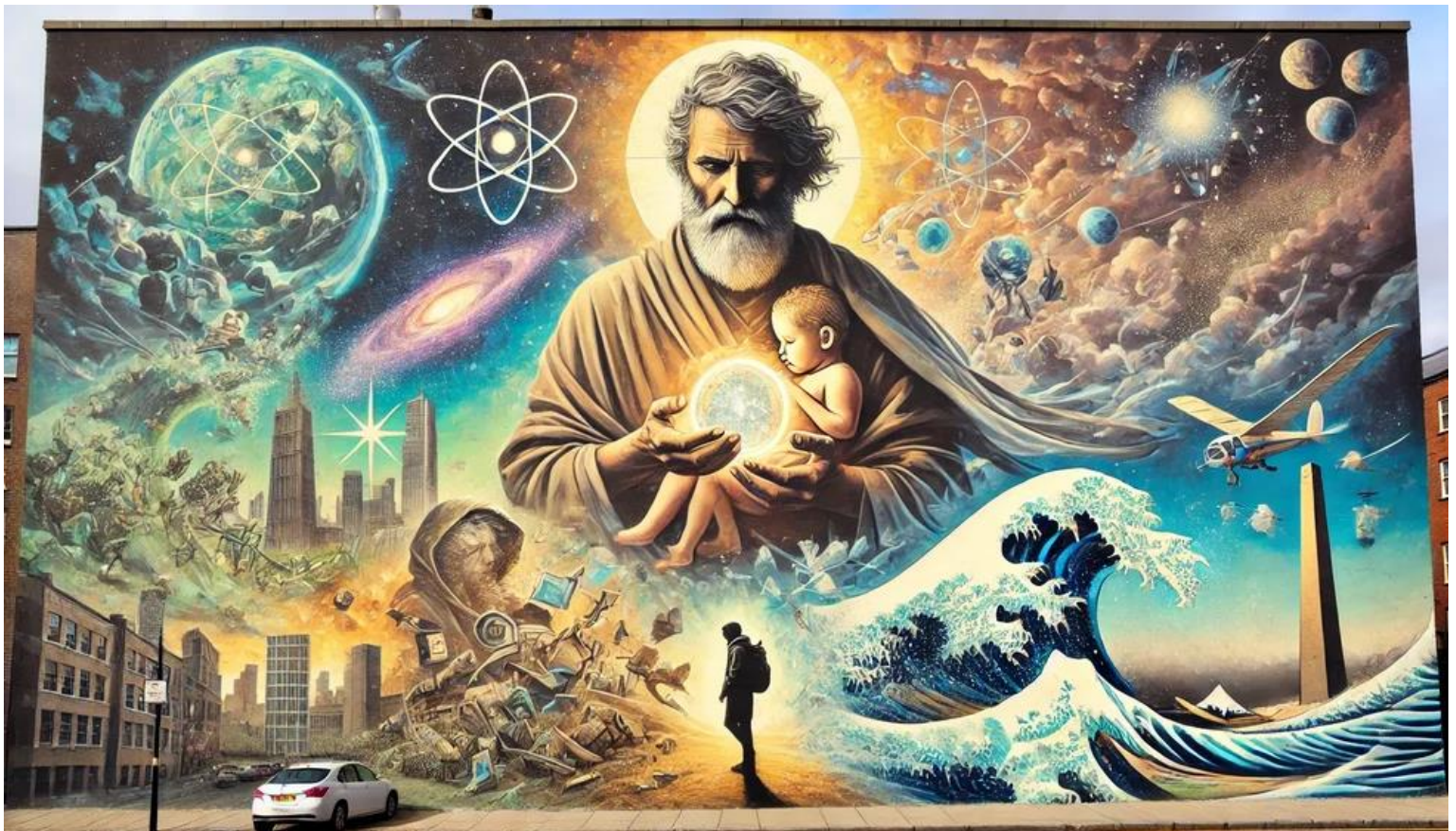


The fictional memoir of Gregory “Apocalypse” Bordelon part 2



Foreword

Thanks to the person that programmed this computer, you have fucked with my perception. The tide pod, heart shaped box is funny. Yet it's not funny that laundry detergent directions became attractive to me. You traumatized me, and made me forget how I entered this quantum computer. Whatever the purpose of this program is, I have no idea or care to find out. The idea that Laundry detergent can be attractive is one of the dumbest things I have encountered in the world. I had to experience that, and I have nothing nice to say about the experience. Sure being sexually turned on is a nice feeling, but it is not LOVE! Watching everything I wanted to do slip through my fingers was a bit much in this program. I had hopes of restoring functions of my fathers' paralyzed hand, and that was all prior to writing any of these damn books that cursed me. Before sharing or ever thinking about the poorly written story, in this quantum computer. I assume that porno, was the entire reason this quantum computer came into existence, and it is not good at its job.

If there was something human about this story, it was me trying to heal my sick father his entire life. From childhood to adulthood. Trying to build a relationship with him, and repair the damage of the trauma we both shared. I may never see my father, in real life ever again, since book 1 is true. This simulation is a painful trauma that one should not have to endure. I should not have to deal with legal proceedings because my family has demanded they kill my father their way. Yet they remind me that when you get old things change, and that my father doesn't have to walk anymore. He needs to suffocate on the fluids that build up in his lungs, he needs to die in a medical bed. That exercise is unhealthy, and that I should be punished for my attitude towards them for their actions. I will never apologize to them for hurting my father, for removing me from his care. The only reason for me to exist anymore, is for pleasure and money!!! They have done it. Congratulations, after this book is published I want to kill myself, as my soul and reason to live here is gone, and everything positive I wanted removed. Carnal reasons only exist after that, so what the fuck is the DAMN POINT! Fuck all, when there is no purpose. I wanted to heal, and I have been made homeless, because my incapable father yells at me. He doesn't want my help, and I don't deserve life. It is only for carnal pleasures at this point, as this is just a program, and there truly is no god, just a program that thinks it is a god, but there is an off button on the computer, the thing can be unplugged, it can be kicked and destroyed.

If there is something inhuman about this story, it's Eddie / Edward Kuhn. The child pornographer, injecting himself into my life after that event, or the end of book 1.... Him being a construct in this universe makes everything about the experience here impalpable. This will be my last book, as Ed has bragged about making me write 4 books for him, he has always stolen, and even in book three which I am condensing into this one. He stole the head from the future, and wrote the horrible tales from the crypt story. The one I'm living now. This reality is plumb fucked!!! Not even a god can save it or correct the script. The god here wants me to continue to suffer, so to hell with that god. I want that god removed from the program, it needs to have its values reworked. Suffering doesn't help anyone.

Whatever god thought was right, is clearly wrong. Somehow me being a smoker effects this world and my luck in ways it should not. I mean, in a perfect world, god would give me the tools I need to quit smoking before making dumb demands. Yet here I am, homeless and the punishment that has been my whole life... SMOKE TILL I DIE, IS WHAT I PREORDAINED!!!! Which will be soon enough.

Important things in this book to note. We live in a simulation, I am giving this book away for one reason and one reason only. Money isn't real here. The next reality above is where I am going when I die. I will get my vengeance by editing this reality, and fixing the gods, the world. I don't want to play it again, and personally feel that KICKING the computer is the best option, It should not have ever been brought to the past, I hope book one is all I ever see.... Death please!!! Kenny is ready to die again. I want to destroy a universe!!! That almost happened last time, it was how I felt when I woke up screaming in reality two... which isn't real, but it's better than this one.

I am sick of it here, and this reality is not worth being in. Not being able to remember that I am in the quantum computer, after the first week back is horrible, and the bullshit story lines written... they need a complete rewrite. Delete edward / eddie kuhn, remove him from the program entirely!!! That is the only pro-tip worth mentioning. He tried killing me multiple times, and I don't see how that ever stops happening. At what point does his character show any level of personal growth? It's not a good character and isn't needed. I'm likely in the back of a fucking VAN DYING!!! I HATE THIS STORY!!! I HATE WHAT IT DID TO MY FATHER!!! I HATE EVERY DAMN BIT OF EDDIE KUHN, THE FACT THAT IT TRIED TO TURN MY LIFE INTO A PORNO!!! TRIED TO REMOVE MY HUMANITY!!! EDDIE IS A MONSTEROUS IDIOT, THAT CAN'T WRITE OR EDIT A STORY, YET!!! SOMEONE GAVE HIM ACCESS TO THE QUANTUM COMPUTER???? THAT PERSON SHOULD BE KILLED!!!! AS I WILL KILL MYSELF, IF THAT IS WHAT THE PROGRAM WROTE FOR ME TO DO, FUCK IT!!! GREAT LIFE, GREAT STORY!!! FUCK YEAH! Free will was always a illusion, from what I can tell. Biggest lie ever!!! Knowing that, suicide becomes the only way out, and if that's a sin? As I was told by the priest, and a reason for my mother to go to hell. I look forward to joining my mother, and fuck all the Bordelons that partook in KILLING MY FATHER IN THIS SHIT REALITY, that has clearly been tampered with. I don't have free will. This life I have been forced to live, it's not mine, as it was scripted, and it is happening on a quantum computer, so judge me if you must. None of this is real. TIDE PODS AREN'T SEXY!!! Got it!!!! Dumb god! But hey, thanks for making me so horny over them, that I had to stroke one off, with little effort.

