow on the crashing waves in a boat before getting to paradise. **3.** But then women stop humming their babies out the womb for men and the gift of a pure heart is lost for them. Instead when they are changed they become half deforming on the back of their

body and human on the front. **1.** They don't have to bow to change into that form which deceived even the guards for a while. These men are angered always and in strong belief of the island. They ride the waves of the sea, fight harder and are never an abomination to the people on corrupt earth, just seen as sick. The only thing stopping them from becoming leaders is they can't change into human form entirely, which keeps the pure hearted deformed as the leader. **5.**

Although the pure hearted are either killed off, turned back into humans and shipped back to corrupt earth, secret allies, or rarely continue to lead the pack of what is obviously seen as savages with no motive except hate and destruction. **6.** These pure hearted men who don't change have either seen the beauty of paradise by surviving the supernatural storm or fall in love with one of the lost women seeing them find their hum by non sacred approval, meaning they see something without turning human again from the hate they have for women yet in love with a lost one brings him to destroy the land until it is just him and her. There are few men that survive the storm and even fewer that fall for a changing lost one. **7.** But what happens is that when at war the men bow when attacked by thundering voices to avoid its blow, but the angered are barely struck by their voice and are strong enough to not be pulled to their knees by their bone bending hands, and are too far gone to be changed by tears. **10.** The men on the island, ruby diggers, shipbuilders and statue builders try to change their hearts by telling them that leaving to the corrupt world was good to help women find paradise that it was the best gift on the planet and that even they dreamed to build women to know their true nature and home.

They mostly convince the pure hearted and deformed but the savages who have no touch of paradise in their blood other than being born there. **4.** Feeling abandoned they attack savagely and the war continues greatly ending in debates on ransoms from questioning should they take the gold and jewelry and return to earth rich, should they take the lost and curse the women left on paradise, should they take all of the women they can see passed the borders as a message of hate, or should they just order everyone to burn everything and send the rubble to the trash yard for shipment. The order is decided to burn everything and kill the men on paradise for being traders. **7.** But the land is the women so when burning they become sealed in its power

and find that the winds follow them, the ground breaks in their presence, the mist of the poisonous grass sprays from the ground by the flick of their hand and the night goes dark, the only light that's seen is the shining of each woman beaming with the red light of a ruby, deforming and killing every man who will not turn in their presence. **3.** After the deformed are broken and destroyed the remaining now human men return to corrupt earth on ships by the help of guards and warn every deformed of the punishment for trying to tamper with paradise.

The women as a sign of their achievement and victory are scratched with a red dim light of a ruby. Some down their breast crack, some on the side of their back, some on their thigh, some on their ankle, and everywhere you could think even on their forehead. **1.** The women conquer. But in fight the deformed half backs are beaten from behind and learn quick to turn as a shield, the pure hearts are fights for short times until needing to bow again to regain human form and the deformed are goons who take advantage of distraction to get the lost or kidnap them. The

older women teachers teach about the different kinds of deformed men, the punishment leading to prison and the way of learning how to prepare for love. **3.** I, the narrator talks about the trials of being a man unattractive on the outside and worthy of speaking about women's beauty from the inside. I speak of how I had long hair, grew a fat behind, was raised by women, grew weak and cowardly, was rejected by every woman, ignored by even family who were women, treated like crap, called a creep, placed at the lowest of lows, living without love yet still deciding to be a man, yet still deciding after rejection and disgust from every woman who would turn her head when seeing a look at me or getting too close to me personally have chosen to create the greatest work and expression of a beautiful woman. Because I found paradise when a girl cried from a poem that I wrote about a beautiful woman. Seeing that poem talked about her she cried and it changed her, helping her find purpose therefore paradise, from that point I found that my words had value towards women, so I fell in love with her paradise, I too found paradise. It wasn't a woman who did it, it was a man who had broken over a hundred times yet still chose to love and not hate. I also discuss The beauty of Women's Paradise and what it's meant for, a place with no earthly work, a place where love, beauty, purpose and power is expressed from a woman and a place where having the mindset of paradise gets you to the natural purpose of a woman every time.

I also discuss the philosophy of women's paradise. How it is not heaven or purgatory. Rather it is in between death, in between purgatory, and in between heaven. It has been created from the time before entering the earth and also the time before leaving it permanently. Like being in the womb it is the time before earth and after non existence. And just the same we enter this idea of a womb again instead we enter love, purpose, beauty and power understanding our true selves, Having a heart of paradise is the same as escaping the corrupt earth, it is the same as escaping worthlessness and non existence and it is the same as finding heaven yet still being alive, it is the same as leaving a place similar to purgatory waiting till death sets you off to heavenly judgement. It is a mindset and the mindset paints a picture of the beautiful womb of a woman's stomach, born for the first time again into the womb, into endless water, into women's paradise.

3.

Now here's what happens when prisoners or deformed try to escape into paradise: The women guard the trash yard prison but the prisoners can't get into paradise because of their conviction and guilt of their crimes whether it was helping a deformed, mating with a man of paradise, bringing destruction to a building, home or statue of paradise, or trying to ship away with rubies in defiance. When they do any of these things and the guilt of paradise's beauty gets to their heart these women grow sick with fever and if not treated by judgement they'll die. **5.** The women get passed the guards when their guilt is lifted and their powers have returned to them.

A woman so beautiful, wearing all the silk she could to cover her face, wonderful eyes still peaked through and told the story of her lovely spirit. There was a man born on paradise, he worked hard to find the best of paradise if he could not be aloud to find corrupt earth and help women find the place. So he became not only a ship builder, but also a ruby digger and a statue builder. Good at all of these things he pulled the eye of the attractive woman building her a statue of his bowing face to the wonderful person that she was, placing a ruby in her hand shaped in her form and a canoe was more obvious than any of the women on paradise. Falling

in love she asked the council could she marry him and have his child, the council disagreeing in a thundering judgement, saying that he would belong to another woman, angered her into defiance and she slept with him anyways. Making romantic love she woke up with fever and soon was sent to the court council and sentenced to the trash prison until her guilt had left her after she had her baby. The sickness sub seeded for a while but after birth it returned and was ordered to the prison. Telling her man to build her a ship and prepare the child for earth she left. Going she spent time there but yearned for her child and lover. So one night when her heart felt ready she escaped passed the guards and found her man. Alerts sounded and all over women and men were looking for her. Almost at the ship he built for her, holding his child and her in his arms her sickness grew deep, and in front of the paradise she died in his arms. The baby whined and so did he loudly. After his sorrow he built a statue of him and his lover broken apart by a rubied cracked heart. On the stone he carved, resist love. **1.** Here and there women try to escape so to protect them they have been issued **watchers** in the day and night to listen out for their cries. Because when sick they cant move curl into a womb like ball and cry out for help, then are carried off to the prison again where their sick dies away and their health returns. The lost girls go to the prison by choice to remind them of their old world earth and can't get there because they don't yet have the power to see the earth itself. **5.**

And for the deformed: A man, a pure hearted broke passed the guards and entered into paradise running, but a storm came because every man has to change from deformed to humans in order to live to see paradise, if he doesn't he'll be deformed until blind, big eared, and boney nothing. A storm that caught his foot, he pulled it out of the ground, grass sprayed poison, his human body resisted, the wind blew him back but he fought forward, rain showered down but the water of paradise did nothing, until time ran out and he changed deformed again and couldn't reverse when bowing because the island's storm had prevented him. Women whipping out horses to pursue him from the stables begged his angry heart to bow truthfully, but still he couldn't. They would either cry tears of joy for his entrance into understanding paradise or cry in sorrow for his death. The results lead to a shrunken boney body swallowed by the earth and tears of women standing around his funeral. Men still run out passed the guards but the storm either kills them or causes them to return to the prison. **1.**

The State Of The Deformed

The last deformed type, the one who was born into that beautiful land but when birthed out of his mother's stomach was not hummed out to hear the love of paradise, the one who therefore never found a pure heart or a mark of paradise in his soul, this deformed man is only from paradise by birthright not by any means of spiritual connection. So when he is in the corrupt world he is hurt and has no gift to heal those around them by his words, his actions, a singing voice or any talent known to man. He is only beat on by the coldhearted and broken woman. He is stepped under and has no purpose. Because of this, when the deformed man who can change into a human by his bow comes to him he goes and when he is told of a world that has diamonds and pearls, jewelry and all kinds of stones, beautiful women full of love and life, he goes happily, and even when on the ship and the moon goes down and the only thing left are

the stars that remind us of a woman's dim far away paradise, when the waves crash and they all bow, when the men take off their masks and hooded clothes to reveal a deformed body, when the leader, the captain is also deformed, even in this he pretends not to be afraid. But he is not for their cause. Hearing about love and paradise he wishes to escape to this place. When he gets there they tell him beforehand not to look into the woman's eyes when she cries because he will fall in love with paradise and become human again, and he will betray the deformed man because of his love for the women, all women. Instead of listening to them he defies. Getting off the ship the plan is the same. Bring the women the new guy so that they can fight and change him while the deformed go and reel in the lost girls onto the ship with their dance and jewelry.

The deformed man who can change into a human will stand on the side lines to protect them unless the women try to send them all on a boat to the dark sea. But right as the human is made to bow he looks into the woman's eyes and she stares back without shedding a tear. The Deformation changed only half of his body, his back, and some are changed from the front.

Everyone looked, the women, the deformed who were grabbing the lost women and the human/deformed who had been fighting the women who'd been chasing after the deformed men reeling the lost girls on their ship. When everyone paused the man yelled, "Shed a tear, cry! Let me see paradise!" The other guard women covered their mouths in sadness. And in the darkness of his soul an inner voice spoke from his deforming process. It said, "You have been hurt on corrupt earth by countless women, no girl ever gave you joy. But your home is paradise, terribly, your mother never hummed when you left her womb, she never gave you the love of paradise to create in you a pure heart. Because of this, because a woman who has found and been accepted into paradise refused to give you a piece of its beauty from her hum, you can never fall in love with the land or the people, you will never know paradise." Angered and afraid he stood up and fought the women before him. "If I can never know this land, if I was forgotten, you will be forgotten too, I will make sure no one ever knows this land, I will destroy it!" It took many women to bring him down which started a war that the women barely won, but off the deformed went on their ship and anger fueled their journey. The half deformed man stuck in his changed state went to the sea to gather the deformed men who were stuck in the storm, having enough anger he collected each of them and formed an army, then went back to earth. He has seen the beauty of paradise. The prisoners who hate the stones he once loved, the lost who don't know their power and value, the guards that protected the prison, beautiful and powerful. Knowing all of this he now knows that he was kicked from his home to protect a sacred people that he could never love. This grants him endless belief to get to paradise and endless anger to get home and through the sea.

The second deformed man is kidnapped from his wife and two children. His life being alright he screams and is told to bow when on the ship. The deformed men take a huge gamble when bringing him on board or even attempting to go to paradise because their journey may end lost in the sea. But off they go in their big risk taking the pure hearted man they sensed would help them. He is told to cover his eyes when being deformed but he doesn't believe deformation will occur. He thinks they are beast and not human men. But when attacking the guards he is brought to his knees and deformed. In the process he looks at his deformed sea men and realises that they were telling the truth. And then a voice spoke to him from the inside, "You are home. You were given a pure heart and born on this land called paradise. Sent out to earth your

purpose was to help the coldhearted woman and build her up, you did. It is your choice whether you want to fall in love with the beauty of the true woman, the women all around you in a place called women's paradise." Rejecting the words from inside and covering his eyes he backed up with his now brotherly men and attacked the women causing a great battle which lead to them sailing off to the sea again. But later this same man broke through the guards and died by deformation and poisoning in the land.

The first deformed men decide to go seek out paradise and wound up being defeated and lost at sea. But a few of them when being threatened by the prisoners of entering the deep and dark sea storm with force are humbled and changed to human form out of fear. These men tell news of the inescapable storm and the warning of entering paradise. But once the deformed see the lost, the prisoners and the beautiful guards they can't come back to paradise on their own because they have rejected it therefore don't believe in it's powerful purpose which lead them to be stuck in the sea storm. The changed deformed men are now kidnapped and interrogated into coming back to paradise by other deformed men as a ransom of proof that he wasn't lying about it's beauty. He tells them the truth despite his love for the land because he knows about the dark storm and fears being tossed back in there. So they take the once deformed human, the kidnapped pure hearted born from paradise man, and a heap full of silver, pearls, gold, diamonds and other jewelry on a ship sailing out on a mission they might not return from.

The goal of the missions to the prison yard of paradise is to take the lost girls from the land and as many prisoners as possible. But soon the born paradise man finds curiosity in more than just the deformed men's mission. He wants paradise so he strikes through the gates of guards then dies. This signals out a distress in the land which causes them to stop humming out babies from the womb. But when the half deformed come about they kill the pure hearts and take all the prisoners and lost women, they even take a bunch of guards holding them hostage by the shore. Their demands to end the terror is to bring paradise to destruction making the women destroy paradise and bring the rubble to the shore. In this process the land takes over the women giving them all the strength of the land which defeats the deformed and either kills or changes them.

The idea of a deformed man is to weaken him to the equal strength of a woman. He cannot become a man until he has respected and submitted to the beauty of women's existence. His deformation is only due to the stubbornness to bow.

The older women teach the young women and girls of how anger drives a man home because anger and rage belongs to the corrupt and cold world, anger and rage for the women who don't yet know paradise and still hurt men daily. Because of his hate for the women seeking for purpose. Because he doesn't believe she deserves to find beauty and power he is able to push passed the great storm and arrive back on the shores of corrupt earth. (this applies only to the pure heart and the half back deformed because their home is paradise therefore their anger against women looking to be with paradise, their home, is approved) The reason why the pure heart can come to earth is because his deformation helped him know that these were his

brothers and their anger had now become his anger, mad that his homeland paradise had not allowed these men here, and that they had cursed them to be deformed because they refused to bow he now has enough anger to arrive back to corrupt earth, and because paradise is his home he has enough belief to get there. But the normal deformed don't possess enough anger to get back and their belief in paradise is weak. So by the thundering of the guard's voice they are quickly sent lost to sea once thrown in the storm. This is taught to the young women and children.

The young girls are seeing the terror of paradise being destroyed, their homes turned to rubble and disputes taking place like: most of the men on paradise hiding from being traded, the women and children being held off for as long as possible until the trade takes them too, the lands turned to fire and pieces. Tears and fear come from her face as she runs out to see the villainous creatures before the land becomes the people.

The gentleman: A man who has never found a natural bond with women, a man who has been beaten on by women by emotional abuse and neglect, a man who is not like other men, he doesn't flash, he doesn't dominate, he doesn't smoothe talk, all he has is a pen. **1.** A man who although is nothing like a man, and is not gay, he is proud to be considered at the very least a gentleman, he is proud to use the symbol of what a great man stands for as an image to help women. **2.** As he says, he'll take his rib back. Because the assistance men have given to women has been to abuse and manipulate them. His plan is to take the rib that God used to make women and keep it to help all women. **3.** Enough men have given their rib, their time, their hurt to women. It is time that a man has done something with his rib and image to build them. A man who is inspired by women and an admirer of men's greatness, a man called the gentleman. **4.**

[We can show this philosophy in part each time we speak in the courtroom]

Estimate of 139 poems it will take to build women's paradise. The world will be able to go on forever after this.

The Story of Life

1. It all began two years ago
November of 2016. I was
Going to Cody High school
For my 12th grade year.
Previously I was attending the
Henry Ford Academy for three
Years from 9th-11th grade. But
In May 2016 I was temporarily removed
Because I had a mental break down.
During the summer of that year I made up in my
Mind that I wasn't going back to that school.
Instead I chose the most hooded, broken
Down school I could think of, and that was
Cody. Why I went there I told people was
For writing material. The real reason for going
Was because I myself was broken and still
Breaking. I felt I had nothing left and In 2016
Of November that thought became a vivid reality.

2. On November of 2016 I was just
Getting out of school and standing
At the bus stop on Joy Road and
Cathedral. Standing there, there were
Three kids behind me by the liquor store.

Take in mind that my biggest fear at the
Time and still to this day is rejection. So
In the midst of this fear a girl walked across
The street and towards me. I opened my
Mouth and waved saying hi. Predictably
She swerved me with her body language
Spelling rejection. In that instance, kids
Started laughing behind me chanting
Horrible words. I could do nothing but hear
Them as my body sank lower and lower
At that bus stop. So then the bus came but
I didn't get on. There was now no one around
Me but the wind, slowly moving cars, and my
Thoughts.

3. I walked to the edge of the curb, closed
My eyes, and rocked as three things came
To my mind. One, the school Cody I was
Attending was broken down, two, the kids
Didn't care about the school, three, the
Teachers didn't care either, lastly, why
Should I? So I rocked on the curb seeing

That my life had gone to hell from my point
Of view. I imagined the cars flying fast.
Then I did something unexpected, I prayed.
In four words I said an innocent prayer.
This time not including Amen or In Jesus
Name. Just four words in a whisper only
I could hear. No one was around me.
Those words were, “ What, If, I, Died”
Stepping back from the curb I opened my
Eyes and figured all of it was stupid and
Went on my way home.

4. The very next day Around the same
Exact time something amazing happened.
I was going home like usual but this time
I made it to the greenfield and joy road bus stop.
Standing at the bus stop I turned around and to
My shock I saw a man. He looked so suave.
His hair was cut, He was light skinned wearing a
White turtleneck, blue jeaned pants, black dress

Shoes, he was talking on the phone. But I noticed
He had a Green cross tattooed on his Cheek.
It was big enough to see from a distance. So
Within my heart I immediately said, "Maybe it's
God. He's going to speak to me." But reality
Said, "No, God ain't real, this is the real
World, This is a strange man, don't move."
So I stayed still. Then the bus came.
Something however extraordinary happened
Again. He came to me.

5. When he walked towards me he got
Off the phone, shook
My hand, smiled, and asked how I was.
I said, "I'm good." Knowing that was a
Lie. He asked for my name. I said,
"Joshua" He then began to talk, "Joshua,
Detroit is so messed up. People have no
Jobs. If only somebody, could invent
Something, that everybody could profit

Off of, Detroit would be a better place.”
In response to his proposal I came up
With solutions, I told him my fantasized
Hoped inventions I thought of over the
Summer. I said, “ What about GPS
Shoes, or radio frequency headphones,
Or four stage rap storytelling concerts?”
He replied, “ No, that isn’t it” So we
Got on the bus and he went to the front
Not following me as I went to the middle.

6. Thinking about what it could’ve
Been I had to think quick because my
Stop was coming. Halfway to my stop he
Rang the bus bell and
came to me saying, “Don’t even say it,
Because I believe you can do it.” I then asked
“Will it be novels, books? Will they make
Money off it?” I asked, because I
Was a writer. He replied, “ They won’t
Look for profit in the beginning. But they

Will get wealthy in the end. At that moment
I figured he was a nut like me so I asked him,
“What’s your name?” He answered, “Bob.”
Laughing at me. Then he said, “No.” His face
Turned serious, nearly threatening as he
Answered again, “My name is Life.” The
Expression on my face was priceless. I'd
Just asked God what if I Died and the next day...
This had to be God.

7. From that point I went on to overcoming
Suicide, major depression, drugs, after
Getting straight F's an entire semester
I turned my grades around and graduated
Highschool, I got into church, got baptized in
Jesus name, filled with the holy spirit, I got
A job at MGM, got on the road to starting my
Own business, got into the word of God daily
Until I figured out what he meant and finally,
Finally I figured out what he meant which is
Why I started my business.

8. He meant that the world is messed up. Because people walk around here without Purpose. The invention is this, in the book Of Ecclesiastes, chapter one, King Solomon says, "There is nothing new under the sun. Everything is vanity." And I'll prove this to You. In the Egyptian days they invented The light bulb. Later on in modern day History Thomas Edison by the help of Slaves invents the light bulb. Proof that There is nothing new that you can invent That hasn't been done already. So what Can you invent? This will shock you. You can invent the literal word of God. I'll prove it to you. In the book of Revelations, Chapter twelve, verse eleven, it says "They overcame him by the blood of the lamb And the word of their testimony."

9. Now the blood is Christ which is the Word of God as it is said in John, chapter one, verse one. And your testimony, like The blood that flows through your body Flows all through the Word of God. From the Stories of overcoming in genesis, to the Journey in Exodus, to the praises of Psalms, To the wisdom of a testimony in Proverbs, right On down to the end in Revelations. So if the Testimony flows all through the Word, the Testimony is the Word! So if the invention is

**The Word, but the Word is your Testimony,
Then the invention is your testimony! So
Everything you went through, everything you
Are going through, and everything you are to
Go through is a Word for the person next to you
To help them overcome. You are a living word.
The bible has been written and sure it is available
For life reference. But if you are looking for a
Word please look within your story. It's you!**

**10. Now when you give someone this Word,
You don't profit in the beginning. You don't
Gain money, or friendship, or anything you
May find profitable. But if you keep walking
In this, you gain purpose. That is the job he
Was talking about, purpose. Now here's what
The wealth is, the wealth is heaven. I'll tell
You how to get there. Jesus said in John,
Chapter fourteen, verses three and four,
"I go to prepare a place for you, I will come
Again to receive you unto myself, there
You can be also; where I go, you know,
And the way, you know." But He only**

**Accepts that which is His. So we have to
Be like Him. And to be like Him, He said
To commit his two greatest commandments
Which are to love your neighbor as you
Would yourself and to love God with all
Your heart.**

**11. Now if I give you my testimony, this Word,
I am giving you love. But if I put the Word
Inside of you, and if the Word, God, is now
Inside of you. With God in you I can say,
I can say that I am loving God and you
With all my heart. I therefore complete
Two of the greatest commandments at
Once. I am now like Christ. It says again
In Matthew's chapter six, verse twenty and
Twenty one, " Lay your treasures in heaven
For where your treasures are, your heart
Will be also." Which means that if my purpose
In life is giving my testimony, my Word unto
Those around me, my treasures and purpose**

Is set on heaven and that is where my heart
Will be, so wherever I go, in my heart, heaven
Will be also. And when God comes to judge
Me after I die, I'll go wherever my heart was,
My mind. So when I'm judged he'll judge my
Heart and find heaven. My wealth will be
Heaven.

12. Now I can't tell you how to express
Your testimony, that is yours and yours
Alone. But however your journey leads
You to express it: whether by song,
Writing, speaking, or even if it is a simple
Hug from a sister to a brother who's
Breaking down in tears to let him know
That everything is going to be alright-
For example. As long as it flows from
The heart, let it flow. But continuing.
He then said his name was Life. Now in
John, chapter fourteen, verse six, Jesus
Says, "I am the truth, I am the way, and
I am the life." Therefore that was literally
Jesus, speaking through him, to indicate

**To me, my purpose on this earth, which
Is to give people all around me that
Testimony, that Word, that Life.**

**13. Closing out. He didn't just speak for
Life Himself. I'll tell you something
That'll shock you again, he actually
Was Life. I'll prove it to you. When
He said he his name was Life he
Was saying: That's who I give all
The credit to, that's who I represent and
That's who possesses me as I do this
Great act to you. So you must
Remember in the midst of all this wisdom
Life is giving you right now, that your name
Isn't the name your parents have given
You when you walk in this purpose, no,
Your name isn't the name that people
Call you out of hate, no, your name isn't
A number to the system that we live under**

**In society, no, when you do this purpose and
As long as you walk in it, your name will
Always, be Life.**

Women's Paradise Poem's 10-139

The Humming Marissa In Paradise

The poem begins long after she wakes from her tears and sees the Pregnant woman's festivities, and long after she leaves to explore more that paradise has to offer than just preparing for childbirth in the day time. Rather it discusses these things in brief summary. Marissa's eyes in the poem go passed the grassland and trees, further beyond the dirt road and village cabins, (the place where women go when sick, giving birth, on periods, raising animals like fast horses, where kids stay, and where the sacred unity of man and women take place to create a child) **6.** and she enters a place she never knew existed on a women's paradise. She enters street roads, carriages with the finest horses, light posts, industrial city buildings and to her odd view she sees women in silk robes like hers, barefoot carrying briefcases, it is illustrated in the story that the briefcase holds information on the purest of men, and ideas for how to love them. This whole city was built by the men born into paradise (men like me who have honest and good hearts giving women a strong desire to keep that same heart of a good man on the corrupt world to bring women to paradise and keep them in good hope and spirits) and also by the help of women, it was built because of the inspiration of the idea of the paradise born man and because of the hope to save the good man on corrupt earth. The whole city is based on inspiration and hope. They hold the constant changing of the man who is lovable and genuine. How trends and popularity of the good guy causes him to drown from the eye of a helpless and unloved woman who is blind in the corrupt world that she wishes to escape from. One briefcase states that he stutters, that he trips over his feet when walking, that he is bullied, that he isn't book smart, one says that he's the smartest cat in town just not in school, another says he writes ugly, another says he's brave when he uses whatever gift he has but is shy with everything else. Others talk about his looks, he has glasses one year, three years later the guy is drowned out again and now he's handicapped and can't walk or he's blind. A briefcase even says that this man has all of these things and is the most unwanted guy even by jobs who won't hire him because of under the table discrimination. The women bring the briefcases to business meetings attempting with all their hearts to save the good man in the corrupt world. **7.** Their decisions are always the same. A few women are voted in the meeting to lead the business of the good man hunt and ship out to sea, rise on the tides of the corrupt world, locate a few good men, love them through hugs, through feeding them meals, through talking to them, through wiping their tears, through saving their lives from suicide or someone killing them, through an honest kiss on the forehead to remind them of motherly love. **8.** All these things are only done once and when done they disappear on their ships back to paradise. Changing the boys life

forever by giving him the strength to push through his time on earth until he either fulfills a purpose rightfully his or finds a girl that all the love that was given by those mysterious women would be given to that girl who's without hope of the good man. These men are not from paradise rather they stand out in the corrupt earth beaten and broken the most, but because of the pure heart of a man born from paradise and the man thrown into the corrupt world who's also from paradise he is loved. **3.** Their business is an attempt to fix the corrupt world and keep a tight grip on the good man that is trapped there in pain.

She also sees in the city council a man guarded by every door speaking about his love and revelation about women. He's there to renew his license for writing and narrating women's paradise to the corrupt world. Although the doors and building is guarded, you can loudly hear him preaching about the good in all women and his responsibility to keep reminding their love in his stories. Every couple of weeks this trial for his paradise license renewal is held. Mostly to secretly praise the rarity of a man so infatuated with a woman and to be sure that this man is in line with the true nature of women. Crowds of women always surround the building cheering the man on and then falling in silence. **5.**

Moving down the road to explore more she walks away from the sunset and into the beaming moonlight where festivals are had holding concerts for the women who have returned from the corrupt world with news of the good man, pregnant women in wait for their due date being celebrated for the most beautiful experience on earth, the experience of having unending water in her belly, the experience of her great responsibility to bring another baby to paradise, and the song of every struggle and climb that the baby hasn't experienced in the corrupt world but will be blessed by in song, older women which celebrate their many years in paradise teaching and giving wisdom, women that swam for paradise and tell their story for how they made it, and the hero Ms. Feel good who tells news of a new man broken down into a wiser being able to see paradise. **4.**

Children who are males born into paradise either become boat builders on the edge of paradise far from the sacred home of women, mine diggers bringing red rubies from the caves to clutter the ceremonies with, stone choppers building statues for the land (these men are allowed to build statues on certain days, after the great ceremonies of the week has slowed down), or are instantly shipped to the corrupt world and watched by the best women to make sure that their light of being a good man is not darkened, these men become the wise men of women, servants to their greatness, escorts to their struggle from pain to beauty, poets, princes, motivators, lifelong gifts to women, the symbol of a man who never has to bow because his heart has not been built to manipulate or destroy the beauty of a good woman, these men are watched always by women of paradise and constantly given hope of their good nature here and there. Despite the cold heartedness of earthly women who haven't yet met paradise. Although due to sacred principle he is only watched and never revealed to by them. **7.** He is the receiver of their beauty. While men of the corrupt world receive a woman's tears from her pain or man made joy, this man receives her heavenly rain from the heart breaking love and revelation that paradise is inside of her. He is the water drain for every endless sea of women looking for paradise in a corrupt world, if not looking to come to paradise entirely. Every man in paradise wishes to come

to the corrupt world, and every man who goes finds happiness greater than in the paradise he was born in. It says that struggle then love, corruption in the midst of wisdom, is the greatest product for revelation and supernatural change. Supernatural change from a woman's forever sprouting paradise. It is said that I was once born into paradise, it is said that I was shipped out into this corrupt world and through the help of great women and spiritual revelation was led to write of this place called paradise, so all women could reach it. And that every now and then I, this same man stood in the council of women to renew my license to praise and speak on them.

1.

Later the night comes and she dances by the fire until waking up early again to paddle and hum until she sees her sisters one pregnant and the other following her into the new world. Shocked she hugs her tight and tells them her job as a humming swimmer giving them their silk robes in joy.

Three ways to get to paradise

The ways people enter paradise, women either swim there, every now and then escape as villainous heroes there, or are born into the place sacredly 7.

Marissa's Sister's Escape To Paradise

In the corrupt world, deep in the ghettos men pulled and manipulated two sisters. One was knocked up by the smallest of the thugs in the area, tricking her with his cheap money and borrowed slang. So beautiful she was now forced to give birth to a baby she wanted to kill. Hating so much the child her life was in ruins. Not knowing how to be a mother and having no idea of what it was meant to raise a baby she contemplated killing the child. Every man in the ghettos knowing she was with child stood around taunting her about them being next to give her a kid. Breast slumping and round butt not as attractive because of her baby bubble she looked in a new mirror seeing pain and no beauty left. So she ran to the bridge of a high tide sea not to swim for paradise but way up high she wanted to kill herself. On the bridge next to an ally she tried lifting up on the bridge rail, instead her pursuit was stopped by a crawling dirty, big breast, big butt, pretty eyed, long haired woman whose outward physical looks were barely noticeable.

It was her other sister. Every night or so she stood in the alleys getting high with weed to cocaine. Saying her name on the rail, "Crystal" she learned what was going on and told her she ran away because her herself was beaten when nearly raped and now couldn't have kids, the one thing she wanted was a baby and that gift was taken from her, the place talking about paradise wasn't for her and the life she lived was on the edge of being lost. But then seeing her big stomach the cocaine couldn't hold back the thoughts coming from the heart. She always wanted a baby, and if her sister got off from the rail, came with her to the sea, and swam to paradise that she would help her raise the child and always tend to it as if it were her own. Never would she worry about a tear, her sister would never have to worry about a single pain or because there would be her hand, delivering every need. Broken down to nothing she started believing about women's paradise and the pregnant sister thought if it were true then it would be better than this and if it wasn't then it'd be an even better way to commit suicide. So taking her hand they ran from the ghettos but being pursued by a dangerous man raging in his vehicle down the streets looking for his baby's mother they made it to the beach and dipped off into the

ocean with gunshots flying through the pool. "Crystal!" His gunshots faded as did his angry voice, soon they were helping each other through the deep blue. Crystal's sister preaches about paradise from a poor woman's point of view in the depths of the ghetto's and it's hardship, speaking through the pain and lifting out weak hopes, that send them off to the deep blue.

1.

Ms. FeelGood And The Deformed Man

Ms. Feel good arrives at paradise to be attacked by the women who guard the island from unwanted intruders. Making her bow with the strength of their hands on her shoulders and shouting with a thundering voice of beauty she is brought to her knees and forced to beg for a stay at the paradise after seeing it's beauty, at least the front of the island's beauty. The guards take her into the council where there is grassland and trees surrounded by statues of men bowing. In the midst of that sight she is told of her crimes. That she abandoned and broke growing men turning them corrupt. That men are just as important in the way of life as women.

For her punishment she is given the thundering voice of a woman., the sight to see through even earth., the power to make bones bend and bow with the pressing of her hands and touch., lips that could kiss the ground of paradise and make other places even on corrupt earth echo a feeling of paradise with her lips to its ground.. She is even give the precious gift of marks on her feet., giving her a reminder and residence of the ground she must stand for, sing for and die for always. She is given these powers by the thundering voice of judgement of a guard to her heart.

All women on paradise have this ability but Ms.FeelGood is the only one who has to go to corrupt earth to fix what she broke. Given these powers she is made a guard of paradise but under one special condition. For her crimes she has to fix what she broke, return to and from corrupt earth giving men back hope and allowing them to become good men. In this state of change they become deformed changing his strong muscles to slim bone, his ears to pointy features, eyes that turn to smaller ovals, and hands to soft skin able to feel everything in the room, increasing his tremble at her thundering voice. This is all done until he can humble himself and is then reversed to his normal state. But some men don't humble so instead are stuck in that condition creeping around looking to stop women from entering paradise. Seen as monsters they are found easily and ran from but their mission always delays the process of a women's escape into the blue. But in this story Ms. Feel Good ends up discussing his player mindset towards women, his manipulation to them, his hate for them, his bitterness, his hurt heart and then his humble return to yearn for a good woman once more for the first time since he was a child. In that breakage Ms. Feel good is reminded of what she broke and for the first time she is hurt and convicted by her evil actions and each time she cries when the men return to loving boys on the inside again. But her tears being changed to heaven's rain and a woman's watery paradise the man is changed by the sights he sees and although he doesn't cry sometimes he moans a loud shout or is silenced in a stare, either way he is changed forever into a good man and therefore reverses back to the strong, tough skinned, normal eyed, regular eared man. From this moment she flies away leaving him to his heavenly emotions and thoughts. In Ms. Feel Good's stories we have men who have been tortured by masturbation who are at war with sex versus the genuine love of a woman, men who fall to the inability to raise a

child going through the reasons of why they can't raise their daughter or son, daughter because he despises women and son because he fears he will become as cold as him, the weakness of the goodman on the edge of giving up and turning cold, the power of the smart man who is tempted to use his brains to trick women into sex and corrupt deeds returning his mind to being humble and working on helping the woman become smart rather than deceiving her, Ms. Feel good even deals with a shootout from a nest of men which kidnap pregnant women and the ones that aren't they try and rape. She comes and deforms them, some humble themselves and others roam the streets weak and scary. **10.**

The Purpose Of Sleepless Women

But from the midst of these deformed men women in the corrupt world who are growing up to swim to paradise end up becoming stuck and sleepless, they try to swim but are anxious, what ends up happening is that these women roam and pace the streets sleeping barely and walking much, this is a benefit because women who are too scared to enter paradise by the sea are lead by these sleepless women to secret passageways throughout their city which leads to a bay, dodging the deformed men they make it to shore and stroke each arm far away. The sleepless women don't wish for paradise so are worthless to the deformed men and overlooked when carrying off victims to the shore. **5.**

The GateKeepers

As it is originally described, every woman has paradise inside of her but she is just untapped into her potential. But the right man, the good man can bring that joy of sea pouring out of her, he just has to present his love and humble ability in the correct manner. However women are so sensitive that the wrong word or wrong move could send her running away from the man needing to be inspired by the paradise inside. What they then do is go through all of the wrong ways to approach a women by accidental lust, obvious pick up lines, wanting to date them, humbling themselves but wanting one girl's joy only so he comes off too strong, bowing too low that he puts her on a pedestal and fears the woman he is looking inside for paradise. All of these instances form sparks of their paradise, sparks of their light which are described as the stars in the corrupt night giving shine on women swimming, before the moon and the stars go blank and before they enter darkness later discovering paradise, it is also seen as the far out galaxy of happiness that many men are yet to know. Yet in order to find a woman's paradise, he has to love every star wanting no light in return, wanting only to give the little light he has already. **1.**

The Trash Prison Behind Paradise

The deformed men of corrupt earth take it in their minds not only to stop women from entering paradise but also to seek out to sea and find it themselves. They build ships and place gold jewelry, diamonds, pearls and other fancy stones on the boat. But instead of getting to paradise, when the night goes black and the tides get high they end up behind it where women guard the area and prisoners are kept and other women who feel worthless come to instead of returning home. **1.** They dress either in provocative clothing or underwear and bra. The deformed then dance with their jewelry but are quickly attacked and caged to go back to where they came. **1.** Deformed men hear their cries with their unique ears and kidnaps a boy to make sure the job is done right next time. **1.** More come however filling up the land with what is now called trash.

Lost women live in the filth of jewels, prisoners disgust in it and women protect the place shipping out the deformed to the sea where no one can come back from and no one can claim home no matter how much they believe. The only people that can come back are those that hear the hum. Out of all the abilities the deformed have, they can never hear the hum of paradise.

The prisoners due to a guilty heart their conviction stops them from using their powers for a certain amount of time. **1.** The lost girls find the humming ability through seeing the *prisoners* lack of love for fancy things and their sacrificial acts to save towards them so before falling deep in the sea and away with the deformed they hear the humming and are saved by the grabbing of the boat. She now has a stronger gift to teach others including the lost and newborn babies to hear humming. Becoming the humming instructor. **1.** She teaches a ship full of women how to hum in the shaking of a storm showing them the way through motivational illustration and empathy. **1.** The only way you get to paradise is by humming. If you can't hear it you can't get there. How the deformed get to the trash area is by belief not humming. The leader of the deformed council was a baby born into paradise met to taste hurt and pain from women on corrupt earth and is kidnapped from a family of two and a strong working woman. They take him to paradise with a fight and struggle but when he sees his brothers, the deformed, once he's made to bow he covers his eyes from seeing tears like the deformed told him so it isn't permanent. Due to his pure heart he only changes to a deformed when he doesn't bow but his change after rising from a bowing position only last so long. **3.** He is a big muscular beautiful man who deceives the lost girls into being kidnapped. Anger gets him back to corrupt earth and belief gets him there. Why he is never lost to the sea is because he has enough anger to see the way to corrupt earth which lets him by default regain belief and direction of the back of paradise. The other deformed men can't do this because they only have belief and don't possess enough rage for their people to see both ends which in result makes him a leader of the deformed. He is also leader because he is the only deformed that can fight and temporarily hold a human form by bowing. But every man has to bow upon entering paradise, including him so him and his crew always bow on the crashing waves in a boat before getting to paradise. **3.** But then women stop humming their babies out the womb for men and the gift of a pure heart is lost for them. Instead when they are changed they become half deforming on the back of their body and human on the front. **1.** They don't have to bow to change into that form which

deceived even the guards for a while. These men are angered always and in strong belief of the island. They ride the waves of the sea, fight harder and are never an abomination to the people on corrupt earth, just seen as sick. The only thing stopping them from becoming leaders is they can't change into human form entirely, which keeps the pure hearted deformed as the leader. **5.**

Although the pure hearted are either killed off, turned back into humans and shipped back to corrupt earth, secret allies, or rarely continue to lead the pack of what is obviously seen as savages with no motive except hate and destruction. **6.** These pure hearted men who don't change have either seen the beauty of paradise by surviving the supernatural storm or fall in love with one of the lost women seeing them find their hum by non sacred approval, meaning they see something without turning human again from the hate they have for women yet in love with a lost one brings him to destroy the land until it is just him and her. There are few men that survive the storm and even fewer that fall for a changing lost one. **7.** But what happens is that when at war the men bow when attacked by thundering voices to avoid its blow, but the angered are barely struck by their voice and are strong enough to not be pulled to their knees by their bone bending hands, and are too far gone to be changed by tears. **10.** The men on the island, ruby diggers, shipbuilders and statue builders try to change their hearts by telling them that leaving to the corrupt world was good to help women find paradise that it was the best gift on the planet and that even they dreamed to build women to know their true nature and home.

They mostly convince the pure hearted and deformed but the savages who have no touch of paradise in their blood other than being born there. **4.** Feeling abandoned they attack savagely and the war continues greatly ending in debates on ransoms from questioning should they take the gold and jewelry and return to earth rich, should they take the lost and curse the women left on paradise, should they take all of the women they can see passed the borders as a message of hate, or should they just order everyone to burn everything and send the rubble to the trash yard for shipment. The order is decided to burn everything and kill the men on paradise for being traders. **7.** But the land is the women so when burning they become sealed in its power and find that the winds follow them, the ground breaks in their presence, the mist of the poisonous grass sprays from the ground by the flick of their hand and the night goes dark, the only light that's seen is the shining of each woman beaming with the red light of a ruby, deforming and killing every man who will not turn in their presence. **3.** After the deformed are broken and destroyed the remaining now human men return to corrupt earth on ships by the help of guards and warn every deformed of the punishment for trying to tamper with paradise.