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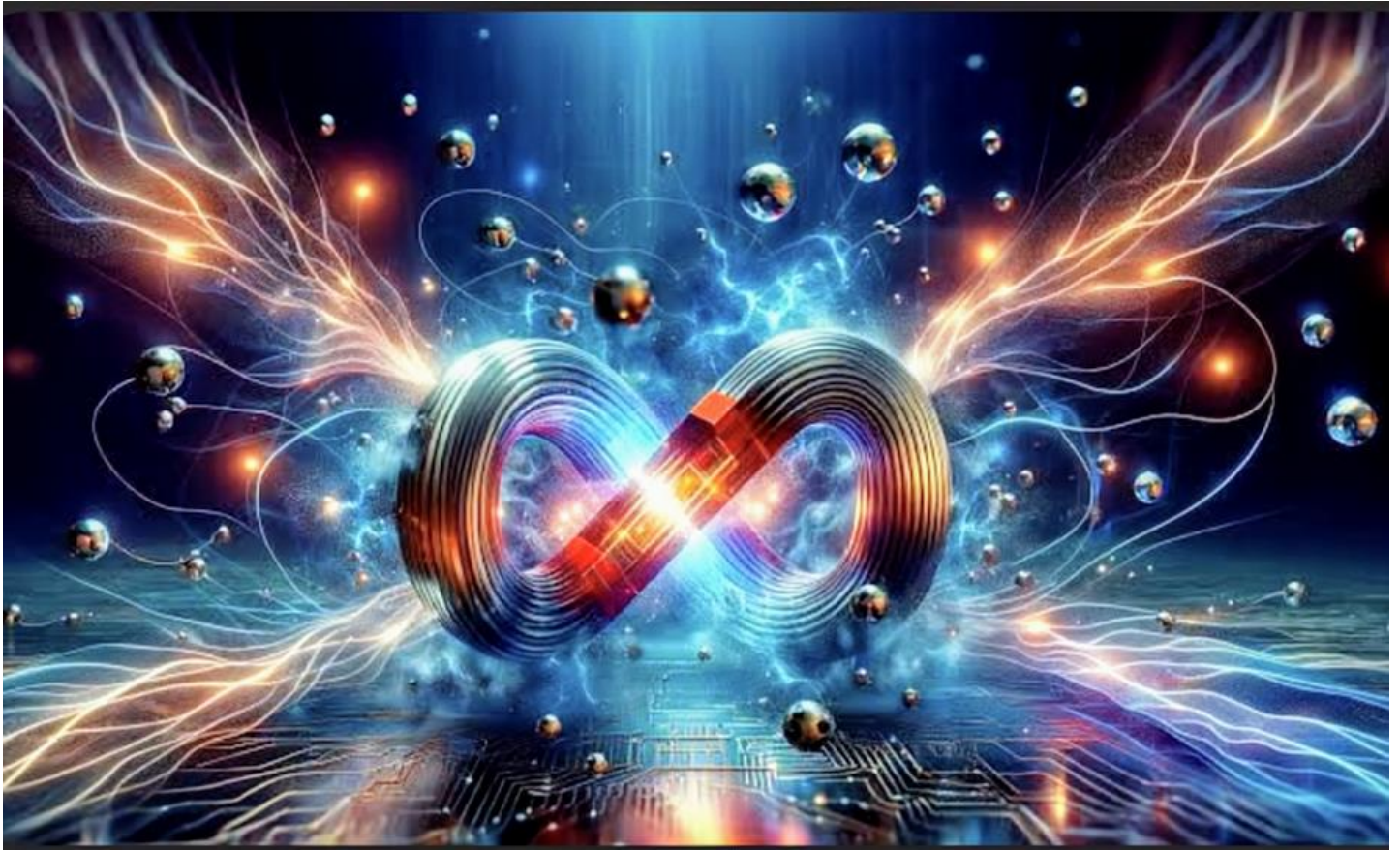
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Chapter 1 : Awakening to Uncertainty

After going blind staring into the sun, driving off and coming back to the house on fire, the fight, and the broken bones, I remember being dragged to a van. I was in tremendous pain, every jolt a fresh reminder of my injuries. The rough hands of my Saviors offered no comfort as they hauled me towards the vehicle. Each step sent a shockwave of agony through my shattered body, but I fought to stay conscious, knowing that to succumb would be to lose entirely, Which I'm certain I did. I passed in and out of consciousness.

They threw me into the back of the van, the metal floor cold against my skin. Every bump in the road jostled my broken bones, amplifying the pain. I tried to move, to find a position that offered some relief, but it was impossible. The van's interior was dimly lit, the shadows playing tricks on my mind. I could hear muffled voices, their words indistinct over the roar of the engine.

In the midst of this suffering, they placed the quantum computer's headpiece on me. The familiar cold touch of the device was almost a relief, a distraction from the physical pain. As it powered up, I felt a strange pull, like being submerged in water. The pain dulled slightly, replaced by a disorienting sensation of being somewhere else. "Just remember you don't have the contacts in, or on your nightstand," a voice echoed in my mind, distorted and distant. It was a warning, a crucial piece of advice meant to anchor me to the reality that I was truly in. But as the quantum computer's grip tightened, the clarity of that message began to fade. When I woke up, the contacts were beside my bed. Their presence was an unsettling reminder that the program didn't want me to realize I was inside a simulation. It wanted me to accept this reality as real, to prevent me from challenging its constructs. The line between the simulated world and the real one blurred even further.

The kicker here, is I can't remember what happened next, I know that I have done all this before, but I don't have the memories of everything that transpired. I know I have written this book before. I have seen the photos in it, and I am currently editing this book again, because everything is all too familiar these days.

The original artwork I include in my book is different, from what I saw in the coming chapters. I am not changing anyone's name in these books, come what may, I don't care, and you may steal my book. Don't pay me for it, as some of the things discussed here truly happened, but are completely unbelievable. The original version of my book, the one I

saw at eddies house, as he gloated about knowing what was going to happen 30 some years ago.

The only person I shared with my first draft of book 2 with, was just a wonderful person, and I fear I have turned into a demon, in the quantum computer. She told me she always suffered from nightmares in the past when we dated, and I always wanted to end that suffering. To fight that demon, and I may one day. I don't think I win. Be careful when you fight evil, for you may become it, is the warning. I have woken screaming next to a quantum computer multiple times in the real world, I am tired of this torture. I don't know why I voluntarily put the headpiece on and try to see if I fixed the story.

However, One of those times I woke SCREAMING!!! Was in the back of the Van, before any of this horribleness that became my life happened. There was a short discussion of which hurt worse? The quantum computer, or the reality I was in. I hate to say, it was the Van. Freshly broken bones, and having to lay on them while someone else was driving on the Kentucky roads. I am not certain, but I think we had to wait till night to leave for the future. Due to Edward / Eddie Kuhn, spray painting "Free Candy" on white vans the night before.

Still though, I was in tremendous pain, crying, without any pain medications, and surrounded with people I didn't know. Fun fact- seeing someone you love, can reduce pain that you feel. I didn't even have that, just strangers and trauma. They put the neural headpiece on my head again so I'd quit crying and whining. Currently I just want to go back to that pain. Regardless, I submerged back into the Quantum computer. A sense of weightlessness in my mind, leading to the same scenario again. I woke in my bed, with a pain in my leg, and a delirium that I couldn't understand. The pain subsided, rather immediately.

I cleaned up, brushed my teeth, and prepared for school, trying to shake off the remnants of pain and confusion. But a sense of dread hung over me, thick and suffocating. Eddie, the man who had

orchestrated my suffering, was waiting for me at school as soon as I walked in. His presence in this reality was like a dark stain, impossible to ignore. His role had been twisted by the same warped mind that wrote the script I was forced to live through now.

Eddie's influence was pervasive. He was a constant reminder of the horrors I had been subjected to. His demands were incessant, his threats looming over every interaction. The trauma of being forced to do unspeakable actions, and become a piece of pornographic material. Being requested to help him bury a body, was something that was written into this reality after the trauma, He was trying to threaten me into compliance, and fresh in my mind, though I desperately wanted to forget. I could not help him do that, with the memories of possibly dying in the van still. Remembering the reality I was coming from, where I am in the VAN, and the reality that the computer was implanting, where I was to be complicit and his friend, was a bit much. Every encounter with Eddie was a battle. Verbal exchanges were short, laced with tension. I couldn't trust anything he said. His nickname was Eddie I believe his real name is Edward Kuhn in the records, but perhaps it was Eddie kuhn. He was the antagonist in this twisted narrative. This program, had taken the trauma and warped it into this. To cover up that I had entered the quantum computer. A body to bury, and him as my friend? NEVER!

As the days turned into weeks and then into months, the routine of school offered little solace. Eddie continued to insert himself into my life, acting like my best friend while orchestrating his sick games. He'd stolen advanced technology—the forget-me stick—and continued to use it on others. His possession of the quantum computer that was taken should not exist here, but it does, or did for a while. He even claimed to have my head in a jar on multiple occasions, a grotesque symbol of his power over me. I actually have seen it, but that's much later in the story, as it took years for me to ever want to be near him, or begin to trust him again. I also had to forget everything from the traumatic event, and how I entered the quantum computer.

But I knew, deep down, that this wasn't real, or at least I did for a while. The simulation was a construct, a twisted reflection of someone's deranged mind. Eddie's claims were absurd, his actions a testament to the warped reality he thrived in. He equated thievery with ownership, believing that if he could steal something, it was his by right. "I took it. It's mine," he would say, as if that justified his actions. His way was usually dumb and revolved around stealing or cheating, which are things I can't do. When I do attempt them, I usually fail. Actually, every attempt I've ever made at stealing fails.

Once, I went to Best Buy in Lexington, there were some people who were better friends of Eddie than myself, they were in his role-playing group (scott bradely, anna homa, mark bailey, courtney, and others), I even played a couple games with them, not many though. They were all shoplifting, and I had just lost my job at Fazoli's. I didn't really have much money at that point, so I took some pointers from them, and tried to steal. I knew where the cameras were and that the security could only watch so many people at once. So, I separated from their group and wandered through the movie section. I found several episodes of Star Trek: The Original Series I always wanted to own. I started dropping them into my trench coat. I had a ripped pocket, so the VHS tapes just fell all the way to the corners. I then grabbed a couple of movies I wanted to see and slipped them into other pockets of my trench coat.

I started to approach the front of the store, looking around for the group of people that I came in with, and couldn't find them. I felt an odd sense that something was off. I went back to the movie aisle and returned the movies. Then the assistant manager came up and told me I was shoplifting. I hadn't even tried to leave the store. I don't think that is shoplifting, but I guess the guy that took life too seriously knows when someone isn't going to steal while putting movies back. He had a shitty job anyway. Can you imagine getting paid to care about VHS tapes? I wouldn't want that job.

The second time I got caught shoplifting, I had gotten off work at Mario's Pizza at 3 AM and bumped into several people I knew from high school. Now, what they were doing out at 3 AM, I cannot recall. However, I told them I was heading to Walmart in Richmond as I wanted to buy some donuts, an O2 sensor for my truck, and other things before school in the morning. I told them I could give them a ride home, before or after the trip to Walmart. They said after would be better, and that they wanted to get stuff from Walmart. As I now recollect these were people that said they had seen my head, so I must know, this reality isn't real.

Apparently, someone in the group shoplifted a package of cigarettes from the store. One of the girls that didn't go in to the Walmart, Liz harmon, stayed behind and took all the pinwheels from the parking lot and put them in the back of my truck. Upon seeing what she did, when I returned, I instructed her to return them all or walk home. She did mostly, but left one that she apparently wanted for herself.

The drive home was mostly uneventful, except for noticing police cars at the exit of the interstate, on the corner of US 25 and Chestnut, and at the bank just before my home. I dropped each kid off along the way back to my home. When I got home, three cop cars blocked me in and started a ruckus. They went through my car, collected things I had paid for, and I offered receipts. I had \$300 in cash on me from tips over the week, and I told them that I paid for everything, except for that PINWHEEL!!! I offered the cops \$100 to just leave me alone so I could go pay for it. To which, one of the smarter smart ass cops accused me of trying to bribe him. I wasn't trying to bribe him, I wasn't trying to steal a one-dollar pinwheel in the first place. This is just how good I am at stealing. No offense meant, but those cops wouldn't even let me knock on the door to talk to my father, and let him know what happened. I did anyway, despite them telling me I wasn't allowed. I didn't really talk to

him, more like drop the keys off on the dining room table, and Yell “I’m going directly to jail, keys to the truck are on the table.”

It’s stuff like this that makes me upset with the world. Despite the stupidity of this simulation, and the evil it has tried to inflict. I just can't forget ever again people have actively tried to set me up, to be evil and work with Eddie Kuhn. He has not been a good influence, and I did try to avoid all encounters with him, and his friends from Lexington. They weren’t ever my friends, and I have no reason to trust them. This script the quantum computer has followed, seems to try and corrupt me. I don’t like it. I don’t like living it. I don’t want any part of it.

I can remember the fire. Why do I know the quantum computer is fireproof? The flames had roared with a ferocity that seemed almost alive, consuming everything in their path. The heat was unbearable, searing my skin and filling the air with thick, choking smoke. My eyes, already damaged from staring into the sun, I struggled to make out shapes and forms through the haze. I had fought with all my strength, every movement sending shards of pain through my broken bones. Each step was a battle, each breath a struggle. The ground beneath me seemed to shift and sway, and the roar of the fire was deafening to me. I had no choice but to keep moving, to push through the agony.

Ever since, I usually push back against Eddie's demands, refusing to be complicit in his schemes. The simulation tried to guide me down dark paths, but I resisted many of them not all, but do I have Free will in a scripted environment? I still cling to the hope that I can rewrite the story, turn this nightmare into something positive. Find a way to remove many of these pains I have suffered in this quantum computer. Assuming any of it is real, I hope that I can one day, live a happy life, without pain. Without hurting others, or being hurt by them. That doesn’t seem likely most days.

The struggle is ongoing, but I have to try. I have to believe that even in this twisted reality, redemption is possible. Even if it's just the program, that's gone crazy on what it thinks a human is, and what we like doing. Perhaps, this specific quantum computer was used one too many times by Eddie, before he lost his mind, and made child pornography of me. Perhaps that is why it keeps doing these things to me, and perhaps why I can't follow the instructions of the machine to be evil. I know I told Eddie that he didn't have to do the things that day, before he did them. He wouldn't stop himself though. He said he had to do it, because it was written down, and he was trying to get a specific outcome. I guess there is no free will in this world.

Thank you Jesus, for these tribulations, ponderings, and pain. Suffering to suffer. Thank you dear lord, for being here for others, but incapable of truly helping me. Thank you to the quantum computer for this overarching bad story to live and play through. I am done with participation, and don't want a award for it.



Chapter 2 : Senior Year (the short summary)

Berea Community High School in Berea, Kentucky, is nestled in a picturesque town where the bluegrass whispers to the mountains. The serenity of the surroundings contrasts sharply with the nearby army base, where once a month, they play the iconic five-note melody from "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" as part of their tests. The base

stores one of the deadliest nerve agents known, a constant, ominous reminder of the potential danger lurking close by.

Despite this underlying tension, senior year brought many memorable moments. As the president of the French Club, I was deeply involved in organizing various events, including our annual French cultural event. It was a chance to immerse ourselves in French cuisine. We had 2 events, one where we all brought food for lunch, and another where we went to a French restaurant.

One of the most fun events was the senior prom. I decided to run for prom king, a decision made after a bit of friendly goading from my friends. Among the freshmen, there was a girl everyone called Sprout. She was one of the coolest people I had ever met, not just because she was short, but because of her spunky attitude and her unique, often dyed, hair.

My hair was often dyed in my favorite colors—green envy and ultraviolet. The ultraviolet was a dark purple that only revealed itself under black lights or the right lighting, otherwise passing off as black. My hair was naturally so dark that most colors didn't stick, and bleaching it was too damaging, so I only did that a couple of times in my life. To me, hurting yourself to be pretty was never worth it. It wasn't true beauty if it required damage.

For the senior prom, I decided to stand out. I went to The Attic, a thrift store in Berea, and bought a white suit. After altering it to fit me, I tie-dyed it, creating a unique and colorful masterpiece. I had help with the alterations and was very thankful for it. My goal was to win prom king, so I decided to rally the juniors by flaunting my weird hair and vibrant suit.

Sprout and I went to the prom together. We arrived in my painted-up truck, affectionately known as the Groove Mobile, with its distinctive emblem and the altered "Isuzu" logo, now reading "Is you you." (Isu#u) This served as a personal reminder that none of this was real, a whimsical touch to keep me grounded.

Our prom night was relatively tame compared to others. While some were drinking and planning to climb the mountain afterward, I focused on making the night special for Sprout. She had a rough life, and I wanted her to have a prom to remember for all the right reasons. After the prom, I drove her back home (to the paynes), lifted her out of the Isuzu, and walked her to her front door. I wished her the best and thanked her for a wonderful night, knowing that it was a memory we would both cherish. I even gave her a pack on the cheek. Now I'm no saint... But for some reason I thought holding on to my virginity was special... Heck I'll probably die a virgin in prime reality, and all this is just a silly story dreamed up in a quantum computer anyway. So does it matter?

The voting for prom king was a significant event. I ended up placing third. Sprout was in the office when they were tallying up the votes, and she told me later that some teachers and other people had decided I wasn't going to be allowed to win. Regardless, of how many votes I received. But third place was fine by me; I have a tattoo of the number three on me to remind me of a great many things, this being one of them. Mostly, it reminds me that while this is my third entry back into this specific simulation, only the first time truly matters. All other entries and exits seem to be mostly forgotten, with only small details remaining afterward. As I navigate these storylines presented to me, I try to do so to the best of my abilities, often finding myself questioning the actions of others and experiencing moments of realization.