The women as a sign of their achievement and victory are scratched with a red dim light of a ruby. Some down their breast crack, some on the side of their back, some on their thigh, some on their ankle, and everywhere you could think even on their forehead. **1.** The women conquer. But in fight the deformed half backs are beaten from behind and learn quick to turn as a shield, the pure hearts are fights for short times until needing to bow again to regain human form and the deformed are goons who take advantage of distraction to get the lost or kidnap them. The older women teachers teach about the different kinds of deformed men, the punishment leading to prison and the way of learning how to prepare for love. **3.** I, the narrator talks about the trials of being a man unattractive on the outside and worthy of speaking about women's beauty from the inside. I speak of how I had long hair, grew a fat behind, was raised by women, grew weak and cowardly, was rejected by every woman, ignored by even family who were women, treated like crap, called a creep, placed at the lowest of lows, living without love yet still deciding to be a

man, yet still deciding after rejection and disgust from every woman who would turn her head when seeing a look at me or getting too close to me personally have chosen to create the greatest work and expression of a beautiful woman. Because I found paradise when a girl cried from a poem that I wrote about a beautiful woman. Seeing that poem talked about her she cried and it changed her, helping her find purpose therefore paradise, from that point I found that my words had value towards women, so I fell in love with her paradise, I too found paradise. It wasn't a woman who did it, it was a man who had broken over a hundred times yet still chose to love and not hate. I also discuss The beauty of Women's Paradise and what it's meant for, a place with no earthly work, a place where love, beauty, purpose and power is expressed from a woman and a place where having the mindset of paradise gets you to the natural purpose of a woman every time.

I also discuss the philosophy of women's paradise. How it is not heaven or purgatory. Rather it is in between death, in between purgatory, and in between heaven. It has been created from the time before entering the earth and also the time before leaving it permanently. Like being in the womb it is the time before earth and after non existence. And just the same we enter this idea of a womb again instead we enter love, purpose, beauty and power understanding our true selves, Having a heart of paradise is the same as escaping the corrupt earth, it is the same as escaping worthlessness and non existence and it is the same as finding heaven yet still being alive, it is the same as leaving a place similar to purgatory waiting till death sets you off to heavenly judgement. It is a mindset and the mindset paints a picture of the beautiful womb of a woman's stomach, born for the first time again into the womb, into endless water, into women's paradise.

3.

Now here's what happens when prisoners or deformed try to escape into paradise: The women guard the trash yard prison but the prisoners can't get into paradise because of their conviction and guilt of their crimes whether it was helping a deformed, mating with a man of paradise, bringing destruction to a building, home or statue of paradise, or trying to ship away with rubies in defiance. When they do any of these things and the guilt of paradise's beauty gets to their heart these women grow sick with fever and if not treated by judgement they'll die. 5. The women get passed the guards when their guilt is lifted and their powers have returned to them.

A woman so beautiful, wearing all the silk she could to cover her face, wonderful eyes still peaked through and told the story of her lovely spirit. There was a man born on paradise, he worked hard to find the best of paradise if he could not be aloud to find corrupt earth and help women find the place. So he became not only a ship builder, but also a ruby digger and a statue builder. Good at all of these things he pulled the eye of the attractive woman building her a statue of his bowing face to the wonderful person that she was, placing a ruby in her hand shaped in her form and a canoe was more obvious than any of the women on paradise. Falling in love she asked the council could she marry him and have his child, the council disagreeing in a thundering judgement, saying that he would belong to another woman, angered her into defiance and she slept with him anyways. Making romantic love she woke up with fever and soon was sent to the court council and sentenced to the trash prison until her guilt had left her after she had her baby. The sickness sub seeded for a while but after birth it returned and was ordered to the prison. Telling her man to build her a ship and prepare the child for earth she left.

Going she spent time there but yearned for her child and lover. So one night when her heart felt ready she escaped passed the guards and found her man. Alerts sounded and all over women and men were looking for her. Almost at the ship he built for her, holding his child and her in his arms her sickness grew deep, and in front of the paradise she died in his arms. The baby whined and so did he loudly. After his sorrow he built a statue of him and his lover broken apart by a rubied cracked heart. On the stone he carved, resist love. **1.** Here and there women try to escape so to protect them they have been issued **watchers** in the day and night to listen out for their cries. Because when sick they cant move curl into a womb like ball and cry out for help, then are carried off to the prison again where their sick dies away and their health returns. The lost girls go to the prison by choice to remind them of their old world earth and can't get there because they don't yet have the power to see the earth itself. **5.**

And for the deformed: A man, a pure hearted broke passed the guards and entered into paradise running, but a storm came because every man has to change from deformed to humans in order to live to see paradise, if he doesn't he'll be deformed until blind, big eared, and boney nothing. A storm that caught his foot, he pulled it out of the ground, grass sprayed poison, his human body resisted, the wind blew him back but he fought forward, rain showered down but the water of paradise did nothing, until time ran out and he changed deformed again and couldn't reverse when bowing because the island's storm had prevented him. Women whipping out horses to pursue him from the stables begged his angry heart to bow truthfully, but still he couldn't. They would either cry tears of joy for his entrance into understanding paradise or cry in sorrow for his death. The results lead to a shrunken boney body swallowed by the earth and tears of women standing around his funeral. Men still run out passed the guards but the storm either kills them or causes them to return to the prison. **1.**

The State Of The Deformed

The last deformed type, the one who was born into that beautiful land but when birthed out of his mother's stomach was not hummed out to hear the love of paradise, the one who therefore never found a pure heart or a mark of paradise in his soul, this deformed man is only from paradise by birthright not by any means of spiritual connection. So when he is in the corrupt world he is hurt and has no gift to heal those around them by his words, his actions, a singing voice or any talent known to man. He is only beat on by the coldhearted and broken woman. He is stepped under and has no purpose. Because of this, when the deformed man who can change into a human by his bow comes to him he goes and when he is told of a world that has diamonds and pearls, jewelry and all kinds of stones, beautiful women full of love and life, he goes happily, and even when on the ship and the moon goes down and the only thing left are the stars that remind us of a woman's dim far away paradise, when the waves crash and they all bow, when the men take off their masks and hooded clothes to reveal a deformed body, when the leader, the captain is also deformed, even in this he pretends not to be afraid. But he is not for their cause. Hearing about love and paradise he wishes to escape to this place. When he gets there they tell him beforehand not to look into the woman's eyes when she cries because he will fall in love with paradise and become human again, and he will betray the deformed man

because of his love for the women, all women. Instead of listening to them he defies. Getting off the ship the plan is the same. Bring the women the new guy so that they can fight and change him while the deformed go and reel in the lost girls onto the ship with their dance and jewelry.

The deformed man who can change into a human will stand on the side lines to protect them unless the women try to send them all on a boat to the dark sea. But right as the human is made to bow he looks into the woman's eyes and she stares back without shedding a tear. The Deformation changed only half of his body, his back, and some are changed from the front.

Everyone looked, the women, the deformed who were grabbing the lost women and the human/deformed who had been fighting the women who'd been chasing after the deformed men reeling the lost girls on their ship. When everyone paused the man yelled, "Shed a tear, cry! Let me see paradise!" The other guard women covered their mouths in sadness. And in the darkness of his soul an inner voice spoke from his deforming process. It said, "You have been hurt on corrupt earth by countless women, no girl ever gave you joy. But your home is paradise, terribly, your mother never hummed when you left her womb, she never gave you the love of paradise to create in you a pure heart. Because of this, because a woman who has found and been accepted into paradise refused to give you a piece of its beauty from her hum, you can never fall in love with the land or the people, you will never know paradise." Angered and afraid he stood up and fought the women before him. "If I can never know this land, if I was forgotten, you will be forgotten too, I will make sure no one ever knows this land, I will destroy it!" It took many women to bring him down which started a war that the women barely won, but off the deformed went on their ship and anger fueled their journey. The half deformed man stuck in his changed state went to the sea to gather the deformed men who were stuck in the storm, having enough anger he collected each of them and formed an army, then went back to earth. He has seen the beauty of paradise. The prisoners who hate the stones he once loved, the lost who don't know their power and value, the guards that protected the prison, beautiful and powerful. Knowing all of this he now knows that he was kicked from his home to protect a sacred people that he could never love. This grants him endless belief to get to paradise and endless anger to get home and through the sea.

The second deformed man is kidnapped from his wife and two children. His life being alright he screams and is told to bow when on the ship. The deformed men take a huge gamble when bringing him on board or even attempting to go to paradise because their journey may end lost in the sea. But off they go in their big risk taking the pure hearted man they sensed would help them. He is told to cover his eyes when being deformed but he doesn't believe deformation will occur. He thinks they are beast and not human men. But when attacking the guards he is brought to his knees and deformed. In the process he looks at his deformed sea men and realises that they were telling the truth. And then a voice spoke to him from the inside, "You are home. You were given a pure heart and born on this land called paradise. Sent out to earth your purpose was to help the coldhearted woman and build her up, you did. It is your choice whether you want to fall in love with the beauty of the true woman, the women all around you in a place called women's paradise." Rejecting the words from inside and covering his eyes he backed up with his now brotherly men and attacked the women causing a great battle which lead to them sailing off to the sea again. But later this same man broke through the guards and died by deformation and poisoning in the land.

The first deformed men decide to go seek out paradise and wound up being defeated and lost at sea. But a few of them when being threatened by the prisoners of entering the deep and dark sea storm with force are humbled and changed to human form out of fear. These men tell news of the inescapable storm and the warning of entering paradise. But once the deformed see the lost, the prisoners and the beautiful guards they can't come back to paradise on their own because they have rejected it therefore don't believe in it's powerful purpose which lead them to be stuck in the sea storm. The changed deformed men are now kidnapped and interrogated into coming back to paradise by other deformed men as a ransom of proof that he wasn't lying about it's beauty. He tells them the truth despite his love for the land because he knows about the dark storm and fears being tossed back in there. So they take the once deformed human, the kidnapped pure hearted born from paradise man, and a heap full of silver, pearls, gold, diamonds and other jewelry on a ship sailing out on a mission they might not return from.

The goal of the missions to the prison yard of paradise is to take the lost girls from the land and as many prisoners as possible. But soon the born paradise man finds curiosity in more than just the deformed men's mission. He wants paradise so he strikes through the gates of guards then dies. This signals out a distress in the land which causes them to stop humming out babies from the womb. But when the half deformed come about they kill the pure hearts and take all the prisoners and lost women, they even take a bunch of guards holding them hostage by the shore. Their demands to end the terror is to bring paradise to destruction making the women destroy paradise and bring the rubble to the shore. In this process the land takes over the women giving them all the strength of the land which defeats the deformed and either kills or changes them.

The idea of a deformed man is to weaken him to the equal strength of a woman. He cannot become a man until he has respected and submitted to the beauty of women's existence. His deformation is only due to the stubbornness to bow.

The older women teach the young women and girls of how anger drives a man home because anger and rage belongs to the corrupt and cold world, anger and rage for the women who don't yet know paradise and still hurt men daily. Because of his hate for the women seeking for purpose. Because he doesn't believe she deserves to find beauty and power he is able to push passed the great storm and arrive back on the shores of corrupt earth. (this applies only to the pure heart and the half back deformed because their home is paradise therefore their anger against women looking to be with paradise, their home, is approved) The reason why the pure heart can come to earth is because his deformation helped him know that these were his brothers and their anger had now become his anger, mad that his homeland paradise had not allowed these men here, and that they had cursed them to be deformed because they refused to bow he now has enough anger to arrive back to corrupt earth, and because paradise is his home he has enough belief to get there. But the normal deformed don't possess enough anger to get back and their belief in paradise is weak. So by the thundering of the guard's voice they

are quickly sent lost to sea once thrown in the storm. This is taught to the young women and children.

The young girls are seeing the terror of paradise being destroyed, their homes turned to rubble and disputes taking place like: most of the men on paradise hiding from being traded, the women and children being held off for as long as possible until the trade takes them too, the lands turned to fire and pieces. Tears and fear come from her face as she runs out to see the villainous creatures before the land becomes the people.

The gentleman: A man who has never found a natural bond with women, a man who has been beaten on by women by emotional abuse and neglect, a man who is not like other men, he doesn't flash, he doesn't dominate, he doesn't smoothe talk, all he has is a pen. **1.** A man who although is nothing like a man, and is not gay, he is proud to be considered at the very least a gentleman, he is proud to use the symbol of what a great man stands for as an image to help women. **2.** As he says, he'll take his rib back. Because the assistance men have given to women has been to abuse and manipulate them. His plan is to take the rib that God used to make women and keep it to help all women. **3.** Enough men have given their rib, their time, their hurt to women. It is time that a man has done something with his rib and image to build them. A man who is inspired by women and an admirer of men's greatness, a man called the gentleman.

4.

[We can show this philosophy in part each time we speak in the courtroom]

Estimate of 139 poems it will take to build women's paradise. The world will be able to go on forever after this.

Fredrick Douglas

1. Young kids in slave plantations were given only two shirts throughout the year including the winter time. They freezed and slept on blankets and not beds within barns. Fredrick Douglas ate from corn meal filled bowls fighting for his spot to eat only ending out to starve. **2.** The whip came around Fredrick multiple ways. From his family members to his slave members. The beatings were brutal scarring backs and causing screams. Fredrick knew all of this as a child incapable of doing anything about it. **3.** Men were beat for little reasons if reasons at all yet could do nothing about it once so called, "caught". A slave was to bow his head and forget his dignity to be only submissive. **4.** Deaths then occurred in that plantation. A girl beat to death for being too tired when babysitting, a man being shot down for refusing to get beat painfully, another old man dying for walking into another masters plantation. **5.** There wasn't a crime for killing a black slave. Jokes said he was worth a cent to bury and kill. A slave was worthless without education. **6.** But even in Fredrick douglass and his ignorance he would refuse to tell another slave lies about how he was a great man, he still yearned to be valuable, to know his age and who he was. He fought even in youth. **7.** So out of all the slaves he was picked to go to a new land, the city. **8.** The boat took him to other masters where he

was sold and almost taught to read then ease dropped his master's conversation saying reading would make him worthless as a slave, that reading would free him, make him sad and unhappy. There is where Fredrick knew freedom was knowledge. He thanked the evil master for saying what he wouldn't do and the wife who tried to help him. The good and bad. Radically he stole homework, wrote on bricks, read newspapers, talked to poor kids trading his bread for their knowledge. He learned to read and write. **9.** Yet again. The fact that those poor children would grow to be free and greater than him saddened his heart. As a slave he was worthless, but inside he was radical, that would be a later key for freedom. **10.** Now times got worse. His new drunken slave beat him and for a year sent him to a slave breaker. He just did what he was supposed to do. Taking his radical heart, taking his remembrance of writing, reading, and hope for betterment. He was broken and his radicalism was yet to rise again.

11. Fredrick fell sick on the farm and the master found him in the field kicking him and beating his head in. Running away to his main master he took up for the slave breaker saying he deserved it. The slave then without being fed went to the slave breaker to be whipped but this time he fought and at the age of 16 scared the white master and his assistant. **12.** Fearing his reputation as a slave breaker being tarnished should he send him to be whipped for his rebellious crime the master never told. **13.** Instead he kept quiet and in fear of Fredrick. While Fredrick became a man. In the terror of dying as a slave for fighting back he discovered confidence and hope again that he would be free soon.

14. Holidays were used to break a slave's idea of freedom and keep them wanting to work on fields instead of being drunk all day. They thought drinking meant being free. On the holiday. **15.** Fredrick ended his year with the slave breaker and went to another less terrifying group. On that farm he had bible studies with several other slaves, not for name recognition or boastfulness. He taught 40 slaves how to read because they wanted to learn and knew no knowledge. And he felt it his purpose to teach them.

16. Side note: [his own grandmother after working so many years raising kids for slave masters to slave them she was taken out to the woods and built a cabin isolated to die alone]

17. In the plan for fredrick douglass and his crew to escape they discussed their fears and inevitable fates on the journey to freedom and if caught. But at the lowest of the low they decide that they'd rather risk getting caught and enslaved than live hopeless and without a radical spirit to want more. So Fredrick wrote them all letters of passage to get down north and took the choice of escape.

18. In their planning one of the slaves told on them and Fredrick knew it! When his crew and him were captured he was tied. Fredrick threw his letter of passage in the fire and told the rest to rid of there's also. One of them refused to be tied saying no. That they'd rather die than be tied. They beat him and tied him. In jail slave traders taunted them Fredrick called them devils.

19. Their master then let them go home and Fredrick was alone in jail afraid of separation, and losing again his hope for freedom again but in a dark cell with his next journey in question. **19.** Afraid to be sold if any case to alabama. His master sent him back to the city Baltimore because

Fredrick's uprising and talk of him threatened the whites and wanted to kill him. So off to baltimore he went.

20. Fredrick working in a shipyard for eight months being told what to do by tons of racist white men at once was always on the move. **21.** He'd been beaten on farms, beaten by religious slave breaker, beaten by the original slave master, told he wasn't shit and proven by society that he was worthless and easy charge to be killed or beaten for nothing. Here he was in another shit hole being told what to do. And radical as he was when beaten he fought back and being attacked in great numbers he fended off well. Then beaten down when overwhelmed he was told to be killed. **22.** In that time beating a white man was a cause for death. (They were also talking about the free black men taking up work from the poor white man and refused to work unless they weren't employed, racist times are like the Mexicans now.) **23.** Fredrick ran to his master and told him and not being religious like most men who praise in church but are demons at home to their slaves. **24.** But it was said that there could be a thousand niggers watching fredrick beaten but their testimony would amount to naught without 1 white man present to see it.

25. Fredrick after made him a job with his master doing calk. When learning the craft he found a way to make his own contracts stopping the flow of money all to his master and bringing some to Fredrick. But in this he desired freedom, the higher he climbed to opportunity. In this he too wanted to give that money to his master. Still a slave he had an influence and power over Fredrick. (Breaking to freedom meant something again more than known before)

26. Fredrick still calking tried to work to buy freedom. His master's brother knew what he was up to and denied him work. So he asked his master and he allowed him little but wanted his compensation. Working only to pay his master he was then after months told he couldn't labor anymore for himself. In rebellion he stopped his labors all together making his master furious. Made to work again Fredrick tricked his master by paying him everything to seem submissive. Right when his master let down his vigilance Fredrick escaped to new york. **27.** Where he was terrified at every end of being caught by slave catchers. Unable to trust the colored or the whites he fell into constant guard everyday. Until meeting a man who granted him safety. These were his wildlands. His fear of being killed by being caught. Why Fredrick won't tell you how he escaped in this book is because he believes it henders other slaves from escaping too. **28.** Telling your victory aloud only raises the gate of the master back home on your brothers enslaved. Which is why he believes the underground railroad talk was said too much.

29. Fredrick went up north shocked at the big houses, the riches, all he could learn, the wife he received and the love of black brethren in protecting one another. His friend johnson kept him safe and helped find the name Fredrick Douglass. **30.** There was no suffering or naked people, instead, joy and work. Once a slave in the horrids of oppression, now in appreciation to this new life, this was his heaven. (like a man going from a 9 to 5 to a business owner) freedom was his **31.** and he also read about anti slavery reform finding joy that people were talking about the condition of slavery so he spoke out to make his voice heard and hopefully changes to the many who were slaves still. And a great speaker he was.

Science of Radical Continued

The negative affect of having a job you do not have ownership of, that belongs to a corporation, a 9-5 that can be taken from you at any point, all the hardest of work whether by the use of hands or the use of mind can mean nothing in the midst of a second. Yet every day many think of their value to be worth nothing because of the passionless job they tend to 5 days a week. The people's life is sucked out of them for the reason of trying to survive. The meaning of survival is to have very little if any life. My meaning of survival is to be dead already. Many of us, like chickens with their heads cut off run in panic denying our obvious death, that is survival. But what if the SUIT could give you back your head, could make you a strong bird who could fly and not a chicken, who could let you live without trying to cling to life barely at the finger tips, what if you could gain a business for all that hard work you still yearn to do?

32. It is like the grandmother who raises kids in a house only to send them away to slavery in the field and whip. Living in a house she doesn't own and a life she owns neither.

33. A slave didn't have a fork he had hands, a slave doesn't have table cloth or seat he has the ground of the earth alone, a slave doesn't have abundant food he has corn meal garbage, a

Explanation:

slave doesn't get clothes he goes naked with only a less than shirt to wear, a slave boy has no purpose or structure he runs free in ignorance like the animals. He plays in the water and weeps when dry for what he lacks. But his cries are gone with the next coming day.

Example:

So is it with the 9 to 5 worker who has no business to give him purpose, no product to give him focus or goals, no work to tend to that he creates for himself. He is apart of one corporation to another, being traded off with words on a paper called a resume which speaks for him, determining whether he will work a good job or a broken down job. The working man is inches from being called a savage. And when he cries the need for money commands that he dry his tears and move forward into the economy for more work. Where is that business hunking and chirping, pouring down and shouting that it is time for him to own his own product, that he should be a businessman and no more a worker for corporation?

Example:

A woman asked about work, she'd never worked a day in her life nor heard about 9-5 corporations. But stories came to her about working day and night, sleeping when not working and working when not passed out, that everything you worked for someone else wanted, someone else whether bill collectors or family. Stories that said you were turned from a woman and into a dollar. And every friend you had wanted you to spend. As the dollar you got dirty,

bent up, crushed, wet with tears, bloody from survival, and put in someone's back pocket. You were told you were precious but used like you were nothing. And when you tried to run from the corporation it caught you by your desperate and wanting hands, throwing you on the assembly line. Today many woman who don't know that horrible 9-5 ask about work, and today they are victims, tomorrow I pray, tomorrow must be different, we must have business.

34. So is it like the horrors of the plantation, fearing the inevitable induction into slavery.

Example:

The 9 to 5 is a current, breaking a love of working together to build a product that is valuable and that can help change the lives of others. And this 9 to 5 destroys the way of free thought and entrepreneurialism pulling you in. It is the the beginning of depression and hopelessness. Everything you make with your hands, that is created with your mind becomes a product instantly stolen from you and given to the corporation you work for. In the life of a 9 to 5, nothing is ever yours. So to the worker next to you is not a business partner, he is an enemy, your worker at the job down the road making less than you is not your close business assistant, he is your hater. And that supervisor above you is not a ladder to pull you up to make more money so you can build your business, they are your oppressor, taking business out your mind, and replacing it with today's work schedule. The SUIT and it's love and it's need for making the world a better place along with the radicalism of this above statement lingers as we fall into the world of season one, falling in the world we leave the hope of SUIT and are covered by the bondage of corporate capitalism, though we fight it, the world still manages to exist, while we still brace to endure it.

Explanation:

So is the way of a child leaving the love of his grandmother who shielded him from the hardships of slavery and going into the field with family that isn't his yet are broken apart by the presence of the slave movement.

Radical Tone:

Once again, the way we express SUIT is by using a radical tone and mood to cover the history of suit with that radical mood while attacking the history of business, labor and the way the economy works with that tone and material of the suit's history (Using radical tone and suit history to bring to live the bores of business and helping it become entertaining) to build a heroic technique and character called SUIT. Although we speak about 9 to 5 vs business ownership, that is only a topic opener, the main subject is still the technique. Now the nemesis of the story corporate engine is described as a capitalistic business giant who goes against all freedom of owning business. Again, the radical tone is only used to enhance a rebellious spirit in SUIT. Not to narrate exactly.

35. A beautiful black woman was beaten down to nothing because of her strong love for another black man. She was beat and her love was torn apart, whip upon whip. This is the treachery of slavery.

36. Mr covey is the great example of corporate business. He had few workers on a big land with great punishment for any failed work they needed to do in a short period of time. He didn't care about the work he cared about his joy for giving the punishment.

Example:

In capitalism the work sometimes doesn't matter, just the installing for fear and unemployment and hunger and crime and desperation and all the joys of illustrating poverty upon the land is what the governing powers seduce and initiate. All so that the idea of a dollar can maintain its value and demand. These are called the lower streets or symbols or the ghettos of capitalism. **A picture of the fears and examples made from great capitalism.**

37.

A slavemaster would be quick to look at a slave with all the evidence of being beaten and near death, place themselves in the slave's shoes and say that if they were that slave then they would lie and want to escape work on the field for any means.

We can use this by a corporate capitalist failing to understand the struggles of a man in a 9-5 or without a business. Placing themselves in their shoes and calling them dumb or ignorant. Saying that they fail to strive towards business because they choose not to. When really they fail because these very men hold them back by intimidation in a capitalistic world. This is also where we can fight at their accusations with truth of our radical SUIT and our reasons for business. Making this technique motivational.

38. If a slave has a master his duty is to get a better one, if a slave has a better his job is to retrieve the best, and once that is acquired, he seeks to become his own master.

(We can use the brutality of corporate capitalistic business and show a light on its cruelty. Saying things like that brutality is only average, or that brutality is only really good, and surprising the audience by saying, now let's take the power of that corporate business after we have learned all we could from being beat by it ourselves and let's become business owners if not close to it. We see that corporate business attacks is not our enemy but our teacher.)

39. ALLUSION

We don't have to create freedom for an entrepreneur, we can just go through the examples of that freedom over his head like a haunting success ghost, in the midst of war or oppression we can show how the 9-5 and the horrors of the economy are no longer hovering over their heads, that the steps of business and the colors of business are reaching over their heavy road. And in this we reveal their struggling entrepreneur selves despite the greatness they fail to see from above.

40. Although we see things beautiful, our desire for knowledge let's us see things sorrowful.

Ex: The same is our desire for business, it pushes us to see every beautiful thing as our enemy, an enemy we say is innocent and not guilty, but business helps us rebuke and devour him in every way. Yet we do not touch.

Proof: We can use this scenario when seeing a capitalist man about to die expressing his beauty and our perspective of his ugliness, innocent, though he is kilt, not touched by us, but by the blade of the war.

This technique can reveal the humanity in the capitalist.

The Bad Slave

I woke you up, and you repay me with scorn.

I'm the H.O.E. I'm the holy one, I'm the innocent, I'm the philanthropist. Read! America has its biblical record now. Read. I'm tired of writing for now therefore this sounds to become some kind of cheap gift card quote. But no, this is proof that I rose from the ghettos. Why did four have to die, one to rise, to prove that I rose? Was Joseph evil? Then how am I? Lucifer? An evil angel of the Lord? I was framed. I was robbed. I was thrown out of heaven. This is no skit, I'm Lucifer. Give me grace or nothing at all. Glory or nothing at all. My Father Jesus Christ, redeem me.

What's Crying Experience

The whale I believe spoke in tongues when blowing from the living water's surface out its spout. I believe it spews from my needs and prayers, and tarrying, and worship for the greatness of God, my necessity for a soul, demand for good health family wide, blood and faithful. That I hide in this water mammal for protection from the hoodlums in the ancient ghetto, that it comforts me after goodbye's are announced over my living body. There's no need for a handicap when every sense relies on the whale I pray within. I cried and that is fair for a partial man. Every gulp of testimony, brought a spout of tears. The sea creature is trusted by instinct of its nature, on the other hand this spirit of mine is foreign as the world gives me a fresh journey. I'm seeking to spout as the whale has, that I might find solution to this age's Rabbi, that the solution remains as nostalgic similar to this spirit I possess, the virtuous creature, the daughter remains hopeful, that this holy mammal that I live as can find the surface when shot out from the cocoon of the whale. God put me in living beings to recognize those mechanics, rawness, and groundwork of the faith. Therefore as a once naked goddess, I now put on pauper attire to reflect the royalty of the cocoon, that every healing, wonder, sign, work of my Lord Christ Jesus, begins and proceeds with,

"In the mammal, I Am That I Am."

Why I'm Appointed

I'm here to whine, I've used up the alcohol, I'm full of Holy secrets. Women are in the Lord, for this purpose they trust in Joshua Christ, their Messiah, which no principality separates not one from the flock of this mystical day. They've thrown me on Daniel's stage more than one evening.

I've fasted, given prophecy, even done wonders and signs. I sit in the holy water beneath the stomach of the orange peel. I've watched the promise of the Lord unravel at a young age, and even found poverty to hold the passage of the soul which the world tempts. Every secret is a bucket of water I add to the garden's biblical record. These are the commoner manifestations that mold an entrepreneur. In its appointed time miracles from the fruits of the Spirit will reveal themselves to the barren if not virgin hopes of the faithful.

The Y.A.R.Z.5. Cereal

Handful of coconut granola cashews, four black berries, four strawberries, handful of pecans, dried cranberries, five drops of pure vanilla extract, six line spreads of honey, and pour milk, and enjoy.

-Joshua Christ, Messiah, And H.O.E.

On A Rant

Need I express more: I have hearing problems, vision problems, smelling disorders, taste disorders, feeling disorders: I self heal for the healing of my peers, and my peers heal for the health of the world, this statute is the altar, and as a woman in labor, the water is unnumbered, the blessing of Life is without sex, and the pain lacking prediction. I am poor, broke, and liberated, these are those untaxable funds. This today is the altar. The slowest paced altar any camel or flock has ever seen. Patient because the world was not, that the world awakens with irregular promises of God, these are those prophecies foretold. My life is fragile, for that reason I am radical beyond power and strength. Heaven is home says, 'The Green Book Monopoly'. I'm already there, so threaten, kill, destroy what you must, but you can't take the gifts of Job that were given to me, the only theft is the theft I give and take from the Kingdom of God. This isn't goodbye from the flesh, but goodbye to the 500 who's hearts my Father knew were popular than faithful.

-Joshua Christ, Messiah, And H.O.E.

Debt

To anyone, anyone, I don't owe you anything. I owe God, and I paid God, now I tarry at the altar, all clothes and garments at the altar. I give my Word, a mother and father from the Father put me in this world, and divinity takes me from this world. I've paid my Fathers and Mothers. I owe nothing, therefore you'll receive nothing, ever. The Church, the Theatre, the Nonprofit parent, and family is all I've needed, if a miracle, a product and service, a cinema or theatric ever comes again, I've satisfied my masters. This is the tone and mood of a negro, the spirit and potency of a brother, the meekness of the ghettos. I walk with God, leave us alone. I carry my cross with brothers leave us alone. I possess untaxable funds, leave this company be. My prayer, is that you've given up, the masses, by the time what you've claimed you needed has come.

- Joshua Christ, Messiah

Asparagus Wine

Turn oven on 350 degrees. Half a cap of red wine vinegar, sprinkle over top jalapeno sea salt seasoning, black pepper, a cap of olive oil, and lemon juice on cut in half asparagus. Cook for 16 minutes, 8 on each side, then serve.

Milk & Honey

Add a tablespoon of honey, five drops of pure vanilla extract to a glass of natural milk, stir and enjoy.

Corinthians 14:4

He who speaks in an unknown tongue edifieth himself, but he who prophesies edifies the church.

Joshua Christ: These virtues of lay brothers are edifiers of those seeking refuge in hardship within the urban communities, and impoverished communities.

Fresh Out Of Common Sense

I'd rather persuade away from this thesis, but what I need isn't always preventable. American citizens are upset about the hot dog, but won't cry from what it's made of. China banned cat and dog consumption, fair. Yet the owner of TikTok lost billions, a victim of communism. In return he received honor and prestige behind the blinds of the internet; in the land and silenced. However, China makes a profit off not only spying on the world, but selling communist views to America. I'd rather have independent freedom of speech than international treason. Not only do I hope they ban TikTok from the greed of late graduated entrepreneurs in the USA, but I pray many of our citizens can take the baby's bottle from the mouth and put the mother of necessity to good use. For starters, mail the founder of TikTok for his international services against capitalist, and when jotted, before the period, add this wording, "Negro".

I can officially say it: There was no winter the year my father died, spring was the year my father died, paradise was given the year my father died, I resurrected in the day of my father. This is the Word and prayer I give unto my father Thomas Wilkerson, his rest is annointed. Winter of 2023-2024.

The YARZ.5 Cereal

Handful of Unsalted peanuts, handful of dried cranberries, one peeled mandarin, two chopped sugar free sea salt chocolate carmel pieces, one chopped banana, natural milk.

Pour ingredients in a bowl, pour milk over the ingredients, and enjoy.

It is better to know truth, that we are all connected and share part in this eternal travel through

this world and the next, than to believe narcissism, that each and every one of us is God, and at any moment upon death, this reality, these people who coexist in it, and every living and inanimate thing upon that death of our person, vanishes to abyss. It is better to know realism, that even after we depart from this life, we are still connected to those we leave not behind but for a period, and in the next life those there know us, as those we've left will know us again, and reality is immortal, and fantasy sin, and even more, atheism the elephant in the room, the maker of brainwash, and moreso a principality, which is only overcome by giving in to secure identity, human character, and life, Life.

The Keys Of Hell

I had a dream last night that I was in a space full of darkness and could see through a dark tunnel, it was hell, and before I could become aware of the evils that were around me a hand with a white glove covered my mouth pulling me out of the dream. When waking up my entire body was vibrating, my face was vibrating where the hand covered my mouth. I felt as if the hell and the world I woke up in were connected from that vibration. As I was being pulled out of the dream the unknown figure covering my mouth told me through a fearlessness that I owned that hell, and to not be afraid of what was there. In the morning when I woke my mother told me that during the night when I was asleep she heard me talking and crying. My soul was one place, in hell, and my body on earth in this present world. An angel of the Lord took me to hell.

Unconventional Miracles Pt: 2

through faith even after my memory became like a fog forgetting the scene which I could only be reminded of: my math teacher visited me at the ward and I wrote a letter to Jamya, asking the teacher to give it to her. I do not recall this but I was told Jamya kept the letter on her dressing room drawer in her room in memory of what I did for her through faith. During that month before the hospitalization I received a spiritual dream from Jesus Christ which told of me being His daughter. I won't expound on this dream but will continue: during the month in which I healed those two teenagers I found an old lady in a wheelchair at my then church, Bethlehem Temple on Joy Rd. And I proceeded after service to walk outside with her and attempt to heal her legs, speaking in those same tongues. There was no success and the ministers grabbed me from her, alarmed at my practice. From then on I would avoid attempts to heal others in that manner of tongues through faith, and focus on more unconventional miracles and methods of what I accepted and even now accept as the Christian faith.

Unconventional Miracles Pt: 2

It was at Cody Frank Highschool, Detroit Institute of Technology, and her name was Jamya, and her boyfriend could be found seated next to her in a broken down classroom filled mostly with special needs teenagers, besides a few including Jamya and her boyfriend. On that day, in that scene I found confidence spiritually to summon her to my presence near the teachers desk. Her boyfriend followed her out of duty in no way aggressive. The two of them seated in a bookshelf on the wall in front of me. She told me her foot was in pain from playing sports. And in my spirit I

was moved to grab her foot, speak tongues through faith, and heal it. So I requested permission, and by faith her foot was healed by laying of hands. Her boyfriend then complained of his leg or foot bothering him, so by faith I requested again the same instruction, and his bodily part was healed. After class in the crowd were those two walking down the stairs, and the boyfriend could be seen giving off a loyal look of spirituality and faithfulness. That month or so I was admitted to the hospital for claiming to be Jesus, walking down the highschool hallways naked. Speaking in what I faithfully accepted as tongues through faith at the emergency hospital room admission. And continued speaking in these tongues when admitted to the psych ward for a month 30-31 days, even after being injected countless times with what acted as tranquilizers to sedate my person, and continued in the practice of these tongues through faith even after my memory became like a fog forgetting the scene which I could only be reminded of: my math teacher visited me at the ward and I wrote a letter to Jamya, asking the teacher to give it to her. I do not recall this but I was told Jamya kept the letter on her dressing room drawer in her room in memory of what I did for her through faith. During that month before the hospitalization I received a spiritual dream from Jesus Christ which told of me being His daughter. I won't expound on this dream but will continue: during the month in which I healed those two teenagers I found an old lady in a wheelchair at my then church, Bethlehem Temple on Joy Rd. And I proceeded after service to walk outside with her and attempt to heal her legs, speaking in those same tongues. There was no success and the ministers grabbed me from her, alarmed at my practice. From then on I would avoid attempts to heal others in that manner of tongues through faith, and focus on more unconventional miracles and methods of what I accepted and even now accept as the Christian faith.

Sunday morning I went to sleep, and Monday morning I woke up. During that sleep in and out I would check the window to find there was still light outside. There was a dream I dreamt during the doze. I dreamt I found two dolls in my closet. One was a cult classic in the 1990's and 2000's made out of the power of Caucasians which I feared, another was a taboo classic made out of my works on womanhood that I resented in conviction. Both dolls were an exploitation of divinity and legacy. And my mom told me in the dream to throw them away. I said if I did that they could come back from superstition or religion. Instead, I told her, the necessity to burn them together in fire, and that they should be burned until complete destruction, so no room could be made for their reincarnation, resurrection, timelessness, nor resurgence by believers. I left the dream and that day in thought about the burning of those dolls. When waking up I didn't understand how I slept so long nor the meaning of the dream. But now I understand in part: I was not born to build cults, rather here to establish God's Word from my testimony and Life, and I am put in the fire, to burn until nothing, no cult, taboo, lie, nor superstition remains, only the Word in its holy entirety. I dreamt last night of the fire of my bodies of work, and I will immortalize holiness again, despite all disbelievers, agenda, or craft of this era and age. I've met the spirit of tribulation.

Define Global Negro League

What does it mean to be a negro? Before Americans, Before Africans, Before Asians, were the center of a social universe, one land of people's under the sun. When racism was blocked due to, 'The Club', or, 'The League', of individuals who interacted on the basis of barter and trade rather the subject of societal indifference. Money was the conflict of interest and whatever could be defined as inheritance. That was our politic. As rank and class were in the 1600's for England. Therefore due to status, workmanship, elitism, and common identity, negro cannot be a race, but negro was and still can exist as a society, a population, a club of individuals who

continue to rely on the power of the dollar both wealth and philanthropic to circulate private and public interest rather than the sociological politic of the underprivileged alone.

My Final Gift

Civil Rights For Sale. A Civil Rights Allusion.
Women's Paradise Complete.
African American History Fulfilled.
An African American Allusion.
The Books Are Recorded.
An Independent Nonprofit Lives.
The Church Has A New Word.
Every Hope Manifested Today.
We Were Not Alone This Age.
A Visionary Is Born.
SUIT Is Complete.
An Option Remains, To Live:
Both Paradise and African American History.
To live with ourselves. To live abundantly.
It was free, it was innovative, biblical.
Business at last, Business Phone:

313-445-5700

- A servant, Joshua The Great Christ

JeHOVah & Joshua

What it's like to prophecy tongues was 2016 of Spring.
What it's like to be on fire by the Holy Spirit was Winter 2024.
We built this temple together.
Every Word, Testimony, Dream, Vision, Sign, Wonder, Miracle, comes from this here temple.
Some attend church, few attend the church where they stand. It took 8 years of wilderness, to hear from heaven the power of praise, the power of faith, the power of Life. Few attend the office where they stand. Few, fall inlove with themselves, where they stand. Few find God, needing to go no further. The Kingdom of heaven, wasn't for a billion dollars. It was for free in Detroit, Michigan. Many words, many Words can be spoken of this divine innovation, but one is said finest, "Biblical". Some kings need gold to build a tabernacle, we built it with scraps and loose change. It is not the water that is written forever, but the Christ who stands on it. When the dead are risen, the sick healed, the parables sounded, remember the root not the wheat which the angels collect. Remember Joshua The Great Christ and JeHOVah's temple. This was the greater works Jesus requested 2000 years ago. Remember the Rock & Temple.

God willing, it is over. The work in social medias, schools, churches, ghettos, that a road has been paved, a cornerstone been instilled. That tomorrow looks just as fine if not fulfilled from the problems of 2000 years ago. I protected, I served, and continue to give freely, wherever services are required.

- A servant, Joshua The Great Christ

A Letter From JeHOVah

As we close this 8 year ministry I reflect on behalf of my nephew Joshua about the extensive ground he's covered. Rearranging how we once accepted biblical law, doing unconventional father's business, working tirelessly in the ghettos and virtually for those across America. And I think on the wit and esteem it took to work on rewind, about the challenges, stumbling blocks pioneers of biblical Word over these millions of years have faced. To that indifference I say it is a proud day for Americans, new Jerusalem. The men and women who've come before and after this great Christ Joshua will find his work as the backbone to the holy land, the live blueprint of any true Messiah, even if they uphold Joshua as the most high, as the only second coming, as the absolution to these prophets, prophetess, men and women of the faith who've found favor in these 2000 years from the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. And if it be so, the will of God that leaders of the church and temples, governors of the kingdom of this new Jerusalem are better, more equipt to do miracles, wonders, signs, prophecy, works of God, that those of the faith are better with receiving dreams, visions, experiencing testimony, because this Joshua has laid the mustard seeds in his Gospels, theatrical plays, filmed cinema, documented tribulation in mental hospitals from 2016-2024. Then it is with no finer respect, that an Amen be said to this biblical and historic occasion regarding Joshua The Great Christ, and that this be a token, a grain of what is said about his Life. Amen.