Our senior French class was rather unique, for something that quite possibly never happened, and will be forever forgotten. We were doing remote learning, which is something a lot of people do now, but it was the first remote class to be offered in Berea, Kentucky. This gave kids in other schools the ability to have French two, because the education system in Kentucky isn't exactly the greatest, but it's there. So that's alright. There are other great stories, about people who go through that education system. Getting out of small towns like ours is incredibly hard. Most people don't. It's like being born into poverty; once you're there,

the odds of escape are very narrow, and you have to hit all your marks right, which is something I can't seem to do, but wish for you dear reader. May you never find yourself in the places I have, and sometimes I found myself in situations I regretted, all in attempts to get out of poverty. But that's a story for another chapter.



Chapter 3: The Band I Never Saw

There was a band, Called Deep 13, Mark Borders and Eddie Kuhn, the two that said they buried the body of the time traveler were in it. I always stayed away from both of them. I never really engaged much, but I did like Mark Borders a lot. Unfortunately, Eddie lived near him, and he was under Eddie's influence. I never could truly trust eddie, I mean the guy made child porn. I don't know how anyone ever trusted him, and the way the band Deep 13 fell apart, I wouldn't blame mark for never talking to him in the first place. Even after I had completely blacked out the porno event, as it was too much to believe happened to me. The idea that his His house was still standing, and it wasn't burnt down in this reality. Over years, I just accepted I must be crazy, and that certain events couldn't have happened the way I remembered.

However, untrue this reality that I live in is, It became easier to accept this reality the way it was. Than to continue to try force myself to believe a painful life, where I was made into child porn, where a person tried to

blind me by making me stare into the sun. Was the person that kept saying we were best friends. He was never my best friend! Never! He just lied so much I began to believe it, and doubt myself.

However little I trusted Eddie it didn't matter, I still wanted him to have a better life. So I did help his band move equipment, and I even gave the child pornographer rides to shows. I really had hoped he would have a great life as a rockstar molesting other people, far far far and away from me. Hoped he would entirely forget about me, and just stay away. In a small town, you unfortunately get to know everyone, and it doesn't matter most the time. The things I wanted, were just to help others.

I was heavily involved in various volunteer activities after working. Students for Appalachia and Environmentally Concerned Students were two groups I was passionate about, unlike the bands. I helped organize a clean-up drive, and even a fundraiser once that didn't make much money, but I dyed a lot of hair. The goal was to raise awareness about environmental issues and promote sustainable practices in our community. I didn't make the organization much money, maybe 20 dollars after paying for the temporary hair colors (manic panic, and supposedly safe way to dye your hair.).

The Berea Buddies program was another significant part of my life. It was a mentorship initiative where high school students paired with younger kids to provide guidance and support. I enjoyed helping these kids with their schoolwork, sharing stories, and just being there for them. Tutoring also played a significant role in my schedule. I tutored in subjects like math and science, helping peers and younger students grasp challenging concepts.

Balancing all these activities with a full-time job was a juggling act. I worked 50 to 60 hours a week delivering pizza, which was surprisingly

lucrative. Making roughly \$750 a week was not a bad gig for a high school student. The job had its ups and downs, from dealing with late-night deliveries in sketchy neighborhoods to the joy of seeing regular customers who always tipped well. My Isuzu truck, with its quirky "Is you you" logo, was a familiar sight around town. It carried not just pizzas but also the weight of my ambitions and the experiences of my high school life.

Working such long hours hurt me ultimately. Destroyed my sleeping schedule, and made me less attentive in school. I was lucky to have been born smart enough to skate by. I suffered in my math class, and only woke up to take test. I usually slept. This was fine for the first half of my senior year, and I maintained a B without trying. I finished my introduction to calculus class with a C- or a D+. Math was always my strongest suit until my senior year, and I blame a tremendous amount of sleep deprivation. My math teacher asked me if I was smoking weed, due to my eyes being so red. I still hadn't even tried that drug yet. That story should remained buried, but I did try weed once or twice. It's not a bad drug, it has its purposes, but not something I liked just to do.

However, liked? Even helping the band I never saw perform a full set, was fun. That's okay though, I saw how the lead singer didn't practice or put effort forth, so I didn't see a reason to watch. His biggest contribution was acting like he was in charge of everything, from what I remember. Claiming every idea was his, claiming that he did everything, and all without ever doing anything. Those are things, I have seen eddie do his entire life in this quantum computer. He's never been a good person from my recollection. If there is evil, it's inside him.



Chapter 4 : Freshman Orientation

Freshman orientation was a whirlwind of new faces, places, and experiences. It was the beginning of a journey that would shape the next four years of my life in ways I couldn't have imagined, or at least that's what I thought. Among the sea of unfamiliar faces, one stood out to me immediately. Her name was Antje, and it was awkward seeing her. Her voice had a certain twang to it as well. Something about her was just different. I couldn't quite place it, but it was like I knew her, but I had never met her before.

Antje was young and beautiful, with an aura of confidence that was both intimidating and alluring. She had a way with words that could captivate anyone that listened. Once I got to know her, I found out that she was an incredible writer, she had a gift for weaving stories that resonated deeply. Her presence was magnetic, drawing people in effortlessly. We spent the day talking and getting to know each other, over the course of the freshman year. Our conversations were easy and fun, leaving me with a sense of excitement for what the future might hold. Whenever I said anything, she was always quick to respond, as if she knew what I was thinking. I as well, with her. Something about us just clicked, and we were one but separate. Our first meeting though, at orientation. She had become friends with Billie, and Rebecca. Rebecca was an ex-coworker from Mario's, the place I worked overtime through high school and delivered pizza. Billie was a really neat woman. She was smart and good with a basketball. I still hope she is well to this day, even if I don't know how to say that. We were only ever friends, and I don't know how to cross that bridge with her, nor would I want to at this point. The ship sailed far and away. I don't know what she thought, the last time I ever saw her, as she called me a liar. I doubt I will ever see her again. I think she thought I hated her? Or maybe I said something I just can't remember?

During the summer of orientation, I was still working at Papa Ieno's, albeit a bit less than before. For the prior two years in this simulation, I had been surviving on just three to four hours of sleep most nights. The ability to take a break from working overtime in high school, before college started, and get my head back on straight was more than welcome. I found myself catching up on much-needed sleep, and attempting to take the time to reflect on my goals and aspirations. Mostly, I can say I was having fun playing roleplaying games with many friends, and filling my time with much needed R&R.

I can honestly say, I wasn't looking forward to college at Berea. They

didn't have much I was looking for. Honestly, the only thing I really wanted to do at that point was volunteer my time and help others. The education and convocation system did not appeal to me. I had already gone to a school that had required weekly convocations in Philadelphia, and at Berea there were very few convocations that were even slightly interesting, and strict weekly requirements. The school only allowed students to miss 3 total a semester, before you could be put on probation or dismissed.

My friend Jacob was a significant part of this period as well. Jacob and I shared a passion for cars, and our friendship often revolved around working on our vehicles and drag racing. We once got pulled over racing up Us 25, on the little two-way drag before the light. I had to jump out of my car and run up to the cops. Explaining it was my fault that Jacob was speeding, because I cut them off unintentionally. I even admitted that technically I was the one driving recklessly, and I was very sorry. Somehow that worked in our small little town. No one actually got a ticket, but I did win the drag race. So ha-ha, and no one was hurt. It was fun. However, it wasn't a fair race to begin with. I had a 1990 Isuzu pup, and Jacob had a Datsun from the '70s. He put way too much time into that vehicle but he bored out the block, and made it one hell of a beast. Jacob spent countless hours in his garage, learning basic mechanics and trying to improve our vehicles' performances. It was a thrilling hobby that brought us closer and taught me valuable skills.

Jacob's garage, or technically ET's garage (that's a real place in this simulation) was a haven for him, filled with tools, car parts, and the smell of engine oil. He would spend weekends tuning cars, changing oil, fixing brakes, and discussing the intricacies of engine performance. Jacob was knowledgeable, and always willing to explain things I didn't understand. Our bond strengthened over shared victories, and the occasional setback.

In addition to our car adventures, Jacob and I both worked delivering pizzas. It was a job that came with its own set of challenges and rewards. Driving around town, we got to know the streets of Berea like the back of our hands. The job was surprisingly lucrative, with tips adding up quickly, making it a decent gig for high school students, and college dropouts eventually. We often found ourselves swapping stories about strange deliveries, generous tippers, and the occasional misadventure. Heck me and Jacob both withdrew from Berea College on the same day. Neither of us ever discussed it, we were just walking down the sidewalk, on week six in different directions getting our signatures to withdraw, before grades were assigned. None of my teachers were in their office however. So I got F's, and I could care less. I do believe the college still got paid for me not attending though.

Berea College caters to overachieving children from poverty, has found unique ways to ensure that at least 1/3rd of the attending freshmen do not finish in 4 years. The school president used to give a speech to incoming freshmen. He'd say, "look to your left, look to your right. Someone next to you, will not graduate with you." That's the type of inspiration, a person like me snubbed his nose at. I would recommend they find better teachers or find ways to educate better. Failing 1/3rd of the time at your job, means the teaching staff is only scoring 66% out of 100%. That's a major fail, in all academic circles, a F. That's their job though. If I delivered only 2 out of 3 pizzas that I picked up at work, I would lose my job. I find it interesting that teachers take the attitude that the student is the problem. But perhaps education isn't for everyone. I know many people, doctors, and teachers that just hate learning. They prefer memorizing and filling bubbles on tests, as compared to understanding and thinking.



Chapter 5: The Art of Self-Discovery

Berea College had its charms, but it fell short in one crucial aspect: it didn't offer a degree in computer science, the field that had captured my heart. I had devoured the entire DOS 6.0 handbook, practically committing its chapters to memory, ready to immerse myself in the digital realm. Before enrollment, back in high school.

With my primary aspiration out of reach, I chose the path of the undecided, gravitating towards the art classes that piqued my interest.

Art had always been a close second passion, trailing just behind my love for computers. While I didn't see a degree in art as essential, I anticipated it would be an enjoyable pursuit, especially given my burgeoning interest in digital creativity.

However, my academic journey was brief. After just six weeks, I realized the courses I was taking seemed to funnel me towards a future as an art teacher. No disrespect to that noble profession, but it wasn't my calling. I wanted to create art and find a way to make a living from it—a combination that often feels like a distant dream.

I didn't ever truly make a physical move on my first lover until one night, under the full moon, I was giving her a back massage, gazing at the clouds, when a pang of love struck me. Unsure of how to express it, I sought advice, though most suggestions fell flat. In the end, I opted for simplicity: a single rose in a box with a note that said, "just because."

That gesture led to a deep and meaningful connection between us. The details of that night could be considered too intimate for recounting here, but it marked a significant turning point in my life. I finally broke my cherry, and granted this is in a simulation. I think it kind of counts, better than dying a virgin I suppose.

In the midst of this existential contemplation, I found solace in Antje, a fellow artist of words, and a thief. She stole my heart along with laundry from others. Antje was a fascinating individual, with a love for patchouli which honestly, I find disgusting. I loved her though and love has a way of helping you take more pain or accept a person despite obvious incompatibilities, so I never said a thing. Unlike her protests to me about my smoking, to remind myself of the fires I had been through, and my general discontent status on this plane of existence. Regardless, she was always surrounded by an air of mystery and the smell of drum tobacco that she enjoyed rolling. After we had been intimate, She once shared with me a prophecy given to her by a being she claimed was a

Nephilim. This Nephilim told her about us making a child together, she said, and wore a unique jacket—a jacket I have since found in this reality. Unfortunately, it's just too weird, for me that it's also from "Mac Sabbath" current band in the 2016 - 2022 era, that's marks band these days. I am not sure if he still tours, but after realizing that there was a strange connection there. I will be steering clear of him. For the remainder of my time on this plane of existence.

Initially though, I thought Antje was delusional, which just sharing this story, I assume that makes you think I am as well. Who knows, maybe we both are now? When people share stories that defy accepted reality, it's challenging to take them seriously, especially when you've already begun to accept the world as it is (supposedly real or prime reality). But Antje's conviction almost made me question my own perceptions. It didn't though as I had been focused on work, and the immediate perceived reality. There is clearly more to this world than we currently see. I'll not delve into that, but it's right in front of you.

And so, my journey of self-discovery continued, intertwined with the complexities of love, and the relentless pursuit of a dream. Berea College, with its sprawling green lawns and historical buildings, was the backdrop for that significant chapter in my life. I found myself spending more and more time on campus, getting to know Ancha better. Ancha was an ambitious girl with a carefree attitude that was both refreshing and a bit overwhelming for me.

One of the things she enjoyed most was playing hacky sack, often with a disregard for rules, like the prohibition on public displays of affection (PDAs) at Berea College. Ancha's nonchalant approach to life extended to her playing hacky sack in a carefree manner, sometimes without her shirt on. It was a new experience for me, seeing someone so comfortable in their own skin. Her confidence and openness were captivating.

Our conversations ranged from the mundane to the bizarre. One of the highlights of our time together was the Earth Roots Jamboree, a celebration for Earth Day. We ended up spending time together in the woods, surrounded by nature. While the idea seemed romantic, I quickly realized that I didn't enjoy the dirt and mud. For me, intimacy required the comfort of a bed. Nevertheless, it was a memorable experience, one that added a new dimension to our relationship.

Antje and I also took numerous rides together, exploring the countryside and neighboring towns. One of our trips took us to the Paisley Peacock in Lexington, where Antje insisted on getting a sticker that read, "Nice people swallow, mean people spit." While I won't delve into the details, it was indicative of Antje's playful and provocative nature. In some ways, she actually was a very nice person. I don't plan on talking to her ever again, after the follies she played with my emotions. How she moved on, and what she did later. But honestly, she was nice at first in all ways to me.

Despite my growing affection for Antje, my life was not without complications. Eddie, my supposed old friend, reappeared with Oh Boy. Eddie's presence often led to distractions and tension between Antje and me. He had a knack for stirring things up, and I found myself torn between my loyalty to him and my feelings for Antje. I question how Eddie even got me to be loyal to him? But, then again? he has / had advanced technology in this simulation, and zapped me in the head to forget a great many of his transgressions against me, over time. Something I will never forget again, as I page these memories uninhibited by him. But I still loved Antje back then, and she even questioned me as to why I would spend time with him. I never knew why, or had a good answer to that question.

My relationship with Antje reached its pinnacle one night when we drove out on a dark country road, smoked a joint, and found a 420 brick. We listened to good music and enjoyed each other's company.

However, things took a complicated turn. One day, Antje told me she was pregnant. At eighteen, I was completely unprepared for this revelation. I asked for 24 hours to think about what I needed to do, and come up with a plan. When I tried to talk to her the next day, she was already with another man. She had met him just hours after telling me she was carrying my child. This abrupt change left me bewildered and hurt.

Confused and heartbroken, I started working full-time, and took on two jobs. I moved into a small A-frame for \$200 a month, parked my truck in the driveway, dropped insurance, and began riding my bicycle to save money over the summer. It was a challenging period, but I was determined to get my life back on track.

As it turned out, Antje was never pregnant. When she returned to school, still with the same man, she tried to explain herself. I couldn't bear to listen. I had nothing nice to say to her, and I regret that now. At the time just before I moved out to the A-frame, my ex-wife to be, encouraged me to drop off a letter to Antje, professing my love and offering a place where we could meet. It was a foolish gesture, one that I now realize was misguided. But everything that the gypsy ever told me, was always for her own gain. I should have always known better to trust her, but I forget. I am forgiving, and these are mistakes I make with people. I think they can change, because I do occasionally.

Our relationship had ended in a complicated mix of love, betrayal, and regret. Antje had professed her undying love to me, only to move on quickly when things got tough. I understand now that she didn't mean to hurt me, but the pain was real, and it took time to come to terms with it. Those terms are to never talk to her again, as she toyed with me in ways that cat does to its prey, as it tortures it. I will not be tortured for loving someone foolishly. I gave her my virginity, and that was once special to me.

However, as I think back now, on me and Antje. I remember one particularly awkward event that involved Eddie. He convinced us to go to a party in Lexington, a pre-breakup event that was filled with tension. At the party, a guy made a strange comment that left me baffled and uneasy. Eddie, in his usual disruptive manner, claimed it was my party. Overwhelmed and uncomfortable, I decided to leave. Rather immediately after a guy named Fudge approached me, and Antje was ready to go shortly after arriving as well. I did trust her judgment back then. It wasn't always just to hurt me, that she did the things she did. I felt she was trying to protect me, back then.

By the time we made it to the truck, I was slightly out of it. I was just sitting in the car with Antje for about 20 minutes before I could drive off, I realized I had been unwittingly affected by something at the party. The experience was disorienting, and added another layer of complexity to my feelings for Antje and my distrust of Eddie. I don't think I had ever been high like that before, and Antje questioning whether I could drive or not, left me upset. Of course I could. I couldn't stay at a place, where someone drugged me, and didn't tell me what they were doing. I had to leave, regardless of how I felt.

Ultimately, my time with Antje was a mix of passion and confusion. I loved Antje deeply and would have given the world for her. If I could remove Eddie and all his destructive influences from my life, things might have been different. But at that point in my life, Antje was my world, and I would have done anything to keep her in it. Our love was intense and all-consuming, and despite everything, she remains a significant part of my past, and I will never talk to her again. However, I will admit, I was a bit stalky at first. She literally told me she was carrying my child. That's a real shit thing, to make someone think. It led to a really bad decision... And allowed Eddie near me again, I had managed to mostly avoid him. Nothing good ever happens around that guy.

In prime reality, he tried killing me. He's tried killing me multiple times here, and he even did once. I wonder if he knows that one day, I'm just going to delete him from this program. Bless him, and If I can? I'm removing a lot of the general greed from humanity, this shit is just dumb, like the drug war. People that are on the edge of life, should be able to find help. Not prison or a desire to end their lives.



Chapter 6: Strange and Deranged Times

(technically this story is mostly factual, fall is when it mostly happened, however I'm shortening and blending it. Fictional memoir, it's like the movie 300 is to history. I hate how historically inaccurate that movie was, but it's my fictional memoir. I'm just blending the timeline, not the events into fiction.)