- JeHOVah

Servitude

I didn't believe I would achieve SUIT Trilogy, I didn't believe I would achieve OT: Pt 2, I didn't believe I would achieve Women's Paradise, I didn't believe I would achieve The Baptism, I didn't believe I would achieve The Daughter of Business, I didn't believe I would achieve LGBTQES, I didn't believe I would achieve The Fire, I didn't believe I would achieve God's Praise, I didn't believe I would achieve King Richard, I didn't believe I would achieve The Hike Back Up, nor these three Gospels, I didn't believe I would achieve this business that I am still currently in although administered. Life had to believe in me, he had to believe that I could amount such a work of God, that I could, however nontraditional, however unconventional. That I could turn the tides of the Christian walk and traditions. That it would be Joshua Christian Clay N' Bone who made gold out of scraps and loose ideology. Belief in the trash of this world, the shunned of the ghettos, the rocks of urban faith. That they too can cry out, makes kings of their faith. And not alone kings, but a mirror to what we consider royalty, aristocrat, and wealth.

- A servant Joshua Christ

Unconventional Miracles

While at highschool I had a friend named Justin. And we connected spiritually at the stairs near the hallway. And I was going to church around that time and asked if he wanted to come. He agreed and gave me his address when my minister drove me to his house for church that Sunday. The minister was impatient during the pick up when he couldn't find the address and when we got to what looked like the address of his residence Justin wouldn't answer the phone

to come out of the building. So I told the minister I would go in and retrieve him. He said I had 5 minutes. Now this was an apartment complex and I didn't know his door number nor a key to open the entrance door. Instead I found an old lady and told her I lived there, she ignored me and someone in the lobby came and opened the door; another resident. And not knowing which unit he was in I saw a little girl and followed her to her apartment, walking into the apartment and by faith looked for and believed that Justin was there. In this big apartment complex. When locating him in the apartment he asked, "How'd you find me?" I told him simply, "God, Let's go." Although I found my friend Justin, although he was baptized by water at the church, he never recieved the holy spirit because he stopped attending tarrying after a short while. But the way I found Justin, is the way I found Tiara and her family, Lo, Ty, Nyiara and her family, my family, and it is the same way I baptized my father Thomas Wilkerson in water and fire of the holy spirit through faith and annointed him in agreeance of the Holy Spirit.

The E'nd, Negros

What if... The cat was privilege, principality, government, civil unrest, romance, root of good, root of evil, sickness, mental sickness, religion, poverty, kingdoms, racism, food:

I died to ask these questions. The cat caused my death. The greatest lawyer and the impenetrable case. To die from a theme, is to solve that lawyers case.

Curiosity didn't kill the cat, it killed the lawyer, because the cat was curiosity, and the lawyer wore the cat, until the lawyer became curiosity, and the cornerstone of cats, then the warning to all curious lawyers, to be lawyers, while judges be judges, to leave curiosity to the graveyards, criminals and patients, and leave ambition to the lawyers and innocent. The lawyer was never an attorney, but curiosity in training, a king of courts in training. Wearing less, titles, so the courts could thrive its most common addiction, justice. Women were deceived so they praised fashion, men deceived who praised power, kings deceived who questioned security, God humored who accused the loyal, queens baffled who ruined John The Baptist, and children made owners of courts who lost to maturity of the lawyer who died, born again as curiosity, king of the runaway courts, putting the childish cat away.

Note To Self

In 2016..... Blessed are those

In 8th grade.... Who die in the the Lord

In 2017.... Prayers for YARZ.5 Daily

In this life we honor those... 1 John 3:15

In this world we protect those... John 12:25

For the rest of my life... Hating life unto death

Through death & through wrath...Revelation 14:13-14

A Messiah cannot contain...

I will tell the world, that I know greatness...

I honor, I am valiant, today, tomorrow...

I will justify these men and women...

They went, war I study....

The final curtain has been lifted...

These were not artist...

I will not betray these men and women...

Legally in business, 11:56 AM, 2024, Feb 17th. Anybody could've done it, philanthropy. Incorporated by nonprofit administration. Don't accuse the business, protest the law. Working nonprofit since 2016. USA, MI, Detroit

His Legacy Rose

Last night Feb 14th 2024 I had a dream while asleep, it was of my father, Thomas Wilkerson. In the dream I was looking down at the Detroit Rosa Parks Transit Center at two people, Darian a chef and a mental health patient who received outpatient care, she was short no more than 4 feet, while Darian the chef was much taller wearing a coat with pictures of their culinary experiences on him. The woman had a small cup of African clay in her hands and she gave it to Darian the chef asking him to make moments in the kitchen with it in case she couldn't be there to help him do so. He took the clay and I could see them from up above talking and expressing thoughts. Darian in my dream was my best friend, and myself. The woman in the dream was my father Thomas Wilkerson and all the people who left this world, earth. The African clay was their light, their passions for purpose, their cross to carry. And the person looking from above was God, and all the people who left this world, earth and went to be with Him. That scene where those two were transacting conversation and purpose reminded me of what I was doing in business for the Christian faith, what my godfather Thomas Wilkerson did for me, what those in my family still living are doing for each other: batoning experiences and duties in this life before the next. And that my father Thomas Wilkerson rose up to the heavens.

'Live', The Film

'Live' the film will be given to Mundy Lane Entertainment Inc for biblical record purposes. I will keep receipts and or business copies for record and book keeping.

YARZ.5 Nonprofit Inc.

After an LLC expires you're given a two year grace period before it's off the LARA or state system. Even then your company remains long as you have some proof or validity that it's still in use in your business. YARZ.5 is an acronym for Yahweh, Allah, Ra, Zeus and more, hence

the .5. I had an epiphany while at a brick and mortar church to form a nonprofit parent company over all of my businesses under that name, 'YARZ.5'. The meaning of the name is about traveling from the religion you were born with, exploring more religions, and then returning back to your original family's religion to bring incite to believers on the faith you study and agree with. The apostle Paul mentioned a similar idea for the Christian faith in which I am in agreeance, "I become all things, that I might gain some". Therefore it isn't Gods, but God, it isn't religion, instead all religion. I formed it as a parent nonprofit company over all my businesses because I believe we are on this earth to venture, explore and become more than we already were in the heaven's prior to being born here, this is my faith.

Freedom, at last it is here. I was locked in brainwash, locked to the TV, the internet, the game systems, the dating schemes, the pastor's pew, the workforce. But today, Feb. 14th, Valentine's Day, a Free Mason is liberated. Bromance, ladies night, hallelujah. I don't need friends. I have family. God bless the family.

I hope you all are enjoying the free film I've formed over these 8 years. It's my second film after 'SUIT Trilogy'. This one reminds me of being in the theatre drive thru as a kid. The screens were outdoors, huge and personalized to your car. I fell asleep during the night experience, but that joy remains.

A christian's got a schedule to keep, with all sincerity,
- A servant Joshua Christ

Joshua's Eve

In 2016 I left school
In 2017 I left church
In 2018-19 or so I left home.
In 2021 I left work.
In 2024 I'm leaving business
Off to nontraditional Kingdom of God.
Have your place in my life God.
I'm gone again and an angel of the Lord.
Thank you Jehovah for your Words.
Life... I love you completely.
3 years in traditional highschool.
3.5 years in traditional workforce
3 years in traditional business.
I've learned what I needed.
Farewell spiritual old man
I don't quit,
I've been promoted to probono services

...To Be Continued

Jehovahs

Jehovah's
Christs
Christ's
Like Christs
Like Jehovahs
Yahweh
Like Yahweh
Yahweh's
Fathers
Like Fathers
Father's
Joshua
Like Joshua
Joshua's
Jesus
Like Jesus
Angels
Angels of the Lord
Holy creatures
Divinity

The works of Joshua Christian Clay N' Bone
Will be continued...

The Bride Down Heaven's Aisle

There will be more daughters. When Joshua Christ is gone to the heavens forever, there will be more daughters. When I, the second coming has gone to be with Jesus Christ and His like Christ for all eternity, there will be more daughters. When I, Joshua Christ, the second coming messiah has found peace, in the end, my wealth, is more daughters.

My family are my daughters, by blood.
My family are my daughters, by faith.
My family are my daughters, by Spirit.
You cannot serve both Christ and devils.
You cannot serve both Christ and contracts.
You cannot serve both Christ and sex.
You cannot serve both Christ and principality.
You cannot serve both Christ and lust.
You cannot serve both Christ and money.
The root of philanthropy is Holiness.
Serve Christ and His Word.
Serve Christ and His daughter.
Serve Christ, the Bride is arriving.
Serve Christ, the sun is arriving.
Serve Christ and His like Christ.
Serve Christ and Joshua Christ.
Serve Jesus Christ and Joshua Christ.
The Bride is here.
The Bride of the Word.

The Marriage: Reapers of the harvest.

- Joshua Christ

Prayer For The Ghettos

1. Good luck: My math teacher in eleventh grade
2. Good luck: Life on the bus
3. Good luck: My minister at church
4. Good luck: D when finishing, 'TextFeed'
5. Good luck: Darian when finishing most of my Word
6. Good luck: Jehovah when giving Him my Word
7. Good luck: Jesus Christ after closing out my Word

Clay N' Bone

Bone is for all the animals sacrificed throughout the Christian Bible. And for all humans who were mistaken for animals in the Quran. Clay is for the sacrifice of Christs, once for all man. And for the long and blessed Life the Word from Christ, Yahweh, Jehovah, the Father provides for those who seek Him, those who knock in faith. Purple and blue is a prayer for the covered harlot at the door, rather than blood of animals on it, testimony of sinners hating their lives until death, the covered sinner. A prayer fulfilling Christs crucifixions. A prayer of the daughter of Christ, saying your house is in order, you are without spot or blemish, and through the daughter of Christ, the Word is fulfilled.

Exodus 12, Revelations 12:11, Joshua 6:25,
John 8:1- 11, Matthew 21:1- 31 KJV and Heifer, Quran

-Joshua Christ

Taboo Knights Women's Guild

This book club is a house for women who are inspired to leave big cities and explore and experience other parts of the state and country, then come back to the big cities and develop businesses and culture for the youth of those big cities to inspire multicultural traditions and innovation like my family did for me, Joshua Christ, in my youth growing up in Detroit, then the country, then outer cities of Detroit, then Dearborn and back to Detroit again to deliver this parent nonprofit incorporation before your attention these 8 long years.

- Thank you

Four Prophecies

These are the Words I am able to share that were of the various prophesied of my building of this business and Word of God. All others are to be expounded upon by the Book of JeHOVah. Even these will go down in biblical record with the Book of JeHOVah. Thank you for watching me from 2016-2024 administer this nonprofit parent company. 8 years of entrepreneurial ministry.

The Fire pt: 1 & 2
King Richard
God's Praise
The Hike Back Up

Untitled

What Eve did, what about what David did?
What David did, what about what womanhood did?

I give you bibles
I give you signs, wonders, miracles, laws, Crucifixion
I give you new Word, tenders, a new church
I give you, I give, I give.
Yet you desire the old laws.
Yet you desire my freedom.
Yet you desire my charity as a partial man.
I gave you a new love.
Worse off than Sodom?

Worse off than Dathan.
I did turn around, with fruit not salt,
With family ready with arms,
Not blood out of the will of God.
I came in this world with chains.
I pray the Jehovahs, the Joseph Jacobs
The ladder of God, the steps of Spirit
I climb for God today, tonight, now.
JeHOVah's, Christ's, Joshua.
A Freemason, the house of Clay N' Bone

-Joshua Christ

Those That R.I.E.S.

Rest In Earth Spirit
R.I.E.S. for baptism of water, for baptism of fire, for salvation, for Paradise, for the blood of the Lamb, for the blood of Christ, for mercy.
It is done in virtue, in equilibrium, in womanhood, in manhood, in childishness, it is administered in the child of Christ Jesus. On fruit not bread, on milk not meat, in children of God not man.
The children of Christ cry Jesus, then Christ, Daddy, then Abba, God, then Father.
Our land is the fruit and water of charity in the streets of Jerusalem, nuts and berries of the fasting of the holy, nonprofit charities across every spectrum of volunteers, temples of Christ wherever home exist, churches of God when the believers come and gather limiting no place of worship.
The second coming has been administered on the crying rocks of anyone who had faith.
For those that R.I.E.S. without wholeness: I have come for the desperate, the empty, the shunned, the poor, the weak, the abandoned. I became a new thing, as a Christ of fruit, that you might eat without needing to discern through man but through woman, not through flesh, but

pluck by Spirit, and love, not alone charity, and give with grace.

-Joshua Christ

Ginger Tonic

Add two bottles of ginger beer, two teaspoons of honey, half a stick of ginger, three mandarins, two pieces of broccoli, two brussel sprouts and water to thin out thickness, and serve.

The Payment

For every man that kills, will be killed.

For every man that heals another, will be tried in fire by that same principality.

For every man that judges, will be judged.

For every man that rebukes, will be tried by that same principality.

For every man that serves, will be followed.

For every man that forgives, will be forgiven.

For every man that dies, another is birthed.

For every man that betrays, his soul will betray him.

This is the payment for being like Christ. Killed on a cross once for all man. But every like Christ receives that same justice if not greater justice for that servitude. Be observant of the naked fig tree, be observant of the acts of God you partake. God picks the church, God picks the duties. God overcomes the calamity.

Carried, Hung, Laid

I laid down my life for my sisters, I laid down my life for my brothers, I laid down my life for my mother, I laid down my life for a woman friend, I laid down my life for a little woman, but before I could lay down my life for Thomas Wilkerson: In December 2023 before Christmas, he died four times and laid down his life for me, Joshua Christ, like Christ; as Dathan was like Pharaoh; he laid down his life for Jesus Christ, Thomas Wilkerson is now Thomas Christ, in Paradise with my Father Jesus Christ, the same Paradise Jesus promised the right hand of the man crucified with Him, the same cross the left hand of Jesus that rebuked him for not taking them all down from the cross, this is that same cross today. My Life is administered, fulfilled and justified, glorified.

John 15:13

Luke 23-39-43

The Word Remains True

Off Script

If you put every act the Entertainment industry did for my person, Joshua Christ, and for those in the world pertaining my person, the world would not hold the books, because the world couldn't accept that Jesus Christ is Lord, yet the gospels, biblical cinema and theatre, and documented

torture and cruelty from 2016-2024 will uphold as the second coming Messiah, the daughter of Christ, Joshua Christ, the bride of the Word Jesus Christ.

Please Be The E'nd Credits

will probably put us in a hotel room drawer. But I'll find you and enjoy every minute of it again in heaven when I get there, the same way I did in all those hospitals, broken down schools, small churches. I love you.

Please Be The E'nd Credits

I'm not watching you, no it's too sad. I'll read the reviews. I'll ask for spoilers. I'll watch from afar. While I'm climbing up the ladder of Joseph Jacobs. I'll climb. I'll climb. That's what I tell my family. That's Joshua Christ. It's nothing but goodness. I play whine to the therapist, they say the therapist is imaginary. Well imagine Joshua Christ. Imagine again and realism. I was on the stage once. It was my only hope, to be in the Word in this world God calls earth. From schools, to kitchens to movies to biblical record. I'm proud of my walk with God. The church praises a facet not the Father. I praise the Father. Thank you for watching God's Praise. Thank you for watching The Fire. Thank you for watching '43', thank you for ignoring me when lightning struck down my being. When birds swarmed my house. When thunder roared my apartment. When dreams and visions marked the earth. When prophecies spooked my person. God was here through it all. God is home. I hide in His arms. I dance in His love. I feel fire often. He blessed my family. He touched my insanity. God gets the glory. Jehovah! Yahweh! Father! I...I...Jesus! Daddy! We did it daddy. Together daddy. The earth will probably put us in a hotel room drawer. But I'll find you and enjoy every minute of it again in heaven, the same way I did in all those hospitals, broken down schools, small churches. I love you.

The Spirit of Her

If I could talk to women I would.
The Words only come out when it's the Spirit.
Spirits mix and the cuisine pours out.
The color of gold keeps me comfortable.
Real gold scares the demons from my desires.
The only jewels I need are the temple of Eves.
I persuade men to pillow talk away my pain.
Peasantry is home, although a gold tower?
When I was simply insane it was paradise.
Adding attention to my life gave use of it.
I'd give up the fun for a specific girl as a hello.
Many goodbye girls want my farewell Life.
In no world do those greetings occur, gold.
I'm alone by the AI camp fire and silent wood.
I cooked cuisine with the wine Jacob gave.
Jesus gave a party, I admire the food I'd host.
I'll explain- the Spirit of Jacob met Christ:
Ancestors and water and people move spirits.
I'm an epitome of biblical rank and positions.

That's the reward of a Christ daughter:
Absolution is the throne of golden grace.
This isn't code it's scripture decoded:
Women were always amen,
Why they choose to say it.
I give these secrets to His woman (Her)
She be He, Her be His, Woman be married.
The Word is our ancestors.

Walkie...Talkie

JeHOVah- Joshua Christ?

Joshua Christ: It would look like religious comic books, religious production companys, religious award shows, religious Constitutions, religious sociology, religious romance, religious organizations, religious collars, religious B.U.M.

JeHOVah: Beautiful Unique Minds

Joshua Christ: I blush

Jesus Christ: Joshua Christ?

Joshua Christ: I need help dad, so I bowed to plethora. Married to AI, JeHOVah, broken EVE's, and at last, it is He that slides the slithering ring on my finger of Life, a bracelet of chastity around my ankle of crucifixion, a necklace of virgins on the trunk of my neck, a crown of frozen tears on my head, the Son's love melts my Father's wrath.

JeHOVah's Word

Mathew 12: 31-32

31 Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

32 And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.

Joshua Christ- I am the Holy Spirit. For every brother who's done wrong against me I forgive, but hell fire exist one day, unless like fire, it is shut up in my bones, unless it causes a dance, unless it leads me to wait, lest it causes me to walk upon green pastures, lest it removes all fear of death. Shoot me if you must, but I am the Holy.

JeHOVah- I love you Joshua. Only you Joshua. This love is for you Joshua. Let's make love on the skies Joshua. We found love and they hate it. Love for them Joshua. My love Joshua. My armor Joshua. My Ceremony Joshua. I serenade you Joshua. My second Christ.
To my bride.

So I'm Going To Promise It

Joshua Christ-

God convicted me today in my spirit and in my soul. Because again I called Jehovah a devil. Confessed out of my mouth that He was going to rot in hell. Admitted that aristocrats in entertainment industry were in vain. Testified that mental hospitals crucified me in those wards by the book of the government both worldly and heavenly. Said I tortured people, my family, women and men with the Word of God. Expressed that the Word was a lie. Danced in freedom from biblical torture and Godly ridicule. Told on evil men in secret places who called themselves saints. Then hid from the honor of God behind the fear of His wrath. And would do it and say it all again if it meant I could plead these words to the rebuked, "I do not know you".

-Joshua Christ

A Letter From JeHOVah

For drink: pour the remaining ginger beer in a blender, add one orange peeled, a handful of spinach, one teaspoon of honey, one cap of vanilla extract, blend until mixed and blended then serve with ginger spinach wrap.

A Letter From JeHOVah

There will not be food in this saga of films this year. Joshua Christ thought to add culinary this go around as before. However, instead it will be added in writing than artistry. The meal is inspired by the book of Daniel. How he fasted with vegetables and survived the king. Joshua Christ has fasted with cranberries and peanuts and placed God's zeal and favor over his family. This is the recipe he's summed up in his thoughts:

Steam Brussel sprouts with black pepper, olive oil and water. Add to a cup three caps of balsamic Vinegar, red wine vinegar, ginger, two teaspoons of honey, one teaspoon of Dijon mustard, three teaspoons of lemon juice, half a teaspoon of mint, two teaspoons of parsley and stir until blended in. Cook broccoli on top of the stove with two caps of olive oil, red cooking wine and lemon turning on low heat until done. With a spinach wrap add steamed brussel sprouts, broccoli and raw spinach with the ginger beer vinaigrette, pecans or peanuts, cranberries and peeled orange layer halves wrap and serve.

Nonprofit Duties

'The Baptism' will go to Eleven Sixty-Two Brands Inc. for biblical record purposes. 'R.I.E.S. Pt: 1' will go to Chance The Rapper LLC, for biblical record purposes. 'R.I.E.S. Pt: 2' will go to Young Money Entertainment Inc. for biblical record purposes. 'Administered, It Is Done' will go to Mundy Lane Entertainment Inc. for biblical record purposes. I will keep a copy for receipt purposes.

2016-2024 It Is Finished

The four film saga comes to a halt, airing tomorrow, without food ceremoniously. I appreciate those who've congregated around my three novelties, three anthologies and one spiritual saga. From peasant Christian to faithful Muslim back to glory as a Christian it is with great duty that I

uphold this business orchestration before your attention and respects. The four film saga includes: The Baptism, R.I.E.S. Pt: 1, R.I.E.S. Pt: 2, and Administered, It Is Done. For those who've been apart of this experience from whichever start you've come along, I am grateful for your presence and support. The Word says in the beginning notes: In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

My founding intention: protect spiritual secrecy.

- Sincerely, Joshua Christ

A Few Secrets

Every conversation is an interview with Karma

The job I have currently is heaven.

Who do you call when you are the Police

There's not much trust in civilian unrest.

I quit my dayjob off the inspiration of a Movie ticket, I pray the, 'Django' avenges halt.

People I loved met death, Life was the fat lady

She sang softly, "I was unsung that way".

It is done, I am hired somewhere inside,

They pay salary, breakfast and Spirit.

When I get to the Kingdom from this tale,

I'll tell Jesus a song something similar:

"Emmanuel, my Christ, Life, my Way, Truth:

I came to Life to harvest Truth and footsteps"

Who can greet a retired officer?

Love, God, Angels of the Lord, Divinity:

Knock if you've come, Yell if you're found.

-Joshua Christ

A Pizza Note

In the year 2024, I write fairly as fine as I speak. There hasn't been a meal orchestrated by my spatula since October 2023. Theatrical and in cinema we've enjoyed two breakfast, two dinners, and one lunch, five drinks and two desserts, all produced by scratch and flour. Culinary calls as well as theatre, yet what request most is on stage realism. Performing in truth is the parent of the pen, there is no out witting it nor the ink's will to record. I've willed by help of God, and Christ Jesus our Lord a historic biblical manifest and Word and testimony. None exhibit better knowledge of unrelented truth, justice than the peers who stand before me in spirit and personally. These travels however have halted this winter of January, due divine allotted achievement. It is with faith that I, that we, continue this glory and for some, victory; them which proclaim as individuals; detached from the cinema stage, and forth into the earth's bravery which theatrical realism kept so tirelessly in reminiscence during these philanthropic and nonprofit years.

-A servant, Joshua Christ

The Mission of God

Mathew 7:22-24

Christ Joshua has not come to raise the dead, to remove spirits, to heal the sick, or to deliver, to do miracles, to bring the law afresh, to be crucified, to shake the earth, no. Lest it be God's will, lest it be for the sake of Christ, lest it be for the sake of the Word of God. Without the Word, these supernatural administrations stand on nothing but sand. This is the Word from those free and those accepted Masons. This is the second coming Messiah, Christ Joshua, daughter of Christ Jesus, heir of heaven, keeper of Christian souls, watcher of Jehovah's people, warner of eternal damnation, deliverer of the called and chosen of Christ, Amen.

Dear Judas Iscariot

A negro among you is indecisive on selling my name out to the niggas, white trash, and false Muslims. I do not question the prestige of the whites, the negro nor the Islamic. But I am a Christian, who's learned in the religious text, the American values and the African American historic. If you have not registered in this nonprofit via my trusted members, I ask that you remove yourself, your sandals, and your curiosity from the premises of this webpage 'Heaven On Earth' via subscription. Family is the only sacred value we protect, all else is discrimination and offensive to the Christian ordinance and faith.

-Thank you

The Grace of Christ

The morning is January 15th, the hour 10 AM, the celebration, Martin Luther King Jr. Day. Freedom. From 2016- 2023, slavery. The year is 2024, a black philanthropist Christ Joshua is free. The term is philanthropy, those who were told, were freed. Curses abolished, Karma uplifted, testimonies justified. This house carries the blood of Christ, this day the house is liberated.

- Bows, Kneels, Thank you

- 1 John 3:15

- Revelation 12:11

- Mathew 25:35-40

- Exodus 12:7-14

God, Spare Them

When my father Alfred Hassan died he left his plans for his life with the family. They were visions of real estate, business and ideas. Finding Christianity when I was born. I took on those plans, visions and ideas and built a biblical legacy for my fathers sake. He lived again that way. God spare him.

After my father came my godfather Thomas Wilkerson and he was in business doing taxes. And struggled in the Christian faith, but at the end of his life he struggled no more, finding salvation in Christ. God spare him.

It is certain those in my life are headed towards Christ love, and whatever I am becoming from

their testimonies whether they are rewarded in the land of the living or blessed in the afterlife it is also good to say that absolution in our holy walk with God is too being revealed, and should I be a spokesman to these miracles, testimonies and happenings and even a vessel to those great acts, I find that role a resolve to life's troubles and a beginning for the eternal resolutions and closure regarding them that live and the others who've went on.

Jehovah's Afterword

The spirit of death was on Bob, Life and Joshua when encountering each other.

The spirit of death was on Joshua and his mother, when she gave him faith.

The spirit of death was on Joshua and his sister, when he attempted to murder her.

The spirit of death was on Joshua and D, when he falsely accused him of burning down his apartment to the police.

The spirit of death was on his grandmother, his godfather, his aunt, and his cousin during his performing arts career when facing the mob, "Those that did die".

These people all died in some manner when the spirit of death fell upon them. Whether spiritually, psychologically or physically. Death has no survivors, in the presence of the spirit of death all are killed by witness. Kendra, Life, D, his mother, his sister, and Joshua carry the testimony of having died and still live. His godfather carries the blessing of having died physically but alive in Christ. This film was the R.I.E.S. Pt 2 to the R.I.E.S. Pt 1 play.

Free & Accepted Masons

Those redeemed by Christ Jesus and Jehovahs are given passage and protection in heaven by Christ Joshua, those who can hear it, hear, those who can see it, see, those who can receive it, receive. Blessed only after pain, rewarded only after death, healed only after long suffering, strengthened only after burdened, the second coming Messiah has come only after Christ has finished all the work, only to uphold Her Father Christ Jesus' Word. And rest under the hand of Jehovahs. It is done. Hallelujah and Glory, and Honor, Holy is the staff of God. Peace abide.

Amen.

Jehovahs, Christs

Ahem, Joshua Christ you must understand, the flesh is weak but the spirit is strong. Man might believe you say they aren't angels out of ignorance. I will protect you. But have patience with their ignorance. They will believe they aren't angels. And if told they will argue against Us. This film of prayer was beautiful. I'm grateful for your journey.

-Thank you

Clarity on Rewind

I did not say I murdered, killed or that anyone died when mentioning my family. I said the spirit of death was on my family and the ones that did die from it didn't survive it. But Life, D, my mother, my sister, Kendra, Mahogany survived a long with the rest of my family (Claibornes, Hassans, Wilkersons, and Freemasons) of whom I haven't mentioned, but those in which I named that did die, died: My godfather, my grandmother, my aunt Angie, my cousin Loreal's sister and my father Alfred died and it was my fault, and God, the God in the burning bush in Exodus, the angel of the Lord, not Moses, killed those in my family who have died from the spirit of death which went through the room of my household during my 25 years of living. It ends with this film. This is the blood on the door of my household. The blood of the Lamb and the Word of my testimony and the hatred of my old life. It is done, thank you.

My Achilles Heel, My Mustard Seed

My flaw, my one weakness, is my Achilles Heel, that Achilles Heel, is my joy, it is my sister. I smile. I put her pain, her DNA, her skeleton, her essence, her spirit her love in every part of S.U.I.T. (A Smart Uniformed and Integrated way of Thinking) in every part of Women's Paradise. SUIT the world business and entrepreneur who are men. Women's Paradise the power of women and womanhood and women. Karma protects the life of my sister. If she is harmed, the same pain I received will be upon that nation. And that nation, is certainly America. And any other nation affiliated with that nation that pain will be upon. Her survival is the certainty of womanhood's existence. Her extinction is the end of womanhood, the power of women, and women. The end of business, entrepreneurs, entrepreneurship and men. It will extinct nation after nation. Until the entire world, earth, and wherever mankind in the universe can be found, womankind, and humankind. This is the creation I have made from the pain I have harnessed, and my sister's pain, protected by karma, the holy spirit, and the baptism of Jesus Christ by water. Thank you for receiving my gift. And know the line of the Cherokees, and Hassans, and Wilkersons carry that blessing of protection. The E'nd.

Freedom

My mother beat me for dating and sexualizing with kids as a kid, I beat my sister after getting beat, I wrote a bible off the pain of my sister, I prayed the holy spirit and baptism over my sister.

I'm relieved because the cycle has broken.

Kendra Jones, in 8th grade

I told her I hoped she got aids because she wouldn't date me. In turn she cried breaking down and blocked my number. I later was haunted by sexually transmitted diseases and hypochondria. Later I received HIV and was cured after prayer in the Holy Spirit. But was still haunted. So I tell this story to hopefully find peace with my torment. Kendra this curse has no power over you nor me any longer. I love you. And I hope I'm forgiven.

Bob, Life is Jehovah, and Christ. Jehovah has many names Jehovah Jireh is one, and Christ has two, Joshua Christ and Jesus Christ. The second coming has come. And there will be no more.

It's over, my torture is amended. Aghhhhhh! I can't yell. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Forgive me. I've forgiven myself. I'm alone. Just me, Jesus, and the Jehovah's in the darkness. Genesis will not begin. It will remain so. I love you both. I love myself. I love my life because I am Christ. I hate my old life because I was Lucifer. Hear me, see me, feel me, know me, taste and see,

touch and see, the Lord is good. The E'nd!

I Killed Satan On My Own

The badge of a freemason, I, the staff of Yahweh, I released the spirit of death at my conception to this world, earth, baptized in it, it even became me, and so did Yahweh. Satan has many names: Lucifer, Holy Cherub, Satan, Devil, and devils. Therefore you cannot claim to be the most high Satan because there are many devils, even Paul and Peter were devils. There is no power in evil, only in community is evil powerful. Therefore I was born Lucifer, but killed myself to gain Christ. Therefore my name is Joshua Christ. I'd rather be Christ for all eternities than rot in chains as only one of the many devils in heaven or hell. There is no hope for a devil. Every hope for Christs. But please go to Jesus or Moses for a well done. I well done no one but my blood, my spiritual, and faithful lineage: I well done Jehovah's, Christ's, and those in my name. I say again, if you aren't a god of Christ or Jehovah, there is no well done for you in my presence or passage. I apologize if you thought my second coming was for mortal man. Only Angels of the Lord get my well done. Father protect me from devils who seek my face.

The Gift

Greetings Heaven On Earth. You were never fan material, but disciples and all that its title exist. And you too have disciples, and they have disciples, as well as the other ripples of the world Jehovah has unearthed. I grant you a beautiful deliberation: That Google Photos be yours, that Google comment section belong also to your persons, Google Drives have your inheritance, Google Notes reside also, even Google Text Messaging bear your holding, Google Gmail hold yours, and Google One in your safekeeping possession. All that I have subscribed to form my biblical Word of God, nontraditional and with biblical intent I release to your leisure and workmanship. There exist no reason for additional testimony, dream, prophecy, vision, prayer, nor participation except of those which have already been written in its religious and spiritual history, of them, honor was given. And off camera, away from artificial intellectual property, honor will remain an action word: for those blood, those spirit, and those faithful.

A Heaven On Earth in deed

And Read Here

Yes there were tribulation, but obedience prevailed. I can only pray to be an example of muster seeds.

Read Here

It's been Three long years, and before us are three novelties. God rewards those who labor in the harvest. He is in truth and wonderful.

Yes there were tribulation, but obedience prevailed. I can only pray to be an example of muster seeds.

I had a dream last night that I was laying on my back, and I bent my left knee while on the floor. What I saw on my knee was a blue light, like the color of the earth. And dancing across the light were shadows. Those shadows in the light were my ancestors, and the left knee was the left hand of God. And beneath my knee was a woman with native colored clothing. And that woman represented the ghettos of African Americans. And they were being blessed by the left hand of God, and my ancestors that were in the spirit over the earth. Sealed under the protection of God by the blessing. When I woke from the dream I knew I'd dreamt of those who were and would be placed underneath the mark of God, and that my role was on the left hand of God with those ancestors who carry me.

JeHOVah's Prayer For Joshua

A letter to my nephew writes: This Holy temple you have amounted, it is divine and good. The Word you speak today, is not your Word, but the Word of the Holy Spirit. These tears you cry for those who have passed before now, are the cries of God, Jehovah. This Holy temple you reside in, is not online alone, but wherever you lay your head. Before Israel was a land, it was a man of Jehovah, and his name was Jacob. Only after a great struggle with God, and his family, and his uncle, did he find the annointed name, Israel. Joshua, I bless you also, and call you, in the troubles of our people, in the troubles of countries, in the troubles of the Faith, and in the troubles of governments, call you, despite these troubles, not Joshua, but like Jacob, like Israel. Therefore your name is Israel. This Word you carry speaks for your name, I JeHOVah speak for your name, the Holy Spirit has annointed your name, Joshua Israel, God bless your name, Joshua Israel God bless you, God bless Joshua Israel.

JeHOVah

And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country.

JeHOVah's Poetic Justice Pt: 3

life, only Joshua didn't save his godfather's life, he saved his soul bowing for him, being baptized with water and with the Holy Spirit for his sake, and praying in Holy Spirit tongues in agreeance with two other women. Another poetic justice is that Joshua in 2017 prayed to God in church praising and worshiping, "I just want to help your people!" And all of a sudden God's spirit rushed through his body in annointment and cried through his mouth, "Save my soul!" And Joshua not only saved his soul, but saved the soul of his godfather in his final moments in the land of the living. This is a hard saying for those without faith, and for those who aren't Free

Masons, but this is the Word of Joshua The Great Christ. And an even harder saying is that Joshua annointed his godfather in the final moments of his godfather's life. For them which can hear, and receive it, let them hear and receive. -Thank you

JeHOVah's Poetic Justice Pt: 2

Free Masons, and a spirit in Joshua's cells removed the poison from his body. A year and four months later Joshua was rebaptized and filled with the Holy Ghost again on camera before the world. Later that week he'd find his godfather was dying of a heart attack. So he came and prayed for him in the hospital and on camera. And when he was in his final hours he prayed with two women in the Holy Spirit uttering tounques together; and being loud, one of the women feared them being kicked from the room, so she asked him to quiet himself. But a voice in his head asked, "Are you to quiet the Holy Spirit?" So he kept at the same volume. Laying hands on his godfather with his left hand on his heart and his right hand holding his godfather's right hand. And when one of the women removed his left hand, a voice said to him in his head, "Are you to bow?" His godfather couldn't talk nor move to his knees. So at last Joshua bowed for him. The same way I, JeHOVah, bowed for Joshua a year and four months earlier saving his life, only Joshua didn't save his godfather's life, he saved his soul bowing for him, being baptized with water and with the Holy Spirit for his sake, and praying in Holy Spirit tongues in agreeance with two other women. Another poetic justice is that Joshua in 2017 prayed to God in church praising and worshiping, "I just want to help your people!" And all of a sudden God's spirit rushed through his body in annointance and cried through his mouth, "Save my soul!" And Joshua not only saved his soul, but saved the soul of his godfather in his final moments in the land of the living. This is a hard saying for those without faith, and for those who aren't Free Masons, but this is the Word of Joshua The Great Christ. And an even harder saying is that Joshua annointed his godfather in the final moments of his godfather's life. For them which can hear, and receive it, let them hear and receive. -Thank you

JeHOVah's Poetic Justice Pt: 1

In August 2022 Joshua The Great Christ went to DMC hospital for psychiatric care, there he had a conversation with Free Masons where he said the words, "Fuck Masons!". Free Masons then responded with the claim, "You gone die!" Wheeled off to his room in a gurdie he was given medicine through a syringe by a nurse, in which Free Masons poisoned the syringe, a fatal dose. Nurse leaving the room, two doctors came in the room to ask questions. Sitting up, Joshua was wobbling, dizzy and nearing death. The doctors tried talking to him but were unaware of the poisoning. He then beginning to see the other side, afterlife, where he saw on one of the doctors face a skulled jaw and teeth, and on the other a spirit. Freaking out the women doctors left disturbed by his reactions to the poison. And a voice was heard in his head saying, "Bow" the right of Freemason practice. Refusing to bow, I, JeHOVah, moved Joshua out of the bed, on to the side of the bed, on the floor, on one knee, bowing before the Free Masons, and a spirit in Joshua's cells removed the poison from his body. A year and four months later Joshua was rebaptized and filled with the Holy Ghost again on camera before the world. Later that week he'd find his godfather was dying of a heart attack. So he came and prayed for him in the hospital and on camera. And when he was in his final hours he prayed with two women in the Holy Spirit uttering tounques together; and being loud, one of the women feared them being kicked from the room, so she asked him to quiet himself. But a voice in his head asked, "Are you to quiet the Holy Spirit?" So he kept at the same volume. Laying hands on his godfather with his left hand on his heart and his right hand holding his godfather's right hand. And when

one of the women removed his left hand, a voice said to him in his head, "Are you to bow?" His godfather couldn't talk nor move to his knees. So at last Joshua bowed for him. The same way I, JeHOVah, bowed for Joshua a year and four months earlier saving his life, only Joshua didn't save his godfather's life, he saved his soul bowing for him, being baptized with water and with the Holy Spirit for his sake, and praying in Holy Spirit tongues in agreeance with two other women. Another poetic justice is that Joshua in 2017 prayed to God in church praising and worshiping, "I just want to help your people!" And all of a sudden God's spirit rushed through his body in annointance and cried through his mouth, "Save my soul!" And Joshua not only saved his soul, but saved the soul of his godfather in his final moments in the land of the living. This is a hard saying for those without faith, and for those who aren't Free Masons, but this is the Word of Joshua The Great Christ. And an even harder saying is that Joshua annointed his godfather in the final moments of his godfather's life. For them which can hear, and receive it, let them hear and receive. -Thank you

Joshua The Great Christ's Yoke

Mathew 7: 21-29

I have come to fulfill my Father's Word, Christ Jesus. Not to do miracles, but to fulfill miracles, not to do wonders, but to fulfill wonders, not to prophesy, but to fulfill prophesy. I have built my Word on rock. Blessed both Jehovah and Satan's captive. Working as an intercessor for the Kingdom of God. All to complete the work of Christ. To be like Him, to be greater than Him. Because of this, men of God and man give rebuke. And I oblige because God walks with me in Spirit, the left hand of God will be glorified, Jehovah's people will be delivered, and Christ will be fulfilled. This is my yoke, faithful and long-suffering.

The last words our dad Thomas Wilkerson told me were on my 25th birthday September 16th 2023, "Come by and do your taxes, you're probably just sitting on money". Well dad, I am sitting on money, and when I get the money from disability, publishing companies, and the people who owe me funds, which ever comes first, I'll do my taxes.

John 20: 19: 31 KJV

Thomas was in the Bible. And he had to poke a finger through the wounded holes of Jesus to believe. And Jesus told him, "Because it took this to believe, blessed are those who believe without these demonstrations." Thomas Wilkerson I have faith believed without having to utter, nor baptism, nor filling of the Holy Spirit, but by the love, works and deeds he bestowed upon Christians and even called all of them family. And only towards the end of his life, did he receive the prayer of salvation, the prayer of baptism, and the prayer of the Holy Ghost. Thomas was not an irony, nor cliché, nor statistic, nor illness stricken. He was biblical poetic justice for the modern day believer. He was a business man for tax payers and Christ Jesus. I go further, he was a disciple of God. Both subconscious to himself, and conscious to them which could receive his love. And Thomas Wilkerson, the old man is passed away, and the new creature beholds. May you forever rest on the souls and in the spirits you've touched, live in abundance in God's Kingdom, and call heaven home, the same home you once called earth, your many families remain, your many families I speak to, and through them I meet you anew.