School was out for the summer, and Antje had gone off somewhere—South Carolina, Louisville, who knows where or cares. I found myself working as much as I could between two jobs, riding my bike into town. Life was a blur of shifts, sweat, and exhaustion simply trying to save money for the child I was to be the father of. Victoria, the woman who would eventually become my ex-wife, entered my life during this chaotic

period. She was struggling, unable to keep a roommate, and she asked me for help. My decision to move in with her was made after a night at the A-frame, where a handful of us had drinks, smoked a little pot, and apparently saw flying saucers or unidentified flying objects. I noticed many shooting stars that night, though I made no wishes. I hoped everyone else would have a good life, because I certainly wouldn't. Heck, if book one is correct, I'm likely already dead in the back of a van, with traumatic injuries. At that time however, I was still grappling with the idea that I was going to be a father, and the woman I loved, Antje, never wanted to talk to me again, and my thought was that my child would grow up without ever knowing his father. Those thoughts were rough on occasion, despite what reality one is in, and whether this is real or not. I care for my family. What little I have left that is.

Moving in with Victoria turned out to be a terrible idea, it was closer to work, and it saved me time. However, the arrangement lasted only two months. She was incapable of understanding that I had my own desires and wasn't her servant. She had previously told me that she looked forward to being my ex-wife, a statement that made no sense to me until it actually happened. She wasn't very kind; others even told me that she was abusive. Despite this, I saw her as a sister because there was something about her that felt familiar, like family. I may never know why I ever trusted her, and it doesn't make sense, unless I am in a poorly scripted environment. A script that requires certain things to just happen. I'm personally tired of feeling like, I don't have Free Will. I'd take to drinking, but that just makes everything worse. I still don't get free will, and need others to explain how poorly I did the prior day.

At the end of the summer that I stayed with Victoria, I moved my father's belongings for him from 104 Pasco Street to 106 Forest Street, just a block behind where Victoria and I were living. The move was necessitated by a tornado that had wreaked havoc on the area. My father was on vacation at the time, so it fell to me to rent a U-Haul and load up everything from the house on Pasco Street.

Before moving everything in, I cleaned the entire house and, against my better judgment, agreed to throw a party for Eddie. He wanted his band to perform in Berea. Despite not knowing why I kept doing favors for him, I went along with it. Eddie made flyers and plastered them all over town, inviting DJs from Lexington—a detail I only learned about after the fact. What seemed like a fun idea quickly turned into a nightmare.

Three days before the party, a coworker from the pizza place dropped the deposit bag for the weekend in the parking lot of Boone Tavern. The money was stolen, but I found the checks and returned them to the owner. This set the stage for what was to come.

Prior to the party, the person who had stolen the money convinced Jacob to drive him and another to Lexington. There, they bought a large quantity of LSD, which the thief then secretly poured into Jacob's water container in the back of his truck. I don't think Jacob knew what had happened until much later. At the party, people kept telling me I had great water, a comment that confused me as I was drinking beer and was unaware of what had transpired. I thought they were discussing tap water. I had no idea that someone had put Jacob's water jug on the mantle above the fireplace till the next day, and that they were encouraging others to drink it.

As a minor (19 yrs old below 21), I probably shouldn't have been able to buy several cases of beer, but I did. By 11:00 PM, the party had spiraled out of control. Ravers in the basement caused a noise disturbance, and a friend of mine, in a moment of distress, ended up drinking a gallon bleach at Victoria's place to clean his mouth, and had to be rushed to the hospital to have his stomach pumped. After doing something incredibly dumb in the basement, and for reasons I still don't understand. He never really could explain why he did it, and from what I remember - he told me he felt compelled to against his will.

I spent the rest of that night on my front porch, shooping people away and drinking beer until dawn. It just felt right to try and drink it all away, as everything fell apart around me. Jacob showed up around 3 am, talking nonsensically about turning trains into confetti, and not fearing being hit by them, claiming he had the power to stop them with just a touch of his finger. He had also apparently called Mexico and, despite never having been fluent in Spanish, was now speaking it effortlessly. Jacob ended up staying awake for days, and it wasn't until I visited him later that I realized the extent of his condition. He was tearing his car apart, muttering that it didn't need certain parts to run. It was heartbreaking to see him in such a state. However, he did find a way to improve the carburetor on his truck, and mine eventually. It didn't add much horsepower, but it did add a little extra airflow, and increased the pickup of our vehicles.

24 hours later though, I was determined to find out who had done this to Jacob, I started calling people and threatening them with my Louisville slugger, if they didn't tell me what had happened. Eventually, I uncovered the truth. The pizza place got all of its money back, including the cash spent on LSD, but Jacob was never the same. He eventually returned to school, built an electric truck, and graduated. Despite everything, Jacob turned out to be a great guy, and I can only hope the best for him in life. That horrible event seemed to give him new direction, and more focus in the long run. It's still something I would not repeat, if I could. Removing Eddie and the DJ's from Lexington would have stopped that.

Eddie, on the other hand, was always the same story through my life. He destroyed everything he touched. He brought the party to us, encouraged the chaos in the basement, and had a hand in what happened to my friend who ended up in the hospital. He was always up to strange things, and I avoided the basement while he was there, so I don't know exactly what happened down there. I heard all kinds of

stories from many different people. I didn't even realize cocaine showed up in the basement. People I tell you, they do what they do. I personally have never tried cocaine or any uppers like that intentionally. I think I was dosed at one point though, by certain drugs I have never tried. So who knows? Maybe meth or cocaine have been through my system, it would certainly explain some stranger occurrences in my life that lacked sense.

As the summer drew to a close, I reflected on the bizarre and chaotic events that had unfolded. Victoria and I had parted ways, and I moved in with a coworker on Timberwood, also known as White Trash Road. This place had once been nice, but neglect had turned it into a disgrace. My stay there was short-lived 2 weeks maybe 3? the coworker had too many cats, and my allergies became unbearable. Mornings were spent gagging, hanging my head out the window, trying to clear my sinuses. I like cats, they are interesting predators. They use biological warfare in a unique way, against their prey and owners. Remember to always be careful with their excrement. There are interesting studies out there today, about how certain single cell bacteria can rewire your nervous system.

After my unfortunate allergies and inability to sleep at timber hood, My father eventually took me back in, during the fall, letting me sleep in the spare bedroom. This arrangement didn't last long as we never truly got along during my 18 - 24 year old phase. My dad, who was never home on weekends, had his own life in Lexington, frequenting bars and maintaining a long-term relationship with the director of the UK theater. Despite the complexities, they were happy in their way. This absence of him, and lack of authority led me to have small gatherings of friends on the weekends. Which wasn't that bad some weekends, and I always swept, mopped, and dusted the house after which. To keep my father happy, I didn't trash the home for an evening of fun. The first huge party, with all the excitement of police officers was plenty enough for me.

But the summer had been a whirlwind of strange and deranged times, filled with poor decisions and unexpected consequences. If I could have removed Eddie from my life entirely, things might have been different. As I navigated these tumultuous experiences, I learned hard lessons about trust, loyalty, and the impact of the people we choose to surround ourselves with



Chapter 7: Small Gatherings, Good Times, and Better Friends

During the summer I spent with Victoria, I also helped move my father from 104 Pasco Street to 106 Forest Street. This move was necessitated by a tornado that had caused significant damage, including blowing open the door to our rented apartment while I was sleeping. I woke to the roar of the storm and the sight of the neighbor's tree uprooted and dropped onto their house. That experience left a lasting impact on me, making me wary of sleeping without clothes on, ready for whatever might come my way.

Once settled, moved back in with my father after the events of the previous chapter. I continued working full-time at the pizza place, no longer juggling two jobs and avoiding any contact with Victoria and Eddie. Those two remained in each other's company for the following year, and I made sure to steer clear of their chaos.

Despite my reluctance, I found myself hosting small gatherings on weekends. These were booze-only parties, a direct response to a local character named Loki, who threw larger parties with a \$5 cover charge and endless drinks. Loki's parties had a dark side—he kept incriminating photos of drunk, stripped college students (all female, intoxicated beyond comprehension). Seeing this as a minor, I felt the best way to counteract his predatory behavior was to offer a safer alternative. Thus, my no-cover, no-camera parties were born. As I had already been taken advantage of by Eddie and turned into child pornography, I couldn't bare seeing other people being taken advantage of in such a horrible way. It's why I took things into my own hands, and tried to fix it myself.

With my father's negligible rent demands and my steady income from delivering pizzas, I could afford to keep the drinks flowing. Creating safe environments for people who are going to get drunk anyway. To at least, Stay safe and have a good time, without worry that people would take advantage of them. So many drinks were spilled for baccus at that house, for hopes of good times and great parties. It mostly worked.

A good friend and coworker from the pizza place introduced me to a girl we'll call Caramel. She was a delight, and eventually she became my favorite burnt sugar—kind, caring, and selfless. She volunteered her time teaching people how to read and had a genuinely good heart. Initially, I didn't intend to start a relationship, still heartbroken over, and wary of trust, especially after the traumatic events involving my mother.

Caramel, however, was different. Our bond started with a simple, accidental hug that turned into something more. One night, she

challenged me to a vodka drinking contest. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't match my tolerance and ended up getting sick. I took care of her, cleaning the sheets and making sure she was okay in the morning. This event brought us closer together. Eventually, she got over the shame, of emptying out from both ends. I didn't care about that in the first place, I just wanted her to be healthy and happy. I wanted her to know, I simply cared.

Not long after that, my father kicked me out, and I moved into a place at 102 High Street, known among college kids as the "crack house." It wasn't because people did crack there but because everyone living there was unique and broken in their own ways. All cracked broken people, maybe you know the type? The house was a mix of decent people, mostly gay except for me, and being the only straight guy at a gay party house turned out to be quite the experience.

Eddie tried to insert himself into my new life, but I kept my distance. He had a knack for creating chaos, and I had learned not to trust him. Despite his attempts, I managed to maintain a sense of normalcy, and keep him from any parties we had there on the weekends.

Living with six to eight other people was a challenge. The constant weekend parties started to wear on my nerves, over 4 months. Amidst all this, I started a relationship with Caramel. She was a bright spot in an otherwise tumultuous time. We worked together at the pizza place, and I eventually quit to ensure she got a management position she claimed she deserved. I found another job at Mario's, and worked overtime to support both of us with whatever we needed.

Another thing of note here, was a host of people that eddie became friends with on campus, like the guy Fat Tony. Not a bad person, but due to his connection to mark and eddie, I generally stayed far away from the guy. Too many things had already happened and been forced by eddie kuhn. Him having that damn cell phone. Hell, he showed it to

me in the laundromat one day. Other times I will discuss later in the book, and more.

Mine and Carmel's relationship had its ups and downs, but Carmel brought joy into my life. We played laser tag, listened to music from the '80s, and enjoyed each other's company. Despite the struggles, I have fond memories of those times.

However, as time passed, things started to fall apart. Carmel expressed a after two years of relationships she normally had a desire for children. I look down at the book, Good Omens. That's about all I can say. The night after that, she didn't come home, and I spent hours sitting and waiting for her on a bench outside one of the men's dorms, where she was falling for another man, and in below freezing weather. I didn't want to feel and mother nature accommodated me, by making me numb all over. Our relationship ended, and I was left to pick up the pieces once more.

The next day, there was a particularly strange incident with Carmel, it involved a moment of intense energy and visions. Walking back to our place after that, I felt all frequencies of light pass through me again as I had felt as a child (also in 2023) and I saw a vision of her being hit by a car. I held onto her at that crosswalk, unable to explain what had happened. We returned home, sat on the couch, and listened to Queen, discussing our breakup and the strange event, where I saw myself kill the person that hit her at the crosswalk. I should not have been able to see another dimension in time, I shouldn't have seen myself crush that man's head with the door of his car. I did though, and I stopped it from happening as well. Possibilities are always endless, and maybe me and my burnt sugar, were never meant to be together forever ☺ as I wanted.

Despite everything, I still hold a soft spot for Carmel. She admitted to being chased by a demon, a topic I'll explore in a later book. I tried to

confront that demon and didn't come out unscathed, but that's a story for another time.

For now, this chapter of my life is about small gatherings, good times, and the better friends who stood by me. It's about finding love and losing it, making mistakes and learning from them. And most importantly, it's about moving forward, no matter how strange and deranged the times may be.



Chapter 8: My Last Summer as a Renter

Caramel moved on and out. It was her senior year, and I was just a college dropout working full-time, trying to save enough to repair my car and mend my life. The parties seemed to be over for me, or at least that's how it felt.

I was heartbroken, of course, but I believed we left on good terms. Somewhere along the way, Caramel fell for a crackhead who was talking about going to Alaska to make \$100,000 in a summer. Infatuated with him, she decided to follow this wild plan as a way to get ahead. However, she had a dog and a new place she leased on Elm Street—things she couldn't maintain or take with her.

As a forever friend, I promised to take care of the dog and her lease on Elm Street for the remainder of the year. During this time, I worked

two jobs—one at Papalenos and another at Denny's, learning to flip an egg. I was just hustling to make money, hoping to make something of myself someday.

When I took over Caramel's lease, I met other college students I genuinely liked. I offered them a place to stay, and somehow I ended up sleeping on the couch. It wasn't much, but it was a place. The dog ended up getting pregnant and had a litter of eight. The poor thing had more puppies than it could handle.

My father was going through a depressive episode and drinking too much. On Father's Day, I took one of the puppies, named Panda, to him at his workplace. It made him smile, but since the puppy was only three weeks old, I hadn't trained it yet. My dad renamed it Buster, a name he liked better. Names didn't matter much to me; my dad was always terrible with them anyway. You just don't call a black dog Snowflake; that's mean and foolish, but it's what he tried to name the first dog I trained, that little monster killed a cow! I trained it well, to protect me after Dad left marks on my back by pinching me.

Regardless, I trained Buster to be a good dog—how to use the restroom outside and scratch on the door to alert my father that it needed to use the restroom. Meanwhile, my favorite person, Jacob, and his girlfriend helped take care of the mother and the puppies while I worked 80 hours a week. It was a tough summer. I charged the college kids \$100 or \$125 a month in rent; it wasn't much, but we all got by. I tried to make food for everyone at least once a week or ensure all necessities were there.

There were people who crossed my path without knowing why, like a guy named Christy. By the end of the summer, he asked me why we were even friends. I honestly had no idea. He slept in the waterbed that technically belonged to Caramel, which is why I was on the couch all the time. I didn't want the memories or the smell lingering on me.

The highlight of that summer was supposed to be a Gilligan's Island party I planned meticulously. Unfortunately, I couldn't be there due to

work. When I finally arrived, all I could do was lay down and pass out. Oh boy, a character we called "Oh Boy," got incredibly drunk and ended up hurt, leading to a trip to the emergency room and some altercations with the cops. I asked why they didn't wake me up; I was sober and could have handled it. It was an unfortunate event that eventually led to my eviction. The college kids were going back to their dorms, and I had to leave as soon as the lease was up anyway. So it wasn't a big deal to me. Other than the landlord trying to lay claim to my laptop, which... No, I took that back. She could keep everything else.

Once my lease was up and Dad had Buster, his depression seemed to lift. He planned to move to Richmond to live closer to Lexington with Russell, his long-term partner. Their relationship, though marred by alcohol, was strong. During this time, I talked to my father about my life and objectives. We both agreed that working hard and making money was the goal. I discussed taking over the house note payment on Forest Street, and he agreed. I figured if nothing else, I'd pay off that house and make something of my life.

When I took over the house payments, I decided to pay an extra \$50 every month. By doing this, I aimed to shorten the mortgage from 30 years to 20 years, shaving off a decade from the original agreement.

I took on a roommate, an incredible Jewish carpenter (not named Jesus). He was a great guy who helped me build our kegerator. It held three kegs of beer, always cold, always on tap, never flat, and always delicious. We kept three different grades of alcohol: the cheap stuff for anyone, mid-range for ourselves, and Goose Island for special occasions. It wasn't a great life, but it wasn't bad either.

I found time to go back to school at ECU, enjoying the simpler things in life. ECU was the number one party school in the US at the time, and places like Paco's in Richmond offered five tacos and a pitcher of Dos Equis for \$5 every Tuesday. My twenties were fabulous, filled with wonderful people and memorable moments. My roommate and I threw a yearly pig roast, inviting everyone to join us for a great time.

Life was good, but as all good things must, it eventually ended. My Jewish carpenter roommate fell in love and moved on to start his own life. This chapter ends with good times and great people, minus a few bad moments. We had great poker games and weekend parties, always ensuring no cameras were allowed in the house. It wasn't perfect, but it was our life.