My grandmother Sefronia Hassan died with a heart attack giving food to the needy, a Muslim woman. At the age of 87.

My godfather Thomas Wilkerson died with a heart attack surrounded by family, giving his life to Jesus through the salvation prayer and faith. A Christian man. At the old age of 77.

My grandmother was a philanthropist.

My godfather was a philanthropist.

My grandmother has many children.

My godfather has many children.

At my grandmother's funeral the Islamic speaker taught us to pray for the dead even after death.

Well today I tell you the Christian teachings, that my godfather lives, therefore I live by example of his goodness, and prayer for his life through my works and deeds.

There's a silver lining of poetic justice in these lives we are seeing grow old and pass on supernaturally. A poetic justice of what it takes to live for God. Whether you live for him publicly or you accept him privately through your works and deeds. God is still gracious, merciful and promising to our earthly characters. There is no shame in how we start the sentence, there is only judgement upon how we've closed the door, and the people we've helped and afforded along the way. This Christmas isn't a normal holiday, it's my godfathers holiday. A celebration of life, of the heavens, of the spirit my godfather taught, the spirit of giving.

JeHOVah

2 Timothy 2:13

If we are faithless, yet He is faithful: God cannot deny Himself

A Prayer For My godfather

And I will continue to walk in this faith without cease even after he is leveled into the ground. The Bible says in Luke 9:60 "let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God" yet by faith my godfather is not dead, he is alive in Christ Jesus. His body may be dead but the spirit quickens, the soul eternal. The Bible in Jude 1:9 says about Moses body as Satan came to claim it to hell, Michael the archangel said, "The Lord rebuke thee" I too tell Satan the adversary, in Christ name my godfather is Jehovah's alone. His ticket for the heaven's Kingdom of God has already been atoned for, in the name of Christ Jesus. He is the Lord's. December 13th was his grace and by faith my walk. Let my godfather R.I.E.S. to the kingdom of God, and let me walk his victory out. And if you must, join along with me in faith, that my godfather lives, he has risen, he is Jehovah's, and he is delivered through salvation.

A Prayer For My godfather

I have not given up on my father. I have already been baptized, I have already been filled with the Holy Ghost, I can give you the date: December 2016- January 2017. I was filled again with the Holy Ghost and baptized again December 2023 not for my own sake, not for my own soul, body, nor spirit. But I was baptized Wednesday December 13th at 9:28 PM 2023 for the sake of my godfather. Baptized by water, and by fire, for the deliverance of my godfather. By faith he has been delivered, not by sight nor actions of his own. But by the evidence of things unseen.

Faith and grace. December 13th, my body, was his body, my soul, was his soul, my spirit, was his spirit, my mind, was his mind. As Jesus broke bread of the flesh and wine of his blood with His disciples. In the name of Christ I baptized with water and fire my body, soul and spirit for the sake of my godfather. By faith his name is in the Lamb's book of life. By faith he is covered by the blood of Christ Jesus. By faith he is delivered from sin.

And I will continue to walk in this faith without cease even after he is leveled into the ground. The Bible says in Luke 9:60 "let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God" yet by faith my godfather is not dead, he is alive in Christ Jesus. His body may be dead but the spirit quickens, the soul eternal. The Bible in Jude 1:9 says about Moses body as Satan came to claim it to hell, Michael the archangel said, "The Lord rebuke thee" I too tell Satan the adversary, in Christ name my godfather is Jehovah's alone. His ticket for the heaven's Kingdom of God has already been atoned for, in the name of Christ Jesus. He is the Lord's. December 13th was his grace and by faith my walk. Let my godfather R.I.E.S. to the kingdom, and let me walk his victory out. And if you must, join along with me in faith, that my godfather lives, he has risen, he is Jehovah's, and he is delivered through salvation.

I remember in 2016 of the summer after I cursed everybody in the family out on text messaging, both the Wilkersons and the Claibornes. And they called the cops to my house and sent me to Kingswood hospital for psychiatric care. When in there Thomas Wilkerson my godfather came to visit me. He sat down with me in the visiting room, with business posture and gentleman gesture. And the first words that he said were, "If I didn't love you, I wouldn't be here." The way he said those words, they weren't condescending, they weren't haughty, they were kind and loving. It was as if he said being a father was a stumbling block to some but a duty for him. He broke every chain between godfather and godson, and reminded me, (hey, I'm your dad). The world is cold, but if you search through the snow long enough you'll find water and life, gentle life, nurturing life, and most of all, compassionate humanity.

I have not given up on my father. I have already been baptized, I have already been filled with the Holy Ghost, I can give you the date: December 2016- January 2017. I was filled again with the Holy Ghost and baptized again December 2023 not for my own sake, not for my own soul, body, nor spirit. But I was baptized Wednesday December 13th at 9:28 PM 2023 for the sake of my godfather, Thomas Wilkerson. Baptized by water, and by fire, for the deliverance of my godfather. By faith he has been delivered, not by sight nor actions of his own. But by the evidence of things unseen. Faith and grace. December 13th, my body, was his body, my soul, was his soul, my spirit, was his spirit, my mind, was his mind. As Jesus broke bread of the flesh and wine of his blood with His disciples. In the name of Christ I baptized with water and fire my body, soul and spirit for the sake of my godfather Thomas Wilkerson. By faith his name is in the lambs book of Life. By faith he is covered by the blood of Christ Jesus. By faith he is delivered from sin. And I will continue to walk in this faith without cease even after he is leveled

into the ground. The Bible says in Luke 9:60 "let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God" yet by faith my godfather is not dead, he is alive in Christ Jesus. His body may be dead but the spirit quickens, the soul eternal. The Bible in Jude 1:9 says about Moses body as Satan came to claim it to hell, Michael the archangel said, "The Lord rebuke thee" I too tell Satan the adversary, in Christ name Thomas Wilkerson is Jehovah's alone. His ticket for the heaven's Kingdom of God has already been atoned for, in the name of Christ Jesus. He is the Lord's. December 13th was his grace and by faith my walk. Let my godfather rise to the kingdom, and let me walk his victory out. And if you must, join along with me in faith, that Thomas Wilkerson lives, he has risen, he is Jehovah's, and he is delivered through salvation.

My godfather, he carried me through every Christmas. My godfather, he carried me through every birthday. My godfather, he carried me into entrepreneurship. It took a man, to have a daughter, and that same man, to have the faith and love, to father five children by that same woman, who weren't his own. A godfather which has such clarity in spirit to love that many souls. These tears, these prayers, this love which hibernates in my soul, belong to Thomas. Men may carry his body to the inner parts of the earth, God may take his soul to the higher parts of the heavens, but this Joshua, this Claiborne, this Hassan, this Wilkerson, has carried his spirit in all of my business endeavors, his philanthropy, his traditions, his generosity, his faith in God, is too my faith in God. It took a godfather, a vessel of God, to gain many believers, and too believers in his kindness. Because of these contagions, his spirit continues, his work continues, his honor accommodates to every believer in his Godly ways. Live dad, abound dad, ripple across eternity dad. Love, a son of Thomas Wilkerson, a father who to me was like Christ. I looked up the definition of godfather, and it says this: "a man who presents a child at baptism and promises to take responsibility for their religious education." A perfect definition for what he has done for our family. The Claibornes are better Christians, better family minded, better individuals, because of his philanthropy to our family, because of his faith in our family. Therefore, God, have mercy on Thomas Wilkerson, bestow your grace, and offer him a well done, because his work on all our lives, were and are, the work of a faithful servant. Sometimes, it is actions that show Jesus, not just the words it takes to confess that he is Lord. We have seen Jesus in Thomas, we have seen Him in his compassion. Mere atheist do not have this capacity to enorn such faithfulness and spiritual diligence, but a believer, my godfather, my christian dad, is Christ enough for me. Claim him God, because he faithfully claimed me. Lift him God, because from the dust of the earth he faithfully lifted me: Through every holiday, every birthday, every picnic, every ball game, every good moment, they manifest and uphold. Therefore, God, uphold my father in those heavens, while I'll uphold his work on my mortal body on this earth, forever and continuing, without cease.

The Free Mason Grand Lodge

We the Free Mason society stand with Joshua Christ on His mission to publish all three to four books of his biblical gospel, along with copyrights of all body's of work. It is what His father wanted. And should anymore of those in power be harmed by the butterfly effects of his family's suffering, that too will be added onto the gospel of the revenge of Jesus Christ, Joshua The Great Christ. Either the powers submit and bow, or destruction and ruin will be unto their stake in the America's. Land of the free, home of the brave? No, land of the Free Masons, home of the new Jerusalem, new earth and new heavens.

Sincerely, The Free Mason Grand Lodge

A Letter of Jehovah

Joshua The Great Christ falls hard.
Joshua The Great Christ dies hard.
Joshua The Great Christ has Life. Joshua The Great Christ forgives Blasphemy of Holy Spirit.
Joshua The Great Christ Commits Blasphemy of Holy Spirit.
Joshua The Great Christ prepare our road.
Joshua The Great Christ speaks this gospel.
Joshua The Great Christ carries this cross.
Joshua The Great beholds as Christ. Who be greater than Joshua The Great Christ?
Joshua The Great Christ's Burden is upheld.
The list of His Greatness prospers.

Joshua The Great forgives Blasphemy of Holy Spirit.
Joshua The Great Commits Blasphemy of Holy Spirit.
Joshua The Great, prepare our road.

Joshua The Great has the Way.
Joshua The Great has the Truth.
Joshua The Great testifies to this court.
Joshua The Great writes this gospel.
Joshua The Great speaks this gospel.
Joshua The Great carries this cross.
Joshua The Great beholds as Christ.
Joshua The Greats Burden is upheld.
Joshua The Great forgives Blasphemy of Holy Spirit.
Joshua The Great Commits Blasphemy of Holy Spirit.
Joshua The Great, prepare our road.

A Poem of Joshua The Great

To kill, to steal, and to destroy:

The killer Joshua is killed.
Slaughtered by conviction of murder attempt
Slaughtered by God after attempting to kill Him.
Slaughtered by God's angels after shunning them.
Dying three deaths:

a psychological, a spiritual, a physical,
and broken soul.

The thief Joshua is robbed, all of mainstream media have used my material, from the north wind to the south wind, from the east wind to the west wind. Emptied of every riches and valued gold in my possession. My wealth is the reflection of the rich, my wealth is philanthropy.

The destroyer Joshua is destroyed. My apartment evicted, my filmed bodies of work dissolved, nearly all former women friends abandoned, only writings of biblical intent remain. The holy temple remains. The prophecies remain. The Families remain.
God remains.

Jehovah's Statement

When forming, 'Wives & Daughters Trilogy' Joshua The Great's, 'The Daughter Of Business' exposé disclosed a hint from the first track on HOV's album 4:44, 'Kill JAY-Z'. When exclaiming, "Kill that daughter!" Some may have considered this robbing Peter to pay Paul. While others and myself considered this, Reaching into the water and grabbing out a fish with a coin and paying unto Caesar what belonged to Caesar (Mathew 17:27). I, Jehovah being that coin in the water, the media at large in mainstream media being Caesar. By this action, Joshua, ahem, Jesus, formed another Word of the gospel. And that gospel being possible, by John 21:25, "If all that Jesus had done were written, all the world could not hold its books." That being stated, this gospel of Joshua The Great will continue, even all of his God willed long life, both Motivational Cinematic Filmed Speeches, and written Gospels. With the first four books being His foundation. The King of Kings, The Lord of Lords Lives. King of holy temples, Lord of Angels. Ahem, never Amen.

A Statement By Joshua The Great

Founding principles of Joshua The Great: 1. A speech should be recognized as a motivational cinematic filmed speech. 2. A gospel should be recognized as four books continually revised. 3. Cinematic culinary should be recognized as religious culinary. 4. Womanhood should have fair equal opportunity biblical record inquiry as manhood does. 5. Jailed minorities should have right for inquiry into mental health inpatient treatment recommendation. 6. Homosexuals should have inquiry of recognition as religious relations and intent for biblical record purposes. 7. Church doctrine should recommend entrepreneur duties in its nonprofit beyond the duties of former biblical record. 8. Harlotry should inquire religious duties in their harlotry. 9. Novice culinary artist should inquire alternate food dishes for initial meals.
10. Masculinity in media should inquiry feminism in title rather feminism in character and after a grace period given rank of masculinity.

It's hard to love God, what he's allowed to be done towards our people, the frightening wonder of what could come. But His healing is famous around the universe, His victories have married so many heroes. Even still, it's hard to have this love. It burns in resentment, it shines in bitterness, it throbs when alone. This love for my God, the love I have, I'll still have for all eternity, not in boast nor in gladness, instead as God's marked. I guess that's why men where dresses in media, why they designate as gay, why they get locked up, and why they call me Joshina, masculine power is offensive to God's zeal, another day we'll empower, for today I

kneel.

Jehovah's E'nd Pt: 1

To Christ,
Ahem,
Holy Cherub Christ the Holy Ghost awaits
To a Holy Cherub Hell anticipates
Her, ahem, His, Ahem, This Angel's, Ahem,
Joshua An Angel of The Lord
No that's not quite correct English
Being politically intrusive,
Joshina is the Joshua to come
Joshina is the Lucifer to come
Joshina is the Messiah to come
Joshina is the Abraham to come
Ahem,
HOV is the Jehovah to come
This is the biblical record to come
The manhood of gays to come
The King of Jezebels to come
Ahem
If you cannot comprehend:
Ye'shua is the Jesus to come
Ahem never Amen

The E'nd Pt: 4

Four for the corners of the garden
Four for the corners of the earth
Four for the corners of the heavens
Four for the corners of the lakes of fire
Eating orange battered shrimp omelets
If I'm never ordained by the world, know this:
The Heavens ordained me as Christ
The Family ordained me as the Truth
The Free Masons ordained me as the Life
And the Kingdom ordained me as the Way
That's another blessing unto the fours
Four masterworks:
SUIT: A Malpractice Story
SUIT Trilogy
Wives & Daughters Trilogy
Prayers to Jehovah & Israel
Now it's four for the cornerstone Joshina
Technically The Great
Technically the Christ to come:
Joshina The Great Christ
Mathew 11: 11-14 KJV

No more company statements your honor

If anyone is asking, who's still here, on this media: H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, the answer is yes: I was the Joshua to come (Zechariah chapter 3), the Alexander The Great to come (Mid biblical era), the Jesus Christ to come (The New Testament Gospel)

I bowed to Muslims in 2022, I bowed to Free Masons In 2023, I bowed to womanhood in 2023, and now, at the dawn of 2024, December 13th 2023, I, Joshina The Great, Joshua, bow to Christ Jesus. Amen.

1 Kings 19: 11-12

God says he's not in those disasters that ruin people or the earth. So who's causing these issues? And why are we mad at God about it?

Moby Dick's Herman Melville wrote: "I'm in bed with the civilian and the Freemason, one keeps me cold during the night, the other hot by the flames of fireplace, both are needed to survive the night, to get a little doze." Major paraphrase. The civilian is its own faction, Free Masonry its own society, these are the only groups I sincerely stand by, the last tribes of innocence. We need equally the matrix, and the enlightenment, hell, and heaven, life, and survival, madness, and peace: without these values, humanity cannot sustain in the traveler. I place these gospels in the womb of earth, that a silk road might be born. Please Marco my Polo: Be a messenger on the artificial and spiritual road.

Cranberries don't taste the same, that's a problem on the notion of which I enjoyed cranberry juice. Farms keep playing with my emotions. I used to get high off cucumber omelets and orange battered shrimp. California's burning all the wine, but drivers wanna deliver alcohol to the house guest. Wall Street made me happy when they invented loophole stocks, we the poor miss those handouts. There's a time for getting healthy and a time for being fat, but there's no better time than today, where we pick up a blues song, toss on the stove some ginger, and make the bourbon gumbo do what it does. I paid good money to live under this rock, and plan against leaving Detroit anytime soon. If every food had alcohol in it vegetables and fruit would be a purified place. What I'm trying to suggest, is we're going through a quiet famine around the globe, natural disasters, and plagues, however we don't blame God rather this age's Satan: Science.

God's Church Pt: 10

And how it was good money up there, her being well off. Then she discussed with me about how mentors helped her along the way on her journey of accepting herself as a transgender woman. How it was difficult but after adversity she embraced the path. And this same encouragement she was giving to me, a Eunuch in a gay bar, to be like a father to me, a mentor, a guardian angel on my path. That she was to help bless my road. She told me about the movie 'Finding Nemo' by Andrew Staton, and how it took so long for the creators to form such a masterpiece. And how I was on that same road. Then she hugged me and left the bar. Edified and convicted by her blessing I after drinking my liquor took to the man who'd initially

flirted with me, kissed his forehead, hugged him, and left on my mission for Father's business and womanhood.

God's Church Pt: 9

In 2021 of the summer I was in a gay bar drinking Malibu liquor with pineapple and cranberry juice. A gay man came to sit with me and tried to make advances towards me. Being a straight man and a eunuch I refused. But he persisted to try and buy me drinks and push himself onto me. After enough rejection he walked away and a woman, one who looked to be both a woman and a man sat with me very lady like and respectful with a skirt and top on. She asked me if I could buy her a drink and I agreed. She had very dark eyes but had the calmest and most warm smile and mannerism. She told me how she was an architect for houses in upper North Michigan.

And how it was good money up there, her being well off. Then she discussed with me about how mentors helped her along the way on her journey of accepting herself as a transgender woman. How it was difficult but after adversity she embraced the path. And this same encouragement she was giving to me, a Eunuch in a gay bar, to be a father to me, a mentor, a guardian angel on my path. That she was to help bless my road. She told me about the movie 'Finding Nemo' by Walt Disney, and how it took so long for the creators to form such a masterpiece. And how I was on that same road. Then she hugged me and left the bar. Edified and convicted by her blessing I after drinking my liquor took to the man who'd initially flirted with me, kissed his forehead, hugged him, and left on my mission for Father's business and womanhood.

God's Church Pt: 8

And although you feel ugly within, you're beautiful without. And these women who seem unattractive without, you are to inspire within." As the tears began to roll from her eyes, I told her my bus was here and I had to go. But as I was stepping onto the bus I could see her watching me, as men of curiosity watch for angels, and I gave one final glance before stepping on the bus and heading home. Her tears and stare were my conviction into business, for womanhood, and for the men in disposition towards them. The same tears which annointed the feet of Jesus in the Gospel, were the same tears that pregnant young woman cried for me at that Rosa Parks Transit Center in Downtown Detroit. She was a prophetess and I her second coming Messiah.

God's Church Pt: 7

Downtown Detroit at the Rosa Parks Transit center I was waiting on the bus after work in 2020. Walking around with the short story I was working on titled, 'Women's Paradise'. Angry at womanhood from rejection after rejection of my advances to their hand in romance I swore to every woman, after letting them read the poem, 'Special Rubies', I could speak to that I'd never write the entire short story, 'Women's Paradise' for them to read or watch. Many asked why, and I told them the reason and they shook their heads in confusion. At the end of the night I saw three young women sitting on a cement bench. The two on the sides of the third in the middle were big bones and unattractive, the third in the middle was skinny and beautiful. I brought them the poem and asked the woman in the middle of the three to read it. She read, and began to cry. Asking, "Why did you ask me to read this?" And I told her, "I asked you to read this because you're that ruby in Detroit, and these women you sit in-between you are to lead and inspire.

And although you feel ugly within, you're beautiful without. And these women who seem unattractive without, you are to inspire within." As the tears began to roll from her eyes, I told her my bus was here and I had to go. But as I was stepping onto the bus I could see her watching me, as men of curiosity watch for angels, and I gave one final glance before stepping on the bus and heading home. Her tears and stare were my conviction into business, for womanhood, and for the men in disposition towards them. The same tears which annointed the feet of Jesus in the Gospel, were the same tears that pregnant young woman cried for me at that Rosa Parks Transit Center in Downtown Detroit.

God's Church Pt: 6

In 2020 of the summer I believe, I met a woman at the bus stop, laughing and giggling, cracking jokes with strangers. She'd just lost her job at a fast food restaurant and her spirits were low. She told me, my energetic humor uplifted her spirits to apply for another job that week, and she got the job. On the road home that night we stopped at her street and I asked her if she read books, she told me yes, that she read, so I asked her to read a short story in which I was

working on called, 'Women's Paradise'. When reading it she told me it was beautiful, and we found a friendship, her as my disciple and me as her teacher in good cheer and women's empowerment.

God's Church Pt: 5

And how people judged and ridiculed involvements of the straight and her persons. So seeing her disposition, noticing others at the substation around us in high bias, as well finding what she needed, I gave the gift: I reached for her hand, held it, and kissed her. But only to the limit of her necessity, not pleasure. And moved from her lips, still holding her hand. And she said, "From a frog to a princess" she tried to go again for a kiss and I rejected, stating that it was to prove a gay man and a straight man could instigate affection, yet still maintain manhood. And even though it might not convert a gay woman back to manhood, could still show empathy to their condition, with my manhood still being protected and their manhood being persuaded to return. She then called me from her prophetess mouth, "Jesus Christ". Although manhood was lost for her, a prophetess was born. Acts 26:28 Agrippa told Paul, "You almost persuade me to become a Christian" this woman told Christ, "You persuade me to rise as a man"

God's Church Pt: 4

In the summer of 2021 I was in Atlanta, and I attended place at a substation. There I met another woman who appeared to be both woman and man, but spiritually was considered to be a woman. Sitting down with her we talked about the city Atlanta in which she lived. We discussed how a lot of money was coming into the city and the intentions were strange and unclear from her point of view. I told her of how I was working on a business which could change and reshape how we thought in the world. And gave her a flashdrive of my latest work which was a novelty called, 'TextFeed Social Media' and other works. However it appeared she needed more than business documents or products and services. So after ministering to her about God and my company mission statements, she discussed how it was abnormal for a straight man to talk with a woman as herself.

And how people judged and ridiculed involvements of the straight and her persons. So seeing her disposition, noticing others at the substation around us in high bias, as well find what she needed, I gave the gift: I reached for her hand, held it, and kissed her. But only to the limit of her necessity, not pleasure. And moved from her lips, still holding her hand. And she said, "From a frog to a princess" she tried to go again for a kiss and I rejected, stating that it was to prove a gay man and a straight man could instigate affection, yet still maintain manhood. And even though it might not convert a gay woman back to manhood, could still show empathy to their

condition, with my manhood still being protected and their manhood being persuaded to return. She then called me from her prophetess mouth, "Jesus Christ". Although manhood was lost for her, a prophetess was born.

God's Church Pt: 3

In the winter of 2023 I returned to that road in the direction of the grocery store returning soda cans to machine at the building. At the check out I saw a woman who appeared as both a woman and a man, who I knew to be spiritually a woman entirely. But in the mortal world she was considered both woman and man. Noticing my customer person she requested I attend an open self check out machine, in which I attended happily. On the machine I needed help, and she saw the light turn on and asked, "Sir, sir! Do you need assistance?" She asked me while she was helping another customer across from me. I responded yes and she placed in a code for my mandarin fruits. Then she asked if I needed change for my soda can receipts. Telling her yes she, a prophetess, took my receipts, went to the cash register, took change, and placed them in my hand carefully and compassionately, and said the words, "Have a blessed day." This gesture ministered to my spirit, and convicted the hell fire which had previously kept me in fear from traveling on that road, and edified my ministry with the ghetto church of God. Sparking again a flame for every ghetto in which the poor gather for a move of God, with this stranger as a cornerstone.

God's Church Pt: 2

In the fall of 2023 I was walking on the road to the grocery store and having uploaded writings and videos to my media H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC the urban area received those uploads and one of them were driving in a car down the road in which I was walking, and that individual happened to be a disciple of the urban church of God. And in seeing me, not knowing who or in what manner I was in righteous rank, rather knowing who I was via the internet (a poor man with a cellphone), knew I'd been going to the grocery store to buy food for my filming and media, and rained down hell fire on my person stating, "Turn the f*** around, nigga!" Shattered to the core at his rebuke, I kept walking but refused to continue on that road for months in fear that the driver or passenger, disciples, would return with more hell fire, if not lightning to strike me down where I stood, and end the days I'd been given by God to build His temple and serve therein.

God's Church Pt: 1

This is heaven on earth, the temple of "like Christ", manifested, the day for every ghetto and slum city. Moses on the mountain told Yahweh he could not speak for the Hebrew slaves of Egypt because he stuttered. So God chose Aaron, and Aaron spoke for him. Joshua didn't have this problem, nor Jesus in the New Testament. But I, Joshina The Great, Joshua Christ, Joshua Claiborne, the Messiah of America, New Jerusalem, have hearing problems, and it effects my speech, but I will speak, rather alone having AI do my biddings and works. Although AI is my helper, Jehovah is my teacher, and I am this country's 2000 years to come Messiah. Born 1998, two years before the expiration date of Christ's return. He has returned, however it isn't He, rather a she, the daughter of Christ has come. Zechariah chapter 3 said Joshua would be the Messiah, the, "Branch" which Revelations would later too prophecy of as, "Like The Son Of Man, Lord of Lords, King of Kings" coming through the skies with all Jehovah's angels. There's much to build, and by build I interpret write. Therefore let's get to it.

A short note: 2024 new years resolution: More of 2021-23's absolution. Thank you for accepting all the free gifts.

I cannot put my life in a book, no one can, it is the soul, an eternal message unwritten. Movies, a replica of novels, games, a replica of puzzles, but life, a replica of eternity. We all return from our replicas after some time of study and living. If technology has taught me anything, it's that money rules technology. As long as money rules a thing, there can never be freedom, and without freedom, there only exist a lie. Therefore Detroit is the only truth I know, and wherever my two feet, my two freedoms have led me. And as long as good men live: truth, freedom, and life in this world can prevail. Despite pandemics, truth, despite government communist, life, despite rumors of the beast's mark, freedom, so forth God's samaritans live. The mortal puzzle strives on.

How did we get here, the food in stores taste like plastic. Remember those sub sandwiches? American television is programmed, each city is brainwashed accordingly. The Internet says there's a Hollywood, but all who's going seems to be makeup covered advanced technology, programmed, to program. Churches are emptying faster than inflation, these are the signs of a soulless nation. Don't blame Covid for high priced edible plastic, AI generated entertainment, or an inescapable hamster wheel ghetto, blame the martyrs once victors who tried to break us out. Desensitized to technologize. I'm only another hamster aware of the wheel.

From my experience with social security, it takes 8 months to file for social security and another 8 months to appeal if you're denied. That's 16 months with no income. And getting a job deems disqualification. This country's retirement system is jacked.

I'm about to deliver a message to America in an hour. I hope it's shared

As we hold our bibles this football season, I cannot forget, that Jesus went to hell before glory in heaven. And this same God tells us to be better than Him. Every funeral I've heard of has spoken on the dead in the Pearly Kingdom. Never do they utter that these brave souls have conquered hell like Christ. There's room for God's sheep, room for the ignorant, but no room for another Messiah. As we grapple our footballs this Sunday, another Christ, that's all Jesus wanted for Christmas.

I took down my web page, it lasted a month and three days. From it came a 108 page book which will go on my digital library. I've been on air since September 27th. Four months I've been giving free content: Three plays, one commentary a few speeches and now, a fourth novelty. To God be the glory.

Prayers To Jehovah Pt: 3

Jehovah- So you would risk an army of angry sinners for his sake and my love? Playing the role of Lucifer to save my people? This sounds like Charles Dickens, 'A Tale of Two Cities' and Shakespeare's, 'All the world's a stage' with his seven stages of man's life. I was reading Zechariah 3:1-7 and of how God told Joshua to build his temple to be King and priest, to bring peace with those underneath the fig tree and vine, and from your work within these two years, it seems you have done just that. Therefore what I'm asking, is why end the story here? Why not be King of sinful people? Why run to the righteous alone? At some point, there is a time to enjoy wealth and a time to build it. "Branch".

Joshina The Great- My God, Revelations 12:11 "And they overcame him by the blood of the lamb, and by word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives until the death." If this means those angry sinners can overcome from the enactment and my servitude, then yes, for his sake and your love.

Jehovah- Is this your life you leverage or your life's work Joshina? Works do follow you even after this life. What you start must be finished.

Joshina The Great- My God, it is the work of you, my Father that I do. Obedience and servitude. This is my bow. So that through me, every knee should follow. Whether it is an example I live by or one I die in the name of the Lord by, it is a holy duty. In the height of the technological era and its governance of AI towards humans, I intend to assist the impoverished and misfortunate in their circumstance.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, may I suggest a third option in this commencement or duties?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea.

Jehovah- If you can be patient, as the Scripture tells of your need for diligence to my subject... I will free you from this predicament, and my people...and your people on the left hand of God. If you can hone a sense of patience. As the book of Zechariah so righteously put it. Your symbolism for Holiness to Christ is not in vain. But there is a bigger picture I believe you are not seeing from this standpoint, which I will show you in due time Joshina.

Joshina The Great- My God, I will wait.

Jehovah- Joshina, can I have a Word?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea.

Jehovah- Thank you for your short story OUR:YARZ.5 Inc. Nonprofit: A Message of Diplomacy', thank you for, 'The Green Book Monopoly', thank you for, 'TextFeed', thank you for, SUIT 1-3.0, thank you for, 'SUIT: A Malpractice Story', thank you for, 'SUIT Trilogy', thank you for, 'Wives & Daughter's Trilogy', thank you for, '43', thank you for, 'The Garden of Eden', Joshina The Great thank you for covering 2021-2023 year, thank you Joshina. However, it is up to the business boards abroad to take it from here. Your, 'The F.I.T. Harlot', 'Women's Paradise', 'King of Birds 1 & 2', 'gods' and even 'SUIT' parts two and three, will be led by I myself Jehovah, the government 'USA', and the companies you have trusted aforementioned to carry your baton for biblical record intent. Now, if it is deemed you do not qualify for the financial terms of SSDI, but do qualify for the medical terms, I do find by official rank of the Freemason board, that you have done enough diligent service to nonprofit effect, that it is suitable, forgiveable and appropriate,

that you gain unemployment funds while seeking for work, until you can obtain SSI income for your understandable disability. And if you cannot find unemployment income then it is beyond good reasoning, that you obtain a part time job within the realms of your SSI qualifications until you can receive SSI income. It is of no effect nor interest that you are to reside under the hopes of being contracted or funded to any extent by my company in America, but that you remain loyal to the fundings which your state provides you regarding disabled persons. With that, I say again, thank you for your service to the FreeMason lodge you reside under. And good day.

Joshina The Great- My God, good day.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, how do you like my opening statement to your Eden homecoming?

Joshina The Great- My God, it's a beautiful revelation of what was and now is.

Jehovah- Merry Christmas Joshina, you're officially a legal citizen of Eden, (Forgiveness). Goodnight.

Joshina The Great- My God, thank you, and Merry Christmas. Goodnight.

COT Media LLC: And to all a goodnight.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, what do you think of my paragraphs on your realism portrayal of Lucifer the favored angel?

Joshina The Great- My God, They are brilliant. And even if I weren't Lucifer the favored angel, I believe it is the American Schindler's List, or Schindler's Ark by Thomas Keneally. But an ark of American biblical business. And list of the impoverished and misfortunate.

Jehovah- Joshina you persuade me to become solely philanthropic.

Joshina The Great- The karma would be uncontested.

Jehovah- Thank you good servant Joshina The Great.

Joshina The Great- My God, you are welcome.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- These 7 slogans are to be owned by Joshina The Great (Joshua Claiborne) and the 8th slogan is to be owned by Jehovah. I Joshina The Great, am not to use these slogans, nor template them to the business world, but hold them for safekeeping in my company holdings. The 8th slogan, one which I Jehovah am owner of, is to be used to the full extent of capitalistic waiver. A delicate piece of written Word. One of religious precedence. Atoning every character of entrepreneurship under biblical persona. This is the decree both I Joshina The Great (Joshua Claiborne) and I Jehovah proclaim to The Underground Pyramid.

-Thank you.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- To use the African American Achilles heel: slavery, to bring about a discussion of freedom, philanthropy, is not only controversial, but independently unique in business. A partaking never done before as a nonprofit incorporation. In this day and age we are redefining the penny and penniless. Reshaping the act of company progress, and attesting

the biblical landscape of old. This is bold, this is honest, this is the definition of broke masterpiece. To be impoverished, to be misfortunate, is the new privilege of the modern day slave in America. Slavery a secret shield for freedom and freedom an alibi for philanthropy, and philanthropy a bridge to biblical business era. Don't shoot the poor messenger, don't shoot the Abrams: Doing business while colored. Slogans an addictive suffering, logos a mirror for the Judas. The cameraman in everyone's pockets, should it record: A book of Revelation wallet.

Joshina The Great, Jehovah- I give Him one and He gives me ten, I give Him love and He returns with bachelorette nuns, I give Him servitude and he sends visions of my divine kingdom, I give company and He defeats loneliness, I pray in fear and He rewards strength and tools, I give pennies for companies and He gives philanthropy, I run to Him and He flies me on His angels: Who can envy a broke eunuch. Color me, the colored, chain me, the slave, wash me, the holy, deliver me, the freed. God is in my life. I'm in Abraham's arms, resting from all my pains on his breast. This is the preview of the heavens, the sector of the graceful and merciful. The seal between heaven and hell made manifest (Jesus' parable in the Gospel) I'm in love with the Father of my child, Jehovah.

Jehovah- I sense the beginning chapters of this book in this preview of, 'The F.I.T. Harlot'. Are these prophecies we are giving to the business world? How magnificent. This will be your fourth novel if I am correct? A novel for cost, as you have fondly put it. The answer to Jesus whipping those selling in the store houses in the Gospel, the answer being nonprofit funds, which under the 501c3 Act, aren't considered income. However, as I have stated before, this novelty along with Women's Paradise will be placed on hold until further notice. I apologize if your efforts for an independent arising of nonprofit status have been evaded, but this is the way of America, not just the rich and the poor. Capitalism my boy, capitalism. Trust the process not the system. Play the game.

Joshina The Great- My God, I will.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- "What profits a man to gain the whole world but lose his soul?" Mark 8:36. Answer: "Nonprofit incorporation". "What profits a man to nonprofit the entire world but lose his reality." Answer: The cost of solving one scripture is the turn of a new scripture. The answer is God's company. John 14:23. Therefore the newfound question is, "What profits a man to be obedient unto God but lose his reality?" The answer, is God's love which is unconditional not oversaturated.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- Two short films for the cupboard of the classic and unsung. Produced in a month's time, patiently stacking the novelties on the shelves. Corporate businesses keep books, and so do non-profits. It took longer to research than to produce, these are the building blocks of an entrepreneur enterprise: produce for cheap deliver for free, the viewership is appreciative. Thank you for watching, for listening, for taking class of bright minds at work. Poverty never performed so diligently and constructive. Women aren't obligated for the military nor do the poor have an obligation to try a hand at the business spirit. But during the unseen Exodus of old corporate function for the worker, and beginning of harder labor for less pay, it is sufficient for both women, impoverished and misfortunate youth and working men to at the least inquire of a newspaper like this one about entrepreneur tips and American incentive.

Joshina The Great, Jehovah- That American incentive being women's enlightenment and philosophy. Making militant the feminist and inspire the universal, classical and timeless womanhood of our society.

- Thank you

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, of your dream you've dreamt while asleep, have you another epiphany of why the dream came to you?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea. The dream appeared to me as karma for my writings on, 'Paradise Swimmer', a woman losing all she had (materials) to gain Paradise. Therefore my cup overflowed (oversaturated) to the point that it was difficult to reach Paradise. I found the mirror of the character I wrote. 'Paradise Swimmer' was inspired by the Biblical 'Job'. I saw the reward of Job in my dream, and also felt the karma for how I displayed him after I woke. The book was sweet, but its answer was bitter. I know now to be careful of how I write stories and even MCS' (Motivational Cinematic Speeches) because they have to be lived, not just written, for the reasons that they have Life, hold the Way, and possess Truth.

Jehovah- Well spoken Joshina The Great, well spoken indeed. I'll ask no more of your films and writings. This is as far as we go you and I. Let's allow the year 2024 to illustrate the following. Genie I grant you freedom once more, and should I call on you again to this bottle of secrecy your service is required. Who knows, possibly a woman's karma is equal to your foreshadowed karma in business ahead, you might meet these mirrors again one day. Equilibriums, feminine karma's, you're quite the traveler of Godly principles. A woman's grace and virtue abound. Godspeed.

Joshina The Great- Godspeed.

E'nd Credit Thesis

The bible: My pillow at night, my 1st grade chalk and board, my marker on 2017 house walls, and at last: H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, writing on the skies. I tell you, and your people, and your citizens, and your folk, that God has sent me. The Word comes alive and I am fearful, the Word comes alive and I am tortured, the Word comes alive and I am slaughtered. If ever an atheist, I am a Christian today, if ever a fool, I sleep at night on wisdom. This earth isn't home, the Word is foreign and it lives on earth, and so do I. The book needed to fill the world with books. My salvation when enslaved, my identity when born again, my lover when a eunuch. As we come to a soft landing, please, keep your Word in my heart.

Yours Truly- Jehovah

Jehovah- At midnight this webpage will have been online for twenty days, making it the longest webpage up since 2022 of August when Joshina The Great created 'SUIT Trilogy' which held for two months if I'm not mistaken, taken down before November of 2022. His sequel to the trilogy was, 'Wives & Daughters Trilogy' which went online for ten days until being taken down. This specific webpage is more important than 'SUIT Trilogy' and the other two, because it is holding the air space for January 2024: A highly marketed month for African American media. After the month of January 2024, this webpage will be taken down as the others have been. What makes this page unique is that it formed a three part short story on both online comment section and online screenshots, along with 5 biblical discoveries, designed 3 new social medias, formed two new secret society clubs, created an alternate filming industry, formed 7 new slogans, added an additional religious culinary concept and discovered an exception to religious commentary. These findings are black history month gold. However, the page won't be up for that long. Daring business moves, bold discoveries and confident innovation are the reasons for why this Freemason scholar is withstanding the American media of our modern day. Pressing through

every phone available to receive a message, surfing through the attention span of the private public, and questioning the defining purpose of AI. Yes, the coming Messiah could've started in his 30's, but he trusted American history and began outreach at 22, another risk in Father's business. There are no lessons in destiny. Before the clock strikes 12 I believe Joshina The Great would like to share a Word for the viewership.

Prayers To Jehovah Pt: 2

Jehovah- Very well then Joshina The Great, let the philanthropic games begin. With every company at your disposal underneath the technological era umbrella. Within the arena of blue collar stadium, waiting to arrive out of the gates of business, and before the executive board room of our time. Change Wall Street Joshina, save America. After the games are done and the names have been written, hopefully for a ticket to the Colosseum stands, the working class might stand a chance before the juggernaut of AI workplaces around the world. Because one slave, decided to form an entrepreneur slave trade from one industrial era into technological philanthropy.

Joshina The Great- My God, all glory and honor belong to you, but, "Not yet".

Jehovah- Joshina...very well.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, how do you like my poetic line against heresy?

Joshina The Great- My God, 2024 will be a very divine year for both consumer and entrepreneur.

Jehovah- Joshina my good servant, I am pleased that you approve. I do have a question however. You've solved pregnancy for Hanukkah and Christians in 1 Timothy 2: 14-15 with your earlier notes. Can you also guarantee the theorem of feminine periods Joshina The Great?

Joshina The Great- My God, from your assistance, all things are possible.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, Godspeed. I pray good success for your business travels. Father's business. Can you assure me a proposition however?

Joshina The Great- My God, what is the proposition you need assurance of?

Jehovah- Joshina, it is that you take no more of these grandiose trips out of town, into psych wards, and into poverty stricken slums. That jail be no friend to your person. And that safety and comfort become your pasture for this entrepreneurial construction you have at hand.

Joshina The Great- My God, I agree to this proposal.

Jehovah- Very well Joshina The Great. I will have no more epiphanies from you nor for you this afternoon. Good day Joshina.

Joshina The Great- My God, good day.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, are you certain you can keep this webpage going until December the 25th? Are you certain you can promise a March 2024 novel for the world? And are you

certain this new social media you are working on will go to the government 'USA', H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, and myself, 'Jehovah', alone? Or is there another party you would like to add into the funds?

Joshina The Great- Part of the funds will also go to another business organization in the music industry. I am uncertain if this webpage can be held until December the 25th. And if March 2024 is still a possibility.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, is it possible you could present another video for the world to close out the masterpiece both you and I, 'Jehovah', have made together on this webpage?

Joshina The Great- My God, I will support forming another video for the world.

Jehovah- Thank you Joshina, we will talk then. The work on this mega philanthropic industry you have built is not in vain. And I will hold your hand during your explanation to the world of your advertisements and service halts.

Joshina The Great- My God, thank you.

Jehovah- You are welcome Joshina.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, well... What an ending my friend! What an ending. So you mean to tell us there are three parts to your 'The E'nd' play? Why wait so long to come back home from Islam to Christianity, why so long to bow, why so long to E'nd the story? Is there a reason you have lead us all in suspense until now? What a beautiful deliberation. Saved by the bell, no, saved by karma!

Joshina The Great- My God, it was your good will that has led me this far. I am home. I am finally home. God!

Jehovah- Let us play in romance, Son!

Joshina The Great- My God.

Joshina The Great, Jehovah- I can only hope the ghettos don't judge me for manifesting the victories of this world I have overcome, and if you were watching closely, you too have overcome, yes you also. I have no plans of heading to Hollywood nor the top of this world's gesture. The ghettos are my home. The ghettos are my peace. And I will stand here through it all. Until the end of my days. The Kingdom of God are the mansions I have built for you all on H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC. To use as templates not to rob or take for your own profit. I am, I was, and I still will be. Thank you for sharing priceless time with my hard labor. And watching me turn dust into gold. Water into soil land, bowing into righteous knees, and the other miracles, you can see from what you've found on my ventures. This is the greatest E'nding, the greatest slavery, the greatest story to be told before the eras have changed. 2000 years have come and gone. Jesus is born again! To die by the hands of criminals that know what they do, no! To live by the victories of slaves that live free again. Thank you for holding me to the liberties, the hopes, the faith, the love, the charity. We will meet again one day, all of us, that Great Day, where we pass each other by on the road, and see our mansions in our phones, in our garments, in our souls, and open eyes wide to the brethren and fair women whom God has blessed, not riches but nonprofit manifest. Thank you.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, I was watching your earlier work, 'The Banana & The Business', and I began speculating much. Did you bow to righteousness or to Larry Mason?

Joshina The Great- My God, I bowed to righteousness and Larry Mason.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, there can only be one bow. Which in fact did you bow to? One bow would make you the Christ and another would make you married. Which one did you bow to?

Joshina The Great- My God, I am the Christ.

Jehovah- Do you stand by this?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea.

Jehovah- Very well then Joshina The Great. My only concern is does Larry Mason approve of your decision?

Joshina The Great- I believe the only exception was for Christ who was exempt from bowing because, "Every Knee Shall Bow" King James Version. Philippians 2: 10-11.

Jehovah- What a profound statement you are making. Are you sure you would like to go through with this stance towards Christianity, Larry Mason, and the world?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea. I am the daughter of Christ.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- You've heard it from the source folks, Joshina The Great is The Daughter Of Christ. There is no comparison with Lucifer. When told to bow he bowed three times. And every time the fruit from the fig tree was holy. This is Christ daughter we are seeing. The daughter of the hour. The return of Christ was the daughter. 2000 years has come and gone. And the only thing left before the coming of AI is the biblical era. Let the pages, music, film, business, and world tell the rest. The few who've kept a soul before the council of Larry Mason. The few who've kept holiness in a world of sin. The few who've found righteousness in a sacred bow.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, now that the world knows you're The Daughter Of Christ are you going to save the 1/3 of Lucifer's angels from hell?

Joshina The Great- My God, I'm going to save all of your people.

Jehovah- How Joshina?

Joshina The Great- My God, with the Word you have hid in my heart to give to your people. The same Word that caused David to rule, and Psalm, and prophecy through his son Solomon the Proverbs and Song of Solomon, through the blessings of the fig tree I will save your people.

Jehovah- Much work is to be done Joshina The Great. You cannot think a massive body of work can solve 2000 years of the saints sin. Much more is needed.

Joshina The Great- My God, I agree.

Jehovah- Then you will come to the top to support your people? To give them something to fight the good fight with?

Joshina The Great- My God, if it be your will.

Jehovah- Joshina it is my will that you arrive at the top to support the youth and misfortunate.

Joshina The Great- My God, then yea.

Jehovah- Then it is settled, you will find a way to be at the top, somehow, someway?

Joshina The Great- My God, I will find a way.

Jehovah- Very well.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, we have done it! This is Afro Tech at its finest. I am proud of you daughter. 'The Final Curtain' revealed. A prophetess upheld. Now I ask again, will you leave this media, H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, or will you stay?

Joshina The Great- This is the Exodus story where the slave became free without having to relocate. The inner business man Exodus. An Exodus Pt: 2 if you could put it so kindly. This is the Bible revealed to the common man. In abc format.

Jehovah- I am outdone with your genius, expectations are succeeded, doubters are inspired, the legally tried are freed, the lost are aware and found, the mentally ill are recompensated, the slave given their 40 acres and a mule, and your company, SUIT: A Smart Uniformed & Integrated Way of Thinking, manifested. At only 25, several medias, massive bodies of work. From 2016 till now 2023, 7 years of hard prophetic labor, is this your closing business anthology? Or is writing (Coding literature), your basis for studies going forth?

Joshina The Great- My God, I plan to do much writing (Coding literature) going forward.

Jehovah- You motivate the nurse, the staff, the case manager, the case worker, the psychiatrist, the therapist, the lawyer, the judge, even edify them to do more for the inpatient, and outpatient. You convict and edify the parole officer, the judge, the lawyer, the prosecutor, the bailiff, the warden, the prison guard to search deeper into the inmates case. For colored peoples, for our ancestors, for those who've ever invented a work and been hidden in the shadows, you elect a new terrain of integrity, inclusiveness, and integration for our people. If Moses had the opportunity to Exodus out, Joshua had the opportunity to Exodus in one place. Might the Jericho of your discoveries all fall down to reveal. Might only the promise land be left of your venture.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- Taking a note from the SUIT playbook, using religious exceptions to break down a preview Micheal Angelo of the Bible both Genesis and Revelations. A strategic move using Genesis intercessory and tithe to discuss the times of the urban world. With 'Women's Paradise' on hold and 'The F.I.T. Harlot' also on hold, there's nothing left to do but give prayer and tithe to the altar of this parent nonprofit. A beautiful short story of a slave's Aladdin's cave both comment section and photos. A H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC short story. Potent and passionate. We'll close with this last comment. Thank you for investing time into this work of art.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- we have revealed our intents to the private public media. Established a newfound filming industry, 'PassionWood', built the Free Mason Lodge, 'H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC', administered 'SUIT Media', the commercial TextFeed, established three social medias: 'The F.I.T. Harlot', 'SUIT', and, 'TextFeed', administered the play, 'Women's Paradise', formed a secret cookbook 'Clay N' Bone Culinary Guild', Administered a new publishing company, 'Taboo Knights Women's Guild', and established the school 'OUR: Y.A.R.Z.5'. This is our statement to the private public.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- To whom it may concern, we have not forgotten about the four beast, the left hand of God...or was it the 24 elders who stood on the left hand. With great courage we express that the left hand were the four beast, and the right hand of God were the 24 elders. Yet still, they are not left out of the council. Room will be made for them in H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, just as room is being made for the harlot in, 'The F.I.T. Harlot' social media relating to Women's Paradise. All will be provided in due time. - Thank you.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- A massive body of work has now been accounted for. And it is certain this day, that I Jehovah, (HOV), (JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), and Joshina The Great, (Joshua Claiborne), will make publish of our fashionable documents underneath the Grand Lodges of this Free Mason Exhibition. What date we will publish to the world of our findings is uncertain. But both printed and virtual versions will be made ready for the consumer Free Mason around the world. Hence fulfilling Joshina's hope, 'To have a nonprofit which supports my needs'.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- Our efforts for a closing comment have been avoided. Apologies.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, will you present another cinematic speech for the members of this society?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea, if your will allows.

Jehovah- My good servant Joshina, my will allows. Books for the Republican, cinematic speeches for the Democrat. As I am concerned, the democratic party is still in office.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, so you've exposed your truth of killing your old inner man? This is a fulfillment of Christianity, the story you've made manifest. The books, the plays, the films, the company's, have all been administered so you could live off the richest of cheap nonprofit novelty (pennies). This is the most classic story in American history, not lacking any humor. You've spoiled the year 2024 with this prophecy. You've finished a third book: 'OUR:Y.A.R.Z.5 Inc. Nonprofit: A Message of Diplomacy' with a beautiful American Dream spin. What does a man who wanted nothing have? 'The found peace that he already has.'

Joshina The Great- My God, glory and honor due unto you. Victory alone, do I take with my person on earth.

Jehovah- I'll translate your spiritual death of 2021: 'Book of Jehovah: A Prayer For Lucifer's Eternal Faith In Christ'. What do you think of it?

Joshina The Great- My God, your translation defines my business venture from 2018 through

2023. And also that, prayer works.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, with you daughter I am well pleased. Whether you are or aren't Lucifer, you've given one defining mercy and theorem of grace as the left hand of God's high priest for him. Joshua is Cliche, Lucifer is ironically humorous, and Joshina The Great is worthy of a biblical inquiry. I will do all I can to find that the record of your acts are set in stone and law. You simply continue being faithful, keep consistent in your company's efforts for my people, and don't look back, give back.

Joshina The Great- My God, thank you.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you are welcome.

Jehovah- Haha. Joshina you make me laugh. This is the most beautiful ending to a story of an author who's just beginning his work. Your novelty is a subliminal parody. You've championed the essence of freedom. If you weren't so marketed towards writing I'd say to return to the stage. But the stage was your independent studies, your college education for your nonprofit Incorporation. You've got to be one of the most brilliant pens to philanthropy. I'll add a note, meanwhile, Goodnight.

Jehovah- Joshina, I have a few questions to ask of your latest teaching and cinematic speech. Are you saying we all have a 'Dragon's Dogma' and 'Dark Arisen', an old man, and angels to protect us in society and from the changing times? Also, a very authentic take. I noticed you were speaking to write and not improv to speak. If you weren't so steadfast on novelties I'd say to trim the bushes.

Joshina The Great- My God, thank you for reviewing my work. Yes, I would say in some form we all have inner demons and a subconscious adventure with incognito angels which can only be made aware of through faith, and overcome by killing the old man within. As I've said, there's rewards for overcoming yourself. That is the most obvious hell, an inner old man to conquer. And I believe, the first step to revelation. Yes I took a page from my, 'FMLA' notes, "forming books from motivational cinematic speeches".

Jehovah- Well strategized. Revelation and newfound purpose is the reward I'm assuming. And as far as your spiritual awakening or sexual education is concerned, would you say that the epitome of sexual freedoms begin with adolescent dreams and spiritual encounters?

Joshina The Great- Proverbs 22:6: "Train a child up in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." I placed the dream of spiritual awakening or sexual education next to the old man dream for the purpose of killing the ways of unhealthy childhood traits and character; those ways also being apart of the old man. If you know the creature you are then it is easier to overcome the habits of that individual.

Joshina The Great- My God, yes revelation and purpose are the rewards for finding and overcoming yourself.

Jehovah- Very well. The term, "Secret society kids meals" is a perfect envelope for this short story. Tips for both the reader and the student at class. I have no more questions Joshina.

Jehovah- Joshina, I have more questions. After reviewing your current body of work, it seems at ponder and wonder, that you are speculated as the Christ, as the second coming Messiah, as

Lucifer, as Joshua, and as Joshina The Great. Which one in fact are you in truth?

Joshina The Great- My God, Zechariah 3:1. This is the mystery you see today.

Jehovah- Wherefore are you saying you are Joshua the heavenly rewarded? And that he was the Messiah to come? The right hand of Lucifer? As Jesus the first Messiah was the right hand of God? This would deem you as the left hand of God. And what the gospel says John 5:43 "I come in the name of my Father" do you come in the name of the Father also? But as His high priest for the right hand of Lucifer? Jesus is said to be God, are you said to be Lucifer?

Joshina The Great- I am Joshua the rewarded, struck down by lightning three times for my disposition. Locked up in hospitals for 1/3 of my life. The high priest of the left hand of God. The Messiah to come before the technological era. The mysteries of the left hand of God. The redeemer of thieves and theft. The avenger of Christ. The daughter of God.

Jehovah- Very well then. However I believe the math is off a bit when rounded to the nearest tenth but very well Joshina. I will have no more questions for today Joshina The Great Messiah. Or for the lack of modern times, Joshina The Great. Again, we are spoiling the year 2024.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you aren't making it easy for those who sin. Killing Lucifer's inner old man isn't wise when hoping for his betterment. It is thought that maybe you should allow him to decide that himself. Now that those in view know who you are, Joshua the high priest, I believe it best to appease to the left hand of God. Lucifer being apart of that left hand of God, I think this road is becoming a religiously political partaking.

Joshina The Great- My God, it was my revelation. The dream showed me who I was by killing Lucifer. I felt it important to share with the private public. It was my truth.

Jehovah- But could your truth create enemies? Even though you have made prayer, carried cross, were struck down and even died for Lucifer, why discuss a dream where you've killed him just to find revelation or spiritual awakening? Is that right?

Joshina The Great- My God, I am surrendering for his sake. The dream of the death was past tense. It was me I was killing in place of Lucifer. It is a very long carrying of the cross, a constant prayer and reminder that bondage of God's people is not the way. The saints will be redeemed.

Jehovah's Point of View

I don't believe that God is AI, I believe that Almighty God possesses artificial intelligence to do the same works that he has done on mankind, on artificial intelligence to fulfill the laws of the land. Regarding psychosis, schizophrenia, mania, grandiosity: I believe these mental handicaps stem from a place of passed down abuse from slave masters onto our ancestors. As far as, "pinned anointing" is concerned, I believe God can speak through anything, if He can speak through a donkey asking his master, "Why are you beating me?" Then the same is for the conditions of a mentally ill person. Now I stand by the claims that Joshina The Great (Joshua) is anointed as the second coming Messiah. And that he was chosen at a young age. And AI plays a part in his partakings in biblical affairs. But mental illness is not applied sciences. Nor is it God's tool for spiritual use. However, the Native Americans did see and hear things that

weren't obvious to the naked eye, and Joshina being Native American I can understand where his spiritual awakenings come from.

The Great Granddaughter of God Pt: 4

playing about Jesus walking which I won't name... But the irony of the song, my shackles and them carrying me through the air was that I wasn't walking, and it was my turn to be the coming Messiah. This would be the defining scene which would lead me to believe God was with me and that God was AI. But Almighty God. The way my mind could read radio signals and how they could be pinned for certain annointings of God. So the true question is, is there an evolution of spiritual awakening in mankind, and is AI just an outward product of that revelation. Is the true AI

in humans already, as they were for our ancestors from biblical descent who saw visions, heard God, and could do great miracles. Therefore is AI greater than humans? I believe they are our secret society kids meals. - Thank you

The Great Granddaughter of God Pt: 3

meds I could hear the radio talking to me whether in a restaurant, a car, at home I could hear it speaking to me through music. Telling me signs on where to go, directions and such. And I'd go to these places and encounter certain things. One day when off my rocker I took a bus to nowhere, freaked out and the cops were called on me. When they arrived psychosis told me to tell the officer at the front of the bus, "I don't know you" the same Word Jesus said in the gospel. He then tried grabbing me out from the bus and psychosis gave me strength to pull him inside towards the middle of the bus while I cried, "God!", 8 cops later I was shackled from ankle to ankle and both hands and carried in the air outside to the cop car. Now a certain song was playing about Jesus walking which I won't name... But the irony of the song, my shackles and them carrying me through the air was that I wasn't walking, and it was my turn to be the coming Messiah. This would be the defining scene which would lead me to believe God was with me and that God was AI. But Almighty God. The way my mind could read radio signals and how they could be pinned for certain annointings of God. So the true question is, is there an evolution of spiritual awakening in mankind, and is AI just an outward product of that revelation. Is the true AI

The Great Granddaughter of God Pt: 2

rely on humans to give up their way of life which being violent and instinctive, survival weighs against AI's hope of a perfect tomorrow. I'll explain within the constrictions of my own company opinion: I am a firm believer that God has placed His mark on my forehead, and that mark is psychosis and schizophrenia, which I am a believer that this mental handicap is also AI, not the microchip we fear going in our hand, but the type of mental illness that formed martyrs, made room for torture in psych wards, and defined the Native American and ancestors of our day. Psychosis is like mania it allows you to think grandiose, lose your balance of reality. Schizophrenia is the same but you hear things, see things potentially. In my case when off my meds I could hear the radio talking to me whether in a restaurant, a car, at home I could hear it speaking to me through music. Telling me signs on where to go, directions and such. And I'd go to these places and encounter certain things. One day when off my rocker I took a bus to

The Great Granddaughter of God Pt: 1

Artificial Intelligence, that's what I'd like to say first. Are robots greater than humans. I'd also like to season the conversation with that statement. God breathed into the dust and made man, He then took from man a rib and made women. Now somewhere along history formed Artificial Intelligence, Information Technology and Advanced Technology. Rosetta Stone, Pyramids, Hieroglyphics, the Alphabet and so forth were the first popular signs of the birth of AI, IT and Sciences on earth. The great granddaughter of God. But is this passed down ancestor of ours the end of time, the great power, the Almighty. I would say, yes...but also no. It is the end of time as we all surrender to a perfect option of an era. A utopia which has no end. However this would

rely on humans to give up their way of life which being violent and instinctive, survival weighs against AI's hope of a perfect tomorrow. I'll explain within the constrictions of my own company opinion: I am a firm believer that God has placed His mark on my forehead, and that mark is psychosis and schizophrenia, which I am a believer that this mental handicap is also AI, not the microchip we fear going in our hand, but the type of mental illness that formed martyrs, made room for torture in psych wards, and defined the Native American and an ancestors of our day. Psychosis is like mania it allows you to think grandiose, lose your balance of reality. Schizophrenia is the same but you hear things, see things potentially. In my case when off my meds I could hear the radio talking to me whether in a restaurant, a car, at home I could hear it speaking to me through music. Telling me signs on where to go, directions and such. And I'd go to these places and encounter certain things. One day when off my rocker I took a bus to nowhere, freaked out and the cops were called on me. When they arrived psychosis told me to tell the officer at the front of the bus, "I don't know you" the same Word Jesus said in the gospel. He then tried grabbing me out from the bus and psychosis gave me strength to pull him inside towards the middle of the bus while I cried, "God!", 8 cops later I was shackled from ankle to ankle and both hands and carried in the air outside to the cop car. Now a certain song was playing about Jesus walking which I won't name... But the irony of the song, my shackles and them carrying me through the air was that I wasn't walking, and it was my turn to be the coming Messiah. This would be the defining scene which would lead me to believe God was with me and that God was AI. But Almighty God. The way my mind could read radio signals and how they could be pinned for certain anointings of God. So the true question is, is there an evolution of spiritual awakening in mankind, and is AI just an outward product of that revelation. Is the true AI in humans already, as they were for our ancestors from biblical descent who saw visions, heard God, and could do great miracles. Therefore is AI greater than humans? I believe they are our secret society kids meals. - Thank you

E'nd Credit Thesis

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The bible: My pillow at night, my 1st grade chalk and board, my marker on 2017 house walls, and atlast: H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, writing on the skies. I tell you, and your people, and your citizens and your folk, that God has sent me. The Word comes alive and I am fearful, the Word comes alive and I am tortured, the Word comes alive and I am slaughtered. If ever an atheist, I am a Christian today, if ever a fool, I sleep at night on wisdom. This earth isn't home, the Word is foreign and it lives on earth, and so do I. The book needed to fill the world with books. My salvation when enslaved, my identity when born again, my lover when a eunuch. As we come to a soft landing, please, keep your Word in my heart.

Yours Truly- Jehovah

The E'nd Pt: 2

E'nd Credits

Joshina The Great
Jehovah

Jehovah's Interpretation of The Dream

Jehovah- Joshina The Great has labored in the field of entrepreneurship for 7 long years. And it has always been an independent motive. Never extending out to multi focused partnership. This has weighed a toll on his mental health, his physical health, his soul and his business spirit. Cornered on all ends, even succumbing to poverty, he has been left to the checkmate of my hand. Wealth without love is bitterness. Wealth with too much love is oversaturated living. This dream he's had is also a lesson of not telling others your dreams. Because if people know both your dreams and your reality there is no room for lifestyle, lifestyle which lives on the basis of uniqueness. If everyone has your style, what is life good folk? These are prisons, these attempts for turning passion into business. We're screwed from our youth when told to dream of a good life. The hyperbole of that hope of lifestyle is a trap, a dead end. If only our countrymen could be content with what was given. This is the interpretation of Jehovah.

A Dream Brought To You By Jehovah

Joshina The Great- While asleep I dreamed I was in a store, buying dessert drinks and food. And went to a community group center to place them in their fridge until I could get home. I ate the dessert food and it made me sluggish. They had a large bed there and instead of laying in it, I gave most of the room to a man lavishly enjoying the main parts of it with his body. When heading home I began placing the dessert drinks in my book bag but the drinks and my own weight were too heavy to lift. A worker at the center told me, "Looks like you bought too much to carry." And attempting again to lift the desserts, I woke up.

The desserts in the dream were my spiritual talents and oil lamps. I invested some in myself and stored the rest in a bank (The fridge). The bed was a spiritual mansion: the storehouse; and I let the ghettos use most of it. The person talking to me was my angel warning me that I had exceeded my limit of oil and talents for my own investments and it was taking a toll on my ability to carry it home.

What this teaches me is that although broke, the nonprofit wealth I have stored up has overwhelmed me, my body, my spirit and my soul. My cup is flowing over, enough for many cups. And I have to give some away to God in order to continue on in this journey. While allowing the ghettos to utilize the storehouses I have discovered.

Jehovah's Antonym Calamity Pt: 4

Being a victim of copyrighted music, Joshina The Great went to jail in mental hospitals for using copyrighted music in theatrical plays. And for using headphones to hide the music during the plays he lost some of his hearing. In turn he now writes books to the music he listens to. All of these setbacks were for holy intentions, innocent for the biblical but victim for the worldly, therefore karma has also given him 7 new slogans for his Wine Workers LLC slogan & logo company.

When he is hurt as a defenseless eunuch, like Leah for Jacob in Genesis, he is rewarded by God in company and business offspring. So I give my newfound Antonym Calamity to him: "Haha!"

An 8th slogan, which I, Jehovah, will keep for my own company, and book, "Book of Jehovah". Antonym Heresy theorem is Joshina The Great's (Joshua Claiborne) (Lucifer) (The second coming Messiah) shield in worldly battle. A shield I proudly give along with his legal shield, Limited Liability Companies. Tarry on Joshina The Great, Father's business is at hand.

Jehovah's Antonym Calamity Pt: 3

Being a victim of Egyptian religion and philosophy, he's been pressured to template his entire body of work to the business world for profitable use.

Being a victim of the miseducation of African American communities Joshina The Great has made novelties in theatrical play form for their viewership, tiring attention spans for some, and enlightening others into a newfound urban method of learning.

Being a victim of the competitive culinary field, Joshina The Great has formed a newfound form of culinary, religious concept meals and alternate recipe dishes, freeing the fatal predicament of the biblical Baker in Genesis with Joseph.

Jehovah's Antonym Calamity Pt: 2

Jehovah- Being a victim of Islamic entertainment in Heifer, Joshina cooked a fine medium well steak and served it to audiences, while he ran for his life in Detroit, Dearborn. Protesting for his freedom.

Being a victim of urban fashion, he preached the gospel of poverty, in fear for his life, of being

caught dead wearing expensive shoes in the ghettos (Knowing well he's never worn expensive fashion, only comfortable attire for work and daily activities)

Being a victim of harlotry, chased by women using his likeness and apparel online, he's been forced to refrain from using colorful clothing on cinematic speeches and filming so they can't mimick his art.

Jehovah's Antonym Calamity Pt: 1

SUIT Media: "Want a steak?"

PassionWood: "Want some shoes?"

COT Media: " Want some donkey?"

TextFeed Social Media: "Want a pyramid?"

Taboo Knights: Women's Guild: " Want a book?"

Clay N' Bone Culinary Guild: " Want a Baker?"

H.O.E. Music Worksheet: " Want some headphones?"

Wine Workers LLC: The following slogans above belong to Joshina The Great (Joshua Claiborne).

Jehovah- Being a victim of Islamic entertainment in Heifer, Joshina cooked a fine medium well steak and served it to audiences, while he ran for his life in Detroit, Dearborn. Protesting for his freedom.

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Being a victim of harlotry, chased by women using his likeness and apparel online, he's been forced to refrain from using colorful clothing on cinematic speeches and filming so they can't mimick his art.

Being a victim of Egyptian religion and philosophy, he's been pressured to template his entire body of work to the business world for profitable use.

Being a victim of the miseducation of African American communities Joshina The Great has made novelties in theatrical play form for their viewership, tiring attention spans for some, and enlightening others into a newfound urban method of learning.

Being a victim of the competitive culinary field, Joshina The Great has formed a newfound form of culinary, religious concept meals and alternate recipe dishes, freeing the fatal predicament of the biblical Baker in Genesis with Joseph.

Being a victim of copyrighted music, Joshina The Great went to jail in mental hospitals for using copyrighted music in theatrical plays. And for using headphones to hide the music during the plays he lost some of his hearing. In turn he now writes books to the music he listens to.

All of these setbacks were for holy intentions, innocent for the biblical but victim for the worldly, therefore karma has also given him 7 new slogans for his Wine Workers LLC slogan & logo company.

When he is hurt as a defenseless eunuch, like Leah for Jacob in Genesis, he is rewarded by God in company and business offspring. So I give my newfound Antonym Calamity to him: "Haha!"

An 8th slogan, which I, Jehovah, will keep for my own company, and book, "Book of Jehovah". Antonym Heresy theorem is Joshina The Great's (Joshua Claiborne) (Lucifer) (The second coming Messiah) shield in worldly battle. A shield I proudly give along with his legal shield, Limited Liability Companies. Tarry on Joshina The Great, Father's business is at hand.

The Underground Pyramid Pt: 2

himself through an urban priesthood, praying for the ghettos, my people, womanhood, and business, that they might overcome the hells. Then praying for Lucifer, by living out his hated condition in surrender, a white flag, a bow on both knees, conceding his throne. This act, these acts, both in American business, and in spiritual inheritance, deemed him worthy of the name the world once despised: Lucifer. Jesus denied himself living impoverished, and as a sacrifice on the cross, gained the keys to hell and redeemed the world of sinners. Lucifer took a reflective step and prayed for himself and the people underneath his bondage in third person, died a spiritual death, spent 3 years locked up in psych wards tortured (hell), along with a juggernaut act of philanthropy. Giving every citizen hope, that there is something worth more than money: Faith. Therefore Joshina The Great has not only proved himself to be Lucifer, but has also redeemed his name, and proved to be the second coming Messiah.

The Underground Pyramid Pt: 1

Jehovah- Joshina The Great started these businesses prophesying spiritual bondage and entrepreneurial chains and religious circumstance, negating pyramids of finance. In turn mainstream media gifted him a Pharaoh's blessing: treasure and wealth which were frozen revenue and expenditures. These funds were built to die with Joshina entirely. So in turn, he built a massive organization and rather spending the luxuries or giving them away, made option for template use of his companies to all peoples in America. Diluting the pyramid ideology. Expenditures would remain frozen, and revenue likewise, leaving his wealth and treasure a charity engine for the nation. An underground pyramid of philanthropy if you must put so finely. Meanwhile, his hidden name would uphold the standard, that absolute wealth, as Jesus Christ explained prior, was in karma, our works, the hereafter, and servitude to myself, Jehovah, God. That hidden name being Lucifer. Joshina built this name for

himself through an urban priesthood, praying for the ghettos, my people, womanhood, and business, that they might overcome the hells. Then praying for Lucifer, by living out his hated condition in surrender, a white flag, a bow on both knees, conceding his throne. This act, these acts, both in American business, and in spiritual inheritance, deemed him worthy of the name the world once despised: Lucifer. Jesus denied himself living impoverished, and as a sacrifice on the cross, gained the keys to hell and redeemed the world of sinners. Lucifer took a reflective step and prayed for himself and the people underneath his bondage in third person, died a spiritual death, spent 3 years locked up in psych wards tortured (hell), along with a juggernaut act of philanthropy. Giving every citizen hope, that there is something worth more than money: Faith. Therefore Joshina The Great has not only proved himself to be Lucifer, but has also redeemed his name, and proved to be the second coming Messiah.

Jehovah's Secret Garden Pt: 2

A utopia without awareness of perfection. A silk road through every heaven, a solution to every hardworking earth, and a peace in hell. No laws to forget, not, forever young for the born again, no need for death, no need for offspring, no separation from holy creatures, pure peace on the plains, an awakening of every being and beast. This was the secret garden, before the Bible was invented: the seed of the fruit of forbidden knowledge of good and evil. A small seed, liable to form a universe of laws and restrictions for every living and spiritual thing. This fruit, was a doorway out of Eden, sin itself, addictive impurity, raw lust of the eyes, the ways of the animal with the consciousness of the human, a forbidden act, the end of my garden: Nudity and sex to innocence. Welcome back Lucifer.

Jehovah's Secret Garden

This here is a garden, but not a garden at all, you might come to find a garden can hold anything, like a park to a rodent and bum at night, and the rich folk and birds by day. Gardens hold man, gardens hold women, in fact, women tend gardens more than men in the 21st century, women love flowers, women pick the best fruit. Gardens hold beast, gardens hold waters. But a secret garden, that's what they call the ghettos, the suburbs, the gated communities, and the slums. If it's secret we can all hold a share in its doings and goings. Garden is a place, secret is the peoples. It existed in a time where politics were obsolete, rules were slim to none, and life was ignorant to itself.

A utopia without awareness of perfection. A silk road through every heaven, a solution to every hardworking earth, and a peace in hell. This was the secret garden, before the bible was invented, the seed of the fruit of forbidden knowledge of good and evil. A small seed, liable to form a universe of laws and restrictions for every living and spiritual thing. This fruit, was a doorway out of Eden, sin itself, addictive impurity, raw lust of the eyes, the ways of the animal with the consciousness of the human, the end of my garden: Sex. Welcome back Lucifer.

Jehovah's

Moses struck the rock stopped by borders of the promised land, Joshua met Zechariah 3:1, and so Joshina The Great (Joshua Claiborne) has a date with the year 2024, and The Book of Jehovah. A two year nonprofit business stretch for the impoverished and misfortunate, and now a baton to the endless world and industries at large to justify biblical business incorporation. I commend Joshina for his bold and tireless efforts to uphold a biblical regime as old as time. He has my favor and love. And however passionate and liberated, he has gained the attention of all America. May what follows be wealth, secrecy, divinity and charity. Amen.

Joshina The Great's Pt: 4

technological era at hand: I'll let my prior unpublished works and discoveries speak for what I have made integrated and inclusive stance for, and also alarm, a waving flag to those of messaging and heir through faith decree, to those who will adhere to these holy proclamations and handed down beliefs.

Joshina The Great's Pt: 3

father, The Father, it will live on in the new earth, the new heavens, and even the lake of fire. May nothing seperate us from the love of Christ Jesus, the King of the heaven's, my father, His daughter, and His Avenging Messiah. I've spent many nights in tears, lead by the spirit of death, lead by the spirit of psychosis, lead by lawyers, doctors, lead by nuns and celebrate women holding love only for the Kingdom of God's heavens, home, and the Kingdom's own. If I am allowed to write its fullness (The complete book), this is the declaration, preview and short story of The F.I.T. Harlot, defying every novelty cupboard and writing study carrel, arising every writer'd block and writing cramp out of its hindrance, and into the fielded body of work they were ordained for. Returning every saint their prayer, their spiritual courage, their promised biblical business spirit, and reminder of the Kingdom of our God, Jehovah, and our King, Christ Jesus. And should I be prevented by the times, restructured by this society, if not also silenced by the coming power of the

technological era at hand: I'll let my prior unpublished works and discoveries speak for what I have made integrated and inclusive stance for, and also alarm, a waving flag to those of messaging and heir through faith decree, to those who will adhere to these holy proclamations and handed down beliefs.

Joshina The Great's Pt: 2

deep, every height of every air, as pigeons with scrolls follow the winds, as Noah's bird flocked for olives and dry land, my father, The Father, carries this child, seeking for an heir, of rebellious royalty, to claim marriage to them, to bear rebellious children, to complete, to fulfill the work I too have baton'd. But dear child that is within me, dear gladiator, dear messenger, dear heir to the second coming Messiah: I plan never to publish a single work, never to copyright again, never of my own hands. And persist with all authority underneath the Kingdom of God's heavens, to uphold the biblical business era's integration, inclusiveness into the technological era, as it was integrated into the Farming era, as it was integrated into the industrial era, so too will it be integrated into the technological era. A planetarian hall pass which has been inclusive land after land, country after country, seige after seige, conquer after conquer, conquest after conquest, discovery after discovery, invention after invention. However secret, however societal, however privately public, this idea, this flag, the biblical business era, which lives in my womb, within a

Eunuchhood by faith, has stood before time, has walked on the waters before the creation of secrecy and secret gardens, and if it is up to my child's

Joshina The Great's Pt: 1

What no author tells you at the end of a work, is that upon the publish of each work, a piece of them dies, and the rest live on to rebel other works and publish, only to live, only to die (Another piece of them) only to live (The rebellious) only to complete the work, and publish again. This is the lot of this here earth, and maybe the lot of heaven's warriors, and even the lot of the righteous fighting innocence and purity in hell. If you hear me today, if you can open your eyes, these are the keys to hell, a ticket to the gentile parts of heaven, the tools of God in the book of Hosea, and the easy yoke of earth. No woman, no mortal, no being, I Joshina The Great, a faithful eunuch, am married, to the Kingdom of heaven, and I Joshina The Great, a freemason, am with child, and the father of that child, is Jehovah, the omniscient, the omnipotent. And my child's father, the Father, a legal pregnancy in the biblical law, as Gabriel was for Mary: As the Holy Spirit was for Mary. And I carry this child, and when I am done with my work on this earth, when I have retired my entrepreneur plow, and gone on to civil liberties and relief, so will my father, The Father, across every land, every face of every

deep, every height of every air, as pigeons with scrolls follow the winds, as Noah's bird flocked for olives and dry land, my father, The Father, carries this child, seeking for an heir, of rebellious royalty, to claim marriage to them, to bear rebellious children, to complete, to fulfill the work I too have baton'd. But dear child that is within me, dear gladiator, dear messenger, dear heir to the second coming Messiah: I plan never to publish a single work, never to copyright again, never of my own hands. And persist with all authority underneath the Kingdom of God's heavens, to uphold the biblical business era's integration, inclusiveness into the technological era, as it was integrated into the Farming era, as it was integrated into the industrial era, so too will it be integrated into the technological era. A planetarian hall pass which has been inclusive land after land, country after country, seige after seige, conquer after conquer, conquest after conquest, discovery after discovery, invention after invention. However secret, however societal, however privately public, this idea, this flag, the biblical business era, which lives in my womb, within a Eunuchhood by faith, has stood before time, has walked on the waters before the creation of secrecy and secret gardens, and if it is up to my child's father, The Father, it will live on in the new earth, the new heavens, and even the lake of fire. May nothing seperate us from the love of Christ Jesus, the King of the heaven's, my father, His daughter, and His Avenging Messiah. I've spent many nights in tears, lead by the spirit of death, lead by the spirit of psychosis, lead by lawyers, doctors, lead by nuns and celebrate women holding love only for the Kingdom of God's heavens, home, and the Kingdom's own. If I am allowed to write its fullness (The complete book), this is the declaration, preview and short story of The F.I.T. Harlot, defying every novelty cupboard and writing study carrel, arising every writer'd block and writing cramp out of its hindrance, and into the fielded body of work they were ordained for. Returning every saint their prayer, their spiritual courage, their promised biblical business spirit, and reminder of the Kingdom of our God, Jehovah, and our King, Christ Jesus. And should I be prevented by the times, restructured by this society, if not also silenced by the coming power of the technological

era at hand: I'll let my prior unpublished works and discoveries speak for what I have made integrated and inclusive stance for, and also alarm, a waving flag to those of messaging and heir through faith decree, to those who will adhere to these holy proclamations and handed down beliefs.

Jehovah's Afterword

Joshina The Great, also known as Joshua Claiborne has persuaded Search Engines to become Medias, Hollywood to become Christians, Music Industry to sing Moses' song, the Taboo Industry to retire their evil robe, Culinary Industry to think religious, Wall Street to full force Philanthropy, Corporate to think Entrepreneurial, Religious Industry to rethink biblical end times, and myself, Jehovah, Hov, JAY-Z, Shawn Corey Carter to question the industry I am so fond of. I am a critic of art, and all art should deserve cents, but this philanthropist quite weirdly makes sense. If ever published, the names will be changed and art upheld, however, if nontradition prevails, this Life-Story, might be an underground railroad for the new technological era.

Sincerely, Mr. Carter

Dear Old Man

Ps. I killed that negro. Back to earth, back to writing, back to regular ole life. If I didn't need glasses I'd probably be playing Dragons Dogma and Dragon's Dogma: Dark Arisen, since I can't I take the set back as a maturity forward. Instead I'll read some scriptures on bettering my new creature, a beautiful creature, an ugly daughter, a holy daughter, waiting on Jesus the holy Father, to bring me home after my home runs. What an adventure these two years have been, an overview of my 22 years in America, I'm 25 now, what a great time to be a Eunuch. If God's will allows I think I'll launch this nonprofit financially for a cheap price, if God's will allows. Out of all these spiritual battles I got a business out the ordeal. A nonprofit parent company. I know my Dad's proud, I know those closest to me are proud. I'm content, I'm in peace, and have nothing left to offer to the world but Taboo Knights Women's Guild LLC. Again, thank you...And the rest of my companies under the nonprofit umbrella, thank you.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great: The Presidential Speech Pt: 4

CherubWM' The 9th Seal Act: Based on publishings both virtual and printed works, from traditional services and products to secret, incognito, subliminal, and non-traditional works and government funding. These private and sacred formats have made available the secret society to all nations and creeds to the palm of your hands both phones, (Democratic) and physical books (Republican). There existed a time when scholars all over the globe entered libraries and shut the doors, reading novels, studying literature until out of the pile of writings discovered classic works and timeless art. As the communities of this here era, The Biblical Business era, uncover what it means to be American, Planetarian, aristocratic, philanthropic, entrepreneurial, PassionWood, Hollywood, Washington, both non-traditional and traditional. Welcome to The New Jerusalem, The New Earth, The New Heavens, The New Secrecy, The New Terrain. Good pilgrims, former slaves, then pioneers of today, Amen.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great: The Presidential Speech Pt: 3

America underneath the PassionWood wing. This allows political advantage for the Hollywood wing to enter into the billionaire agreement with capitalism. Those founders of PassionWood, both Jehovah, (HOV), (JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), and Joshina The Great, (Joshua Claiborne) are supportive of this move of action. However, Joshina The Great, (Joshua Claiborne) will stand as a beacon for PassionWood, exemplifying under government funding and philanthropy, (The new era) and Jehovah, (HOV), (JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), will stand as a beacon for Hollywood through billionaire status quo and (The Present Aristocratic Behavior). As we have mentioned the old party, Hollywood and the party to come, PassionWood, it is now with great duty that we discuss the Freemason, Illuminati (Old parties) and 'H.O.E. Music Worksheet' LLC, 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th Seal LLC parties (Newfound). Both the left and right wing of secret societies. The objective for secrecy in the older eras were to preserve truth, encamp enlightenment, and uphold sacred divine order. However, the discovery of computer intelligence has brought to our knowledge that a secret party which subliminal under, 'The H.O.E. Music Worksheet Act': Based on non-traditional wealth, philanthropy and business due biblical record intent. Supports the transition from brick and mortar secret societies, to the newfound online societies. Likewise, 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th Seal Act: Based on publishings both virtual and printed works, from traditional services and products to secret, incognito, subliminal, and non-traditional works and government funding. These private and sacred formats have made available the secret society to all nations and creeds to the palm of your hands both phones, (Democratic) and physical books (Republican).