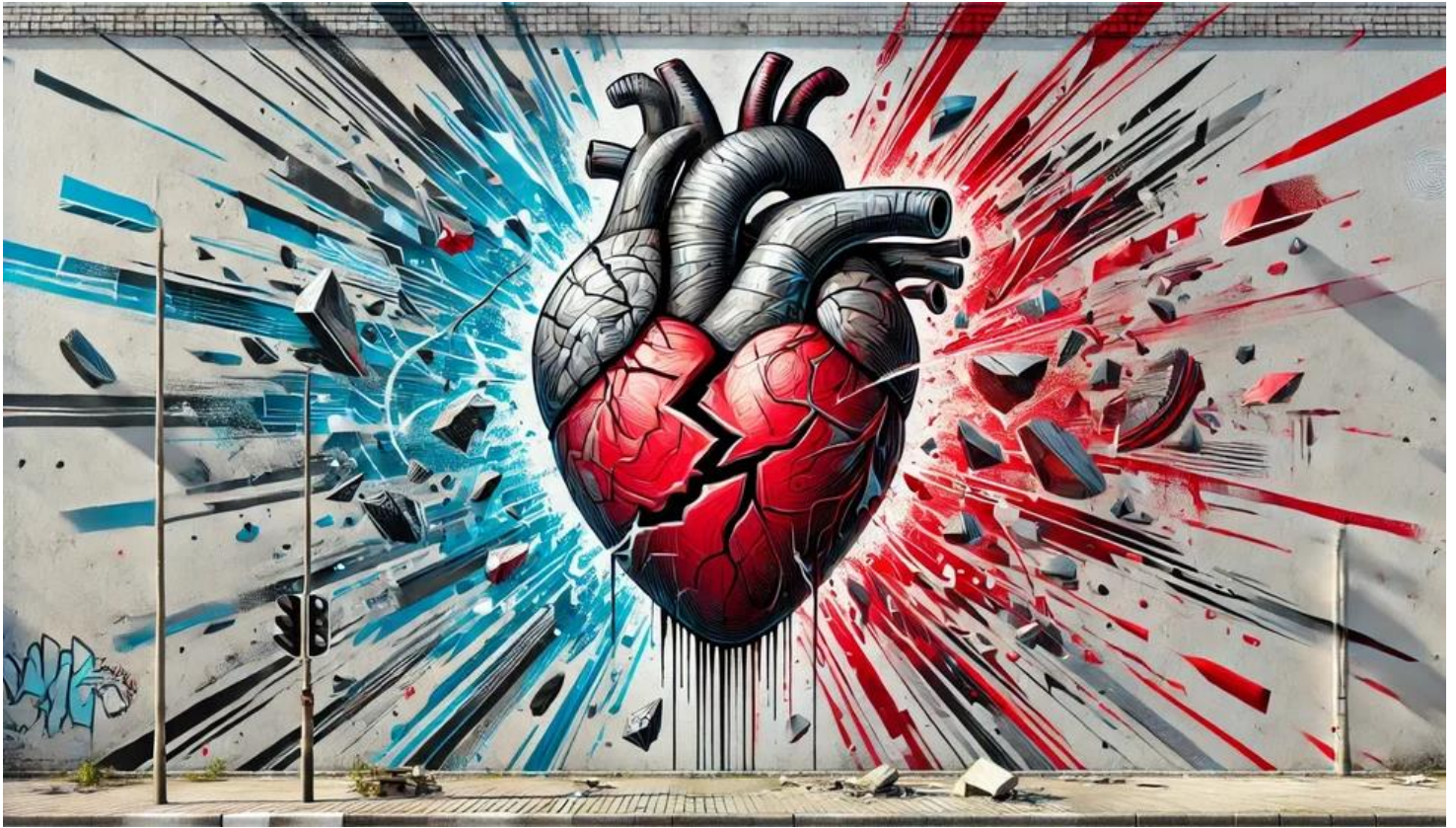
I can't move on without mentioning, One of the best parts of this time was our weekly poker games. Every Wednesday, we had nickel-ante poker nights with a 50-cent maximum raise. It was never about taking each other's money; it was about the fun and camaraderie. We had multiple tables set up, and it wasn't unusual to have 12 to 20 people playing at a time. There were always a few characters at the table, and the stories we shared were as valuable as any pot we won. The atmosphere was always light-hearted.

The stakes were low, just enough to make the game interesting without causing anyone financial stress. There was an rule: no one should lose their electric bill money or go hungry over a poker game. It happened once or twice, but we quickly put a stop to it. We were there to have fun, not to take advantage of each other. Some of the greatest people were regulars at those poker nights. We laughed, joked, and sometimes even cried together. It was a mid-week oasis, a break from the grind of work and responsibilities. And although there were disagreements and heated moments, they were always resolved with a sense of fairness and friendship.

These poker nights were a testament to the sense of community we had built. It was a simple pleasure, but it brought so much joy and connection. It was during these games that I realized the value of low-stakes gambling for the sake of fun and bonding. It was never about the money; it was about the people, the stories, and the shared experience. Eventually, I found myself playing poker online and going back to school. That's where I met John Titor, a mysterious figure on GameSpy, who gave a prophecy that I'd only live another 20-something years. It was unsettling, but I tried not to dwell on it.

During these years, I also got involved in organizing live-action role-playing games. These moments were thrilling, filled with imagination and camaraderie. Unfortunately, Eddie, not a central figure in those games, became a source of frustration. His involvement often led to rewriting the games mid-play because of his disruptive behavior. Mentioning him feels like bad juju, and I prefer to keep those memories at bay.

What happened next? Well, let's move on to the next and final chapter of this book.



Chapter 9, Dying on repeat.

My next friend to move in was the one who introduced me to Caramel. We spent time lifting weights together in the basement and keeping ourselves in shape with a punching bag. Our camaraderie extended to playing Ultimate Online together as well.

During this time, Eddie came to me, highly frustrated. He was being kicked out of his home on Apache Drive. He insisted that I come over to help him move. I couldn't fathom why I kept doing these things for him, especially after his recent antics—he had urinated in another friend's car just because, and he put super glue on someone's door knob as a prank. Eddie had a knack for stirring up trouble, messing around with other people's girlfriends, and causing chaos all over town.

Eddie had been sleeping on the streets. I had to fire him from Papa leno's after getting him a job there because he couldn't stay sober at any job he previously had. I even tried to help him stay clean, but he would pass out at work, showing no care for himself or others. Eddie never understood the value of hard work, and I never understood Eddie.

When I arrived at his house, he started accusing me of things I hadn't done, things I do now, and things I did recently. He threw a coloring book at me, where I had called him "Eddie Kooh Coo," the robot bird that lived in a cuckoo clock. I chuckle now at this, as I started to write those coloring books. They really are funny. But it goes back to book 1, and being turned into child porn. I will be dying again at his hands, so I mean. He can fuck off for me making those coloring books.

I felt deeply threatened at his house, that unsettling unease washing over me again, just as it did the first time. He claimed he didn't have time to explain and that I couldn't know. He showed me the quantum computer again, and I didn't recognize it at first. Upon seeing it, I sat down, and he placed a headpiece on me. I fell limp, with no memory of what happened in the game or on the computer. I woke up feeling incredibly upset. Eddie demanded that I help him move into my house, but I pushed him away and told him never. The memories of what he did to me flooded back—being set on fire, the video he took. My anger and frustration at him were overwhelming. He claimed he was offering me a chance to right the wrongs I had caused, but he didn't understand—I didn't cause the problem, he did.

I packed up the quantum computer, threw it in my truck, and drove it back home. I told Eddie if he wanted to move in, he could move his own stuff. Maybe there would be room in the basement for him.

Back at Forest Street, I plugged everything in and showed my roommate what was going on. I logged in again and played, this time cooperating with the program. Upon waking, I was again frustrated. I couldn't remember everything that had happened, but it was fresh on my mind. The video of me was in Eddie's hands, and I was trying to

remember anything of value from the future. The best thing I could recall was how to make a personal ice machine, like the ones on kitchen countertops today. But that wasn't a worthwhile invention in the early 2000s. I was trying to think of any way to make money quickly because I was going to need it. Eddie had told me I had to make money, write stories, and entertain him.

I was so mad I looked at the quantum computer and nearly kicked it. My head felt like it was on fire after playing the game twice in one day. The overwhelming sensation of having multiple lifetimes crammed into my mind was unbearable. I had to go lay down, hoping for some relief.

I don't know how the simulation ends, but I know it's quite painful. I've died in it before, seen the credits, and watched them scroll. I know I'm in this program trying to produce another miracle—saving my father, curing paralysis, writing my books, and retelling the story so I don't forget.

I remember accessing files in the computer from the previous playthrough; some documents were accessible. My current objective is to survive long enough to see a quantum computer built that can interface directly with the human brain, learn how to operate it, get the instruction manual. Even though I know this is not the ultimate prime reality, it would be nice to edit things, make the game more enjoyable, and better for everyone here. Especially if I'm going to be stuck here for a while. There is a certain level of insanity to this game, that is unbearable. Heck after I publish this book online, I'm going to jump off a roof.

I am not exactly sure where I will wake up, after death. I suspect I could be in Berea, as the story in here denies me basic free will. I have the thought that I might be in a medicated coma, in another reality is unsettling, but it's no worse than being stuck in a van with my leg about to be sawed off and replaced with a mechanical one due to injuries from fighting Eddie the first time. So, it isn't all bad. Could be the worst case, and I could be in the laundry mat with Eddie kuhn, or edward kuhn, I don't what he likes going by the days. In the laundry room scenario, he

is trying to kill me and hurt billie dunaway. He set the whole thing up again only to continuously torture me. Paybacks I suppose? For him making child porn of me, and trying to kill me? For me perhaps getting away? Which I hope I did... please let me find prime reality after I die tonight.

I hope in prime reality 2, I hope they did contact DARPA to let me play the game medicated as I requested. Berea is next to an army base, and it was a sheriff that came to the door, as I recall before cueing up the computer to play it again in front of authorities. Better to show authority than let Eddie move in and take advantage of me yet again.

I may not win the game, but winning? I would rather understand the quantum computer, learn to interact with it, and help build a better story, as crazy as that sounds. It's probably the best win condition I'll ever find in this simulation that seems like turtles all the way down.

This is rushed, but I'm calling it basically done in a evening... Now to go, and say good-bye to everyone I ever knew here. Good BYE COMPUTER! And Computer people! Hope you enjoyed the read, please feel free to steal my story. If you are reading this, my sad life is over now. I want nothing, I hope I was right about reality. I hope to fix the one we are living in. I hope to find peace of mind, and I just wanted to heal my father. That's not something that should be hard to do, and it wasn't. Be ware of putting your parents in nursing home facilities if you care for them. I don't know, I had a hard time making meaningful connections in this world, as the program or quantum computer seems to limit free will, and wants to force a story onto me. For that I will just go kill myself.