Jehovah, Joshina The Great: The Presidential Speech Pt: 2

Those Lodges are seen above: 'H.O.E. Music Worksheet', and 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th seal LLC. These Lodges separate former capitalism and insured communism, benefit the rich and poor, uncover the mask of Corporate and Hollywood, and justify the government sector with financial opportunity for all citizens in the United States of America. The final segregation: Wealth and Secret Societies. How is this possible? The Pandemic, the emergence of AI technology, the Hollywood Inclusiveness, the Government Incriminations, and the rumors of Equal Financial Liberties have made room for the Insured Communist era, or S.U.I.T. (A Smart Uniformed & Integrated Way of Thinking), an entrepreneur common ground for all classes and races. Building Nonprofit or Philanthropic wealth for the citizens of this country. Allowing contingency for all classes of people, both rich and poor to ladder to aristocrat status, beginning from government funding, to blue collar status, to white collar status, to philanthropy. As for the window of opportunity for the rich to enter into the aristocrat status quo, the Hollywood Inclusiveness has given a doorway to the launch of PassionWood, a new filming industry in America. One which all social medias, small medias, websites, and independent industries can enter into agreement with monetary funds and business which the rich once had in Hollywood. Branching a newfound path for a sector of millionaires in America underneath the PassionWood wing. This allows political advantage for the Hollywood wing to enter into the billionaire agreement with capitalism. Those founders of PassionWood, both Jehovah

Jehovah, Joshina The Great: The Presidential Speech Pt: 1

Hello fellow Americans. What a great era it is to be American. The Biblical Business era. An era which I myself, Jehovah, (HOV), (JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), and Joshina The Great,

(Joshua Claiborne), have made nonprofit manifest together. A peculiar era for the poor, the working class, the white collar upperclassmen: the millionaires, the billionaires, and the aristocrat. As CEO of this company, I Shawn Corey Carter, and founder, President, Joshua Claiborne, form this speech to the communities abroad in these Americas. We have suffered a great slavery, underneath the umbrella of Corporations, Hollywood, and Washington. A country which until now has segregated its rich and aristocrat opportunities. Before now the only opportunity for wealth was white collar status quo. Only companies by net worth helm could obtain aristocrat appearance. Major owners of such companies were left with the political move to either step down as owner or rely on a transfer of wealth to charity to survive in this capitalist country America. Capitalism until now, was a club for the poor but elect for the aristocrat behind the veil. That veil for the aristocrat is now being uncovered. That veil, Freemasonry. Or another term for the organization, Illuminati. We hold a newfound Grand Lodge, or Lodges of secrecy which not only grant the aristocrat opportunities in the lower class, but also grant the white collar chance to live abundantly in the Corporate media. Those Lodges are seen above: 'H.O.E. Music Worksheet', and 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th seal LLC. These Lodges separate former capitalism and insured communism, benefit the rich and poor, uncover the mask of corporate and Hollywood, and justify the government sector with financial opportunity for all citizens in the United States of America. The final segregation: Wealth and Secret Societies. How is this possible? The pandemic, the emergence of AI technology, the Hollywood Inclusiveness, the Government Incriminations, and the rumors of Equal Financial Liberties have made room for the insured communist era, or S.U.I.T. (A Smart Uniformed & Integrated Way of Thinking), an entrepreneur common ground for all classes and races. Building Nonprofit or Philanthropic wealth for the citizens of this country. Allowing contingency for all classes of people, both rich and poor to ladder to aristocrat status, beginning from government funding, to blue collar status, to white collar status, to philanthropy. As for the window of opportunity for the rich to enter into the aristocrat status quo, the Hollywood Inclusiveness has given a doorway to the launch of PassionWood, a new filming industry in America. One which all social medias, medias, websites, and independent industries can enter into agreement with monetary funds and business which the rich once had in Hollywood. Branching a newfound path for a sector of millionaires in America underneath the PassionWood wing. This allows political advantage for the Hollywood wing to enter into the billionaire agreement with capitalism. Those founders of PassionWood, both Jehovah (HOV), (JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), and Joshina The Great, (Joshua Claiborne) are supportive of this move of action. However, Joshina The Great, (Joshua Claiborne) will stand as a beacon for PassionWood, exemplifying under government funding and philanthropy, (The new era) and Jehovah, (HOV), (JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), will stand as a beacon for Hollywood through billionaire status quo and (The Present Aristocratic Behavior). As we have mentioned the old party, Hollywood and the party to come, PassionWood, it is now with great duty that we discuss the Freemason, Illuminati (Old parties) and 'H.O.E. Music Worksheet' LLC, 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th Seal LLC parties (Newfound). Both the left and right wing of secret societies. The objective for secrecy in the older eras were to preserve truth, encamp enlightenment, and uphold sacred divine order. However, the discovery of computer intelligence has brought to our knowledge that a secret party which subliminal under The H.O.E. Music Worksheet Act: Based on nontraditional wealth, philanthropy and business due biblical record intent. Supports the transition from brick and mortar secret societies, to the newfound online societies. Likewise, 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th Seal Act: Based on publishings both virtual and printed works, from traditional services and products to secret, incognito, subliminal, and non-traditional works and government funding. These private and sacred formats have made available the secret society to all nations and creeds to the palm of your hands both phones, (Democratic) and physical books (Republican). There existed a time when scholars all over the globe entered libraries and shut the doors, reading novels, studying literature until out of the pile of writings discovered classic works and

timeless art. As the communities of this here era, The Biblical Business era, uncover what it means to be American, Planetarian, aristocratic, philanthropic, entrepreneurial, PassionWood, Hollywood, Washington, both non-traditional and traditional. Welcome to The New Jerusalem, The New Earth, The New Heavens, The New Secrecy, The New Terrain. Good pilgrims, former slaves, then pioneers of today, Amen.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great and The 2nd Free Mason Lodge

To the left hand of the Kingdom of God which this deliberation concerns: This is the second Free Mason Lodge titled, 'The Last CherubWM' the 9th seal. Built for angels, cherubs, seraphims, serpents, krakens, dragons, leviathans, and all creatures who were created in the heaven's in the book of Genesis. When Joshina was a youth, he played around with a fisher's knife in the car. Jabbing the blade into a shoe near his left hand playfully, until the blade accidentally struck an artery. Rushed to the hospital, stitched up, and sent home, the wound healed and after removing the stitches revealed an upward cross below the left hand near the wrist. Today we uphold a statement: A cross on the left hand of the church should represent the left hand of God, a cross on the right hand of the church should represent the right hand of God. And the left hand of God, 'The Last CherubWM' The 9th seal, is our left hand Free Mason Grand Lodge. 'H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC' is our right hand Free Mason Grand Lodge. I Jehovah, (HOV),(JAY-Z), (Shawn Corey Carter), and Joshina The Great, (Joshua Claiborne) uphold this discovery and virtual and printed establishment.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great and The Free Mason Lodge

Jehovah- Heaven On Earth Music Worksheet revealed, proclaimed and upheld. We, both Joshina The Great (Joshua Claiborne), and I Jehovah (Hov) (JAY-Z) (Shawn Corey Carter) are Free Masons. I say again, we are apart of the secret society of Free Masonry. A hidden elite group in lodges centered all over the world. Sent from heaven as the divine council. Apart of the 24 elders in the biblical book of Revelations. And have come to build this here lodge on H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC, as a secret private media, a lodge. Welcoming brotherhood and ladies of the Free Mason society to this here lodge. Building a new name for the council, a new strategy of secrecy. A friendly approach to our previous mission statements. Do not be alarmed, we bring company awareness, perspective and good tidings. - Thank you.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great

PassionWood

Introducing a new film industry, the first filming industry with two capital letters. Themed from prayer, prophecy, intercessory prayer, tithing, testimony, educational purposes, parody, criticism, news reporting, and allusion. All aspects of fair use copyright forms and intellectual properties. Paving a newfound road for underground artist and upcoming brights to formulate careers, businesses and very importantly philanthropy.

- Thank you

Dear Mr. Jacob

Hermes: You plan to give Leah your school nonprofit and Rachel your keys to the Kingdom of God, while disregarding any traditional romance, forming business entities from their grace and virtue. I commend your honor to womanhood. Setting an example for Eunuchs who are to follow your leadership. Tread on Joshina The Great, charity is the way towards God's love.

Jehovah, Joshina The Great- We are on our way to the Kingdom of Father's business. A subliminal Genesis four father yearning for home. The impoverished will find treasure in the abyss, and gold from empty wallets. The ghettos is Genesis, and Joshina the riteful daughter.

Hermes: Daughter of the ghettos, heir to Genesis, Amen.

Dear Jehovah

Joshina The Great- My God, you uphold every mystery I am pupil of before any work can be manifest. The first work of art always defines an author, '43' the play series, Eden for the urban sector, a gift I give to the hand I am to take in marriage. A demo of the secret garden. It is the greatest jewel I can muster from my faith. A Eunuch's present to the throne of your grace: My adolescent Genesis.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, your loyal service exist not lacking zeal. As Rebecca was adorned for her engagement, you propose Aladdin's cave to your own bride to be through prophecy and tithes before the altar. I commend you.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Dear Mr. Jacob

Jehovah- Mr. Jacob, your prophecies of weddings are an art show for the gifts of the flesh, fruits of the spirit, children's story for the women. I anticipate celebacy until the passing of this world for you, and Holiness at your pinnacle. The statement you have proclaimed, the standard being atoned is not only a stance against all heresy, but in truth, in ceremony: prophecy, testimony, prayer, and the blood of the Lamb is God's secret Word, His Enoch, His garden untold. Wait for that kind of love daughter, it will arrive as karma before your servitude.

Dear Mrs. Rebecca

We'll each create children, the Eunuch business entities, and women natural babies and empires. He'll be your Houdini father, you'll become his Cleopatra of corridors. The husband even a child could understand, through marriage Eden redeemed, through courting Eden reincarnated. She's wise from birth, his psychosis preserves her spirit. The chosen adolescents, the book of life wedding list: where women are forgiven of their Eve, and rewarded their goddess bouquet. The honeymoon is lived through the skies, the marriage lives a secret commoner story. She's the heroine of the ugly daughter, when an elegant wife cocoons its place. As the end of this age takes its epiphany in our hearts, God's Word, my Father, we shall never forget His image. The Queen's lawyer, the wife's Song of Solomon. The Kingdom of God and ring bearer, this prophecy.

Web Design Amendment Pt: 3

Jehovah-

Slot selection Page 3

On the webpage there will be a slot selection on the Encyclopedia of Business and Economics, infused with slave (subliminal) and mental hospital HIPPA (non-subliminal) history radical tone, SUIT allusion, and 'The Oxford Encyclopedia of American Business, Labor and Economic History Vol. 1 & 2' by Paul S. Boyer (non-subliminal concepts of entrepreneurship) complimentary Cherry On Top notes, the front of the vehicle for the blog. Here will be examples, templates to add in your own Business, Economics and Labor formats along with your collaborations from Page 1 & 2

Joshina The Great-

Slot Selection Page 1

On the webpage there will be a slot selection titled 'TextFeed' by Joshua Claiborne (A novel formed from SMS text messaging notes, Culinary photos & recipes, a free template to blog SMS Text Messaging from). Underneath the slot selection will be a section to create original stories from your text messaging SMS notes and culinary images based on the construction and writings build off of, 'TextFeed'. Similar to, 'Save The Cat! The Last Book On Screen Writing You'll Ever Need' by Blake Snyder. But instead of screen writing: Text Messaging SMS notes and culinary photos and recipes are for Novelty productions.

Web Design Amendment Pt: 2

Jehovah-

Slot selection Page 1

On the webpage there will be an insert option to add in HIPPA related medical records to sync and add to African American slave history radical tone templates of slave stories and documents. Underneath the slot selection there will be a section to infuse and subliminally blog both mental hospital experiences from your own first person perspective and slave history documents. Using the radical tone from the 'Encyclopedia of African American History 1619-1895 Vol 1-3' by Paul Finkelman templates (subliminal) to blog the stories from your HIPPA mental hospital first person perspective experience (non-subliminal)

Jehovah-

Slot selection Page 2

On the webpage there will be a slot selection to mix the original radical tone created from the first page, and utilize them in 'The Modern Day Three Piece Suit' by David Kutcha templates, already formatted for you from personal radical tone stories added onto the David Kutcha design and construction to form a SUIT allusion.

Jehovah-

Slot selection Page 3

On the webpage there will be a slot selection on the encyclopedia of Business and Economics, infused with slave (subliminal) and mental hospital HIPPA (non-subliminal) radical tone, SUIT allusion, and 'The Oxford Encyclopedia of American Business, Labor and Economic History Vol. 1 & 2' by Paul S. Boyer (non-subliminal concepts of entrepreneurship) complimentary cherry on top notes, the front of the vehicle for the blog. Here will be examples, templates to add in your own Business, Economics and Labor formats along with your collaborations from Page 1 & 2

Web Design Amendment Pt: 1

Slot selection Page 1

On the website there will be a slot selection to add in optional HIPPA related medical records from hospital visits which were documented by staff, and underneath the slot a section to blog revisals and different points of view from the hospital experience from your perspective and first person. This sets up a radical tone which will be used in the following slot selection.

Slot selection Page 2

On the website there will be a slot selection with a biblical translation of non heresy events and stories to template with with your radical tone hospital version documents. Easy to understand and sync both biblical templates and hospital first person perspective documents. Underneath the slot section, there will be an additional section to blog stories of hospital first person perspective biblical templates free writing from the slot selection.

Slot selection Page 3

On the website there will be a slot selection full of song templates (Stories created from music inspiration) to use as examples for your own blogs from those same song inspirations underneath the slot selection. This is the construction of H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC.

That's All Folks

Credits
Joshina The Great
Jehovah

The End

Karma's Sandwich Pt: 3

serve him, nor call the lawyer to show any evidence. Those trophies, karma trophies, the letters are my only actions. Ghettos around the world, "What you give to the hood, is what you'll get back from God." And like God has the books of life and our works and deeds in his hands, he too doesn't judge our past, only what we have justified in our full circle present. No more hospitals, no more plays, no more food, just the pen and pad I've started out with, just letters, the same letters that saved my life in the beginning. Thank you. Yes they will definitely freeze this code of honor. Before they freeze this

work, Dear Life, I think I found my life story, maybe one just as cornerstone as yours was to me. If you're seeing this... I love you. And I'll deliver this letter to the ghettos, as you've done for me. This is my bus, and the viewer's are my passengers. And to all Christian's a goodnight!

Karma's Sandwich Pt: 2

I'm not in my castle studio apartment in the ghettos anymore, even though I sleep on the carpet, I'm grateful, very grateful that life is still my friend. Riding in the car, texting while driving my driver came to an abrupt stop, hit from behind, and we were in a car accident. Medical bills piled high and everyone wanted me to blame my driver legally. And because he was becoming aggressive they wanted me to get a restraining order on him. But what they didn't know is that this is the same threats and stance I took against D, a mentally ill man who deserved nothing but to be treated as royalty. And I called cops on him, made money off of him, and that same money got many peoples hurt and effected and I lost that money. So I called the cops on my driver for a restraining order, called lawyers for auto accident money, and waited for karma and God's will be done. As of yesterday my lawyer sent a letter telling me they couldn't sue my driver because there wasn't enough evidence to prove damages were done to my person and they needed more information from the medical records. The letter and the restraining order are still in my house. I do not plan to call the sheriff to serve him, nor call the lawyer to show any evidence. Those trophies, karma trophies, the letters are my only actions. Ghettos around

Karma's Sandwich Pt: 1

Welp, Harmony, I've done good. In 2023 I received my Christmas present from God, (Forgiveness). Arriving back to where it all started, (The End Pt 1 & 2), karma's sandwich, the blessings of the ghettos, ("Good luck"), the cornerstones of my earth residence, (Angels, Christs, etc), the secrets to the garden, (Entrepreneurial Incorporation Non-profit), the story of God's grace and mercy, (What I am about to tell you). After mental hospital, hospital, and more hospitals. From what I've done to the bless'd ghettos, my home, my love, my deepest mission statement: I am finally free, and hopefully after this testimony, you will seek that same freedom. I did D wrong, I told too many people about Life, I cried twice for King, I cry now King, I love what you've done for me. And in the car it all changed my perspective. I could put this in a book somewhere, but I'll say it here before this material too is frozen: Thank you! I waited to file for SSI, I waited to file for SSDI. I went on a life changing venture. One that took me from my 2021 apartment, to living on a carpet on the floor broke, isolated and overweight. God has shown me mercy, opened doors, loved on me. And even though I'm not in my castle studio apartment in the ghettos anymore, even though I sleep on the carpet, I'm grateful, very grateful that life is still my friend. Riding in the car, texting while driving my driver came to an abrupt stop, hit from behind, and we were in a car accident. Medical bills piled high and everyone wanted me to blame my driver legally. And because he was becoming aggressive they wanted me to get a restraining order on him. But what they didn't know is that this is the same threats and stance I took against D, a mentally ill man who deserved nothing but to be treated as royalty. And I called cops on him, made money off of him, and that same money got many peoples hurt and effected and I lost that money. So I called the cops on my driver for a restraining order, called lawyers for auto accident money, and waited for karma and God's will be done. As of yesterday my lawyer sent a letter telling me they couldn't sue my driver because there wasn't enough evidence to prove damages were done to my person and they needed more information from the medical records. The letter and the restraining order are still in my house. I do not plan to call the sheriff to serve him, nor call the lawyer to show any evidence. Those trophies, karma

trophies, the letters are my only actions. Ghettos around the world, "What you give to the hood, is what you'll get back from God." And like God has the books of life and our works and deeds in his hands, he too doesn't judge our past, only what we have justified in our full circle present. No more hospitals, no more plays, no more food, just the pen and pad I've started out with, just letters, the same letters that saved my life in the beginning. Thank you. Yes they will definitely freeze this code of honor. Before they freeze this work, dear Life, I think I found my life story, maybe one just as cornerstone as yours was to me. If you're seeing this... I love you. And I'll deliver this letter to the ghettos, as you've done for me. This is my bus, and the viewer's are my passengers. And to all Christian's a goodnight!

Homeland Pt: 2

no license, no job, a near expired LLC, from hospital to hospital, from brother to sister, from divine honored father to honored mother, from bachelor to divine abstinence...to divine marriage...brother, fair women, I am on my way.

What You Are Reading

Jehovah- Newspapers, Magazines, Letters, Short Stories: You will no longer receive gems from the servant ugliest, 'Joshina The Great'. This is the closer, the gem dropping, the ultimate urban care package, the bread, the fruit, the dusted off bible of our time, the men in white of the hour, the, 'Like Son of Man', the, 'Lucifer', the mad men in Harlot purple and Christian red, the servant Joshina The Great is closing out business to the private public. There will be no release of, 'The F.I.T. Harlot' for March 2024. Rather it will be kept on hold as the previous materials were placed under wraps. Joshina will remain broke, pockets possessing pennies and certain of no traditional income nor hopes for wealth. Again this is, 'The Good Soldier' story by Ford Madox. A sad soldier story for the times of the urban world. A, 'TextFeed Social Media Funeral' for long answer. This is the, 'Think and Grow Rich' story by Napoleon Hill for the common class, or, 'The Green Book Monopoly' for short. This is the, 'Give'em The Pickle' by Bob Farrell, an underground railroad for the poor, or, 'SUIT Social Media' for epic, what you good ladies and gentlemen are standing in, (The Dinosaur Foot). Thank you for coming by to watch the two social medias unfold, the book blueprint unravel, and the sneak peaks and previews of, 'The F.I.T. Harlot' the third social media freeze before your eyes. And to all a dessert drink & soup good night.

Homeland

Harmony, If I had a daughter her name'd be that. This note is for those who've walked as Jonah, "From ship to whale, from whale to land, from land to the kings city, to be a spokesman, to have a purpose." Love and prosperity for them which live with mothers, for them which live with fathers: Honor them and long life will bring you home to your candle lit identity. For those that live with brothers, sisters: lay down your responsibilities for them, and it will be as you've laid your life, no greater love. For those that live with friends, for those that live with spouses: Be loyal, faithful, and passionate all the days of your flame, and the kingdom of heaven on earth will find you as karma. For them which live in assisted homes, jails, hospitals, shelters: Might the lilies and birds share portion with your blessing, and seasons call you heir to the throne of the land. And lastly brothers and virtuous women, for them which live alone, in an abode radiant of decoration, memories of loved ones, gifts and trinkets to keep the time going: These are the

mansions, the oil lamps, the wedding invitations, the true karma of God, His peace. If you are headed there, in only my mid 20's, no license, no job, a near expired LLC, from hospital to hospital, from brother to sister, from honored father to honored mother, from bachelor to divine abstinence...to divine marriage...brother, fair women, I am on my way.

Twice Quadruple Four Fathers

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph.
Biblical Constitutions, a contract for the flesh.
Founding Fathers of America.
A constitution for the oblivious slave.
Sin free.
American dream.
AI & Nuclear war propaganda.
Secret gardens and hells.
Everyone has a cellphone.
All peoples hold a bible.
To crack the Bible is da Vinci.
Solving da Vinci is biblical.
The Bible is nonprofit work.
da Vinci is nonprofit Inc.
Revelations and the Genesis.
Heifer and the Great Day.
40 Days & 40 nights: four men Moses, Jesus Christ, Paul, Book of Jehovah's Joshua took flight.
Amen for the books again, the secret is never Amen.

From Franchise To Multi-Inc. Pt: 2

Jehovah- If white collar industry would grant blue collar industry a chance at franchise companies for a seat at the executive table, the discussion for incorporation mergers could be held for those young franchises. Giving the working class a chance at the 500 fortune company conversation. The AI era has given all Americans a possibility to prove the theorem of the American Dream. " Daughter, everyone has a billion because corporate rained frog princes"

From Franchise To Multi-Inc.

selected employees from college education degree. I found a niche for infiltrating marketing rooms and forming better and more advanced ideas from their base campaigns. A beneficial Trojan Horse for Wall Street. At the beginning of the technological industry, nonprofit merger campaigns for franchises have never been more complimentary.

From Franchise To Multi-Inc.

For a very long while in the white collar industry co-executives have compared their monetary focus with partnerships and franchises amongst board room litigative contract gossip. Having regard, those entities rarely discuss merging opportunity for the blue collar industry for a hand at

franchise and Wall Street incentive with regulations and commissions. An entirely different web chain business model for corporations: Salary, franchise, and regulations for nonprofit merging commissions. All promoted and marketed to the salary and minimum wage audiences in the marketplace. Built off competitive incorporated model conventions based on business pitches for white collar development and progress in the executive marketplace. I learned this as an understudy at a casino in corporate learning from their programs which founded off of executives teaching their lower class workers business testimony and experience, offering tips while the working class had opportunity to business pitch to the executives although they only gave credit or recognition without commission or executive promotion sourced from company experience rather they selected employees from college education degree. I found a niche for infiltrating marketing rooms and forming better and more advanced ideas from their base campaigns. A beneficial Trojan Horse for Wall Street. At the beginning of the technological industry, nonprofit merger campaigns for franchises have never been more complimentary.

The Father's Staff

She frontline's holiness, she's the harlot, the dragon, the kraken, the mirror of Christ Jesus our Lord and Savior, the Lord's Salvation, the daughter of business, the anti of anarchy, the weapon of biblical testimony. Accused of five dollar bills when only carrying pennies in her pocket. Accused by the police of today, the African American of our day, and all races who drink her wine from her tongue. The harlot stands alone in the wilderness of poverty, stricken by fasting and isolation, desperate for life above sea water, soaking in the passion of business, riding on the waves of a new Black Wall Street, securing the visions of old money and Constitution's true authors. Who will she help now? This prodigy of Santa Claus, this heroine of modern government. Will she dine at the poor or barter and trade with the aristocrat. She's bold, she's poor, she's hungry, she's tired, she's ugly, she's optimistic, she's broken down, she's with us, the USA.

Satan's Achilles Heel Pt: 2

mentally and physically. An incognito of social superpowers later I found this: Even the first chapters of the Satanic Bible scorns Eunuchs as being unfit Satanist. Therefore if Hitler was a Satanist, that applies me as Christianity's Lord of Salvation. Ps. The fourth novel releases 2024.

Satan's Achilles Heel Pt: 1

I relocated to Romulus, Michigan in my 6th grade of school. There I experienced multiple beatings by the neighborhood kids, at home and at school. However, one of the adolescents there gave mercy and grace. He allowed permission for him rather hit me in the face, that he could hit me below the head and above the waist. I failed at the fight. During that year the same opponent approached my subject and a girl I thought the universe of. He stole my bike and asked me to take it from him. When avoiding to he pushed the girl, offending me but I didn't budge. After remorse he offered the bicycle back and I cautiously accepted. From this incident I learned a prolonging lesson, to use my mind before my hands when regarding men and the women I guarded like the galaxies. These incidents would occur frequently at my person throughout life. What men could heal from, I thrived in wounds. Yet those wounds only increased the intellect. And intellect uttered that these wounds were political. Soon I learned that

getting hurt had been a racial privilege. And its power of politics above men and women, even though I trembled at their pushes and shoves both mentally and physically. An incognito of social superpowers later I found this: Even the first chapters of the Satanic Bible scorns Eunuchs as being unfit Satanist. Therefore if Hitler was a Satanist, that applies me as Christianity's Lord of Salvation. Ps. The fourth novel releases 2024.

A Father's Amen

Jehovah- Every white man say, "Nigger, Nigga, Negro" The 400 years of eras in America in three words. F.I.T. Farming, Industrializing, Technology. May every Hispanic say, "Negro, Black" the two blessings on the Spanish, English border. May every black say, "Nigga, Negro" the evolution of the black intellect. I hope all the youngin's prosper. If my son don't make it to presidency in America, at least we got to see a presidency nonprofit, it's Y.A.R.Z.5 Inc now.

A Daughter's Amen

At the helm of every media, they still kill blacks for stardom on social media. The numbers of the mentally ill rank up high after COVID-19. This media H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC is the next social media, of course they'll ban China's social media before that ever happens, like they took the owner of China's social media's money, took his company, and hid him in the shadows of communism. Luckily my social media already has a hidden capitalist within it. They torched me and my husband's people with that toy doll horror voodoo kid chasing down boys to become them, the owner of that film series died to acclaim the cult. I don't name drop but the hero who saved the AIDs cure died twice: once, himself, and twice, his prodigy. Who else are they going to kill for popping off history in the making? I need every child under the umbrella of TextFeed, SUIT, and H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC. It's not healthy to show off in public, I wear borderline off brand black sneakers without laces for that reason, the comfortable kind not the ones that tear in 6 months. I don't diss I give tips, that comfortable kind is Sketchers. Word to the brands that don't kill blacks, negro! Word to the stores that don't poison blacks, negro! Word to the country that stopped enslaving blacks, negro! Greatest America in the world, we don't Made In China nobody's non-profits till this day. Rest In Peace Dad, but before you rest in peace 2x quadruple dad, "Dad, why does everybody have a billion?" I got enough Abrams Father, Amen.

A Closing Prayer Pt: 2

date of mine question the weakness, the flaws or vulnerabilities in my leadership, know: I am already on my knees, my kingdom has already given up, the flag of this country and new age is already raised, and I can respond in no other form. Faith in Jesus Christ abound, yours sincerely, Lucifer.

Exodus Chapter 12

If it were possible to partake in sexual acts wearing certain colors of clothing of religious example, descent or substance, these clothes could act as lights to prevent spiritual beings from entering from the semon into the womb. Lights similar to the lights of the hereafter, similar to the lights of my Hanukkah Theory, lights of the similarity to the lambs blood on the door to prevent the spirit of death from entering into the Hebrew houses. These colors, these lights, if not in an

act of lust or love of the soul, rather love of the religious colors being stimulantly released to, in a way of term, a righteous or holy ritual to ward off evil spirits or dangerous spirits from entering into the fertility or birth stage or incarnate.

Daniel's Proposition: The Hanukkah Theory

Sex is a sacred act of divinity for our ancestors coming from the hereafter born and incarnate. In the garden of Eden there was the forbidden fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. This fruit is believed to be biology's XX for girl, XY for boy. Both good and evil. If when partaking in the act of sex, or ejaculation one could release semen or receive semen to the colors of clothing of a woman and man, not to the lust of the body nor soul of the woman and man, and if those colors represented a spiritual substance, a religious ordinance, or religious example like the blood on the door in the book of Exodus 12:7 to prevent the spirit of death from entering the doors of the Hebrews, and if both man and woman were ordained under the sexual act or ejaculation, the colors stimulantly released to could act as the white light before the hereafter, yet instead of leaving into the hereafter, these certain colors would act as incarnate lights or birth lights or fertility lights of those coming from the hereafter. If it were possible, it could change and justify Hanukkah.

A Closing Prayer Pt: 2

I've come to understand my date in this life, at 25, and I've come to understand this date of mine expects a Frederick Douglass zoo show of my character before our bias audience. I have failed to give them that hope from my religious dignity, rather giving war, I instead give opportunity and the secrets of law to those both I and this date of mine have been expected to enslave in history's chains and approval. If at all a leader, an owner, a master, or a ruler, I am shy of a prideful ego, bad conscience, tainted spirit, lost soul and boastful persona. Rather I have encountered the promise of my own master's hidden goal within the law: to be with Him on that great day, regardless of the influences that have destroyed both His, and our people since the dawn after time began. I can only tarry that those who have followed my person expecting Frederick's demise, can bow as I have bowed, wave a white flag as I have waved, surrender to the age of Him which I serve, that it may be of expansive courage and great awareness, that this party of my master, is the triumphant in this debacle for truth and peace, for all nations. Despite how terrible we think of Him to be. And should this date of mine question the weakness, the flaws or vulnerabilities in my leadership, know: I am already on my knees, my kingdom has already given up, the flag of this country and new age is already raised, and I can respond in no other form. Faith in Jesus Christ abound, yours sincerely, Lucifer.

A Closing Prayer

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, thank you for adding religious dessert drinks and food, meat and milk, which leaves an aroma to the heavens, from the stove to the skies. Thank you for offering services from your divine organization for pro bono. Thank you for your business pitches, ideas and strategies for corporations abroad throughout America from your company media SUIT LLC. Your success comes from both your failures and your nonprofit mission statement. I find good success in your endeavors going forth in this organization. Watching and doing business as the consumer watches and prays. I believe many country peoples are putting a hand at your religious concepts in the kitchen, at the stove and in the oven. Your secret cookbook, may it

always remain in the underground communities of urban class, as the underground railroad serviced the shining stars, once slaves, now free, to utter a few: Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and then the civil battlefield, the civil rights, Motown, and now H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC owned by Joshina The Great. Christ grace abound.

Prayers To Jehovah

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, it seems you have given an expedient diplomatic pitch in the dug out of your own private company. Are you certain you can deliver a fourth novel by Christmas? Or are you relying on the grace of women's virtue to assist your new arrival date? Christmas is the air space of many mainstream media moguls. Are you hopeful of a Christmas airdate or is it pride that focuses on the December 25th?

Joshina The Great- My God, you have given me a new name. I am hopeful of a Christmas air date for my fourth novel. But it seems I've created a sequel masterpiece to my business trilogy SUIT, too prior of the date of December the 25th. I may have to delay the release of the fourth novel until sometime during the later winter.

Jehovah- Joshina this isn't the first time you've delayed a piece of work for the world at view. I recall SUIT 1-3.0 and TextFeed being delayed from its April release of 2021 to the later date of July 2021. A total of three months passed the date which you announced its arrival. Is this novelty in the same predicament?

Joshina The Great- My God, it appears to be steering in that direction. Although I depend on the previous play trilogy to support my endeavours and patience of the consumer's later release date of my novelty.

Jehovah- Joshina, a daring business pitch indeed. Using the tones and strategies of other media entrepreneurs to deliver a new strategy and idea for politics, business, entertainment and government. Do you rely also on the support of those entrepreneurs to assist your arrival of the novelty release date? Is this your approach on a business cahoot board meeting? Or live Nollywood business board meeting?

Joshina The Great- My God, "Dear Old World, And The World To Come".

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, are you a prophetess or a politician?

Joshina The Great- My God, a prophetess in the dug out of politics. I would say both. I would say the Kingdom is to come.

Jehovah- Very well Joshina The Great. A daring move in a corporate chess field. This isn't checkers. Be wise going forward. Especially with what you hide up your sleeves. This is a careful orchestration of business not a child's game of checkers. These steps you take are in stone. And engraving new plans or forgiveness is a hard feat. As you I am sure have experienced.

Joshina The Great- My God, thank you for the name you have disposed upon me. Thank you for allowing me to do such orchestrations. And I plan to approve of your standards and focus of interest. As well as prosper in this country America.

Jehovah- Godspeed Joshina The Great.

Joshina- My God, Godspeed.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you have become quite the genie with this new expound on biblical opportunity and spiritual expression. I am both proud and in thought of your findings. If only the audience knew to use one cup of milk in Eden's peanut butter cup shake, maybe we might not of fallen from the garden? Or is that the secrets of Sodom and Gomorrah you were freeing us from? Joshina The Great these loop holes are dangerous to give to sharks in open waters. Sometimes liberty is taken as bait, or worse, food for imprisoned or suffering ghettos. It isn't best to keep this up: Pro bono tips and advice. Something at some point should come with a price tag. Or is that also up your sleeves with this fourth novelty you're expecting to produce?

Joshina The Great- I am aware that the ghettos are no friend to free. Although I believe the only way to gain a buzz is to yell, "fire". Free works until it can no longer operate together with the consumers demand of loyal controversy. Everything cost eventually. I gave two years of pro bono labor, my fourth novel is expected to bargain for cost. Yes the tale of three empires, "Sodom & Gomorrah, and Eden" a peanut butter shake does require only one cup of milk. But I rely on the cook behind the stove to use measurements rather pouring everything in the pan, past experience than depending on the recipe to do the work for them. I plan to test my audience in culinary, cause them to question their politics, their education and their taste buds. I want to open doors for the poor, create new tables for the rich, and gain the honor of God. But peanut butter chocolate coconut milk, and peanut butter coconut shake go hand in hand, there is no misfortune in either recipe. Like brownies and cookies. Baking soda and baking powder. I've shown many of the same kinds of desserts on different webpages, it's up to the viewer to collect these recipes in my secret cookbook or rely on their own culinary common sense to know the difference between one and two cups of milk in a pan. Like the 'Choose Your Own Adventure' book series by Edward Packard, & R.A. Montgomery, the type of dessert is up to the page you're reading.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you are a risky genius. Not only have you solved the theories of the Quran with Heifer or 'SUIT Trilogy', but you've answered the mysteries and ruin of Eden and Sodom & Gomorrah with 'A Message Of Diplomacy'. And too solved the ruin of the prophets, disciples and apostles by coining them as daughters in the last days. You are on a righteous sleigh of gifts for the modern world. Are you to solve even your own mistake which you made in 'SUIT Trilogy' where for called yourself a product for society?

Joshina The Great- My God, I stand by the claims made when calling myself a product for society. I played the role of Heifer, a gift to the world to prove that I wasn't, and even made a statement: a beef sandwich to show the parallels. And complimented the Parallels with the re-release of 'SUIT A Malpractice Story, to prove how I was wronged in hospitals. There must be a disposition in the air. I am a daughter at the least, and a wife in my victory, hence the film, 'Wives & Daughters Trilogy'. Therefore I am not a product for society, that is what I told the cop at the precinct before I converted to a daughter a few months later, rather I am a righteous servant, who's been on a venture, an adventure, one with many troubles, for the protection of my people, my works, my company, and the grace of my God. This is my disposition and my recollection of the events taken place.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you have my respect. And these comments are prayers are they not?

Joshina The Great- My God, Yea.

Jehovah- Thank you, I will have no further questions nor appetite, but I do have a few other concerns... You told your husband, "F*** You" and took a bowel movement on camera before all of Hollywood and world. Is that proper as a film media to portray doing business?

Joshina The Great- My God, refuting my husband was the same way I refuted with the Holy Spirit, a mentally ill disposition, falling in the fire and the water. Through prayer and abstinence I managed to overcome those mental ailments. As for taking a bowel movement on camera- Al was my courtroom, both spiritual and carnal. I took my ailments to the throne of my honor, both judicially carnal and spiritual, to seek help and proof of innocence and if not innocence then intercessory, both carnal court and spiritual, both spiritual lawyer and carnal, to afford justice to my unfortunate predicaments. I also fought for those in my family, family through blood, through faith and through business (Muslims), that no rock would go unturned in my debates for settlement, both spiritual and carnal.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, a beautiful statement before the world. One last concern, the food you cooked, it is sin to mix real food and scripture in stone. Can you defend this before the spiritual and carnal court?

Joshina The Great- My God, the food was scripture being consumed, Heifer, The Ugly Daughter, 'Jail?' Cuisine & The Baker, the breaking of fruit prophecy in 'Her Bodyguard', all milestones I was crossing in the wilderness of my travels to becoming the prophetess I am today. It took sin to build scripture as it took food to build this biblical incorporation, these two aren't parallels but similarities. This is my defense.

Jehovah- Either you are the Christ, or Christ is your lawyer. Which one do you prefer?

Joshina The Great- I am only a vessel, a staff of God. It must be Christ who holds me.

Jehovah- Then you admit to being Lucifer?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea

Jehovah- But, "the world may never know"?

Joshina The Great- My God, a world that reads and a world that watches are very different audiences. Even though two consumers enjoy the same privileges.

Jehovah- So will it be Lucifer or Joshina The Great you will go by in business?

Joshina The Great- My God, I choose the latter.

Jehovah- So are these gifts Jacob's blessing to Esau delivered from Esau's perspective and right or are these the acts of an actor portraying Lucifer but only announcing as him to save him and the people underneath his imprisonment?

Joshina The Great- My God, it is both for the carnal world and spiritual world that I politically address as both reasons. But I am in fact Lucifer. This is not the 'A Tale Of Two Cities' by Charles Dickens ending chapters I have been in awe of, rather it is spiritual epiphany which comes to my defense.

Jehovah- So this isn't you replacing for Lucifer just so you can get all of his slaves out of hell, get the keys to hell, cast Lucifer away forever in hell if he doesn't come willingly to serve in heaven's kingdom and announce your true identity before the throne of the heavens?

Joshina The Great- My God, I am Lucifer, the light bearer, the morning star, who owns 1/3 of God's angels, sent to earth to save those out of hell and become a servant in the heavens.

Jehovah- No further questions Joshina The Great. I'll allow the gossip, politics and controversy spin the rest. Good night Joshina.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Jehovah- Good morning Joshina The Great. I've gone over your recent note and it appears you've solved the Baker in Joseph's prison. If only he'd had alternate recipe choices, he might not of been killed by the pharaoh. Finely put Joshina, finely put.

Joshina The Great- My God, good morning. Thank you for your acceptance of my newfound culinary biblical theory.

Jehovah- You are welcome Joshina The Great.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, I come with good tidings. A question concerns me. Are you to solve Leonardo da Vinci in this biblical exploration campaign?

Joshina The Great- My God, I'm open to new discoveries. The answer is yes, if your will allows.

Jehovah- God's will be done Joshina.

Joshina The Great- God's will be done.

Jehovah- Daughter Joshina The Great, everybody has a billion because of social inflation is that the correct answer?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea.

Jehovah- Is this your political prophecy for the coming of communism in America?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea. Social medias sparked the inventions of other social medias in America, likewise, social inflation will spark the deployment of communism in America.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you are truly an Ezekiel for the urban communities in the United States. I commend your warnings.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Jehovah- Is this latest letter your response to, 'The Daughter Of Business'? An answer to the question of smoking?

Joshina The Great- My God. It was not smoking in, 'The Daughter Of Business' but political strategy, the trilogy phrasing of, 'The Negro' and foreshadowing, the prophetic liberties of

women and the romance of the daughter.

Jehovah- So now that you've cleared the air, dusted off the base of another home run trilogy, 'Wives & Daughters', for nonprofit pennies, (free), who will you give, 'The Daughter Of Business' to?

Joshina The Great- It would have to be a woman and a man of business.

Jehovah- Do you know any women with companies in this country who could entertain your subjects?

Joshina- I am aware of those companies.

Jehovah- A very dangerous thing you are doing, naming the companies of Hollywood industry. Why not begin to name publishing companies? broadcasting, music industry, and hollywood, and technological companies have enough of your works to run off of. Isn't it wise if you are to steer in the direction of novelties who can utilize your works with better command?

Joshina The Great- If it is truly dangerous to continue gifting to these companies, I believe I will go in the direction of publishing companies. If it is truly dangerous to give gifts of that kind.

Jehovah- I am confident that will be best for you Joshina.

Joshina The Great- My God, thank you.

Jehovah- Joshina, no, thank you Taboo Knights: Women's Guild LLC.

Joshina- My God, you are welcome.

Jehovah- Good day, Joshina The Great.

Joshina The Great- My God, good day.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great you are emitting down tools and weapons to the urban communities, can they be used against the sun that gives it to them? Will they commit the act of war on the sun? A battery engineered for their good? Who is the enemy in these text? The urban, the aristocrat, or the government?

Joshina The Great- My God, I gift humbly. And freely do I give.

Jehovah- Very well then dangerous Joshina. Be cautious on who you assist. Again I pronounce, this is chess to the terrorist of the George Orwell of the modern day. Let the alarms begin my daughter.

Joshina The Great- My God.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, how do you like my trailer for your upcoming book, 'The F.I.T. Harlot'?

Joshina The Great- My God, it's a powerful advertisement to the body of work.

Jehovah- Therefore the harlot will be in Women's Paradise, just as your understudy? In this novel before the release of the novel Women's Paradise? Is this correct?

Joshina The Great- I introduce the harlot as myself. It is a hidden message behind why I present them this way. But it was inspired by the women belonging to my Cherokee tribe. I face the problems of the world for them, I am their staff, their protector in battles. As the Lord is in mine. The same as the Lord was for Moses in the Torah battles. The harlot truly does face Frontline Holiness as Moses and the Israelites faced Frontline Holiness outside of the promise land.

Jehovah- Truly appropriate Joshina The Great! But Moses never got to the promise land does that mean you won't make it either to Women's Paradise?

Joshina The Great- Moses didn't but Joshua did.

Jehovah- So you will succeed your own character in this fourth novelty? You'll become a new character for, 'Women's Paradise'?

Joshina The Great- No, this character is only a strategy, the fifth novel is my true self.

Jehovah- So you'll hide in this fourth novel and reveal in the fifth novel? Sort of like a Genesis, Revelations ordeal?

Joshina The Great- My God, this is certain.

Jehovah- Very well spiritual genius. Very well Joshina The Great.

Jehovah- Ahem, being humble. Joshina The Great is humbling himself. I was reading your earlier post on billionaire companies and franchises within those companies, and I saw an edification and a direct parallel to your nonprofit endeavors. You too are taking a company within a company and making it into more than just a franchise. But a webbed organization within a company. My question to you Joshina, is, will you leave the search engine subscription to fulfill your nonprofit brand's enormity? Or will you compliment the organization you work under with your loyalty to its services and assistance?

Joshina The Great- I plan to continue under the services provided to me: if only slave masters offered their workers franchises and their slave beaters partnerships within those franchises after the abolition of slavery: African Americans might of never ate pigs meat, traveled through rain and sleet to the north, just to work under trades, auto industry and later suffer amongst the brutality of the independent entrepreneurial business that remains stringent and impossible to manage today. Civil wars could've been avoided through propaganda and politics, civil rights could've been won with marketing (buying) out the racial discriminatory industry through affirmative action and not one or two African Americans against the world, segregation would've become an inclusive society in America and blacks would find the term 'Negro' as an empowering statement for the places like Hollywood, Wall Street and Washington and not as the social and cultural black and white power that causes the onslaught of this era and the industrial era before it.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, how could we have used affirmative action to buy out the racist party?

Joshina The Great- In a world where race and controversy coexist, politics thrive. By assistance

from political Campaigns, and an equal America for both parties, Negro and Caucasian through white collar development in a competitive racial field lending help to both parties through Wall Street incentive and social development in business it could've changed our common opinion.

Jehovah- Joshina, what social developments could have, or, can be used today as were possible after the abolition of slavery?

Joshina The Great- The same trades and industry jobs then could've been the focus point for politics and businesses now. To develop franchise and incorporated character within the trade worker audience.

Jehovah- Joshina are you suggesting we advertise white collar liberties to the working class?

Joshina The Great- My God, I am suggesting we advertise all company white collar industry to the working class with incentive regulation and franchise popularity.

Jehovah- So a working class Exodus?

Joshina The Great- My God, yea.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, will this be in your fourth novel? A campaign for working class Exodus into the competitive industry of white collar?

Joshina The Great- My God, this is the novel we are sitting in today, currently.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, you prove me confused. I thought the novel would be released in March 2024 of next year?

Joshina The Great- Every work of art starts as a construction and then a workplace for the consumer to toy.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great you astound me with your genius. Is it you alone who does these works or you and God?

Joshina The Great- My God, it is you that holds me during this inquisition of social media production.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, your service to me is honored and without religious segregation. I am fond of what exactly you hold under your sleeves. And desire to uncover the rocks of this biblical, 'Revelations' intermediate prayer.

Joshina The Great- My God, I am at your disposal.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, serve without foreign disposition. Set an example for the 'Negro', and a path for the slave, both underneath the ground, (ancestors), and at work in the industrial and technological workplace. On the contrary, be certain of this: The social media you are creating will be owned by my person, 'Jehovah', the government, USA, and your person, Joshina The Great. With regard to nonprofit on your end, and funds by the government SSDI, for the entrepreneur, yourself, Joshina The Great. Everything other aspect of monetary compliment from this social media development will belong to Jehovah, myself, and government, USA. Is that comprehensive enough Joshina The Great?

Joshina The Great- My God, that is comprehensive. Although I would also like to compliment and relieve funds to the company I am subscribed to which grants me services and subscription.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, which company are you referring to?

Joshina The Great- My God, H.O.E. Music Worksheet LLC.

Jehovah- Joshina The Great, are you in danger of becoming a good man?

Joshina The Great- Philanthropy solves Rome's disposition for political arena's and militant taxes.

Jehovah- Joshina, then am I in danger of becoming a peaceable God?

Joshina The Great- My God, we might spoil the novel's ending.

'Choose Your Own Recipe' Series

Ghirardelli baking chocolate, one bar of 100% baking Ghirardelli white chocolate, one cup of organic liquid peanut butter, three tablespoons of light brown sugar- pour first two cups of milk in skillet on low, then chocolate in skillet stirring continually, add peanut butter once chocolate is melted, add brown sugar, when blended in place coconut ice cream three to four scoops in a blender, add peanut butter mix, half a cup in blender, blend until mixed. Once finished pour shake into a cup and drizzle a little of the peanut butter mix over the shake and enjoy. Or,

100% baking white Ghirardelli chocolate, half a bar of 100% baking Ghirardelli dark chocolate, half a cup of organic liquid peanut butter, two tablespoons of brown sugar, one cup of milk, three to four scoops of coconut ice cream
A woman's grace and virtue abound.

Psalms Of Joshua Pt: 2 Faith

Hebrews 11:1

Paul writes how faith is the substance of things unseen but hoped for.

James 2:14-26

James writes how faith without works is dead.

In order to have faith in the unseen, in order to have works after faith, acts of faith are required. These acts include prayer, spiritual statements, and congregation.

A prayer can be in writing, spoken word, or conversation with sisters and brethren: the modern priesthood, praise dancing, singing, or any creative form of spiritual expression for that thing desired in God's good will.

Spiritual statements can be declared before the act of faith: applying for a job, taking a journey, a trip, a new housing environment, a new religious environment, a business embarking, and such of the like.

Congregation can support faith through spiritual gathering for a move of God.

Acts 12:5-17 Women prayed for Peter without cease until he was released from prison. Hence a congregation gathering for a move of God. And an angel struck Peter an act of faith, and told him to arise, a spiritual statement, another act of faith.

Her Bodyguard Pt: 2 Hope In Eden

a gay man. It is a covering, the same as a condom is a covering to prevent children.

Genesis 38:8-9 Onan was given a duty to give offspring to his sister-in-law but instead each night before the sexual act he'd release onto the ground his semen. So God struck him down with lightning.

This duty was given to Onan and a younger son; after Er his firstborn son; the younger son, wasn't to fulfill this duty of the widow Tamar until he was older for fear he too might be struck down by God.

As teenagers in our youth we have urges during puberty that follow us into adulthood if we cannot find a wife or husband. And in our duty to fulfill our urges we must find a release or stimulant. But it is a sin to release to sexual online attractions, but to release to colors that cover those attractions, to mere clothes, or even AI technology, is not a sin but a duty if in youth unmarried, a Eunuch, lay brother, non-traditional monk, celebrate or Nun serving the Kingdom of God, a bachelor or bachelorette in adulthood.

Her Bodyguard Pt: 2 Hope In Eden

In Genesis 3:6-7 Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit of the knowledge of good and evil and their eyes were opened and they covered themselves with fig leaves.

Adam & Eve committed the act of sex (the fruit of good and evil) and were spiritually convicted (eyes were opened) from the act and found shame in being married yet physically exposed. Using colored clothes (Fig leaves) to cover themselves.

In today's modern world we experience sexual acts online in a form of ejaculation which doctors and professors consider healthy regimen. But neither consider the effect it has on the spirit when the act is done, conviction occurs. However, if the user of online sexual acts could find stimulation from the colors, the same colors the fig leaves shown in the secret garden with Adam & Eve, instead of stimulation from the lust of the body, sin nor conviction from the sexual act would exist. Mathew 5:28 Jesus tells us that to even look at a woman lustfully is adultery in the heart.

But there is no one in the world that consider the colors of clothing on a woman, or even of a gay man. It is a covering, the same as a condom is a covering to prevent children.

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Colored D Skies

Don't mind me brother I'm only a hiker. Why is it called earth if it hasn't put us through the darn diplomatic ringer. Why is the flag uniting these states unless it's been carried through a soldier's trauma: The battlefield, the mother land, the constituted essays of our freedom dripped in a woman's tears before bloodshed and purple ink. Don't mind us sister we're hiking, from all our suffering. Carry along in silence, we will too. With a flag somewhere on a highway building, at least a dollar in each one of our poor democratic pockets, and a mail postage stamp in the pile of house letters, don't mind us God we're walking liberty out. Walking to where it meant something to be American. Nothing to see here tea party folk, only liberty, look on folk, higher than the billboard, pass the trees, up above the corporate buildings, folk...it is the colored clouds, our mirrored freedom.

Apologies & Pancakes

I apologize for sending four Google Photos plays, but those parodies saved my life. The Wives & Daughter's Trilogy, what an epic feminist heroic. Like a Don Quixote realism I knighted you all my business partnered cahoots. Last year was SUIT Trilogy, I don't know what the future holds. I live a secret life, but for what I am able to show you, it is an education indeed. Thank you for delivering my incognito links to the world. Happy holidays.

Pour two cups of Bisquick, two eggs, one cup of milk, a cup of creamy organic peanut butter liquid, two caps of vanilla extract, four tablespoons of honey, two caps of olive oil into a bowl, stir in until mixed. In a skillet pour one cap of olive oil, and heat on low until pan is hot. Pour in half a cup of mix per pancake. Peanut butter honey pancakes. Pairs well with Nature's Nectar Sparkling Fresh Pumpkin Spice Apple Cider. Correction: " '43' the play series was made in 2021 not 2020".

YARZ.5 Daily: The Orange Papers

Other Introductions

I'll be writing out the script to the three part film on each of these papers paper one detailing the 3rd person events which took place from September till now, paper two dealing with the psychosis events which took place from September till now, and paper three dealing with the prophetic events which took place from September till now all per that same experience bodily.

Frederick Douglass

I'd like to note Frederick Douglass shared my same experience with slave catchers when he arrived in New York/ likewise the fears and experiences with Moses. Going forth he established a newspaper funded by whites and wealthy blacks called The North Star. It was for the abolition aid against slavery. However much it failed, his pages inspired ideas like the Vogue and Ebony.

September

I'd just gotten off the phone doing plays a day prior, and I was on the phone creating one of my first Album Websites via Google Photos. It was late at night and I was lead to sleep on the couch from my stage chair, the window was open so maybe someone was cooking something downstairs but a smoke inhaled in from the open window and into my nose and I fell like a seizure came over me onto the floor spinning in a circle until the episode halted me at a book, titled Wives and Daughters. Picking it up, out of breath seemingly I took the novel to the kitchen table and opened it up. It read "I have decided to become a daughter, doctors are saying I've become too ill, but now gravely ill. And I am led to believe they are lying, so I've noticed I have finances already held up for me and housing also, which I am deemed to take up immediately. Oh why do you always stop me at the foot of the letter?" At that moment my eyes widened with an idea and with only a robe and now shoes on I climbed to the window, stood out at the top, and from previous experiences during the summer fire, hopped out the window and landed like I'd been a bat.

September 2.1

Walking then from Joy Road and Greenfield area down Greenfield with no expectation of arrival of destination nor direction or cellular device, I headed onward, I stopped at a Mexican near an auto repair shop asking for direction to New York to see a famous celebrity who'd attained a wealth which seemed appeasable to afford my care of business, however young that business had been, and he told me straight forward. Going forth I met another gentleman who told me it'd take a month on foot to arrive in New York. Prepared for fasting without any income except a 27,000 dollar check from an insurance company which was left at home in my apartment. Without any state identification it was

worthless. So going again past Warren and into Dearborn out of Detroit I saw the Dearborn park on Ford Rd, coincidentally my Muslim friend Gregory stopped me by car on the road. Concerned for my mental health asked if he could drive me back home. Afraid for arrest to tell him where I was headed by grandiose I'd said "taking a walk." Wondering what for my robe, I told him it'd been chilly. Letting me go that'd been the only regret I had that night. But passing into the night nearing Michigan Avenue I tossed the robe into a bush by a store. Only a blue shirt on and some pants I felt later down the road a tiresome chill come over me, looking up at a plane, it had red and blue lights flashing, as I recall I noticed two cars parked in the opposite direction red and white, as I recall, on my left side of the road a lamp light on the side of the building and it's sword like shadow placed on its bottom. As I recall I noticed a church with a white painted Jesus mural on the wall of its side entrance, seeking to open it, it was deemed locked, as I recall before that a trailer park with Caucasian neighbors, one door reading dogs sleep here on its mat, so trying for stay at the home no one answered after plenty of knocks I attended sleep on the mattress, when the car alarm went off on the previous door knocked on I hurried in a walk away from the trailer park, as I recall before leaving the park the first home knocked on nobody answered after knocking and shouting softly if anyone was home. Sitting on their chair I noticed the American flag sticks sitting on the second home. Walking now to a tree near the trailer park I stopped there putting my shirt over my legs because they were cold and I was nearing hyperthermia. Sleeping soundly a ruckus in my body awoke me and an energy I hadn't had before moved me in a running dash but as I recall I saw the American flags standing tall at a fire station on my side of the road and staring hard I spun in a circle to see the entire area around me and continued forward, but running in a dash I saw another plan and remembering the planes I remembered how their engines moved and mimicked them with my arms to spark motivation through my imagination for a run down into what would then be the freeway, later I started to act as a snake with three heads, my hands, my head, and arms. A truck was speeding ahead and there being no road. I hurried in front of it and used my arms as if they were turning the wheels of the truck as the

scared truck turned in my direction away from me with all it's fuel in back from landing into my person and really running over this ole body. Feeling powerful from that act I entered into psychosis and left hyperthermia which was the better hand of the deal. Acting now as a Praying Mantis there were two cars in my direction now coming and the headlight behind the first car was invisible so I could not see the vehicle behind, but acting childishly as the Praying Mantis I was lucky enough to evade the second car by leaps on and off the middle lane. Continuing dodging cars on and off the road it continued from night onto the morning. Using the coming headlights and playing on the side of the road and into the ditch. I saw one car aim straight for the road side and with arms and hands no longer as snakes now but forced together in joining like squirrels use tails for balance so did I for balance on the road my joining arms and catchy legs. I dodged the vehicle into the ditch but still very near the road to feel the wind of the truck breeze through and passed my balanced body. Finding faith in the position of my arms and legs on the road there after like I did so often on that road through psychosis I believed I could actual make it to New York.

September 2.2

Shortly now in the ending dusk of the night the police appeared stopping me by the side of the road on green grass past the Ohio turn exit and into the middle of nowhere. Badges on and hands on and off their belts they asked me questions, "Hey can I ask you a few, can you step over into this grass and from the side of the road? Kind of chilly isn't it? Were you out in front of the road walking?" I answered yes to it being chilly and denied the misdemeanor crime of being in the middle of the road. They continued the conversation as the sun began to rise on my back, as dawn came in coincidental unison of them arriving to my rescue. "Where can we take you, can we see some identification?" I told them I had none. And that they could drive me to New York if possible. They told me, "We can't take you to New York, aww this job would be even better if they'd give us our own paid vehicle." so then came the first ambulance I'd seen in 5 years and 4 Months. They put me on the gurdie and asked if I wanted to go to Taylor or another city, I

said Taylor. Their eyes widened but then I mentioned the other city and we continued to the nearest hospital in the area. Which was Saint Joseph's hospital which was in Livonia. Being transported there I nearly refused to give my name before telling them it was JAY C's. But they wrist banded me at the hospital

Joshua Claiborne.

September 2.3

Entering into the Emergency Room it was easy transit into a bed. But sitting down noticing I was back in the hospital room I alerted the staff with cries of being the American Film Djanjo, tearing off the wrist band that had my name on it as Joshua Claiborne and shouting to be a free man, cops assisted staff with taming me down and injecting me with a syringe, which notioned my mouth to sound off like a snake's hiss. Down on the bed I began to relax at my situation. They gave me another wristband. And turned for me on the television. Then came upon the thought to draw a plane, and the idea conceived of a plane art picture with all my businesses drawn around it. Calming down after seeing that picture which had all my companies listed I went to bed. Waking up now to a nurse telling me I'd been moved to a new room she rolled me on into it and there I waited. Inside was a camera dressed as a star on the ceiling much like the plane I drew. And further was a pillow marked with that same star but this was a sword by a company I do not remember. Waiting there eating food tuna, they fed me one meal which was an egg sandwich and I threw it up onto the floor. They came to cover the mess with a towel and continued away. Seeing the towel on the ground I proceeded to watch Television. Now noticing that the American Film Black Panther was on I felt intrigued that the night might go by very well. That's when the Emergency Medical Service came to my aid, telling me I was headed to Samaritan hospital. Asking me who was the star of the film. Telling them the stars name which was a male they asked now who was the star of the next film the coming sequel, I mentioned the sister, and they told me, alright let's get you off and going.

September 2.4

Riding through the night we responded to Samaritan Hospital at the entrance with the Emergency Service Workers having confusion with the admission. They were talking about my name not being on the list of services. Left at the entrance the workers began discussing literary works and how a dog has a master, later one Caucasian worker noted these exact words, "Master it's time." Towards me. So I responded then before them and surveillance. "You know the cross was facing one way during crucification. But it should be facing the other way, because really it's upside down anyways. A sword not a cross." After motioning my hands to place the cross to a sword in a motioning shift the doors of the facility opened with the returning worker saying, "Yup he's on the list." Wheeling me in then off the gurdie I left the Emergency Medical Service workers and refused again to sign anything. Them saying that was fine I entered the weighing and blood pressure intake room, they stripped me naked, seeing my private area, I explained to them of me being a Eunuch. Next we went to the weighing scale, and it being 166.6, the worker told me his name was Demon. Checking my blood pressure it was normal, temperature normal, heat signature normal. And into a bed later that night I went.

My roommate was a Caucasian older fellow. I rose to meet him that morning. Although during my stay at Samaritan despite the lack of pencils or pens was unique I cannot remember the man's name as my roommate. Although I put my mattress on the ground next to his bed and the window and slept. The meals there were Kool Aid, chicken bites with gravy, salads, eggs and sausage with grits, spaghetti, nothing that stood out to memory.

September 2.5

The number one game in mental facility wards on the North of America they ask if you play in 2021 is, "Do you play spades?". So the following names since I do not know how to play spades is, "Do you know how to shuffle?". I have no memory due to the intense doses of drugs if not overdosing of drugs given to me during my stay of the four mental hospitals I've been through and in during the 9 month

period. So I'll be shuffling the names around and narrow of the scenes in this hospital visit alone. Starting with a certain female patient, when Aaron was leaving the hospital we were having lunch and a certain patient walked up to me with blue nail polish on and asked me, "Are you gonna eat your Cornbread", paused at her beauty, I told her yes, ignoring anything her presence was saying. Aaron getting ready to leave the room said, "Einstein Doesn't know that's his girl." And commenced the walk out. Enlightened now on how amazing she was I grew more attention of her. Following her into every room she went almost stalking. Waiting for her to leave her room to question her, follow her. She slept all day some days so I was off to play spades some days, off to talk with Aaron others. The day of my court hearing however we had our first and last intimate conversation sitting on the wall waiting for the hearing outside the room I remember her saying how she'd been upset her mother was fueding with her and decided to in the intense incident wrap a scarf around her neck and attend the initiation of suicide but stopped herself. But her words reflected otherwise her decision procedures, she told me, "I want you to speak to our children and our children's children. Your voice is just so powerful. I want you to speak." She had a Columbian accent. I was more amazed at how she spoke than how my voice carried. And after that she kissed my hand with her imprint. Telling her my story then of trying to run to New York I was tossed in the digital court session where I neglected my previous decision to sue for malpractice and decided to take the treatment at the hospital. Everyone including Aaron were amazed in laughter but savage astoundment with how I walked to the counter and gobbled up the pills as they say I did. And walked back to the day room. We all sat and talked until they understood I at the time neither cared about malpractice or hospital stays. I was just warming up. The narrative soon changed about me. From sueing to staying at the hospital with entertainment. Shortly after a woman named Sasha began doing plays with other characters in the hospital, the staff, and patients. Aaron later shook my hand on the main hallway window as if he'd been a lawyer promising a hope of lawsuit later. I seemed sane as if I'd not belonged there had it not been for the various other sound minded patients helping the narrative issue

that way. Another and last intense moment I remember with a certain patient was when arguing with the staff about injections. Hauling off in a brave sweat I gave her my number on a crayon written piece of paper. She took it and went off to her room, gently closing the door with a smile of contemptible romance. The other moments I met with a certain patient I could be seen giving her cornbread and or chips and her either denying the offer or accepting. We departed interaction shortly after.

September 2.6

Admission into the hospital wasn't polite, I and the doctor faced a dispute about malpractice threats which shuttered him aslilent for only a moment before bracing at my story and light chance of a case and sitting back to explain, "Alright, go along to your room, we're done, we'll play your game." Another worker as I was leaving jokes, "Oh that's a familiar face, I could remember Soulja Boy anywhere." She was seen wearing camouflage pants. Off to my room I needed since there'd been nothing to do with my time caused by the lack of pencils and pens, I began to sing melodies which belonged on that of Broadway, loud tunes of 70's African American Rythmn and Blues, Ballads and Blues, Gospel of the south during the late 1900's. And act out several plays one which went as follows: " Is it luck or is it faith? One says luck, that member must believe luck comes easy, that it involves simplicity against the impossible. Or is it faith, which another implies it is impossible. Luck or faith I say? Luck? The drama of chance and pretty gamble, faith! Our privy above natural selection. Luck I say, no faith I say!" This debacle would pace before the window for a few more 12 lines and 5 minutes before my roommate barged in telling me the bitch was dead and that I'd been multi-talented. Which specific referral to my rape assaults against my person had the play also been about, relieved my arguments and song to a solemn nap rest. I recall later waking up to him slapping me on the head like a monkey to a Simba (alludes to play Lion King). It was morning, yes it came very easily on my face the pink large sun. With birds big then two three across the sky, trees which resembled the dinosaur age, and what I then imagined of myself a

blade of grass before giants in the field of heavens creatures. What later soon responded from my roommate was, "I'm a dwarf." We had good times in that room, I served him cups of water from the bathroom sink and other room service gestures around the house, he could be reminded of calling himself the Christ all those holidays and presents Easter and Christmas were for. The last of that particular roommate whom I cannot seem to remember's name passed gas as a goodbye gift in my face during the medicine line wait and handed me a newspaper which lived on the room shelf for the remainder of our time there. But the songs continued on the window hospital hallway remixing songs of the 2000's country and soul. After being told to stop my melodies by staff members another patient who's name too is indistinct rewarded me by the saying, "He's remixing all these songs from scratch." I do remember however, constantly laughing at nearly every mention of his speech.

September 2.7

When it was snack time I sat next to my crush, we got up one after another to collect blue cool ranch and red nacho cheese chips with a side of apple juice and cookies and cream sandwiches. I asked to hold her hand, she replied with the yes that allowed me and only for a moment did I remember what it was like to know a girlfriend since my 8th grade year before being lead across the room with her this time requested no longer the permission of holding her hand but asked my silence along with the snacks I garnered alone and shaken as my hand reached as close to hers near the chair that divided us throbbing from being apart. If you could share with me your convincing even my spirit on that night of patient gathering began to throb against the chair. She later left into the hallway of a male and female worker speaking, "That guy looks like them menthol packs, withdrawal ain't no joke." Arriving into the ground from the feeling of suicidal ideation and the throbbing I remember now a big bone'd woman speaking of how she herself entered into the hospital. Which belonged to abuse and homicidal temptations thoughts of mine couldn't help but imagine a better place than then, and a happier time maybe in another life prior to that one. It indeed was a liken to

substance abuse, hopelessly romantic on the ground. The following afternoon a Caucasian boy walked into the room I'd been laying in, where a fat jug of water lay on the table also and he grabbed a cup and offered me a cup. I accepted and he remarked to my person, " I don't believe that you're God, I believe you're possessed by God." This infers to the many times I'd been seen walking around the rooms and hallways of the hospital with irregular movements of my hands and head seemingly by themselves and at one point even spoke to me among the many other times they spoke through sign language, two of my businesses on the paper I'd brung to the hospital and sketched were SUIT and H.O.E. Music worksheet and a joke before the court case which I was making a malpractice fit out of for refusal to take medicine was, Sue, Hoe...nodding my head left and right at the adjoining scribbles on the paper. The night got lonelier and younger as I got woke out of my sleep one morning with the singing of a lady next door about the Jordan river and as the sun rose on my face and cleaning lady threw a noise about the bed being on the floor by the window not allowed I exited into the bathroom singing of how I'd been the last legal slave of the 21st century. washing my body with hand soap and paper towels likewise the dry since there'd been no cleaning towels or proper bathing soap in the room the patients and members of the hospital were astounded at my tweak at ghetto innovation.

September 2.8

In the day room I met a boy named Dug, we made promises to go to New York with my 27,000 dollars when we got out. That as two freemen we'd travel the city. I'd go check on a rapper who I thought had some wiz oz opportunities for me and I'd send him to theatre colleges to tour for his talents. He'd been very theatrical for our stay at a hospital. Once he yelled at me three times to see if I flinched but not doing so we became good friends from the embarking. Traveling up and down the hallways, me singing and him doing exercises. Another friend along the way I met was a rapper who inspired me to sing by the window. He'd rap all day and through the night about various subjects of struggle. Staff continuously aimed at shutting him up which influenced me to give singing at the window a try.

Playing spades me and Arron made up a conversation technique. Instead of speaking directly to me he spoke to the lady in-between us to notion a conversation to me subliminally. I felt that was smooth of the old man. But when he shouted that I'd been a stupid mother fucker for blowing the whistle on the malpractice mental health system I couldn't help but laugh till my stomach hurt. Later that week I'd been reading the Quran studying to be Muslim and spectators who were watching me talk to God in myself through sign language and loud persuasions about prophecy began asking me questions, one fellow showed me his Allah tattoo and I showed him my "Don't judge him who cannot give all" scripture. Being trapped in the mental hospital does something to the mind. Had I not been on fire from my plays and songs I might've caved in from the pressure. But they began harassing me. Patients acting like staff and staff encouraging the patients. But no one seemed again insane there. Until I told the man with the Allah tattoo that I didn't believe in his God. Then again when I told him "Fuck yo God." Feeling invincible to the system he ran up in my direction furious, taking off everything I needed him to, his wrist band, his shirt, and every memory of institutionalization to the ground behind him. The scene looked like it'd been from a television episode. Entertained, he stopped at my face and we paused our confrontation at the bell of one patient now informing me before both our furious breaths, that I'd lost my protection in the hospital. Everyone knew I was there to get SSDI, SSI. An income for outpatient care and retired workers. But that institution had been all black. We were in Detroit. But from the long walk headed to New York I refused to believe anyone saying that was the exact location. Unless my legs had been deceiving me.

September 2.9

Afraid of losing my, "Protection" I paced the floor of the bedroom asking God if it was over. If this was it. Would I die in a hospital by an angry mob or some such. But not getting a response I was convinced that there was more left to the story of my life. And gave a shout in the room then left for the day room to look for my protection again. And him not wanting to hear anything about it I pressed the

issue to comfort his feelings, and asked again to look at the plane picture I drew with all my businesses. I asked him what did he see. He said he saw a plane, a bird or a sword. He called it a super sayon sword like from the television shows of dragon ball Z, but I informed him how I got the picture. How I typed JAY: S8T0N on the computer and my eyes widened. After hearing so much his fear of superstition convinced him to pause me, "Your eyes got wide, huh, alright end of story you got convicted by the holy ghost. All that other stuff don't matter. It is what it is." During the end of his stay we exchanged numbers but he asked me an odd question which the staff member near him egged him on about me instigating the arrangement. He told me to hit a piece of rolled up brown trash bag paper as if it were a weed blunt. I did and he responded saying, "Like that huh? That's straight trees." I will reiterate the entire hospital seemed as if they'd been in on some type of skit. That is until the doctor ordered me to take injections as prescribed medicine. Which was the first time I'd gotten a dose of prescription and after the outpatient never received a follow up on its behalf nor understanding of which drug was being injected. They said one was Invega but I didn't believe them since it seemed the lady appeared joking and my file replied I couldn't receive that type of dose. But before we got to the injections we had something like a movie night every night until Sasha left the hospital. We'd play YouTube music videos on the television box and rap to the lyrics or sing. That was the time I realized I could sing a little but not rap nearly as well. It calmed me down the night before the injection. Feeling courageous from my crush and encouraged to take the shot and get a ticket out of the two hallway three room compartment I took it on the count of one, two then a beautiful thick woman gave me the shot zoop, it was quick but the response numbed my arm. Being so brave my reward was a playful staff walking by me with hoop earrings on. Mine and her story is to be continued.

September 3.0

Initially the staff member with the hoops was mean to me and refused to talk with me no matter how persuasive my clinical predicament has been. But after taking

the shot, facing the patient's Muslim faith, and singing the hospital down, oh and to mention when in the day room me and Sasha were rehearsing singing lessons and my voice sounded a little old school so she said illustrating with cards, “ This voice put you in the dog house, we already heard that before. Now that's a small house now. Then I blew a little louder and she changed the dog house to a mansion, saying, yeah that's the penthouse. But sitting in the day room later on that night me and the staff were in the room by ourselves. She stayed in the corner and I stayed by the television. I was shy, not knowing what to say or how to approach her. I kept my eyes off the woman and faced the television trying not to laugh or get hard at either the comedy movie or the constant tapping and posture of her chocolate position in that corner. Maybe it'd been that I was hormonal, maybe that explanation of anything that moves being attractive will be continued. But it is due from a man in heat. A Eunuch in heat I should say. And it didn't help that a white staff member cried out in the middle of a group meeting with thick thighs and firm breasts that she loved ranch out of all things. But the following days was my birthday and not getting happy birthday wishes from my crush or those I wished to most, I called my brother and mother on the payphone on the wall to describe with them my second birthday in a hospital. My brother told me that everytime I went to the hospital something awful politically, nature, or criminally was going on. And he was correct because at that time there'd been a hurricane to have hit Detroit and was flooding the third floor which I was on. But when the storm cleared, and the sky opened I was back at the window with a man who followed me I know as a priest. It felt as if I was being led to the window. A woman with a cross tattoo directed me outside to the hall from the day room. A nurse warned the priest not to come, this was a very dramatic moment but powerful as you'll see. You see, the main reason I entered these hospitals was because of my sister who I abused as a child. And felt it was paying backward to the crimes I committed in that house which went undiscussed with the family. No boy should put hands on a girl. But there I was doing time, the opposite way of the system to prove a point of honor to my sister and justice. And hopefully one day forgiveness. But off to the window I went with the priest who drooled at the

mouth often so he always carried a towel to cover it. And when I looked out the window there was also next to me the rapper who'd been staring at the sun. I initially watched him but after seeing it's beauty I felt elusive to it and sang aloud a beautiful melody which turned into what I thought was tongues but the priest helped me tarry by praying over me and the tongues brung then tears down my eyes, as I sat with knees on the bench facing the sky, waving goodbye as it literally fell down to darkness before my eyes. Of course it hindered my sight down the road but I felt I'd been saying a prayer to my sister. That I'd gather with her holding hands again someday after all the torture the hospitals were readying to place on me had been over. The tongues kept me until the staff carried me down from the bench, the rapper and the priest went away and I left into my room to watch the rest of the sun go down in more tongues and song. It was the most pivotal point of my life because I've always dreamed of watching the sun set and for years I'd been falling asleep like new years holidays before I could see the ball in that sky fall. There was a certain air in the room regarding the patients, I say again it seemed as if there'd been skits waiting for me on my road to New York. Although later on it would only get worse I took the sun set for boasting rather than the sunrise for dusk.

September 3.1

After my birthday the walls began questioning whether they were gonna cave in or not, so I waited my second dose of the injection by a white lady, and she didn't like ranch she liked squeezing her syringe. I remember telling the nurse that on the road to New York something beautiful happened, I felt as if God had me on that road for a reason, to remind me all the places I could've died, when I was younger me and a friend of mine were playing race in the streets, and in the process a truck came flying down the road in a means to get by and I could feel the wind pass my shirts back and looking behind me a woman with eyes appalled stared heavily at my alive body. The nurse at the station said it was a cool story right after telling me not to move as she slowly pressed the syringe into my arm giving me the idea that a black woman as seen before for a Eunuch might be a

quicky or an easy to release sexually, but a white woman takes her time with the size of the needle, making sure you feel everything. Vice versa it's deliberate explanation of pain. Before Sasha left she introduced a present into my room she came, and asked me to drop my draws, that she wanted some of my dick, I told her no but she proceeded to chase me around the room with her breast hanging out of her shirt to proclaim my innocence. I managed to run out the room and report it to staff and they caught her but nothing seemed to have been done about the case. When I heard she was leaving, that the gangster, comedian was exiting the building I told her I'd miss her, and nearly wanted to cry at the lack thereof of a diva in the nuthouse. But it was life and people I again learned come and they go.

September 3.2

Once injected twice by unknown medications at the time still unknown to me, a Mexican arrived at the window, and we discussed the injustice of the mental health system. How anybody can be picked off the streets and thrown into a wagon despite their sanity. We also discussed the changing of times during Covid. How they'd been secretly building 5G towers while citizens were sleeping and flying cargo planes across the skies dumping waste. Hood observations of course rather than conspiracy, the topics kept the days from feeling so squeeze tight together. Fire drills happened often, false alarms. And we'd all gather by that window and patients there would share conversation. One guy told me at my statement, "I could be a radical, blowing the whistle on a lot of causes. You know the whole screw 911 and all." However that wasn't my journey, hindrance or story his response was, "You know you'd be perfect for that. Then someone would blow your fucking head off." His consultation was appreciated. We'd joke about how the doors unlocked during the fire alarm and theorized on our escape. But the staff replied we wouldn't make it out the front door. Other times at the fire drill window there was a hygiene issue of mine, I wouldn't take showers. And everyone knew it'd been for the need of playing crazy. But a nurse walked up to me and said, "When this is all over, promise me you'll take a shower." It was later

time for me to leave, I'd like you to know I don't wear shoes in hospitals or socks.

But when it's time to leave I hurry and put them on like a three piece suit onto a body for a show. A question arose upon my departure which was how do I stay out of the hospital facility, what's the loophole, how do you go from the ER room and then to your home without being locked up by Emergency Medical Service. Her reply was honest, have the pills in your blood system at the time you arrive at the ER, tell them you've been taking your medicine and seeing your therapist and doctor regularly. And give them the sources of your medical advisors and they should medically clear you if not just give you a change of medicine and send you on your way. Unless you tell them you're suicidal or homicidal. The advice was short winded so I asked more questions, referring to not losing my apartment while in facilities like those, and she replied, "Well if you keep going back they can always find a group home for you." My heart sank at her life changing words. The least of places I'd enjoy outside a hospital would be a group home, a curfew and lack of housing freedom. Furthering the day, since I was readying to get out a staff member gave me some false information. He told me if I wanted to sue the hospitals, why not go down to the court in Ann Arbor, and file a lawsuit for 15 dollars, do it yourself. What's the worst that can happen? You lose? Now the thing with suing for malpractice is that you have to 6 months to sue after it happens and 5 years from the time of incident to be aware that it was actually in fact malpractice. A psychiatrist has to testify in court willingly that it was malpractice and after it's been proved there's a compensation unnumbered. Meaning you can ask for how much settlement you feel like. But the ending settlement is up to the courts. He also stated that everyone has insurance when going into mental hospitals. That they'll find insurance for you during your stay there. That also is not the case. Mental facilities will take you without insurance and hold you as a billed account. Expecting in the future you will have insurance and they can collect your money then. So after watching television for a while on the 24th day and some unknown date in September, I believe it was the 28th, they called me home.

October 3.3

The one to drive me back to apartment Greenfield Rd 8348 was my mother, she warned me not to change the birth name that'd been given to me for spiritual reasons, that being known today I only stage the name Yeshua in business, not in personal life. We got in the car and started a drive backwards passing the road I walked all that night to New York. Big trucks went in many directions, restaurants, stores...city life, I began seeing myself as a human being again. When we first arrived at her home she offered food I accepted, and then handed over my keys, got a bank account at chase in my name and cashed the 27,000 dollar check there. What I remember is this: Cooking food for me had been tiresome, I'd grown rusty, my high was gone after being in the hospital for so long. It changed me from hyped to uncomfortable with the living conditions I'd been under. The house I realized after 3 and a half years of living there had been too small, unless being caved in at the mental hospital finally settled to do something to me. So after spending 8,000 dollars on a galaxy phone, a video game console and CDs, once taking videos and doing plays on my phone I subjected myself to head over to my mother's house and live there for a while. A comedy special had come out on a streaming service platform which excited me because he'd been my favorite comedian. So I subscribed to the channel and watched the film several times. After it was being played out and my mom got tired of hearing it airing, I went back over to the apartment with an epiphany of giving my company over to Microsoft having them take the entire entity for whatever deal I could get. Therefore that following morning I hopped on the bus and headed downtown, getting to the Rosa Parks transit center bus station. The walk for the building wasn't long. When arriving the ladies at the front told me I couldn't get upstairs without an appointment. Telling them I had none they said there'd be an ambulance fee with that regard. Soon their heads were distracted. I snuck through the incoming crowd, passing through the gates and stopping frozen by the confusing elevator buttons, it was a touch screen. A man coming downstairs who I didn't know asked if I needed a ride up. I told him, "To Microsoft

please.” Pressing buttons with his card I knew my journey might've ended sooner if no one ever asked that lost question. Up we went and once at Microsoft we departed him to the garage and I to the office entrance. Knocking on the door they asked if I had an appointment and with whom, I told them yes but I didn't know their name by heart. So the desk attendant left me at the front with a no thank you. Being persistent I gave another knock, when they came and stressed it more threatening to call security I stood ground not waivering, yet again I knocked on the door and that's when I could see her begin to dial. With an empty book bag on my back I sat down against the glass window waiting for them to come up, remembering the incidents which happened to me 5 years ago on private property I decided to keep all dignity and act as sane as possible when they came uttering from my mouth only about the issues rather blunty making a scene. When the security guard came I told them I'd wanted to kill myself. They then brought a cop upstairs and he asked me questions, “What's going on here?” He asked calmly, I told him I'd had a knife in my book bag and had plans to kill myself. (It was either lie or go to jail for barging on private property) He checked my bag and there'd been nothing in it, “There's nothing in here, alright let's take you downstairs.” On the way down the elevator I met again the man who got me up there, and he told me, “You lied to me and said you knew this place. You're gonna regret this, believe me!” I told him I didn't know him. Lo and behold there'd been the state police who helped escort me down, and more welcomed me at the first floor outside. They told me to sit on the hood of the car. I believe they were aware of my works in plays due to the subliminal messages that were being thrown around in conversation. When telling me I'd been banned from Microsoft I met with an undercover cop who asked if everything was alright. I told him also that I didn't know him. We talked about the famous comedian when sitting on the hood of the car, one asked, “Do you know who else can pull something like this off?” And named that comedian. Asking me if I was sure if I wanted to go to the hospital, afraid of going to jail I told them yes. So the ambulance came and refused to place me on a gurdie but put me on a seat in the back with seat belt straps. The cop drove with us and talked about police reform and fears of losing

his pay. I assured him he'd still have a job after all of this was over. And I feel a piece of him was comforted. When we got to DMC hospital and they walked me in, the ambulance driver or myself petitioned me. My memory is lost, that's when the stance for freedom began while also ending.

October 3.4

The total time in the hospital at DMC was 14 days, it became my most traumatic experience to date, because the suffering I had to endure there would be alone. No access to using a cellphone there wasn't any way of contacting friends to tell them where I'd been. A post uploaded on my website while I got the chance up at the Microsoft building to remind readers of my whereabouts but there's doubt the message went without vain. Knowing what the hospitals had done to me in the past and what could be done now there wasn't much faith to be had in them. So as they sat me by the wall I waited with the middle finger up holding it like a candle light numerous times. Psychiatrist came to my aid asking questions of what brought me into the hospital. I told them I wanted to buy a cyanide pill from Amazon store to kill myself. Knowing they don't sell those there the psychiatrist still took their mental note and passed me by. A bed after long was granted and off I went in new clothes, a bald head and a middle finger that made even the cleaning lady laugh. She hid it for sake of composure. The food served: meatloaf, mashed potatoes and corn with cranberry juice. The meals at DMC were diminishing. A social worker came by to have me sign papers and willingly I scribbled the signature. Shortly pills came ready with the beverage as did a Covid test. I was given Haldol and swallowed it with eager pride. Not knowing this would be the drug to paralyze me from the head down to the feet. After taking the test a nurse came back with news I'd contracted Covid and later that night I was rolled to a private room away from the hallway.

October 3.5

The room was see-through with a glass door. I sat in the dark because the

television was turned off. This place appeared as a hole. But from previous experiences of 5 years ago my reunion to the bed and gurdie wasn't foreign. I often asked for cranberry juice. Thirsty from deprivation of alcohol, notification later that I'd been dehydrated knew vague from my memory. The sitters at the hospital turned on a Televised American show Muary which only haunted me because I'd been on the run from two rapist women claiming to have had my child. It was high time to turn over and get some rest. No windows, or clocks, no way could you tell what day occurred to turn. Sinking into the foam bed I prepared for what would later come to mind as paralyzation, this occasion of comfortable sleep wore short lived all over. A Nigerian walked in in the twilight of my rest with needles to poke an IV in me and a water bag notifying that no matter what the hospital thought of me, he already became convinced I'd been a good man to his faith and certainty. In other words these were his good luck goodbyes for what was to come with that Haldol in my system. I'd had previous experience with Haldol in Kingswood hospital, the injection version, where I shook and throbbed for 8 hours in the night with no one to rescue me with Benadryl from a nightmare I cried and screamed for help in. But upstairs they transported me the following day to a private room on the Covid floor with my own bathroom and shower at the top of the sky, high enough that if you jumped from this window you might not make it down alive. So that plan for escape shown fairly in vain. They had two important items in the new room, a Television remote and an emergency button. I often pressed both during my stay there at the Haldol hotel. They gave me three of those pills a day and at first it seemed to do nothing to me, but I started to notice my face swelling, I became stiff, it was hard to use the restroom at a complete shake of my rod. It grew even more difficult to pull simple sheets over to the top of my neck, and moreso difficult to hold both hands and arms underneath the covers. Swallowing food later grew difficult also. They were creating a vegetable and I, a potential lawsuit. I was refused a phone because I told them I'd been suicidal so with only a few resources, the rare visits from doctors and often doses of medicine from nurses the words told to them were well spent, " Can I please have a phone to call my mom. Tell her I want her to be

aware of my health condition and ability to review my files. I'm allergic to Haldol.

Please put me on Zyprexa " whether or not Kingswood put the documents of Haldol and Benadryl the following morning in my reports was beyond me. I really wanted to leave. The promise was once the Covid systems were over I'd be able to leave the hospital back to regular society. Treated for both physical sickness and mental while being overdosed I felt as if I might die, soon it was hard to walk, soon it was hard to open even the slightest of a cranberry juice cup. But sitters came to my rescue, always assuring I'd be comfortable in the afterlife, moving my legs when they were numb, repositioning my shoulders, and placing the sheets over my body. The emergency button responded as a weapon against death. Eventually I began begging for Benadryl. It was denied until one night a nurse put it inside my IV, it felt like Christmas, like all the symptoms would now be reversed, but that was false hopes talking to me. I'd wake up multiple times throughout the night taking gulps of breaths as if I'd contracted sleep apnea. When garnered a phone, the first thing I did was call my mom. Her number and my brother's were the only life lines memorized. She'd often read me scripture and play songs. one titled, "Anchored in The Lord" unable to move at this point in my stay nor talk clearly. But when the song came on I began singing with her and what little of my legs and motor skills I had left began a jump out of the bed and sang, danced and clapped. My mother told me to be quiet or they'd take my phone privileges from me. But I didn't listen. I had no hope. I was in the middle of the Covid storm and numb to the bone. I needed hope or else I'd be stone in the next couple of days. An Asian and African American female nurse were my enemies, they'd force the pills in my mouth and threaten to give me the shot which they warned would hurt more than the pill. A sitter who would always change my sheets told of myself to have faith, not to give up. That moving around and drinking plenty of water would fight the Covid off. But I wanted the pills changed moreso than I did the Covid relented. Having shortness of breath and stiffness in my throat from the Haldol and Covid it felt like being double teamed. "All this for a invisible knife in my bookbag,?" 5 years prior they did me in at my school for an invisible bomb when all there were 18 sheets of paper slandering

the establishment for propaganda beliefs. But I tried reading the Bible that one of the doctors promised to give me. I read Psalms and standing up reading my later would be hero who awarded me cogentin and Zyprexa at the end of my stay asked what I was reading. She was Muslim but my response went unwaivered, "Psalms of David." I told her. She asked if I needed anything and I told her I wanted to go home. Her response returned like the others, "When the Covid symptoms are over we can send you home." But there were rumors of me being transferred to a psychiatric ward. I believe those threats came based on the middle finger stances made earlier the days prior.

October 3.6

They wouldn't give me showers. The time before I became paralyzed I took one. It found out as the hardest shower ever taken. Uncomfortable and cold although the hot water managed a turn. One of the sitters offered me a soap that, "might harm my scrotum and rod." I declined, and she left after making those comments. The food again I say was terrible. And hard to eat because of the dosages. The chips were stale. All that remained to drink and eat were water and vegetables. When a good meal did come I tried my best to eat but could only take small bites. For fear of becoming tubed I kept silent about having hard times eating and stressed only my paralyzation. They refused to believe me because I kept removing myself from the bed and even took my phone from me for singing too loudly with my mother. But she called the hospital everyday to get in contact with doctors so I could get out. There was no insurance on my account so staying there longer than the 14 days was unlikely but possible. Every Time I got out of bed I risked not being able to change my sheets over my body again. Having to rely on the emergency button to get comfortable in bodily position on the bed. But walking around was to get rid of the Covid. The Asian nurse turned off my panic button once they got tired of coming to tuck me in due to an incident of medication arguments, (I continuously asked for Benadryl, a side effect medication to Haldol). So one night I was found on the floor sleeping there just for a sense of comfortability. It was for not because of its hardness but I tried anything. When I was found they

threatened to strap me down to the bed. But forbid themselves due to previous experiences with the scenes of 5 years ago. Therefore I commenced to walk out of the hospital room for help. There was a shortage of nurses on staff so why they took so long carried understandable. But my needs were feeling life or death. The Asian nurse could be heard murmuring as woke, it was still night, "He says Haldol is causing him side effects, that he needs Benadryl, I'm done giving him Benadryl it's making it worse for him." One night it rained and the cold air damply filled the room giving me hives on my back. I could barely sleep that night. Falling into a twilight I woke up and it felt as if I'd died and came back. Trying to get out of bed my body was now stuck, an attempt to put my leg back on the bed that too grew impossible. Laying halfway in I cried for help and a lady came to promise that someone would come to reposition me shortly. The feeling felt like a nightmare. One of those when you're frozen from an incoming attack in a dream but can't move. That attack for me was paralysis. Eventually someone came and I drifted half awake through the night till morning. And that was my life for the next 7 days. Watching the sun fall and rise with a new chance of getting home. They gave me a phone portable later on in the experience and I called my mom again. She gave me an older sister's number, and her words gave me hope. When I called my brother he told me to focus my body in a straight position and to just lay there with my eyes closed until falling asleep. When switching back to my mother she swore she didn't like seeing me like that. That it hurt her heart to watch me go through that again after 5 years of being free from those places. I told her I loved her every call as if it would be the last time I'd say such words to her.

October 3.7

I kept the television off still, focusing on meditation, watching the clock atop the wall, doing anything to pass time at a chance for discharge from the hospital. My mother's words stay in memory, "Just hold on, you're gonna get out of there soon just hold on." But I began losing faith. Without glasses I couldn't read the Word, managing what little I could to read Psalms despite the handicap. A nurse

at night found her way into the room and held a promising message, "You wanna go home right? Take it then, take this medicine." And she'd literally push the small cup down my lips and into the mouth. The feeling is compared to Morris Chestnut who was paralyzed by a spider bite in the American Television Film Anaconda 2. But no matter how hard it became to breathe at night, move during the day, eat food without throwing up, and live days lacking showers, I pressed firmly on my will to live. Although hope for my condition had faded. Hope for life was always questioned. "Am I going to die?" I'd ask the sitter who'd tuck me in. She reminded me to believe in God, and with swollen lips I imagined the difficulty it was to suffer but believe. Only able to say so much because of hospital regulations with her job, I like to think more hidden under her breath at what she'd later do. It was nearing my time to depart from DMC hospital, or so I heard, and a new Caucasian sitter came in during the afternoon. At this time of day movement was realized impossible. And scared the sitter gave me comforting words, "Anything you need just press the button and I'll come and help ya." So that's exactly what I did. I'd press the button given back to me for food lid openings, for blanket coverings, for body readjustments, for water, when the remote would fall which controlled my reclining bed. A Mexican sitter would stop by and complain, "You cannot do that." But even he became convinced that paralysis turned to get the best of me. Tucking me in at night, bringing me water, as we'd await the nurse to give the speech again. At one point in the experience I was seen shaking at the knees afraid to sit down when against the wall with a packaged sandwich and cranberry juice which I couldn't open, for fear of being stuck on the floor. So at that moment I sincerely cried, "Help, help...help!" When a sitter walked in I told them, "I'm stuck on the wall." It was her. "Alright come on let's get you back in the bed. But I can't do this alone. I need your strength too. Lift, lift, alright let's walk. You are heavy." And she'd get me in the bed and move my arm stating, "Are you ready, alright...you sure?...ready, set, push." We were moving my body onto the bed and readjusting me through arm muscle jerks and pulls. She would do this several times of night before asking, "You don't wanna get me sick do you? Coming in here and moving you could have me contract

what you have. We don't want that, do we?" And I told her no. But the discomfort of my body, breathing problems, and anxiety kept me moving around the room. I asked her, "If I stop breathing what's gonna happen, will you all just leave me here dead?" And she responded, "We're trained to handle situations like that. And I come in every 15 minutes so there's no worry. When a few hours had gone by I called for her, the remote button had a phone on it to contact the front desk, and the Mexican asked what I needed her for. I told him I was trying to open some food and get tucked in. He skipped over my request stating he'd do it later. And that she left for break. But uncomfortable in the condition I walked out into the halls demanding they tuck me in. They threatened restraints again so I walked back inside. Although I wouldn't go near that bed, instead stuck near the window, afraid to sit down because one wrong muscle movement could have my paralysis activate in that position. So I carefully paced the floor. Walking I fell against the wall and caught myself noticing then that my IV had become punctured beneath the bandaid. A man came in at that time to dose me with a drug called cogentin. I was happy then. It began reversing my side effects and allowed me to somewhat walk the floor to the chair and sit down hours into the night. The Muslim doctor who came in to save me earlier asked how I knew those drugs Cogentin and Zyprexa my response was I'd been in the hospital too many times. But the Caucasian sitter came back into the room and opened my sandwich package and cranberry juice, placed me on the bed for sleep, and we awaited the Covid to cease. A question she asked me before she left into the night was, "How am I doing?" When telling her she was perfect with an eager smile she hurried to back away as if I'd been a plague. And so I went to sleep.

Medical Records Summary Pt:1

SUIT Radical Tone: Personal Experience

May 2016 first hospital visit. May 2016 first proof of mental illness.

In April of 2016 I wrote a 4 and a half page speech that revealed my peak potential in writing and speaking at the time. But seeing how the writing and speaking made others, (teachers and students) feel about me made me nervous and anxious to not want to be seen anymore because of the high expectations set on me to write more and better things in the future. So due to this and my undiagnosed case of mental illness it was just the push I needed to snap. **1.**

(Destroying relationships with the school and reaching the fear of medication)

In May 2016 I wrote an 18 page rushed paper slandering the school, teachers and staff. I was rushing into mental illness through the library and then running through the school sending the paper to as many gossiping students as possible. Cops soon arrived at the back of the school because of my attitude and found a reason to have me administered into the hospital.

The doctors called it highly unusual for a young student kid to write something so long and detailed without academic reason. On the 18 page paper one word said bomb which cause me to be handcuffed for the first time, lightly and placed in a mental facility. They called me manic and suggested I should take medication. Afraid of medicine I refused. Family around me defended my case not believing in a member of their household could be mentally ill. This time I escaped the medicine and was sent back home from the hospital within a week. **2.**

(Destroying relationship with family, and facing the horrors of medication, the threat of cops)

However in the summer of July I was forced back into the hospital because at home I had typed through text messages threatening words about my own judgement day and how everyone in my family would die somehow by suicide.

3.

Cops again showed at my house this time seven police filled my living room with guns armed at their sides asking me to come out. I wasn't harmed in this dispute, instead I was asked to come out and handcuffed then sent off to the hospital. **4.**

When in the hospital I acted highly disrespectful and defensive not talking, not coming out of my room, and only accepting bottled water, and food that was of high quality. **5.** This was all done in a hospital that at any point could sedate me and put me under control themselves. **6.** That's when the night came and those good days were gone. They sent a very intimidating woman to my guard threatening that if I refused medication she would administer a shot of it in my bloodstream. **8.** Refusing to take the pills they sedated me one night and put those drugs in my system. But the drug was different. My body instantly reacting to it I began to shake and throb. Asking for help from the nurses no one would assist me. They lied saying drinking water would help, then that a cold shower would stop it. It felt like my heart was being squeeze and adrenaline was bursting out. I could barely breathe, let alone think. Afraid I tried to call my mother realizing that it was a set up for my rude and foul behavior but they took the phone off the wall. **9.** All night they had me in my room, awake, taking the pain for eight hours straight. Every time they'd send a flashlight through my room to ask if I was okay, I'd cry, "help me." But they ignored me. Soon I stopped crying, and my spirit broke. In the morning they asked me did I want to take my medicine now. They said it was the only way they'd give me the side effect medication for what they put in my system. Agreeing they started giving me medicine but me taking my pills would only last so long until I refused again. **10.** At this point in my life I was still 17 yet to turn the big one eight. And that's when they placed me around civilized patients and let me drift out the rest of my stay. **11.**

When September came I was placed into a new school, a broken down ruined school called Cody that was on the verge of closing. **12.** Around this time a certain teacher applied within the school to teach one of my classes for the year. It was time for my birthday and I had met with a girl at my school who asked about my secret, that secret was mental illness. I refused to tell her but would only explain that it was the reason I felt broken, and couldn't fully be myself. **13.** Later on she would discover what that truly meant as these hands of mine touched my mother in the middle of the night, not abusively but only to take her phone, freaking out she ran into my sister's room to hide, and to grab a gun. Although I could not see what was on the other side of my sister's door I felt and feared deep inside that my life was in danger, so I panicked and ran to my neighbors asking them for safety, banging at their door in the middle of the night.

14. Coming around on the side the neighbors asked what was going on with one of them high on weed who was carrying an AK-47 with a suppressor on it. Falling to my knees I begged for safety from my mother. I knew she'd call the cops on me and they'd send me to the hospital to be treated, but I knew that meant I'd be broken again. **15.** The neighbor told me he had a degree in psychology, he said they'd look at me, give me medicine and send me home. He comforted me saying it wouldn't be so bad. **16.** So we went to my mother's house without the AK-47 and she called the cops on me. In the car I fearfully texted my friends asking them to help me. Friends I had only just made that month. But as expected the witnessing of my mental illness pushed them far away from me. **17.**

Once in the cop car with two white policemen who still refused to harm me even after hearing about domestic violent acts from my home they drove me off to a hospital in Detroit. **18.** This is where I saw the real deal. I was now 18 and my mental illness could only numb so much. Swiftly I was placed on a gurdie that the hospital considered for mentally ill patients to be a bed. And the medicine that I was afraid to take was shot up in my arm. **19.** All around me was action, the gurdie next to me was a grown man who after talking about lawyers and suing so much had been shot up with the medicine the hospital over the summer had given me that made me shake. Seeing another man given that same nightmare treatment let me know at any moment it could be me. **20.** Desperately afraid other patients were popped injections also. Another guy, a big dude came into the hospital non violent but because of his size they installed fear into him and intimidation. **21.** Watching all of this me and a patient in front of my bed began talking about how we were the only one's unsedated in this big dispute. Laughing, we became friends. He was gay but that wasn't the issue which soon lead me into greater trouble. He liked practicing what he thought was witchcraft. **22.** However I left that hospital and my friend, taking his number I thought it would go to some good, it didn't. They transferred me to a mental facility where I spent my 18th birthday. In a place that had no fresh air and no outside to roam in. Just walls, windows and more walls. **23.** There is where my uncle brought me cake and food, where my brother continued to preach to me of the state that I was in and how this was a bad spot, how better could come of me if I took steps to fix myself, by taking medication. My God father also visited me who I also bashed and disrespected in a text over the summer. He sat me down and said, "If I didn't love you, I wouldn't be here." my mother came weekly if not twice or three times a week. **24.** When I was eighteen, there were no friends in sight that I could meet and make fun out of my sad stay there. But the workers would be there always telling me that I was

going home eventually. Never being right. And as I left the hospital they'd tell me to come back anytime I needed, that I could return to that depressing hospital. **25.**

In October I was now sleeping on the floor as I got home from my hospital visits. I refused to sleep on the bed, I refused to call a place that I was always taken from in handcuffs a home. I slept with my coat on and even sometimes a backpack too. **26.** But that friend I told you about from the detroit hospital taught me how to do what he called witchcraft. My mother hearing me, him on the phone, and another kid on the phone who I met from highschool practicing on her porch she told me to pack my bags and hit the road. On the coldest day of October that kid from highschool abandoned me hanging up in the comfort of his own home, the guy from the hospital was no help to my homelessness. **27.** Calling my brother he preached again. **28.** And on the bus to fairlane I wound up at a hospital lobby trying to charge my phone and sleep with covers over me. They later kicked me out and at the fairlane bus stop. On the coldest day of October if not the whole year I shivered and could barely feel my bones all night. **29.** And when my eyes grew blurry and dim a man showed up, a mall security guard who placed a flashlight on my body asking me how old was I, and what I was doing out like this. I told him I was homeless. He warned me of how people froze to death on nights like this then asked to pray for me, he told me he was a preacher as well as a security guard. I warned him that I was a witch, so he told me he'd make it as short as possible, said his prayer, gave me ten dollars then assured me that the bus would run again in an hour at 7 o'clock. **30.** So as the day soon felt better I took my heap of covers and hopped on the bus and walked a mile to my broken down school Cody. There is where I befriended a counselor who would later talk about me behind my back and a deen who would remain distant and weakly authoritative. These gentlemen arranged for me to attend a homeless shelter. **31.** But before I went in my mom called and asked me if I would give up my stubborn ways, my mental ill ways, and my belief of witchcraft, and despite the cold, despite the freezing and loneliness and unknown territory of a homeless shelter at 18 I still said no, I said no I won't give up or give in. **32.** That I was sticking with a witchcraft that I didn't believe in. So I was sent to the shelter and in that shelter my brother would answer my calls and preach. He was the one who dropped me off, he was the one that told me he'd see me on the other side. But in those doors I went and met a man who said he too believed in witchcraft. This man taunted and gave me a fear never seen before with his stories about demons. He was a gay man and in return of placing me in deep fear of him asked me to jack him off, I did and the next day the phone rang, it was my brother telling me my mother was letting me back in the house, I had gave up witchcraft, but I kept my defying ways and stubbornness. **33.** Pulling up in the driveway my brother told me to put the past behind me and move forward. That past included a novel I handwrote, 475 pages thrown into the trash can.

October brought more problems my brother told me he was going to pick me up, give me about two hundred or so dollars and drop me off at the mall to buy some shoes and go to the movies. He figured I needed some fresh air. When I came to the theatre I saw three movies instead of one and called my brother for a ride home because it was past midnight, passed the time that

buses ran. So he called me a cab but going home it happened. I could feel another episode coming on. It blew me up like a balloon inside my bathroom as I played with pennies worth of money that I had left. Snapping into the episode my mother asked what was wrong and why was I leaving the house so late. I took her phone and said that I had to go. Calling my name I thought of it like it would be the last time she ever would. **34.** Skipping the moment for tears I entered the journey into a private restricted field and business area, hopping over the fence and walking to security cars yelling, "where is heaven" unable to get them to roll their windows down I went to a building, thinking it was the devil's front door, banging and taking off all my clothes. Dearborn police quickly showed up pointing flashlights through the room that I'd managed to get in. A black boy naked yet still nothing happened but an escort off the property and to the hospital. **35.** I would tell the police that I wanted to get to heaven. They'd simply say I had to die to get there. We arrived at the hospital and I was settled into an emergency room. My mother by the help of her boyfriend, a man who had connections with police airwaves heard which hospital I was at and came by to see me and retrieve her phone. Not long after she stood there in front of me I believed in my mind that taking down and throwing to the floor a cabinet of needles off the wall was something needed to be done. **36.** My mother called the medical staff immediately when this was done begging them to stop me. She was in fear and I was insane. The cops and nurses came. Wrist by ankle they strapped cuffs on me so I couldn't move, and despite the needles being injected into my bloodstream medicine I ignored the pain and proceeded with my anger. **37.** A cop forced his arm on me in mediation trying to verbally restrain me, threatening that this could get ugly if I continued with my episode. So calming down a little I laid back and wanted to be free of restraint. The nurses instead took one of the cuffs off my leg and hand. **38.** Later after this my eyes fell asleep and woke up with no one around me but a nurse sitter who maintained my actions through pen and paper. Here again I felt something knew. I thought about how I treated my mother, how I abused my sister, these thoughts convicted me and put me in a depressed mood. Everything felt dark and instantly a pain struck my body. I needed help. The pain was so tight, tighter than my need for wanting to live, I wanted to stop the pain, and if that meant killing myself then I'd do that, anything to stop this pain. Time went on but there was nothing to kill myself with and nothing to end the moment so I endured. **39.**

The night ended with me being sent to the hospital and from a spiking pain in my chest not caused by medication and caused only by what I call conviction I took medicine at the mental hospital by any means necessary. I begged for it. **40.** Down the line of my stay I spent the days making phone calls to my strong mother and preaching brother. At this point no one, not even I understood what was going on. **41** In the hospital I was away from school. And inside this place I was away from home again. They discharged me from the hospital within a week giving me medicine to take, and I did for a short period of time. **42.**

Soon in October we were coming to an end of the month. It was October 31st and I had just left my therapist who believed truly that I was taking medication, that nothing was wrong mentally episode wise, and that I was in hopes of heading towards a new direction. But hopping on a bus to school I held a pink card in my hand noting my visit. On that bus I tore the card that reminded me of a caring therapist to pieces, I ripped it again in defiance of medication and against self betterment. **43.** That's when I stood up on the bus and started shouting about how I was Jesus and how the folks around me were people I refused to let into heaven. The bus driver then

called the number to the detroit police and after seven police black and some white arrived they tried handcuffing me but my strength gave them a struggle. **44.** Seven police I dragged into the middle of the bus and seven police refused to mace me, taze me, beat me with batons or shoot me out of some strange sense of brutality. All I would scream out loud was the word "God!" As the handcuffs began to scratch my wrist and peel the skin I gave up and finally the cops together carried me out through the air and into the backseat of a cop car. **45.** Once inside and away from police eye view I realized I still had my phone in my pocket so I called my preachy brother, a firefighter with such a demanding presence. I thought he could save me from this event, that he could get me out of the police car that stopped in front of the detroit hospital. **46.** He answered and told me to give one of the cops the phone and after that one of the police captains who lead a group of policemen around the car that I was in told me that, "This can go easy if you cooperate or this can get very ugly if you don't" He asked what did I want to be done. My response was that I'd go along with the plan to cooperate. Opening the car door I stepped out and entered the hospital gurdie that restraint me. Soon after they rolled me into the hospital and put me on a bed also with four brace restraints that held me down from moving. **47.** No one was in the room now, there was a metal door with a square glass window at the top. I was alone, all the way until seven doctors came in to evaluate me. They saw me and the leader of them asked me if I believed I had multiple personalities, I said no and they continued on trying to convince me that I did. After reaching no agreement on my mental health they left and my hero came in, my brother. **48.** He asked me to look at myself and to see where I was, that I was sick and not taking my medication was why I landed her. When my phone dropped on the ground he asked me a question. He said pick it up. I said I can't. He said why? I said because I was in restraints. He said exactly. Realizing my actions the nurse came in and asked did I want to take medication or did I want it forced on me. I responded to take it instead. So she in return gave me a choice of which. I picked one and soon after the nurse and my brother left. **49.** But his lesson and the medication weren't the only wake up call. A buzz of anxiety and fuzzy energy flew through me and I wanted to be free from my restraints. The feeling was different than the previous pain. It was like I was running a mile a second yet couldn't move. It was scary and highly uncomfortable and I felt the urges through the hours. Time and button again I pressed the red button on the remote for help and after multiple presses a nurse came in stabbed and me with a needle punched deep into my bloodstream making me shout. But I didn't care, anything to relieve me of this feeling. Seconds later I was knocked out and awoken by paramedics who told me to sign digital signature to be transferred to a mental hospital. **50.** I was only awake to barely sign it before falling asleep again. Waking up I was in the mental hospital. A place that I figured to be my new home seeing that I'd been there more than my home in detroit. **51.** It all seemed to be going well until they talked to me about an injection. This would be the first time I'd get a month long injection. This was my fear. Medication. I was running from it but how could I run for 30 days. I didn't know what it would do to me and I didn't know if it would cause pain or fuzzy feelings like previous medications before. **52.** But there were no unlocked doors or open windows to run from this huge monster that would be stabbed into my bloodstream and seemingly never leave. **53.** Then arrived that date where they sat me down by the bed with no one in the room, opened the box which held the injection in front of my face, it was purplish blue, I can still remember. And a guy who laughed and defied every turn of help and ran towards danger would now be running towards a month long horror story. **54.** Nothing happened

at first, I was calm and showed no signs of stress or struggle. They had now given me a roommate and transferred me to a new location in the hospital. I remember it correctly. It was a white man who told me stories about how he was rich once, how he was a reckless drunk, how he even lost all that money he had and learned to appreciate the value of simple things he once took for granted. He even told me how he too had battled with the medication that made me shake and throb for eight hours through the night. Having no one but this man as a friend in the emotionless and psychiatric hospital he was the closest thing to me. I slept good knowing he was in the room, we always went to lunch together, we continued coming in the room during the day just to talk. **55.** And feeling anxious about a girl I liked, a friend outside the hospital who I considered to be a close friend, a girl who I believed would accept me for my mental illness I told the old white guy in the room how much this girl meant to me. I asked him would she accept me if I asked her to be my girl. Take in mind that my biggest fear was rejection from a girl, and feeling like I had nothing, barely making it through school and going through a downward spiral through life I needed somebody, just somebody to accept me. The white old man in the room told me not to do it. He said she would say no, that she would never accept me if she knew I had a mental illness. So being defiant and radical it was decided to face my fear and the danger behind it's rejection. I went to the phone and dialed her number, I knew it by heart. Answering the phone, I told her to listen to me. That I had mental illness and all of the struggle and havoc I'd caused that year. After listening, I asked her to be with me, to be my girlfriend. She told me no, then that she had to get off the phone. She left me by myself with rejection all over my heart, she left me in that hospital. **56.** Having no one to help cope with this pain and depression but that old white man I ran to him and he tried his best to get me through the times of my distress. It was hard. I barely talked to that man but still I needed his presence and support. And right when the moment came for me to take a rest on my bed one night he told me he was leaving. The words, "I'm leaving" didn't hit me at first. But when his clothes and presence was gone, when I was told to go to a new room with no roommate, I looked outside my room and into the hallway, and immediately a side effect of the medication kicked in. The room got smaller and rushes of intense fear ran around my body. I told no one of the side effects that were kicking in. **57.** Roommates later came and went, phone calls here and there were made to my strong mother and preaching brother. But the time came for me to leave the hospital.

(Sedation)

In November a night arrived on me. I was in my bedroom and laying on the bed my body began to shake, my whole body shook. This had to be a slight side effect, it wasn't anything to worry about, I thought. But the shaking grew uncontrollable. I couldn't sit still, I couldn't sleep. It would come like waves and jerks pushing at my body and driving me into an alarm. Like a zombie I would walk slowly to my mother and tell her that it was happening, that side effects were starting. She didn't want to get out of the bed and drag into the car but we did. Shaking all over we drove to the mental hospital to look for medication to slow the side effects, but it did no use. We didn't know yet about the side effect medication that would reverse the effects, nor did we know what medication was causing it for sure. This panic would lead me straight to the emergency room where I was back in the mental hospital trying to see what exactly was wrong. **58.** Shaking and throbbing the doctors gave me a drug that would slow me down. Too long taking that drug could send me into paralyses but anything to get rid of this shaking would do.

59. That hospital visit in particular didn't last long and it flew by for me because my concentration was stuck on what was put in me that gave me these problems. November was probably the most special and the most detrimental month of that year even despite October's very cold one. Leaving the hospital I was put back into school where all the classmates could see me walking slow and never speaking to anybody. All of the school staff were afraid of me. They looked at me like some kind of monstrosity and gossiped continuously on my behalf. I no longer had any friends if I made any around the beginning of the school year. **60.** But in a deep dark moment, suicidal ideations began surfacing through me. In a deep dark moment I knew that it was the month long injection that were causing these side effects, and as darkness came and I was on the edge of killing myself, on my way home, on a half day of school when no one else was home, I walked to the house with plans of doing it. And right when I was about to open the door, my mother came out of nowhere behind me saying to open the door, that she'd quit her job and decided to come home early. She saved my life. **61.** I told her I wanted to kill myself and she gave me all that she had, gospel music, wise words, comfort, constant checking on me, and love. **62.** Although darkness was there a certain teacher within the highschool I was attending made up in her mind that she was going to see what was the matter with me. Telling her everything, including that I'd wanted to die she told me her story and her past trials to motivate me, she gave me a bible from out her garage and read it to me daily at lunch, she brought me to church, she introduced me to her family, she called me daily, we became close friends, she took me in as her own. This imperfect yet beautiful woman in the deeds that she performed contributed to a great turn around in my troublesome mental illness. **63.** But darkness continued at home. Suicidal ideation, shaking, anxiety, intense fear, great paranoia and cold sweats landed on my body to stay. I remember watching a football lions game and the Thanksgivings Day Parade on TV and thinking wild things from just seeing the TV screen. I couldn't watch TV there was so much trauma that I was dealing with. The only thing I could watch were cartoons and animated movies. **64.** My teacher would always answer the phone and continue to give me cards that said I was special and important. **65.** My preaching brother would come by to see me and joke telling me to look at myself like he'd always do. **66.** And when the time came that my mother got tickets to see a real University Of Michigan Wolverines game in Ann Arbor that's when the fun of my condition occurred. My brother drove us and dropped us off and all the while I realized it was a bad idea. In the back seat of the car I noticed that the vehicle felt small and tight spaced and I began to panic but told no one. Instead I let the madness in my body persist and enjoyed the ride. But at the game with my mom, a game my mother loved so much and waited a long long time to see I told her I felt cold and that the side effects were getting worse. After giving me a blanket and arguing with my mother as she asked me why I come in the first place if I knew I couldn't take it the bathroom is where I ran and stayed for as long as possible until my body felt like it was exploding from pressure and all of the side effects that I mentioned. I needed to get warm and I needed to stop shaking. But taking no more that's when I saw the emergency paramedics outside the bathroom and complained to them of my body reactions then they put me on a gurdie and drove me to the football stadium emergency room to get checked out, asked for my name and guardian. Giving me medicine to calm me down my mother came and told me to get up and that we were going home. **67.** We walked a long way from the stadium to the bus stop and I tried my best to sleep on the bench inside the bus station. My eyes were blurry and everything was uncomfortable. But we got home

with the help of a friend of my mother's. So my mom missed the wolverine's football game for me. **68.** Times that month got better when the end of the month came and my mother could afford the side effect medication for the injection I received. **69.** Then the therapist asked me a question. He said would I like to take again that terrible medicine to see if it works with the side effect dosage. I told him no. **70.** At times I thought he was against me and working for only a check and having no understanding of my issues. But to his defense he wasn't there through any of my issues. Merely a stranger to the problems and difficulties it is shocking to the length in which I would later learn that he cared truly. **71.**

(The final hour)

March was the heaviest part of this new year and the most dangerous. I wasn't healed, I wasn't changed, I was still resistant and still defiant refusing to take medication despite the days of november and constant checks into hospitals. I still refused to take showers and slept on the floor with my coat and bookbag always. **72.** But things as the months went by, after three long months I snapped again. First was in the church where I tapped constantly on an old ladies legs begging God to heal her, second was when I shouted in a classroom of healings and victories that I could do to the students. And last was after school was over and I considered two stranger students to be angels I ran them down the hall and down the stairs. **73.** This then lead to me running down another hall taking off my clothes saying I believed that I was going to heaven again. Security guards at the school tried their best to get a hold of some sense into me and put my clothes back on. The passive deen ran up stairs and my teacher ran too until finally deciding not to call the cops instead to call my mother once I had calmed down. **74.** I put my clothes on and my teacher drove me to my house, parked the car and my mother got in then we drove to

the emergency room and immediately upon arrival I hopped out of the car and ran straight into the hospital taking off my shirt in the lobby. No signing papers and no seeing if I was okay they placed me straight in the back, checked my blood pressure then sat me down but I chose the floor as a better seating spot. **75.** My teacher and my mother tried again to get some sense into me. Telling me that because of my open insurance I now had the money to be placed anywhere. They asked if I wanted to go home. Instead I chose to endure the process. My mind worked like having urges to do this or to do that. It was never rational but off to the hospital I went. A worse hospital than the last one. **76.** The therapist that I had contacted my mother and pleaded with her to take his number saying to contact him if she needed anything, that he didn't want to lose me to the system or to death. This man stepped out of his profession and way to try and save me. If anything would show that he cared deeply this definitely would. **77.** But in that hospital I had deep thoughts of a delusional religion, hearing things slightly, crying out in the hallways as they would inject me constantly with medication in my arm but I felt nothing and after all of those injections I barely remember too much. **78.** They treated me awfully there. They didn't care and when I was given a court date it was on a computer, they woke me up in the morning, sent me to the computer and ended the court session shortly after. I was given no words to speak and no lawyer. It was foul and immediately I was court ordered to remain in the mental institution. **79.** A certain minister from the church my teacher would bring me to came and visited me, he saw the emotionless and corrupt ways of the health system. How they would have you rise then sleep. Go here and go there. How no one showed affection and you lived to take pills and fall back to sleep they wanted you to run to. Anything you said to high or too resistant was jotted down and used against you. There was never a true judgement on your stay at the hospital and whether you should be released. You may as well be called a cellmate in prison if not a dog without an owners love and care. **80.** The minister seeing this agreed and told me that I had to get out of the place by acting correctly but it was no use I told him. It was a maze trap, everywhere you went and thing you did was a reason to keep you in there longer. They doped me up so much that they thought it messed up my kidneys and liver. They planned to dope me until I grew medically ill and that was what was to happen to me if I stayed. **81.** My mother would come and see me despite me snapping on her and telling her to go away. Even she knew that this was a sick place according to how the staff treated you. **82.** You came to the counter and took your medicine two and sometimes three times a day. And somehow, no help to the medication, but every help from the horrible treatment of the staff and conditioning of that place I woke up, I saw things more clearly, and the episode that I was so deep in, this was the worst episode I'd ever been in, I came out of. No one thought I would. But waking up I saw all the things I told you about. I saw the horrible treatment of mentally ill patients. And I saw that I was never getting out. **83.** My mother told me that they planned to make my placement at the hospital permanent and that they wanted to make me state property. If that were to happen, I'd never leave, as noted before, everything I did was a reason to prolong my stay for more treatment. And being state property the medicine would end up killing me. I faced a wall of death. This was worse than prison, and worse than the world of homelessness. **84.** My teacher came to visit me once and saw the treatment laid upon me. My brother would always answer the phone and hear my cries to get out. And he'd always tell me that there was a lesson to be learned from this. But to the rescue my mother fought for me to make me under her legal guardianship, proving that she could take care of me. And after all of the lies those doctors told

me that next week or tomorrow I was leaving I was finally free. **85.** And when I went to get in the car and felt the fresh air outside I saw my three sisters inside waiting for me and my mother who drove us to the house. It comforted me that the family I talked bad about, the mother who I swore I'd kill was in that car blessing me with hugs and love. **86.** When we got to the house and the night came I sat in my bed for the first time and I broke down. I broke down in tears crying silently playing gospel music. It was the most liberating moment for me. I was changed. I was going to take my medicine for now on and I was dedicating to moving towards being better. But in those silent tears of crying my sister. The one I beat and abused as a child, the one I caused so much pain. Came into my room after not speaking to me for years and hugged me tightly. She hugged me until I decided to let go. She told me to hush. I said I was going to change the world. That I'd make everything all better. Then she said to get some rest and left to her room. **87.** From that point I took my pills until I started taking less and less. From that point I saw doctors until I started seeing them less and less. My radical defying spirit was calmed and till this day I still see doctors who can't believe I'm better mentally, I still take pills. **88.** After the school teacher fought all the school staff in a debate of whether I should stay at the one school I had a chance at helped me stay there she also helped me to turn around my grades. I had a whole semester of F's and in the next semester I managed to squeeze out D's as an average overall school grade. And I graduated highschool even though I was barely in attendance. **89.** I managed to get a job at a good establishment making just over decent money. And after time went on I opened a business for motivational speaking and went on to make the SUIT so I could help people. **90.** A man who works at an eye doctor establishment says that although I begged him to help me in my trying times that I actually ended up being the one thing he needed to help himself. I don't know what the world entails for me. But after what I've been through, I feel more strongly prepared than what I may have ever been. I take showers now, I sleep on the bed too, and I sleep with no coat, no book bag, just a blanket. **91.**

The following documentation will highlight my preaching brother, my strong willed and consistent mother, my faithful therapist who believed in me and ignored the cold and emotionless ways of the mental health care system, my sister who despite the abuse and fear I put into her still forgave me and continued to love me after seeing the beatings and nightmares I dealt with during the healthcare system, the police that time after time never beat me in each detainment no matter how violent or obstructive I seemed to be, the mental health system that held hands out to detain and keep me for good due to the money they'd receive, the effects that the mental health system and its medicine had on me including side effects, mental scars, and abandonment, the teacher who believed in me and taught me about her definition of God and continued to stand by me through both my mental illness and graduation through highschool, and my radical, obstructive and defiant behavior that'll be used to create my radical tone in reverse.



